

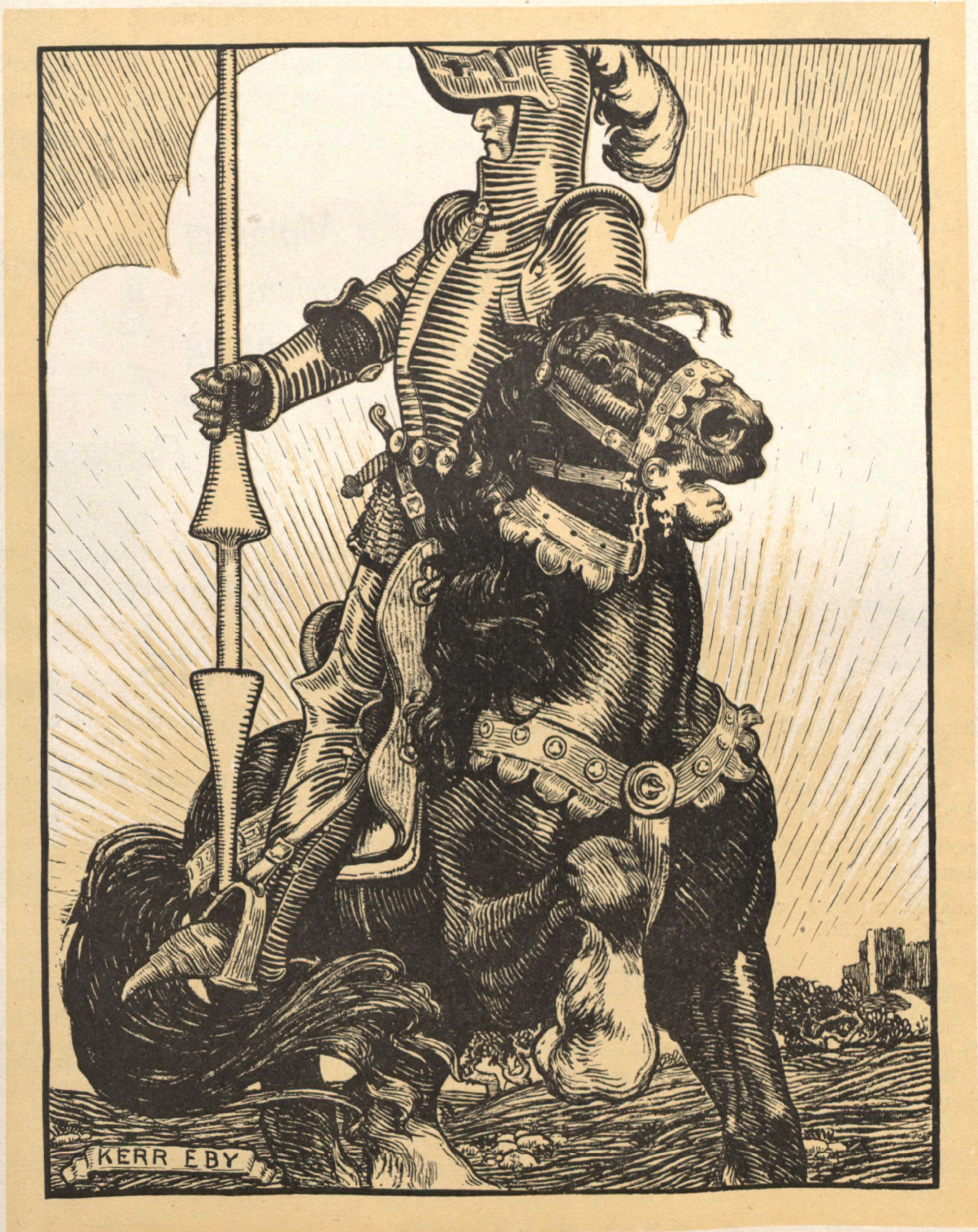
Vol. VI, No. 19

October 9th, 1909

Price 10 Cents

# The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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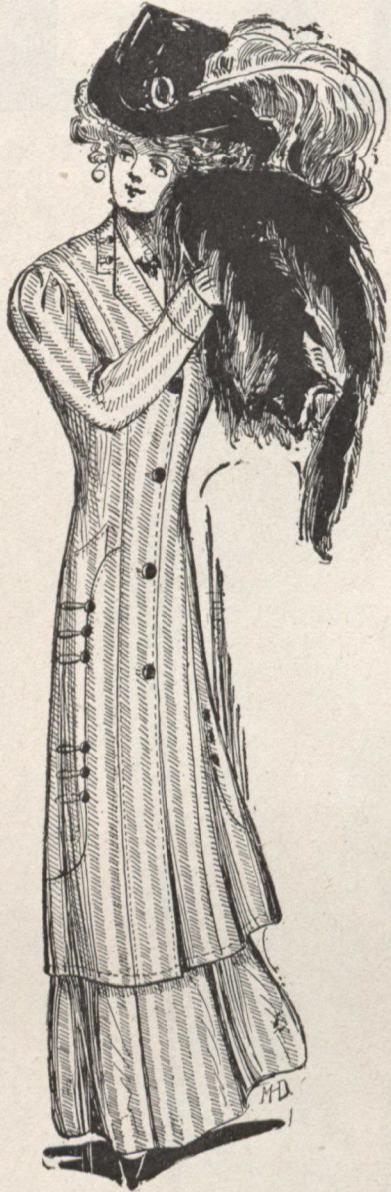
“YE ANCIENT KNIGHT”

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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

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## Editor's Talk

THOSE of our readers who appreciate a clever piece of work will enjoy this week's cover. The artist is a Canadian who has studied in New York and has lately returned to his native land to join the growing band of progressive artists who are making Toronto a real art-centre.

ONE of our subscribers, an ex-cabinet minister, in remitting for two years in advance, writes as follows:

"It gives me great pleasure to say that I have taken the Courier since its inception. I am exceedingly pleased with the continued improvement you are making in every department of the paper, and consider it a decided success in every respect. It is becoming a more valuable and interesting paper as time goes on."

Another subscriber, a Nova Scotia lady, writes:

"I like the Courier better all the time and I think no wide-awake and patriotic Canadian who esteems his country and the best of his country's press should be without it."

These are kind words and we appreciate them. They will help us face the continuous battle for excellence with renewed vigour. Considering that we must compete with the best periodicals from New York and London, no Canadian periodical can succeed without a broad-based sympathy and co-operation on the part of its readers.

ANY reader who missed last week's copy and who would like to read the first instalment of Mr. Fraser's excellent serial may receive a copy of the issue of October 2nd, by dropping a post-card to the Editor. We consider this the most important and valuable story published in Canada this year.



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### Selections From Our Fall and Winter Catalogue

The accompanying fur sets are representative of that high quality standard which characterizes the entire product of our perfectly equipped fur workrooms. Every department of the work is evidenced in these expert selections. The buyers of the sound whole skins, the cleaners, blockers, designers, cutters, finishers and examiners are all competent fur people, skilled in their own particular branch of the work. Added to these interesting facts you have the assurance of receiving values that will give you excellent satisfaction.

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TORONTO CANADA





T H E

# Canadian Courier

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL. 6

Toronto, October 9th, 1909

No. 19

**G**REATER sympathy between rich and poor, between the prosperous and the struggling, is a need of this continent. Every day one may go about the streets of our larger cities and see men with self-contented smiles and women adorned in bright raiment who are not thinking very much about those less fortunate than themselves. That prosperity and wealth bring with them responsibility towards those who have neither is a truth too widely unrecognised. The greatest curse of any civilisation is the rich who reckon not of the poor.

It is not that the poor require charity or dole. Charity is only a make-shift. It is a temporary expedient. The man who signs a cheque for a thousand dollar gift to a hospital or an associated charity is to be credited with a good deed, but a man who gives twenty-five per cent. of his time to improving the conditions, social and industrial, under which his fellow-men struggle for existence, is doing a greater work. Better houses, better education, better wages, better food and greater opportunities—these are what the strugglers need. They can only get these boons by the sympathy of men of wealth and influence.



**I**N Great Britain there is to-day a great struggle between the idle rich and the idle poor, with the other classes trying to effect a readjustment. The same struggle is going on in Canada in a less acute and less pronounced form. The cities of Canada are, comparatively speaking, almost as well supplied with unfortunates as any city in Great Britain. The rich are becoming richer in Canada just as in Great Britain or the United States. Luxury and extravagance are becoming almost as common. The attitude which leads men to say that we should be thankful that affairs here are not as bad as in the motherland is a mistaken attitude. Considering the extent of our territory and the ease with which wealth is extracted from nature, our conditions are hardly less satisfactory.

To-day, the public domain of Canada is being distributed with a lavish hand. The natural wealth of the people is rapidly passing into private hands. As a generation, we care little and think less of posterity, yet the welfare of posterity is the welfare of Canada as a whole. Our ideal should not be the making of millionaires, but the making of a prosperous and contented people. To create a body of idle rich will serve only to bring us in fifty years to the condition in which Great Britain now finds itself. The ideal of every legislator, and Canada possesses many hundreds of them, should be to initiate and support such legislation as will tend to conserve the natural wealth of the nation for the people as a whole, and such laws as will tend to give every citizen, present and future, equal opportunity.



**G**ERMAN and Canadian relations are receiving more attention than they have for some years. This is not particularly due to any change in the Canadian attitude. Canada has always been willing to trade with Germany. It was Germany's resentment of the British preference granted by Canada in 1897 which caused all the trouble between the two countries. It has required twelve years of non-intercourse to prove to Germany that one portion of the British Empire has the right to grant a preference to another portion of the British Empire without laying itself open to the charge that it is discriminating against a foreign country. When Canada gave British goods preferential treatment Germany wrongly interpreted this as an anti-German movement.

It was necessary that Canada should make a fight on this point. If she allowed the German interpretation of Canadian conduct to stand it would have made colonial preferential tariffs impossible. There was a principle at stake and that principle had to be vindicated. The vindication has been expensive, but it has been accomplished.

There is every reason to believe that a trade treaty between Canada and Germany would be beneficial to this country. Germany

## REFLECTIONS

By STAFF WRITERS

is a large buyer of the classes of material which Canada exports. Germany buys six million dollars' worth of agricultural implements annually, of which Canada supplies less than a million dollars' worth. Germany buys seven and a half million dollars' worth of apples of which Canada supplies less than one-third of a million. Of the eighteen million dollars' worth of fish annually imported, Canada supplies only one per cent. Of the two hundred million dollars' worth of bread stuffs only one-third of one per cent. is taken from Canada. Germany also imports large quantities of hides, skins, furs, leather, seeds and lumber, but of these Canada supplies only infinitesimal quantities.

Germany should be one of Canada's best customers. The land of the Kaiser is a great purchaser, and Canada should be the great seller. It is foolish for anyone to assert that a reasonable trade treaty between the two countries would not be in the best interests of all classes of Canadians. This is especially true at a time when Canadian products are being gradually excluded from the United States markets. Hereafter practically everything which Canada has to sell must be sold in Europe. We are doing well in Great Britain. We have concluded a fair treaty with France which should lead to increased trade. Now is the time to make a similar arrangement which will open the great German market to all Canadian exports.



**T**HE constitution of the "Association of Canadian Clubs" is an interesting document. The aims of this new body are simple and clear:

"The object of the Association shall be to foster Canadian patriotism by encouraging the formation of Canadian Clubs and by promoting their success. To facilitate the interchange of Club privileges and the transfer of membership among Canadian Clubs. To facilitate the interchange among Clubs of their documents, publications, and of other useful information."

The membership is composed of clubs, not individuals, and in voting each club is to have only one vote no matter how many delegates it has present.

We have already expressed the opinion that a central organisation might hamper the individuality of the various clubs and tend to create a rigidity which would be disastrous. Those who have promoted this organisation hope, undoubtedly, to avoid these possible results. They are enthusiastic. They believe the Canadian Clubs have done much good wherever established and they desire to see more clubs created. When these new organisations are born, the Association or Headquarters should, they claim, be of considerable benefit in supplying information, literature, suggestions and speakers. The interchange of ideas would no doubt help to keep alive the enthusiasm so necessary in such organisations. Much, however, will depend on the men in charge of the central organisation. If they are too aggressive or if they commence agitating propaganda the result will be disaster to the whole movement. Wisdom and conservatism should be their chief characteristics.



**O**NTARIO is awakening to the fact that it is not making progress in architecture. Little is said or thought of this subject. In Toronto, for example, all the public school buildings are designed by a builder who is not an architect, and the Board of Education appears to consider that architecture is something which may be safely overlooked. They do not appear to realise that beautiful buildings have an educative effect upon the taste of the community. Even the University authorities have overlooked the study of architecture. There is no place on the curriculum for this subject. Indeed the beautiful Main Building of the University, which is one of the finest pieces of architecture on the continent, has been surrounded by buildings of a nondescript style. Some of them are almost hideous.

The Ontario Society of Architects explains this defect in



Ontario's educational system by pointing out that there is nothing to prevent a blacksmith, butcher or other tradesman from calling himself an architect, and practising as such. In the provinces of Quebec, Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan there is a course of study and an examination for architects which is compulsory. In Ontario, where such is not the case, only a very few students attend the lectures on architecture in the School of Science at Toronto. If it were necessary for an architect to pass an examination before practising, as in the case of lawyers, doctors and dentists, there would be a large number of students to attend these lectures, and in a short time Ontario would have a considerable body of well-trained architects, who would exercise a decided influence upon the architecture of the period.

It seems strange that a province like Ontario should be so negligent in this respect. It is important that all the larger buildings frequented by the public should be erected under the supervision of properly qualified architects. It is equally important that the larger buildings, both public and private, should possess exterior designs which would be as pleasing and as educative as the pictures in an art gallery. There is no art nor science in which greater progress has been made in recent years than in architecture, which is both an art and science. It is only in an architectural college that young men who are training for this profession may secure the latest information in regard to building methods and the best education in the art which is to receive their life-long attention.



**C**ANADA'S legal gold coinage is that of the United States. If a man goes to a Canadian bank to demand gold for notes or for a credit of any kind, the law says that he shall be paid in United States gold. This is an anomaly which the Canadian branch of the Royal Mint was expected to remove. So far, no gold coins have been minted and there has been no announcement from the Government of any intention of inaugurating a gold coinage.

Again, if Canadian gold from a Canadian gold-mine is to be sold, it must go to the United States mints. There is no place in Canada where this can be assayed and decorated with an official estimate of its value. If the Canadian Mint were coining gold, it would be possible for the Canadian banks which take in bullion to send it to Ottawa and get an official certificate of its fineness and its weight.

It is time that Canada rose to the dignity of a nation with a gold coinage of its own. It is true that this gold would to a small extent displace bank notes and thus lessen the profits of the banks, but to this the bankers would not object. These gentlemen are not narrow-minded, neither are they unpatriotic. We believe that they would welcome a gold coinage as being advantageous to the whole community. Moreover, this gold would undoubtedly displace more foreign money than Canadian banknotes, and in this way, Canadian banks would gain much.

By all means, let Canada have a gold coinage, partly as being desirable in the interest of our gold-mines, partly because of its value as a national advertisement, and partly because of its usefulness to the public and the monetary institutions.



**A**LBERTA and Saskatchewan have passed another milestone in their career. Each has laid the corner-stone of a new Legislative Building, and each building will be as large and almost as expensive as any other provincial parliament building in Canada. This is an indication of the general confidence exhibited by the citizens of the two baby provinces. In the four years of their existence, they have made tremendous progress, far greater progress than any other province of Canada in the same period of time.

During the last fiscal year, according to the report of the Department of the Interior issued last week, the homestead entries involved over six millions of acres. This was an increase of more than a million over the previous year. Of course, most of these entries were in Alberta and Saskatchewan. It is interesting also to note that of these 40,000 entries, 10,289 were by Canadians, 10,522 by Americans, 5,649 by Englishmen, 3,342 by Austro-Hungarians and 1,310 by Scotchmen. That the number of American entries should exceed the Canadian shows how great is the migration northward.

This latter point is confirmed by the immigration statistics. There were seven thousand more settlers came in from the United States than from Great Britain and Ireland, while the immigration from

these two countries constituted more than seventy-five per cent. of the total. The total immigration was not so large as in the previous year, as was natural, but it has been exceeded only once in a dozen years.

It is said that Sir Wilfrid Laurier now estimates the total population of Canada at eight millions. The census figures of 1901 added to the total immigration of the past eight years will not bring the total to seven millions. The natural increase could hardly account for another million, so it is difficult to see what justification Sir Wilfrid has for his estimate. However, if Saskatchewan and Alberta continue to attract new settlers in the next five years as fast as in the past five, the eight million mark will soon be reached.



**T**HERE are two or three Western daily papers still devoted to an advocacy of Free Trade. These are dark days nevertheless, and the editorial writers have to do much whistling to keep up their courage. The *Edmonton Daily Bulletin*, under the inspiration of the eloquent and wide-awake Duncan Marshall, Esq., M.P.P., prophesies another revision of the tariff "downward" before the Liberals go out of office at Ottawa. At the same time the *Bulletin* points out, indeed feels it necessary to assert, that there can be no tariff war between Canada and the United States. It points out that the Republic sold us last year 192 millions of goods and bought only 92 millions, and adds: "If anybody imagines that in face of these figures the United States is likely to start a tariff war with Canada he must hold that the Republican party has lost faith in the maxim that it is better to give than to receive."

Well, here is one writer who believes that the Republican party has already begun a tariff war on Canada. It has increased the duty on Canadian paper, pulpwood, wheat, eggs and other articles, and lowered it only on Canadian lumber. Further, this is but the beginning; the real war begins on All Fools' Day, 1910. On that day, unless we miss our guess, the *Bulletin* will find its abiding faith in the Republican Party shattered into a thousand small particles. On that day Free Trade will receive the rudest shock it has ever received on this continent.

#### OUR COMIC OPERA GAMBLING LAW

**T**HE man who builds comic opera is generally supposed to have a monopoly of the ridiculous, but if so he has an action for damages against the constructors of the law that governs gambling on the race tracks of Canada.

It has taken many trials and judgments to determine just what a bookmaker can do and be a respected member of society, and where his foot might step across the mark and make him a criminal. But at last it is all as clear as ditch-water. The bookmaker who keeps within the sacred precincts of a duly licensed race track, who keeps the blue canopy of heaven for his roof, is a gentleman, a sport and probably an excellent judge of morality as applied to horse flesh.

But—and mark the but—if in the course of his daily work of enriching the humble poor he should hoist an umbrella or step inside a shed to keep the raindrops from interfering with writing his "sheet," that moment he becomes a criminal.

For a time there was a general impression that so long as the bookmaker kept moving while he worked he was not only beyond the pale of the law but fit company for the very flower of Canadian society who frequent—beg pardon, patronise—the race track. But recent judicial decisions have shown this to be all wrong. It is no longer the motion but the roof that marks the difference between the highly respectable gentleman and the criminal.

And still we laugh at Gilbert and Sullivan effusions and wonder that the ancient civilisation of the Flowery Kingdom refers to us as heathens.

It has long been held that not to be allowed to bet meant no horse racing. It has been proved in New York State, so followers of racing claim, that the sport can do quite nicely without the aid of organised bookmaking. Bookmaking, therefore, must exist not so much for the benefit of the sport as for the benefit of the jockey clubs.

Are the jockey clubs of sufficient value to this country to justify bookmaking? If they are, then let that bookmaking be carried on in a straightforward manner that will not make Canadian law a laughing-stock for the rest of the world.



# MEN OF TO-DAY

## A Master of Irrigation

**T**HERE is a man in Calgary who does more with few words than most men in that land of large deeds. Major J. S. Dennis is at the head of the dryest business in the world. He is probably the best-posted irrigation expert in America and one of the leading irrigationists in the world. He would be a good man for Egypt; but he is doing a work out on the dry belt east of Calgary that no man in Egypt has ever done.—not even Girouard. He is the irrigation king of three million acres of land into which his business is to turn the fructifying waters of the Bow River.

The Bow River runs through Calgary a few hundred yards from the big sandstone office of Major Dennis which is near the railway. Walk into that office and ask for Mr. Dennis and you will be confronted by one of the coolest, keen-eyed men that ever looked across a treeless landscape. Major Dennis is a silent man. He somewhat resembles Lord Kitchener. I remember calling on him once; just in a friendly way. He said very little; admitted that he was in a great business but had not a syllable to say for himself except that he had been in the West thirty-five years and ought to know something about the country. Incidentally he gave Calgary a boost and put Edmonton in second place. This is natural, although the Major has property in various parts of the West and is interested in the development of the entire country. Heaven knows he has seen enough of it; almost as much as that other veteran trail-finder in Calgary, Rev. John McDougall.

John Dennis went to the West in 1872. He was then a lad of sixteen. He went into surveying; first in Manitoba; two years with the Dominion Government. Six years later he was in charge of a section of special survey running base lines between meridians. A year later he went into the Hudson's Bay Company under Lord Strathcona; four years in that capacity, during which time he organised the company's land department; in 1884 he spent a year exploring in the Rockies; then came the Rebellion when he organised an intelligence corps of scouts of which most were surveyors that knew the country—and from that he got his military distinction and title.

After the war Major Dennis was made Inspector and Chief Engineer of Surveys—until 1894, when the Government turned him loose on the irrigation problem. He visited the irrigation tracts of the United States and learned most of what there was to know; so much so that he was able to give the Government useful pointers about the formulation of amendments to the Irrigation Act. In 1898 Major Dennis became Deputy-Minister of Public Works to the Northwest Territories. When the Federal Government turned over the irrigation work to the new provinces, he became chief of the irrigation movement. Later developments have resulted in the Canadian Pacific Railway getting hold of the dry belt east of Calgary and incidentally of Major Dennis, who undertook to make fit for human habitation and agriculture a tract of three million acres which without the Bow River would be fit for little but occasional pasture. He was made superintendent of irrigation and land commissioner for British Columbia. Latterly he has been made assistant to the second vice-president of the C. P. R.

Mr. Dennis is an authority on intensive farming. He will tell you off-hand in his office what a farmer can do with an acre of land under irrigation; what the small farmer is able to do up against the big farmer that gobbles up sections of land. He is one of

the most useful pioneers in the West. He has made less noise than any other man of equal calibre; and there are very few men in that country who have such an organising grip on things as Major Dennis. He might have been a financier. He chose to become a developer. Incidentally he is pretty well off. But he has done more for Canada than to amass a big fortune. It was given to Moses to get water from a rock. Major Dennis is something of a modern Moses—in putting water on the dry land.

\* \* \*

## Head of a Fighting Clan

**W**HEN the Maritime Board of Trade meets there is usually no lack of kicks. At the convention held a week or so ago in Charlottetown, the members threshed out some live topics. They took a good healthy whack at the tunnel which is to the "million-acre farm" of potatoes and hay much what the Yonge Street bridge is to Toronto. They also tackled maritime union. One speaker went so far as to say that if union were a fact they might get the tunnel. A resolution was brought in by Senator Ross in favour of union, seconded by the famous "Hance" Logan of Cumberland. Mr. James Paton, prominent member of the Board, went dead against union but put in a shoulder boost for the tunnel. Mr. Paton has had his goods held up by the ice. Telephone rates were slated as excessive. Steamship subsidies were hauled over the coals.

In fact it was as lively a session of a Board of Trade as was ever held in Canada. The new president, Mr. W. B. Snowball, took a strong hand in the talk. Mr. Snowball is from Chatham, N.B., and he is a lumber merchant with large shipping interests. He is a live man who all his life has been studying the needs and the capabilities of the Atlantic provinces; one of the commercial school which has succeeded to the era of politicians and orators and poets in that land of much politics but latterly of fast-growing trade. He was born in Chatham and educated there; till he went to Upper Canada College where he put in three years. On the death of his father he became president of the J. B. Snowball Company. His qualifications for the presidency of the Maritime Board of Trade are partly indicated by the outlines of his public career: Alderman for Chatham during the years 1898 and 1899; mayor for 1901 and 1902; again in the council as alderman for four years; president for three terms of the Chatham Board of Trade; director of the Miramichi Steam Navigation Company, of the South-West Boom Company, and the North-West Boom Company; also chairman of the School Board, and in 1908 president of the Canadian Forestry Association.

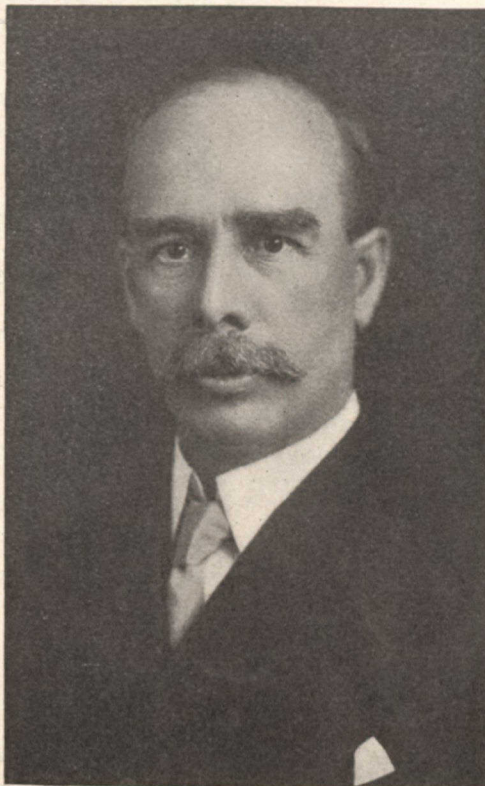
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## King of an Island

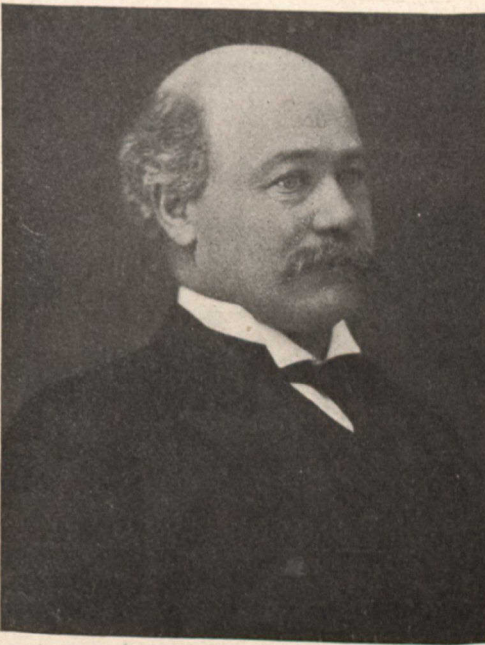
**M**R. JAMES PATON is second vice-president of the Maritime Board of Trade. He has braved the Atlantic to Europe ninety-one times. Mr. Paton belongs to Charlottetown, where his store is an emporium to the little Island. A raw youth from Paisley, Scotland, he got his first job on the Island with Robert

Young, a dry-goods king of Charlottetown in those days. Next he was with Messrs. Weeks & Finley, whose business eclipsed that of Mr. Young. Twenty years later he organised James Paton & Co. He has found time to be Mayor of Charlottetown, vice-president of the Union of Canadian Municipalities, and a Regent of Mount Allison College and University, Sackville, N.B.

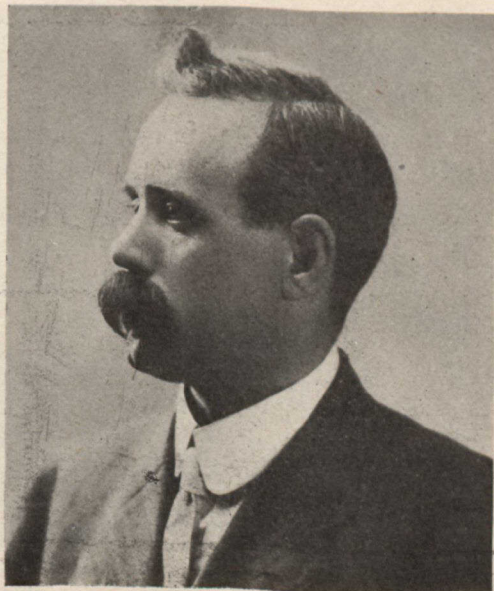
Mr. Paton is the merchant king of the Island. He represents the best Scotch traditions in dry goods. There is no doubt either that he is one of the Island's best consumers when it comes to the oat field. The "million-acre farm" has the finest oat fields in Canada. It has also a few of the best patrons of porridge.



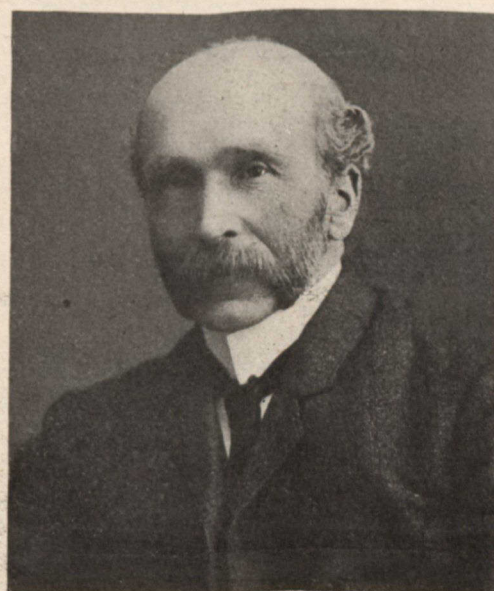
Major J. S. Dennis,  
Master of Irrigation.



Mr. W. B. Snowball,  
President Maritime Board of Trade.



Mr. W. L. T. Weldon,  
Corresponding Secretary Maritime Board of Trade.



Mr. James Paton,  
Second Vice-President of the Board.



## THROUGH A MONOCLE

### INDECENCY IN ELECTIONS.

WHENEVER we have a good, racy election trial, decent people are amazed afresh at the exhalations that come up from the pit. Can it be that this sort of thing is going on in the committee-rooms and in the upper chambers of discreditable "hotels" while they—the decent citizens—are making and listening to enobling addresses, industriously canvassing their neighbours and urging everybody to go to the polls and so perform a public duty. It is to be feared that it can. Get an old political worker in a confidential mood some night and hear the tales that he will tell. If they are inventions, then the political parties have some of the finest fictionists in the world doing their dirty work for them; for there is a verisimilitude about the stories told by these veterans which would make the fortune of any "realist" who possessed the art of inventing them.

\* \* \*

YET if this sort of business goes on underground, of what profit is it for the decent citizen to stay out nights and listen to platitudinous speeches and get the smoke of bad cigars in his clothing and canvass people with more vigour than a book agent displays? When he finally talks over another decent citizen to his point of view and so makes a vote for righteousness, his labour is as completely lost as any other drop in the bucket; for he is of little use to his party when compared with the gentleman of the boiled eye and obscene grin who hands out dollar bills to purchased voters who may or may not deliver the goods they sell. The party of righteousness could do without him—the decent citizen—but it would be irretrievably ruined if the "back-room" manipulator refused to look after his fair share of the "loose fish." This is the sort of thing which disgusts the decent citizen and inclines him to have nothing to do with politics.

\* \* \*

THE whole thing would not be so stupid if either party gained any great advantage over the other by dabbling in this cess-pool. But it is generally conceded by good judges that the "dishonours" are about even. Neither party has a monopoly of this sort of cattle; and it is doubtful whether either has even anything like a decisive majority of the breed over the other. Men who make merchandise of their citizenship frequently are in the habit of getting their money every time from the same party; and they would feel it something of a wrench if they had to look elsewhere for the pitiful dole which is enough to buy them, body, mind and spirit. They intend to vote Liberal or Conservative, as the case may be, every time; but they expect to get some of the "dough" which is being passed around for casting that vote. We hear men say at election trials that they were not asked to vote, and did not promise to vote;

but that they voted and then heard that there was "money going" and thought that they might as well get some.

\* \* \*

NOW why is it not possible for the decent men in both parties to combine to disappoint these human parasites? If they could not transfer their greasy patronage from one party shop to the other and so disturb the balance of political power, they would be compelled to vote for nothing or stay away from the polls. In that case, they would infallibly vote. They have got the voting habit. But they would almost certainly vote against the party at whose pig-trough they have been accustomed to feed. However, as they would all do this, it would be a case of "as you were," so far as the party totals are concerned; and politics would be rid of its most squalid and disgusting appendage. It could be done if the decent element were decent enough to trust each other. The fear which would come into many minds would be lest the other party should violate the agreement and make a "deal" with the purchasable vote. But things have gone pretty far in the degradation of the Canadian people if there are not enough thoroughly decent men in each constituency to make such an agreement and live up to it.

\* \* \*

BUT what of the "wicked partners"? What would prevent some of the semi-decent members of a party from violating the pact behind the backs of their wholly decent colleagues? There is just one thing that will do it; and that is the willingness of a wholly decent contingent to make this subject of honest voting the paramount issue—where necessary—for an election or two. Let them give their colleagues—semi-decent and otherwise—to understand that if they find that the election has been won for their side by a breach of this understanding, they will at the next election transfer their ballots bodily to the other party, no matter what herrings the semi-decent coterie may try to draw across the trail. This—if the semi-decent talk can be made to believe it—will settle the matter; for they are in the game to win. If they knew that playing false on one occasion would infallibly lose them the election on the next, they would play honest and try to win both events.

\* \* \*

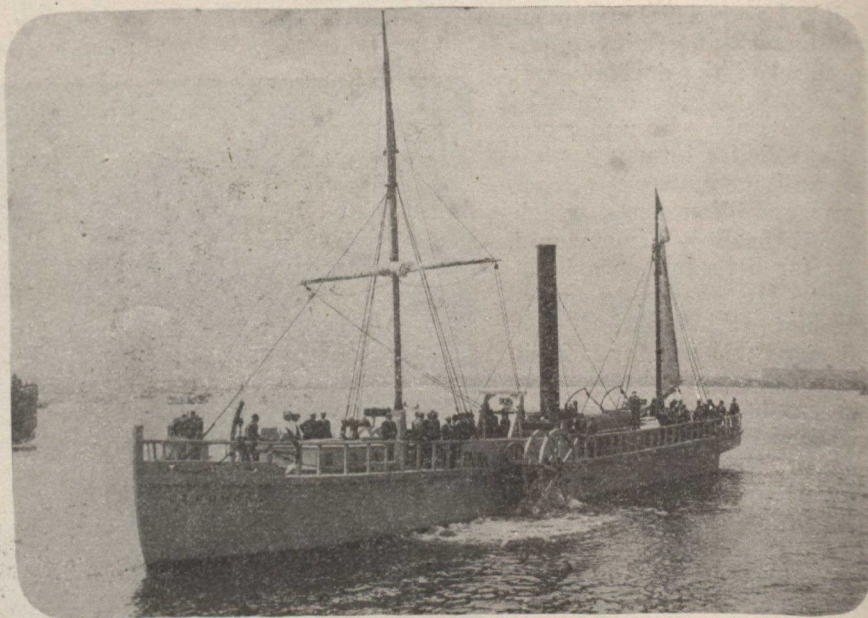
AND it would be easy for the decent section to take this course in Canada to-day; for we have no other issues. There is nothing at stake between the parties at all approaching in importance this question of honest polling. It would be far better worth our while to cleanse the temple of the franchise of this herd of "money changers" than to put either of our parties in or out a dozen times. It would make far more difference in our politics, in our public life, in the policy of whatever government might come to the top, and in the future of the Dominion. Can we not accomplish a beneficent combine of the decent elements to cleanse our worse than Augean stables?

THE MONOCLE MAN.

## THE HISTORIC WOODEN SHIPS OF THE HUDSON RIVER



The *Half-Moon* looks much like the *Don de Dieu* in which Champlain landed at Quebec the year before Hudson sailed up through the State of New York. Champlain and Hudson seem both to have been unaware of parallel 49.



Perhaps also a nautical expert might be able to discover that the *Clermont* rigged out by Mr. Fulton, on the Hudson, in 1809, was a good deal like the wooden ship put on the St. Lawrence by Canadian Molson the same year.



# THE VINDICATION OF THE DUDE

*A Tale of the Ranching Days in the Foot-Hills of Alberta*



WITH a final whoop the welcoming cowmen of the neighbouring ranch thundered down upon the little station, dismounted, and stormed the diminutive platform. Muskoka Jones, the bottle of hospitality in his hand, was first to reach the open window of the telegraph room, and diving

within to the waist, brought it down on the instrument table with a thump.

"Pardner, welcome to our city!"

The response, of etiquette and precedent, should have been instantaneous, hearty, and convivial. Instead was a strange quiet.

The following Bar-O's faltered, and exchanged startled glances of misgiving. Surely the C. P. had not at last fallen down on its first obligation at Bonepile! For since the coming of the rails the station operator had been an acknowledged social adjunct to the Bar-O ranch; the ever-ready evening's host, the faro bank, the magician interpreter of the wire-sputtered doings of the world beyond the plains—and if this latest change of operators had brought them—

Muskoka spoke again, and the worst was realised.

"Well, you glass-eyed little dude!"

The cowmen crowded forward, and peering over Muskoka's broad shoulders, beheld within, huddled in the chair, a flaxen-haired, pink-complexioned, spectacled youth, in high, spotless collar, faultlessly tailored in grey. As one man they swore.

Muskoka settled forward on his elbows.

"Are you a real operator?" he asked.

Mr. Wilson Jennings, late of Toronto, west on discovery, gulped his terror sufficiently to reply in the affirmative, and in a voice that sounded foolish even to himself.

"Actooal, reel; male operator?"

The cluster of bronzed faces guffawed loudly. "But y' don't play kards, do you?" inquired Muskoka incredulously. "Now I bet you don't. Or smoke? Or chew? Or any of them wicked—"

"I smoke. Here, try one." Hopefully the boy extended a package of cigarettes—to have it snatched from his hand, scramblingly emptied, and the box flipped ceilingward.

In falling the package added calamity. It struck something on the wall which emitted a hollow thud, and glancing up the cowmen espied a brand new blue-and-yellow banded straw hat. In a moment Muskoka's long arm had secured it, with the common inspiration the cluster of faces withdrew; the hat sailed high in the air, there was an ear-splitting rattle of shots, and the shattered result was returned to its owner with ceremony.

"There—all proper millinaried dee la Alberta," said Muskoka. "An' don't mention it." Then the Bar-O's withdrew, and the youngster, frantically calling the despatcher at Redstone, resigned on the spot, and recovering himself, and having in his blood the makings of a man, retracted, and declared he would stick it out if they lynched him.

It was early Wednesday evening of a week later that the monthly gold shipment came down from the Red Hill mines. The consignment was an unusually large one, and in view of the youth of the new operator the superintendent wired a request that Big Bill Smith, the driver of the mines express, remain at the station until the treasure was safely aboard train.

Ordinarily Big Bill would not have cared. "Ordinarily! But this was the night of Red Haggerty's hop! Didn't the superintendent know that?" Wrath rose with words, and finally the outraged muleskinner condemned himself to the place of the lost, did he do such a thing, and stormed off to the Bar-O ranch for succour. Half an hour later Muskoka Jones appeared.

"Good evening, Mr. Jones, Im sorry it was necessary to trouble you," said Jennings.

"Good evening, Willie. Don't mention it," responded Muskoka punctiliously. Then having momentarily paused to cast a witheringly reaffirming eye over the lad's neat attire, the big cowman threw himself on the floor in the farthest corner of the room, and promptly fell fast asleep.

Some time after darkness had fallen the young telegrapher, dozing in his chair at the instrument table, was startled into consciousness by the sound of approaching hoofbeats. With visions of Indians or robbers he sprang to the window, to discover

By F. LOVELL COOMBS

a dim, tall figure dismounting on the platform. In alarm he turned to call the sleeping guard, but momentarily hesitating, looked again, the figure came into the light of the window, and with a gasp of relief he recognised Iowa Davis, another of the Bar-O cowmen.

"Hello, kid," said the newcomer, entering. "Where's Old Muskoka?"

"Good evening. Over there, asleep, sir. I suppose you knew he was taking Mr. Smith's place, guarding the gold until the train came in?"

"Sure, yes. I was there when Bill come up." He crossed to the side of the snoring Jones, and kicked him sharply on the sole of his boots. "M'skoke! Git up!" he shouted. "Here's something to keep out the chills."

Again, and more sharply, he kicked the sleeping man, while the boy looked on, smiling.

Suddenly the smile disappeared, and the lad's heart leaped into his throat. He was gazing into the black, round muzzle of a pistol, and beyond it was a face set with a deadly purpose. Instinctively his staring eyes flickered towards the box of bullion.

"Yep, that's it. But wink an eye agin, an' y' git it!" said Davis coldly, advancing. "Now, git back there up agin the corner of the table, an' stand, so 'f any butt-in comes along you'll appear to be leanin' there, conversin'. Go on, quick!"

Dazed, cold with fear, the boy obeyed, and Iowa, producing a sheaf of hide thongs, proceeded to bind his arms to his side.

As the renegade tightened a knot securing the boy's left leg to the leg of the table, Muskoka's snoring abruptly ceased, and the sleeper moved uneasily. In a flash Iowa was over him, colt in hand. But the snoring presently resumed, and after watching him sharply for a moment, Iowa returned to the boy.

"Now move, remember, an' you'll git daylight blowed out of you," he repeated threateningly. "To make sure, I'm going to fix up that snoring fool over there before I finish you. An' don't you as much as shuffle your hoof!" Recovering the bundle of thongs, he strode back to the sleeper.

As previously the man's back had been turned the boy had shot a frantic glance about him. In their sweep his eyes had fallen on the partly open drawer in the end of the table, immediately below his left hand, and in the drawer had noted the bowl of a pipe. At the moment nothing had resulted, but as the renegade's back was again turned his eyes again dropped to the drawer, and a sudden wild possibility occurred to him.

His heart seemed literally to stand still at the audacity, the danger of it. But might it not be possible? The light from the single lamp, on the wall opposite, was poor, and his left side thus in deep shadow. And his left hand—he tried it—yes, though tightly bound at the wrist, the hand itself was free.

His first day at the station, the visit of the men from the ranch, Muskoka's contemptuous greeting, recurred to him. Here was his opportunity of vindication.

With a desperate clenching of the teeth the boy decided, and at once began cautiously straining at the thongs about his wrist, to obtain the reach necessary. Finally they slipped, slightly, but enough. Carefully he leaned sideways, his fingers extended. He reached the pipe, fumbled a moment, and secured it.

Davis was on his knees beside the unconscious guard, splicing a thong. An instant Jennings hesitated, then springing erect, pointed the pipe steam, and in a voice he scarcely knew, a voice sharp as the crack of a whip, cried:

"Hands up, Davis! I got you!"

"Quick! I'll shoot!"

The renegade cowman, taken completely by surprise, leaped to his feet with a cry, without turning, his hands instinctively half-raised.

"Quick! Up! Up!" cried the boy. A breathlessly critical instant the hands wavered, then slowly, reluctantly they ascended.

For a moment the young operator stood panting, but half believing the witness of his own eyes to the success of the stratagem. Then at the top of his voice he cried: "Mr. Jones! Mr. Jones! Muskoka! Wake up! Wake up!"

Iowa, cursing beneath his breath, paused anxiously to watch results.

"Muskoka! Muskoka!" shouted the lad. The snoring continued evenly, unbrokenly.

Iowa indulged in a dry laugh. "Save your wind, kid," he said. "I doped his whiskey before he came down."

At this news the boy's heart sank.

"But look here, kid." Iowa turned carefully, hands still in the air. "Look here, can't we square this thing up? You got the drop on me, O.K.—and with a damn little pea-shooter," he added, catching a glimpse, as he thought, of the end of a small black barrel, but nevertheless continuing his attitude of surrender. "You got the drop—and you're a smart kid, you are—but can't we fix this thing up? You take half, say? I'd be glad to let you in. Honest! An' noone 'd ever think you was in the game. Come, what d' y' say?"

Though apparently listening, the youngster had been urgently casting about in his mind for other expedients. Obviously it would be too dangerous to attempt to reach with the fingers of one of his bound hands the thongs holding his left leg to the leg of the table. He might reveal the pipe, or drop it. And neither could he reach the telegraph key, to get in touch with someone on the wire. And in any case, how could that help him, for the next train was not due for two hours; and it did not seem possible he could carry on his bluff that length of time.

But think as he would, the wire seemed the only hope. Could he not reach the key in some way?

The solution came as Iowa ventured a short step nearer, and repeated his suggestion. At first sight it seemed as ridiculously impossible as the bluff with the pipe, but quickly Jennings weighed the chances, and determined to take the risk.

"Now, Mr. Iowa," he said, "you are to do just exactly what I tell you, step by step, so much and no more. If you make any other move, if I only think you are going to, I shall shoot. My finger is pressing the trigger constantly. And I guess you can see that at this range, though my hold on the gun is a bit cramped, I could not miss you if I wanted to."

"Listen, now. You will come forward until you can reach the chair here by sticking out your foot. Then you will push it back along the table to the wall, and turn it face to me. Then you will sit down in it. After that I'll tell you some more."

"Go ahead! And remember—my finger always pressing the trigger!"

As Davis came forward, infinitely puzzled, the boy turned slowly, so that the "muzzle" of the pipe continued to cover the would-be bullion thief. Gingerly Iowa reached out with his foot and shoved the chair back to the wall, and turning, backed into it and sat down. With the shadow of a grin on his face, he demanded, "Wot next?"

"Now, slowly let your left arm down at full length on the table. There—hand's on the key, isn't it?"

"Now," continued the boy, who never for an instant allowed his eyes to wander from the man's face, "now feel with your fingers at the back of the key, and find a screw head, standing up."

"Which one? There are two or three," said Iowa craftily.

"No, there are not. There's just one. And I give you 'three' to find it," said the young operator sharply. "One, two—"

"Oh, damn it, I got it! Go ahead!" said Iowa angrily.

"Below the screw head is a binding nut. Loosen it, and turn it leftwise. Got it? Now take hold of the screw head again, and turn it to the left. It turns free, doesn't?"

"Sure."

"Turn it about four times completely around. Now the binding nut again, down, the other way, till it's tight. Got it?"

"Now, hold your finger tips over the black button at the inner end of the key, and hit down on it smartly."

There was a click.

"That's it. It has plenty of play, hasn't it?" "Works up and down about an inch, if that's wot you mean," growled Iowa, still puzzled. "But wot in—"

"I'm going to give you a lesson in telegraphy and you are going to—"

Iowa saw, and exploded. "Well, of all the — Say, wot do you think—"

"All right!" Sharply, bravely, though inwardly

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 21.



# HUDSON RIVER A BLAZE OF GLORY

*Scenes at the Great New York Fete in honour of Hudson and Fulton.*



A SECTION OF NEW YORK'S POPULATION AT THE REVIEWING STAND

Third from the left in the front row is the British Admiral, Sir Edward Hobart Seymour. Governor Hughes of New York State is seen standing up talking to the man whose back is turned.



Henry Hudson's ship the *Half Moon* in the Naval Parade, passing the German warships.

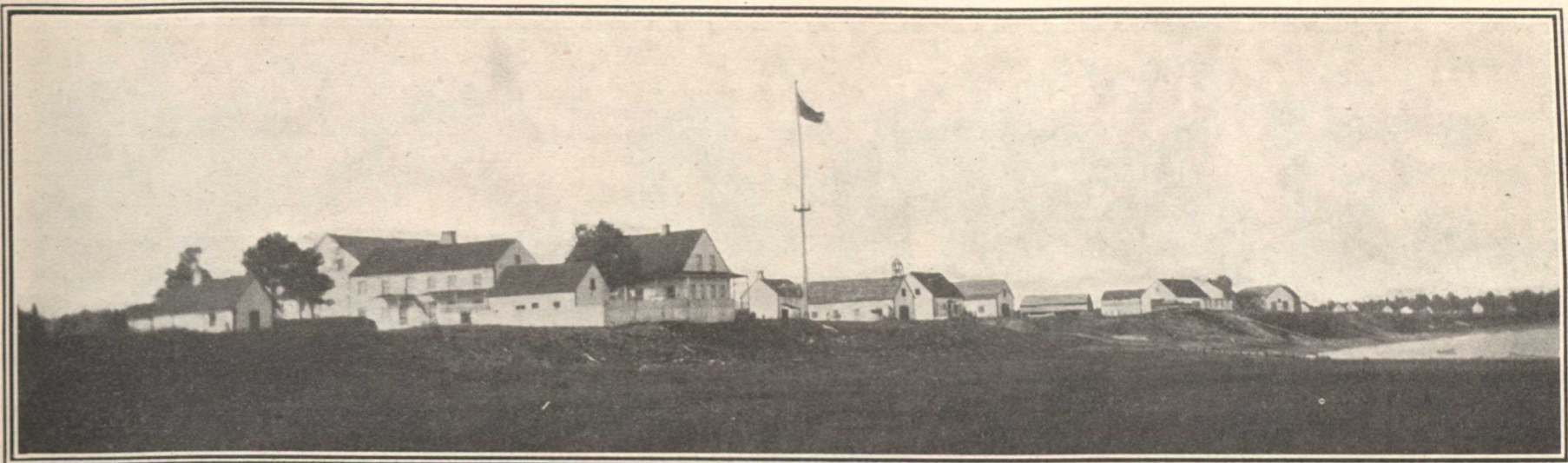


View from H.M.S. *Invincible* passing reviewing stand on Fifth Avenue.

Another picture of the British Marines.

Photographs by the New York "World."





CELEBRATED OLD LOG CITY AND SEAPORT OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

Moose Factory, on James Bay, photographed for the Canadian Courier in July of this year. There are about ten white people living in Moose Factory, which is a Picturesque old ramshackle relic of the days when the Hudson's Bay Co. had their fleet of wooden ships on the Bay. The remains comprise the old store, Factor's house, blacksmith shop, carpenter shop, and an old dwelling, besides a little church and priest's house not shown in the picture. Down on the extreme right are the tepees of about 300 Indians who still trap and hunt in the region and do some trading with the Company.

## HUDSON'S BAY AND HUDSON RIVER

*A Brief Account of what Henry Hudson did for Canada the year after his Trip up the Hudson River.*

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

CANADA has a great deal more to do with Henry Hudson than has the United States. Henry Hudson gave his name to the Mediterranean of the north, and to the "Company of Gentlemen Adventurers" who for two centuries traded into Hudson's Bay, sending in their wooden ships loaded with the wares of Europe traded for the furs of red men.

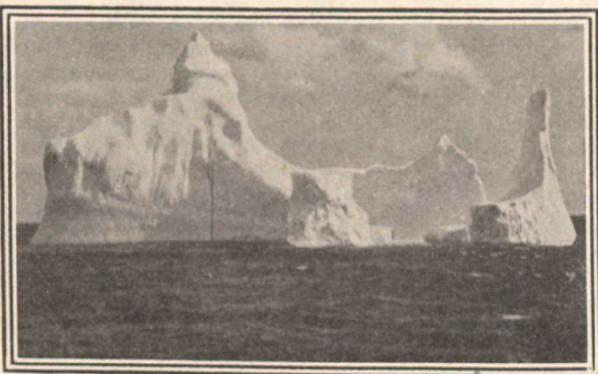
There can be no objection to Henry Hudson being feted on the Hudson River in the United States, even though he was preceded in the discovery of the river by the Italian Verazzano. But the exploration of the river that has New York at its mouth was largely a junketing trip in which Hudson saw a lot of pleasant scenery and very considerably by accident drifted into most of it.

But what a contrast his smooth glide into the Hudson makes with the rough voyages to the north! Is there any other explorer living or dead who left his name on two bodies of water so diverse in character? Down on the south end of the Hudson itinerary we have "little old New York" with four millions of people—mostly unusual. Henry Hudson was in a sense the father of them all. He called the place "New Amsterdam" because he was sent out in the *Half Moon* by the Dutch. The Dutch were a busy people to get ahead of New York—with New Amsterdam. But Henry Hudson didn't care a beaver skin what it might be called by posterity so long as he had the joy of discovering it. He cared a great deal more for the northward end of his voyages; where now we have Hudson's Bay and James Bay—named after the Duke of York, and York Factory likewise—just as New York was named when the English drove out the Dutch from the mouth of the Hudson. Also we have the Albany River running into James Bay just as they have Albany city on the Hudson.

Now between York Factory and Moose Factory and New York there is some difference. In Moose Factory, visited this summer by the gentleman who photographed it as above, there are not more than a dozen white folk, with a hundred Indians or so shackled and teeped down along the bay; that is James Bay. There is a Broadway in Moose Factory; but it has no people on it. There is a river and it is not called Hudson but Moose, which is the confluence of the Abitibi, the Frederick House and another one. Down the Moose last summer came drifting the loose ties of the new transcontinental and they huddled up in the cove of the bay, as though to show this indolent old mediaeval Moose Factory that its day was done, and that before long the railways would be rushing in to the bay named by Henry Hudson.

The new trends hard on the vanishing heels of the old—in Canada. New York may be a progressive place; but there are places in the north of Canada that have gone ahead faster than New York. There are places up on the quiet desolation of Hudson's Bay where now only a few red men go amid the smoke or a few Eskimos splash in the summer water—that will hustle and bustle with Canadian railways and blink red with Canadian elevators handling the wheat of the prairies.

The end is beginning to come; the end of the



Henry Hudson had some of the worst experiences of his life when his little wooden ship *Discovery* got among the icebergs off the coast of Labrador on his voyage through Hudson's Straits into Hudson's Bay in the year 1610.



Henry Hudson adrift on Hudson's Bay—Collier's famous picture of the great explorer's last hours. From "The Conquest of the Great Northwest" by Agnes Laut. Courtesy of the Musson Book Co.

mystery of our great North. No country in the world has such a wealth of storied coast line as Canada. Our north is a house of legends and a haunt of poetries. The fur forts like Moose Factory and York Factory once meant more to Canada than even the lumber shanty. The wealth of Canada was in her furs, just as now it is beginning to be in her wheat. More furs went out of Hudson's Bay than out of any other body of water in the world. The wooden ships that followed Henry Hudson were the caravels of commerce.

York Factory in its day was the great storehouse and entrepot to all the vast interior whose rivers and lakes were dotted with the forts of the great feudal company lording it over the Indians. It was to the red man what New York was to the white man in the south. It was the seaport of the north; from it went the York boats rowed by voyageurs up the Nelson to Lake Winnipeg, and from there some of them down the lake to the Red and up the Red to old Fort Garry; others transhipped at Grand Rapids at the mouth of the Saskatchewan and from there began the thousand-mile voyage up to the forts that lay along both the north and the south branches. And from the far north-west post, Edmonton, went the trails that led to the Athabasca and the Peace and the Lesser Slave and the Great Slave, and the Mackenzie; forts which are still standing and doing trade; where still the traders smoke and the trappers gather; and still from Edmonton go up the caravans of commerce—but all the York boat routes are changed, for the railway and the Red River cart long ago drove them out.

When the railway gets into Fort Churchill or York Factory with a branch line perhaps to Moose, the memory of Henry Hudson will begin to be more and more to Canada. When Hudson's Bay with its York Factory begins to cadge wheat away from the New York route down the Hudson River, just as Montreal has been doing of late—it will be found that Henry Hudson was a strangely consistent old paradox inasmuch as in exploring the Hudson River and Hudson's Bay he was really on track of a system of waterways that had little in common as to scenery and climate, little in common as to people, but both trade routes from the west to the east.

Canada will owe more to Henry Hudson in the year 1910 than does the United States in 1909. He has left more than his name. He has left the record of a great sailor who came before most of the other great mariners of Canada; who explored Hudson's Bay two years after Champlain made his great journey up the St. Lawrence. Henry Hudson was a great Englishman. He was also a great Canadian.

Hudson's sole intention when he began to go on the high seas was to discover a short-cut across the North Pole to China. This seems to have been the dream of most explorers of that period. Champlain had the same idea. Hudson, however, came nearer the Pole than any other explorer of his time. He made two attempts at the passage before exploring the Hudson River; failing in both, but in the second getting to latitude 82 degrees, about five hundred miles from the Pole—and in a tub of a





ANOTHER FAMOUS RUINS OF AN OLD SEAPORT CITY ON HUDSON'S BAY

Fort Churchill once shared with York Factory the immense fur trade that came down from the Saskatchewan and Lake Winnipeg, the far North-West. This was one of the forts whose sites were located by Henry Hudson on his voyage of 1610. Eskimos and Indians are now the principal inhabitants. Eskimo boys bathed last summer in the waters of the harbour which is one of the possible termini of the Hudson's Bay Railway to carry out wheat from the West.

wooden sailing-vessel. The English considered him a flat failure. He went to the Dutch. That was his third voyage in 1609. In 1610 he again tried the Pole route to China; this time getting through Hudson's Straits into Hudson's Bay.

It was on this his fourth voyage that Hudson discovered just how much a land of ice Canada really is. He had great adventures with icebergs. Agnes Laut tells very vividly the story of the iceberg drift: "Carried with the current southward from Greenland, sometimes slipping into the long 'tickles' of water open between the floes, again watching their chance to follow the calm sea to the rear of some giant iceberg, or else mooring to some ice raft honeycombed by the summer's heat — the *Discovery* came to Ungava Bay, Labrador, in July. This is the worst place on the Atlantic seaboard for ice."

The dramatic and sombre story of Hudson's winter and spring in the northern sea is well sketched by the following extracts from the work of Miss Laut:

"He was land-bound and winter-bound in a desolate region with a mutinous crew. \* \* \* So the miserable winter dragged on. Snow fell continuously day after day. The frost giants set the ice whooping and crackling every night like artillery fire. A pall of gloom was settling over the ship that seemed to benumb hope and benumb effort. Great numbers of birds were shot by loyal members of the crew, but the ship was short of bread and the cook began to use moss and the juice of tamarac as antidotes to scurvy. As winter closed in, the cold grew more intense. Stone fireplaces were built on the decks of the ship. Pans of shot heated red-hot were taken to the berths as a warming pan. On the whole, Hudson was fortunate in his wintering quarters. It was the most sheltered part of the bay and had the greatest abundance of game to be found on that great inland sea. Also, there was no lack of firewood. \* \* \*

"As the ice began to break up in May, Hudson sent men fishing in a shallop that the carpenters

had built, but the fishermen plotted to escape in the small boat. \* \* \*

"The rest of *The Discovery's* record reads like some tale of piracy on the South Sea. Hudson distributed to the crew all the bread that was left—a pound to each man without favouritism. There were tears in his eyes and his voice broke as he handed out the last of the food. The same was done with the cheese. Seamen's chests were then searched and some pilfered biscuits distributed. In Hudson's cabin were stored provisions for fourteen days. These were to be used only in the last extremity. As might have been expected, the idle mutineers used their food without stint. The men who would not work were the men who would not deny themselves. When Hudson weighed anchor on June 18, 1611, for the homeward trip, nine of the best men in the crew lay ill in their berths from overwork and privations.

"One night Greene came to the cabin of Prickett, who had acted as a sort of agent for the ship's owners. Vowing to cut the throat of any man who betrayed him, Greene burst out in imprecations with a sort of pot-valour that '*he was going to end it or mend it; go through with it or die*'; the sick men were useless; there were provisions for half the crew but not all—

"Prickett bade him stop. This was mutiny. Mutiny was punished in England by death. But Greene swore he would rather be hanged at home than starve at sea. \* \* \*

"It was a black, windy night; the seas were moaning against the ice fields. As far as human mind could forestall devilish designs, the mutineers were safe, for all would be alike guilty and so alike pledged to secrecy. It must be remembered, too, the crew were impressed seamen, unwilling sailors, the blackguard riffraff of London streets. If the plotters had gone to bed, Prickett might have crawled above to Hudson's cabin, but the mutineers kept sleepless vigil for the night. At daybreak two had stationed themselves at the hatch, three hovered round the door of the captain's cabin. When Hud-

son emerged from the room, two men leaped on him to the fore, a third, Wilson the bo'swain, caught and bound his arms behind. When Hudson demanded what they meant, they answered with sinister intent that he would know when *he* was put in the shallop. \* \* \*

"What became of him? A silence as of a grave in the sea rests over his fate. Barely the shadow of a legend illumines his last hours; though Indians of Hudson Bay to this day tell folk-lore yarns of the first Englishman who came to the bay and was wrecked. When Radisson came overland to the bay fifty years later, he found an old house '*all marked by bullets*.' Did Hudson take his last stand inside that house? Did the loyal Ipswich man fight his last fight against the powers of darkness there where the Goddess of Death lines her shores with the bodies of the dead? Also, the Indians told Radisson childish fables of a 'ship with sails' having come to the bay; but many ships came in those fifty years; Button's to hunt in vain for Hudson; Munck, the Dane's, to meet a worse fate than Hudson's.

"Hudson's shallop went down to an utter silence as the watery graves of those old sea Vikings, who rode out to meet death on the billow. A famous painting represents Hudson huddled panic-stricken with his child and the ragged castaways in a boat driving to ruin among the ice fields. I like better to think as we know last of him—standing with bound arms and face to fate, shouting defiance at the fleeing enemy."

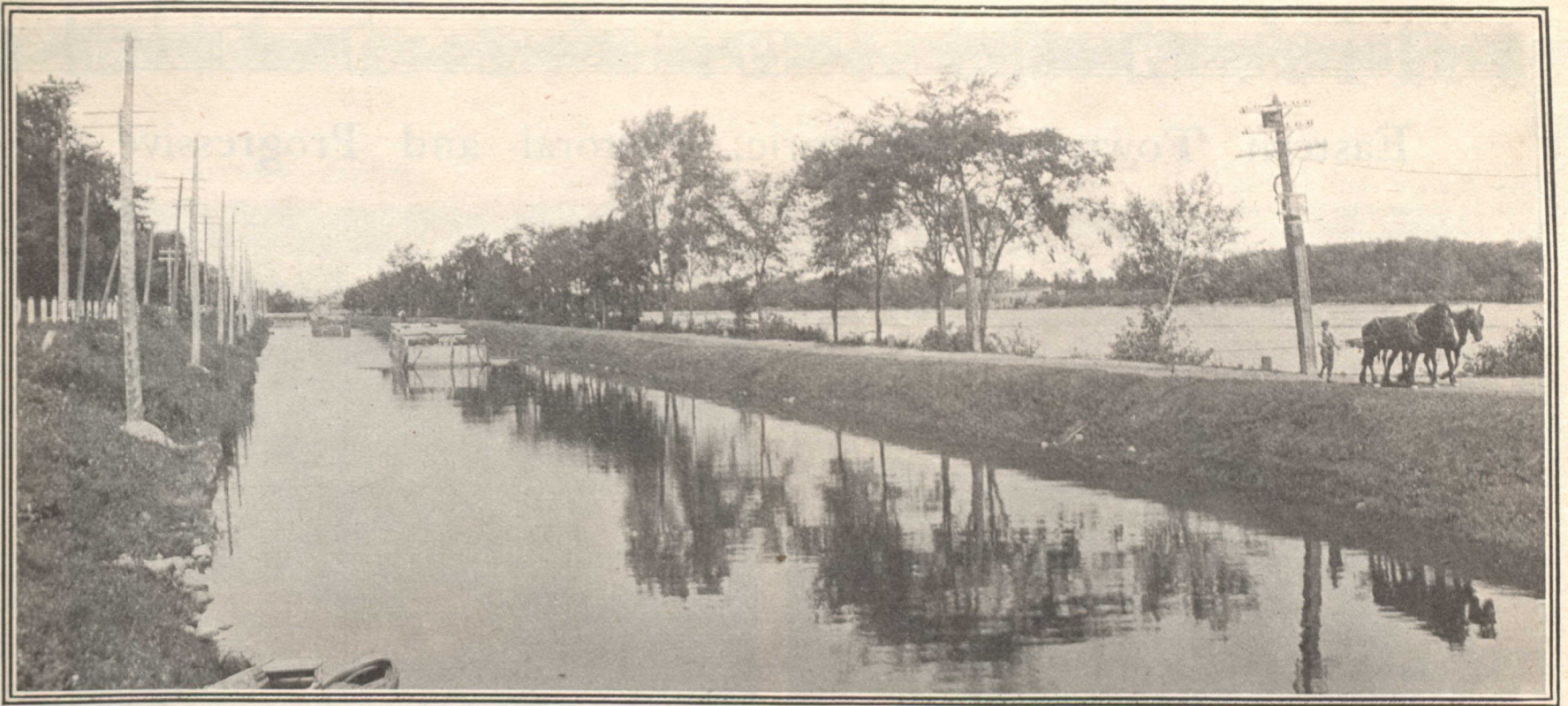
Henry Hudson deserves a monument in Canada. The story of Canada would have been far different without him. The tragedies of discovery in Canada are not few; but none of them has quite the sombre interest of the last voyage and the death of Henry Hudson; daring old Englishman who paved the way for the Scotch in the land of the Hudson's Bay Company; who unconsciously prefigured the sentimental and geographical union of Canada and the United States when he explored the river that runs past New York and the bay on which stands Fort Churchill, York Factory and Moose Factory.



THE SOUTH END OF THE HUDSON DISCOVERY AREA AS IT IS TO-DAY

This is one glimpse of New York from the Hudson River, up which Henry Hudson sailed in the *Half-Moon* in September, 1609. All the white men and Indians and Eskimos from Fort Churchill and Moose Factory, whose sites were visited by Hudson in 1610, might be crowded into the passenger elevators of any half-dozen of these mountains of brick. But when wheat elevators go up at Fort Churchill the comparison will begin to change





The Tug of the Tow-Line along the Reaches of the Chambly Canal near St. Johns, P.Q., in the Eastern Townships.

# THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS

*Story of one of the quaintest, yet most prosperous and progressive districts in Canada; a place where modern invention has not driven out poetic charm; where the habitant mingles with the English-speaking farmer and townsman*

THE south-east corner of the Province of Quebec, including eleven counties, lying between the forty-fifth and forty-sixth parallels of latitude, and bounded on the east and south by the United States, has been known for over a hundred years by the quaint title, "Eastern Townships." In area this district covers over four million acres, and a more interesting tract of country is not to be found in the Dominion of Canada. Settled in the latter part of the eighteenth century by men and women coming principally from the New England States, many of whom were United Empire Loyalists, a halo of the past lingers around the Eastern Townships. The hardships of those brave men and women, seeking a home in the unbroken forest rather than renounce their allegiance to the fatherland, furnishes material for a tale which never loses its interest. At the present time the Eastern Townships is a unique example of two races living side by side in perfect peace and harmony; agreeing to disagree in religion, and one might say in ideals.

By the last census the population of the Eastern Townships was 221,633 persons, English and French. One city, several towns and many villages grace the district. In some places the French greatly predominate; for example the city of Sherbrooke, the metropolis of the Eastern Townships, has a population of fifteen thousand, eleven thousand of whom are French, leaving but four thousand English.

In this pretty city, where one hears little else in the general street talk but the language of the *habitant*, are many imposing buildings. The St. Charles Seminary for boys, where the French language seems to be used almost entirely, stands on an eminence. There are three hundred boy pupils in this seminary, and one hundred "Brothers" act as their tutors. Four convents are within the city limits, known as "The Sacred Heart," "The Precious Blood," "The Holy Family" and "The Notre Dame." Two of these are likewise girls' schools. The clarion call of the cathedral's chime of bells outrings all the other bells of the city, being heard over mountain and vale miles away in the country, calling the faithful to prayers. The cathedral is the oldest French church in the city. A newcomer cannot but wonder at the willingness of this devout people to live in small, cheap houses, and give their money to the immense edifices under the auspices of the Church. The plump, wrinkleless face of the average French *habitant* would seem to indicate that he carries very little individual care or responsibility, and is at peace with himself and the world. He is considered a peace-loving, good neighbour. "Give me a Frenchman to do business with," said a woman who was lending two of them money on a mortgage; "they are prompt to a day with their interest."

In the Eastern Townships, gold, copper, and iron

By ADELINE TESKEY

have been found and the district has a world-wide reputation because of having the world's richest vein of asbestos. This has attracted great attention, and the output annually runs up among the millions. There are many factories and the lumber industry is prosperous. It is said, however, that agriculture is the backbone of the country. The dairy census shows over 200,000 cows, yielding the farmers a revenue of \$6,000,000 annually. An agricultural census completed in 1907 shows that fifty-seven per cent. of the total land is cleared, while forty-three per cent. remains in woodland, and thirty-two per cent. of the total territory is actually employed in crop-raising. It is rather surprising to learn that nearly half of the Eastern Townships has never been turned by a plough, and it must lead to the conclusion that this long-settled district has a future as well as a past.

It is the native place of the maple tree, and nearly every farmer has his "sugar bush." The



"Brownie Castle" at Granby; home of Palmer Cox, who, ten or twelve years ago, wrote the Charming little Elf-Comedy, "The Brownies"

output of maple sugar is estimated not to be less annually than ten million pounds.

Seven hundred and thirty-six miles of railway thread the Eastern Townships. The Eastern Townships Bank, with its headquarters at Sherbrooke, has a reputation second to none in the Dominion.

Next in commercial importance to the city of Sherbrooke is the town of Granby. Here is to be

found a large rubber factory and various other industries. Perhaps throughout the wide world Granby is noted more for being the home of Palmer Cox, of "Brownie" fame, than anything else. Here is situated "Brownie Castle," the home of the author of the Brownies. In this castle Palmer Cox spends his summers; during the winters he travels giving his unique entertainments.

Bishop's College, under the Anglican Church, is one of the oldest institutions of the Eastern Townships. It is situated at Lennoxville, about three miles from Sherbrooke. Stanstead College, of the Methodist body, is at Stanstead, on the border of the Eastern Townships.

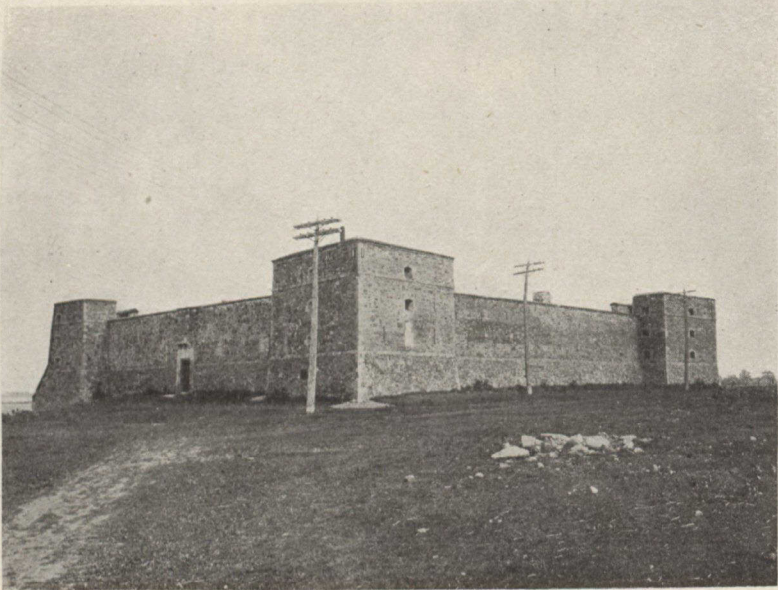
As might be expected, the district is rich in legend and story, one of which centres around a lone pine tree which apparently grows up out of the heart of a rock in the middle of the St. Francis River, at the city of Sherbrooke. The story is that hostile bands of Iroquois and Abeniquis met at this place about the year 1692, to contend for the hunting-grounds of the upper St. Francis. It was finally decided that the matter should be settled without the entire tribes fighting. Two warriors, one from each tribe, were chosen and directed to run around the tree on the small rocky island in the river until one should fall from exhaustion, which fall would be accepted by his tribe as meaning defeat. The Iroquois' strength gave out first, his scalp was taken by his pursuer, and the Abeniquis were left in possession of the hunting-grounds. A limb of the lone pine was sent a few years ago to Laval University at Quebec, and on examination it was declared the tree might be three hundred years old.

Another story relates to the present site of the city of Sherbrooke. In 1759 Rogers and his band, seeking revenge for attacks made on New England settlements, marched north through the Canadian forests to the Indian village of St. Francis. They found the place in the possession of the Indian women and children, the warriors being absent on a hunting expedition, and destroyed it. On their return the Indians pursued Rogers and his followers, overtaking them at the junction of the Magog and St. Francis rivers, the present site of the city of Sherbrooke. A bloody battle ensued, Rogers and his band proving victorious. But subsequently many of the white men died from starvation and exposure on their march homeward through the thick forest. It is said that much treasure accumulated by the Indians is buried along the banks of the Magog River, and in years gone by many have searched for it in vain.

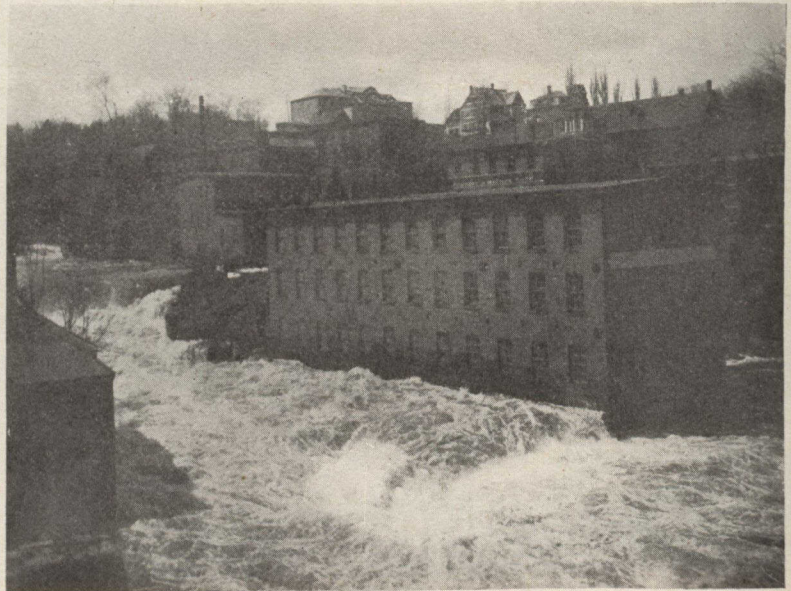
It surely would not be right to close this sketch without mentioning that the Eastern Townships is the home of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He was born in the town of Arthabaskaville, practised law there and still makes his home there upon occasion.



# Eastern Townships, Historic, Pastoral and Progressive



Old Fort Pontchartrain is a relic of the French Regime in Quebec—at Modern Chambly, P.Q.



At Sherbrooke the Magog River is hitched up to make the Town's Electricity.



In all America where could the most fastidious or the most poetic traveller find a sweep of river and hill more lovely than this—St. Francis River in the Eastern Townships?



Pulpwood Spruce Drifts down the Rivers; part of the Wealth of the Industrial Town.



Contented Farmers Gather the Sheaves; some of the Wealth of the Prosperous Countryside.



# SERGEANT KINNAIRD

By W. A. FRASER

## RESUME OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The Canadian farming community Stand Off is a village in the foothills of the Rockies, close to the international boundary. It is the resort of whiskey smugglers and moonshiners who have baffled the members of the N.W.M.P. and continued to sell to the Indians. Mayo is head man and his daughter Chris is the leading woman. Sergeant Kinnaird, for the sake of a young comrade leaves the force and goes in disguise to gather evidence against Mayo and his outlaws. As Preacher Black he reaches Stand Off and the Lone Pine Hotel.

PRESENTLY Kinnaird and his driver came forth, and as he was about to pass the Corsican exclaimed rudely: "You mus' pay here!" The preacher tendered a five-dollar bill, which Matteo thrust in his pocket, and with provoking coolness proceeded to roll a cigarette. Kinnaird stood looking at the Corsican in a puzzled manner, striving to subdue his rising anger.

"You've forgotten my change," he said quietly. "What change you spe'k?"

"I gave you five dollars. Two dinners are a dollar." As Kinnaird said this he moved to allow Kootenay and Tough Wilkins to pass.

"How you s'pose I run dis house, for fun?" Matteo queried insolently. "You see dis mans, dey don' pay cause deys strapped. Dat's de rule here: de man got de mon' it's his treat. Dere, excuse-a me—you stan' in de way." Matteo lighted his cigarette and blew a puff of smoke derisively from his lips.

Kinnaird remained merged in a silent study of the situation for ten seconds. All the time of his coming he had known that he would be tried out at Stand Off, and would have to make good or quit. The test had met him at the very threshold, and Stand Off's code was the code of the West: "Either a man or a mouse."

"I must trouble you for four dollars."

He spoke so quietly that his words failed to rouse the Corsican, who nonchalantly puffed his cigarette.

With thumb and finger Kinnaird deftly snipped the paper tube from between Matteo's slim fingers, and, tossing it through a window explained, "It engrosses your attention too much, my friend."

The Corsican sprang to his feet, his eyes blazing with sudden passion. His voice was raised to the pitch of a scream, and his vocabulary a volley of oaths entirely derogatory to the character of the other, even as a layman.

The clamour brought Chris from the dining-room. She stood in the hall, a startled look in her eyes.

"Stop that, you blackguard!" Kinnaird commanded. "Don't you see there's a lady present?"

"Get out!" shrieked Matteo. "Leave de house! *Sapristi!*" He clutched at the black coat as though he would throw its wearer through the window.

An open palm slid with quick certainty up the Corsican's chest between his snatching arms; a thumb and finger closed on his throat, then, lifted by the chin, he was nailed flat against the wall, his toes just touching the floor. As he clutched at his hip for a knife, his wrist was twisted by strong fingers till he writhed in agony.

"Drop that man, stranger, or—" The harsh voice suddenly hushed, as Tough Wilkins, hand on pistol butt, was rudely blanked from view by the angular bulk of a tall, lean jawed man who asked, "What's this all about?"

"Matt tried to bunko the preacher out of four dollars, dad. It's all his fault," Chris said hastily.

With a freeing toss of disgust, Kinnaird dropped the Corsican and explained what had occurred.

"Jus' give back the four dollars you cached, Matt. Eight bits is all that's comin' for two feeds, and the Lone Pine ain't no bunko j'int," Mayo commanded.

The Corsican handed the money back, adding a snarling remark about the "sky pilot."

"It sure ain't no question of perfection," Mayo declared quietly; "it's just Injun hold-up; and the Lone Pine makes its excuses to you, preacher, fer the bad break. Which bein' said an' done, we'd best outspan."

## CHAPTER IV.

KINNAIRD'S advent as Preacher Black had been most propitiously arranged by Fate. His summary manner of resenting insult brought him the respect of the men. But Matteo, unable to weather the storm of ridicule, shook the dust of Broadway from his feet and pulled out for his old stamping-ground, Montana.

Naturally Kinnaird was somewhat lethargic in his evangelical work. This feature in no wise troubled his flock. They treated his clerical mission as a joke; practically ignored it. Indeed, there were not lacking suspicions that the man was really there to pry into their illicit traffic. Perhaps they hardly went the length of supposing that Black was not a minister; rather that it might turn out to be a case of "First come missionary, then come soldiers."

Kinnaird occupied a little log missionary shack he had learned from Somers was at Stand Off. This shack and another that did duty as a gospel hall were nearly half a mile from the Lone Pine. Getting settled in his quarters gave him a useful excuse for his policy of unaggressive church work.

A few ranches, owned chiefly by English remittance men, and regarded more by their owners as houses of refuge when the remittance money had been burned up in the fiery furnace of carouse at Calgary, dotted the wide expanse of cattle country at intervals of half a day's ride. This situation was also of assistance to a man who shuddered with repugnance and self abasement when, Bible in hand, he posed as a vicar of the God of Truth before the men of Stand Off, who, whatever they might be in the way of desperate tenacity of purpose, were certainly fearless and devoid of sham.

The name of their headquarters had been birthed in that spirit of open defiance of officials whom they looked upon as jackals serving for pay a misguided Government that wantonly trampled on the rights of men, who as freemen should be allowed to have whiskey if they desired. At that spot on the trail the whiskey runners had put up such a bitter fight against the police that the latter had been beaten off. Then the whiskey men named the place Stand Off, and abode there.

Individually the whiskey men were akin to Stand Off in their jocund indifference to the law's conven-



Sergeant Kinnaird as "Preacher Black."

tions. A reward of five hundred dollars each was written against the names of Kootenay, Tough and Cayuse in British Columbia, over a matter of some dead Indians that had decorated the scene of a fight in Kettle Valley. It was a picturesque, dangerous atmosphere; extremely so for a spy should he be caught.

That the first and only incumbent of the mission had been stampeded before he had time to proselytize a single recruit, bore testimony to the dearth of Christian yearning.

Kinnaird's immunity from flagrant persecution was vividly epitomised in Cayuse George's tribute one day, when the latter had warmed the cockles of his heart with a spirit solace at least twenty overproof.

"The fellars kinder cotton to you, preacher," he said. "Cause why?" With a grimy thumb he prodded the black coat on Kinnaird's breast, and added gravely, "Fer a man in that uniform you monkey less with religion than anybody I ever see."

At Preacher Black's first service in the little log church he gathered in the contribution plate a fluffy pyramid of gopher tails. He put them quietly to one side without comment, understanding the grim

humour of the offering. There was a Government bounty of ten cents a tail on gophers, and his collection represented four dollars and twenty cents.

"It's just a saw-off," he muttered. "The plate was a bluff, and these jokers called me."

Scarcely a day passed without its vivid splash of local colour reading danger, or humour, or suspicion, and at times a friendly tribute of regard for Kinnaird's quality as a man. And he was an acceptable quantity in a secular way. He had been a medical student in his young days, and had brought to Stand Off a store of medicine and some surgical appliances. This had given colour to his assertion that he had come in a dual role: as a medical missionary.

Mayo's nature was an extraordinary combination of fanatical hatred of his enemies the police, and a spirit of fair mindedness in almost everything else. He was tall, powerful, and lean of loin as a stag-hound. A strange mastery over men lay hidden behind his deep set, solemn eyes, which, when he was angered, flared up with a lurid light as ravenously fierce as a wolf's. He had drifted northward from California with Chris after her mother died. The girl had much of the father's strong, fearless nature, his adherence to what he considered right; but something of schooling in her younger days had softened the channels of her thoughts.

Kinnaird had come expecting to find Chris of Stand Off, the daughter of the whiskey runner, an unlettered, perhaps unsexed woman, one something akin to the street type. He believed she had been used as a decoy, drawing the boyish constable Somers under the influence of her young womanhood, so that the whiskey men might through her obtain information of police movements against them. There was a half-formed plan in his mind to switch Chris's intent from Somers to himself. How it would work out he didn't know. Something would happen—the boy's pride—something would save him. That had been at the beginning; but the long days of many houred sunlight at Stand Off brought their enlightenment, and a new phase of this love trouble—a complicated one.

Chris was just what Somers had pictured her; as he had said succinctly, "As good as gold." And the infatuation was all the boy's; he was almost entirely absent from the girl's thoughts and words.

But many little things indicated to Kinnaird that his ungallant intent of attracting Chris had unconsciously developed into a serious situation. Their many rides together to ranches across the prairie had not been of his arranging; indeed, they sadly interfered with his plans. He could not quite disabuse his mind of the suspicion that perhaps it was part of the surveillance that he felt swimming in the Stand Off atmosphere. Probably to the girl had been allotted an espionage that the preacher would not suspect. Chance circumstances, little observations, indicated that more than once when he had ridden to some place of Chris's selection, a load of whiskey had been run in for redistribution in smaller lots through the clearing house of Mayo's trade store during his absence.

This association bred a curious reflex of uplift to both. Something of the girl's trust caused Kinnaird abasement, twinges of remorse, such as Judas might have felt. And the girl, who before his coming was quiescently steeped in the atmosphere of her father's views, now at times gave expression to an abhorrence of the traffic that was dangerously near to disloyalty.

To Kinnaird's credit he always checked Chris in her sudden outbursts of denunciation. In keeping with his office, he should have met with approval this working of the leaven of moral betterment, Chris thought; but this inexplicable contrariness in the preacher, the ever recurrent glitter of true metal through the matrix of sodden church mold, only increased her admiration.

There was the drama of a lifetime enacted in two moons of high tensioned life following Kinnaird's advent in Stand Off. Chris, youthful, impetuous, embodiment of unrestricted prairie life, wandered leagues in unexplored realms of emotion, lived years of a new, rapidly maturing life.

Kinnaird, bridle wise, fought against the deflecting vagaries of sentiment. There were cogent reasons why he should not contemplate the binding of a woman to his side. Tersely put by himself once, he was immune to the love fever because he was not immune to alcohol. When a student he had slipped into the clutches of the drink demon, and it

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.



# THE OPTIMISM OF THE WEST

By J. P. DOWNEY, M. P. P.

LIKE the Prairies, as William Cullen Bryant saw them, the Optimism of the West is "boundless and beautiful." Peculiar to no latitude and to no longitude, it is as much in evidence among the hills as on the plains. In the cities and towns it is virile and ubiquitous; but it permeates too the aroma that springs from the freshly turned sod and is the dominant note in the song the reaper sings.

The student of nation-building may be disposed to inquire as to the causes of this optimism. Is it the open, unconventional life of the West; the vast extent and wonderful fertility of her lands; the prompt and generous return that labour receives from Mother Nature, or the wonderful development in her commerce and transportation now spelled by three great transcontinental railway lines, reaching out in all directions to tap new sources of wealth? On all these, but not on these alone, does the optimism of the West feed and grow to be the imperious influence that it is to-day.

And apparently there is not a discordant note in the general chorus of praise for the West and confidence in her future. The people from foreign lands—those who have in some measure assimilated with Anglo-Saxon—are happy and contented. Too readily contented probably—satisfied many of them with what we would term a hand-to-mouth existence, and lacking the ambition and energy that make every advance a starting point for further progress. And yet it is remarkable what some of these people have accomplished. I was talking to a Galician in Northern Alberta who is reported to be worth fifty thousand dollars. He spoke English quite fluently and gave every evidence that he had been thoroughly Canadianised. He told me not a single one of his children could speak the Galician tongue. From babyhood they had been taught the language of their new home and into its life and activities they were being prepared to enter on the same footing as Canadian boys and girls. Wherever the Galician has had an opportunity to rub shoulders with the Westerner he has shown a disposition to adopt up-to-date methods. True, there are many who will wear sheep-skins to their grave, but their children are quick to swing into line with the newer civilisation—its fads and its fancies. An Edmonton lady recited a rather curious example of Galician adaptability. She had discarded a set of the invaluable aids to an attractive coiffure—because, I suppose, they were frayed at the edges. That very evening, Lena, her Galician maid, appeared in all the glory of her new found possessions, the "rats" being as tastefully arranged as if she had come from the hands of a hair dresser. "This good country for Galician," said the delighted servant.

A good country for every one who has the strength, the ability and the courage to "breast the blows of circumstance and grapple with his evil star." For it is not always plain sailing in the West. There are failures—failures in crops and failures in men. But the failures are few compared to the successes. Only once in three weeks' travelling did I meet a man from the East who was hard up. No wonder, then, that the Galician thinks it is a good country. But a better country it would be, for the Galician, if the Galician had been given a fair chance. The original colonisation of these people was a grave blunder. At the time it may have appeared the wisest policy, but experience has shown the unwisdom of it. In the colony they live—most of them—the old life, in every way out of touch with the opportunities and requirements of this country. They are in a land of great natural wealth and untold possibilities, but they are not of it. The old home ways are still their ways. They are more comfortable than they were in their native land, and they are content. In time, of course, the younger generations must be influenced by the better conditions beyond the settlement and gradually adopt the methods against which their fathers stolidly set their faces. And so the optimism of the West has infected the foreigner. Their old people are satisfied, and more than that they do not look for. The young people are in many cases enthusiastically keeping step with the procession and those who have not yet joined the march will soon step from behind the barrier of old-world prejudice and take their places in the line.

The unassimilating foreigner is, after all, a negligible quantity in the army of workers in the great West. His silence, if silent he be, passes unnoticed in the thunderous declaration for "our country, our whole country and nothing but our country"—our country in this particular instance being located west of the Great Lakes. Why the

young man from the East becomes wildly enthusiastic when he finds his bearings on the prairies is not difficult to answer. He knows what his fathers underwent in the pioneer days in Ontario. Stories of the long years of toil, of loneliness, of hardships—battling single-handed with the great forces of nature—are still ringing in his ears. He has heard of the white streak through the forest that marked the lonely trail of the settler to the nearest village, from which on his back he carried to his hut in the clearing flour and bacon and other provisions. Here in "the newer and vaster West" he sees different conditions. The Pullman car not unfrequently carries the prospective settler to the nearest station and automobiles whirl him across the prairie to the land he is seeking. The rude forefathers of Ontario's hamlets forced back the wilderness by the strength with which they wielded the axe. Stroke on stroke, day after day, how slowly the patch of cleared ground grew. Here the invading army arrives by train, on schedule time, and the steam plough soon prepares them to join in the answer to the nations' hungry call for bread. Under primeval conditions the Canadian farmer enjoyed a magnificent independence.

Not his the lurching of the aimless clod;  
But with the August gesture of a god—  
A gesture that is question and command—  
He hurls the bread of nations from his hand;  
And in the passion of the gesture flings  
His fierce defiance in the face of Kings.

Edwin Markham wrote of a day long past. The farmer no longer "hurls the bread of nations from his hand." He sits proudly on a four-horse seed drill and sows a twelve-foot space every turn he takes in the field. Then he watches with complacency the grain spring and the harvest whiten in the field. The self-binders and the wide-mouthed thresher get in their work; and the measure of the season's efforts is taken in the hopper at the nearby elevator. All very fine! All very fine! But there are bad seasons—late springs that worry and frosts that blight. What of them? Two good years make the wheat grower independent of one failure and the West at its worst has rarely drawn a blank oftener than one in three.

In recent years the optimism of the West has been nourished by the progressive settlers from Ontario and the United States. Also these newcomers have raised the standard of farming in many sections. The man from the Western States makes a good settler. He comes in equipped for the undertaking. He brings his horses, his cattle and his implements with him and he gets at the land in a businesslike way. And he is not long on Canadian soil till some of his delusions and misgivings are dispelled. He learns that under British Government there is all the liberty that a well-disposed citizen can desire—to make the laws and shape the administration of the country as the majority decide. He learns, too, that on every foot of the King's Dominion order is maintained and law impartially enforced. However remote he may be from the well-worn paths of civilisation, his flocks and his herds are safe. The wholesome influence of the R. N. W. M. P. permeates every corner: against the tireless vigilance and splendid courage of that force, the "rustler" and the "outlaw" must battle in vain. Gradually but surely the virtues of British rule come home to the U. S. settler, and while, for a time, he may revel in the undimmed glory of the 4th of July, it is not long till his respect for the same untrammelled liberty and never-weakening security guaranteed by the British flag makes him an enthusiastic Canadian and an eloquent optimist of the West.

What a worthy part the mounted police have played in Empire building in our far stretched territories! They make the settlement of the country possible. They enforce the wholesome truth that Pitt first promulgated: "Where law ends, tyranny begins." To the law-abiding they gave security; to the lawless they presented the stern unequivocal demands of British justice and said: "You must obey." At the Alberta Hotel Edmonton I met an officer from a detachment down the Mackenzie River. He had been educated in Toronto; spent seven years in the banking business and was an accountant in a prosperous branch when the "call of the wild" came to him. He was getting his outfit together for his two hundred mile trip to Athabasca Landing when I saw him.

"Just back from the East; had a nice visit with my friends," he said to me, as he tightened a strap a hole or two. And then he gave a brief outline of his prospective journeyings to the northward. He expected to be at the mouth of the Mackenzie River, two thousand miles from Edmonton, before Autumn. With evident pleasure he busied himself with his preparation. He was glad that the hour had struck when he must turn his back on civilisation and become a care-free wanderer in the wilderness. He loved the new life he declared; would not return to the East on any terms. How confidently this man spoke of Canada's possibilities. Canadians, he considered, had no adequate appreciation of the immensity and resources of their country. They talked of Edmonton as one of the out-posts of the "Last Great West." "Why man," and he looked at me with a sort of curious disdain, "I tell you Edmonton is the gateway to a greater West than the Last Great West as you know it. A delightful climate, thousands of square miles of splendid wheat and grazing lands, magnificent rivers, timber and minerals in abundance. You could settle north of here on good lands ten times the population of the present West and still be crying out for settlers."

He made a fine picture, this young Canadian, as he stood glowing in the pride of his youth and strength. Proud, too, of the colours that he wore and what they stood for.

## Value of International Medical Congresses

By G. Sterling Ryerson, M.D.  
*Representing Army Medical Service of Canada at Budapest.*

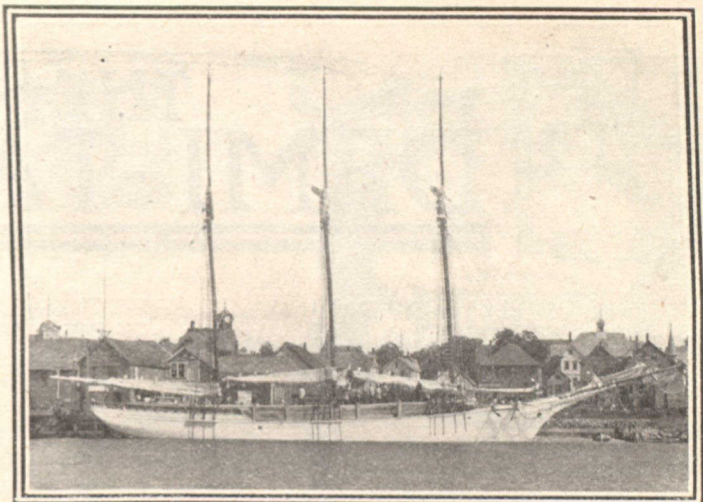
PEOPLE have often asked: "What good purpose do medical conventions serve? What is done at them?" The cynical add that they suppose it is an excuse for a good time. My experience is that medical congresses are of the greatest use to the profession and therefore of great benefit to mankind.

The work of organisation of an International Congress is enormous, and requires organising and executive ability of a high order. Invitations are issued to leading medical men in all parts of the world. Local committees are appointed dealing with their accommodation, transportation, business papers and entertainments. Efficient secretaries speaking two or three European languages have to be found. The State must be asked for a subvention—the late Congress at Budapest cost the State 300,000 crowns (\$60,000). Not only must the secretaries speak several languages, but they must have infinite tact and patience in dealing with all sorts of excitable people suffering from real or imaginary grievances. Then the work of the Congress must be divided into sections; suitable men found to act as chairmen and secretaries. Medical men must be solicited to send in papers on all sorts of subjects. General meetings must be arranged for with addresses on subjects of general interest. The ladies must be interested; a lady president of the ladies' committee found. Local and social jealousies must be stilled. Mrs. A, who is a social star, must be gotten to work with Mrs. B, who is her rival—all for the general good. The Congress being organised and officered and divided into sections and all parts in working order before the members arrive. The babel of tongues begins. At least four languages are official. How much better it would be if we doctors still spoke Latin! One eminent Italian delivered a Latin oration at Budapest. Few, if any of his hearers, understood him. The work of the sections begins. Excellent papers by eminent men are given and thoroughly discussed. New theories are enunciated—old ones killed. But the most valuable part of the meeting lies in the personal contact and private conversations with the leaders of our art. Thus difficulties are frankly discussed and means of meeting the knotty points devised. The value of these public meetings and of these private conferences cannot be over-estimated, and he who would keep the confidence of his brethren and the esteem of his clientele must take part in them. A final word: Every young man who enters the profession of medicine should be required to have a working knowledge of at least one foreign language, preferably Zeiman. Without it he must be always dependent on translations and the delays incident thereto. Further, without this accomplishment he cannot intelligently and intelligibly take part in an International Medical Congress.





Steamer at the Marine Yards at Point Tupper, N.S., hauled up ready for repairs



A Trawler at the Docks ready to be hauled up.

## PEOPLE AND PLACES

LITTLE STORIES BY LAND AND SEA, CONCERNING THE FOLK WHO MOVE HITHER AND THITHER ACROSS THE FACE OF A BIG LAND

AT Point Tupper, C.B. — named after Sir Charles Tupper, of course—there is a very novel sort of industry, owned and operated by the Strait of Canso Marine Railway Co. This is a sort of hospital for ships—and there are all sorts and conditions of craft in the vicinity of Point Tupper; ordinary fishing vessels and trawls and half-dead freighters bound for home; and once in a while a ship gets a dead spot, springs a leak, accumulates barnacles, smashes a rudder or a propeller, and it's necessary to get her up and out and on to the hospital dock as soon as possible. So at Point Tupper they have a set of sliding docks or cradles that reach out into the water and grab a ship by the nethers and snake her up on a set of iron rollers propelled and run by a powerful steam winch. This takes about twenty minutes for one ship. One of these cradles is 120 feet long, 38 feet wide and has a capacity of 850 tons. Up in the dry dock the sick trawler or freighter is over-run by a gang of expert ship's carpenters and caulkers and blacksmiths as the case may require. This gang at Point Tupper are able to handle four 100-ton vessels at a time—in one day. From July 27th to August 7th, which is about ten days, they hauled up thirty-two vessels for painting, cleaning and repairs. The Strait of Canso Marine Railway also maintains a dining outfit for the men.

### AN ART GALLERY IN THE NORTH.

ON the dingy walls of a deserted old big house in the almost untenanted Hudson's Bay Company village of Moose Factory there hangs an old oil painting which was photographed this summer by a voyageur up in that region. The picture is that of Sir George Simpson, who was one of the governors of Rupert's Land on behalf of the Hudson's Bay Company and one of the most remarkable men of a century ago. George Simpson has left his name at three places in Canada—besides at the bottom of the old painting at Moose Factory; at Fort Simpson on the Mackenzie, at Simpson's Falls on the Peace and at Cape George Simpson.

Simpson was one of the best travellers in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company. He covered most of new Canada. He was born in 1792—an Englishman; educated at old London, and in 1820 he emigrated to New York, not, however, with any intention of becoming a Yankee. He went straight up to Montreal where he got into the service of the great fur company and in the very next year after he came, while he was still a young man under thirty, he became Governor of Rupert's Land. He was an autocrat. His autocracy ended shortly after Donald A. Smith became a clerk in Labrador. Seven years after he got to Hudson's Bay, Simpson went on a transcontinental tour. But there was no transcontinental railway. He went by water; up the rivers—the Nelson and the Saskatchewan and down the Athabasca and the Peace; up to the Rockies and beyond, tracking up through some canyons that no white man before him had ever seen. On this trip he travelled nearly thirty-five hundred miles, and on account of it he was knighted.

Afterwards Sir George Simpson went on a trip round the world and did the circuit in one year, seven months and twenty-six days, which in those days of slow-going was fast travelling. His biographer has this to say of Sir George:

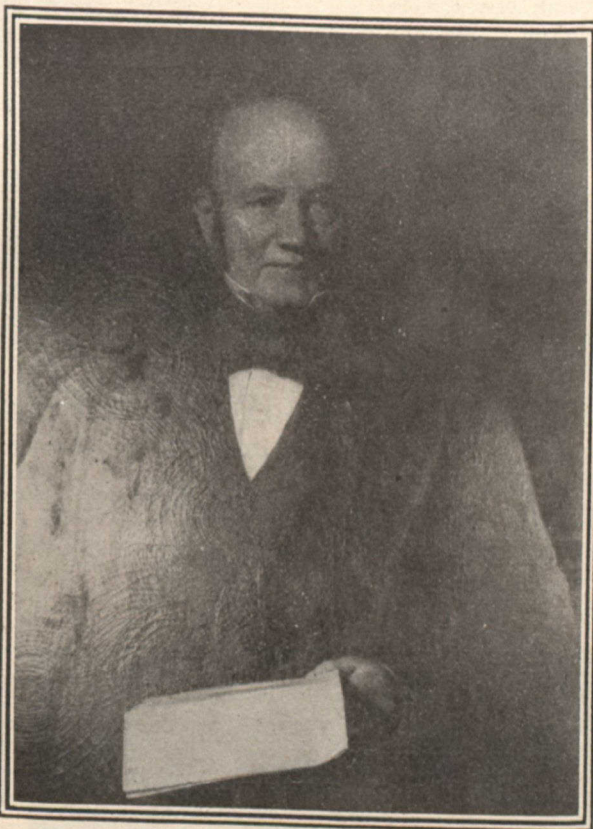
"Simpson's work as administrator of the Hudson's Bay Company began when British Columbia was scarcely settled, and was coincident with growth and progress which entitles him to be considered

one of the architects of the present Dominion. He took great interest in the Red River settlement; his experiments in agriculture and farming were original if not always wise."

Sir George was at Lachine in 1860 when the present King, then Prince of Wales, was touring Canada. At Lachine he received the Prince. In that same year he died and was buried at Montreal. The painting was done by an English artist and was sent out by sailing vessel through Hudson's Bay and hung in the old Factor's house, where it still hangs, seen by no one except a casual voyageur; probably the loneliest oil painting in the world. The photograph of the painting on this page is the only reproduction of it ever published.

\* \* \*

THE light in which Sir Wilfrid Laurier appears to a thorough outsider is well illustrated by the summary of Mr. James Collins in the *Saturday*



SIR GEORGE SIMPSON,

From 1821 to 1860 Governor of the Territories of the Hudson's Bay Company.

A faded inscription on a solitary Oil Painting in a lonesome old house in Moose Factory, contains this tribute to the career and character of one of Canada's most eminent pathfinders and early administrators: "Sir George Simpson, Governor of the Territories of the Hudson's Bay Co. Painted after the request of the Chief Factors and Chief Traders of the Company, as a mark of their respect for his talents."

*Evening Post.* Mr. Collins lived in Montreal for a number of years and was a writer of advertisements before going across the line to write for United States weeklies. He has therefore written more knowingly of Canada than do most United States

writers, and this is what he has to say concerning the Canadian Premier:

"French-Canadians might not be in power at Ottawa were it not for their possession of that inestimable treasure in politics—a Man. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is stronger than an army with banners, the idol of the Frenchman, and the recognised leader of Canada's most progressive English-speaking population. A story told of his trip to England two years ago, when he attended a conference of colonial prime ministers, exactly indicates his hold on both constituencies. At Liverpool he spoke in English to the typical dinner audience of British business, professional, and public men. Presently the Britishers were climbing on top of the tables to hear what this man had to say. His English was commented upon for its purity. A few days later Sir Wilfrid spoke in French at Paris, and quickly had the Parisians on the tables too. His French was considered as notable in France as his English had been in England."

\* \* \*

### MUSICAL MEMORIES.

IN the spring of 1910 Madame Albani and her troupe, including Muriel Foster, went up to Edmonton after singing in Winnipeg and Calgary. In those days the opera house and music hall was a large room above a fur store and a warehouse. In fact Albani sang directly above a bin of oats. The hall was packed with people who paid two dollars and a half to get in. All seats were reserved. There was a thousand-dollar house. Enthusiasm was at its height. Such a concert had never been heard in that fur-post town. But a local scribe had the temerity to write a column of appreciative criticism in the *Edmonton Bulletin*. Because he was critical he narrowly missed a rail-ride out of town. These people knew a good thing. They were enthusiastic and up-to-date, and they deserved credit for wanting to be up with the procession. But if Albani should sing in Edmonton nowadays she would most surely receive her knocks. There is more criticism, if not less enthusiasm in the West nowadays than there used to be when we all felt that we were out on the outpost edges with nowhere right next. Edmonton is full of people who know good music, and well equipped with singers, players and teachers who are quite as modern as can be found anywhere in Canada.

It is one of the best signs of the times out there on the prairie that the westerners are taking a strong interest in one of the most democratic of the fine arts. It may be a long while before they have picture galleries in those towns and cities. Painters and poets may be a long while arriving. Meanwhile they have music; good music produced by native talent in chorus and orchestra and church choir. Public enthusiasm is alive. People are proud of their own music. There is a healthy emulation. Competition is everywhere. There is no jealousy—let us hope!

There was also an organ in Edmonton those days that had a history; one of those vocalion contrivances that seem designed to play the deuce with the imagination. On its perilous passage in a waggon across the Saskatchewan, on the old cable scow, this vocalion toppled overboard and went to the bottom. There it remained for some days till they gaffled it up, soaked and soggy to the heart's core, every reed gathering a coat of rust. But they set it up and they played it. Years without even a jot of repairs, that thing did service in a Methodist Church.



# THE DEMI-TASSE

## SLIGHTLY MISLEADING.

**D**URING the last year, the theologians have been busy in the evangelical churches of the Dominion, stirring up a slight dissension by means of criticism, high and otherwise. In one of the committees of an Ontario conference of the Methodist Church, the theological views held by the various young probationers came up for revision. There was one of the youthful theologues whose doctrines were considered doubtful and whose desirability as a pulpit aspirant was therefore questioned by many of the elderly ministers. Suddenly one of the latter arose in his defence—a benevolent old "superintendent," whose junior assistant was the subject of attack.

"You are doing this young man a grave injustice," he said feelingly. "I assure you that his theology is sound. He believes in the first eleven chapters of Genesis, the account of the flood, Jonah and the whale and—and a Personal Devil. At least, he did last year when he was with me."

There was general applause, the young man's character and doctrines were declared blameless, while his elderly defender was sadly bewildered regarding the swift and cheerful change of attitude on the part of the clerical censors.

\* \* \*

## NEWSLETS.

Captain Bernier of the *Arctic* will arrive in Quebec about the middle of October, with a few furs and sundry observations. It is understood from a *COURIER* correspondent that the brave captain has refused to act as umpire in the Cook-Pearry controversy. He intends instead to address the Canadian Club of Ottawa on "Polar Bores I Have Fled From."

Hon. William Pugsley has been given a "sumphus" banquet at St. John, with that angel child, Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, to say a few words on his behalf. It was a perfectly lovely party.

A witness in the Burnham-Stratton case has just admitted that he may have told as many as fifty lies about the money and where it came from. They never do things by halves in Peterborough. Next thing we know, that witness will be saying that he found the North Pole last May and nailed a beaver to it.

Messina, Sicily, expects another earthquake before the end of October. But that's nothing to what is going to happen to the Conservative Party of Canada.

Dear Mrs. Pankhurst is to appear in Massey Hall, Toronto, early in November, to lecture on "Policemen I Have Pulverised." Premier Whitney has refused to take the chair, on account of a severe cold, and Hon. W. J. Hanna is going away after moose. There is nothing for it but to have Colonel Matheson preside, as the gallant Treasurer for the Province of Ontario is the very flower of chivalry.

## RIVALRY ON THE HUDSON



A Midnight Race.—*Life*.

Tickets, fifty cents; Colonel Grasett, Chief of Police, free.

Chairman Englehart has been so indiscreet as to mention mint juleps in connection with telegraph lines. Of course, it was only a figure of speech, but that was no language for a local option section. However, the worthy chairman remarks in justification: "Evil be to him who evil drinks!"

\* \* \*

## BREAD AND MILK AND PHILOSOPHY.

**T**HEY were having luncheon in one of Canada's great department stores—the boy and his mother—and the boy was having one of the times of his life. He had ordered fried potatoes and sirloin steak with magnificent carelessness, and had added salad and maple walnut ice cream as mere incidentals. Suddenly his mother put her hand on his knee and, bending forward, said confidentially:

"Teddy, do you see that man in the grey suit and bright green tie?"

"Yes," replied Teddy, as well as he could for a mouthful of potatoes.

"Well, he's getting ten thousand dollars a year—he's the manager."

Teddy regarded the gentleman with a certain degree of awe and then, slipping from his chair, went down to survey the manager. He returned with an expression of disgust on his chubby face.

"He ain't eatin' nothing but bread and milk."

"He's got dyspepsia and dare not eat any rich food."

"Not any maple walnut ice cream?" asked Teddy incredulously.

"Of course not."

"Well," said Young Canada, reaching for another roll, "I don't see where the fun comes in. Think of not having maple walnut or raspberry tarts or peanut brittle. Gee!"

And a pitying glance went backward towards the table where the manager was calmly disposing of a bowl of bread and milk. A fancy income means the simple life.

\* \* \*

## REPORT OF A CANON.

**C**ANON HENSLEY HENSON, during his lectures at Yale, said at a dinner in New Haven: "In my condemnation of this American custom I was mistaken. Yes, I was as ludicrously mistaken as the woman in the third-class smoker."

"At Banbury a half-dozen young Methodist ministers once boarded a third-class smoker wherein sat a frowsy woman smelling of beer. The young ministers had been attending a ministerial conference. In their black garb they conversed gravely on conference affairs, while the frowsy woman nodded in her corner.

"As the train approached the long tunnel, the woman roused herself. She pinned back lazily a tail of hair that had fallen on her shoulder, and

she fixed her glassy eyes on the six pale, black-clad divines. Then she took from her basket a huge breadknife.

"Making a few unsteady flourishes and lunges in the air with the knife, she said fiercely:

"Don't none o' you boys try none o' yer tricks on me in the tunnel, mind, or I'll open ye!"

\* \* \*

## A GROWING AFFECTION.

**T**HE Connecticut farmer was riding back from the cemetery with his nephew, after burying his wife.

"Well, she's gone," said the bereaved husband. The nephew assented dutifully.

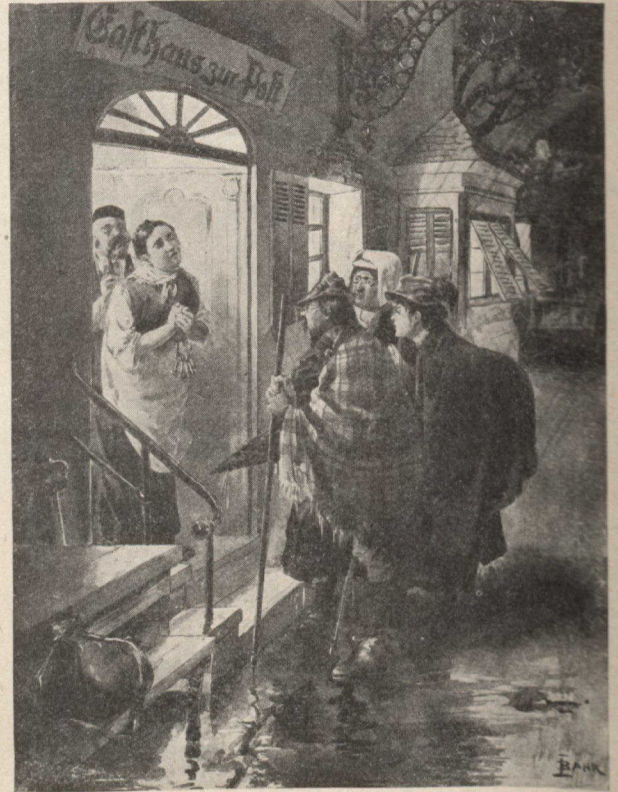
"She kep' good care of me for forty years," said the relict.

The nephew said that was so.

"And do you know," said the mourner, "toward the last I almost got to like her."—*Cosmopolitan*.

\* \* \*

## AT THE HEIGHT OF THE SEASON



Prospective Guest—"What? Every room taken and not even a place on the hay? How about the cow-stable?" Landlady—"Oh, my! The cow-stable is our reception room now, you know."—*Fliegenden Blatter*.

\* \* \*

## POOR AUTHOR!

**M**R. DAVID BELASCO is reputed to have the finest store of anecdotes of any living American—not even excepting Mark Twain—and the following is one of his best stories: "Writing plays is a risky business," he says, "and whenever I attend the first night of one of my own plays I feel as nervous as a girl in a fog. My nervousness is in no way improved by the following story, which on such occasions will persist in running through my mind. There was once a playwright who sat in the front row at the first night of a new piece of his own. This piece failed; it failed dreadfully. As the author sat pale and sad amid the hisses, a woman behind him leaned forward and said: 'Excuse me, sir, but knowing you to be the author of this play, I took the liberty, at the beginning of this performance, of snipping off a lock of your hair. Allow me to return it to you!'—*M. A. P.*"

\* \* \*

## AN UNNECESSARY PRECAUTION.

**A** SMALL girl living in an Ontario city was greatly interested in the extra tire carried by an automobile.

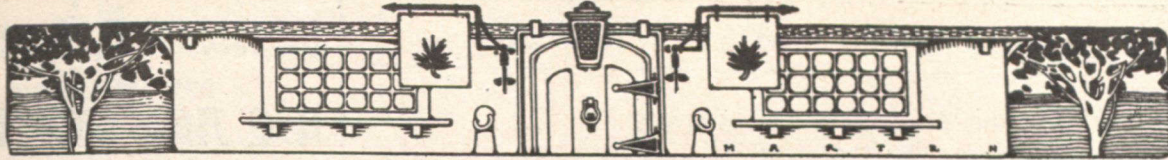
"Mother, mother," she asked in great excitement, "what does the automobile carry a life preserver for?"

\* \* \*

## A TALE OF A WAG.

**A** SENTRY while on duty was bitten by a valuable retriever, and drove his bayonet into the dog. Its owner sued him in the County Court for its value, and the evidence given showed that the soldier had not been badly bitten after all. "Why did you not knock the dog with the butt end of your rifle?" asked the judge. The court rocked with laughter when the sentry replied, "Why didn't he bite me with his tail?"—*London Daily News*.





AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS WOMAN.

I HAD thought and rather hoped that the æsthete, male and female, had disappeared for good. Time passes and the clubbed hair, rapt or silly expression and clinging gown have gone, but time, as is his way, brings other and perhaps greater evils with him. I refer to the Arts and Crafts woman. Her garments are stencilled and of sad colours like unto casement cloths; her hat is literally *al fresco*, and she is hung all over with strange things erroneously called jewels but which only suggest, at least to my particular and I suppose unanointed eye, a set of burglars' tools or the various propositions in Euclid hammered out into pewter and studded with sliced marbles. The Arts and Crafts woman does not entirely abjure feathers but the ones chosen by her to float athwart a flat black hat turned down over the face are utterly unrecognisable. I have among my books the two volumes of Wallace's "Geographical Distribution of Animals," and I have recently spent some time in trying to assign the proper habitation and name to the birds whose peculiar plumage appears upon these new and suggestive hats. One would like to see, after the manner of the great museums of palaeontology and zoology, a reproduction of the whole bird as it may have appeared (for it strongly savours of past aeons or ages) with all its feathers on. The idea seems to be that a perfectly straight policy, so often to be commended of course in other matters, is to apply also to dress and ornament. The curve, once the symbol of the line of Beauty, has gone, and in its stead we have these geometrical angles and triangles, crosses, cubes, rhomboids and ovoids, doing duty as leading parts of speech in a new "Grammar of Ornament" which might indeed puzzle Owen Jones himself could he see them. Perhaps these daddoed, frescoed costumes ought to be approached in their proper environment, such as the Private View. *Il faut souffrir pour être belle* is in this case passed over, as it were, to the observer or audience, for assuredly these square-backed wraps, these stencilled waves and zigzags, these bindings of leather and embroideries of metal, seem fitter for the furnishings of a studio than as adornments for the person.



Agnes Deans Cameron the well-known writer last summer went down the Mackenzie River, in the Arctic. She held parley with an Eskimo and his Wife.

ever, the committee considers groundless, and it "has reason to believe that if satisfactory assurances in respect to this objection are given, most of the women and all of the men in the university are agreed as to the desirability of a college for women."

CO-EDUCATION.

IT is now over twenty-four years since the doors of Toronto University were opened to woman that she might avail herself of the same advantages by which her brother prepares himself for worldly advancement or for advancing the world. The "higher education" of woman is not designed to make her a rival of man—although that sometimes seems inevitable but subservient—but to enable her to best fit herself for the fulfilment of the destiny to which she is called whatever it might be.

For some time now a committee has been considering the advisability of abolishing co-education in Toronto University and its report has been returned by Professor George M. Wrong M.A., Senior Professor of History. It is lengthy, carefully composed and fairly permeated with consideration for the advancement of women under the most favouring circumstances. "The question of the higher education of women is not under consideration—women have justified their claim to this"; they have given proof that high mental development, which for the last twenty-four years has been obtained through co-education, is the best preparation that a woman can have for filling worthily the position of wife or mother of a member of society in any station, and that these duties are among the pre-eminently important ones that are allotted to mankind is most evident.

"Nor is the question of co-education under discussion," continues the report, "yet, woman and man need somewhat different types of training—and neither sex likes the predominance of the other in its chosen sphere of

labour." But we all know that their interests are and must be for all time, in the main, one and indissoluble, and it can be best served by a mutual spiritual and mental understanding of each other.

"The men abandon the courses specially favoured by women, while the women do not select the courses specially favoured by the men," although it is true that women gained admittance to the halls of learning only by a severe struggle. "All the arts colleges in the University of Toronto are full and some of them overcrowded. A second state college will soon be an urgent necessity, and the most natural solution to a difficult problem would be to organise the women into a separate college."

"Sacrifice the women!" exclaimed an indignant, "rather than resort to other very obvious means of overcoming the difficulty."

"Then the courses are designed for men and men's careers, and women's education is not adequately studied—and besides, with a college for women, in time women would be appointed to the teaching staff, and the handicap of women engaged in educational work would be removed."

In view of all this, the committee suggests that "the women in the Arts Faculty of the University should be organised into a separate college with a woman at its head, and with a building for the special use of women." This would be a supposed great advantage to the women, for the women's college might have a larger and more varied staff than is to be found in any one of the existing arts colleges, and besides, the women would have classes in their own building, and the lecture-rooms of University College would be eased from some of the present overcrowding.

Yet there has been found among the women graduates of the university a "certain hesitancy" about the adoption of the above conclusions, which is based on the fear that the women might not receive instruction equal in quality to that which would be furnished to the men. This, however, the committee considers groundless, and it "has reason to believe that if satisfactory assurances in respect to this objection are given, most of the women and all of the men in the university are agreed as to the desirability of a college for women."

Still again, "since a considerable expenditure of money would be involved in founding a college for women your committee fears that early action is not likely."

It might be said that the report caused a temporary violent ruffling of feathers among university women, and was considered to be advocating a most reactionary step, and opposing most of what women's reform had been struggling for in Canada. But the ruffling was only of temporary duration, and after sober reflection upon the views expressed and considering that the formidable body of women out of the one thousand enrolled students numbered about three hundred, and that the class lists and the prize and scholarship lists of the last twenty-four years furnish indisputable proof that her indolence has been no detriment to man's ambition, having held, and in some cases more than held, her own, it was felt that the agitation was only a ripple on the surface intending to worry no one nor disturb the present trend of co-education towards prosperity. So wings are folded and minds are again at rest.

MONTREAL is looking forward to a number of splendid concerts this season. Dr. Wullner, the celebrated German singer, and Miss Gertrude Peppercorn, the eminent English pianiste, will be heard early in the winter, others of equal rank coming on later. His Excellency, Earl Grey, Governor-General of Canada, and Lady Grey have arranged to spend the first two weeks of October in Winnipeg. While in the West Earl Grey will lay the corner stones of the new Houses of Parliament for the young provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta.

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**MONEY AND MAGNATES**

HOW RECOVERY FROM DEPRESSION IS MADE.

**H**OW this wave of prosperity does roll along. No sooner does it touch one industry than another begins to feel some benefit from it until in time the full wave is on it too. The most striking example of just how it works out is afforded by the recovery made by the leading industries of the country after the siege of depression that set in a couple of years ago. Long before the average man had formed any idea that things were changing for the better, the directors of the C. P. R. were looking ahead and seeing what preparations they should have to make in order to handle the business that was sure to be offering once the tide turned. And it was their action that made the tide turn all the sooner, because away back in the fall of 1908 they had to lay out their plans for the requirements for the fall of 1909, with the result that enormous orders were decided on for the construction of new engines, new passenger coaches, and most of all for thousands upon thousands of new box cars, that would surely be needed in the handling of the crop, in view of the large increase in acreage that they had already seen ploughed throughout the western wheat belt. No sooner were these orders placed than there was a sudden air of activity about their own enormous shops just outside of Montreal, and in order that they might be able to handle them, they in turn placed orders with numerous other concerns who were manufacturers of different parts and equipment required by them in order to fill the contracts.

Some of the links in the chain that were benefited were the large locomotive works of the American Locomotive Company at Longue Point, which had practically been shut down for some months. This plant received a portion of the order for the new locomotives and immediately the management were able to make arrangements for a full staff to operate for some months. Then came the Montreal Steel Works and the different Railway Equipment companies, that supplied the different parts required in the construction of the passenger coaches, freight cars, etc. It was just orders of this kind that tided the companies over until such time as they would be able to secure orders elsewhere to keep their plants operating to full capacity and afforded thousands of mechanics the opportunity of getting back on the full time roll. This proved to be exactly what happened. Long before the big railway company's orders were filled, various traction companies throughout the country were in the market for additional equipment, steel rails, cross sections and switches, with the result that the iron and steel people could see that there was considerable business ahead and that they could make their arrangements accordingly. With all the smaller plants in practically full operation, it meant that there would be a very much readier market for the output of the major concerns, such as the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Co., the Dominion Iron and Steel, the Dominion Coal, the Lake Superior Corporation, and that the earning power of these concerns would gradually reach a level at which they might be able to make larger returns to their shareholders. In addition, this increased activity afforded the interests behind the different companies an opportunity of making whatever financial arrangements that might be necessary, and which might have been delayed owing to the stringent money market that always accompanies, or perhaps is the cause, of a period of depression.

It was a matter of great surprise to the leading banking interests of London and New York to see the rapidity with which Canada recovered from the depression, the gain in this country being very much more rapid than in any other country in the world, due largely perhaps to the fact that ours is a growing country, with gigantic works under way that must be carried out in order to meet the demands of the growing development of the country. Following upon the surprise, the London interests began to devote closer attention to Canada and things Canadian, and this had resulted in an enormous amount of English capital finding its way into Canadian industrial concerns since the beginning of the present year.

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**MONTREAL LUCKIER THAN TORONTO IN COBALT.**

**I**N the rivalry that exists between financial interests of Montreal and Toronto, at all times, Montrealers are just at the present time chuckling to themselves over the manner in which they have been able to secure the best propositions in the Cobalt camp, notwithstanding the fact that Toronto interests at the outset were more closely in touch with the actual conditions in the new silver country. While there is a great deal of luck regarding the showing that will be made on any particular property, Montrealers certainly had more than their share of it in the selections they made of locations on the silver belt. In this connection, mention may be made of such good paying concerns controlled almost entirely in Montreal as the Drummond mines, Kerr Lake, Coniagas and Crown Reserve. These propositions have been the biggest dividend payers, from the time they joined the ranks of the regular shipping mines, of the properties controlled absolutely in Canada. In the case of Nipissing and La Rose, of course, the control is held in New York and Boston.

A development that has brought this rivalry between Montreal and Toronto again to the fore occurred recently, when it fell to the lot of a Montrealer to make the first discovery of silver that was made on the new Gillies limit which was being held by the Ontario Government, and regarding which Toronto interests, close to government officials, ought to have had a pretty good line. This Montrealer was Mr. J. H. Waldman, who rather deserved the luck he had in making the first discovery, because at the outset he found it absolutely impossible to get any engineers to agree with him that the formation in this section of the camp was anything like the same as it was where the leading shipping mines are located, and who used his own private means in order to carry forward all the preliminary development work that resulted in the pure silver bodies being located. It was, of course, this discovery that placed an entirely new value on all the properties situated in the new district. Then along came another batch of Montrealers to look over the properties adjoining those taken up by Mr. Waldman, and the first thing we knew was that these eight gentlemen thought enough of the district to club together and make an offer of \$400,000 for a property containing somewhat less than twenty acres. The property adjoining this, now known as Cleopatra, was also taken up by Montrealers. Of course, mining is a very uncertain proposition, and it may be that Toronto interests may yet strike the richest thing in the camp, but up to the present time Montrealers have certainly had a little the better of the luck.

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## The Vindication of the Dude

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.

steeling himself for catastrophe, the lad counted, "One!—Two!—"

Again he won. "Oh hell, go on!" sputtered Iowa, through gritting teeth. And the boy resumed.

"Hit the key a sharp rap! Pretty good. Now, two raps, one right after the other. Good.

"Now, those are what we call 'dots.' Remember. Now, press the key down, hold it for just a moment, and let it come up again. Very good. You would learn telegraphy quickly, Mr. Davis. That is what we call a 'dash.'" With the situation apparently so well in hand, the boy was beginning almost to enjoy it.

"Now I'll have you do what I've been aiming at. And remember always—my finger is constantly pressing the trigger!"

"Now then, feel just this side of the key button, below. The little button of a lever? Got it? Press it from you."

There was a single sharp upward click of relay and sounder. The key was "open," ready for operation.

"Now listen. I want you to make the letter R—a dot, a pause for just a moment, then two more dots right together. And keep repeating till I stop you."

Still under the spell of the fancied revolver and the boy's unfaltering gaze, the renegade cow-man obeyed, and the telegraph instruments clicked out a painfully deliberate, but fairly readable "R."

When the despatcher at Redstone heard his call he started up from a book, listened a moment, and impatiently exclaiming, "Some fool student!" returned to his chair. But steadily, insistently, the repetition of R's continued, and at length he arose, strode to the offending instrument, struck open the key, and demanded, "Who? Sign!"

Clumsily came the answer, "B."  
"Bonepile! Now what's coming off down there? And it's not the new operator. He doesn't send like that."

The wire again clicked open. And slowly, and in the same heavy, clumsy hand, and while the chills began to tingle in the roots of his hair, the despatcher read.

"H-E-L-P — H-E-L-D U-P—A-F-T-E-R G-O-L-D — T-I-E-D T-O T-A-B-L-E—G-O-T D-R-O-P O-N H-I-M—M-A-K-I-N-G H-I-M S-E-N-D—B."

A moment the despatcher remained stiffly upright, as he had listened. Then he sprang at the key. "Good boy! Good boy!" he hurled back. "Keep it up for half an hour and we'll get help to you. There's an extra engine at H, waiting for 92. I'll send her right down. She should make it in twenty-five minutes." And therewith he whirled off into a mad succession of "H's."

But through young Jennings' strange feat in telegraphy help was nearer even than the unexpected succor from Hillside Junction. Despite the sleeping draught Davis had administered to Muskoka Jones, the unaccustomed clicking of the telegraph instruments had begun to arouse the big cow-man. And when finally, in sudden climax, came the lightning whirr of the despatcher's excited response, he gasped into consciousness, blinked, and suddenly found himself sitting upright, staring open-mouthed at the spectacle before him.

The next moment, with a shout, he was on his feet in the middle of the floor, and the lad had fainted.

As the boy sank forward his "pistol" fell from his hand and rolled into the light.

From Iowa came an inarticulate cry, his jaw dropped, his eyes started in his head. Muskoka, transfixed in his stride, wet his lips and swore soft,

incredulous words of admiration and amazement. Then in a moment he had cut the lad free and stretched him on the boards.

Iowa spoke first. Rising, with compressed lips he held towards Muskoka the butt of his pistol. "Here, plug me—with my own gun!" he said hoarsely.

Muskoka considered.  
"No," he said. "Leave your gun and hoss for the kid, and," turning and indicating the door, "git!" And following the abject renegade to the exit, he kicked him, gently—gently, sympathetically, kicked him out into the darkness.

Needless to say the entire Bar-O outfit apologised heartily and handsomely for their previous bearing towards the unsuspected hero—the latter detail of the apology including the widest Stetson, the finest colt, and the most ornate spurs purchasable at Calgary. And that this sentiment was permanent you would have judged had you been at Redstone Fair a year later, on the memorable occasion of the encounter between the Bar-O's and the Snapper Creek outfit—when one of the latter carelessly referred to the "pluckiest little operator and gun man on the western division of the C. P." as a "glass-eyed dude."

## Farmers and Autos

AT the last session of the Ontario Legislature much hostility to automobiles was evident among representatives of the country constituencies. Several propositions were indicated to not merely place rigid limits on the speed permitted to motor cars on certain days of the week. More by luck than anything else, the session passed without legislation along these lines.

Further south the farmers are feeling differently. The president of the New York Central Railroad, who is a farmer in his spare moments, the *Ottawa Journal* finds, has lately discovered that the automobile is getting popular with the real farmer. He was in Iowa—Clarinda, Iowa, to be exact—when he was told that in the Fourth of July parade a feature was to be a hundred farmers driving their own machines. This astonished Mr. Brown, and he began to ask questions. A farmer with two big cans of cream in the tonneau of his automobile explained that he used the car as a matter of economy.

"My place is thirteen miles out," he said. "I have to go to town every other day with cream and to do my trading. Before I bought an automobile it took a day for myself and a team of horses to make the trip. Now I am in town in forty-five minutes from the time I leave. I can get back in time to do a day's work and have a fresh team."

"Before the farmers began to use automobiles, there were bad places in the road between my place and town. In rainy weather a loaded waggon couldn't be hauled through them with a single team—it had to be dragged out by doubling up. Now with automobiles in use, these bad places are fixed up as soon as they develop—even if they have to put plank bridges across. So heavy hauling has been made easier."

Clarinda, Iowa, is not a big place—the population is about 3,000. That at least one hundred farmers in the neighbourhood of so small a town own motor vehicles is a significant thing. Canadian farmers are not quite so advantageously situated as regards the use of motor cars. The winter is a drawback.

(Stratford Herald.)

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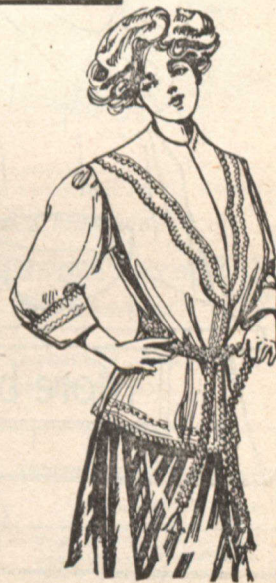
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## QUIPS AND CRANKS

### THE GOOD TIMES ARE COMING.

Oh, the good times are comin', no matter what they say;  
You kin hear 'em hummin', hummin',  
for a hundred miles away;  
They're a-sailin' through the summer  
an 'a-fightin' through the freeze;  
A-ridin' down the rivers an' a-blowin'  
in the breeze!

Comin'  
A-hummin'—  
Like a regiment a-drummin'; ..  
Lane has got a-turnin',  
Buttermilk's a-churnin',  
So keep your lamps a-burnin'  
Till the good times come!

Oh, the good times are comin'; you  
can see 'em on the run,  
A-twinklin' in the dewdrops an' a-  
shinin' in the sun!  
A-dumpin' over the daisies, an' bab-  
blin' in the brook,  
An' lookin' at a fellow like his sweet-  
heart use to look!

Comin'  
A-hummin'—  
Like a regiment a-drummin';  
Lane has got a-turnin',  
Buttermilk's a-churnin',  
So keep your lamps a-burnin'  
Till the good times come!

\* \* \*

THE business manager for David Warfield brought in from the road the story of the manager of a thrilling melodrama, in one scene of which a husband enters one door an instant after an admirer of his wife has made his exit from another. During a run of a week in one city the manager noticed that one man, obviously from the country, went in every night. Finally he remarked to the man that he must enjoy the performance. "Tolerably so," replied the playgoer, "but some night that husband is going to catch that other feller, and I want to be on hand to see what happens."

\* \* \*

### POLICY.

SATAN gloomily watched the boat unloading at the dock.  
"We've got to make hell more exclusive or the best people simply won't come here any more!" he remarked, and gave orders accordingly.

\* \* \*

### REMINGTON'S VERDICT.

FREDERICK REMINGTON, the illustrator, fresh from a western trip on which he had been making studies of Indians and cowpunchers and things outdoors, met an art editor who insisted upon dragging him up to an exhibition of very impressionistic pictures.

"You don't seem enthusiastic," remarked the editor as they were coming out. "Didn't you like them?"

Remington, remembering what he had been told as a boy, counted ten before replying. Then:

"Like 'em? Say! I've got two maiden aunts in New Rochelle that can knit better pictures than those!"

\* \* \*

### NO EXCUSE.

AN evangelist was exhorting his hearers to flee from the wrath to come. "I warn you," he said, "that there will be weeping, and wailing and gnashing of teeth!"

At this moment an old woman in the gallery stood up. "Sir," she shouted, "I have no teeth."

"Madam," returned the evangelist, "teeth will be provided."

\* \* \*

A LADY'S hat caught fire in Fleet Street one day last week owing to a lighted match having been thrown from the top of an omnibus.

Fortunately a passer-by drew the owner's attention to the fact that a conflagration was proceeding in a far-away corner of her headgear in time to prevent the entire edifice being destroyed.

\* \* \*

A WELL-DRESSED man, said to be an Englishman, has been arrested in Montmartre, Paris, on a charge of tendering bad half-sovereigns for dinners and entertainments. Which reminds us of the story about the touring company which had been doing very bad business in "the smalls." While the proprietor and sole responsible manager was standing outside the temporary theatre (the Corn Exchange) a very small boy with a very large melon arrived and proposed to barter the fruit for a seat in the gallery. The bargain was duly concluded, and the scene now changes to the interior of the theatre after the performance: "Boy" says the manager severely, "that melon was rotten." "That's all right," returns the youthful critic, "so was your show."

\* \* \*

### COOK.

Hooray!  
They say  
The Pole is found!  
O'er frozen bay, and strait and sound,  
Where ice tides roll  
That long sought goal  
Is pinched,  
And cinched,  
And run to ground!  
A wealth of praise  
In cheers and lays  
Greet Cook!  
By hook and crook  
The way he took  
Mid ice and snows  
O'er bergs and floes,  
Until at last he proudly stood  
Up where there is no latitude!  
Hooray for Cook!  
In the great book  
Of fame  
His name  
In ink of gold shall now be writ:  
"He trailed the Pole and cornered  
it!"

Where hosts have failed he found the spot—  
That's what!

\* \* \*

Father—Now, look here, you girls—when you grow up one of you must be able to speak French and the other German.

Brenda—All right, dad; and Muriel had better learn German, because she can gargle best.

\* \* \*

### DISCOVERED!

My Soul!  
The Pole  
Is at last in captivity,  
After good men of most every na-  
tivity  
Froze to death making an annual  
dash for it,  
Never receiving a dollar in cash for it;  
Starting with nothing more than a  
"Hooray" or two,  
Ending presumably in a frappe or  
two.

However,  
Since so much mystery seemed to  
surround the thing  
I'm very glad that they've finally  
found the thing.

But,  
Now that the dashing is done, and  
they're through with it,  
What in the deuce are they going to  
do with it?

\* \* \*

"The climax to his wooing was very romantic. He proposed to her on the verge of a mountain gorge."  
"What did she do?"  
"She threw him over."



# FOR THE CHILDREN

PETER HEARS A TRUE TALE.

By M. H. C.

I AM Peter's mother. He is five years old and has a turned-up nose and a freckled face, and blue eyes that grew large and round last night when I was telling him about Mr. Brown's barn that burned down yesterday while he and his daddy were away driving in the country.

He was sitting on the side of the bed and I was unbuttoning his shoes.

"Tell me more about it," he said. "Did the big red engine come tearing down the road with my big Bill on it, and did it whizz round the corner, and did the fire stop firing when it saw my Bill was coming to put it out?"

"No, it just blazed up all the higher," I said, "and the smoke rolled away in big clouds. Fireman Bill was first to reach it and he rushed right into the very worst part and no one could see him for a long time, but at last he came staggering out dragging after him—what do you think?"

"What," exclaimed Peter, breathlessly.

"Guess," said I.

"O please, please tell me!" and he nearly put my eye out kicking his feet in his anxiety to hear.

"My stars!" I said.

"You nearly blinded me with your old big toe, and if I had only one eye how could I tell you about Bill when he rushed right into the very worst part, so that no one could see him for a long time, and at last came staggering out dragging after him—do you really want to know what it was?"

And what do you think that bad Peter-boy said to his mother right there and then? He said, "I fink you're a tease." Wasn't that awful?

"Well, of course," I said, as I picked up his clothes from the floor and reached for his pyjamas that were airing before the grate fire. "No little boy that loved his mother would call her a tease, and of course, if he didn't love her she couldn't tell him about Bill rushing right into the very worse part, so that no one could see him for a long time, or what it was that he had when he came staggering out, dragging it after him. Dear me," I sighed, "I will certainly have to look for a little boy that loves me, and would not call me a tease and I will tell him the story."

Peter never said a word all the time I was buttoning up his back, but all of a sudden "Ouf! Wuff!" I cried, "is this a bear that is hugging and strangling me 'most to death! O please, dear Mr. Bear let this poor lady go, and if you will not kiss and hug her quite so hard she will promise not to tease you any more, and maybe she will tell you about Bill rushing right into the worst part of the—"

The bear covered my mouth with his hands.

"Tell your Peter," he shouted with a voice like thunder.

"Well, it was Betty Brown's baby calf. There," I said, "that was what it was, and it didn't get burned up

a bit and when the fire was over and when Bill had washed his smoky face and hands at the pump, Betty came tripping down through the orchard with her hands behind her back and she went up to Bill and said, "Mr. Bill, I like you very much for saving my baby calf, and I'm going to call her after you, and I've got a present for you that I want to give you quickly or maybe I'll back out and not give it to you at all." And she looked as if she was going to cry. "Here it is," she said. "And what do you think it was?"

"You promised not to tease," said Peter.

"So I did. Well it was Betty's doll, lovely Lindy Jane."

"O!" said Peter.

"But Bill would not take it. He told Betty that it was very very good of her to want him to have it, and he would just love to have a doll, but he knew Lindy would die of loneliness. He asked her to come and see him sometimes and bring Lindy too, and now I'm going to tuck you in and turn out the light, and tomorrow you may go over and see Betty yourself and she will tell you all about it."

As the bear hugged me for the last time, he whispered in my ear,

leaped over his master's fence, and away he went scampering after Piggie.

By and by, who should come along but Piggie's friend Billie Goat. "Mercy on us!" baa-ed Billie. "Where are you going in such a hurry, Bossie?"

"Going with Piggie," said the calf. "Where are you going, Piggie?"

"Going to market to bring my mother a pail of milk for Father's supper to-night," squealed Piggie, in a great hurry.

"Are you? I believe I'll go, too. I am so fond of milk." So Billie Goat ran out of the barn-yard and hurried after the calf.

Just as they were passing the house who should spy them but Rover the dog.

"Where are you going, Billie?" barked Rover, running out to the gate as he saw them rushing along. "Going with Bossie," said the goat.

"Where are you going, Bossie?"

"Going with Piggie."

"Where are you going, Piggie?"

"I am going to market to bring Mother a pail of milk for Father's supper to-night," squealed Piggie, in a great hurry.

"Are you? I believe I'll go, too. I am so fond of milk." So Rover hurried along up the road after the goat.

Just as they turned into the road, who should come jumping along but Tabby the cat.

"Well, well!" he meowed. "When did the circus come to town, Rover?"

"This is not a circus parade," said the dog, the goat, the calf, and Piggie all at once, as they ran.

"Then, where are you going, Rover?" again meowed Tabby.

"Going with Billie," barked Rover.

"Where are you going, Billie?"

"Going with Bossie."

"Where are you going, Bossie?"

"Going with Piggie."

"Where are you going, Piggie?"

"I am going to market to get my Mother a pail of milk for Father's supper to-night," squealed Piggie in a great hurry.

"Are you? I believe I'll go along. I am so fond of milk." So Tabby raced along after Rover.

When they got to the market, Piggie told his friends to wait outside while he hurried in and got the milk for his father's supper. It did not take him long, and he soon came trotting out because he was to hurry back home.

"Give me a sup for politeness' sake," meowed Tabby the cat, as she stuck her head in the pail. "My, that's good!"

"Pass it to me, Tabby," barked Rover the dog, "for politeness' sake. My, that's good!"

"Give me a sup, for politeness' sake," said Billie Goat. "My, that's good."

"Do not forget me, Billie, for politeness' sake," said Bossie the calf. "My, that's good!"

"Oh, dear; oh, dear!" squealed Piggie, when he saw what had happened. "What shall I do?" And away he trotted all by himself with an empty pail.



THE PET FOX AND THE APPLE

Teddy, the bright-eyed Baby Fox had a notion he would like an Apple.

"Wouldn't you jus' love to be a fireman like Bill?"

\* \* \*

## THE GOOD LITTLE PIGGIE AND HIS FRIENDS.

By L. WALDO LOCKLING.

ONCE there was a little piggie, a very good little piggie, who obeyed his mother so well that often she let him out of the pen to play with his friends on the farm. One afternoon this little piggie was playing with them, when suddenly he heard his mother calling: "Piggie, wiggie, wiggie, wiggie!"

"Piggie, dear," she said, as he ran to her, "take this and trot as fast as you can to market and get me a pail of milk for father's supper to-night."

So Piggie took the pail between his teeth and off he went to do what his mother told him. Now, you must remember that this little piggie was such a dear, good little piggie, that he had a great many friends among the other animals. So he had not gone far when who should spy him but his friend Bossie Calf. "Hello, there!" said the calf. "Where are you off to, Piggie?"

"I'm going to market to bring my mother a pail of milk for Father's supper to-night," squealed Piggie.

"Are you? I believe I'll go, too. I am so fond of milk." And the calf

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## Literary Notes

THE child of every potentate on earth except a literary man has the path of life made easy and respectable for him. John Smith may be a light, airy creature but the crowd will stop—remember that his father amassed four millions and conclude that John's quality of manhood must be characterised as "a dream." Not so if John's father was guilty of even twenty good novels; the paternal achievements would not make him a more fit subject for adulation than Tom, the grocer's son, or Bill whose father is in the coal business. The descendants of so popular a writer as Charles Dickens have lived even in abject misery until somebody who remembered David Copperfield brought the matter before the government and secured the famous two-dollars-and-a-half a week pension for Mary Angelina Dickens and her three sisters, which occasioned recently so much discussion throughout the Empire. The other day, a continental correspondent saw Adele Hugo at Neuilly. He was astonished to find himself in the peculiar predicament of having to explain to some neighbours of hers her identity as the daughter of the great Victor. But perhaps the reason in this case is Adele herself. She is a mystery. She lives in a house alone with but one attendant. Gossip says that she has never smiled nor spoken a word for twenty years. Those who would penetrate the veil which shrouds her life speak of an army captain—a big, handsome Saxon; of an elopement in the dead of night; and of the daughter's return—heart-broken. Such things have happened.

\* \* \*

MR. MAURICE HEWLETT, whose new novel has just appeared in England, is one of the numerous examples of a literary man claimed from the law. Mr. Hewlett was called to the bar in 1890 and practised with varied success for a short period. He found that day dreams of heroes and heroines, for which his literary temperament was responsible, did not contribute much to legal advancement, and after some consideration he decided to forsake the dusty purlieus of the law for the alluring but often treacherous paths of romance. Mr. Hewlett entered the literary circle by lecturing at South Kensington and University College. He established a reputation as an authority on mediæval times, and it was not long before editors were writing to him for contributions. His rise has been steady and rapid; today he is recognised among the best living exponents of pure and scholarly English.

\* \* \*

MRS. EVERARD COTES (Sara Jeanette Duncan), the Canadian who has made an enviable place for herself in the literary world of England, announces through her publishers, Methuen and Co., her latest novel "The Burnt Offering." This story is a romance of anarchy in Bengal and purports to be a commentary on the Indian situation. Mrs. Cotes is an old Brantford girl and a graduate of the Collegiate Institute of that city. She gained her first experience of writing upon the editorial staff of the *Toronto Globe* and *Montreal Star*. She drifted to India and became the wife of Everard Cotes, a well-known Eastern correspondent. Mrs. Cotes is the author of a full dozen volumes of which the best known are perhaps, "A Social Departure," "An American Girl in London," and "Those Delightful Americans."



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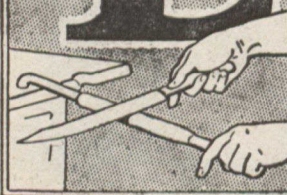
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## SERGEANT KINNAIRD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

had been a fearful fight for moral rehabilitation. His grand physique had helped him win; but he looked on his victory as tentative—he might again fall—and to drag a woman down into the hell he had once known would be horrible.

More than once these days he had received tribute from Chris to his Christian abstemiousness with a keen sense of shame. He was a coward in it all; he dared not trust himself.

One effect the girl's evident regard had, was to enhance Kinnaird's growing repugnance to the role of spy he had assumed so cheerfully at Fort Nelson. Curiously he had slashed Dupre for attributing to Somers this very influence of a woman over his duty. There was a difference. The constable held a sworn duty to Government, while he had only himself and his mission to hold fealty to.

Kinnaird sought relief from this disquieting situation in hastened effort to discover the illicit still he now felt convinced existed. There was a trail leading off toward Kootenay Pass, its evidence of traffic unexplained by the apparent uselessness of its existence. Nothing was produced up in the pass—neither minerals nor food products; there was no through traffic, except, perhaps, an occasional Stony Indian seeking mountain sheep.

One day, Kinnaird, riding fast and in a great detour, took up this trail, following it in between the foothills till he came to a cessation of wheel ruts. From that point a pack trail crawled upward over a wooded slope. He cached his bronco in a thicket of giant ferns among the pines, and like an Indian followed cautiously the winding path, dark penciled on the moss and lichen boulder clay. On it men had written with moccasined feet the message of their going and coming in letters that spoke of pack laden shoulders.

Where the path wound its terrific way along a ledge of a precipice that walled a caldron of mad waters, Kinnaird crept. At a sharp turn the ring of an axe came echoing from the gorge beyond. Surely it told of wood fuel for a still; for there was no habitation of man in that wild, barren spot. He retraced his steps to wait for a time when there might be nobody in the pass; and then, taking his life in his hands, he would follow the trail that dipped down into the gorge of secrets.

## CHAPTER V.

THE following day Kinnaird rode out to Stanford Ranch with Chris, at her request. Cayuse George had brought the information that the Hon. Stanford was "sure locoed from bug juice."

Poplar Bar furnished ample proof of the accuracy of Cayuse's diagnosis. Evidently it had been a picturesque debauch. Lord Stanford, the Honourable's pater, looked down on a badly wrecked dining room from a massive gilt frame out of one sinister eye, a bullet having carried away the other painted optic. A round hole in his forehead and another in his cheek told of inaccurate marksmanship. The log house was deserted; but, invited by a maudlin voice singing a verse from an old hymn, Kinnaird discovered the dissipated son of a lord sitting in a bucket down a well, clad simply in a pistol belt. When pulled up by the bucket rope, he was indignant at this interference with his desire for coolness, and fired pointblank at his tormentor. While Kinnaird soothed the tingling nerves of the Honourable with the thrust of a morphine needle, Chris rode over to Hobbema Ranch

and brought an Englishman to look after him.

As they trailed back to Stand Off, Chris was in a mood trying to her companion, painting a word picture laid in with strong chiaroscuro. Kinnaird knew that his temperance was the high light she set against the moral gloom at Poplar Bar. With a sense of relief he saw the continuance of Broadway cut across their path. He followed with his eye its serpent creep into the west, wondering if it really led to the cave of the forty thieves.

A crackle of six-shooters and the hilarious cries of two men rising shrill above the pound of galloping hoofs smote suddenly on his ear, sweeping westward. Two cowboys were racing neck and neck, a virile, moving picture of cyclonic intensity. Kinnaird laid his hand on the girl's arm, and checked Badger where the trails crossed. The next instant the animated storm swept by, a gust of its powder-perfumed breeze whipping their nostrils.

With a snort of sudden aroused desire for action, Badger plunged and whipped to the other trail. His leap was like the uncoil of a watch-spring; and Kinnaird, unpoised, wrenched fiercely at the bridle rein. With the quickness of a diving loon the horse's head went down, his spine arched like an Indian's bow, his four hoofs gathered to the compass of a hat, and his rider soared skyward, to discover on his return Badger diligently prowling up the trail in pursuit of the exuberant jockeys who, eager in their own affairs, were unaware of the added starter.

A smothered laugh from Chris awakened the unhorsed man to a sense of his uncanonical exclamation of disgust; and, rising with an apology, he watched Badger gallop with pricked ears as though he was hypnotised by the flapping pageant out in front. Half a mile on the trail the horse dropped to a trot; and as the distance between himself and the cowboys increased, his interest flagged. Slower and slower the trot showed, until it merged into a walk.

"What am I to do?" Kinnaird asked presently.

"I guess you're most effective set afoot," the girl answered; "and generally in that case a man walks."

"I couldn't catch him in a thousand years afoot," he objected, looking at Chinook suggestively.

The quizzical expression of the girl's face changed to one of paled apprehension. "And you couldn't rope Badger on that trail short of the pass," she declared, a serious vehemence in her tone. "He'll make straight for his old stable at Kootenay's."

Kinnaird touched Chinook, and walking at the horse's side turned toward the post. "I'll get another horse and follow him," he said presently.

"Tain't needed; they'll bring him in."

"They—who?"

"Some one'll pick him up on the trail," the girl stammered in sudden confusion.

"He'll wreck my saddle."

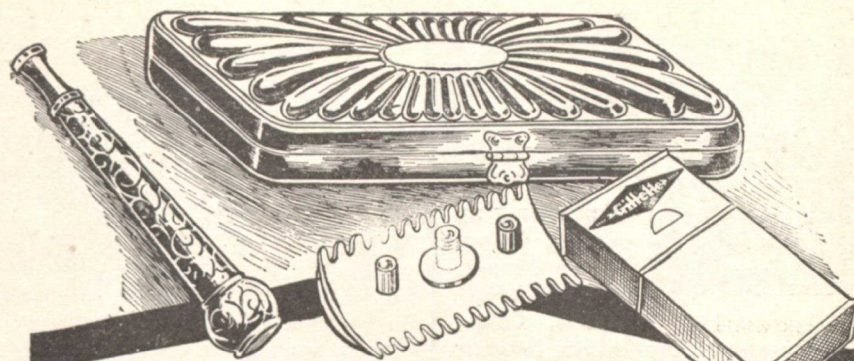
"Promise me you won't go after Badger!" Chris pleaded.

"Why, please?" Kinnaird queried impatiently.

"Matteo is back."

Kinnaird shrugged his shoulders.

"I know you don't fear him," Chris said; "but he's a copperhead snake—he'll strike in the dark. Why did he come back here a week ago? He's been brooding over being driven out by ridicule, and I know from his eyes there's murder in his heart. And I think he's up in the pass to-day."



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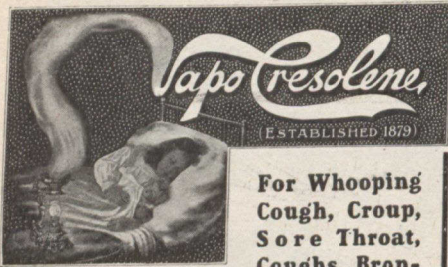


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"Why should he be in the pass, Chris, if his game is revenge? He can't expect me."

"Why—why—why!" Chris exclaimed bitterly. "Can't you accept what I say without torturing my soul to cry out words of truth? Can't you believe that I want to save you from your enemies?"

Then the vehemence passed, and letting her hand rest on his shoulder she said, "Leave Badger to be brought in by somebody else, will you?"

"All right," he answered, with a smile. "To please you, Chris, Badger may lead himself home."

They were at the Lone Pine; and the jagged rim of the mountains was soft in the gentle half-tone of dusk as Kinnaird cut across the prairie to his shack. "No, I won't go after Badger," he muttered, as, lighting a candle, he exchanged his boots for a pair of moccasins; "but I will go after a deuced sight cleverer lot of animals. If they are out yonder on that trail that leads to No Man's Land, there's something doing. The little woman was too much concerned over my welfare."

He snatched a bite of supper, and buckled a pair of pistols beneath his coat.

As he stopped to blow out the candle, a sudden inspiration checked him. He laughed. "A woman's wit is a corking proposition," he muttered. "This shack in darkness, clever Chris would be uneasy."

With a foot-rule he measured the candle; then, cutting an inch from its length, he said meditatively, "I guess that will sputter out about ten o'clock and she'll think I've gone to sleep. Curse this contract, anyway! It's one long, living lie!"

He placed the candle so its light struck through the shack's one window toward the hotel, drawing across the casement a thin curtain of cheese-cloth lest prying eyes should discover his absence.

As Kinnaird closed the door behind him he slipped the leather latchstring back into the shack, as an evidence that he was within, and struck westward across the prairie at a dog lope, angling to the trail a mile beyond Stand Off.

Far to the south there was a penciled line of red against the huge gloom of Chief Mountain, where a prairie fire licked with hot tongue at the parched grass. Its smoke hazed the moonlight, and rasped Kinnaird's heaving lungs with its acrid breath till he coughed. Just topping Stand Off, the moon loomed sullen red through the smoked atmosphere, showing in inked lines the waggon ruts of the trail. Sometimes he dropped to a walk to cool out his lungs, which, big and lean of fat, held without distress his Indian lope for a mile at a stretch.

As he dipped with the trail into Sweet Grass coulee a horse raced from its marshy flat and pounded in erratic gallop up the farther hill, the clink of flapping stirrups telling it was Badger.

"Oh, you swivel-brained mule!" Kinnaird apostrophised the shadowy figure, as it merged to nothing in the moonlight. He realised the menacing danger of this uncontrolled herald of his approach. Badger would cling to the road, starting off like a startled deer at each approach of his owner, and if he galloped, saddled as he was, into whatever rendezvous the whiskey men had, Kinnaird stood a far better chance of getting shot than of discovering anything.

Reviling the bronco, he went forward more cautiously at a fast, noiseless walk. Once again he heard the sudden pounding of hoofs as Badger winded him. He was drawing into the pass now, about five miles from Stand Off. He could hear, borne on the silent night air, the faint music of

Mad Squaw Rapids, where the Kootenay roared through the gorge at Little Divide. He slacked his pace, judging that he must again be close to the horse. A hundred yards, and suddenly, the form of Badger loomed, grazing beside the trail. Again he was off at a gallop.

Suddenly a man's voice rang out in an imperative "Halt!"

Kinnaird's trained ear, tensioned as he stood with head thrust forward listening, caught a muffled change in the pat-pitty-pat of the hoofs that told him Badger had swerved to the prairie at the challenge.

"Halt, or I'll shoot!"

The voice had scarce stilled before a rifle barked viciously, a red flash beaconing its position. Then again it crackled, twice, in rapid fire.

Kinnaird, swinging to the left, creeping onward, heard men's voices fifty yards ahead. They came with the distinct carrying force of words flung across space.

"It's dat church coyote! I knocked him out de saddle!" one cried from a spot twenty yards to the right of where the rifle had red-lettered the gloom.

With a start Kinnaird recognised Matteo's shrill tones. Then he heard the other man say, "Hold on, Matt, till I picket these lines, and I'll help you look for the—"

There was the metallic creak of a neckyoke as the driver pulled his horses back, and the thump of his jump to earth.

As he moved off the driver asked, "What makes you think it was the sky pilot, Matt? Did you sure wing him?"

The Corsican cackled a hyena laugh of derision. "Think!" he snarled. "De saddle was empty when Badger loped pas' after I shoot, and I knowed dat cayuse's white legs. Come on, Kootenay, fore he crawls off and caches."

Kinnaird saw the two men who searched for his shot-riddled body loom grotesquely in the mysterious moonlight at times, and then the gloom would engulf the ghostlike prowlers. It was a gruesome scene—the Corsican gloating over the murderous prospect of finding the man whom he had shot out of the saddle—but Kinnaird chuckled, and, slipping forward to the waggon that blurred in a dark mass, ran his hand under a tarpaulin that covered its freight. Square tins, wedged tightly, filled the waggon box.

"Phew! Whiskey! I thought so," he muttered.

Exclamations of disappointment came at intervals from the men who searched in the grass.

"It's about time the dead man folded his tent and stole away," Kinnaird muttered, and keeping the waggon between himself and the shadowy figures he walked quietly a hundred yards deep into the prairie, and then, breaking into a trot, circled back to the trail that led to Stand Off.

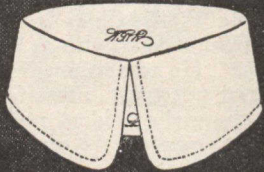
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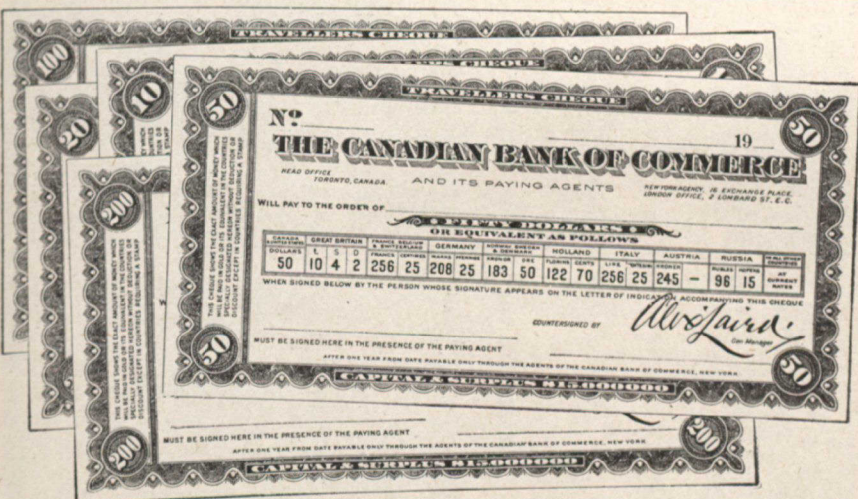
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☞ No need to tell you that our faultless tailoring stands behind the peerless material in the object of satisfying you; no need to emphasize the fact that from measuring time until the final stitch is firmly in place "quality" is the watchword here.

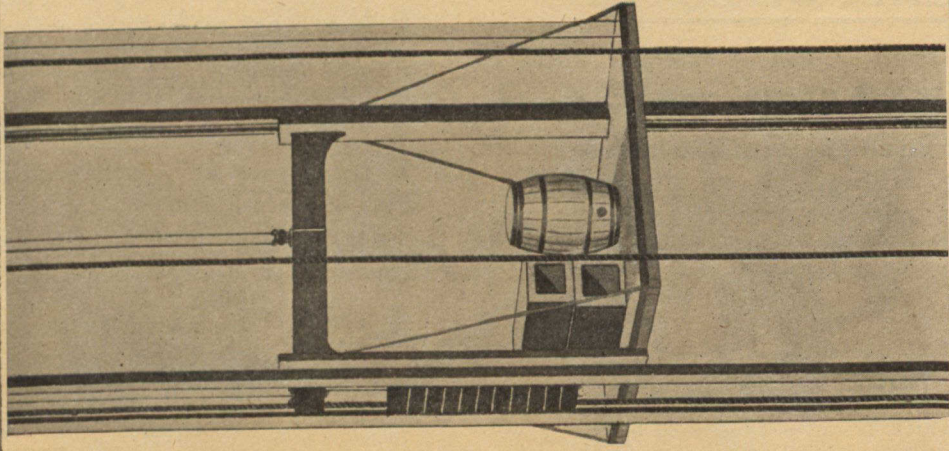
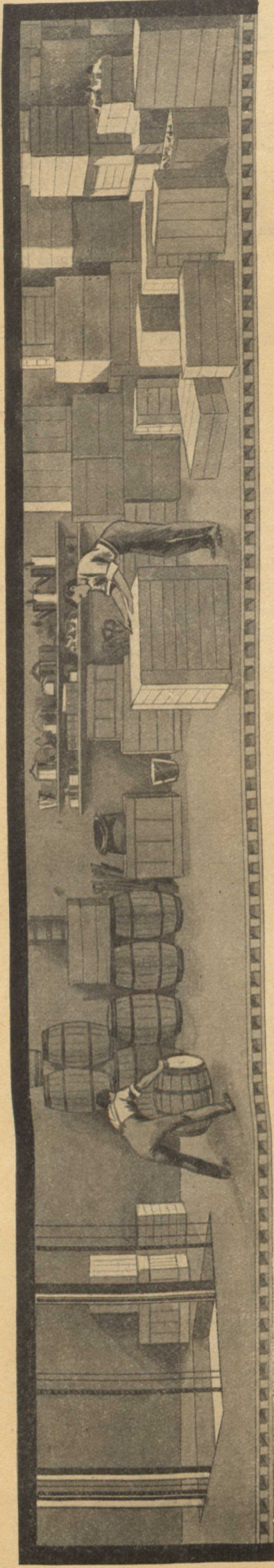
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