

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

The Finding
of Fingall

By
Sir Gilbert
Parker



M A R T E N

JOHN A. COOPER, Editor

THE COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO



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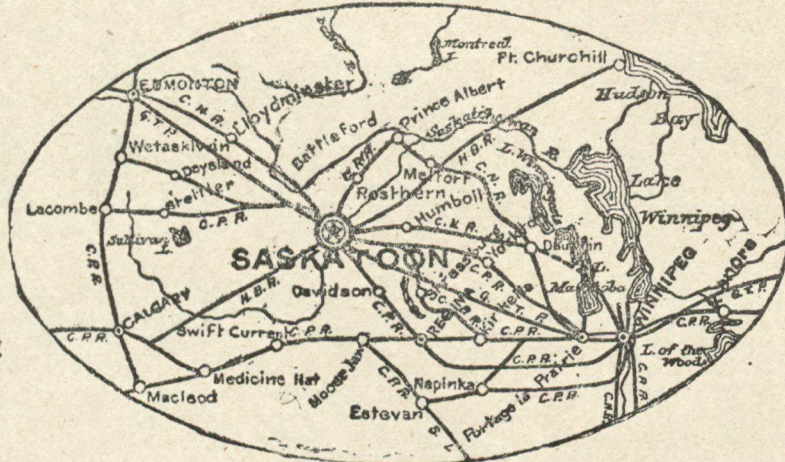
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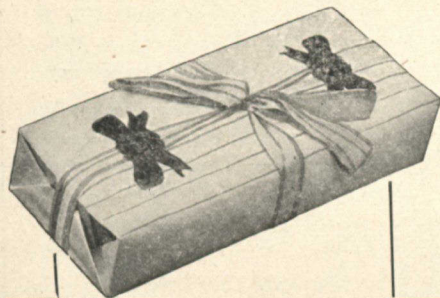
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Editorial Talk

This is the twelfth weekly issue of this journal, and it is now assuming a character which is likely to be permanent. The public seems pleased, and consequently such changes as are made in the future will be conservative. The number of new subscribers put on our list in the twelve weeks, makes, we believe, a new record in Canadian journalism.

Commencing with the issue of March 2nd, we shall publish a series of six first-class detective stories from the pen of a well-known English author. These have been illustrated by an experienced Canadian artist.

A number of special covers fully equal to those already used are under way, and this feature of the weekly will be kept up to the standard already set.

We would like every subscriber to show the paper to his friends and assist in the development of a national weekly. We need all the sympathetic assistance we can secure, because we are attempting a task hitherto considered impossible. The subscribers to a paper can make or mar its reputation.

We should like also to hear from any person who has an opinion to offer on public questions. Our columns are open for any reasonable discussion of an interesting Topic. Such letters as we publish must be interesting, however, to the whole of Canada. This paper is not published for one province only. It is intended to be thoroughly and broadly national.

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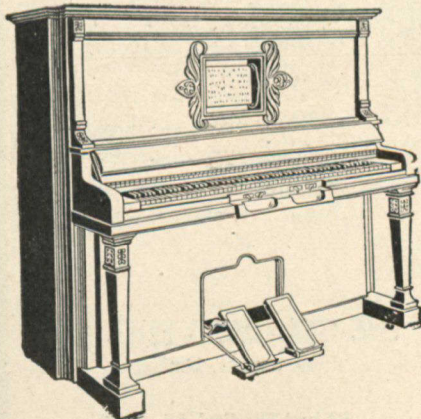
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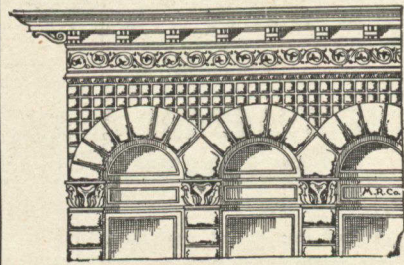
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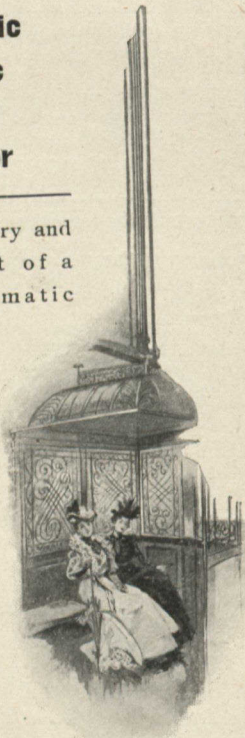
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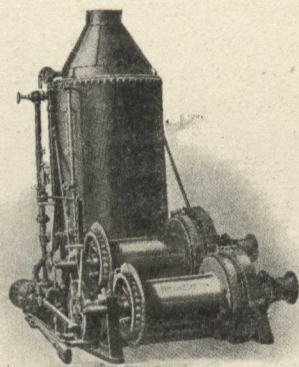
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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Vol. I

Toronto, February 16th, 1907

No. 12

Journalism and Philanthropy

AMBITIONS differ and consequently all society may be divided into three parts: those who are more or less devoted to the pursuit of wealth; journalists; and philanthropists. The first of these includes all sorts of people from labour leaders and merchants to politicians and millionaires. The second class—the journalists—are men to whom money is a secondary consideration, the primary ambition being to please and influence a large number of people. The third class includes all who have wealth and would sooner give it away for the benefit of the unfortunate than use it to earn interest and dividends.

Journalism and philanthropy are not often found in combination. The reason of this lies in the circumstance that few journalists have the resources necessary to the philanthropist. This does not imply that journalists as a class are either poverty-stricken or mean. The rewards of journalism in Canada have always been small. The population has been scattered and to reach large bodies of people with one publication has been almost an impossibility. A limited circulation means limited profits. During the past ten years, a few journalists who owned their own newspapers have become wealthy but there is not more than one Canadian journalist who approaches the millionaire rating. Undoubtedly, newspapermen as a class are philanthropically inclined: so much so, that prosperity has made few of them notably wealthy.

If Montreal possesses the wealthiest newspaper man, Toronto possesses the most conspicuous journalist-philanthropist in Canada in the person of Mr. John Ross Robertson. His work in connection with the Sick Children's Hospital distinguishes him among all his fellow craftsmen. He was fortunate enough to be the founder, in 1876, of the "Evening Telegram," a journal which has remained throughout its career the Toronto workingman's paper. It has the largest "small ad." patronage in the country and its balance-sheet is second to none. Because of this, Mr. Robertson has wealth to

squander. Because of his large heart and broad sympathy, he has given a quarter of a million dollars towards the founding of an institution where the poorest child in Ontario may receive free scientific treatment. Already the number of children so treated exceeds 75,000. During the past few days he has added to this institution a Nurse's Residence, erected at an expense of more than one hundred thousand dollars.

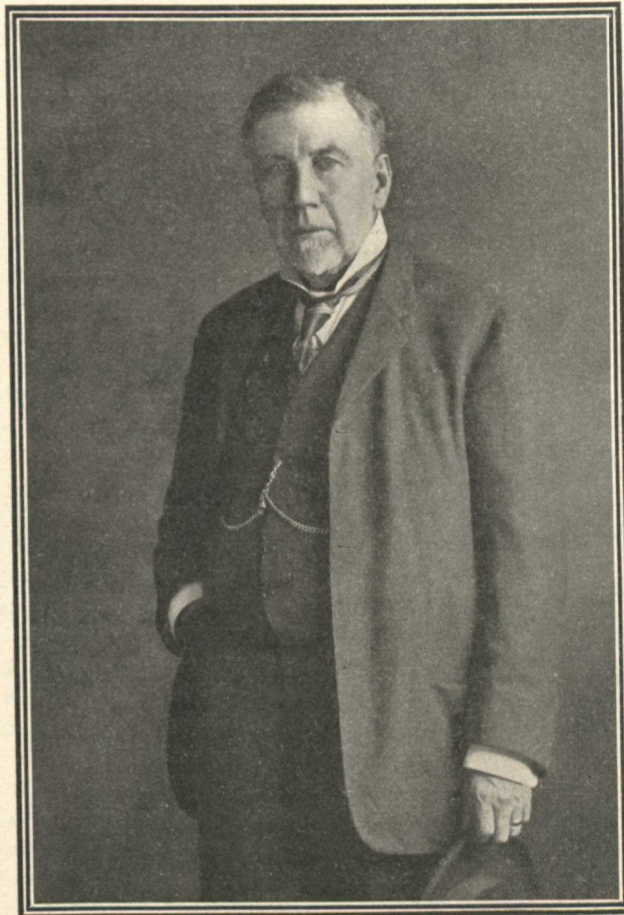
Mr. Robertson's charity cannot be estimated in money value, because he does not sign cheques and run away to the stock exchange. When he gives money, he

adds his time, his talents and his influence to make it the more effective; and it is in this way that he differentiates himself from the general crowd of philanthropists. When he put his pen and hands to the work of the Sick Children's Hospital, it was to build it, to help manage it, to maintain it, to develop it, and to see that it kept pace with the progress and the needs of the age.

Mr. Robertson would fain have the best. He would not rest at night did he not believe that his newspaper is the best in Toronto, that his office is the best equipped and most magnificently furnished, that the "History of Masonry" is the most complete work ever issued from a book-binding, and that the Sick Children's Hospital is the best institution of its class in the country. This is selfishness, perhaps, but of a kind with which little quarrel can be made. It is indicative of a peculiar lack of tolerance with the work

and ideas of other people who have not had his energy, his indomitable spirit and his appetite for organisation and direction. If one were forced to choose between the words "paradox" and "paragon" in describing him, the former would be the more accurate term.

Looking over Mr. John Ross Robertson's peculiarities to select the one that is most conspicuous, the following has been chosen. If there were any office or honour in the gift of the citizens of Toronto and if it were known that it would be accepted by Mr. Robertson, he could have it by an overwhelming majority. Not that he has courted public favour; for rather has he spurned it.



MR. JOHN ROSS ROBERTSON,
Proprietor of The Evening Telegram, Toronto.

REFLECTIONS

BY STAFF WRITERS.

THE inevitable is about to happen. Premier Whitney decided to increase the government grant to the rural schools to enable them to pay better salaries and secure more adequate equipment. The town and city schools are now demanding that he give them increased assistance. For example, the citizens of London claim that they are paying 5.85 mills in school rates whereas the rural districts of the county of Middlesex pay from 3 to 4 mills; that the rural population of Middlesex is only 46,000 as compared with London's 45,000 and that one half of the people should not be treated better than the other half.

The lot of the reforming administrator of any province is of a distressing character. One reform leads to another just as surely as one falsehood requires another. He gives a little attention to one class of the community and several others at once come forward with claims. If a statesman is willing to give, there are plenty of people to show him how it can be done. It is simply wonderful how easily they can devise schemes to show him how he can divert public revenues for the people's benefit.

It is just a question as to whether it is better for a government to get a reputation for being parsimonious as to acquire a name for generosity. The first leads to disaster, judging from the experience of Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald; the other leads to countless demands and possible extravagances. He is a wise man who can steer a middle course and satisfy nobody.

Much the same kind of experience is coming to the people of Manitoba in connection with the Roblin Government's railway policy. By uniting with the Canadian Northern the Manitoba authorities got lower rates on wheat from both railways. Now the Opposition is complaining loudly about the government guaranteeing further bonds on new lines.

Truly, it would seem better to be a hard-working journalist than to be saddled with the task of trying to please the people of any province in the matter of legislation and administration.

THE people of St. John, New Brunswick, are determined to get on with their harbour improvements. Much has been said on the subject, something has been done, but much remains to be accomplished. A deputation of prominent citizens are to be in Ottawa shortly to urge the claims of nationalisation and to ask for prompt and generous assistance.

A committee of the Board of Trade has submitted a report showing the great improvements required. A new city berth, 550 feet long, is now under construction. New docks are required and these will entail much dredging. The dock under construction may be extended so as to provide four additional berths by the time the winter trade opens up in 1907-08. The western channel should be closed and the eastern dredged to a depth of thirty feet at low tide. At present large ships cannot safely enter except at fairly high tide and this must be obviated. Further, the demand is made that the port be free as recommended by the Transportation Commission.

The harbour of St. John is practically free of ice all

the year round and is ideal in many ways. It should certainly receive more attention from the government than it has yet had. True the people have not been as daring in expenditure as they might have been, but there are various reasons for that. If it is right to spend so many millions in Montreal and the channel between Montreal and Quebec, it is also right to put the best harbour on the Bay of Fundy in good condition. It is said that there is a better harbour to the east, but no railway has yet been built to that point and no official verification of the statement is available. Those who ought to know claim that several attempts have been made by the C.P.R. to acquire the land around this unknown harbour, but if this be true very little about the negotiations has reached the public. It is unlikely that St. John will have a contiguous rival for many years to come.

COLDLY, unsympathetically and accurately the Census Bureau has announced the figures of male and female population in the Canadian West. In all three provinces there are 466,257 of the former and 342,606 of the gentler sex. Here is a lamentable state of affairs. "Life without Yum Yum?" says Ko Ko; "the idea is preposterous!" And on the prairies, life without "Yum Yum" must be bald, dreary, dull and unendurable. Yum Yum, however, is a minus quantity to the number of no less than 123,651 of her. Are any means being taken to remedy this lamentable state of affairs? Is the Minister of the Interior, who is a married man himself and a father of daughters himself, doing anything more than the ordinary citizen to see to it that wives are supplied the sturdy plainmen? If not, the Canadian government of 1907 is considerably behind the Canadian government of two centuries and a half ago. Quite rightly the administration of this branch of the administration under the Old Regime was attended to by a woman, a French gentlewoman, who saw to it that a thriving import trade—if so it may be called—was done in young women from France, who made excellent wives for the settlers. It is not to be thought that any such sweeping and wholesale method of supplying the Western matrimonial market would suit the opulent Westerner. He wants natural selection. Wives by the gross do not fit in with motor-cars, steam farming implements and wheat at eighty cents per bushel. Nevertheless, wives, eligible wives, must be furnished these prairie dwellers. Preferably they must be Canadian girls, as the important class of men under discussion are nearly all Canadian young men. The imported wife, whether from Britain or the United States, has been tried in many cases and, it is only fair to say, usually with complete satisfaction to both parties concerned.

It is not unfitting that these young men should learn by stern and sad experience how unfortunate is the wifeless Westerner. The wifeless Easterner is in evil case, it is true, but if he experiences a sudden accession of courage and sanity he has but to walk around the corner, so to speak, to meet a girl who will at least consider his case if his credentials are satisfactory. Different it is in the West—or in many sections thereof, where a fifty mile ride must be taken before the traveller

claps eyes on so much as the skirt of an obese Galician woman. Be his intentions never so admirable, the Westerner must come East or remain a sad-eyed solitaire. Well, times are good and railway travelling will soon be pleasant. We shall welcome the wifeless Westerner but he must not think that any young Lochinvar can come out of the West and secure a helpmeet without rivalry.

LAST Monday night, at the third annual concert given by the Mendelssohn Choir and Pittsburg Orchestra in the city of Buffalo, the four thousand people who packed Convention Hall showed unmistakably their enthusiastic admiration of "Scots Wha Hae," which they demand as surely as the February concert comes around. To anyone who remembered, even in a casual way, his British history, it was seriously suggestive that two hundred and twenty-five loyal subjects of King Edward the Seventh should be singing, with the heart and the understanding also, the magnificent defiance of Edward the Second, declaring hatred of the English yoke. To the right of the choir stretched the merchant ensign of Great Britain, in which the cross of St. Andrew's is fairly conspicuous. To their left extended the flag belonging to a great nation, undreamed of for centuries after Scots and Englishmen had found a gory bed at Bannockburn.

Just here it may be said that our neighbouring city in the American Republic not only shows an appreciation of Canadian singers but also displays a courtesy towards the British sentiments of the latter that is decidedly graceful. The hotel orchestra even goes to the polite length of contributing "The Maple Leaf Forever" and "Soldiers of the Queen," while the visiting chorus partakes of the soup and salad which fortify the members for the coming ordeal. We sometimes comment on Uncle Sam's carelessness in this regard and forget the occasions on which he makes a genial and kindly host.

BEFORE the Canadian Club of Toronto, the Hon. Mr. Emmerson entered upon a spirited defence of the Intercolonial. He claims that both Conservatives and Liberals have unduly attacked it. Its rates are lower than on any other railway in the world, and if these were raised to the average of the G.T. R., C.P.R., and the United States roads, it could have a surplus sufficient to pay interest on the eighty millions that are invested in it. Moreover, if sold now it would easily bring enough to repay the country for all that has been expended on its construction and maintenance.

The Intercolonial was established to enable the provinces of Ontario and Quebec to trade with the provinces by the sea. Before it came into existence, the people of the Maritime Provinces sent their products to New England and bought their supplies there. Since its influence came into being, the farmers and merchant princes of Ontario gained much from the trade which was developed. Moreover the connection with the St. Lawrence province had brought the sons of the people

in the Maritime Provinces to Ontario and Quebec for their education and had thus cemented the connection between these districts.

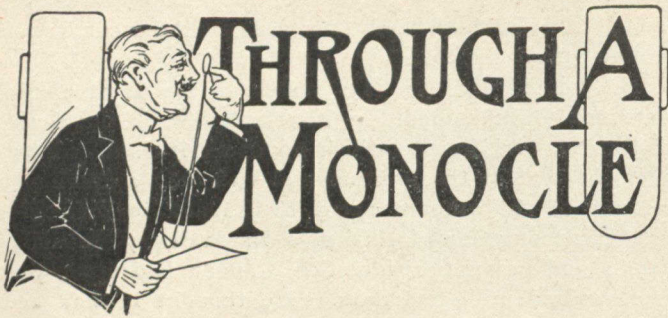
He pointed out that the losses on the Intercolonial were not to be compared with the losses on the canals of Ontario and Quebec which no one criticised. Moreover the cost of the Intercolonial was only a small percentage of the amount spent by Canada in improving her transportation facilities. In railway subsidies, canals and navigation facilities, Canada had spent over five hundred million dollars. He thought it had been well spent, but those who agreed with him should not select the Intercolonial to make an exception of it.

Considered as an investment, as a means of binding Canada together and a means of developing inter-provincial trade, it was an institution of which all Canadians should be proud. He was prepared also to prove that it was the most economically managed road to be found anywhere.

THE recent blow which Socialism has suffered at the German polls attracts attention to the increasing weakness of the movement in Germany. For it was not the strong opposition of the Emperor, but its own inherent weakness that was responsible for its falling off in voting strength. In the earlier days when the Markian Socialism was an active force; when the Markian theory that all value was attributable to labour, and its implication that aggregated wealth was the outcome of the exploitation of the labourer held sway. Socialism was truly a vital creed. An acute critic has pointed out that a peculiar danger to the socialistic movement lies in active participation in politics leading to the creation of a distinct party. Active participation in politics of necessity brings up the question of expediency and the endeavour to conciliate different trends of thought. German Socialism has been no exception to this. The German socialistic leaders gradually became frankly opportunist in their point of view. The party endeavoured to use its voting strength to obtain reforms in favour of the working classes regardless of any ultimate theory of social evolution. In other words it became a radical workingmen's party. In England the Fabian Socialists, who have attracted so much attention because of the prominence of Sydney Webb and Bernard Shaw, run much the same course. Both in Germany and in England Socialism has had its period of political success. In both countries it has had to pay the penalty of this success. Its participation in politics has caused its members to align themselves more and more in favour of radical reforms in the present and to concern themselves less with the ushering in of a socialistic millenium. It has thus tended to become part of a general liberal movement. The result is that those of the Socialists who are constructive find their refuge in an existing political party—witness John Burns; while the socialistic movement as a distinct organisation has been more and more left to earnest but erratic critics of the existing system. Back of the whole question is the fact that the workingman has preferred his bread in the present rather than his cake in the future.

Are You Thinking About It?

Canada's greatest need to-day is Civil Service Reform. This would mean the elimination of political patronage, which is the curse of our politics, the bane of our public life. The place-seekers make miserable the lives of members of Parliament and Legislatures. They foment so much trouble that many good men are prevented from entering parliamentary life. They force their way into the civil service positions over the heads of more worthy men, and weaken our administrative efficiency. Are you thinking about it? To bring about the reform, it will be necessary for one thousand citizens to work and vote for it.



SOME people have been finding fault with the Canadian press for its reports of the Thaw trial. Now I have been reading a number of our metropolitan journals during this trial; and I have been sufficiently interested to read these Thaw reports in several of them and I am frank to confess that I do not see how our papers as a rule could have handled the case with more delicacy if they were to report it at all. The fact of the matter is that I should very much object to have the case go to the jury—if I were concerned on either side—with nothing before that honourable body except the newspaper reports as published in Canada. They are altogether too incomplete to give one a fair notion of the points at issue. Of course, it can be argued that it was not necessary that the Canadian public should understand the case—they did not have to render a verdict. But unless we are going to revert to secret tribunals and “Star Chamber” trials, it is necessary for some public to have access to cases, even of this sort; and those who are criticising the reports of the Thaw trial would have criticised them just the same had the case been tried in Toronto.

* * *

There are wrinkles about the eye that looks through the Monocle. Its wearer is no blushing young thing. And there are times when he feels like remonstrating with certain good people to the effect that, after all, this is an adult world. We cannot pretend to manage life on this planet on nursery principles. We all love the children—God bless them every one! But there are places where adults must go and where children ought never to be allowed to go. There are books which adults ought to read, and there are plays which adults ought to hear; but in neither case are they fit for children. We must get over the idea that the whole world is a nursery; and we must revert to the good old fashioned custom of compelling children to keep within certain bounds. There is no other stage in the world, for instance, as free as the stage of Paris; and there is no other young lady in the world whose mind is kept as free from contamination as the young lady of Paris. They simply do not permit her to taste the drama until it has been tested and judged by her adult guardians.

* * *

On this continent, we have permitted an eruption of the nursery into the world. We have given the baby a latch-key. We have made the boy literally the father of the man—the said “man” being the boy’s father. We have handed the reins to the children; and we have immediately begun to discover that there are parts of life’s thoroughfare which are too rough or too noisy for them to drive through at will. Instead of taking back the reins and admitting that, perhaps, after all the wisdom of the Old World and the Old Days was not all foolishness, we have set ourselves the impossible task of re-making the world over into a nursery. We find, for instance, that cigarette smoking is bad for boys, and undoubtedly it is. What we should do is to spank the boys and tell them that they will get a double allowance if we catch them smoking cigarettes again. But what we do is to try to get Parliament to pass a measure making it a crime for any grown man to be found in

possession of a cigarette. We are going to trim manhood down to the nursery standard. That is, we think we are. As a matter of fact, we can do nothing of the sort; and the result will be that the boys will soon all smoke cigarettes. The boy of a few generations back would not have dared to smoke cigarettes where any body could see him.

* * *

Critics who complain of the Canadian press should take a look occasionally into the press of other countries. Of course, they know all about the “yellow press” of New York and Chicago. That is what they accuse the Canadian press of imitating. They might as well accuse a minister of imitating an actor because he speaks clearly. But what of the British press which is so often held up to our newspapers as a model? Did you ever read the divorce court reports in the best London journals? There are lots of them that go into details which, if they were to be reproduced in a Toronto paper, would cause half the moral associations in the city to pass resolutions of hot condemnation at their first monthly meeting thereafter. And if you are not satisfied with the London dailies, try the London weeklies. There you will find a plainness of speech which should fill the New York “yellows” with envy. Or go over to Paris. How I should like to see the contents of a Parisian newsstand exposed for sale on Yonge St. some bright Saturday afternoon! The most successful daily paper in Paris—if not in the world—made its success by printing accounts of all the crimes committed in France. There was precious little else in it; for Parisian papers do not care much for foreign news. Anything which has the bad taste to happen outside of France—unless it affects France in some way—does not excite them.

* * *

Puritans who grumble at the Canadian press should be punished by exile to almost any other land under the sun which has a press. But they are preparing a better punishment for themselves at home. They are convincing our editors that it is useless to try to satisfy them, which will inevitably incline the said editors to see if they cannot, then, satisfy the grown-up people who want to read the news. Said the New York Sun—“We will print anything which an all-wise Providence permits to happen.”

La Chant National

THE enthusiasm with which the National Anthem “O Canada” was received at the Mendelssohn Choir concert on February 9th shows that this French-Canadian composition has leaped into Ontario favour at first hearing. The music was composed by Calixa Lavallee in 1880 and, by an unusual method in such production, the words were afterwards written by Judge Routhier. Dr. T. B. Richardson has made the translation given below:

O Canada, our fathers’ land of old,
Thy brow is crowned with leaves of red and gold;
Beneath the shade of the Holy Cross,
Thy children own their birth;

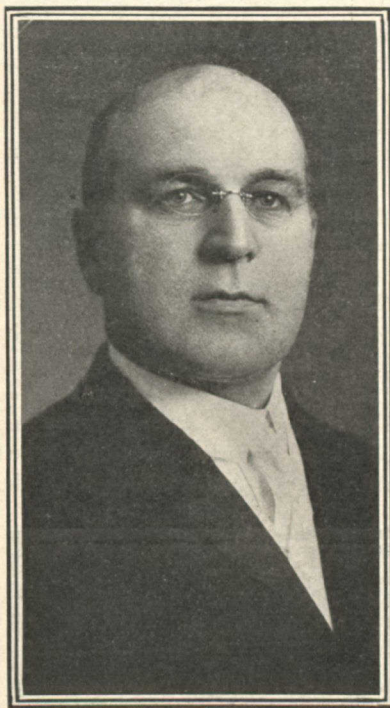
No stains their glorious annals gloss,
Since valour shields thy hearth.
Almighty God, on Thee we call—
Defend our rights, forefend this nation’s thrall.

Altar and throne command our sacred love,
And mankind to us shall ever brothers prove.
O King of Kings, with Thy mighty breath
All our sons do Thou inspire;

May no craven terror of life or death
E’er damp the patriot’s fire.
Our mighty call loudly shall ring,
As in the days of old, “For Christ and the King!”

The Career of a Choir

By CANADIENNE



Mr. A. S. Vogt,
Conductor of Mendelssohn Choir.

WE do well as Canadians to take pride in our harvests and our railways, our forests and our mines. Our material development is obvious and encouraging. But we are occasionally reminded that a nation does not live by wheat alone and that the arts and literature must find recognition and devotion if we are to be something better than a big country. There was organised in Toronto in 1895 a body of musicians which has reached an artistic excellence more satisfying to the craving for ideal expression than any other asso-

ciation. Let it not be counted unto Toronto alone for righteousness that the Mendelssohn Choir holds to-day its unquestioned supremacy. The majority of the members are not natives of the capital of Ontario while the conductor of them all comes from the famous German settlement of Waterloo County, which has sent forth keen financiers and level-headed leaders—men with Teutonic reserve force united to such nervous energy as develops best in the bracing air of this western world. The Mendelssohn Choir is truly national and its triumphs are a matter of Canadian pride.

The history of the concerts has been one of early recognition and continuous progress. For one year the choir disbanded, owing to the conductor having pressure of work. But so great was the place it had held in the popular regard that it was re-organised in 1900 and has made such a record during the last six years that it has won an abiding place in the gratitude and esteem of those who are moved by concord of sweet sounds.

One of its greatest educative effects has been the creating and fostering of a taste for good orchestral performances. The Pittsburg Symphony Orchestra is generally regarded as its harmonious comrade and the thousands who have been gratified by the magnificent combined work would doubtless echo the remark of an enthusiastic auditor: "They were intended for each other." The association began in 1902 when Mr. Victor Herbert was leader of the Pittsburg organisation; and when Mr. Emil Paur succeeded to the command in 1904, the union stood firm and is now stronger than ever.

Mr. Paur is now greeted in Toronto on his annual appearance with an enthusiasm such as only a master in his art can evoke. He is over fifty years of age, having been born in Czernowitz, Austria, in 1855. His early musical training was received in that city of inspiration, Vienna. In Vienna, Berlin, Mannheim and Leipsic, he won high honours and finally was induced in 1892 to come to Boston for a five years' engagement as conductor of the great Symphony Orchestra. Then he went to conduct the Philharmonic Society of New York and the German operas in the Metropolitan Opera House. He returned to Europe for a season where he won repeated triumphs in Vienna,

the city where, as a young man he had shared his violin desk with Arthur Nikisch. But the call of America was imperative and he came at last to Pittsburg to conduct the Symphony Orchestra. His warmth of temperament and austere fastidiousness of artistic ideals have resulted in such productions as this continent seldom hears in orchestral performance. His orchestration of Brahms' "Variations on a Theme by Schumann, Op. 23," heard for the first time in Buffalo last Monday showed his original force in treatment of a pro-

foundly poetic composition. He always brings to Canada something that widens and enkindles the musical horizon, his most unusual work this year being the Tschaikowski "Symphony No. 4, in F Minor."

The repertory of the Mendelssohn Choir has included the great choral compositions of the masters, with and without accompaniment. Catholicity has marked the choice of the conductor and the result has been an education of the music-loving public in whatever work is of good report. Slav or Scandinavian, Teuton, Celt, Saxon or Magyar—it matters not, so long as the composition belongs to the universal realm of true art. When it was announced in the autumn of 1905 that the Beethoven Choral Symphony would be given in the following February, the youngest critic almost died of fright lest the Mendelssohn choir were about to attempt the impossible. But this flower of choral and orchestral achievement bloomed right gloriously in last year's cycle and was even more splendid in the week that has closed. What it meant in months of patient training and indomitable effort was somewhat realised by the thousands who sat spell-bound on the night of February fifth as that unequalled finale soared to empyrean heights as were

"The starry threshold of Jove's court
... where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial spirits live insphered
In regions mild of calm and serene air
Above the smoke and stir of this
dim spot which men call Earth."

To speak in terms, adequate to his ability and not offensive to his modesty, of the work of Mr. A. S. Vogt is a delicate task indeed. But there has grown up through the years such an appreciation of this one man's superb leadership, of the personality that makes more than two hundred singers the instrument of his unifying genius, of his unwavering loyalty to the best in musical art, of his unceasing effort towards the superlative in execution, that it is the merest justice to say that he is one of our most valuable and inspiring citizens. The members of his choir give him the devoted service that a regiment offers the born commander, for they know the manner of man and artist who wields the baton. The best work is never paid for in coin with Caesar's inscription



Mr. Emil Paur,
Conductor of Pittsburg Orchestra.

Winnipeg's Winter Holiday

YOU must go to the Canadian West to find an annual holiday season that comes in the middle of winter. If you value personal popularity do not permit yourself to remark that the great curling bonspiel is possible because business moves slowly when the thermometer tells that the temperature is thirty below zero. The Westerner will at once enter an energetic denial if any such statement is hazarded. And he will assure you that in the winter of the West business nominally is as brisk as it is in the East in the softest days of summer. It is impossible, he further will say, for the Westerners to take a fortnight's vacation in the summer time when everybody, farmer and merchant, banker and hotel-keeper, has to work eighteen hours a day in order that he may keep pace with the rush of business which the striding Last West demands.

Thus you will understand that the slack time in February is slack only in a comparative sense. From the foothills of the Rockies to the ice-bound harbour of

half a dozen rinks from nine in the morning until half-past twelve, from two until six and from eight until pretty nearly any time the roar of the curling stone can be heard as it gyrates slowly down the ice. Men from St. Paul, Minnesota, who see Winnipeg only once a year, greet brothers from Calgary, and one or two Ontario rinks annually encounter a rink or two from faraway Edmonton. Winnipeg supplies perhaps half the total number of contestants and it is proof of the catholicity of the game and of French Canadian progress that one of the three champion curlers of the West is E. J. Rochon, a sportsman with not a drop of anything but French blood in his veins.

Those coon coats seem to be part of the dress uniform of the curlers. They certainly play no part in what may be called the service uniform. When the game is on, those warm-blooded slingers of fifty pound pebbles discard all their outer wraps and appear in a forty below atmosphere with a loose fitting jersey or Cardigan jacket. One of them grinned cheerfully when amazement was expressed. "Oh, that's all right," he



Photograph by A. J. Pittaway, Ottawa.

The Winnipeg Dramatic Club—Winners of the Governor General's Trophy for the best Amateur Dramatic Organisation in Canada.

Thunder Bay the curlers and their wives journey in hundreds to Winnipeg where annually takes place the greatest curling tourney in the world. Half a thousand and more of curlers play the game; four times half a thousand visitors are on hand to witness the contests and incidentally in many cases to do a considerable amount of business with wholesale houses or manufacturers in the Prairie Capital.

The city welcomes them with open arms. Gigantic, in coon coats; capped with the sportiest of peaked seal-skin caps, ruddy cheeked, stalwart, loud of voice and bright of eye, the curlers descend on the city by the Red. The city council has made a respectable vote of money to aid the Reception Committee and private citizens have "chipped in" liberally. Curling, of course, is an amateur sport—one could not imagine a professional curler outside of a hairdresser's shop—and the prizes are all in kind. Glorious carven silver candlesticks, gold watches, gigantic loving cups, weighty medals are all the prizes of the successful skips and their rinkmates. And here is a prize, it would almost seem, for everybody. In chucked; "two suits of underclothing—one of them of

chamois—keep a fellow pretty warm." Certainly none of them complain of the cold.

The two weeks are not all curling. There is the great banquet; there are social engagements for the women, and there is always opportunity to get a drink that would horrify the W.C.T.U. How is this? Drinks after hours? There are no hours. Ordinarily the Winnipeg bars close and close up tight at eleven o'clock. The license law is administered rigorously. But be it known that in the Winnipeg civic year there were three great festivals of relaxation of the rules, and these are at Fair time in August; at Christmas time and in the days of the bonspiel. The Board of License Commissioners then grant what is known as "extensions."

Climatic conditions will always make Winnipeg the world's champion curling city. It will always be able to furnish ninety-in-the-shade in August, and equally certain it will never lack the bracing, searching February temperature that brings joy to the hearts of the curlers and a crowd of genial, honest sportsmen to the Gateway City of the West.

—R. K.



Scoring in the 2-18 Class.

Trotting on the Ice at Ottawa

LAST week's ice trotting races in Ottawa are described as the most successful in the history of the capital. For the past nine years these meetings have been under the direction of the Central Canada Racing Association, which is in affiliation with the National Trotting Association of the United States. The present association had a humble enough beginning with purses amounting to only \$1,200. Last week's prizes totalled \$10,300.

Ottawa is well adapted for the encouragement of the sport. Its proximity to Quebec and its large population of French Canadians have made the trotting horse what might be called a household God with a large class of the community. The keenest anticipation marks the weeks before the event, and really hilarious joy reigns in many parts of the capital during race week itself. The horses are followed by hundreds of men who live on the crowd, owners, trainers, jockeys, statesmen and camp followers, and the wise ones in Ottawa and the surrounding district cheerfully pry themselves loose from their money to send the bookmakers away rejoicing.

The game is some score of years old in Ottawa. There was not at first an annual meeting. Eventually the Ottawa Ice Racing Association was formed, but through inefficient management and want of connection with the large circuits, it made little substantial progress. There was at that time no authority to banish offenders against the track rules and popular suspicion attached to all the races.

One year the races were held on Lake Deschenes, opposite Aylmer, the little Quebec town just up the river, and for several years meetings were held on small lakes

in the vicinity of Hull. But there was no guarantee of squareness in dealing, and though the tracks were not actually outlawed, the existence of the sport was precarious.

Finally Messrs. P. H. Wall, Ald. Walter Cunningham, Edward McMahon, manager of the Central Canada Fair Association, E. J. O'Neill and the late Thomas Butler formed the present association, the Central Canada Ice Racing Association. This was nine years ago. After a couple of years competition with the old Ottawa Ice Racing Association the Central Canada Association won the field for itself.

As has been said, the association is in competition with the National Trotting Association, the track rules of which are so rigidly enforced that the sport has entirely outgrown its evil repute. The meetings are under Vice-regal patronage. The half-mile track is located in the middle of the Ottawa River about half a mile below the centre of the city. The fences, club sheds, cooling-off sheds and other buildings are of rough boardings, but the buildings are comfortably fitted to resist the bitter breezes which sweep the ice-bound river. This winter environment is, indeed, the only thing that differentiates the ice meeting from the ordinary summer trotting meet. The old sulky sleighs have given place to the regulation tyred sulkey and save for the heavy clothing which the drivers wear, the races themselves might be on the dirt track. The spectators muffle to the ears and stay out of doors only when the races are actually in progress.

When the invading host of horsemen strikes Ottawa those whose business brings them to the centre of the



Waiting for Returns of "Free for All."

city know that it has arrived. The horses come from the States and from as far west in Ontario as there is good ice in winter. The men with them are of a type which would be recognisable if there was not a trotting horse within a thousand miles. They all look "horse," they talk nothing but "horse," and they say it loud and clear. It is seldom that you see among them a man whom you could call a young man. They look so much alike to the outsider that the wonder is that they can tell each other apart. When they enter a caravansary they simply fill it; the regular guests simply cling on to the edges. They are profuse spenders and apparently never go on foot anywhere a cab-sleigh can carry them. Apparently they stay up all night, but they are always at breakfast and they make a loud noise all the time.

Down at the track, as an incident to the races themselves, there is ample provision for their creature comfort which they never for a moment neglect. The big sheds, vastly overheated, offer food and drink in abundance and dinky little wheels of fortune serve to while away the tedium between races. The track is on the no man's land between the two provinces.

Outside, where the game is played strictly according to rules, a business-like method under-runs all the boisterous excitement of the course, and if every race is not decided on its merits it is because some one manages to escape the eyes of the starter and the judges.

It is a great game, for all its peculiarities, and seems to have come to Ottawa to stay.

Ralph Connor in a New Role

A NEW NAME ADDED TO THE LIST OF MUSICAL DIRECTORS.

By W. M. JOHNSON

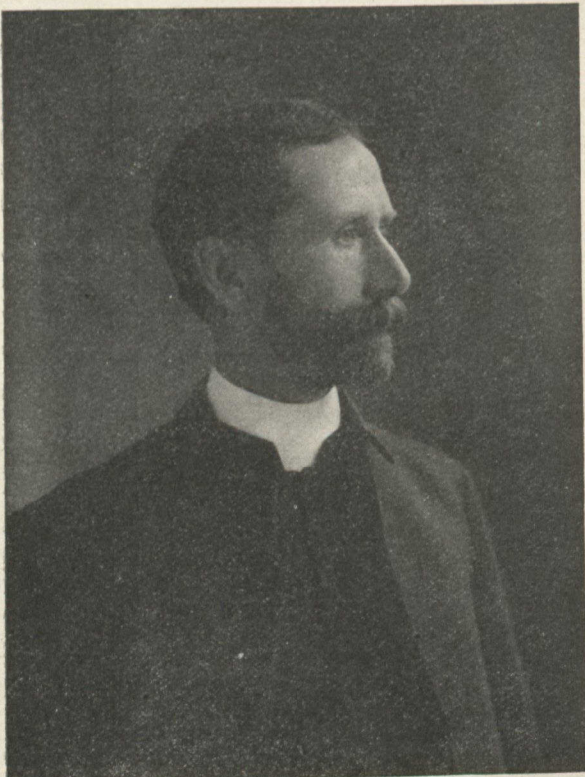
RALPH CONNOR is known everywhere to be a versatile man. Not only is he an author, but he is a preacher and a lecturer as well. Under his own name of Rev. C. W. Gordon, D.D., he ministers to the congregation of St. Stephens' in Winnipeg, and, in that city and elsewhere he often appears upon the public platform.

It was given, however, to the members of Knox Church Brotherhood, Regina, to see the celebrated Canadian in a new role, that of music teacher! Ralph Connor was invited to be present as the guest of honour at a banquet which was given to organise a men's club in Knox Church. He was to speak on the convention which was recently held in Indianapolis in connection with the formation of a wide Brotherhood movement. Before the lecture, the speaker announced that he was going to teach the guests a new hymn—and he did! Connor has all the tricks and motions of the professional musical instructor. He swung his arms, clapped his hands to beat time, called for repeats, requested that certain notes be held "just a little longer," sang a few lines himself "to show you how it goes," and carried on in general exactly like a director of a "National Chorus." And he succeeded! The result was that a

new hymn was introduced into Regina by Ralph Connor!

During the lesson it was noticed that some men were not singing. The apparent reason was that they had not the gift, but the real explanation of their conduct was probably that they were too deep in thought to sing. They were letting their imaginations rule. Here was one of the greatest living Canadians, one who has made Canada and the healthy type of Canadian known all over the English-speaking world, one who has advertised his country in a practical manner, because, although we do not intend to enter into an argument as to whether Ralph Connor's books are inspired novels, and whether they shall live in the history of literature, or whether, from a literary standpoint they are of an inferior class, it is admitted at any rate that this author has a hold on the public which is remarkable. Here, then, was a famous author, whose works are read in every section of Great Britain, the United States and Canada, throwing his arms around and asking that a certain note in a hymn be given two beats. No wonder that some men did not sing!

This very incident reveals, however, the secret of Ralph Connor's success as a writer. He is no haughty, reserved minister or famous author. He is a man, mingling with men, and acting as a man. His freedom is very marked. Before the lecture he remarked that he was going to the kitchen to get a glass of water—and he did go to the kitchen and he did get a drink! It is such instances as these which explain his popularity, and explain how he can make the barn raising, the dance and the fight scenes in "The Doctor" stand out so vividly. Who knows but that, in his next book, Ralph Connor may have a brilliant chapter on the description of a Western banquet, and the antics of a musical instructor?



Ralph Connor, the Novelist

Winter Sunrise

The English novelist, Mr. Eden Philpotts, does not often turn from the gloomier aspects of his beloved Devonshire to write anything so dainty as his latest bit of verse in which he describes a winter dawn:

"There's a shadow on the starlight far away, far away;
There's a pearl hid in the mist so cold and gray,
Where young Morning silver-eyed,
Steals along the steep hillside
For to seek another little new-born day,
For to find and love a little new-born day."

The Oriental in British Columbia

WITH SOMETHING ABOUT THE ONLY HINDU WOMAN IN CANADA.

By A. E. GREENWOOD

THERE is only one Hindu woman in Canada, the "prisoner" wife of Dr. Kaishoram Davichand, the pioneer of the twenty-five hundred Hindus now in British Columbia. Not another dusky Britisher from the Punjaub has yet brought his wife here. Fully a thousand are not likely to, for not only has this sudden immigration from the coral strand ceased about as suddenly as it began, but the receding tide has fairly begun and is not likely to end until that number, nearly half, of these brave Sikhs have returned to their native land. The rest seem inclined to remain. Many have already discarded their beturbaned headgear, shaved and donned our dress. The first of these was the Doctor. But the "imprisoned" Mrs. Davichand continues in her native way.

"She never go out," said the Doctor, according me the privilege of looking upon the only Hindu lady, veiled or unveiled, in the Dominion. As the doctor explained, and as travellers in India know, the liberty of the average Hindu wife is all in doors. Only twice has Mrs. Davichand been seen on the streets of Vancouver, once when she arrived on the Empress of Japan eighteen months ago, and once recently when the Doctor moved from his Hastings Street apartments to their present home in Sapperton, on the Fraser, ten miles from Vancouver.

"Harkour" was preparing the evening meal. Her tall form was clad in the ordinary calico of the ordinary housewife. At the Doctor's suggestion, in Hindustani—it might have been a command—there was a sudden transformation, the obedient sad-faced wife soon re-appearing in a fantastic silk dress or oriental robe, richly figured and still more richly adorned with rings, bracelets and bells.

There came tripping to the soft and merry jingle of the jewels the only Hindu baby perhaps in America, little Yogi, two years old, also bejewelled to the very ears. A mass of jet black hair, with more ornaments, was rolled up in the misleading fashion of a little Hindu lady. Of course I made the stupid mistake. It's a boy.

Upon the forehead, ears, centre and side of the nose, neck, shoulders and wrists hung the fantastic gold and silver jewels while the wife handed to the Doctor as many more. The disappointed babe toyed with an empty cup before a stove such as you would seldom see outside of a miners' camp. The bejewelled mother, who hasn't yet mastered a single word of English, gazed down upon the



Mrs. Davichand, the only Hindu Woman in Canada.

hungry child. The father stared at vacancy. Surely never were Punjaub jewels so much out of place.

"Why did you come here, to British Columbia?" I ventured.

"I come first," returned the Doctor, who speaks English well, "come this way to England. But here I stay. Often wish I had gone on but I stay. We hope better things when we know country better and people. Eighteen months ago my nephew come and he bring my wife and child. We not yet see much of country, but like it here by beautiful river, big trees, and mountains."

The Doctor only practises upon his native friends. His medicines are chiefly herbs and he cures everything.

It should be stated here that the Hindu on this Coast has been grossly libelled, chiefly by sensational Coast papers and by correspondents who haven't taken the trouble to get the facts.

The answer to the libel that they are immoral and unclean is the records of the Police courts of Vancouver and New Westminster, the districts within which practically all of the 2,500 Hindus have made their homes as best they could. These records for the past year show but two cases and both were dismissed. One was assault and the other a charge of obtaining money under false pretences.

It is true that they were for a time living in Vancouver in unsanitary conditions but that was the city's fault, the scarcity of houses which drove the Hindu to shacks quite as bad as anything that could be found in the Punjaub.

And here a word should be said for other Orientals. The wish that British Columbia should be a white man's country is not universal in the Province, even if it were possible to have it so. Nine out of ten of the "domes-



Hindu Immigrants Newly Arrived.





Types of Hindus.

tics" in Vancouver and Victoria are Chinamen and there are homes which would have no other. Most of the

labourers in the canneries are Chinese and they would have no other, while some of the leading merchants of both cities are Japanese.

The only trouble the police here have with the Chinaman is the one the law officers make for themselves in the ever ineffectual attempt to stop his gambling. But John is long past the possibility of that reform. When John's gambling fever goes, John goes.

The whole of Canada is interested in maintaining good relations with Japan and China, and Chinese and Japanese subjects must be treated with such generosity and fairness as will prevent any protest from across the Pacific. Canada does not desire to have more foreigners than she can readily accommodate and find places for, but her discrimination must be general and gentle. Any laws passed in the interest of one section must be carefully considered from the international point of view. Thinking people in British Columbia recognise this situation.

Adventurers in the North

SOMETHING ABOUT THE FIRST SUCCESSFUL NORTHWEST PASSAGE AND ALSO THE MOST NOTABLE DASH YET MADE FOR THE NORTH POLE.

TO the north of Canada lies Greenland and other districts, the ownership and character of which is more or less vague. Just north of the mainland there lie Banks' Land, Victoria Land, King William Land and Baffin Land. To these Canada undoubtedly has a good title. Farther north are the Parry Islands and a large island known by various names such as Grinnell Land, Ellesmere Land and Grant Land. It was from the latter that Peary made his latest rush for the North Pole.

During the past century there have been two distinct aims in the minds of explorers, to find a passage across the north from the Atlantic to the Pacific and to find the North Pole. Parry, Frankland and McClure represent the first aim, Peary the second. Amunsden had a less singular idea in his mind.

AMUNSDEN'S EXPEDITION.

Amunsden's expedition is described by General Greely in the February "Century." He sailed from Christiana, Norway, in June 1903, in the Gjoa. He passed through Davis Strait, Baffin Bay and Lancaster Sound without difficulty and then turned south through Peel Sound. In September he arrived in Gjoa Harbour on the coast of the inhabited King William Land and began scientific observations. His object was to locate the magnetic pole which had been located by Sir James Clark Ross, R.N., in 1831, in Boothia Felix Peninsula.

The winter was not very severe, the average temperature of February 1904 being forty-one degrees below zero, while the sea ice was only about five and a half feet in thickness. From this point, Amunsden sent letters south to Chesterfield Inlet, where his messengers found Major Moodie and the "Arctic." Later, letters were again sent, and this time the messengers found the "Arctic" under Captain Bernier.

King William Land was the scene of the starvation of Franklin's ill-fated expedition. Amunsden explored this pretty thoroughly. In August, 1905, the Gjoa started on her westward journey. She had come 770 miles from Baffin Bay, and only 760 remained to Cape Bathurst, where whaling vessels would be found and the Northwest passage completed. The journey was successfully

made but shortly afterward an accident happened to the propeller and they were obliged to winter at King Point. From here Amunsden took sledge and arrived at Eagle City, Alaska, December 12th, 1905. He returned to the Gjoa and afterwards brought her safely through to Behring Strait last year. Thus was the Northwest Passage first safely made.

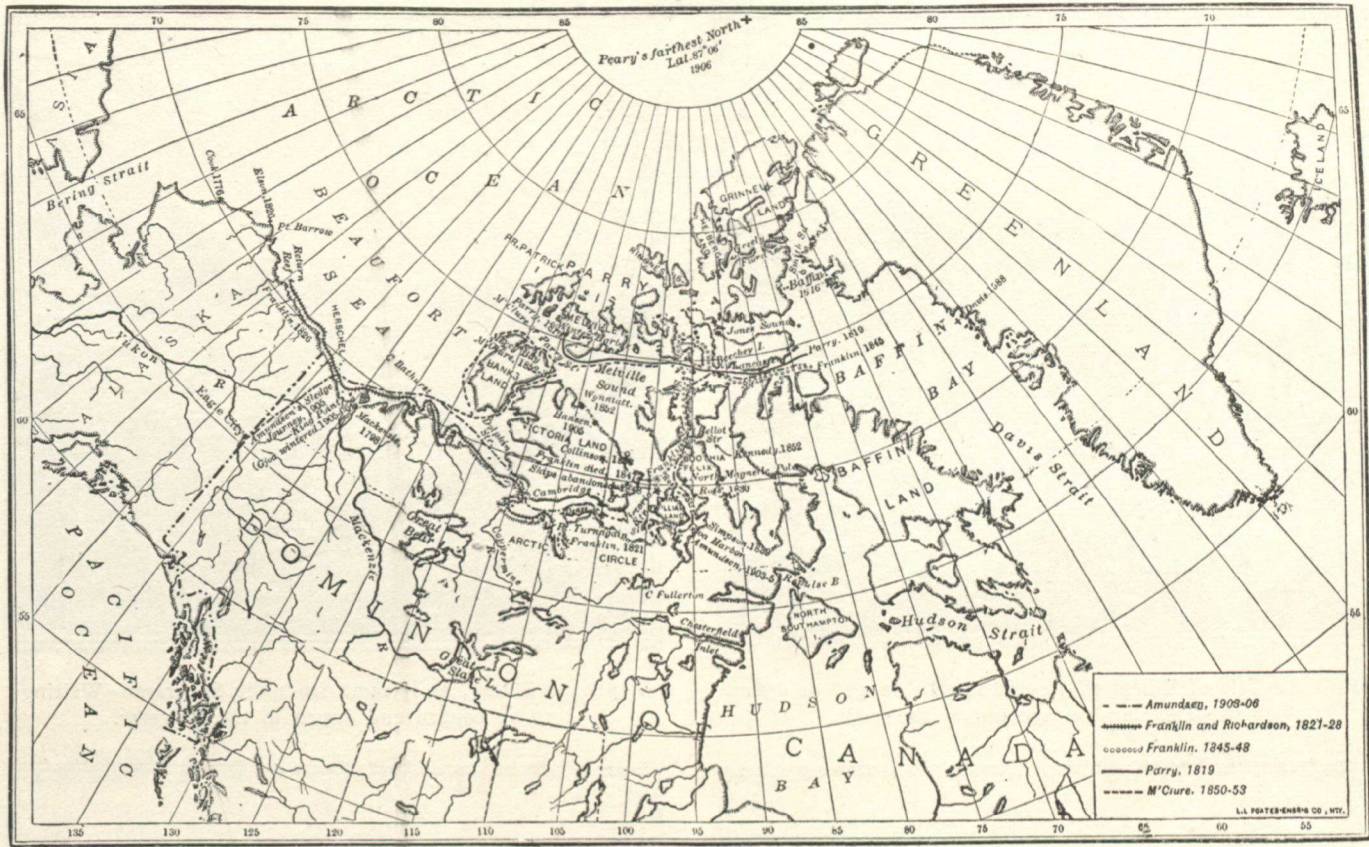
PEARY'S EXPEDITION.

During the past eighteen months, Commander Robert E. Peary, U.S.N., has secured the record for "farthest north" formerly held by Abruzzi and Nansen. The story is being told by himself in "Harper's Magazine." On the 16th of July, 1905, Peary's ship, the Roosevelt, left New York on her northern voyage. At Sydney, Nova Scotia, she loaded with coal and twelve days later was through Davis Strait and Baffin Bay and at Cape York. From this point, impeded by Arctic ice, she pushed her way through Smith Sound, Kane Basin and Kennedy and Robesen Channels to the north of Grinnell Land or Grant Land. Here the Roosevelt was caught and fastened by the heavy ice.

Then Peary prepared for a sledge dash to the Pole. Musk-oxen and white arctic reindeer gave a plentiful supply of food. Eighty of the two hundred dogs were poisoned by the whale-meat taken along to feed them, and the whole supply had to be thrown overboard just as the long Arctic night came down on them in October. Fortunately the weather was not too severe and the dogs and men went inland and subsisted on the country.

In February they were again collected together and a start made along the coast northward. The first glimpse of the returning sun was obtained on March 6th.

Peary intended to divide his men into parties, each to work on a section of fifty miles of ice-road and when spread out to cover a distance of 300 miles northward. The plan was well conceived, but a six days' blow carried him and the advance party seventy miles eastward on the floating ice and broke his line of communication with the rear. There was nothing to do but retreat, or to make a dash with such provisions and men as he had with him. He chose the latter and



Map of Explorations for a North-west Passage.

—From the February Century.

started blindly for the Pole. The cracks and leads in the moving sea of ice made his work difficult. The dogs broke down in the work, and the dead were used to feed the living.

At noon on April 21st, he reached 87 deg. 6 min. Abruzzi's record is 86 deg., 34 min. and Nansen's 86 deg., 14 min. Peary's record in 1902 was 84 deg. 17

min. He had broken the record and only 2 deg. and 54 min. remained between him and the Pole—about two hundred miles. His pinched circumstances forbade any further attempt, for some provisions and some strength were required for the return trip. Foiled, but undaunted, he turned his face southward and succeeded in regaining his ship.

The Anglo-American Marriage

A PROPOS of the Marlborough disagreement, Ella Hepworth Dixon, traveller and novelist, writes discriminatingly on the subject of alliance between Englishmen and the women of the United States. She shows that the difficulty which frequently arises comes from misunderstanding rather than from deliberate tyranny or revolt.

The falling out of one English duke and his American duchess does not, of course, prove conclusively that all such marriages are impossible, but it is in the nature of a danger signal to others contemplating similar matrimonial alliances.

The peer in difficulties goes to Newport, and sometimes even to Chicago or Pittsburg, and there looks around for a multi-millionaire who will give him a daughter with a dowry to which European royal princesses do not aspire. He marries a young person of boundless ambitions, who is usually well educated, but who is not of his class, and who has none of the traditions and little of the repose of an English girl of good family.

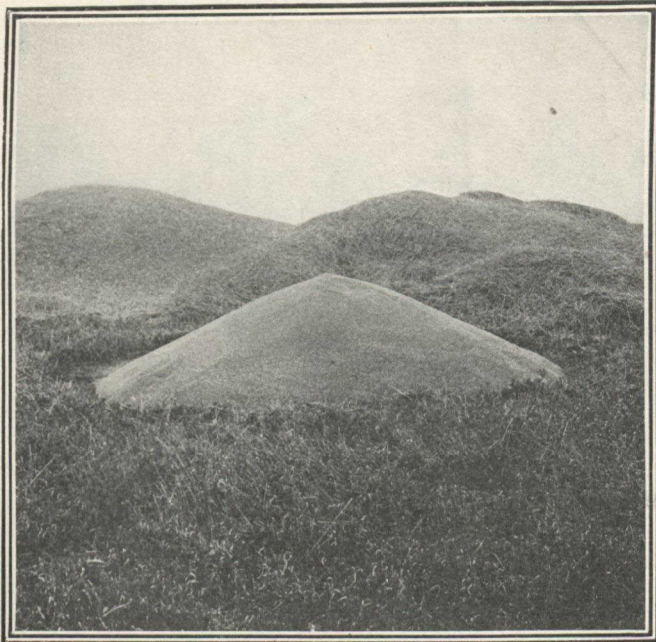
For the first few years she has a good time. For her England and English life is a fairy tale come true. She starts playing at being a great English lady, the wife of a peer of the realm. She would like to wear a diamond tiara every night and robes of state once a week. She opens bazaars, starts home industries, patronises everybody, and pours out her money with a lavish hand.

She will adapt herself to anything but the root of the evil; the crux of the whole question is that she can not, in the majority of cases, adapt herself to her English husband. Very willing to become a marchioness, it is not in her nature or her upbringing to become the subservient spouse of an English husband.

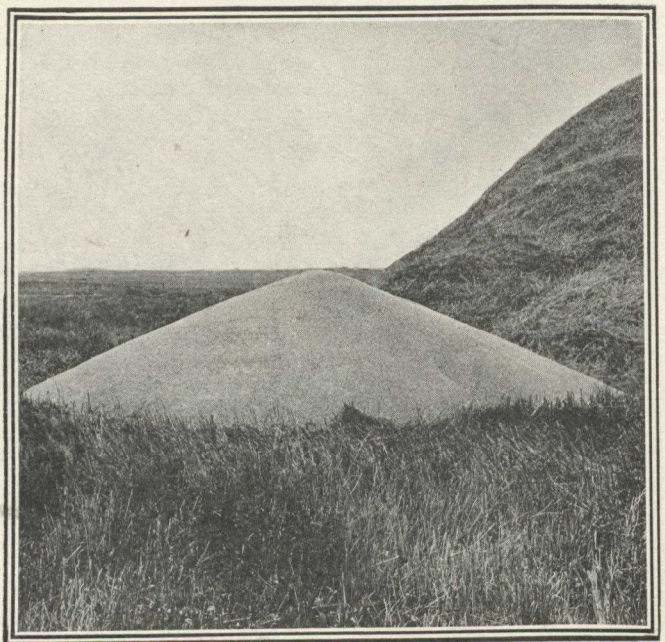
For America is the paradise of the young person, and why they want to leave it and to marry men who seldom assume an attitude of blind worship is one of those feminine mysteries which are so hard to elucidate.

Now, excellent fellow though he is—and far less "flighty" than the American husband—this is not the attitude which John Bull takes up toward his wife or his daughters. The adulation must be taken for granted; it is possibly implied, never openly expressed. In nine English homes out of ten it is probably the wife who is the dominant partner, or at any rate in all affairs of the joint life; but the English woman is adroit enough to conceal this fact.

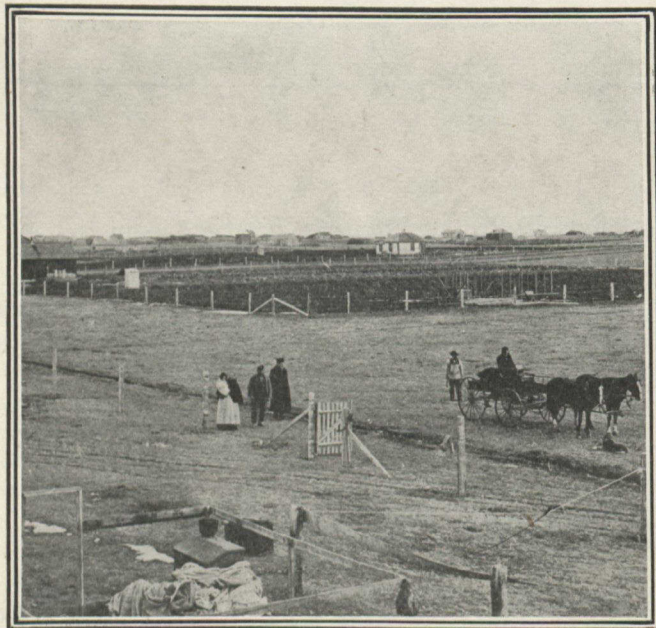
The American wife, on the contrary, never conceals what is to her a matter of national pride and affair of race and sex. Moreover, she has usually an inordinate opinion of the power of money. So, having brought her million or so of pounds to these shores, the young heiress expects from every circumstance and surrounding of her early life, to take the first place and receive the tribute which she thinks due to beauty, youth and wealth. No wonder the situation bristles with difficulties.



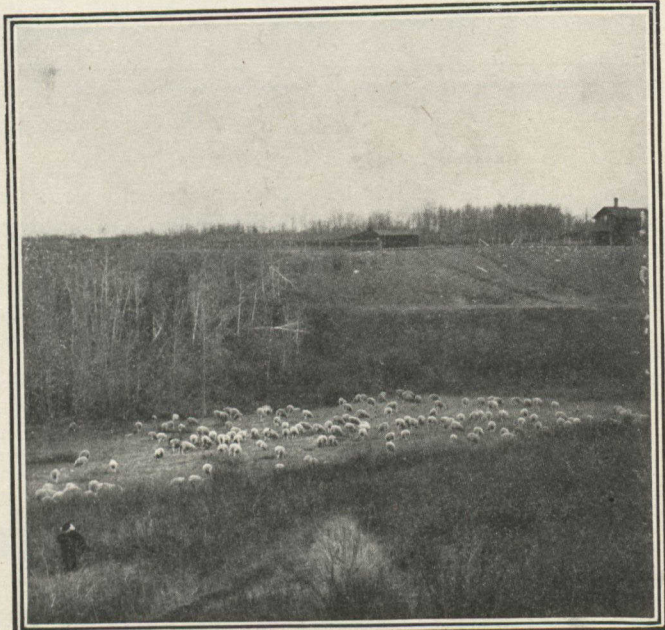
1600 Bushels of Wheat that could not be bagged or drawn to the Elevators on account of the rush.



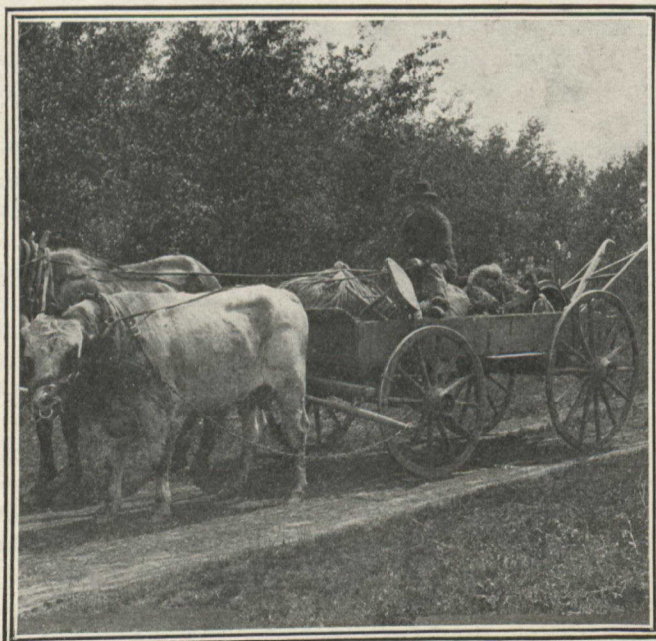
A pile of Barley, as it came from the Separator—Waiting to be bagged and drawn to the Elevator.



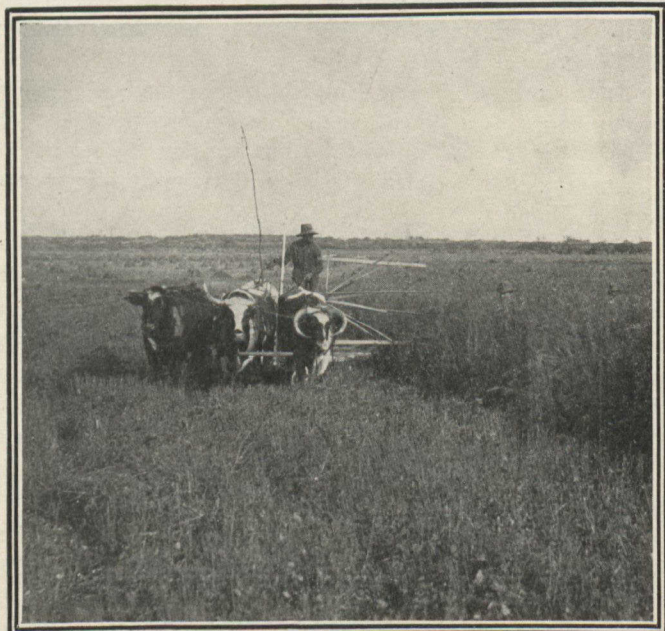
General view in a Mennonite Settlement in Southern Manitoba.



A Sheep Ranch in Manitoba.



A Settler Moving—the horse and the ox illustrate the saying "necessity knows no law."



Sometimes horses are scarce and oxen are used to reap the golden grain.

TYPICAL SCENES IN WESTERN CANADA.



The Finding of Fingall

A TALE OF THE NORTHLAND.

By GILBERT PARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM O. MARTEN

FINGALL! Fingall! Oh, Fingall!" A gray mist was rising from the river, the sun was drinking it in delightedly, the swift blue water showed underneath it, and the top of White-faced Mountain peaked the mist by a hand-length. The river brushed the banks like rustling silk, and the only other sound, very sharp and clear in the liquid monotone, was the crack of a woodpecker's beak on a hickory tree.

It was a sweet, fresh autumn morning in Lonesome Valley. Before night the deer would bellow reply to the hunters' rifles and the mountain goat call to its unknown gods; but now there was only the wild duck skimming the river, and then rising and fading into the mist, the high hilltop, the sun, and again that strange cry: "Fingall! Oh, Fingall! Fingall!"

Two men, lounging at a fire on a ledge of the hills, raised their eyes to the mountain side beyond and above them and one said presently:

"The second time. It's a woman's voice, Pierre."

Pierre nodded, and abstractedly stirred the coals about with a twig.

"Well, it is a pity—the poor Cynthia!" he said at last.

"It is a woman, then. You know her, Pierre—her story?"

Pierre raised his head toward the sound; then, after a moment, said: "I know Fingall."

"And the woman? Tell me."

"And the girl. Fingall was such as Shon McGann, all fire and heart and devil-may-care. She—she was not beautiful except in the eye, but that was like a flame of red and blue. Her hair, too, then, would trip her if it hung loose. That was all, except that she loved him too much. But women—et puis, when a woman gets a man between her and the heaven above and the earth beneath, and there comes the great hunger, what is the good? A man cannot understand, but he can see and he can fear. What is the good? To play with life, that is not much, but to play with the soul is more than a thousand lives. Look at Cynthia."

He paused and Lawless waited patiently. He knew Pierre well.

Presently Pierre went on.

"Fingall was gentil. He would take off his hat to a squaw. It made no difference what others did; he didn't think; it was like breathing to him. How can you tell the way things happen? Cynthia's father kept the tavern at St. Gabriel's Fork over against the great sawmill. Fingall was foreman of a

gang in the lumber yard. Cynthia had a brother—Fenn. Fenn was as bad as they make, but she loved him and Fingall knew it well, while he hated the young skunk. The girl's eyes were like two fireflies when Fingall was about, and what he thought of her he said to me once. "They are the kind God made for the whole year round." He was a gentleman though he had only half a name—Fingall—like that! I think he did not expect to stay; he seemed to be waiting for something, for always when the mail came in he would be there, and afterward you wouldn't see him for a time. So it seemed to me that he made up his mind to think nothing of Cynthia, and to say nothing."

"Fingall! Fingall! Oh, Fingall!"

The strange, sweet, singing voice sounded nearer.

"She is coming this way, Pierre," said Lawless.

"I hope not to see her. What is the good?"

"Well, let us have the rest of the story."

"Her brother Fenn was in Fingall's gang. One day there was trouble. Fenn called Fingall a liar. The gang stopped piling. They expected the usual thing. It did not come. Fingall told him to leave the yard and they would settle some other time. That night there was a wicked thing. We were sitting in the barroom when we heard two shots and then a fall. We ran into the other room. There was Fenn on the floor dying. He lifted himself on his elbow, pointed at Fingall and fell back. The father of the boy stood white and still, a few feet away. There was no pistol showing—none at all. The men closed in on Fingall now. He did not stir; he seemed to be thinking of someone else. He had a puzzled sorrowful look. The men roared round him, but he waved them back for a moment and looked first at the father, then at the son. I could not understand at first. Someone pulled a pistol out of Fingall's pocket and showed it. At that moment Cynthia came in. She gave a cry. I do not want to hear a cry like that often. She fell on her knees beside the boy and caught his head to her breast. Then with a wild

look she asked who did it. They had just taken Fingall out into the barroom. They did not tell her his name, for they knew that she loved him.

"'Father,' she said all at once, 'have you killed the man that killed Fenn?'"

"The old man shook his head. There was a sick colour in his face.

"'Then I will kill him,' she said.

"She laid her brother's head down and stood up. Some one put in her hand the pistol and told her it



"He lifted himself on his elbow and pointed at Fingall."

was the same that had killed Fenn. She took it up and came with us. The old man stood still where he was. He was like a stone. I looked at him for a minute and thought, then I turned round and went to the barroom. The old man followed. Just as I got inside the door I saw the girl start back and her hand drop, for she saw that it was Fingall. He was looking at her very strange. It was the rule to empty the gun into a man who had been sentenced, and already Fingall had heard his 'God have mercy.' The girl was to do it.

"Fingall said to her in a muffled voice, 'Fire Cynthie.'

"I guessed what she would do. In a kind of dream she raised the pistol up—up—up, till I could see it was out of range of his head, and she fired. One, two, three, four, five! Fingall never moved a muscle. But the bullets spotted the wall at the side of his head. She paused after the five, but the arm was still held out, and her finger was on the trigger. She seemed to be in a dream. There were only six chambers in the gun, and, of course, one chamber was empty. Fenn had its bullet in his lungs, as we thought. Some one beside Cynthie touched her arm, pushing it down. But there was another shot; and this time, because of the push, the bullet lodged in Fingall's skull."

Pierre paused now, but waved his hand toward the mist which now hung high up like a canopy between the hills.

"But," said Lawless, not heeding the scene, "what about that sixth bullet?"

"Mon Dieu, it is plain! Fingall did not fire the shot. His revolver was full, every chamber, when Cynthie first took it."

"Who killed the lad?"

"Can you not guess? There had been words between the father and the boy; both had fierce blood; the father in a bad minute fired. The boy wanted revenge on Fingall, and, to save his father, laid it on the other. The old man? Well, I do not know whether he was coward or stupid or ashamed—he let Fingall take it."

"And Fingall took it to spare the girl, eh?"

"For the girl. He knew it wasn't good for her to think that her father killed his own son."

"And what came after?"

"The worst. That night the girl's father killed himself, and the two were buried in the same grave. Cynthie—"

"Fingall! Fingall! Oh, Fingall!"

"You hear? Yes, like that all the time as she sat on the floor, her hair about her like a cloud, and the dead bodies in the next room. She thought that she had killed Fingall, and she knew now that he was innocent. The two were buried. Then we told her that Fingall was not dead. She used to come and sit outside the door and listen to his breathing and ask if he ever spoke of her. What was the good of lyin'? If we said he did she'd have come into him, and that would do no good, for he wasn't right in his mind. By and by we told her he was getting well, and then she didn't come, but stayed at home, just saying his name over to herself. Alors, things take hold of a woman—it is so strange. When he was strong enough to go out I went with him the first time. He was all thin and handsome as you can think, but he had no memory and his eyes were like a child's. She saw him and came out to meet him. What does a woman care for the world when she loves altogether? Well, he just looked at her as if he'd never seen her before and passed by without a sign, though afterward there came trouble in his face. Three days later he was gone, no one knew where. That is two years ago. Ever since she has been looking for him."

"Is she mad?"

"Mad? It is not good to have one thing in the head

all the time. What do you think? So much all at once. And then—"

"Hush, Pierre. There she is," Lawless said, pointing to a ledge of rock not far away.

The girl stood looking out across the valley, a weird, rapt look in her face, her hair falling loose, a staff like a shepherd's crook in one hand, the other over her eyes, as she slowly looked from point to point of the horizon. The two watched her without speaking. Presently she saw them. She gazed at them for a minute, then descended to them. Lawless and Pierre rose, doffing their hats. She looked at both a moment, and her eyes settled, steadily glowing on Pierre. Presently she held out her hand to him.

"I knew you—yesterday," she said.

Pierre returned the intensity of her gaze with one deep and strong.

"So, so, Cynthie!" he said. "Sit down and eat."

He dropped on a knee and drew a scone and some fish from the ashes. She sat facing them, and taking from a bag at her side some wild fruits ate slowly, saying nothing. Lawless noticed that her hair had gone gray at the temples, though she was but one-and-twenty years old. Her face, brown as it was, shone with a white kind of light, which may or may not have come from the crucible of her eyes, where the tragedy of her life was fusing. Lawless could not bear to look long, for the fire that consumes a body and sets free a soul is not for the sight of the quick. At last she rose, her body steady, but her hands having that tremulous activity of her eyes.

"Will you not stay, Cynthie?" asked Lawless, very kindly.

She came close to him, and, after searching his eyes, said with a smile that almost hurt him: "When I have found him I will bring him to your camp-fire. Last night the Voice said that he waits for me where the mist rises from the river at daybreak, close to the home of the White Swan. Do you know where is the home of the White Swan? Before the frost comes and the red wolf cries I must find him. Winter is the time of sleep. I will give him honey and dried meat. I know where we shall live together. You never saw such roses! Hush! I have a place where we can hide—"

Suddenly her gaze became fixed and dreamlike, and she said, slowly: "In all time of our tribulation, in all time of our wealth, in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment, good Lord, deliver us!"

"Good Lord, deliver us," repeated Lawless in a low voice.

Without looking at them she slowly turned away and passed up the hillside, her eyes scanning the valley as before.

"Good Lord, deliver us," again said Lawless. "Where did she get it?"

"From a book which Fingall left behind."

They watched her till she rounded a cliff and was gone, then they shouldered their kits and passed up the river on the trail of the wapiti.

One month later, when a fine white surf of frost lay on the ground, and the sky was darkened often by the flight of the wild geese southward, they came upon a hut perched on a bluff at the edge of a clump of pines. It was morning, and Whitefaced Mountain shone solemnly clear, without a touch of cloud or mist from its haunches to its crown.

They knocked at the hut door, and in answer to a voice entered. The sunlight streamed in over a woman lying upon a heap of dried flowers in a corner and a man kneeling beside her. They came near, and saw that the woman was Cynthie.

Then Pierre broke out suddenly, "Fingall!" and

caught the kneeling man by the shoulder. At the sound of his voice the woman's eyes opened.

"Fingall! Oh, Fingall!" she said, and reached up a hand.

The bearded man stooped and caught her to his breast.

"Cynthia! Poor girl! Oh, my poor Cynthia!" he said.

In his eyes, as in hers, was a sane light; and his voice, as hers, said indescribable things.

Her head sank upon his shoulder, her eyes closed. She was asleep. Fingall laid her down with a sob in his throat, then he sat up and clutched Pierre's hand.

"In the East, where the doctors cured me, I heard," he said, pointing to her, "and I came to find her. I was

just in time. I found her when I got here yesterday."

"And she knew you?" whispered Pierre.

"Yes; but the fever came hard after." He turned and looked at her, and, kneeling, smoothed away the hair from the smiling, pathetic face. "Poor girl!" he said. "Poor girl!"

"She will get well?" asked Pierre.

"God grant it!" Fingall replied. "She is better—better."

Lawless and Pierre softly turned and stole away, leaving the man alone with the girl.

The two stood in silence, looking upon the river beneath. Presently a voice crept through the stillness. "Fingall! Oh, Fingall!"

It was the voice of a woman returning from the dead.

Dell's Triumph

By HELEN MATHERS, Author of "Cherry Ripe," etc.

THE girl thrust out a little naked foot, beautiful in form and colour, spanned by a tan-coloured strap, and laughed.

"The doctors are for ever preaching the open air cure," she said, "urging us all about more air and light, and less clothing, yet the moment we women leave off our hats and stockings, you men grumble!"

"Do you ever read your Bible?" said the man. "You'll find in it finer rules for manners and conduct than in any book on etiquette ever written; and there's a remark about a fair woman without decorum being like a jewel of gold in a pig's snout that you will do well to consider."

"Oh! you mean that rubbish about our going with uncovered heads to church," she said, lightly; "as if the parson oughtn't to be delighted to see us there at all! Besides, that text in the Corinthians applied to Orientals—not us. Those poor women wore a heavy veil, concealing even their features!"

"Bare-headed, bare-armed, bare-footed," said the man, "what is there to distinguish you gentlewomen nowadays from a pack of factory girls out for a spree? Heavens! If when one meets a group of you on the sands the men's arms aren't round your waists, one feels that they ought to be!"

The girl laughed again. She was beautiful in a warm, slumbrous way, with a skin like ivory, and rich dark hair and eyes; but now she shot a quick glance at the man's face as he looked thoughtfully out to sea.

"Whose fault is it," he said—"the women who give too much, or the men who ask so little? We only demand modesty, decency; we don't want to share the woman we love with the whole world. There should be charms, there should be graces, jealously hidden from the world, and kept only for home consumption. In the free-and-easy, go-as-you-please manners of women towards men, of men towards women, is to be found the real reason of the failure of chivalry on the one hand, of true womanliness on the other."

"Oh!" cried Lenore, with lazy scorn; "we don't faint at a mouse, and die of a migraine as our grandmothers did, if you mean that!"

"But did they?" said the man. "There must have been good stuff in those girls, physically and mentally, to make the splendid mothers they did. With our own parents went the last of the old school. Motherhood nowadays is practically a lost art. The man who wrote the line 'To suckle fools and chronicle small beer' was a fool himself, and a vicious fool at that!"

"Now you are indecent!" cried the girl; yet she was not angry. He knew that she would not resent any-

thing that he might say. His nostrils contracted disgustfully, as he moved a little further from her.

It had all gone so pleasantly from first to last—this untrammelled companionship of man and girl—winked at by a blind and complaisant world that had itself set a lax standard of morals and manners. Yet the man knew well enough that it was all wrong—that there had been no true courtship—the courtship that should be the dim, cool, fragrant alley leading to the sacrament of marriage in the temple (for marriage is a sacrament to all true women), as it would have been to Dell, from whom Lenore had stolen him; and now he was to slip by a side wicket, as it were into marriage, as men and girls nowadays drifted, without respect, without illusion.

Lenore drew nearer, and rubbed her soft cheek against his coat-sleeve. Yes, that was how she had detached him from Dell, by giving so much to keep him away (and Dell had given so little), and now he had come to see that modesty was the first and chiefest good in a woman, modesty and love of home and little children, and beauty was of very little account when it made itself cheap. Dell's winsome, homely face seemed to him now the sweetest thing in life, as representing the sweetest things life had to give, in love, good repute, and honour, at that moment.

He sat quite rigid—his nerves cringing in revolt under Lenore's unwelcome caress—knowing that he had come to the turning of the ways, that to marry this girl meant the wrecking of his future life, and that if he had not the courage to break with her now, he would inevitably break with her after marriage. And as she sat watching his stern, lean face, his silence, his stillness frightened her.

This was more than mere huffiness. Suddenly she felt danger in the air, and sat up straight.

"I know who it is," she said angrily, "it's Dell."

He shook his head. "I have not seen her for over a year," he said. It was for exactly a year that his intimacy with Lenore Lepell had lasted.

"Dove-eyed, demure, gloved," (she would die of shame to be seen even putting on her gloves in the street!) "and a little mother to a host of squalling brats—apparently she is your ideal of what a woman should be!"

"Listen, Lenore," he said. "We have had a good time, you and I, and now we are going to part. No one will say anything. In the present lax state of society our affairs are no one's business but our own, and plenty of men are ready to take my place—for beauty is so very, very rare."

Suddenly it struck him how horrible it was that he should be sitting here, saying these things—incredible

things; but the girl herself had put the cart before the horse. And yet he was to blame. . . . a man is always to blame if he lets a woman make herself common and cheap to him.

"It's Dell," she said, under her breath. "Dell, Dell, Dell!"

"Lenore," he said, and almost groaned, "why don't you women make us men respect you—Heaven knows we are eager enough to do it!"

Lenore laughed contemptuously. Her sleepy eyes were now wide open, for she knew that she had played her cards badly—carelessly—and lost the man.

Nor could she punish him. When a woman claims complete independence and emancipates herself wholly from home authority, she forfeits the protection that her mankind could and would extend to her did she conform to the canons of conduct that rule girls who respect themselves.

Of course, she knew that these accidents sometimes happened to girls of her views and habits—that marriages, drifted towards without visible intention on the part of the man, sometimes did not come off; but it was very rarely that a man had the moral courage to "get out" at the last moment, and she had not for a moment expected such courage in Bruce Gibson.

And the man was rich, desirable in every way, and—here was the sting—he would go back to Dell and marry her, and she, beautiful Lenore, would have to put up with one of the inferior men eager to take Bruce's place.

"I feel a cad and a beast," he said; "yet I know that what I am doing is for the happiness of both of us—if love were not forthcoming from me you would seek it elsewhere."

"Oh! don't mind me," said Lenore, in a hard, dry voice. "It has taken you a considerable time to find out that we are thoroughly unsuited to each other—but better late than never."

He whitened, understanding now why so many men married unhappily—because it was easier to them to be unhappy than cads; yet he knew that his whole future life hung on the issues of the next few moments—that he must be a brute, and a resolute one, if he were to cut himself clear of her—and suddenly he sprang to his feet.

"Yes, go," she said, furiously; "go back to Dell," and she turned on him a face so deformed by passion that he hardly knew it. Truly "hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," and he felt like a beaten hound as he left her.

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The children were all at school, and Dell was alone in the little Highgate house, fragrant with flowers, when Miss Lepell was announced. There was only a very slight acquaintance between the two, and Dell rose, surprised, as the tall, beautiful girl swept in, made a pretence of touching her hand, and plunged at once into the subject that had brought her there.

"Miss Brunton," she said, "for a year Bruce Gibson and I have gone about everywhere together. He behaved to me as the girl he was going to marry, and now he has left me."

Dell had been working; now she folded her hands on the work, and said, gently: "He asked you to marry him?"

"Men do not ask girls nowadays," said Lenore hotly. "They just drift into an engagement; but the one who backs out is—dishonourable."

For a moment Dell was silent, a lovely colour coming into her cheeks, that transformed her almost to beauty. "I don't know," she said, quietly. "You see, that's all just playing round, and marriage is a working partnership, is it not? A man should be so very, very sure before he asks, and a girl should hesitate so very, very long before she consents."

"Oh! call it sordid prudence, not love," cried Lenore

—"the sort of 'Love me little, love me long' business."

"Hasty love is quickly gone," concluded Dell. "Miss Lepell"—she lifted her brown eyes—"Bruce loved me, and, when he asked me, I was prepared to confess that I loved him; but you took him away from me—you made him apparently one of that fast brigade to which you belong. But he is too strong, too fastidious a man to permanently adopt its manners and mode of life. Have you come here to ask me to persuade him to return to it?"

"I have come to you," said Lenore, "to put it to you as a point of honour between one woman and another, not to take him back as your lover when he really belongs to me."

"Who speaks of 'honour'? Who stole first?" cried Dell, with a strange note of passion in her usually quiet voice. "We were very happy, and, though I am plain, I could have made him the sort of wife he wanted. Oh! you beautiful people are never such happy, beloved wives as we despised ones, who study a man, and keep his home sweet and restful for him!"

"Restful, with a houseful of brats!" cried Lenore, furiously, the atmosphere of the room, the soft white needlework under the girl's womanly hand, shewing in sudden, violent contrast to her own bridge-playing, cigarette-smoking entourage, as she knew it would to Bruce when he came—for come he surely would.

"I love children," said Dell, and touched with an exquisite gesture of tenderness the work in her lap. "I could no more do without my little brothers and sisters (especially now our dear mother is dead) than they could do without me. And Bruce"—her voice unconsciously softened—"loves them too."

"And I hate them. They are a fearful expense and an awful worry. So you will take Bruce back?"

"No!"

The voice was very soft, but very final, and the man who, finding the front door open, had walked in with the freedom of an old friend, heard it as he paused on the threshold of the drawing-room.

"Then he will come back to me!" cried Lenore, springing up joyously. "Don't move, my carriage is waiting in the lane. May I go through this window?" and, with no further leave-taking, and the usual lack of manners of her type, she vanished.

Dell, left alone, mutely interrogated the ceiling and furniture, instead of Heaven, and resumed her work; but a tear fell on it, and rusted her needle.

"She is very lovely, and he is just—a man," she said. Then, hearing a slight sound behind her, turned to see Bruce standing just inside the door.

"Oh! she cried warmly, "do you add eavesdropping to your other good qualities?"

He made no reply, but in a methodical way brought a chair up, and sat down opposite her. He was pale and thin, but handsomer than ever, she thought, in his lean, brown way; and he had the look in his eyes that had always mastered her before she found him out as the weak, self-indulgent beauty-lover that he had proved himself for the past year.

"Dell," he said, quietly, "I heard your promise to Miss Lepell just now, and you have just got to break it, even as I have refused to pay my debt of honour to her. We will be moral runagates if you like—but—"

"Speak for yourself," she said, coldly, and took up the work on her lap, and drove her rusted needle steadily through it. "While the man is abroad, sowing tares, the woman sits at home, and thinks to some purpose. Go back to Miss Lepell. She has many claims on you"—there was scorn in her voice—"that I have not, that I never should have, were we engaged a lifetime."

Then she turned resolutely to other matters, inquired for his people, spoke of her father and the children, gave him tea, and made him feel that for a whole year he had shut himself out from the only real home that since his mother's death he had ever known.

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When, six months later, the engagement of Miss Lepell was announced to a rich mustard maker, and it was followed at no great distance of time by the marriage of "that handsome, charming, rich Mr. Gibson to a homely girl of the 'Little Dorrit' type, named Dell Brunton"—or so said the world—neither Bruce nor Dell minded.

A Prisoner of Hope*

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By MRS. WEIGALL

Resume: Esther Beresford is a beautiful and charming girl, who has lived in England with her French grandmother, Madame de la Prouse, and has taught music in a girls' school. Her step-mother's sister, Mrs. Galton, appears on the scene and it is arranged that Esther is to go out to Malta to join her father and step-mother. But before her departure, Geoffrey Hanmer, an old friend, declares his love for Esther who promises a future reply to his proposal. She embarks with Mrs. Galton and her two exceedingly disagreeable daughters. Captain Hethcote and Lord Alwyne, two fellow-passengers admire Esther extremely, and Mrs. Clare-Smythe, a cousin of the latter also seeks her friendship. The Galtons become vulgarly jealous of Esther's popularity. The "Pleiades" reaches Gibraltar at sun-rise and some of the passengers are on deck for the sight. At last they arrive at Malta, and Esther looks forward to meeting her father. Her father's household is uncongenial, but Esther makes a friend of her youngest step-brother, "Hadji Baba." Her step-mother, "Monica," is disposed to be kind and rejoices when Esther goes to dinner at the "Palace."

CHAPTER IX.

"When poverty comes in at the door
Love flies out through the window."

"ESTHER," said Nell Clare-Smythe, eagerly; "do you know that Sybil has found an admirer?"

There was an afternoon dance taking place on board the "Douglas," the ship that Captain Clare-Smythe commanded, and to Esther's delight his wife had offered to chaperone herself and Sybil Galton.

A fortnight had gone by since the dinner party at the Palace, and Esther had not met Lord Francis Alwyne since that night, for he had been laid up with an attack of influenza. But to-day he was on board, an interesting invalid in a long armchair.

"Which is Sybil's admirer? Is he nice?"

Esther was standing leaning against the rail of the "Douglas," while her partner fetched her an ice, and Mrs. Clare-Smythe, like a brilliant butterfly in bright scarlet and black, hovered about among her guests.

"He is horrid: the most disagreeable man on board ship: a naval engineer into the bargain, too. But I am so glad, for this will be a real triumph over Mrs. Galton."

"Oh, Nell! but you do not mean to tell me that the man is not nice?" cried Esther, in distress.

"I do mean it, indeed, my dear!" said Mrs. Clare-Smythe. "He is anything but steady, and altogether a hateful person, and no one could call him a gentleman."

"But I must tell Mrs. Galton," said Esther, uneasily. "And yet I don't know what to do, for that hardly seems honourable. I had better talk to Sybil about it."

"If you take my advice," said Nell, with a little nod, "you will not interfere with anyone's love affairs. It is a dangerous kindness, and if Mrs. Galton had eyes in her head, she must have seen the affair going on for the past week, because they met at the tennis club, I believe," and she rustled away.

When Captain Hethcote returned with a striped Venetian ice in its cool green saucer, Esther was not quite so composed as usual, and he wondered what had happened to her. But her eyes were wandering in search of Sybil Galton who, released from her mother's stern eye, was flirting with Mr. Macrorie in the vulgar fashion that girls of her type are so wont to employ. She was looking almost handsome in a gown of bright pink silk and a large black hat, for her cheeks were flushed with the excitement of unwonted admiration, and her voice rang shrilly across the deck.

Andrew Macrorie was a good-looking naval engineer with a smart figure and a well cut uniform, but he had the shifty dark eyes of a man who had grown accustomed to living by his wits, and his thin olive face suggested blood that was not entirely Scotch.

He had already marked Sybil Galton down as an easy prey, for he was determined to marry a girl with money, and he was assured that there was no lack of it in the Galton family. Hethcote's eyes followed Esther's and recognised in an instant the cause of her uneasiness, for Sybil had been out of sight for the greater part of the afternoon with the same man whose knowledge of the

arrangements of the ship enabled him to conduct a flirtation in a very satisfactory manner.

Hethcote had snatched these two consecutive dances with difficulty from Esther's numerous admirers, and they meant more to him, loyal friend as he was to Alwyne, than he could say; for Lord Francis, being neither a patient nor unselfish lover by nature, had succeeded in monopolising Esther for the greater part of the afternoon as a privileged invalid, to the edification of every man and woman on board.

"Do you want me to break up that tete-a-tete," he said; "I will if you like."

"Could we ask her to have some coffee with us," hesitated Esther. "I don't think Mrs. Galton would like Mr. Macrorie." And in another moment they had passed over to Sybil's side.

"Coffee? No thanks," said Sybil flippantly; "I have had several cups already. Can't you attend to your own affairs and leave mine alone?"

And long after they had gone back to their old corner, Hethcote and Esther heard the ring of mocking laughter from the pink gown and blue uniform.

"I think Sybil is very foolish," said the girl, flushing a little. "But it seems to be of no use talking to her," and at that moment the band struck up one of Strauss's dreamy waltzes, and Esther floated away to the strain of it.

She danced beautifully, and Alwyne, from the long chair, watched her white gown threading its way in and out of the couples, groaning a little to himself over the doctor's prohibition as to his taking part in any active amusement yet. How well Esther held her head; she looked like a stately lily with the white of her gown and the pale green of her hat and sash. He knew now that he loved her, and yet he played with his feelings, assuring himself that he must not speak the fatal words yet, but must wait till he was more sure of himself and of her.

His cousin came up and paused by him for a moment. "All alone, Frank? You are one of those people who prefer splendid isolation I suppose. Sometimes I believe all you Alwynes, from the dear Marquis downwards, think no one good enough for intimate association or friendship."

She spoke lightly, and he moved with a sudden sense of irritation. "That is absurd, Nell; but you are always unjust to me."

"Not at all, my dear boy—but—you like Esther Beresford enormously, of course—you like her only just well enough to spoil her chances with some other man—not enough to make her Lady Francis."

Her cutting words annoyed him at once, and he was too angry to deny their truth, and too proud to allow his cousin to see into his heart. "My dear Nell, Miss Beresford understands the game well enough," he said icily.

"Oh, does she?" cried Nell. "Then I will tell you this one thing, my good Frank: that if you so much as bring one line of trouble on her pretty forehead, you will have to answer to me for it. What does the stupid pride of the Marquis of Ashdown and his sons matter in comparison with the heart of my friend?"

"Good gracious, Nell," cried Alwyne, lightly; "what has come over you? I hardly know you again. Can it be that private theatricals are on the tapis, and you are practising for your part?"

The contemptuous glance which Nell Clare-Smythe threw at her cousin would have withered up a man less self-satisfied than Francis Alwyne. "Yes, if you like to call life the theatricals in which I have played my part always indifferently," she said in a thrilling voice. "It is Esther herself who taught me on board the 'Pleiades' how a good woman ought to live, and I do not want her to forget that lesson herself, or to allow the high ideals that she has always held, to be destroyed within her by disappointment."

Alwyne looked into his cousin's face in blank amazement. "My dear Nell," he said, "I never associated you with romantic weakness before."

But Nell Clare-Smythe had left him, and was dancing

the "two step" with her husband, with a vigour that amazed her cousin.

His eyes followed Esther as she stood talking to her partner for a moment. The girl had changed indefinitely, as a girl must do who suddenly finds herself the centre of a gay society. For in less than three weeks Esther Beresford had won for herself in Malta society a unique position. She had become the fashion, and the invitation cards in the Beresford drawing-room were multiplying every hour. She was engaged every day for a month ahead, and her good resolutions as to devotion to her own home had undergone some modification. Her father had put his foot firmly down as to her freedom of movement, and since Mrs. Beresford, after a few attempts at energy, had gone back to her drawing-room with her novel and dressing-gown, it became an established rule that Esther was chaperoned to her gaieties by Mrs. Clare-Smythe. Her father had accompanied her once or twice, but it was so evident that he would prefer to be at his club, that Nell and Esther had combined to relieve him of the responsibility.

Every morning she devoted herself to the house and to her family and in Malta such sacrifice was so rare that it seemed a great thing. At first she had offered to stay at home in the afternoon, but Major Beresford had been so irritable when her offer had been accepted, that by degrees she slipped into the pleasant habit of enjoying herself every afternoon, and of leaving the children to their old neglected life.

Beresford had some idea of justice to his dead wife and his daughter, whom now he considered to have been kept unduly long at school. It might also be a good thing for the family and for himself, if she made a good marriage, and he was therefore anxious that her beauty should have every chance. If Esther had only explained to him that her wishes lay in another direction, he would have been quick enough to see that her influence would have been very good for Flora and Lucy at this point of their lives; but Esther was finding out for herself the delights of admiration, and she yielded, as many a woman has done before, to the voice of inclination that led her steps in quite another direction.

Nell had the use daily during the season, of an electric brougham, and every afternoon Pembroke Camp was duly excited by its arrival at the Beresford quarters to fetch Esther, who was whirled away to some new gaiety in some pretty costume with an excitement that was gradually becoming necessary to her happiness.

The strain of house work in the morning and late hours was telling on her health, in a climate where repose is far more necessary than in England, and there were lines under her eyes that had never been there in the old Arborfield days; though her beauty was enhanced by a finish and completeness that were gradually transforming her into a woman of the world.

Hadji Baba would sometimes hold her with clinging hands, but his feeble strength was not enough to keep her from her friends, nor his fretful demand for a walk and a story loud enough to make her ignore the fact that beyond the dull boundaries of Pembroke lay the delights of picnics and race meetings, and the thousand and one pastimes of a Malta season.

Major Beresford had already repaid her loan to him, but even if a dim idea as to the real source of a great part of his income had already come to her, the constant sight of cardplaying for money among her own friends had already dimmed her sense of right and wrong by dulling the shock of surprise.

Alwyne, studying her face in the interval of the dance, realised that these experiences had swept over Esther, bearing down on their tide some of her freshness—some of her great innocence; and he was glad of it, since the new Esther was more to his mind than the old one had ever been.

And at this point in his thoughts he rose, and made his way to her side. "I am just going off now, Miss Beresford. The doctor says that I must be careful of the chill at sunset on the harbour just at present. Will our drive hold good for the day after to-morrow? and will you lunch at the Palace first? Lady Adela wishes it."

Esther hesitated, for she had planned tea on the rocks with the children for that day. "I promised to take my little sisters out for a picnic that day," she faltered.

The grave contempt of his face assured her that she was hardly wise to refuse what half the women of Malta would have scrambled to secure. His words were very determined. "Any day will do for the children, Miss Beresford; but I must have you on Friday," and her

eyes fell before the look in his own that hinted at a prior right too flattering to refuse.

"I shall be very glad," she faltered; and he went down the gangway into the waiting boat with a brief farewell. Half an hour later Esther and Sybil Galton were the last of the guests remaining on board, and they were waiting for Mrs. Clare-Smythe to chaperone them back to Valetta.

Macrorie had vanished, and Esther found herself alone with her cousin, whose attitude was one of uneasiness.

"Sybil," said the girl, suddenly, "I don't think that your mother would like Mr. Macrorie. Don't you think you are unwise, dear?"

"Not at all," said Sybil, shrilly. "Look after your own flirtation, Esther. While you are carrying on so with Lord Francis Alwyne you can't expect people not to imitate your exalted behaviour."

"Oh, Sybil!"

The colour died out of Esther's cheeks at the sneer. "I am not carrying on with anyone; what a horrible expression."

"Well, if you aren't engaged, everyone thinks you are," said Sybil, uneasily, for it was unwise to quarrel with Esther just then. "But don't tell mother anything: that would be a sneaking trick, and not a bit like you."

"I don't want to do anything underhand, I am sure, Sybil, or unkind; but would your mother like Mr. Macrorie?"

"Good gracious, yes!" cried Sybil, lightly. "She is only anxious for me to get married—or rather for one of us to do so—and it would not matter who the man was; and, besides, she likes Mr. Macrorie."

And in the innocence of her heart Esther believed her, though she was evidently surprised at Mrs. Galton's taste.

"Sybil, I wish you would not say those thoughts about me," she faltered. "They are not true, and it hurts me."

"Very well, Miss Prim," said Sybil; "and in return you must leave me alone: for you and I have different ideas of enjoying ourselves."

"We have, indeed," said Esther, fervently, and Sybil was silenced.

Suddenly, upon the quiet air, the sunset gun from St. Angelo boomed across the water, and in an instant every fort and barrack, every ship and torpedo-boat sent forth the call for retreat. Sweet and unearthly, bugle followed bugle, till the whole island was calling to evening, and the melody died away from the Grand Harbour to be caught up and echoed in the lonely forts beyond the village of Civita Vecchia on its spur of cliff.

"How lovely," said Esther, with a little sob; "how lovely," and even Sybil was touched with some faint shadow of appreciation. But at that moment Nell Clare-Smythe, coming up with her husband, swept them both into the boat before her.

Evening had fallen before Esther had reached home in her father's charge, and it seemed to her that the house looked more dreary and uncared for than ever.

Hadji Baba was sitting wailing on the stairs with a scratched arm, and the three girls were quarrelling in the dining-room over a broken doll. Tired though she was, Esther carried Hadji upstairs and slipped out of her smart frock into a cotton gown, and when she was on her way downstairs again Mrs. Beresford called her.

"I have had a dreadful headache all day," she said fretfully, as Esther opened the door; "and the children's noise has been distracting. I wish that they were all at the bottom of the sea."

Kopama was brushing her hair and rubbing vinegar into her aching head, while she lay on the shabby sofa and groaned.

"You must stop in to-morrow, Essie," she said, "I can't manage without you, for I am always ill now."

"If Missie Beresford would walk more in the air or move a little, she might be better," said the Ayah's soft voice from behind the sofa, with a swift glance at Esther's disappointed face: for she had no sympathy with the woman whose ailments were purely imaginary.

"Nonsense, Kopama, hold your tongue," said Monica sharply. "Oh, and Esther, you will have to get the dinner to-night, for Carmela went home after luncheon saying she was ill. I am sure servants are the plague of one's life, and I don't know what we are going to do to-night."

Here was practical work ready to her hand, and Esther swept off Hadji to the kitchen where she found Delaney sitting disconsolately at the table washing potatoes by the light of a flaring candle.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE TALK

THE price of school teachers is going up in Ontario. The Toronto Board of Education put salaries up \$100,000 last week and the Ottawa Board granted increases of \$10,000. There are a lot of people who will soon want to go back into the profession they abandoned.

The remains of the late Lady Victoria Grenfell reached St. John from Ottawa on the 7th inst., and were transferred to the Empress of Britain for shipment to Great Britain. Mr. Grenfell, Lady Sybil Grey, Mr. R. Grenfell, Mrs. Bulteel and Col. Sir Henry Rawlinson formed the party which went on the steamer at the same time.

Mr. R. C. Steele, of the Steele, Briggs Seed Company, was elected President of the Toronto Board of Trade in succession to Mr. Peleg Howland.

The Calgary Board of Trade is taking an interest in the winter port question and has suggested that a test be made of both St. John and Halifax. St. John Board of Trade has passed the following resolution: "That the communication of the Calgary Board of Trade be acknowledged and they be informed that this board recognises with pleasure the interest taken by their western friends in the development and improvement of the Atlantic mail service, and will willingly concur in any proposal for testing the relative advantages of the Canadian Atlantic ports."

On February 4th, municipal elections for mayors and councillors were held in thirty-two incorporated towns of Nova Scotia. Some of the mayors elected are as follows: Glace Bay, D. M. Burchess; Amherst, Thomas Plowther; Kentville, W. E. Roscoe; Lunenburg, A. R. Morash; New Glasgow, George MacDougall; Yarmouth, S. C. Hood; Liverpool, A. W. Hendry.

The people of New Brunswick are much interested in the route which will be taken by the National Transcontinental Railway in going from Quebec to Moncton. Persistent rumours say that the central route will be chosen, but it is probable that nothing has yet been decided.

It is pleasant to note that the United States authorities have decided to widen the scope of the International Waterways Commission to cover all boundary disputes. The first intention was to confine the United States Section of the Commission to the Great Lakes and St. Lawrence.

The British Columbia people of all shades are pleased at the result of the elections. The McBride following has a big majority and is delighted; the Liberal opposition are beaten, but pleased that the Socialist party is in such a hopeless position that it

will not be able to dominate the House by holding the balance of power as it has done for six years.

Ottawa is to have a monster summer carnival of sport and an old boys' reunion in July next. The arrangements are already under way and a hundred thousand visitors are expected.

The Oddfellows of New Brunswick are meeting this week in St. John.

The Grand Trunk Railway Co. has raised the dividend on its third preference stock from 2 to 3 per cent. The third preference stock, which amounts to £7,168,055, and is the most active of the speculative issues, is entitled to 4 per cent. dividend, but that figure has never been paid. First and second preference stockholders received 5 per cent.

The Dominion Revenue for the first seven months of the present fiscal year shows an increase of over six million dollars. Canada is keeping the departmental offices and officers at Ottawa from going to sleep during office hours.

Manitoba and the West are still short of fuel on account of snow blockades. When the fuel peril is over the flood problem is expected to cause trouble. The West is having its own difficulties, but they will all pass away in time.

The Montreal Board of Trade's new president is Mr. George Caverhill.

The first bit of work by the new council of the Board was to approve of Senator McMullen's bill, making it a criminal offence for foreigners to interfere in any difference between employers and employees in this country.

Winnipeg is to celebrate the opening of a fine new playhouse to be known as the Walker Theatre. The Provincial Winter Fair opens on the 19th.

The Liberals of Vancouver and Victoria are said to have lost heavy wagers by the election which resulted in the return of a full list of Conservatives from these two cities. Upwards of \$25,000 changed hands in Vancouver.

Tenders for five sections of the National Transcontinental will soon be let. The Grand Trunk Pacific have announced that they will tender. They have the right to do so under their charter. About \$25,000,000 is involved.

Two steamers are being built by the Montreal Transportation Co. and three by the Dominion Iron & Steel Co., to carry rails and other steel goods from Sydney to Montreal and the Lake Superior ports. They will carry grain as a return cargo.

The Canadian Press Association held a successful annual meeting in Toronto last week. Mr. Joseph I. Clark of "Saturday Night" is the new President.



They would all like to be Miss Canada's Valentine.

Drawn for the Canadian Courier, by Will Frost.

British Gossip

PARLIAMENTARY rumours have been rife in England recently, not only with regard to such appointments as Chief Secretary and Minister of Education, but with reference to lesser positions and smaller fry than hold such exalted office. The vague and promising expression, "general reshuffling," has been quoted more than once with consequent fluttering and trembling among those who have the faintest reason to hope for preferment.

* *

The Duke of Abruzzi has been outdistanced by Peary in the race for the North Pole, but the ducal adventurer has succeeded in interesting King Edward and the Prince of Wales in his ascent of the Rurvenzori Range, those mysterious Mountains of the Moon which baffled the Pharaohs and from which the Nile takes its source. They are almost on the line of the equator and rise far above the limits of snow. Hence they may fifty years from now form the most fashionable health resort for the residents of the Hot Continent.

* *

Lady Marjorie Sinclair, who is remembered in Canada as girlish Lady Marjorie Gordon, is working hard to get a fund (contributors to be Scotch only) for providing the Prime Minister with a portrait of himself. It is not yet decided who the artist shall be.

* *

It is announced that an American syndicate has acquired several tin mines in Cornwall and intends spending several millions in developing them. Central smelting works will be established, and Penzance will be used as the port for shipment. The old traditions of Cornwall and its islands may be revived with new Twentieth Century lustre.

* *

There is a general heart-searching in the Old Country on the subject of sport, newspapers, magazines and clubland joining in the discussion as to whether the sportsman of to-day is a sickly descendant of his hard-

riding and deep-drinking great-grandfathers. In spite of the victories won by the South African visitors, the general conclusion is one of complacent satisfaction with the present "Islander."

* *

The motor car continues on its triumphant way in Great Britain, one of its latest uses being that of delivery vans for the "Glasgow Evening News," which employs seven of these latest vehicles for strictly commercial purposes. Canadians accuse the British Isles of being slow but in this respect they are setting the pace for the Montreal "Star" and the Toronto "Globe." The public is not informed as to whether the gasoline is the perfumed sort, but in any case the "News" readers have highly-flavoured articles.

* *

That indefatigable baronet, Sir Thomas Lipton, has lately turned his attention to motor boats and his newest possession, the "Britannia," which can do fourteen knots an hour with positive ease, is driven by two six-cylinder 50 h.p. motors. It has had its picture taken and looks like a decidedly enjoyable launch. But what has gone wrong with Sir "Tummas" that he should call his new toy, "Britannia"? Has he forgotten the "Erin" and the "Shamrock"? There are a few Irish names left which he would do well to exploit before going over to the Saxon in this fashion.

* *

The suffragettes have by no means ceased to add to the trouble of Hon. Mr. Asquith and the gaiety of nations. Lord Tredegar has made the cheerful suggestion that the suffragettes should pair off matrimonially with the passive resisters and thence go off for a long honeymoon. This is the most unkind solution yet offered for the situation. The passive resister has dared to be a Daniel but that is no reason for his being thrown to the suffragettes.

* *

Mr. Beerbohm Tree's visit to Berlin, at the invitation of the Kaiser, to take place in April interests all classes of Englishmen. It will be a gigantic undertaking to transport three

great spectacular Shakespearian productions from London to Berlin and back again in a fortnight. Mr. Tree will present in the German capital "Antony and Cleopatra," "Merry Wives of Windsor," and "Twelfth Night," in addition to appearing in "Hamlet."

* *

A new company, with the comfortable capital of nearly seven hundred thousand pounds, is to be formed and will be called the Egyptian Mail Steamship Company. The new concern is to improve transit facilities between Western Europe and Egypt. With that end in view a new line of fast turbine steamers will be established between Marseilles and Alexandria.

* *

A distinguished Chinese resident of England has recently drawn attention to the fact that there is a great influx of undesirable Chinese into Great Britain and warns the authorities that thousands of the criminal class will shortly attempt to land in England.

* *

Mrs. Henty Smith, the famous "Queen of the Gypsies," died last month, aged ninety-eight. She was buried in Handsworth Cemetery, near Birmingham, and the funeral was witnessed by many thousands of spectators, including two hundred of her descendants, who sang a weird gypsy chorus as the coffin was lowered into the grave.

* *

The Lancashire cotton operatives have evidently grasped the importance of the attempt which the British Cotton Growing Association is making to acquire land for the purpose of growing cotton for the Lancashire mills as over 30,000 factory workers in one district are contributing a day's wages to the funds of the Association. Imperialism is travelling far indeed when a company sets out to obtain empire-grown cotton.

* *

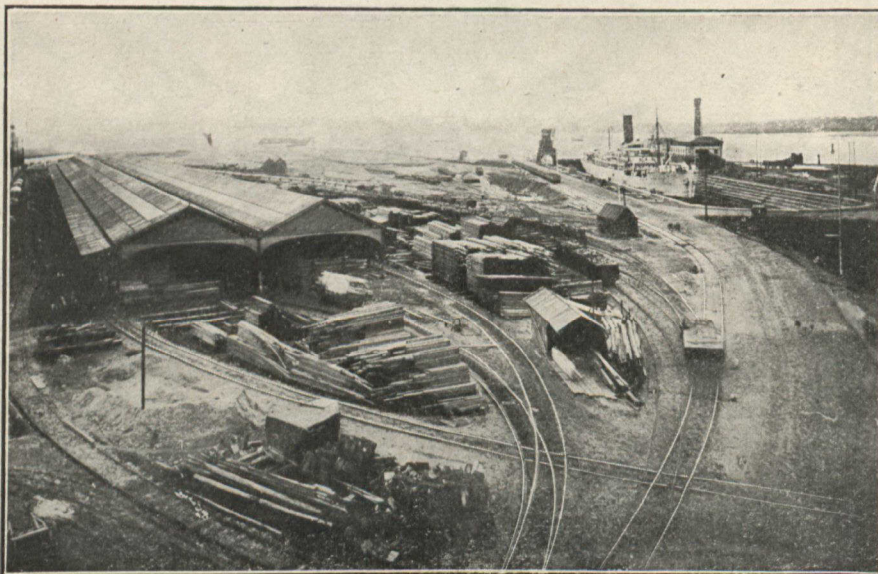
General Baden-Powell has given a bust of his ancestor, Captain John Smith, the founder of Virginia, to Louth School, where Smith was educated. "B. P." ought to be a guest at the great Jamestown Exposition.

* *

At St. Peter's, Mancroft, in Norwich, the bell-ringers have struck because the vicar has removed an old brown jug which has been in the custody of the ringers for hundreds of years. The jug is of noble dimensions, holding four gallons of refreshment on the occasion of church festivals. There is a certain romantic flavour about these Norwich "curfew-shall-not-ring-to-night" strikers, which is lacking in the telephone tie-ups of this western world.

* *

In the Olympic games to be held in London in 1908, the automobile will play a prominent part. Speaking of the auto car, Rev. R. S. de Courcey Laffan, secretary of the British Olympic Association, says: "Some people think automobilism an anachronism in Olympic games, but I am inclined to break a lance with them. Automobilism is the nearest modern equivalent to the chariot race, only in place of a four-horse car we have one of forty-horse power."



At Southampton, England, a new Dock is to be built on the spot shown in this picture. The London and South-Western Railway will spend two and a half million dollars. The dock will have nine berths and a depth of forty feet. The main quay will be 1650 feet long. When the improvements are made the White Star Line Steamers will sail from this port.

For the Children

The Poppy Land Limited Express

The first train leaves at six p.m.
For the land where the poppy blows;
The mother dear is the engineer,
And the passenger laughs and crows.

The palace car is the mother's arms;
The whistle, a low, sweet strain,
The passenger winks, and nods and
blinks,
And goes to sleep in the train.

At eight p.m. the next train starts
For the poppy land afar,
The summons clear falls on the ear
"All aboard for the sleeping car."

But what is the fare to poppy land?
I hope it is not too dear.
The fare is this, a hug and a kiss,
And it's paid to the engineer!

So I ask of Him who children took
On his knee in kindness great,
"Take charge, I pray, of the trains
each day,
That leave at six and eight.

"Keep watch of the passengers,"
thus I pray,
"For to me they are very dear,
And special ward, O gracious Lord,
O'er the gentle engineer."

Baby Logic

She was ironing her dolly's new gown
Maid Marion four years old,
With her brows puckered down
In a painstaking frown
Under her tresses of gold.

'Twas Sunday and nurse coming in
Exclaimed in a tone of surprise;
"Don't you know it's a sin
Any work to begin
On the day that the Lord Sanctifies?"

Then, lifting her face like a rose,
Thus answered this wise little tot:
"Now don't you suppose
The good Lord He knows,
This little iron ain't hot?"

What Pussy Said

Bessie with her kitten
Sitting on her knee—
"Pussy, dear, now won't you
Try to talk to me?"

"Yes, you pretty darling,
I am sure you could
Say a little something
If you only would.

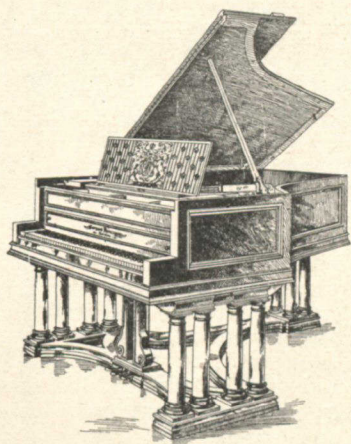
"Now, I'll ask a question,
Answer, pussy—do!
Whom do you love the very best?"
And pussy said: "M—You."

Fairy Frost

There came upon a cold still night
The Fairy of the Frost,
Who went to work quite readily
Lest any time be lost.

She sketched with crystal pencil clear
A ghostly church with spire;
And when the golden sunlight came
It turned to jewelled fire.

She built a castle, white and fair
Upon the window-pane;
But long before next afternoon
It turned to mist and rain.



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THE concert last Saturday night in Massey Hall brought Mendelssohn week to a highly triumphant close. The repetition of Beethoven's "Choral Symphony" at the third concert was the most interesting artistic event of the cycle, both chorus and orchestra reaching an excellence not hitherto attained. The sopranos bore the tremendous strain of their part without manifesting strain or fatigue, the famous "A" passage being silvery clear to the close. It was a revelation of the symphonic rapture. In the programme notes, Mr. Augustus Bridle appropriately concluded with this tribute: "And this gospel of strenuous ecstasy, born of almost super-human effort, is Beethoven's final utterance in symphony form—his message through the human voice for all time to come."

Wednesday was emphatically orchestra night, as was right and proper. Mendelssohn's exquisite "Fingal's Cave" was followed by Spohr's "Concerto in A minor—Song Scene," in which Mr. Luigi von Kunitz, the violinist and concertmaster gave most musicianly rendering, the "Adagio" calling forth especial encomiums. The "Leonore" (No. 3 in E) overture was the third purely orchestral number which gave evidence of the increasing sonority and brilliance of the Pittsburg organisation.

The closing night was marked by the reappearance of one or two former favourites, such as Tschaikowski's "Cherubim Song" and "The Bells of St. Michael's Tower." Brahms' "Song of Destiny," for chorus and orchestra proved a profoundly interesting composition, the second ("allegro") movement introducing an imitative description of dropping water, in which the voices progress in contrary rhythms to the orchestra. The orchestra's rendering of the Tschaikowski "Symphony No. 4, in F Minor" was one of their finest efforts, the delicate, almost airy, grace of the "scherzo" movement being the very gossamer of orchestral art. The popular triumph of the evening was the national hymn, "O Canada" which aroused the audience to such a fervour of enthusiasm that it was repeated by chorus and orchestra. At last, we have heard a national hymn which unites "perfect music unto noble words." One echoes the sentiments of the translator, Dr. T. B. Richardson: "Inasmuch as La Chant National is already the salu-tepiece at military reviews, and familiar to all militia-men as such, the question is aptly raised—considering the dignity, simplicity and musical beauty of the hymn—why may not the Government make it the national hymn of the Canadian people?" The words are by Judge Routhier, the music by Mr. Calixa Lavallee, both natives of the province of Quebec. Dr. H. Walford Davies' chorus, "Hymn Before Action," by the men's voices was eminently acceptable, although the composer hardly seems to have caught the tenderness and reverence that breathe in Mr. Kipling's great

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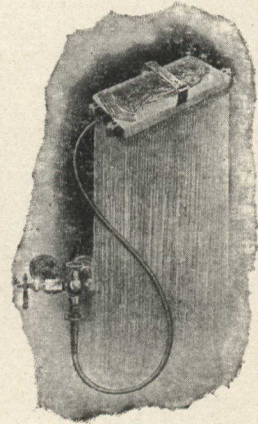
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TORONTO JUNCTION



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TENDERS will be received by the undersigned, up to and including the eighth day of March next, for the right to cut the Pulpwood on a certain area, in the District of Nipissing, north of the Townships of Holmes, Burt, Eby, Otto, Boston, etc., and immediately west of the interprovincial boundary line.

Tenderers should state the amount they are prepared to pay as Bonus, in addition to such dues as may be fixed, from time to time, for the right to operate a pulp, or pulp and paper industry on the area referred to. Successful tenderers will be required to erect mills on the territory, or at some other place approved by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council, and to manufacture the wood into pulp in the Province of Ontario.

Parties making tenders will be required to deposit with their tender a marked cheque, payable to the Treasurer of Ontario, for ten per cent. of the amount of their tender, to be forfeited in the event of their not entering into agreement to carry out the conditions, etc. The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

For particulars as to description of territory, capital required to be invested, etc., apply to the undersigned.

F. COCHRANE,
Minister of Lands, Forests,
and Mines.

TORONTO, December 29th, 1906.

No unauthorized publication of this notice will be paid for.

poem. The double number, closing the programme, consisted of "King of Kings" (a capella) and the choral ballad, "Landerkennung," by chorus and orchestra, King Olaf's majestic song forming a fitting conclusion to a cycle long to be remembered. The concert to be given on February 25th by the Mendelssohn Choir will consist of some of their choicest numbers. Miss Gertrude Peppercorn and other distinguished soloists will assist.

* *

Miss Annie Russell as "Puck" in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," has proved a delightful surprise in that part, manifesting an elfin element in her mischief that is highly pleasing to those who conceive of "Puck" as something more than a mountebank. A Toronto girl, Miss Catherine Proctor, makes a decidedly diverting and original "Hermia." At the Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression last Wednesday morning Miss Proctor gave an hour of Shakespearian reading which was highly instructive.

* *

Under the patronage of the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Clark, the "Schubert Choir" and Chicago Symphony Orchestra will give their annual concert at Massey Hall on March 12th. The choral numbers, under Mr. Fletcher, will be: "Miriam's Song of Triumph," by Schubert, "Liberty," a dramatic scene by Eaton Fanning. Among the a capella numbers will be Gounod's "Ave Verum," "Dance We So Gaily," from Schubert's "Rosamunde," "Passion Motette, No. 8," Haydn, "Try Not the Pass," Nevin. The orchestra, under the great German conductor, Alexander von Feilicity, will play the "Leonore Symphony," "The March from Aida" and several other Wagnerian numbers. The soloist will be Miss Marie Zimmerman, soprano; Miss Louise Fram, contralto; Mr. Arthur Beresford, bass; Mr. George Lowne, tenor, all of Chicago. The subscription lists are now open at the music stores. Mr. H. M. Fletcher has been doing an extremely valuable work in the training of his various choral organisations, and it is expected that this year's concert will be a repetition of former triumphs.

* *

Many of her admirers will be interested in the forthcoming publication of Miss Ellen Terry's memoirs. They are said to form a free-and-easy and unconventional narrative which will provide excellent entertainment. They will appear serially in "M.A.P." in the spring and are to be published simultaneously in America in "McClure's Magazine." The Terry jubilee of last year showed how firmly Miss Terry is established in the affections of two continents and her memoirs will create a stir in theatrical circles.

* *

As a spectacle, "Cymbeline," as produced at the Princess Theatre this week, is possessed of picturesque and romantic charm. Miss Allen as "Imogen," is really the only entrancing figure in the play which is one of Shakespeare's least coherent dramas. She is most winning in her union of delicacy and fervour and adds another to the list of Shakesperian portraits associated with her name.

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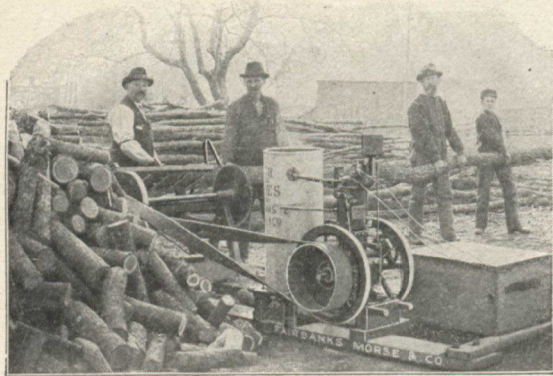
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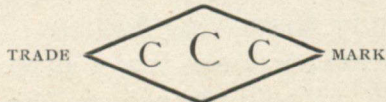
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 In merry Middlesex,
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 Where earthly cares ne'er vex.

They're having lots of talking
 About Ontario's crop;
 The Tories tell of prosp'rous times
 Since Whitney got on top.

The Grits then speak quite darkly—
 How sad would be the loss
 If those good folks in Middlesex
 Forswear the name of Ross.

Shall it be Ross or Stewart
 To wear the victor's crown?
 "No matter," says the cynic,
 "His health—we drink it down!"

* *

A Wonderful Country

A girl who had gone out to the West to teach in a small town in Alberta was being instructed in the attractions of the locality by a stage-driver whose speech flowed freely.

"I don't suppose," he said with a note of inquiry, "that you have any marriages where you come from."

"Any marriages!" echoed the bewildered girl: "of course we do."

"Well, they're not anything like what you'll see here," continued her informant. "I've been told that there ain't anything to equal 'em, even in the African desert. Last month there was one 'way over there," pointing jerkily with his whip, "that looked like a city built on the water—Venice or some such place"

"Oh!" exclaimed his enlightened passenger, "you mean mirages."

"Ain't that what I'm tellin' you?" was the impatient response. "There's nothing like them, so I've heard." And his listener made no protest against the boast.

* *

Set in His Ways

Queen's University, Kingston, is decidedly advanced in its theological teaching and the divinity students are prepared to discuss Biblical literature in the light of Higher Criticism.

Some years ago, a Queen's student was "supplying" for the month of August in a small town, where the people kept to the letter of the law and the prophets. One Sunday morning he preached a decidedly modern sermon on the subject of future punishment and in the course of his remarks he made it plain that neither Heaven nor Hell should be regarded as having a local habitation. After the service he dined with a good old member of the church who told him in a fatherly way that it grieved him to hear such doctrine.

"But, Mr. B—," urged the young student, "you surely don't believe in eternal punishment."

"Well," said his host slowly, "I know the world is changing; but the hell of my dear old grandmother is good enough for me."

* *

A Trifle Mixed

A speaker in addressing a scientific society near Manchester said enthus-

iastically: "I am glad that the bread which I cast on the waters, nine or ten years ago, has turned up trumps and is now yielding fruit."

Not the Feminine Aim

"The evidence shows, Mrs. Mulcahy, that you threw a stone at the constable."

"It shows more than that, yer Honour. It shows that oi hit him."

Spoiled His Chance

"Labour-saving devices always make for prosperity," said Secretary Garfield. "The accusations brought against them are rarely logical. On the contrary these accusations have as a rule as little logic in them as had the claim of a tattered tramp, who, appealing to a farmer for help, said:

"Wunst I wuz in a fair way to become a millionaire, but one of these here labour-savin' devices knocked me out. I wuz doin' fine, holdin' down a bartender's job in a saloon, when the boss went and put in a cash register."

An Awkward Request

The Princess de Montglyn of Paris, who had come to America to exhibit her beautiful and famous collies at several kennel shows, said at a dinner in New York, apropos of an embarrassment:

"That reminds me of a story they have been telling lately about Queen Alexandra of England. The Guards' Band was playing on the terrace at Windsor Castle during luncheon, and the queen was so pleased with a lively march that she sent a Maid of Honour to enquire what it was.

The messenger blushed deeply, as she answered on her return: 'Come Where the Booze is Cheaper,' Your Majesty."

A Relic of Slavery

The Victoria, B. C., papers tell of a negro who arrived there in 1858, with a colony of 300 coloured fugitives, and who has just passed away. He accumulated a little property and lived on the income. Ten years ago one of his sons was murdered at Seattle. Since then he was regarded as a little "touched" in the head. He fell into the habit of standing on the corner in front of the Bank of Montreal from early morning till dark, watching for his son, who never came, it is said. He maintained a close watch upon passers by, greeting his friends with a cheery laugh or a warm handshake.

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and Clayton, N.Y.**E. WALTER RATHBUN,** President and General
Manager. **J. F. CHAPMAN,** General Freight and
Passenger Agent.**Literary Notes****M**ISS AGNES C. LAUT, the
Canadian novelist, the au-
thor of "Lords of the North,"
and "Heralds of Empire," has an
interesting paper in the "World's
Work" for February, entitled, "The
Twentieth Century is Canada's,"
which shows the sudden awakening of
the Canadians to the unlimited re-
sources of their own country, so a
California reader says.

* *

Dr. William Osler is not allowed to
forget his anaesthetic pleasantries.
This time it is the "Christian Regis-
ter," which gives a correct quota-
tion from his famous address."The teacher's life should have three
periods—study until twenty-five; in-
vestigation until forty; profession
until sixty, at which time I would
have him retired on a double allow-
ance. Whether Anthony Trollope's
suggestion of a college and chloro-
form should be carried out or not, I
have become a little dubious, as my
own time is getting so short."As the editor suggests, even at this
late date, it is a matter of general
interest to have the professor's posi-
tion accurately defined.

* *

"Western Canada," issued by the
C.P.R., is a practical and informing
booklet on Manitoba, Alberta, Sas-
katchewan and New Ontario, treating
of how to reach the West, how to ob-
tain lands and how to make a home
in Northwest Canada. The most in-
teresting pages are those containing
"settlers' reports" in which men from
the four quarters of the globe tell of
how they have worked and fared in
their new homes. This latest pamph-
let on these western provinces will
be invaluable to intending settlers.

* *

The "Pall Mall" has an amusing lit-
tle sketch, "What Children Want to
Know," by that well-known British
Columbian, Agnes Deans Cameron,
whose work is frequently seen in West-
ern publications and in New York
magazines. The quaint queries that
small people put to their teachers and
elders are brought together, to form
a mosaic of interrogation. Questions
relating to theology are characteristic
of children, who are always curious
about the orthodox Hereafter. "Is
there a Heaven for every planet, or
one between them all?" is a subject
that frequently engages juvenile con-
sideration.

* *

The February number of the "Can-
adian Magazine" contains a wealth of
good things, the article by Professor
Goldwin Smith, "The Stage of For-
mer Days," being easily first in
literary and artistic attraction.
"Canada's Champion Choir," by Mr.
E. R. Parkhurst is a readable account
of the organisation and triumphs of
the "Mendelssohn," so ably conducted
by Mr. A. S. Vogt. "A New Can-
adian Poet," by Mr. W. T. Allison, is
an able review of a recent volume by
Miss Helena Coleman. "De Donkey-
Debble" by James A. Haverson is a
delightfully naive bit of dialect verse.
"Canada's New Immigrant" presents
both sides of the Hindu immigration
question, showing that our Pacific
coast is not free from race problems.
The fiction element is well supplied by
such writers as A. R. Carman, Grace
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