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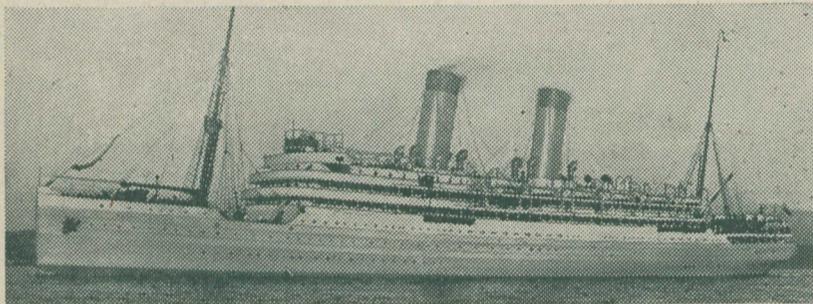
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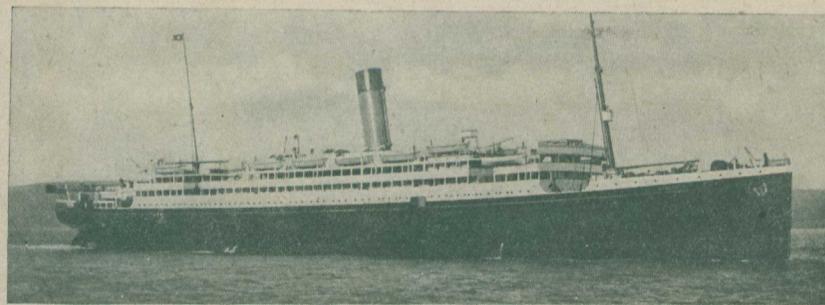
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Superintendent

The Canadian  
**Courier**  
A National Weekly

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Editor's Talk

NEXT week's issue will be our fourth annual Travel Number. Those who are thinking about their holidays will want to read it; those whose noses are so close to the grindstone that they have not yet thought of holidays ought to read it. It will breathe the spirit of the wild woods and the lake shore.

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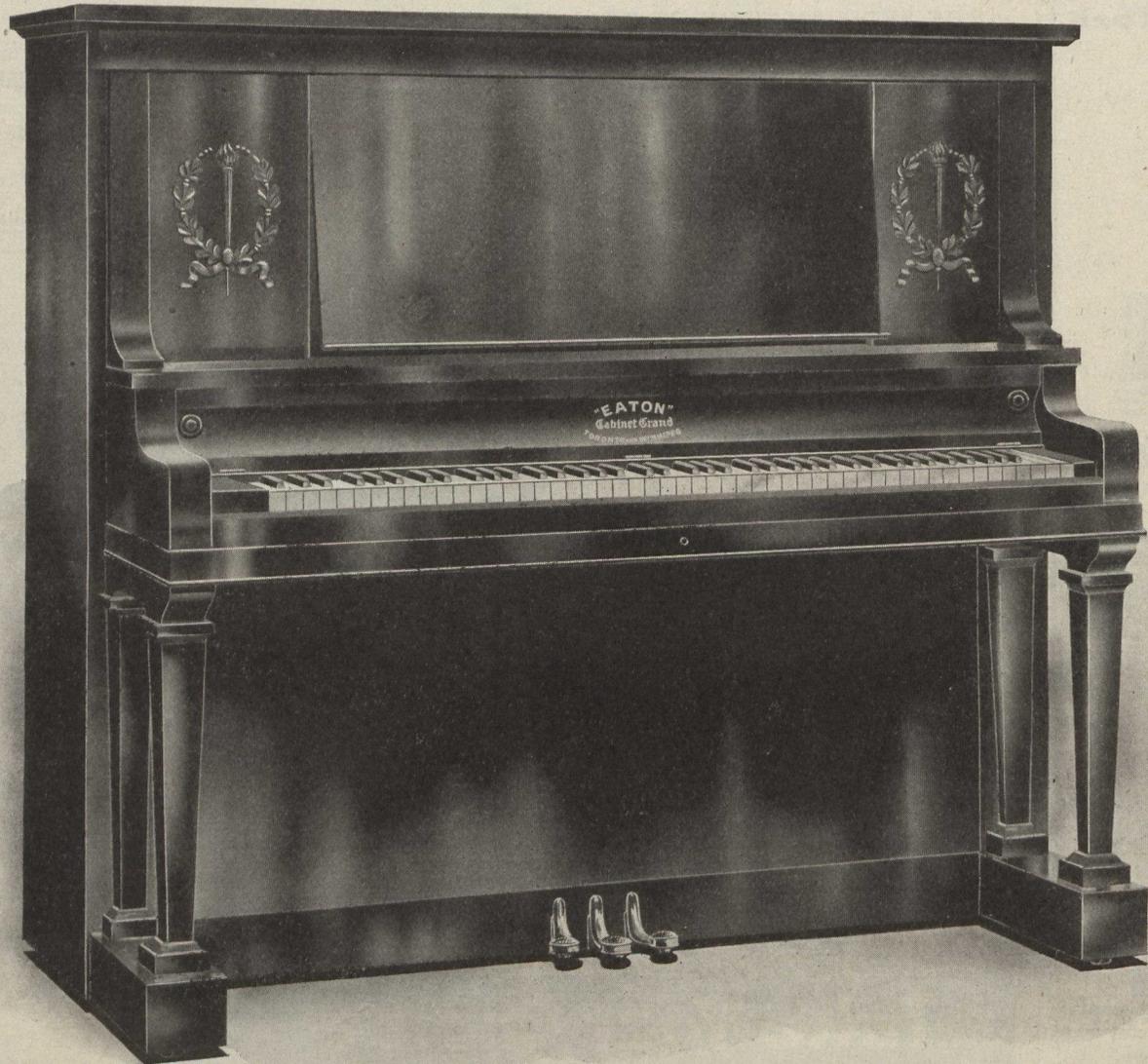
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# Canadian Courier

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

VOL. 7

Toronto, May 28th, 1910

No. 26



### REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

CERTAINLY, the coronation oath should be amended so as to be positive instead of negative. By stating what a Protestant believes, the King can be relieved of denying what Roman Catholics believe. If that amendment would satisfy the Roman Catholics it should be accepted by Protestants. As a matter of fact, it will not alter the circumstances to any great extent. If King George announces his allegiance to the Protestant faith in positive terms, he thereby declares that he does not believe in those doctrines which distinguish Protestantism from Romanism. Such a coronation oath would be fully as anti-Catholic as the present oath.

Roman Catholics who declare that a member of that faith married to a Protestant in a Protestant church is not legally or morally married, can make no strong plea to Protestants for toleration. When a Roman Catholic archbishop prevents a Roman Catholic judge from speaking in a Protestant church on temperance, the people who support that archbishop are not in a position to protest strongly against an anti-Romanist coronation oath. On the day of the King's funeral, Roman Catholic cadets taking part in a procession in a small Canadian town were warned not to enter a Protestant church, and remained outside; this is not toleration of the highest type.

Roman Catholics and Protestants are certainly living together in Canada in greater harmony than ever before. Nevertheless, there is much to be done before either side shows that broad Christian spirit which both profess. There is still the intolerant *Orange Sentinel* on the one side and still the equally intolerant *Catholic Register* on the other. If the coronation oath stands in the way of showing a spirit of religious toleration to Roman Catholics, the Protestants of Canada would be willing to have it changed. In doing so, they have a right to appeal to Archbishop Bruchesi and his fellow officials of the Roman Catholic church that they shall show an equally generous attitude toward mixed marriages and the attendance of Roman Catholics at semi-religious events, such as weddings and funerals, in Protestant churches.

MANY people are anxiously watching the attitude of the Toronto *Globe* on reciprocity matters. There is a reason for this. In the recent negotiations with the United States, and the consequent settlement, the editor of the *Globe* took a rather prominent if unofficial part. Indeed, gossip says that he went so far in his solicitous anxiety for peace that he forced the hands of the Canadian Government to an extent which was extremely displeasing to certain members of the Laurier cabinet. Under these circumstances the luke-warm editorial which appeared in the *Globe* of the 20th is quite interesting. It indicates that the *Globe* is not so anxious to improve relations between the two countries as it was three months ago. It has grown quite judicial.

It says: "But we would not be justified in making any treaty that would prevent us going forward without them (the United States) on every available opportunity (for freer trade with the world). Other treaties and agreements can do no harm and may be mutually beneficial." In other words, if we lower our duties on United States goods, this should not prevent us giving even lower duties to Great Britain or any one else. This is fairly reasonable—providing that we are in favour of lower duties.

Further, in the same article the *Globe* expresses the opinion, mildly of course, that if the United States wants more of our produce and goods, all that is necessary is to lower the United States tariff. This is really sensible. For the *Globe* it is somewhat remarkable. The logical conclusion from such an argument, though the *Globe* does not say so, is that Canada should refuse to consider reciprocity until the United States tariff is cut in two and is thus brought to the Canadian level. Perhaps the remoteness of such a possibility made the *Globe* feel that it would be useless to pursue the argument to a logical conclusion.

It is only fair that in all arguments on reciprocity we should

clearly remember that on the average United States duties are twice as high as Canadian duties. Furthermore, some United States duties are prohibitive, while none of Canada's are. Pro-

hibitive duties prevent importation and reduce the average duty paid on all dutiable goods.

THE *Winnipeg Telegram* comes to a somewhat similar conclusion by a different method of reasoning. Speaking of the report from Washington that the United States will "insist" that Canadian pulpwood shall be exported to the United States on better terms; the *Telegram* answers this "insist" by saying, "Let it remove the duties on paper and Canada will do the rest." Here again is an invitation to the United States to take the remedy which lies nearest to its hand and not wait for possibly unsuccessful reciprocity negotiations.

However, the *Telegram* weakens its editorial with its closing sentence, which reads, "If the object of the people of the United States is to preserve their paper mills we cannot be blamed for trying to preserve our forests." This is unwise. It would have been better to say that if the United States insists on having a tariff of 49 per cent., how can it expect to enter into reciprocity negotiations with a country with a tariff of only 24 per cent.

ONE great reason which is driving the United States to enter into reciprocity negotiations is its desire to get our pulpwood. The curious feature of the situation is that the Dominion Government cannot guarantee that our pulpwood shall be freely exported, even if the United States offered a *quid pro quo*. It is for the provinces which own the pulpwood to say whether or not it shall be exported as pulpwood or whether it shall be made up into paper before being taken across the line. The Ontario Government, not the Dominion, has the say as to whether Ontario pulpwood shall be exported or not. The Dominion cannot force the Ontario government to withdraw its present prohibitory law. The case is the same in Quebec. It would be the same, if New Brunswick or Nova Scotia took a notion to allow no more pulpwood from its crown lands to go outside the province until manufactured into paper.

Therefore it is useless for the United States to "insist" as a preliminary that pulpwood shall go out of Canada freely. The Dominion Government has not the power nor the authority to give such a guarantee. All the reciprocity treaties that can be framed by Ottawa and Washington will not be able to prevent the provinces which own the pulpwood making such regulations as they desire as to the form in which it shall be shipped. Our pulpwood is going to be manufactured at home in spite of all the pleadings of Ottawa or Washington.

OF course it is quite possible that the United States Government might go unofficially to these provinces and offer to remove all its duties on paper if the provinces allowed the free export of pulpwood. No reciprocity treaty would be needed in that case. No negotiations with the Ottawa government would be necessary. There would then be two separate and distinct propositions in the air—one unofficial with the provinces, and one official with the Dominion Government.

MR. WALLACE NESBITT, K.C., in an address to the Economic Club of New York, gave the New York business men much the same advice as the Toronto *Globe* and *Winnipeg Telegram*. He pointed out that if the United States, in its own interests, were to lower its tariff on Canadian goods that the cost of living in the United States would go down. Grain, flour, breadstuffs, animals, fish, poultry, eggs, butter, cheese, skins, and timber should be allowed to enter the United States free, so as to lower the cost of living and enable the United States manufacturer to compete more successfully with the

foreign manufacturer. This is good advice, but will the United States take it? Will the United States producers of foodstuffs agree to the free importation of Canadian agricultural produce? Will the United States lumbermen and limit owners agree to free lumber? Will the United States fishermen agree to free fish? Not the least likelihood. They will answer that they have as much right to protection as the manufacturers. Even a Democratic Senate and a Democratic President would hardly go so far towards free trade, and certainly the Republicans, now in the majority, would not think of such action.

Mr. Nesbitt may be quite right in his argument that it would lower the cost of living in the United States. But is there any evidence that the people of that country consider the high cost of living a bar to progress? Is it not true that they have boasted of their high wages, good prices and general high standard of living? Any objections to the high cost of living have been directed mainly against those making undue profits, but there has been little advocacy of allowing food to come in from other countries on a free trade basis.

Mr. Nesbitt gave them good advice perhaps, but other scholars and students have been giving that advice for years without appreciable effect. What the United States people desire is not cheap foreign food-products but profitable foreign markets for American manufactures, and that is the basis on which they propose to negotiate a reciprocity treaty with Canada. They are wise people and know that they can admit foodstuffs and raw products free any time they so desire. Reciprocity treaties are not required in that connection. To get their manufactures into Canada and other protectionist countries on the other hand, they must negotiate and conclude trade treaties.

AS soon as affairs settle down in Great Britain, the cables will begin to tell us about the progress of the "Parliament Bill" which embodies the Veto Resolutions passed by the House of Commons. The preamble of the bill says that it is intended ultimately to "substitute for the House of Lords as it at present exists, a Second Chamber, constituted on a popular instead of a hereditary basis," and that in the meantime it is proposed to restrict the existing power of the House of Lords in regard to money bills. The Speaker is to decide what is a money bill, and no amendment to such is to be permitted. Other bills when passed by the House of Commons in three successive sessions, whether of the same parliament or not, are to become law without the assent of the Upper House.

Whether the Parliament Bill will be presented to the House of Lords before the Veto Resolutions are considered by them is not clear, but will be shortly. Some of the Liberals and Labourites are objecting to the Bill on the ground that it is the beginning of a written constitution. Others say that the Bill does not go far enough, because it substitutes "reform" of the Lords for "abolition" which alone would satisfy them.

Whatever the circumstances, Canadians will do well to watch the progress of the "Parliament Bill." It will probably be the chief bone of contention at the general elections which must occur before the year is out.

BUSINESS men of Winnipeg have been holding an excursion through the neighbouring provinces. They visited Portage, Brandon, Regina, Moose Jaw, Medicine Hat, Lethbridge, Calgary, Edmonton, Saskatoon and Yorkton. Their object was to see for themselves the progress that is being made.

How would it be if the manufacturers of Ontario were to send a similar scouting party through the Maritime Provinces to make a report to the Association and to the public? Also another scouting party through the West to make a similar report? The information they would collect would be very valuable if compiled and edited by a competent secretary, and it would be quite different in character to the "dope" of the wandering journalist. Why should the whole duty of gathering and transmitting commercial information be left to newspaper men, who know nothing about the real problems of commerce?

Winnipeg has set an example which Toronto or Montreal or the Manufacturers' Association as a whole might reasonably imitate.

AT last Canada is to have a National Press Association. Several ineffectual attempts have been made in past years, but the fates seemed disinclined. "National" and "Dominion" were words which seemed to be too great for the ordinary newspaper man. Geography was the main barrier, though provincial outlook was nearly as potent. At last week's gathering of newspaper men in Toronto another

attempt was made to form a Dominion Association. The Western Canada Association, the Province of Quebec Association and the Maritime Association sent representatives and these with special delegates from the Canadian Press Association met and drafted a Dominion constitution based on that of the Institute of Journalists of Great Britain. This will be submitted to the various provincial associations for their approval. If the blessing of these bodies is secured, the Dominion Press Association will come into existence.

## THE NAME OF THE KING

THE passing of Edward VII. came so suddenly upon his subjects that it will be some time before "God Save the King" will seem a prayer for any but the genial and kindly sovereign whose peace-making power meant the comfort and happiness of the British empire.

Ever since the days of Shakespeare, the question of his Juliet—"What's in a name?"—has echoed from many a stage, and as yet no reply has been given. With the accession of George V. comes the reminder from several sources that the name is not of good omen. Henry and Edward have been the popular names for English kings, and the latter, from the time of the Plantagenet rulers, has been associated almost invariably with conquest and prosperity. The Georges, however, are quite another matter, as the United States papers have been careful to point out. However, even in Uncle Sam's country, the name has not been without honour, as a long line from George Washington to George Dewey may surely testify.

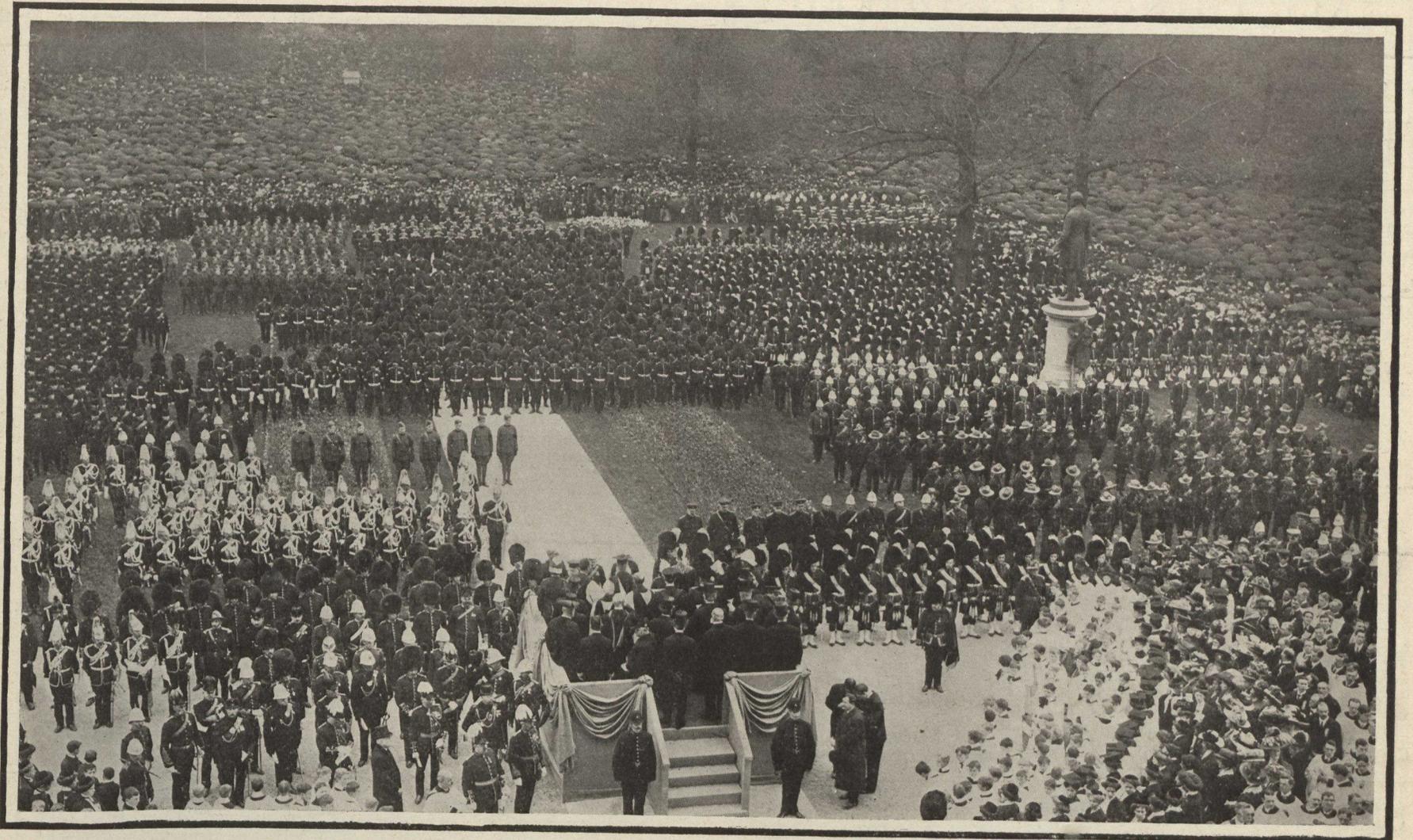
Thackeray's lecture, "The Four Georges," has, no doubt, had a profound effect, both in the historic and the literary world, so far as the estimate of the early sovereigns of the House of Hanover is concerned. He has depicted all too graphically the stupidity of the first two kings, the stubbornness of the third, and the dishonour of the fourth. However, we must remember that Mr. Augustine Birrell has come to the rescue of the two former gentlemen and has declared that they were both shrewd and capable, although neither sprightly nor debonair. These four censured Georges had their good qualities, after all, and let us hope that the present bearer of the name will display their virtues and be found destitute of their vices. The placidity of George I., the shrewdness of George II., the gentleness of George III., and the bonhomie of George IV., would not make so poor a blend of attractive qualities. At any rate, we are not afraid of the name, since it is borne by a man, trained under the most diplomatic and beloved sovereign of modern times. May he prove also to have inherited from the Queen Mother the graciousness which endeared her to his people.

## AT HISTORIC WINDSOR CASTLE



Proclamation of George V in the Royal Borough of Windsor, close by the statue of Queen Victoria. Photograph by London News Agency

# CANADA HONOURS THE MEMORY OF EDWARD VII.



On Friday, May 20th, the day of the King's funeral, every Canadian city held a Memorial Service. This picture shows the 3,000 soldiers and 100,000 civilians gathered in front of the Parliament Buildings, Toronto. During the service a light rain fell which explains the sea of umbrellas.



A Section of the Toronto crowd.

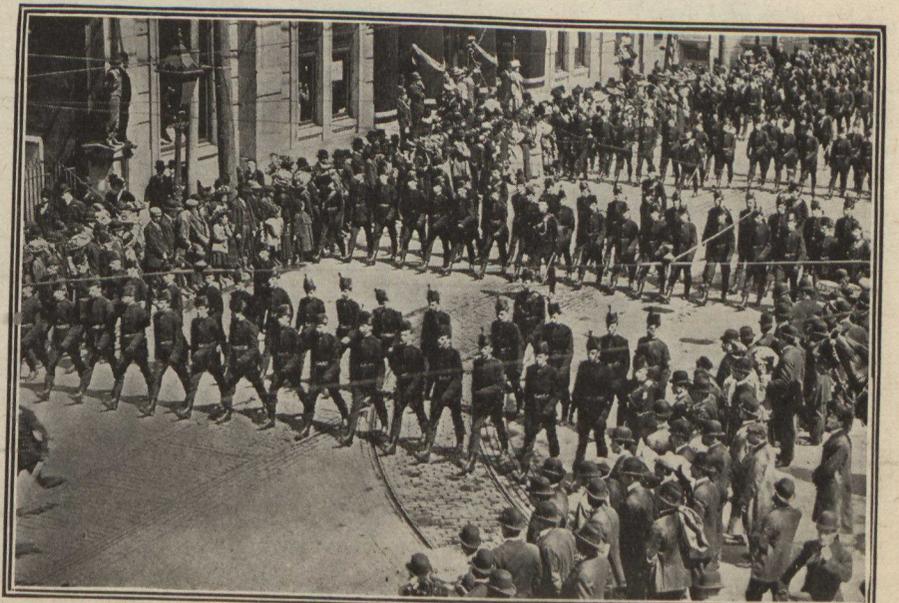


A View of the Stand with Officials and Clergy.

Photos by Pringle & Booth



At Montreal—Colonel Gordon reading the Proclamation.



At Montreal—Victoria Rifles on way to McGill Campus

Photos by Gleason

## ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

By PETER McARTHUR

THERE is a languid discussion going on in some of the papers about the propriety of Canadian titles. Some writers think we are too democratic for such things, but that is all nonsense. The more democratic we are the better we like them. Do we not designate everyone entitled to the franchise a "sovereign voter"? After that what does a knighthood or baronetcy matter? It does not bring its wearer up to the class of the humblest and most purchasable voter. What troubles me is that these titles are almost wholly confined to the worlds of politics and finance. Now there are many other worlds with us that are more important though less advertised than these. Practically every form of human endeavour is a world in itself, with its "kings and counsellors who build desolate places for themselves." Canada has its Cattle King, Horse King, Bee King, Poultry King, and more Kings than the editor would allow me to mention at space rates. Each of these is as important in his way as a King of Finance or a political Czar and probably much more of a public benefactor. Let it not be forgotten that the Canadian hen does more for the country than all the banks and railroads. Then why should the man who introduces a new strain of non-clucking hens that lay two eggs where only one was laid before, be entitled to the same honours as a railroad king or bank president? Let those on whose advice titles are conferred give the matter further consideration. It is all right to reward financiers and politicians but to paraphrase Coriolanus, "There are worlds elsewhere."

\* \* \*

NOW that we have a new King it is quite in order to give some thought to the title by which he shall be known in history and to his loyal subjects. The late King honestly earned the worthy title of "Peacemaker" which will undoubtedly cling to his name through all time. It may seem a little early to speak of a familiar title for George the Fifth and yet he did some things as Prince of Wales that indicated his character. His "Wake up England" speech made a stir at the time of its delivery and it is not impossible that he may consider the wakening of his Empire to be one of his duties in the future. He knows the colonies as well or better than any man in British public life and if he should waken his home-keeping subjects to a sense of their importance he would be doing a real service to them and to the Empire. It is whispered that he has decided opinions about some public questions that are much in evidence just now and if he should take a definite stand regarding them he would undoubtedly waken a great many people. Having these things in mind it does not seem improbable that His Majesty may become

known as "George the Awakener." If he should undertake the role he will have plenty to do, for not only Great Britain but her colonies are asleep regarding many questions of vital importance to the Empire.

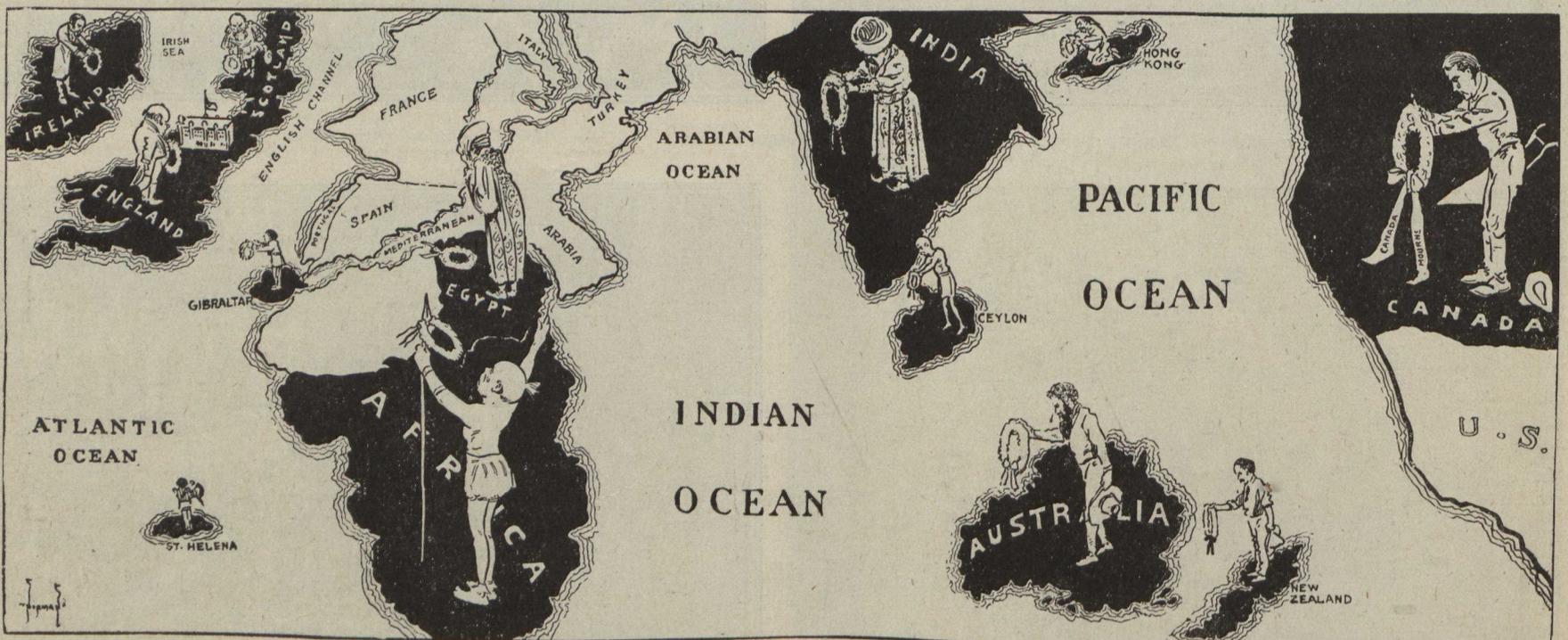
\* \* \*

A SERIOUS illness is always a calamity and yet it is possible to conceive of mitigating circumstances that would render the suffering almost a pleasure. To suffer an illness that is clearly due to an act of Providence over which the victim has no control must have elements of profound satisfaction. Most of us have our sufferings increased by the fact that the causes of our ailments are so obvious. "I knew just what would happen when he *would* change his underclothes before the weather was warm enough." How many of us have heard our spring attack of grippe accounted for in that way? Happy-go-lucky people who take the ordinary chances of life always have their sicknesses explained away in this fashion by those who are nearest and dearest to them. But surely among those who can tell so readily the causes of our ailments there must be some who comport themselves with so much care and wisdom that they never suffer from anything for which they can possibly be to blame. They never get their feet damp or sit in drafts or stay out late at night or drink or smoke or eat too much pudding or run to catch a street car or do any of the things that with us ordinary mortals account for all our troubles, from chilblains to erysipelas. When illness comes to them, as it comes to all, they can fold their hands in perfect resignation and trust themselves to the Providence that is afflicting them. Their consciences are clear. They are not to blame. They contributed nothing to their troubles and could have done nothing to prevent them. It sometimes seems to me that a sickness in such circumstances would really be a holiday in bed.

\* \* \*

THE movement of population towards the Junior Provinces is certainly wonderful and justifies all the rejoicing that is being done in high official places, but a feature of it has come to my notice that makes me wonder if it is all for the good of the new land. What they want out there is homesteaders, men who are going to settle down with their families to possess and enjoy the land for all time. But is that what they are getting? I know of four prosperous families from one township in Ontario who moved west this spring and all of them kept their old farms. They merely rented them for pasture and they will continue in that state until their owners return some years hence, bearing the spoils of the west with them and prepared to settle down for the rest of their lives in the province of their birth. It is possible that many of the emigrants from the United States are working on the same plan. Like our Ontario friends they will take up land, which they will proceed to exhaust of all its value as quickly as possible and then go elsewhere to enjoy their gains. It seems to me that the poor steerage emigrant, who comes to the new world to make a home and brings nothing with him but his ambition, is a much more desirable citizen and will do more for the province he settles in and for the whole Dominion than the migratory soil-shark. I may be mistaken in this matter—in fact I am mistaken so often that I am almost ashamed to have opinions on any subject—but until I get further light I shall continue to advise a warmer welcome to the poor and needy who will be content with what they get than to the rich and ambitious who may be only in quest of plunder.

### FOUR HUNDRED MILLIONS MOURNED AT KING EDWARD'S FUNERAL



ONE QUARTER OF THE WORLD'S POPULATION BELONG TO THE EMPIRE ON WHICH THE SUN NEVER SETS

This cartoon has been adapted from the Boston Sunday Post which circulates in a territory where there are hundreds of thousands of expatriated Canadians. It was in Boston Harbour in 1775 that the War of American Independence broke out in the reign of King Edward's great-grandfather, George III. But in Boston, as well as in New York and Washington, the death and burial of King Edward were solemnised quite as earnestly as in either Great Britain or Canada.

PROCLAMATION OF HIS MAJESTY GEORGE V



At Temple Bar, Fleet Street, the entrance to the Ancient City of London. The Proclamation was first made at St. James' Palace in the presence of many officials and a large audience. The Earl Marshall then drove to Charing Cross, and thence to Temple Bar, where he was met by the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs and Aldermen. After gaining admittance to the City, the Proclamation was handed to the Lord Mayor who read it aloud. From this point the party proceeded to the Royal Exchange. Similar scenes were enacted in the other leading cities.

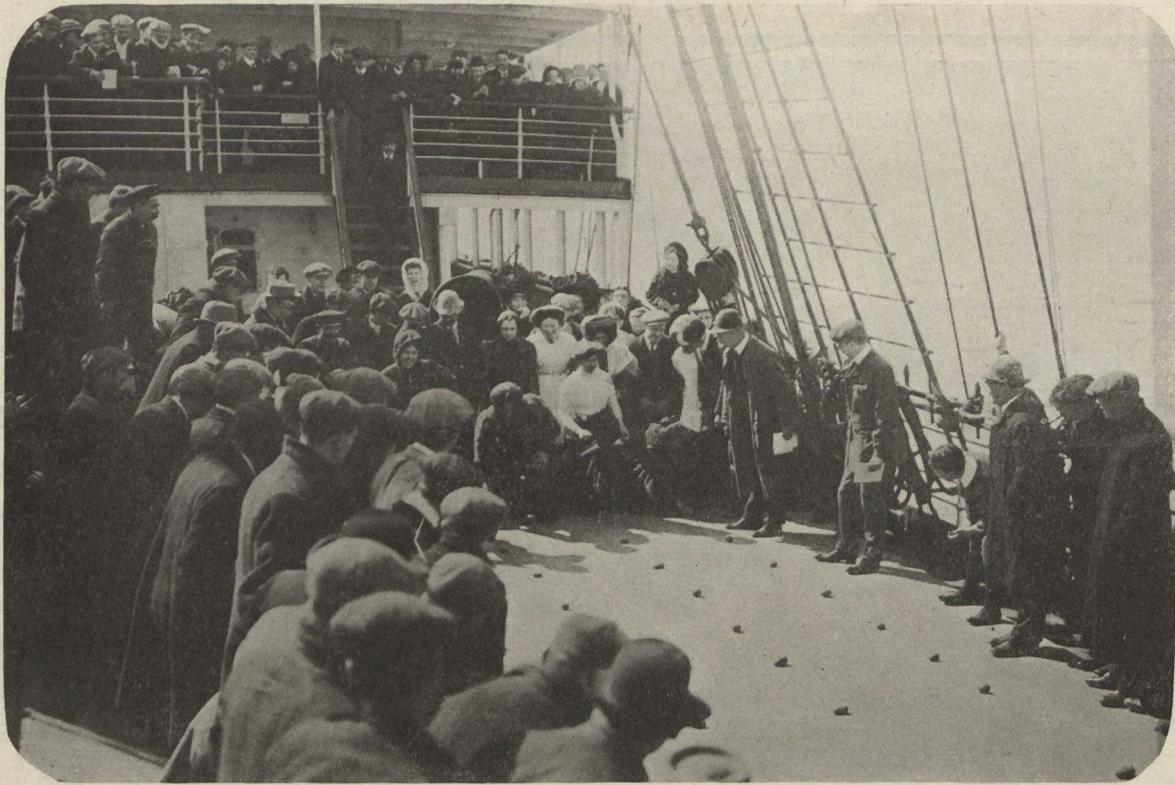


The Pursuivant or King's Herald appears at Temple Bar and demands entry into the city to proclaim the King.



The silk cord stretched across the road at Temple Bar to represent the old gate. It was here the Pursuivant demanded entry to the city.

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On the Royal Edward—Women's Potato Race on Steerage Deck.

## A NEW STEAMSHIP LINE

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

YEARS ago there was a steerage party on board one of the dawdling old tubs that ran between Liverpool and Quebec. After two weeks poking her nose westward the new land came in sight. On a morning of half fog lifting under a hopeful sun, a band of youngsters from the steerage were taken to the upper deck to get the first glimpse of the citadel hill at Quebec. Weeks these young stay-belowers had been crudely bunked and indifferently fed; meals without knives, forks or spoons; peering through the skylight down into the cookery to catch hunks of bread chucked up by a benevolent cook, huddling next the smokestack to keep warm, nibbling hard-tack between meals and wondering what sort of land it might be that they had heard about in old London.

On Thursday of last week one of these pilgrims, having spent thirty years finding out things about Canada—in the bush, on the stump farms, on the prairie—boarded an ocean steamer that drifted in by night under the heights of Quebec; her first time across the Atlantic, up the St. Lawrence.

This liner carried a steerage list of six hundred and more, all of whom got off at Quebec just as he had done thirty years before. Same river, same marvellous hill; same historic city—but what a difference!

The first peculiar jolt this passenger got was when he took the last glimpse of the citadel, turned to look at the ruins of the great Quebec Bridge and

felt in his pocket to see what time it was. His watch was not there. Hurrying away from the Chateau Frontenac to catch the boat, he had left it in his room. Remembering the steerage of last century, he concluded that he would at least have to wait till he got to Montreal before he could wire back for the watch. But he didn't. He climbed to the upper deck and went to a top-up little house attached by an eery fandango of wires to a mast; inside of her a weary-eyed man with his finger working a key; behind him a sputtering, chattering spark that seemed to make ten times more noise than the turbines fifty feet below. He wrote out a message, which he handed to the operator. Wireless ticked it back to Quebec.

The passenger went below to the promenade deck; dodged into a door and along a corridor to a door signed "Elevator"; touched a button and the ship's car came up—down again to the dining-room floor, to a saloon fitted up in regal style; smoking-room with its woodwork carved by hand; cafe originally fitted up for leisurely millionaires to travel from Marseilles to Alexandria; library with a concert grand Steinway piano; all the luxuries and conveniences of a first-class hotel afloat.

Down in second-class, much the same story. In the steerage—but where was the steerage? Where was the derelict quarter? The entire party of visitors went about below to discover the place of smells, of squalid parents and ragged children—but the worst they found was a series of cabins each with four bunks all finished in spotless white and as clean as a hospital ward; almost luxuriously comfortable; cloths on the tables—and at meal times white linen. There was even a piano in the dining-room. The steerage passengers had come mainly from the environs of Bristol, the new-old port on the south-western edge of England—and this was the first direct connection between Bristol and Canada; Bristol, with its ten millions of industrial and agricultural population within a radius of a hundred miles in three directions; her thirty-million-dollar new docks.

Bristol has a long historic connection with British North America. It was from Bristol that John Sebastian Cabot set sail, discovering Newfoundland in 1497. In 1838 the first steamer to cross the Atlantic to the United States was built at Bristol. That was the *Great Western*. The ancient city was for a long while the second seaport and city of the United Kingdom. The rise of Liverpool began the relative decadence of Bristol, which is now beginning to re-emerge as a serious competitor for trans-Atlantic trade, for which her geographical situation eminently fits her; near the mouth of the Avon—which unites with the Frome; up which tide-water carries vessels into the heart of the city.

Aboard the ship was the Chairman of the Bristol Docks Committee, Alderman H. W. Twiggs, who, having spent his whole life on the edge of the sea and most of his interests in shipping, had never

crossed the Atlantic before. This was his first glimpse of Canada; the St. Lawrence dotted for hundreds of miles with white farmhouses and church spires, villages and farms, a panorama of prosperous contentment, historic interest and natural beauty that has no parallel anywhere on the continent of America.

"Dear me!" he said with a glorifying chuckle as he looked from land to land over the broad river. "I had no idea of such a thing. I've been hearing about Canada at home and from some Canadian citizens on board; but this—"

Words failed him. He had become a practical Imperialiser.

"But you are also a manufacturer, Mr. Twiggs?"

"Yes—mainly baby carriages, I may say."

His mission is to discover why more Canadian produce can't be got into England by the St. Lawrence-Bristol route and less of it by the New York way—and why more British-manufactured goods can't be marketed in Canada.

Not a whit less enthusiastic was Mr. Frank Bullen, the famous sea-story writer, who, having been half his life before the mast in most of the seven seas, is now making his first through-Canada trip from coast to coast—though as a lad he shipped on a south-bound tub from Nova Scotia to the tropical isles.

Among the steerage passengers was one equally impressed. I saw him first on the saloon deck, sitting on the steps with a notebook on his knee—busily sketching the north shore; the hills and the villages and the coves; for he was an artist—so absorbed that he noticed nobody on board. He had been given *carte blanche* of the boat—and here he was from the convenient height transcribing just as fast as he knew how his impressions of a vast new country whose grandeur he had not even dreamed before.

"Why," as he glanced up—a man of fifty and more—"I've never seen anything like it. At home we talk of Devonshire and call it lovely; but bless my soul! you could put all of Devonshire on one of those wonderful hills. And you have no end of such hills. Such scenery! Yes, yes, I'm told I shall see something grander still when I reach the Rockies, but it seems impossible to believe it."

"You're going to live in Canada?"

"Rather. My two sons are below there. They're going to start a fruit farm at Kelowna, B.C. We shall none of us ever go back to England, I'm sure. We're simply charmed."

Long before the last argument was done we had passed the pretty town of Three Rivers on one side, and on the other late in the afternoon, Sorel. Towards six in the lake-wide river dotted with sleepy tide-becalmed batteaux, sails reefed and anchors down, we came in sight of the smoke of Montreal. By a few minutes after six, ten hours out from Quebec we had got into the busy big harbour; on the dock a crowd in waiting—though as at Quebec there was no salvo of welcome or dip of flags. Quietly as a canoe-glide the big liner shut off her steam, snubbed fore and aft on to her tugs that warped her inch by inch into the dock.

Standing leisurely in a doorway of the freightshed were two men who had gone to Montreal on purpose to meet the *Royal Edward*, about which they knew rather more in some respects than any of the passengers or even the captain himself. One was Mr. D. D. Mann; the other Mr. D. B. Hanna.



Mr. Frank Bullen and Alderman Twiggs



Mr. D. D. Mann, First Vice-President Canadian Northern Railway and Mr. D. B. Hanna, Third Vice-President. "Snapped" at Montreal.

# NANAIMO THE BEAUTIFUL



A POETIC SETTING TO A PECULIARLY BUSY COMMERCIAL CITY.

**N**ANAIMO, on the east coast of Vancouver Island, is a rare admixture of the beautiful and the commercial. The large picture on this page shows the unusual scenic character of the place; the inlet from the Gulf of Georgia; quite as beautiful in photograph as many a painter's canvas. The small pictures show one of the commercial activities of the place; the great collieries which during the past few years have been de-

veloped there, especially in connection with the Dunsmuir mines at Ladysmith and the Western Fuel Co. The population is about 7,000 and there are many industries such as foundry and machine shops, smelters, fish-curing works, aerated water works and an electric light plant.

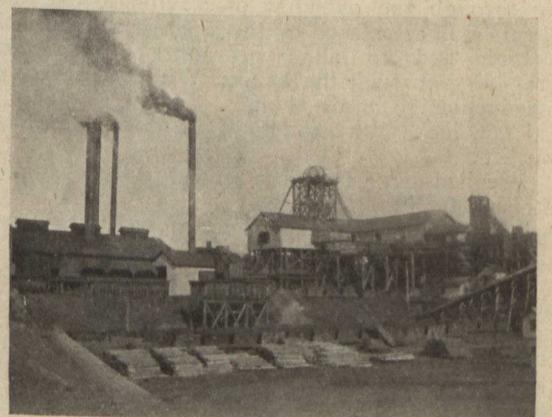
Nanaimo and the neighbouring towns have recently come into prominence owing to the purchase of the Dunsmuir coal fields by Mackenzie and Mann. They have formed a fifteen million dollar company to be known as the Canadian Collieries (Dunsmuir) Limited, and the stock has recently been put upon the London market. The Dunsmuir got this property through a grant to the Esquimalt & Nanaimo Railway. The road itself passed into the hands of the Canadian Pacific Railway but the coal rights were retained. Now these have been disposed of to Canadian Northern interests.

Nanaimo is one of the minority of western towns that have kept the Indian name. Most of the names that white people give to new places are either ludicrous or ugly. Nanaimo is uncommonly beautiful. A poem might be written with Nanaimo for a title. But in all probability they are selling town lots in Nanaimo with the same hectic haste that characterises all western towns. There are no Sleepy Hollows even in so far-off a spot as Van-

couver Island, which for natural resources of minerals, timber, arable land, fish, game, and wonderful scenery has no superior and few equals in Canada. Vancouver Island is the splendid western gateway to Canada. Nanaimo is the finest coincidence of the beautiful and the useful to be found on the Island. Which is not to say that Victoria, B.C., is not one of the finest cities in Canada.



Bunkers and Sacked Coal.



A Colliery at Nanaimo.

# To Venus by the Aid of a Comet

*Explaining the Disappearance from Earth of the Professor, One Other, and a Persian Cat*

By F. L. JARVIS

IT is a diffident hand that takes up my pen to record those events which, though years have elapsed since their occurrence, are ever striking me afresh with their singularity, and strange results. I say it is with diffidence that I undertake the task, for I feel I cannot do justice to a subject so fraught with the unnatural, but the Professor and I both think it is due to you, the inhabitants of Venus, to understand more fully how we, men from another world, came to take our sojourn among you. The lot has fallen to me to write it, so I shall try to place before you, as fully as possible, the outcome of that plan, which the wonderful mind of the Professor conceived, and which reached its climax that night in May, 1910, when the earth cut the tail of Halley's comet.

Look towards the sky of the setting sun, and, when the evening has blushed with the kiss of her parting lord, watch till an object, the brightest of the twilight night, appears amid the glow. It is our twin-sister planet, the Earth. There, in the turmoil of a money-seeking world, the Professor and I once lived. That is a globe differing in many ways from this. There is less water, lower elevations, deeper colours, a rarer atmosphere. There is greater heat and greater cold. All this is owing, chiefly, to the difference in the air of the two planets. Here, the trees and flowers are of an indescribable beauty and colouring—the soft purple shadows among the feathery trees, the never-ending colours of the flowers, the grey-green vistas, the pink and opalescent lights filtering through the clouds, and always resting upon the mountains, are such that struck me dumb when first I beheld them. The only way I could present any idea of it, to the people in that other world, would be by artificial means, in scenes that are sometimes shown in theatres. In the summer of that other globe, deeper, but less variety of colouring is known. Shadows, there, are sometimes black—a shade that here you do not know. Here, you have no night, only a silver twilight, that gives such repose as no one ever knows in that other feverish universe, where the black night has come, alas! to be regarded as the symbol of evil. Here your people are all fair and white; there, men's faces are, sometimes, as dark as your deepest twilight. Here, is always peace and quiet; there, men congregate together and fight for money, and supremacy, in places where the beauties of the world of Nature are unknown. Many other things I could tell you, but I would rather have you ignorant. Suffice it to say, that all men were not wretched money-seekers; many cared for what they knew to be better. To this latter class the Professor belonged.

I must go back some ten years to the time when I first came under the influence of the man, whose brain calculated the enormous possibilities lying latent in an obscure theory. I had just graduated, and, as it had been rather hard work for me, I was recuperating at my uncle's country home, before settling down to the serious business of life. There was a great reaction after the strain of the final examinations, and I found I could settle to nothing. Indeed, I spent most of my time in roaming the country. It was on one of these solitary excursions that I first met the Professor. I was sauntering through the outskirts of a village, one day, when I was astonished by the sight of a man, well-dressed, and to all appearances a gentleman, scrambling through the hedge. Without preface or introduction he accosted me.

"You look pretty strong—how many stone can you lift?"

I replied that I had been second to the champion lifter at McGill.

"Good," he replied. "You are just the man I want. Come and lift something for me."

He was very dark and quite short, and, even then, his personality so completely mastered me, that I followed him without a word. Although the Professor falls quite eleven inches short of my six-foot-three, I always say he is the only man who ever made me feel insignificant. As I scrambled after him through the hedge he said, "My name is Fielding, and yours?"

"Wood," I replied. We did not speak again un-

til we reached our destination. We walked till we came to a house snuggling in among some trees, and so low and covered with creepers, that at first it could hardly be distinguished. We went through the little gate, and he led me to a large building at the back of the house. Outside this, he stopped, and selecting a key from a bunch in his pocket, fitted it into the lock on the door. We entered, and by the light that came from windows in the roof, I saw it was fitted up as a workshop. The Professor was evidently engaged in making something by way of an airship, for a huge, scientific-looking bulk, made, it appeared, chiefly of glass, was resting in the middle of the room.

"Now," said the Professor, "I wish you would just push this over on end for me, while I put something underneath to hold it."



"That was the strangest journey, I suppose, ever accomplished by mortal men."

I did as he asked. It was a pretty stiff lift, but I managed it, and, as soon as it was in the position he wanted, the Professor picked up a tool, and immediately became absorbed in his work. As he did not bid me go, I stayed and watched him. He seemed to be engaged in a wonderfully complicated piece of mechanism and he worked with an accuracy that I had never seen equalled in any art. I believe I was as completely absorbed as he, for no thought of time struck me, till I noticed that it was growing dusk. Then the Professor sighed, and replacing the tool he was using, stood up and stretched himself. He expressed no surprise at seeing me, though I am sure he had been unconscious of my presence from the moment I had moved the machine.

"Too dark to work any more, I'm afraid," he said, while he carefully brushed all scraps of shavings from his coat.

"An airship?" I asked, looking towards his work. He nodded, but volunteered no further information, and as there seemed nothing else for me to say, I walked towards the door. The Professor followed, locked up the door carefully, and then asked me to come in and share his evening meal. I assented, for both he and his machine fascinated me, and I was anxious, if possible, to learn more of both. The house was a long, low, rambling building, covering more space than at first appeared. We entered by a side door where an old woman met us with the information that tea was ready. She seemed surprised when she saw me. This old servant, and a Persian cat constituted the Professor's household.

"I always have tea at night, and my dinner in the middle of the day; I find I can work better," said he, as we sat down to a very simple meal, and he said it with no tone of apology. The Persian

cat sat on a chair beside him, with her tail curled round her, and her paws on the table, and was fed, from time to time, with scraps of bread. He spoke little and only on commonplace subjects; I discovered, however, that he had been a Professor of Science at an American university, and had come home in order to devote more time to research.

That night I asked my uncle why he had never told me of the existence of Professor Fielding.

"How did you come across Fielding?" he asked, evidently surprised. I told him of our meeting and he smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"If you can make anything of the Professor," he said, "you will be the first man who has done it. I'll warrant he did not ask you to repeat your visit."

"There you are wrong," I retorted. "I had a rather pressing invitation to come again."

"Well!" said my uncle. "Professor Fielding has been living in this neighbourhood for five years, and I know of no one to whom he has spoken more than twenty words during that time."

My uncle's words roused in me an increasing desire to renew my acquaintance with the man who had taken such hold upon my fancy, and it was not long before I found myself again in Professor Fielding's workshop. He welcomed me cordially, and, as before, I spent the afternoon watching him, occasionally being able to render him some slight service. We hardly spoke a word, for I was never given to talkativeness, and he was evidently possessed of the same virtue—or failing, however you choose to regard it. I was again invited to take tea with him, and afterwards he asked me if I would care to come with him into his observatory. I assented with delight, and then I discovered that Professor Fielding could talk when he chose. He first showed me over the room and explained the different instruments. The spectroscope interested me immensely, and he told how it was used by astronomers to find the chemical constitution of different bodies of the universe. He told me that by this it had been discovered that the sun and planets were composed of the same materials, in a more or less degree. When it grew darker, the interest became still greater, for with his splendid telescope, the Professor showed me wonder after wonder in the sky above us. The first object we looked at was this very planet Venus, then bright in the evening sky, and he told me all he knew of her. We discussed the point as to whether it was

likely that life, as we knew it, existed here. He said there were different opinions as to that, some saying that it was too near the sun, others holding that, owing to the denser atmosphere, the heat would not be so great as might be imagined. I asked the Professor for his own opinion on the subject, and he replied in words that, I think, supplied the keynote to his character, that he never believed anything to be impossible until it was proved to be so.

"It has been fully demonstrated," he said, "that the planet, Venus, has a very dense atmosphere, shown chiefly by the clouds that always cover her surface. It is quite possible that the atmosphere, resulting in these clouds, forms a very sensible protection from the greater heat of the sun. Indeed, after careful study of the matter, I could well believe that, for this same reason, the climate would be more equable than on the earth, and I do not think a terrestrial man would find any difficulty in living, if he were suddenly transported there. The gravitation, too, would not be a serious matter, as the earth is only two hundred miles more in diameter than Venus. At any rate, it is not impossible for life to exist there, and I shall not believe it to be so until I have proved it."

These last words contained more significance than I imagined at the time they were spoken.

Presently he turned the telescope on a small comet that was, at that time, travelling towards the sun. Even with the telescope it was an insignificant object, but he bade me look at it, and see if I noticed anything peculiar about its tail. I replied that I did not, except that it appeared to be pointing away from the sun.

"Yes," he said, "that is the peculiarity of nearly

all comets—their tails always point from the sun. I know of only one exception, and there was a reason for that. It has been noticed many times by astronomers, but, of course, no proof can be given why it should be, though numbers of theories have been advanced. One theory, in particular, interests me, though it is not thought much of, I believe, in the scientific world. One astronomer believed that in the composition of the comet was a chemical, for which the sun had no attraction, and that the mysterious visitor when it neared the sun, and its pace became so much quicker, could not retain the substance, but threw it off in the form as we see it—the tail. This would account very well for the fact that the tail is larger when the comet is nearest the sun, and also explain the reason why some comets have no tails, as it would seem to imply that they had lost all the material that had, formerly, provided them."

He showed me many other objects of interest, explaining them all with a clearness and simplicity, that lodged them in my memory. It was midnight before I left, and I had learned much in those few hours, of the wonders of the heavens. As I shook hands at parting, I thanked him heartily for the pleasure he had given me.

"It is very good of you, sir," I said, "to take so much trouble in showing me all this."

"It might be good of me," he replied, "had I no purpose in doing so."

I was rather taken aback, for I had hitherto supposed it was entirely my own sweetness of character that caused him to take an interest in me, but his words made me think.

It was my last visit, before leaving for my work in the city, that the Professor explained the mechanism of his airship. I had seen a good deal of construction, and was a dab hand, myself, at engineering, but I had never seen anything to equal this, for the marvel of its ingenuity. It was made almost entirely of unbreakable glass, put together in some incomprehensible fashion, of which the Professor held the patent. It was composed of three spheres, one inside the other, the innermost one being about ten feet in diameter. Between the inner and the second sphere was, or rather, there could be created, a complete vacuum, and between it and the outer sphere was the "gas-chamber," as the Professor termed it. He explain-

ed that, owing to the vacuum, there could be no suffering from cold, as in an ordinary balloon, but the temperature, in the innermost sphere, would remain the same for days and weeks together. Inside, he had placed a marvellous little invention of his own. It was made for carrying compressed air, and was so constructed that, while it continually supplied the room with fresh, it also absorbed the bad air, which went through some chemical operation that restored its original purity. The Professor declared that, with enough provisions to last as long, two men could live in this sphere for thirty days in the temperature of space. "And that is," he added, "something between three and four hundred degrees below zero, Fahrenheit."

I expressed the opinion that it was a very heavy machine, and he replied that his object was not lightness, but strength.

"You have, then," I asked, "some gas powerful enough to float it?"

"I have not my gas," he said, "but I will have it."

His tone was final, so I surmised the Professor had left nothing to be discovered for the completion of his scheme.

The next day I left for my work in the city, and I did not see the Professor again until the autumn of 1909, when I ran into the country for a few days. Halley's comet was just beginning to be talked of—I mean by the world, for, of course, astronomers had known ever since its last visit, when it would return. There were so many different stories concerning the comet that I was inclined to be sceptical and was anxious to see the Professor, to learn the truth, first-hand. One story said that the comet would collide with the earth, and I asked the Professor about it the first time I saw him.

"Is it true that the comet is to bump into the earth?" I asked.

"A certain portion of it, yes, but so very small a part of the tail that as far as the senses are concerned, you will never know it."

I laughed. "Have you heard what some of the reports say?"

"What? That it is to wipe out the whole of North America, and asphyxiate the world, etc.? Yes, I have heard the cheap trash published by second-rate newspapers, which no one believes, who has any sense."

"But seriously," I said, "will there be any result from this?"

"As far as the general world is concerned," he replied, "no; except perhaps an early spring. It will probably be of some benefit to the cause of science."

I asked presently about his airship.

"Finished," he said, "to all intents and purposes. There are one or two finishing touches to put to it, that will not take long to do."

"Then, I suppose, you will electrify the world," I said.

"There will not be much electrifying," he said, shrugging his shoulders.

"At any rate, you will take me with you, when you make your first ascent?" I continued.

He turned and looked me straight in the eyes. "Will you come?" he asked.

"Of course," I answered, surprised, "at a moment's notice."

"I am not jesting, Wood," he said; "are you sure you would come anywhere I asked you to? Would you come?"—he leaned over the table where we were sitting, and a sudden tense expression came into his eyes, "would you come," he whispered hoarsely, "to another planet? To another world?"

I sprang from my chair and staggered back against the wall, while like a cold chill, some words of my uncle's came into my head, when he had pronounced the Professor to be mad. The Professor did not speak but remained in the same attitude, looking at me. For about three minutes we stayed staring at each other, then he bade me sit down, and I obeyed.

"I will explain myself," he said, "and you are the only person to whom I have ever done so—and then you may judge if you think I may be trusted. You remember I told you I had a purpose in cultivating your friendship. My purpose was to take you finally into my confidence, if I thought it advisable. I think it advisable."

He rose, poured out a glass of whisky and water and handed it to me, then reseated himself and continued.

"You will probably remember a conversation we had some time ago, when I told you my beliefs on the subject of whether or no, life existed in the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.

# A MUMMER'S THRONE

A New Serial by the Author of "The Sun-Dial," etc.

## RESUME

The young King Fritz, ruler of the pocket Kingdom of Montanana lying between Russia and Turkey, is touring abroad with his cousin and a watchful guardian in the person of the distinguished warrior, General Count Rutzstin. A sudden attack of illness which overtakes the Count relieves the young Monarch for a time from his guardian's vigilance, and he proceeds to take advantage of his newly acquired liberty. Attending the theatre one night the susceptible young ruler becomes enamoured of the heroine of the piece, and on making her acquaintance finds that Nita Reinhardt is even a more fascinating person in private life than on the stage, and soon realises that he is falling seriously in love with her. For some time he manages to see her often, and also to keep his identity a secret from the public, although the girl knows who he is, having been born in Montanana herself. One day however a journalist of Nita's acquaintance recognises the King, and delighted with the thought that he has stumbled over a story containing so much romantic interest hastens off to make the most of his "find."

## THE MASQUE OF THE COMUS.

THE sun was westering now, the shadows of the forest trees were falling long and lank across the green turf, the violet mists were gathering in the leafy hollows. Seated there they could see the smoke of the city beyond, and could catch faint murmurs of the stress and hum of life there. They did not know, and the king did not care that already rumour was getting busy with his name. He little heeded the choice *morceau* of scandal which had been passed along from lip to lip in the cafes and at the little tables along the shaded boulevards. As yet no one knew anything. It was all the idlest gossip. But the evening edition of *La Cigale* would be out presently, then they would know everything. If there was any truth in the story, *La Cigale* would have every detail; its pink pages would blush with the embroidery of the scandal.

Meanwhile, the king was enjoying himself. He was in no haste to be rid of his companions. He had no feeling of resentment for their calm assumption that there was a perfect understanding between himself and Nita Reinhardt. But as the dusk began to fall a certain sense of responsibility enveloped the group, and one by one they rose and turned their faces in the direction of the city. The gravity and responsibility of life had come back to them.

By FRED. M. WHITE

"Where are you all going?" the king cried.

"Why away so soon?"

Clarette made him a grave curtsy.

"Your Majesty seems to forget," she murmured.

"You seem to disregard the fact that we are poor players who fret and fume our hour upon the stage, and then—well, and then get married like Nita is going to do. In other words, we are going back to the theatre."

"Oh, the theatre," the king exclaimed blankly.

"I had quite forgotten that. But, stop; why should I not come with you? Why should you not smuggle me behind the stage? And after the performance is over, there is no reason at all why you should not all come and sup with me. As a personal favour I ask you to come to-night and sup with the King and Queen of Montanana. I may be a poor monarch, but I assure you I am an excellent judge of supper, and you will have no occasion to regret your kindness. What do you say?"

"An inspiration, a positive inspiration!" the great little comedian cried. We will leave it to Bertha Venis. Gracious lady, shall we sup with his Majesty or not?"

"He is a pretty boy," the leading actress murmured. "And it would be ungracious to him not to accept an invitation offered in so friendly a spirit. Your Majesty shall come with us, and we will partake of your meal afterwards. Is it agreed?"

With one accord they all applauded. Then they drifted away together through the woods to the little thatched hotel where a conveyance was awaiting them. It was characteristic of the king to forget all about his boat. He was only too glad now to carry his adventure out and extract the last sip of pleasure from the cup he had lifted to his eager lips.

Night had fallen over the city now. Under the deep blue of the sky beneath the shining stars a thousand points of flame were lighted. The purple

and brown shadows lay over road and pavement. Thousands of pleasure seekers were afoot in search of an evening's amusement. People were already dining outside the restaurants. The air was pungent with the smell of tobacco smoke. A score or two of newsboys drifted up and down the boulevards with placards of *La Cigale* in their hands. The king with Nita seated by his side, caught the black letters under the flare of one of the electric standards. Nita clutched his arm.

"Do you see that?" she asked eagerly.

There it was plain enough for everybody to see who passed

"LE ROI S'AMUSE.

QUEER STORY.

SEE LAST EDITION."

"Does that refer to me?" the king asked laughing.

"Is there another king in the city to-night?" Nita asked. "I tell you I am frightened. Buy one of those papers. I cannot rest till I know what they say."

The King of Montanana declined to do anything of the kind. He objected strongly to the philosophy which meets trouble half-way. He was enjoying himself now, and he wanted no fly in his ointment. By the time the "Oderon" Theatre was reached he had forgotten all about the incident, and Nita was her smiling self again.

Oh, it is a new life. There is no doubt about that. He saw his gay companions fagged out in silk and satin and ermine now. He saw the mimic history of a kingdom, and how it was portrayed upon the stage. Nothing mattered at that moment. He would have accepted the news that Montanana had dispensed with his services with philosophic calmness. The golden moments sped along, the jewelled seconds were like so many gay butterflies gathered round the flowers that made up the sum total of an hour. And it was a fresh joy and pleasure, too, to watch Nita again fretting in a glorious

existence on the stage, and playing the queen as no living consort to-day could have carried out her part. As the king stood there the impression deepened, the feeling of love in his heart increased; it seemed to him that life would be a drab and hollow thing unless he had this splendid woman by his side. For he was young and enthusiastic, and his knowledge of the world was represented by the conventional algebraical symbol. He made a fine picture of hope and expectation and manly beauty as he stood there waiting for his guests to change. Clarette came flitting along the corridor, and touched him on the arm.

"Well, your Majesty," she cried gaily, "what do you think of it all? Isn't Nita superb? And to think that six months ago she was practically unheard of. You are a lucky man, my little prince, and I hope from the bottom of my heart, that before long Nita will realise the fact that she is a lucky woman. And if you play her false, if you deceive her—"

"Heaven forbid," the king cried. "Child, child, what do you think I am made of? I am one of the fortunate of men who ever drew the breath of life. I am going to marry Nita, and you shall come and dance at the wedding. Does that satisfy you?"

The others were coming up now. There stood a heedless merry crowd around the stage door.

"And now, where shall we go to?" the king exclaimed. "I am more or less a stranger in the city. I am going to place myself entirely in the hands of this prince of comedians here. Take us to the best restaurant in the city, beloved Comus, and let us have food fit for my royal rank. Let the thing be done as the circus proprietor says, entirely regardless of expense. This is my birthday. I have come into my fortune. Anything you like, so long as you may be the excuse for spending the money. Now, go ahead, *mon ami*, and let there be no niggard policy to-night."

"The Cafe Continental," a voice exclaimed.

The great comedian bowed and led the way. They were seated presently at a round table in a kind of rose garden, with an open roof. A score of waiters attended deferentially to their wishes. There was a murmur of conversation, a crash of plates, accompanied by the popping of champagne corks. Other people supping paused in their conversation and listened more or less enviously to the merry group at the round table. Laughter long and continuous rippled like water. The King of Montenegro surpassed himself. He only knew this kind of thing faintly and nebulously through the medium of cold print. It outstepped his most sanguine expectations. Here was life fresh and uncontaminated at the fountain head. Here was wit and beauty about him, and the queen of his heart seated by his side. He made no protest presently when Clarette rose from her seat and crowned him with a circle of artificial flowers. He saw that the same mad freak had been played upon Nita, and that she was blushing deeply under her pink coronal of roses.

"Are you never tired of a joke?" he asked.

"Not so good a one as this," Clarette said smilingly. "This is an episode to be remembered. Comrades, I regard myself as the most fortunate of women. Do not unduly envy me, for I have no doubt you will be amongst the fortunate ones yourselves. And every woman worthy of the name loves a wedding."

"A wedding?" Bertha Venis asked. "Whose wedding?"

The king's head was humming now with the wit and champagne and the exhilaration of his company. Prudence and he were strangers just now. He caught Nita's hand in his. He looked smilingly round upon the assembled company.

"Mine," he cried boldly. "Mine and Nita's. And the day is not far off, either. In her name and mine, I solemnly invite you all to be present at the ceremony and the wedding breakfast after. Will you not join me, my sweetheart? Won't you say a word—"

A SWEET confusion covered the girl like a garment. Yet her eyes were filled with tears, a certain sadness shadowed her face. She felt the sport of circumstance now. She felt how hard it would be to fight against the stream which was carrying her on to the edge of the chasm. Then, as the king looked round the room he saw, to his mingled amusement and annoyance, that Prince Florizel was standing in the doorway. There was a grave and anxious look on the young man's face, but, at the same time, a certain admiration which the hope of Montenegro did not view altogether with displeasure. It was only for a moment that Florizel stood there. Then he advanced to the supper table. He stammered as he spoke.

"Your Majesty," he exclaimed. "Really, I—"

A burst of laughter ran round the table. Posi-

sibly some new and subtle joke was being played here. But, from the king's point of view, the joke was going a little too far. He had just sufficient prudence left to see that it was far from advisable that these gay companions of his should know the truth.

"Excuse me for a moment," he said. "This is an old friend of mine. He is unfortunately in trouble, so I will not ask him to join us. I will be back directly."

The two were alone a minute or two later behind a belt of palms.

"Well, what do you want?" the king asked.

"I want to know," Florizel said pointedly, "if your Majesty has seen the last edition of *La Cigale*, because, if you haven't, you ought to. Your story is told there with every picturesque detail; in fact, the whole thing is so florid that I am hoping it is a tissue of lies from one end to the other. See, here it is:

"*Le roi s'amuse*. The king and the actress. Secret marriage of his Majesty of Montenegro with one of the leading ladies of the Odeon Theatre. Oh, upon my word, it is no laughing matter. The whole city is ringing with it. It reminds one of that dreadful business which happened to another Balkan monarch two years ago. But it isn't true, Fritz. For God's sake, say it isn't true!"

"Well, not yet," the king said calmly. "But it is going to be, my dear fellow. And now that the thing has got into the papers I cannot possibly hesitate any longer."

"What is to be done?" Florizel murmured.

"What is to be done?" the king echoed. "My dear boy, in the circumstances, there is only one thing to be done."

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE WAYS OF DIPLOMACY.

THE white city by the silver stream was grateful for a new sensation. Its pleasure-loving inhabitants had something to watch now. They were ever glad of all that was fresh and bright in romance. And here was a romance sound and sweet to their hand. It might be said that the King of Montenegro had awakened one morning to find himself famous. Naturally enough, his arrival in the white city had been duly chronicled, and there the press had left him. On the face of it, he was no more than a commonplace young man, running a pocket kingdom and seeking for a wife who would put money in his purse and give him a surer foundation on the throne at the same time. One or two of the papers had given a sketch of his life and his personal appearance, and there they left him.

But now it was entirely different. He was a handsome man in the first flush of youth, brave and romantic and of high courage, breaking away from all the conditions of his caste, and actually making love to a popular actress. The same thing had happened before, but never quite under the same conditions. As a rule, there was something distinctly vulgar and commonplace in these intrigues. Usually the actress was past the first flush of her charm, the prince was a middle-aged roue, with a tendency to embonpoint. But he of Montenegro was decidedly handsome, decidedly untainted; in fact, just the sort of young man calculated to make a fool of himself, and set Europe thrilling from one end to the other with interest and expectation. And again, Nita Reinhardt was young and beautiful. There was not one word against her reputation. She was not the kind of girl to sell herself, even for a robe of ermine trimmed with purple. Here was a love match, if ever there was one, and the one problem which was discussed over dinner tables in cafes and at garden parties was whether the King of Montenegro would marry this lady or not. On the whole, the white city gave its royal visitor the benefit of the doubt. It was known that King Fritz had come there with the old bulldog Rutzstin to look after him. It was whispered that the war-scarred warrior was lying at the point of death in his bedroom; and when the cat's away, the mice will play.

Thus it was that the King of Montenegro found himself a popular hero, and Nita Reinhardt was, if possible, a more central figure than ever. There were songs sung about her in the cafes. The whole thing went with roars of applause at the music halls, all of which was decidedly embarrassing for the royal lover, who found himself a centre of more attraction than he cared for. At the same time, his resolution hardened. He had made up his mind to go through with the thing now; indeed, as a gentleman, he couldn't do anything else. The ways of diplomacy find excuses for kings in such circumstances, but the ruler of Montenegro resolutely declined to view the situation through those spectacles.

"Your Majesty hardly appreciates the position,"

Prince Florizel murmured discreetly, as the two sat together over their dinner two nights later. "Of course, as a mere matter of amusement, I can quite understand how it is that—"

The king started up furiously. His eyes were blazing now, the veins on his forehead stood out clear and blue.

"This to me?" he cried. "Your Highness is forgetting himself. Another word and I shall strike you."

"As your Majesty pleases," Florizel said quietly. "You may doubt many people, but when you doubt me—"

"A thousand pardons, Florizel," the king cried. The engaging smile was back upon his lips now. He laid his hands affectionately upon his companion's shoulder. "My dear friend, I am forgetting myself. Was man ever blessed with a more faithful comrade than you? You saved my life upon one occasion."

"Aye, and on one occasion you saved mine, Fritz," Florizel said half-sadly. "Believe me, I am speaking in your best interests. I implore you to draw back before the matter has gone too far. I know that Nita Reinhardt is all that a girl should be. I know that she would part from you without a word of reproach if you only told her that it must be so. You might have stopped to think before you compromised her in this fashion."

"But, my dear friend, I have done nothing of the sort," the king protested. "Florizel, upon my soul, I cannot live without her. Compare her to the pasty-faced, goggle-eyed creatures dug out of dusty castles for my inspection. Besides, I love her, and no man can say more than that. Of all the dearest, sweetest, most fascinating creatures that ever drew the breath of life; but there, I bore you. You are not listening."

"I am suffering in silence," Florizel said grimly. "Do you mean to tell me honestly that you are going to marry this woman?"

"Have I not been impressing it upon you for the last two or three days? I have made up my mind, Florizel. It shall be a secret marriage in this city where the religion is the same as our own. It shall take place this very night. I am sick of the persecution of these newspaper people. Why can't they leave a man alone? And, by the way, isn't that dreamer and visionary Pierre Bentos somewhere to be found in these parts? I understood he had a mission here. He is the very man for our purpose."

Florizel proceeded to expostulate once more, but it was all in vain. He was behaving badly, and he knew it. A day of reckoning lay before him, but he was little heeding that now. He would have to answer presently to the grim, grey wolf overhead, who was fast recovering from his seizure. But Florizel put all these reflections behind him now. It was seldom that the King of Montenegro appealed in vain to his friends, and Florizel would have gone to the death for him cheerfully. A few minutes later he was heart and soul in the adventure himself.

"I can find Bentos for you," he said. "I know where he is, and we can arrange matters accordingly. Bentos has a kind of monastery outside the city where he trains young men for the priesthood. The place is a fortress in its way, which, if you knew, is in your favour."

The king's brows knitted and frowned again.

"Why?" he demanded. "What are you hinting at? Who would care to use force where I am concerned?"

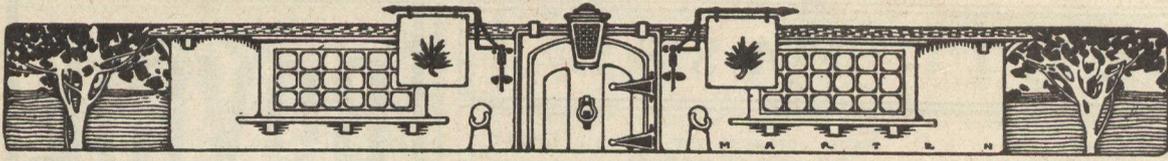
"Rutzstin would," Florizel said grimly, "and you know it. Can you ever remember that old fox stopping at anything where his interests were concerned? Have you forgotten that he has set his heart upon you marrying your cousin? Besides, there are other people in Rusta who would obey Rutzstin's lightest word, whilst they put off with lies and prevarications. And Schentein is here. I saw him by chance last night."

THE king looked grave, for this Schentein in question was the leader of a guerilla band of irregulars, and a man as brave as he was utterly unscrupulous. He was Rutzstin's right hand man, too, and at a word from the old soldier would have laid hands upon the royal person without the slightest hesitation.

"I don't like this," he murmured. "And yet the thing sounds preposterous. They would never dare to kidnap me."

"Schentein would dare anything. And don't forget that I have warned you. You are safe enough in the daytime, but the city will be hardly beneficial to you after nightfall. It would be far better to leave matters entirely in my hands."

The king sat there in a brown study. By tacit consent he appeared to leave matters as Florizel had suggested. He sat there until the darkness fell,



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

Laurels Won.

DURING the week of the Earl Grey Musical and Dramatic Competition, which took place in Toronto early this spring, Miss Patti MacLaren, whose portrait we have much pleasure in publishing on this page, was a successful competitor for the Margaret Anglin Bracelet, presented to the most talented amateur actress.



Miss Patti MacLaren.

Miss MacLaren's home is in London, Ontario, where during her school career she showed a particular aptitude for dramatic art, and she shone as a leading light in many little plays and entertainments.

Later, she became an enthusiastic member of the London Dramatic Club, which organisation hopes to take part in the Earl Grey Competition to be held in Winnipeg next year. As Miss MacLaren is a member of a very musical and artistic family, she has much in her favour toward an interesting and even brilliant career.

\* \* \*

Early Portraits.

BY a strange coincidence, when regarded in the light of later events, the photographer to the Royal Family, whose name was Mr. Russell, took his first portraits of the present King and Queen of England, then Prince George of Wales and Princess May of Teck, in the same year, 1867. Prince George was photographed at Marlborough House at that time at the age of two-and-a-half years, and shortly afterwards Mr. Russell was summoned to Kensington Palace to take the portrait of the Princess May, the tiny daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Teck.

In describing her baby, whom the dotting mother affectionately called "May-Blossom," the Duchess said:

"She is really as sweet and engaging a child as you can wish to see; full of life and fun, and playful as a kitten; with the deepest blue eyes imaginable, quantities of fair hair, a tiny rosebud of a mouth, a lovely complexion and a most perfect figure! In a word, a model of a baby."

A few years ago when the State apartments at Kensington were thrown open to the public, the Princess May, then Princess of Wales, came with her brother, Prince Alexander of Teck, and her husband to see the newly decorated suite.

"This is the room in which I was born," she said as they entered the apartment which was formerly Queen Victoria's nursery, but had been used as a bedroom by the Duchess of Teck.

"How did you come to be born in the nursery?" asked the Prince of Wales in playful banter.

"Well, you see, I couldn't help it," was the quick repartee of the Princess.

\* \* \*

Is There a Canadian Type of Beauty?

By "SERANUS."

WITH most profuse and sincere apologies to Dr. Henry J. Morgan, who after immense trouble extending over several years gave us his "Types of Canadian Women Past and Present," we think it a very difficult matter to treat fairly and to make the direct statement that Canada has actually produced a distinct and well-defined, separate type of female beauty. Prior to Confederation or in what might be termed the Colonial age, the girls of Canada, who were occasionally represented in print through the medium of Christmas numbers brought out in England or in illustrations for the novels of May Agnes Fleming, were somewhat short, merry, inclined to brunette tints, comfortably but not too stylishly

dressed, with a trace of something French or foreign about them. Years have passed since then and the Canadian girl looms large, in two ways, on the horizon. She is taller than that little fur-turbaned creature of the sixties. She has done well for herself in the interim; has married abroad, has figured in tourist novels and romances, has frequently been presented at Court and holds her own in all the chief capitals. But what is her actual appearance, her assets, so to speak, outside of money, position or talents? Can we point to a contour, a system of colouring, or a set of expressions which are at once recognised as Canadian? What of the nose? Is it aquiline or *retrouse* or Grecian? What of the eyes? Are they grey or blue or brown? Is the hair black or Titian-red or golden? Is the general impression made on the thoughtful beholder one of passive admiration of physical traits or is there, perchance, as in the case of many French women, a suggestion of reserve wit and sympathy, it may be, reserve power? We confess that the time has not yet arrived when such a count can be taken. The type is as yet too varied. The uniformity of the tailored morning costume only accentuates the great variety of the complexions and eyes and hair. Here (we are speaking of some typical large gathering such as the open-air garden party or the races, or even the suburban street car) is a girl with hair like threads of gold, great masses of it folded around her head and seen to be



A TYPE OF ENGLISH BEAUTY  
The question is, has Canada yet developed a type of beauty that may be called national?

genuine, too, by the little shining tendrils over each ear. But her eyes are of a neutral and disappointing grey and her eyebrows are fuzzy and dark. Beside her sits one with black hair, red lips, brown eyes, but hardly any eyebrow at all; the key to the face is wanting. Then there is the long procession of brown-haired nymphs, mostly blue or hazel eyed, with indeterminate features and mixed figures. They are all well groomed, to use the current phrase, well dressed, are all neat and attractive, but note how seldom we encounter a type in which everything matches, as it were, and where one point balances another. Is it prejudice alone which makes us look for blue eyes in a blonde? The blonde with dark eyes and brows is a sport, and as such is full of challenge and interest, but she lacks the essential quality of the true blonde, that celestial eye of melting azure, that cream-and-roses skin. The pale, grey-eyed, thin-lipped brunette, even though her eyes and hair are magnificent, in their note of

colour, cannot impress us as warmly as the girl with the orange handkerchief pinned on to the back of her head whose cheeks and lips are tanned and reddened to a glorious brown and crimson by long standing in the open air and sunshine, turning her organ. These are prejudices, if you like, and no doubt a good deal of literary tradition goes with them. In the older novels the brunette was tall, finely-formed, and wicked; the blonde, blue-eyed, weak, and foolishly virtuous. Of course we have long outgrown these eighteenth century presentments of female beauty, yet the truth remains that when a new beauty arrives it is expected that she will be an example of one style or another.

Now the Dominion of Canada stands for a good many things and one is going to be the high average of looks among its women. The older countries were content to produce a prize or professional beauty every year or so, whose triumphs on the Riviera, at the Savoy or the Carlton, or at private views and limited country-house week-end parties were duly chronicled abroad, but Canada prefers to keep up a steady average of good looks. The influence on the race is thus more lasting and incomparably wider. To one Lillie Langtry we figure the thousands of narrow-chested, anæmic slatterns in the slums or workers in the factories.

Canada will reverse all that. In one short street of forty houses known to the writer is a wonderful mingling of nationalities. Here is a German family, father, mother, children, grandmother, and servants. Scotch ancestry prevails in nine other families, Irish in three, and English and American in the rest. But in one of the Scottish families there was an ancestor, a missionary in Pekin, who met and married a high-caste Hindoo lady. An Irishman whose daughter has gone to the Northwest as the bride of a handsome young French-Canadian must not resent it if he ever notices a streak of Indian in his son-in-law. Time goes forward, and our Canadian belles are the flower, the efflorescence of that complex blending of Manx, Irish, Welsh, Italian, French, German and perhaps also Galician, Icelandic, Roumanian, even Greek, which will characterise this country in the coming years. A composite photograph of the result of this mixed ancestry would give us, no doubt, a face frankly gay, pleasantly serious, bright without pertness, noble without dulness, the face of a helpmeet and companion and neither that of a vassal nor a tyrant.

\* \* \*

Proof Positive.

CARUSO is on his way from New York to Paris, where he is to sing at the Chatelet, with a fee of £500 an evening. When he draws his money it will, perhaps, remind him of one of the few experiences he has had of singing without a fee at all since he became famous. So says a writer in *M. A. P.*

It happened in a town in the United States, which, for the sake of argument, may be called Bingville. A registered letter with a large sum of money in it arrived there for Caruso. He went to the post-office to get it, and presented his passport to prove his identity.

"Insufficient proof," said the clerk. Caruso insisted. He told his name, showed all kinds of papers and got very angry; but the clerk was obdurate. "No good," he said. "But look here, if you really are Caruso, sing and prove it; otherwise, you'll have to come back to-morrow."

There was nothing for it, and Caruso sang the famous air from the third act of *La Tosca*. It was warmly applauded by the clerks, and the one with the registered letter handed it out to him, saying: "We knew you all right, Mr. Caruso; but we can't afford ten dollars to hear you sing, so we thought we'd have the treat for nothing." And Caruso took it smilingly.

\* \* \*

Merry May.

E. M. DINNIS.

WHEN May comes singing down the lane,  
When Maytime o'er the meadow trips,  
The world forgets her winter pain,  
When May comes singing down the lane.  
The hedgerows then give forth again  
The fragrance gathered from her lips,  
When May comes singing down the lane,  
And o'er the meadow trips!

When May comes forth with smiling eyes,  
When May comes laughing to our heart,  
From coward discontent we rise,  
When May comes forth with smiling eyes.  
Since merry hearts indeed are wise,  
With Maytime, then, we'll take our part!  
When May comes forth with smiling eyes,  
Come, Laughter, to our heart!

—*Girl's Realm.*

# DEMI - TASSE

## Newslets.

MR. HENRI BOURASSA may be leader of the Conservatives in Quebec. Shades of Papineau! Next thing we know there'll be a George Brown among the followers of Sir James Pliny Whitney.

General French is to have a lovely time in Toronto, yet the wail goes up every week from the Faithful: "Why didn't Kitchener come to Canada?"

A young man in Niagara Falls who has been married only one week is suing for a divorce. There's nothing half so brief in life as Love's Young Dream.

Mr. R. L. Borden has had a chill and la grippe. That's what comes from living too long in the cold shades of Opposition.

Peru and Ecuador are quarrelling again. It's the hardest thing in the world to keep South America quiet. We ought to lend them Mackenzie King, L.L.B.

Brantford Board of Trade is to start a "Greater Brantford" movement. Montreal will subscribe five hundred Sicilians and Toronto will let them have a trainload of Bulgarians.

Hon. Clifford Sifton states that the Conservation Commission has been confronted with an epidemic of water-power legislation. This is merely a polite way of saying that it has water on the brain.

\* \* \*

## Hail to Halley.

The tail of Halley's comet  
Just switched us in the dark;  
It didn't jog the earth a bit  
Nor leave a shining mark.

It merely paints the sunset sky  
A deep and glorious red.  
Oh, no! It never touched us  
In spite of what they said.

\* \* \*

## Quite Unnecessary.

THERE are many well-meaning persons who, in their efforts to do good, merely accomplish the superfluous or harmful. This kind of philanthropist was recently urging the sending of creature comforts to the natives in West Africa. "Pshaw!" said the man who was asked about it. "They have all they want. They live on fruit and coconuts and have all the glad rags they need. If you want to do good, send something to the Northwest. Why," he concluded, waxing eloquent, "those people no more need food and clothes than I want advice. It's as ridiculous as founding a Travel Club in the Central Prison."

\* \* \*

## Careful of Norman.

THE first time that "Ian MacLaren" came to Toronto he told several good stories to illustrate the loyal affection of the Scottish heart.

Dr. Norman MacLeod was greatly loved by his Edinburgh congregation and wherever he went in the city was greeted with the most profound respect and esteem. A young clergyman was therefore much astonished when he was asked to visit certain members of the congregation and was told that a son of the household was very ill.

"This looks like a serious illness," said the clerical visitor.

"Ay! The doctors are thinking it's the typhus fever."

"Typhus!" echoed the startled young minister. "That's very bad indeed. But, may I ask why you

have not sent for Dr. MacLeod?"

"Norman!" said the good wife in dismay. "Oh, we wouldn't like to risk Norman with the typhus."

And the young minister was left to ruminate on the unpleasantness of not being beloved.

\* \* \*

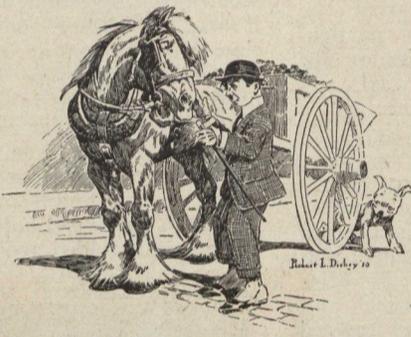
## Many Reasons.

"WHY don't you take the ladies with you?" asked an anxious enquirer, as the members of the Canadian Press Association set out for New Ontario, in and with the best of spirits.

"Well, you see," hesitated the courteous president, "there are black flies and mosquitoes and typhoid fever, and—and smallpox."

And yet they say the age of chivalry is gone.

\* \* \*



The Horse: Say, Fido, just get onto what's been kind enough to say I look intelligent.—Life.

\* \* \*

## Why He Didn't Go.

WENDELL PHILLIPS was, on one occasion, lecturing in Ohio, and while on a railroad journey going to keep one of his appointments, he met in the car a crowd of clergy, returning from some sort of convention. One of the ministers felt called upon to approach Mr. Phillips, and asked him: "Are you Mr. Phillips?"

"I am, sir."  
"Are you trying to free the niggers?"

"Yes, sir, I am an abolitionist."  
"Well, why do you preach your doctrine up here? Why don't you go over into Kentucky?"

"Excuse me, are you a preacher?"

"I am, sir."  
"Are you trying to save souls from hell?"

"Yes, sir; that's my business."  
"Well, why don't you go there?"

The assailant hurried into the smoker amid a roar of unsanctified laughter.

\* \* \*

## Heart Trouble.

"YES, I remember him," said Alkali Ike. "He died very sudden."

"Heart disease?" asked the eastern tourist.

"Waal, now, I don't know as you kin say it was the heart any more'n the club, spade or diamond. Anyway he dealt himself four aces."

\* \* \*

## Slightly Awkward.

A METHODIST bishop's wife, addressing a meeting of working women made home life seem all very fine and ideal, but one housewife voiced the opinion of the rest, perhaps, when she said to her neighbours with a sniff: "She's all right as far as she goes; but what I'd like to ask her is this—what does she do when her old bishop comes home on pay night with his envelope empty and a fightin' jag on?"

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

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

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

Hewson Woolen Mills Limited  
AMHERST NOVA, SCOTIA

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION as well as those who have used

## WILSON'S Invalids' Port

(à la Quina du Pérou)

pronounce it unequalled, absolutely reliable and safe, that it can be taken in perfect confidence whenever a tonic restorative is required.

It is a mild stimulant, and the only one that has no unpleasant reaction, and that produces no harmful effects.

This is asserted after continued extensive experience during several years and upon the authority of written opinion from hundreds of Canadian practising physicians.

Ask YOUR Doctor.

**BIG BOTTLE**  
Sold at all Pharmacies Everywhere.

## Consumption Book

200 PAGE MEDICAL BOOK ON CONSUMPTION FREE

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

Write at once to the Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 1555 Rose Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will send you from their Canadian Depot the book and a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful cure before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

# BOVRIL

## Raises The Spirits

When you are tired and discouraged it will put new life into you.



## Dining Service

when meal time comes is provided on all of the splendid trains to

# New York

Trains at 9:30 a. m., 3:45 and 7:10 p. m., (daily except Sunday,) and 5:20 p. m. (daily.)

## Canadian Pacific Ry. New York Central

is the only route to New York which is "water level."

These are the only trains from Toronto that arrive IN New York, at Grand Central Terminal on Subway, Surface and Elevated Car Lines.

Railroad and Pullman tickets can be secured at Canadian Pacific Railway Ticket Offices or at New York Central Lines City Ticket Office, 80 Yonge St., Toronto.

Frank C. Foy, Canadian Passenger Agent, 80 Yonge St. Toronto. Phone Main 4361

## Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, the 25th JUNE, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years 26 times per week each way between Sault Ste Marie and Can. Pac. Railway Station from the 1st JULY next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Sault Ste Marie and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT  
Mail Service Branch  
Ottawa, 6th May 1910  
G. C. Anderson  
Superintendent.

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

## MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

Superior to all other powders in softness, smoothness and delicacy. Protects the skin from wind and sun. Prevents chafing and skin irritations. The most comforting and healing of all toilet powders.



Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder is as necessary for Mother's baby as for Baby's mother.



It contains no starch, rice powder or other irritants found in ordinary toilet powders. Dealers make a larger profit by selling substitutes. Insist on Mennen's. Sample Box for 2c Stamp. Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.



Only the world's best, is good enough for Canadians. We go 'round the world in our search for the ingredients of Ideal Orchid Talcum Powder. The tale we use comes from Sunny Italy. The exquisite perfume is extracted from Orchids which grow only on the Island of Borneo. "Ideal Orchid" is the sweetest and most delightful Talcum Powder obtainable. If your Druggist cannot supply it, send 25c. for full size box. SOVEREIGN PERFUMES LIMITED, Toronto.



LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO A FRIEND.

I want to get a sample of my Ruby Rub Metal Polish into your hands.

I know if you use this polish now, when there is Spring shining up to be done, you will always have Ruby Rub in your home.

It can be used with safety on any article of brass, silver, copper, zinc, plated ware, harness trimmings, etc.

I make the way easy for you to try this great polish. Cut out this ad., take it to your dealer and he'll sell you a 10c tin of Ruby Rub for 5c.

If your dealer cannot supply, write direct. Enclose this ad. and Five Cents.

J. A. French & Co., Limited  
14 Teraulay St. - TORONTO  
Winnipeg and St. John, N. B.

## FOR THE CHILDREN

### A Picture-House.

By ALICE M. KELLOGG.

MARY'S father is one of the editors of a weekly magazine. Every Thursday night he brings home his "exchanges," or papers and magazines that are sent to him in exchange for his own periodical. Then he has to sit up until twelve and one o'clock, with a pair of scissors in his hand, cutting out the articles he wishes to preserve.

Mary keeps watch for these "exchange nights," for there are treasures for her in what her father throws into the waste-baskets. Instead of the pages of reading-matter which Mr. Howard scans rapidly, Mary turns to the illustrations to the stories and advertisements. For she has a novel way of playing at house-keeping with the pictures of the necessary articles.

A big scrap-book is her house. Two pages that open together she calls her parlour. Here she pastes her sofas and chairs, a piano and table, and whatever she thinks belongs in the parlour. Turning over to the next two pages, Mary has gathered here the furnishings for a dining-room. Then come the bedrooms, a bathroom,

the paper animals she allows to pay visits in the dining-room. By cutting a little slit in one of the chairs, Mr. Monkey is perched there as comfortably as if he were hanging by his tail to a tree in the forest. Pussy Cat and Rover have each a snug nest by the fireplace in the parlour, but at night they are taken back into their own domain.

Two of Mary's little neighbours have begun scrap-books of their own in the same manner, and the three girls help each other by exchanging pictures.—*Youth's Companion*.

\* \* \*

### First.

By ELLA H. STRATTON.

BENNIE KILMER was never happy unless he was ahead of every other little boy in everything. Therefore he was seldom happy. One day his father brought him a great red balloon, and Bennie was sure that it was the best one in the world until Cousin Frank came over with one exactly like it.

"Mine can go highest!" declared Bennie. "And I've a whole ball of twine!"



THE SHIPBUILDER

Preparing for the Summer Cruise. Canada has so many lakes, large and small, that every small boy takes an interest in sail-boats.

kitchen and laundry. Very often Mary searches in the waste-baskets for two or three weeks before she secures just the right thing to put into just the right place.

The people who live in the picture-house you might easily guess come from the same source where their furnishings are found. There is a large family, I can assure you, with Mr. and Mrs. Makebelieve, grandpa and grandma, with all the little Makebelieves, including the twins, Pansy and Ivy. There is a cook, in her place by the kitchen range, a waitress in the dining-room, and even a trained nurse ready, in cap and apron, to look after any who may fall ill.

Every contrivance for house-building and home-keeping that Mary hears about she makes a keen hunt for in her father's exchanges. Her house is not complete, she thinks, until it has a piazza and garden, and when she puts in the flowers she intends to paint them as she sees them growing outdoors.

Mary has a fancy for adding a menagerie also, and her pets among

"So have I," answered Frank, very good-naturedly. "Let's try them."

So they went out on the lawn. A gentle wind was blowing, but it was enough for the red balloons. Up they went, above the tops of the great maple-trees.

"Aha! Mine is up higher!" shouted Frank.

Bennie saw that it was true—his ball of twine was shorter. He scowled at the red balloon, and then at Cousin Frank's triumphant face.

"Mine shall go higher than that!" he shouted, angrily, and—let go the twine.

Then up, up it went, up and up, until it was so small a speck in the blue sky that he could not see it. "Now you've lost it," said his father, who had seen it all.

"It's higher than Frank's, anyhow," muttered Bennie.

"And Frank doesn't mind, but you do mind losing your balloon," said his father, "so Frank is first in having fun, after all."

And Bennie in sorrow knew it was true.—*Youth's Companion*.



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



"China-Lac" is the ideal finish for Furniture, Floors, Doors, Scratched Woodwork, Oil Cloth, Linoleum, Porch Chairs, etc.  
"China-Lac" stains and varnishes at one operation—and dries with a hard, tough, brilliant finish that is waterproof, weatherproof and almost wearproof.  
14 rich colors, including Rosewood, Cherry, Green, Mahogany, Oak and Golden Oak. Remember the name "China-Lac", made by

BRANDRAM-HENDERSON, LIMITED.  
Montreal, Halifax, St. John, Toronto, Winnipeg.

## HILL CROFT BOBCAYGEON - ONTARIO

A Residential School in the Country for Young Boys

Boys prepared for the Senior Boarding Schools. New and specially designed building. Hot water heating. Electric light. Ample grounds.

Apply for information and prospectus to  
W. T. COMBER, B.A. (Oxford)  
Headmaster

## Queen's University and College KINGSTON ONTARIO.

ARTS  
EDUCATION  
THEOLOGY  
MEDICINE

SCIENCE (Including Engineering)

The Arts course may be taken without attendance, but students desiring to graduate must attend one session. There were 1517 students registered session 1909-10.

For Calendars, write the Registrar,  
GEO. Y. CHOWN, B.A.  
Kingston, Ontario.

14

## McEuaig Bros. & Co.

MEMBERS MONTREAL STOCK EXCHANGE

Studies of leading corporations published weekly in circular form. General market review also given.

COPY MAILED ON APPLICATION

157 St. James St. - Montreal

## Rodolphe Forget

Member Montreal Stock Exchange

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MONTREAL

Carefully edited studies of leading Canadian securities mailed on application. Facts and figures compiled by experts.

PARIS OFFICE

60 RUE DE PROVENCE

## The Hamilton Steel and Iron Company

LIMITED

### PIG IRON

Foundry, Basic, Malleable

### FORGINGS

of every description

High-Grade Bar Iron

Open Hearth Bar Steel

HAMILTON - ONTARIO

## SYSTEMS

FOR YOUR OFFICE OR FACTORY

FRED PAGE HIGGINS

CHARTERED ACCOUNTANT

22 Toronto Street - TORONTO

## PELLATT & PELLATT

(Members Toronto Stock Exchange)

401 Traders Bank Building, Toronto

BONDS AND STOCKS  
also COBALT STOCKS  
BOUGHT AND SOLD  
... ON COMMISSION ...

Private wire connections with  
W. H. GOADBY & CO., Members  
New York Stock Exchange.

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

## MONEY AND MAGNATES

Canadian Transcontinental Lines with Fleets of Steamers.

AS the *Royal Edward*, the first steamer to sail under the flag of the Canadian Northern Railway, pulled into the port of Montreal, Mr. D. D. Mann, the vice-president of the company, remarked that the C. N. R. would now go ahead, and in addition to having its Atlantic fleet, would also have a fleet on the Great Lakes, and then on the Pacific Ocean.

It is one of those developments that comes almost naturally with the completion of a transcontinental railway, and just as the Canadian Northern, with its present line, has found it almost necessary to have its Atlantic fleet, so it will, by the time it is able to stretch its western lines across through the Rockies to the Pacific coast, find itself in the position of having to make arrangements to have its own fleet of steamers across the Pacific to China and Japan, and perhaps Australia and New Zealand. And so from very small concerns our Canadian corporations grow into gigantic ones.

Then the Grand Trunk situation looms up and calls to mind how, for months past, it has been rumoured that this company had secured control of the Allan Steamship Co. Then came a report that the Allans were making a close-working arrangement with the Canadian Pacific, and at the same time it became apparent that a very effective agreement had been established between the Grand Trunk and the White Star-Dominion line, enabling the Grand Trunk at all times to make special arrangements for all consignments of freight, both to and from England and the continent. Mr. C. M. Hays, the president of the Grand Trunk Pacific, has already made it quite clear that it was the company's intention to make arrangements, when the proper time came, to have its own fleet of steamers on both oceans, but he inferred that the company would very likely wait till the entire Grand Trunk Pacific was completed, before he would care to advise the directors to go ahead with such a large expenditure as that which would be necessitated by the acquirement of large fleets of steamers.

The sum total of the whole thing, however, is that Canada, besides having three great big transcontinental railways, will find that these concerns will have their own lines of steamers on both Atlantic and Pacific, all of which will establish, to a very large extent, Canada's claim as being the main highway between the Mother Country and the Orient.

\* \* \*

Power Enterprises in Western Canada Popular with British Investor and Show How Country is Growing.

EVERY little while something happens that serves to call attention to the very rapid manner in which the western section of Canada is going ahead. Only a few years ago street railway and power franchises, even in some of the larger towns, were practically going a-begging.

Only the other day, however, when Mr. W. M. Aitken, the president of the Royal Securities Corporation, returned from London, he was able to announce that he had disposed of \$1,250,000 of the bonds of the Calgary Power Co. at a very favourable basis to the London firm of Sperling & Co. In addition to this, there has been a very ready market found for the bonds and securities of concerns like the Western Canada Power Co., which will deliver additional electrical power in to the city of Vancouver, while the bonds of the West Kootenay Power & Light Co., Ltd., which a short time ago were selling around par, have now advanced to 110, indicating to a large extent the confidence that the English investor has in the possibilities of public utility concerns operating in that part of the country.

It is simply amazing to see the rapidity with which dozens of the towns in Western Canada jump from the positions of towns to that of being real cities, and as they do, they present, quite naturally, greater opportunities for the investment of additional capital, more especially from the point of view of street railway and power enterprises. Possibilities in this field are very rapidly passing away in Eastern Canada, and it is only natural that Canadian capitalists and promoters will now be giving a great deal of their attention to opportunities in Western Canada.

Somehow, it seems even easier to get an English investor interested in enterprises in Western Canada than in Eastern Canada, the reason being, perhaps, that the advertising that Canada has received during the last ten years, has dealt more particularly with these western provinces in which the great wheat lands are situated, with the result that the average Englishman has more confidence in them than he has in enterprises that are being started in various parts of Eastern Canada.

Now that English capital is pouring into the country in such enormous amounts, it will be interesting to note just what the possibilities for investment are in Canada, as compared with other colonies of the British Empire. A prominent London banker, who has made a very exhaustive study of the possibilities of the various colonies of the Empire, just the other day, after the conclusion of a trip through Canada, remarked to me in the office of one of the banks in Montreal, that he was quite prepared to go on record as stating that the possibilities for sound investment in Canada at the present day were, as a rule, very much greater than in any other one colony. Of course, there might be particular lines in other countries in which just as much money might be made, as in any one line in Canada, but no other colony, it seemed to him, could offer the diversity of lines that could be secured at the present time in the Dominion.

\* \* \*

A Great Period of Money Spending.

NOW comes the warning that money is becoming rather tight throughout Canada. Is it any wonder when one considers the way that Canadian railways, the larger Canadian industrial concerns and manufacturers generally are spending money?

Only a couple of months ago the banks were finding it practically impossible to loan out anything like the amount of money that they desired, and as a result they were lending as much money as possible out on the Street, in the form of call loans on stocks and bonds. This, of course, greatly facilitated the upward movements in various securities on both the Montreal and Toronto Stock Exchanges.

Now, the situation is entirely changed, and brokers are finding it rather

## KEEPING INVESTORS INFORMED

Holders of securities and prospective purchasers can secure accurate information by communicating with us.

We maintain a Statistical Department replete with reports on the standing of Bonds and Stocks.

Investors are invited to write us.

## A. E. AMES & CO.

INVESTMENT BANKERS LIMITED

7 and 9 KING ST. EAST TORONTO

ASSETS	\$ 5,617,909
CAPITAL (SUBSCRIBED)	\$2,500,000
CAPITAL (PAID UP)	\$1,500,000
RESERVE FUND	\$1,250,000

## CENTRAL CANADA

### LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY

TORONTO

DEPOSITS RECEIVED  
AND DEBENTURES  
ISSUED

Chief Office for Canada: TORONTO  
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager



IRISH & MAULSON, Limited  
Chief Toronto Agents

## VITAL FACTORS IN BUSINESS

The greatest economy, a wise selection of business and the greatest care in the investment of funds, are *vital factors in every business*. They have placed the



in the front rank. *Its Actual Results* to policyholders have never been excelled and *results count* in life insurance just as they do in any other business.

HEAD OFFICE - WATERLOO, ONT.

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

difficult to get any large amount of money, even from their own banks, and only the other day a leading official of one of the largest banks of the country remarked to me that it was now only a matter of a short time when Canadian banks would find it absolutely impossible to meet the legitimate demands for commercial and current loans.

One has not to travel far to see where all the money is going. All the Canadian railways, like the C. P. R., Grand Trunk Pacific, the Canadian Northern, are carrying through enormous extensions and improvements, and it would rather seem as though they were finding it almost impossible to get enough men to carry through the projected work fast enough. All their work calls for a large amount of steel, not only in the form of rails, but more particularly in the form of structural steel for bridges, and this class of business means a very large amount of work for other Canadian industrial concerns.

On this account, quite largely, concerns like the Dominion Iron & Steel, the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal, the Canada Foundry, the Dominion Bridge, are already away behind in their deliveries, and seeing the large amount of business that is now certain to be available for them during the next few years, are dividing their attention between turning out the work for which they already have orders, and in carrying through improvements and extensions to various parts of their plants, that will enable them to handle a very much larger amount of business in the future.

Talking the situation over with a big industrial man, he remarked to me that almost without exception every Canadian industrial concern was being thrust face to face with a new market condition, as far as their products were concerned, in as much as the country was going ahead at such a rapid rate that most concerns could see that it was now only a matter of three or four years when the markets for their particular lines in Canada would be fully double what they are to-day.

In the same way concerns like the Montreal Steel Works and the Montreal Rolling Mills already have plans made out for very important extensions. The Montreal Steel Works, for instance, finding that there was scarcely enough room to permit of the desired extensions to its plants on the present site on the Lachine Canal, have already purchased a large block of land at Longue Pointe, towards the eastern extremity of the Island of Montreal, and have had plans completed that will call for the erection of a plant, the initial cost of which will total in the neighbourhood of three-quarters of a million dollars.

The Montreal Rolling Mills also has very important plans under consideration, and a large amount of additional capital that will likely be placed in it, will result in its being able to practically double the capacity of many of its departments. This concern is, at the present, one of the largest customers of the Dominion Iron & Steel Co., and naturally the more business it does, the larger amount of material it will take from the big steel concern down by the sea.

What is true of the larger industrial concerns seems to be almost equally true of the majority of the larger manufacturing concerns in the country, in such lines as clothing, textiles, shoes. The clothing trade in particular is one that has shown tremendous development during the last couple of years, and even with the addition of dozens of factories in all the leading commercial centres, manufacturers admit that it is practically impossible to meet the demands of the trade, and that from early last spring, almost without exception, every manufacturer was weeks behind in his deliveries, and that in many instances they were trying to buy from one another in order to fill the requirements of their city stores.

Usually a tight-money period has very disastrous effects on business, both on the Montreal and Toronto Stock Exchanges, because when brokers find their call loans being called by the banks, they are forced to offer quite a considerable amount of stock on the Exchange, and the absorption is scarcely ever equal to the pressure to sell. This usually results in some rather severe declines, more particularly in those securities which are being carried very largely on margin. In the present instance, however, it does not look as though business on the Stock Exchanges should be affected as much by tight money as it has in previous years. The reason for this is that a tremendous demand for certain classes of Canadian securities has sprung up both in London and in Paris, with the result that on any decline, Canadian interests will likely be able to arrange with London houses to take quite large blocks of our securities. It is this development that will likely save the Canadian stock market situation, more especially towards the end of next summer, when our Canadian banks, in addition to attending to the requirements of regular business, will have to make provision for the handling of the wheat crop of Western Canada. This all takes a very large amount of money, but there again, the Dominion Government has already come to the assistance of the banks, and in case of any stringency it would not be surprising to see practically all of the leading institutions taking advantage of the permission granted them to issue circulation notes in excess of their capital, for the purpose of attending to the requirements of the crop movement.

The tighter money becomes, of course, the easier it will be for our Canadian banks to make larger profits, and it rather looks as though it will not be very long before the majority of them will be showing profits at a larger rate even than they were able to show in the banner year of 1907.

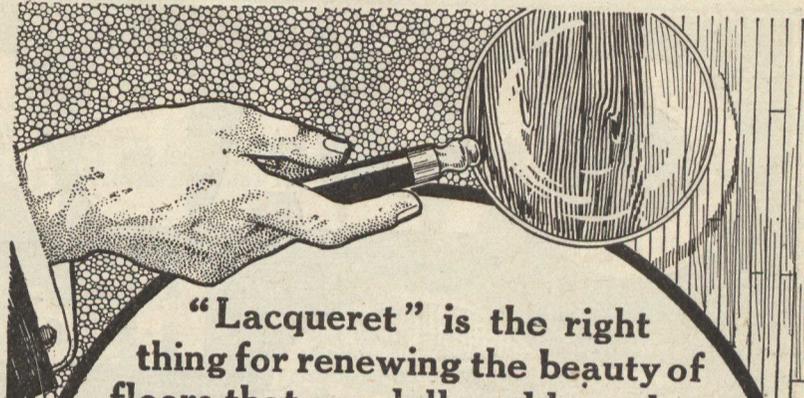
\* \* \*

**C. P. R. Pyrotechnics.**

CANADIAN Pacific Railway stock continues strong, but there is not great likelihood of an increased dividend. There may, however, be another issue of stock. The C. P. R. has still thirteen million acres of land, but it is not likely that this will be sold at any speed. The natural policy would be to husband these resources. Aside from this asset, there is no reason why the dividend should be increased more than one per cent. at the outside. Earnings are growing steadily but increases in dividends are not to be undertaken lightly.

It must also be remembered that on July 1st, there is thirty millions of new stock on which dividend must be paid. This will consume some of the surplus cash of the company. Add to this, the rapidly developing demands for new lines in the West, and there are two good arguments why the directors should hesitate about increasing the dividend. Of course, with present prospects and careful management, an increase from seven to eight per cent. is within the range of possibility.

COUPON.



**"Lacqueret" is the right thing for renewing the beauty of floors that are dull and lustreless.**

There are so many uses for "Lacqueret" in the home that the marvel is that any well-regulated household should be without it. "Lacqueret" beautifies everything to which it is applied—makes old furniture look like new and adds a lustre to worn floors that gratifies the particular housewife.

**How to apply "Lacqueret" to floors.**

Remove all dust, dirt and grease from the floor. Use one coat of colored "Lacqueret" for refinishing worn, stained and soiled wood floors. If the surface is badly worn and requires a second coat, use clear "Lacqueret" after the colored coating is thoroughly dry. Two coats of colored "Lacqueret" is apt to produce *too dark* a finish. Stained, natural wood, painted oilcloth and linoleum floors that are in good order but simply dull and lustreless only require one coat of clear "Lacqueret." This retains the original color effect.

Write for our Free Booklet, "Dainty Decorator," and learn for yourself the many uses of this household beautifier.

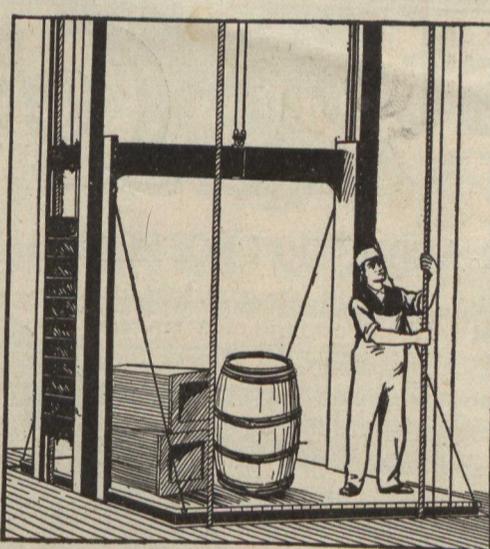
The most prominent Hardware and Paint Dealers sell "Lacqueret."

**International Varnish Co. Limited**  
Toronto—Winnipeg 2343



**LACQUERET**  
HOUSEHOLD LACQUER

**Hand Power Elevator--\$70<sup>00</sup>**



**Otis-Fensom Elevator Company Limited**

Head Office, TORONTO, ONT.

BRANCH OFFICES:

Montreal - 368 St. James St.  
Ottawa - 9 O'Connor St.  
Winnipeg - - McRae Block  
Vancouver - 155 Alexander St.

**Snap is Greater than Soap**

SNAP is an antiseptic hand cleaner and will benefit the daintiest hands, so thousands of Canadian men and women use it every day. Every druggist recommends it. Every grocer keeps it. Ask your neighbor about it.

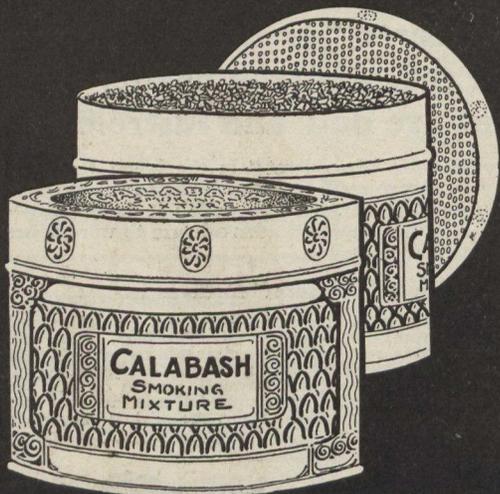


**1 tin 15c, 2 tins 25c.**

**Snap Co. Limited - MONTREAL**

# CALABASH

## High Grade SMOKING MIXTURE



2 oz. tin costs	25c
4 " " "	40c
8 " " "	75c
16 " " "	\$1.50

**PACKED IN  
HUMIDOR TINS**

### SUBSCRIBERS' BONUS

Up to July 1, 1910, the Canadian Courier will renew any paid-up subscriber and provide the Courier for 12 months as a new subscription to a friend on receipt of FIVE DOLLARS.

Remember, you can renew your own subscription and send the Courier to a friend for 12 months for only \$5.00. Refer to this advertisement.

**CIRCULATION BUREAU - CANADIAN COURIER**

# Preston Steel Ceilings

## SUPERIOR ACOUSTIC PROPERTIES

Wood and plaster, being of an *absorbent* nature, naturally *absorb* and deaden the sound of a singer's voice. But steel, being *non-absorbent*, *returns* the sound. It's *this* quality of *resonance* that makes PRESTON Steel Ceilings so admirably adapted for schools, churches, auditoriums and other buildings where superior acoustic properties are desirable. PRESTON Steel Ceilings compare favorably in cost with plaster.

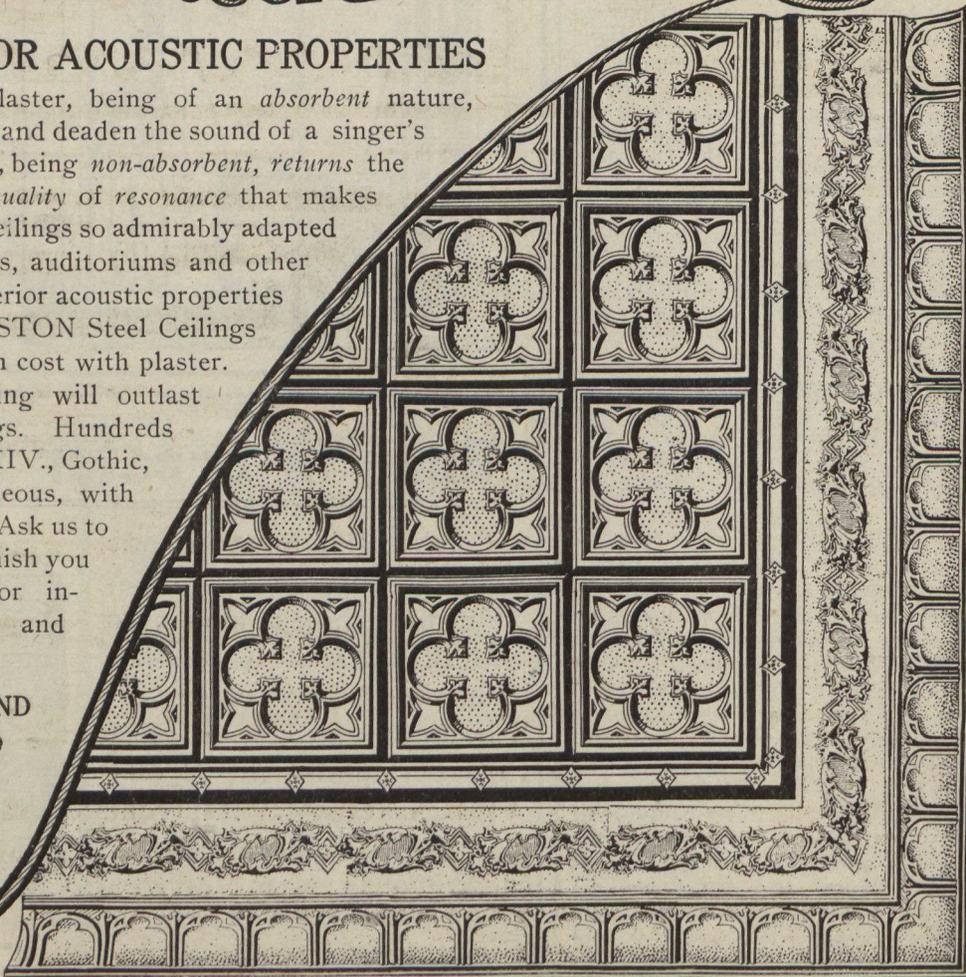
And one steel ceiling will outlast many plaster ceilings. Hundreds of designs in Louis XIV., Gothic, Colonial, Miscellaneous, with sidewalls to match. Ask us to have our experts furnish you with suggestions for interior decorations, and estimates on same.

METAL SHINGLE AND  
SIDING CO., LIMITED

PRESTON, ONTARIO

Branch Office and Factory  
Montreal, Quebec

12



For sale by G. P. BRECKON & CO.

Rear, 210 Victoria Street

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THE "CANADIAN COURIER."

### Public Opinion

#### Seal on Sable Island.

Editor CANADIAN COURIER:

Sir,—The extermination of the Arctic seal was the interesting theme of a correspondent in a recent number of the CANADIAN COURIER. It may be news to many to learn that Canada has a rookery where the Arctic seal is protected. That rookery is Sable Island, off the coast of Nova Scotia. It is a natural breeding ground for the seal and those who are fortunate enough to visit that remarkable island can see them there in thousands.

In fine weather they will leave the water and in schools of hundreds will climb the sloping beach and sleep for hours in the sun. They are there in all sizes and of all ages from the "baby" of a few days to the ones advanced in years.

On the approach of man or horse they will make for the water, sliding down hill with the aid of their flippers. Sometimes they are caught napping, as they sleep very soundly.

Reaching the water they swim about, their bald heads showing above the surface and resembling a regiment of soldiers in for a bath.

Sable Island is also a protected spot for wild duck, plover and other species of wild feathered game. Bluewing and sheldrake are very plentiful. It was the writer's experience to see bluewing chicks running around the kitchen floor of one of the stations there last summer. Sable Island is about the plovers' "last resort." The superintendent of the Island does not allow the birds to be slaughtered and very few are killed by the residents.

This haven of refuge for seals and wild birds is worthy the attention of the authorities. The Island is under the wing of the Federal authorities and the possibility of hog-sportsmen "discovering" it and descending on the game should be guarded against.

Sable Island is not accessible to the ordinary sportsmen. If it were there would be no game there. But the possibilities of a special permit being given somebody is always to be feared.

Under the regime of the present superintendent, there is no danger of the game or seals suffering at the hands of the staff on the Island.

W. D. TAUNTON,  
The Dockyard,  
Halifax.

\* \* \*

#### "National," But Rather Slow.

To the Editor of the *Montreal Star*:

Sir,—King Edward VII died on Friday night a week ago. It was not to be expected that the weekly papers dated the following Saturday (or May 7) would contain anything about this great historical and world-wide important event. But one would naturally expect some account of the occurrence in a number dated a week after the passing away of the monarch. I do not, however, find in a so-called "National Weekly," which bears, despite its name, but a couple of pages of piffle and personalities on Canadian topics, a single line regarding Edward's demise and George's succession.

And in view of that fact, I protest. And in voicing that protest through your really national journal, I would draw a contrast between this output of American "enterprise" and the CANADIAN COURIER of Toronto, a journal of sane Canadian views, which encourages Canadian talent, and which is making rapid strides forward in consequence thereof.

S. J. LAMBERTIN.

Montreal

# CELESTINS

# VICHY



Natural Alkaline Water

Used at meals prevents Dyspepsia and relieves Gout and Indigestion.

Ask your Physician

# VICHY CELESTINS

Bolvin, Wilson & Co., Agents

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Insist that your dealer always sends O'KEEFE'S "PILSENER"

"THE LIGHT BEER IN THE LIGHT BOTTLE" (Registered)

The O'Keefe Brewery Co. of Toronto, Limited

# Cosgrave's Pale Ale



is absolutely pure, is brewed from only the choicest and best materials. It combines the richest tonic and food qualities.

Ask your Dealer.

## ATHLETIC NEWS

By F. H. HURLEY

### Canada's Second Entry in the "Diamonds."

JAMES F. COSGRAVE, of the Argonaut Rowing Club, whose picture appears on this page, has decided, like his fellow-countryman, and citizen—Lou Scholes—to try for the Diamond Sculls this year, and, with that object in view, sailed for England last week, in order to allow himself ample time to become acclimated, and to get into the best possible condition for the most important event in his—or for the matter of that—any other sculler's career. While he is a comparatively small man, he is a wonderful sculler, as he so fully demonstrated last year by defeating the pick of the United States and Canada at the Canadian Henley, and should, on that showing, stand a good chance of winning in England, unless Lou Scholes should prove too much for him.

It is not known here which is the better oarsman, as they have never

CANADIAN COMPETITOR AT HENLEY



James Cosgrave of Toronto, Sculling Champion of Canada, will help Lou Scholes represent Canada.

met in a race, nor does it matter materially to Canadians generally, so long as one of them wins. That is the important thing. Jimmy—as he is familiarly called—has a large following, and it won't be any surprise to them if he should catch the judge's eye first. His victory would certainly be very popular, as, apart from his prowess with the sculls, he possesses some very striking qualities.

\* \* \*

### The Polytechnic Marathon Declared Off.

CANADIANS will regret to learn that the Polytechnic Marathon—the greatest English long-distance event of the year, and that was to have taken place on the 21st inst.—has been abandoned, and that Eddie Cotter—our representative—who had trained long and faithfully for it, was not given the opportunity, on that day at least, to show his English ancestors the quality of men that are produced on this side of the Atlantic.

Another race of the kind, however, has been arranged for the 11th of June, but whether he will do as well then, as he would have done on the original date, remains to be seen.

## NEW SCALE WILLIAMS

### The Peerless Sembrich

—who received \$60,000. a year in New York alone—who was the "star" of all the stars of the Metropolitan Grand Opera Co.—and who has just retired at the pinnacle of her artistic career—selected THE NEW SCALE WILLIAMS PIANO for her Canadian tour.

Madame Sembrich, of course, had her choice of the world's finest instruments. The fact that her preference was the NEW SCALE WILLIAMS shows the esteem in which this marvellous piano is held by the premier artists.

The beautiful tone—which blends so exquisitely with the singing voice—is equally delightful in the home as well as on the concert stage.



TORONTO, Can., Nov. 4, 1909.

"I wish to thank you for the New Scale Williams Concert Grand Pianos which you are furnishing for my concerts in Canada.

"It gives me pleasure to tell you that I find the tone beautiful and of splendid power and carrying quality".

Sincerely yours,  
MARCELLA SEMBRICH.

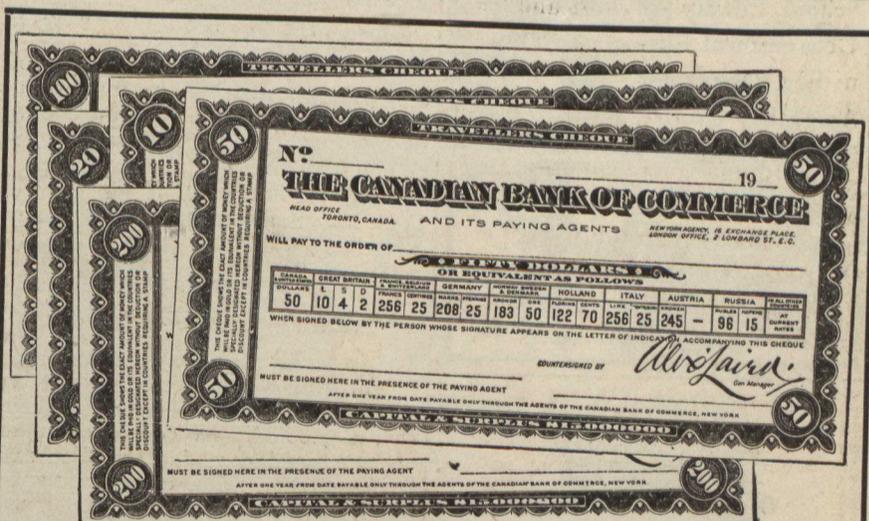
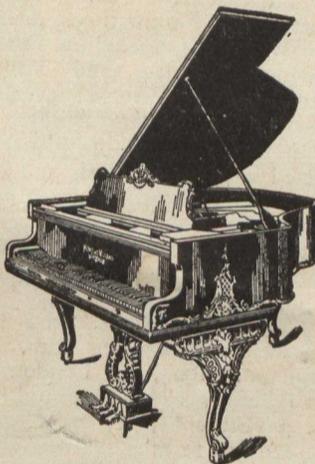
The New Scale Williams is made both in the Grand and Upright styles—in many superb designs.

Our catalogue shows them. Write for a copy.

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Montreal, Que., 733 St. Catherine St. W.  
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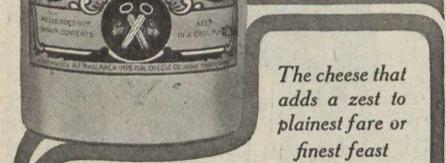


## FACSIMILE OF TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES

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The Canadian Bank of Commerce

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**"HERE'S TO APPETITE"**

The cheese that adds a zest to plainest fare or finest feast

## Mac Laren's Imperial Cheese

With a flavor all its own. Delicious and appetizing. You will never know how really good and wholesome cheese can be made until you've tasted "Imperial" Cheese.

Its quality and flavor are due to the care in curing and ripening, and to the rich, pure milk from which it is made.

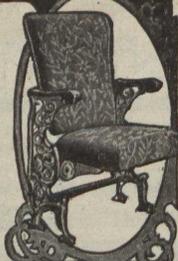
Cheese is an ideal food, containing everything necessary to sustain life and develop energy. Imperial Cheese contains from two to six times the nourishment in a like amount of meat, with no waste products combined, and is easily digested and assimilated.

Mac Laren's Imperial Cheese is put up in sealed, opal jars, and remains clean, soft and fresh, good from the first taste to the very last bit. It spreads like butter and never dries or gets stale. Always ready to serve. Your grocer has it from 10 cents up.

Mac Laren Imperial Cheese Co., Ltd.  
Detroit, Mich., and Toronto, Can.

## The CANADIAN OFFICE & SCHOOL FURNITURE CO. PRESTON, ONT.

Manufacturers of High Grade Bank & Office Fixtures, School, Library & Commercial Furniture, Opera & Assembly Chairs, Interior Hardwood Finish Generally.



## Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on FRIDAY the 24th JUNE 1910 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between Carluke and Hamilton from the 1st JULY next.

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

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,  
Mail Service Branch  
Ottawa, 6th. May, 1910

G. C. Anderson  
Superintendent.

Altering the date for one's preparation, doesn't suit in all cases.

Should Cotter be successful in the forthcoming race, it will mean much for his country, since Cameron—a fellow-Canuck—by winning the Boston Marathon, has already annexed the championship of America.

\* \* \*

### The Late King Edward and Sport.

NO truer friend of legitimate sport ever lived than the late King Edward.

Being intensely human, he understood perfectly the innate love his subjects had for feats of strength and skill of all kinds, and being alive, as he ever was, to their interests, did what he could to foster and encourage them. He was a sportsman in the truest sense of the word. He loved the pastimes of his people, but deplored deeply the gambling that was incident to some of them. He was, however, broadminded, and intelligent enough to understand that, while there would undoubtedly be a certain amount of harm done in this way, which it seemed could not well be avoided, there would be infinitely more benefit, and that the rule of "the greatest good for the greatest number" would in this, as in all cases, be a sound one to follow.

Personally, he was devoted to yachting, shooting (and a crack shot, too), golfing, motoring and cycling, while his fondness for the turf is well known. For years he maintained an extensive racing stable, and owned, at different times, many noted thoroughbreds, including Persimmon, Diamond Jubilee, and Minoru, all winners of the world's greatest turf classic, the English Derby.

In athletics, too, he always manifested a great interest, and attended many of the most important meetings, especially those between the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and the Braemar gathering in Scotland.

Canadian athletes, who had the pleasure of meeting him, both at Athens in 1904, and London in 1908, will remember the cordial greeting he gave them, and the great interest he seemed to take in their success.

Sport—clean, honest, wholesome sport—has lost a good patron and supporter in the late lamented King Edward, who, by his example, has taught the world that, when honestly conducted, there is no branch of it but should be encouraged.

Moreover, it may not be out of place to say that, by the interest he always took in it, he won the hearts of the masses, and incidentally accomplished more, in the way of preserving the integrity of his empire, than he could perhaps have in any other way.

\* \* \*

### Training for the Mile Run.

IT is advisable always, in training for this event, to jog slowly (half-speed—or to be more explicit, say, a 7.00 clip—a couple of miles every second day, for the first two weeks, and to walk, from five to ten miles, on the remaining days. Then, when the legs and vital organs are in condition to stand fast work—run from half to three-quarters of a mile, three days a week, at fairly fast clip, and the remaining three days, from a mile to two miles, at about a 6.00 to the mile gait. Take a sprint or two of 75, or 100 yards, at each practice, and an occasional fast "quarter," and a good long walk, or two, during the week, and you'll soon develop form good enough to win almost anywhere—provided always that Nature has endowed you with the other necessary qualities.



## Has Tried Them all— Uses "New Perfection"

The housewife with years of experience—the woman who knows how to cook—finds, after practical tests and hard trials, the New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove is her idea of what a good cook-stove really ought to be.

She finds it requires less attention, costs less to operate, and cooks all food better than any other stove she has ever tried.

She finds the New Perfection oven bakes and roasts perfectly.

## New Perfection WICK BLUE FLAME Oil Cook-stove

has a Cabinet Top with a shelf for keeping plates and food hot. There are drop shelves for coffee pot or saucepans, and nicked towel racks.

It has long turquoise-blue enamel chimneys. The nickel finish, with the bright blue of the chimneys, makes the stove ornamental and attractive.

Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet. **Cautionary Note.**—Be sure you get this stove—see that the name-plate reads "NEW PERFECTION."

Every dealer everywhere; if not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the

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OR THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY, Limited

## A TWENTY DOLLAR GOLD PIECE

is valuable—but attached to the end of your electric wires would give you no illumination. It is not suitable for that purpose.

### YOU MUST HAVE A LAMP

To get the illumination you must have the right lamp. The proper reflector and correct voltage are important.

## THE TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT TUNGSTEN IS THE RIGHT LAMP FOR STORES

Our experts will advise you regarding the reflectors and voltage. They are at your service. *Phone us, call or write.*

## The Toronto Electric Light Company, Limited

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The conservative investor will appreciate the liberal rate

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Undoubted security. No trouble. Simply cut off the interest Coupons half-yearly.

WRITE FOR 17TH ANNUAL BALANCE SHEET

**A. A. CAMPBELL** - Managing Director

A MUMMER'S THRONE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.

and the lights of the city twinkled out one by one. His past life rose in view before him. His determination hardened. Who were these people? And why did they stand in his way like this? Surely, it could matter little or nothing to Europe in general whom he married. The map of the world would not be altered because he had allied himself to youth and beauty, instead of rank and commonplace femininity. His face hardened as he thought of Schentein and his satellites.

He rose presently and went in search of Florizel. But the latter had already left the hotel. It seemed almost impossible that he could sit quietly down there and wait upon events. He must be doing something, he must be moving towards his goal. He would go down to the theatre and see Nita. He slipped a revolver in the pocket of his overcoat, and set out upon his way. He walked quietly along the boulevards in the direction of the "Oderon" lost in his own thoughts, till presently a messenger boy touched him on the shoulder. The mannikin in uniform had a letter in his hand which appeared to be in Florizel's handwriting. The envelope contained a few words scribbled on a visiting card, which

were curt and to the point. Directly on receipt of the letter the king was to go to a certain address without delay, and there wait the arrival of his friend. He nodded curtly. He crushed the paper in his hand and passed on, suspecting nothing.

But something like a gleam of prudence came to him presently as he found himself in an unfamiliar part of the city. He began to ask himself questions now. He hesitated in the deserted roadway. It was cowardly, perhaps, but he decided to go no farther.

He had hardly turned before three figures materialised from the shadows and he found his path cut off. The figures were masked, though it seemed to the king that one of them was familiar to him. Without a word they closed upon him. He had not passed five of the best years of his life in an English public school for nothing. His left hand shot out swiftly, and one of the ruffians went down crashing into the roadway. Before the other two could advance the king had whipped out his revolver and stood with it in his hand.

"Stand where you are," he whispered, "if you value your lives!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

VENUS BY THE AID OF A COMET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

planet Venus. I said that I believed it did, but I had been studying the matter for twenty years before I made that statement. I said that I would not believe it to be otherwise unless I proved it to be so. The only way I could prove it would be to go to the planet and see for myself. I came to this conclusion ten years ago and at the same time the idea first presented itself of how to accomplish the journey. Do you remember that theory I explained to you, concerning comets' tails? I told you that it interested me, but I did not tell you that I had proved it to be correct. By the aid of the spectroscope, I found that a chemical existed in comets, which only in the minutest quantities appeared in the sun, or any of the planets with one exception. That exception was Venus. In her this chemical abounds. Now, do you see the only deduction? As far as we know, there is but one planet that possesses any attraction, or gravitation, for that vapourised chemical, thrown off by the comet. That is the planet Venus." He paused and looked at me, then continued:

"Next May, the earth is to pass through the tail of Halley's comet. I shall then obtain enough of this substance to float my so-called 'airship' and go to Venus."

We sat still for a few minutes, and then he went over his words again, with fuller explanations, until I had fully grasped his meaning, dazed though I was with the stupendous scheme.

"Now," he concluded, "I have told you, and you are the man I have selected to take with me. You have six months in which to decide whether you will come or not. Think it over, and I will not ask for your decision now. But I should like to know something of your mind before you go back to the city."

As you may imagine, there was not much sleep for me that night, but by the morning I had my wits collected and was able to quietly consider the matter. There was no one to keep me from going. My father and mother were both dead; my uncle—

well, he was a good old chap, but all our family are singularly devoid of affection, and he did not waste any of his on me. Moreover, as I was his ward, my fortune would be his, and it would be considerable compensation for my loss. My greatest friend was the Professor himself, so why should I not cast in my lot with him? Even if we should lose our lives, at least it would be in the cause of science. But why should I suppose we should lose our lives? The Professor was absolutely confident. He had tested his facts and theories so well, that he was certain of their results. In my own mind I went over his words of the evening before, and considered them well. Then I decided that, as he had shown so much confidence in me, I would not fail him. Still I wished to satisfy myself on one or two points, before giving him my final decision, so I went over that evening to have another talk with him. He seemed satisfied with my attitude, and was quite ready to answer my questions.

"Will this chemical," I asked, "be more attractive to Venus than the airship and ourselves will be to the earth? For I presume, whichever has the strongest attraction will hold the field, so to speak."

"You are quite right," he said, "but this chemical, you see, possesses no quality over which the earth has any sway. Therefore while the earth rushes on her path at the rate of eighteen miles a second, its propensity will be to remain behind in space. Now, I shall place this chemical in my ship, and it will be tremendously hard to retain her on the earth, and as soon as I loose her bonds, away the world will go, and leave us behind. Our apparent ascent will not be as rapid as I may have led you to suppose—I mean, the earth will not shoot away from us at the rate of eighteen miles a second. She will be able to exercise a slight control over the construction of the machine, but that attraction will grow less and less until finally it will cease altogether. Then the other planet, that has attraction for both airship and chemi-



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Essentially quality wear.

YOU, Sir, who like to feel that no man of your acquaintance wears better linen than your own, there's assurance of the best in haberdashery if you just insist on seeing this mark:

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Collar of Comfort 3 for 50¢



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THE QUALITY GUARANTEE MEANS METAL BED INSURANCE

and the Quality Guarantee Ticket is your insurance policy. It is good for the full amount paid for any Quality Bed that does not bear out our claims for it. The process of proof is simple. Have your dealer deliver a Quality Bed to your home. Use it for thirty days. If at the end of that time, you do not think it is the best bed you've ever had in your house—return it and the dealer will return your money. We go further than that—five years further.

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are returnable after five years, if they do not prove their absolute superiority by actual endurance—the only standard by which we measure all Quality Beds. Quality Beds are the product of infinite care and finished skill. If we could find a way to crowd more quality into them, we would. We want to send you our Quality Catalog, "Bedtime," so you may learn all about metal beds; (brass and enamel), why you will like Quality Beds and why they are best. Your name on a postal will bring it. Write the postal now.

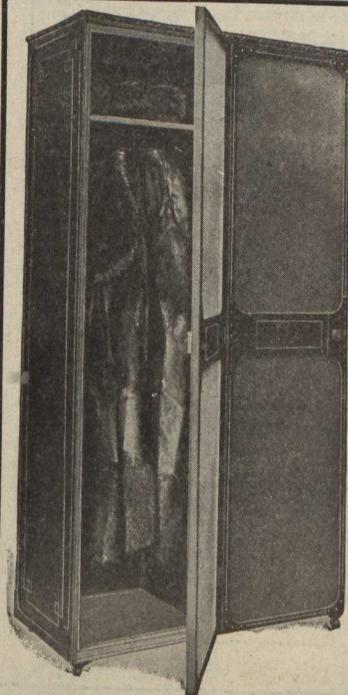
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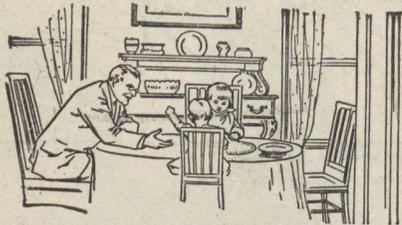
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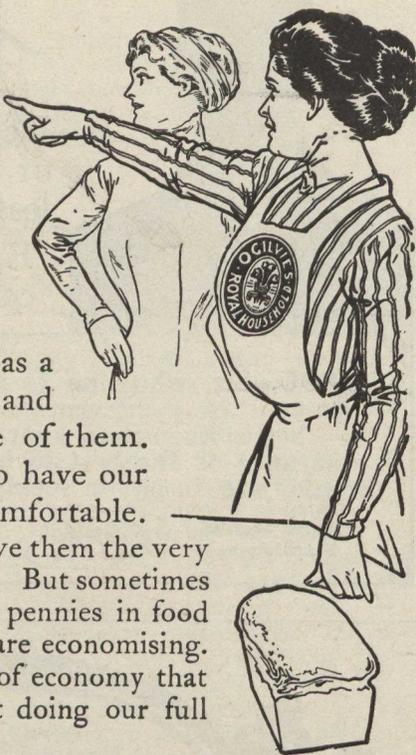
The Geo. B. Meadows Toronto Wire, Iron and Brass Works Co. Limited 479 Wellington Street West Toronto - - Canada



## True Household Economy

**M**OTHERS, we owe it as a duty to our husbands and families to take good care of them. We all want, of course, to have our loved ones cheerful and comfortable.

Our dominant part is to give them the very best that we can make or bake. But sometimes we are tempted to save a few pennies in food and think that in so doing we are economising. But is it so? Is this the kind of economy that is wise and profitable? Is it doing our full duty to our loved ones?



## Royal Household Flour

We wouldn't think of buying the lowest priced eggs in the market just for the sake of economy. We would feel that because they were cheap they would be good eggs to avoid. The low price would give us a suspicion of their freshness and quality.

But when it comes to flour, for example, we may be tempted to buy the second best instead of the best because of the few pennies difference in price. We may think that economy in flour is different from economy in eggs. But it isn't. The principle is the same. The difference in cost between the best flour in the

world and ordinary flour is so little that in justice to our responsibility as wives and mothers *we can not afford to take chances.*

From every point of view Royal Household Flour is more economical than any other. It produces more loaves to the barrel. It is richest in food value. It is more uniform. It is best for Pastry as well as Bread and yields more baked product in either bread or pastry than any other flour.

ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR furnishes more nourishment, more real food value per pound and per penny's worth than any other flour in the word.

Ogilvie's "Book for a Cook" will be sent free to the woman who asks for it and sends in the name of her dealer.

Ogilvie Flour Mills Co. Limited.



32

cal, will quickly draw us to her surface.

"One thing more," I said; "when we get into the atmosphere of Venus, will not the friction caused by our rapid descent through the air, fuse us and our airship into vapour—like the meteors that we see?"

For answer he led me out to his workshop and showed me an addition to his ship that I had not seen. This was in the shape of two huge automatic wings, which, he explained, would so act that as soon as we struck the heavy, cloud-laden atmosphere of Venus, would open out and so check our stupendous pace that we would float gradually and gently to the ground.

My fears thus set at rest, I pledged him my allegiance, and then I said good-bye, as I should not see him again before I returned to the city.

"I shall send you a telegram when I want you," he said significantly. "Come the moment you receive it."

So I went, feeling as though I were but imperfectly awake after a confused dream.

The next six months were, naturally, the longest I ever spent in my life. The Professor had not told me the exact date to look out for his message, and it was sooner than I had expected that his summons came. At half-past one in the morning of May the nineteenth, 1910, I was awakened by the arrival of a telegram. It read thus:

"All satisfactory. Come at once.—E. F."

In two minutes I had on sufficient clothing not to be arrested for indecency, and was on my way to the station. Finding a train did not leave for two hours, I composed my appearance, so as not to seem too suspicious a character, and engaging a motor-car, covered the seventy-five odd miles in sixty-one minutes. The Professor met me with his manner wholly composed, and asked me if I were ready, as though we were going on an ordinary railway journey. We went out to inspect the machine, which was only waiting for us to take our places inside. It was held to the ground by tremendously strong ropes. To free her, a fuse was placed at the end of each rope, which would be lighted before we got in, and a little powder at the end of the fuse would sever the ropes in a few minutes.

"There is enough food in there," said the Professor, "to last us for forty days—nearly all concentrated, of course. I think I have left sufficient proof in the house that we have departed this world with our own consent, and taken our bodies with us, to clear any one of the suspicion of murder. Now we will have something to eat."

We went back into the house, where the Professor had the table spread with an abundant repast. Then I went through the most terrible struggle of my life, for, with the realisation that this was to be our last meal on earth, a sort of sick feeling came over me, that I would rather suffer the extremities of torture than enter that machine. The Professor evidently perceived the panic that was striking me, for he put me in a chair, and made me drink a glass of strong whiskey.

"You are not going to fail me at the eleventh hour," he said, and his face was white and set.

We sat still for a long time, staring straight ahead of us, neither speaking. Then I rose.

"I will go," I said.

"Good," was his reply, and we went out together into the cold night.

The Professor was lighting the end of the fuse, when the grey form of the Persian cat stole into the ring of pale light, and with a plaintive mew, rubbed herself against the Professor's

legs. With an emotion quite new to him, he picked her up, saying, "Shall I leave you behind, Pussy, when you have been with me so long? I will not. You shall come too." So the Persian cat entered the sphere in the Professor's arms, and he secured the entrance that barred us from the world of our birth for ever.

That was the strangest journey, I suppose, ever accomplished by mortal men. I cannot describe it, for most of the time we were in a semi-conscious state, produced, I believe, by the awful blackness of space and the terrible majesty of the sun, planets and stars, which burned, burned, burned, in the midst of blackness, and never moved nor twinkled, nor shed any ray that could light the airless eternity of space. Neither of us know how long we were on that journey; neither of us know whether we ate anything or not, but both of us are certain we were on the brink of insanity when the shock of light and motion brought the perception that we had entered the atmosphere of Venus. Then we began to gather our scattered wits, and stared at each other's hollow-eyed faces, until gradually realisation of the situation returned. The Professor had provided a simple contrivance for steering to a suitable resting-place, but it was not necessary to use it, for we floated gently on, until we finally rested on the base of a mountain. Here you afterwards found us. The cat had needed all the strength of her nine lives to come through that journey alive, but she survived it, though when the Professor carried her out—as he had carried her in—she was so weak that her head hung back over his arm. We emerged from the sphere and fell on the ground, and our heads rested on the cool grass, and if we could have cried I believe we should have done so, but we were too weak even for tears. Then when the exquisite joy of being on a world again had abated a little, we took something from the sphere to eat, and fed the poor cat with condensed milk mixed with fresh water from a nearby stream. Here we also drank freely and bathed ourselves, until gradually our strength returned.

You know the rest. I have nothing more to tell you. That is a wonderful world, but this is more so. That is a beautiful world, but this is more beautiful. We were born there and lived there until Destiny brought us here—and this is better. There is no chance of ever returning, and we do not wish it. Indeed, I am quite sure that, even were it possible, we should not leave this happiness, which could never, there, be regained. For I believe that happiness reaches its human zenith here in this ideal planet, Venus.

### A Pertinent Question.

A CERTAIN minister, afterwards Moderator of the Assembly, before he became known to fame, was minister of a remote parish in Perthshire, and was not considered a particularly attractive preacher. At his suggestion alterations in the transept of the church were made which did away with a large number of seats.

After the alterations had been finished, he met the beadle. "What do you think of the improvements, John?" he asked.

"Improvements!" exclaimed John in disdain. "They're no improvements at a'! Whaur are you goin' to put the folk?"

"Why, it seems to me there will be abundance of room, John, considering the size of the congregation."

"That's a' very weel the noo," retorted the beadle, "but what will we do when we get a popular minister?"

It Won't Rub Off

VISIT the finest hotels, the costliest homes, and you will find Alabastined walls. Alabastine is used in these palatial places, not because it is the most expensive wall-decoration, but because it is the most artistic and effective. An Alabastined wall is a delight to the eye—so soft, velvety and beautiful. It will not rub off or fade. Alabastine is cement, and hardens with age. Its beauty is permanent. It is the most sanitary and inexpensive wall coating known. Alabastined walls are now the general vogue, in cottage and mansion alike. Wall Paper is out of fashion. The sales of Alabastine in Canada have doubled in two years.

## CHURCH'S COLD WATER Alabastine

None Genuine without Little Church on Label

FREE STENCILS

To still further popularize Alabastine and again double its sales, we have organized a Decorative Department, and are prepared to offer FREE COLOR SCHEMES and FREE STENCILS to users of Alabastine. Write today for particulars. Our advice is free. Let us help you to beautify your home at a moderate cost.

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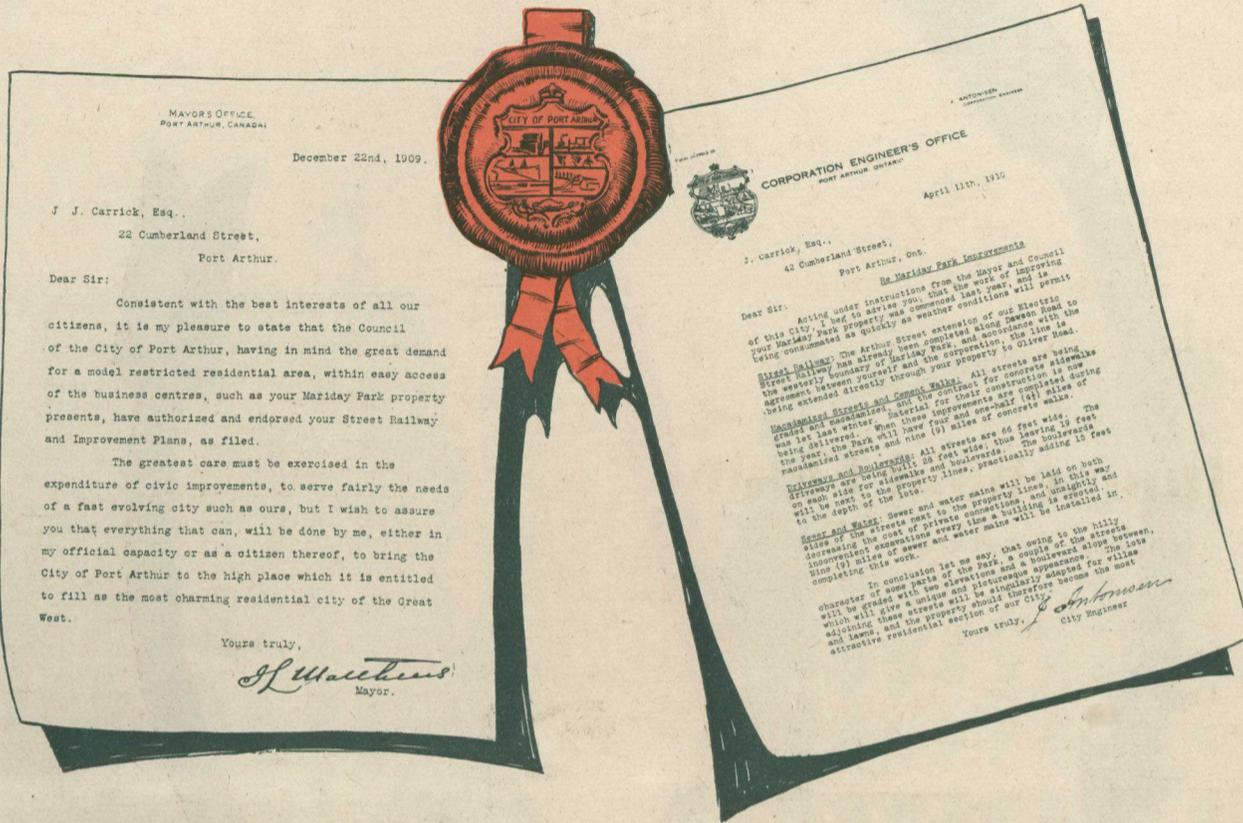
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The Alabastine Co., Ltd., 23 Willow St., Paris, Ont.

# The Rate-Payers have Attached their Seal of Approval



## MARIDAY PARK, PORT ARTHUR

The City Council as well as the Rate-Payers of Port Arthur authorized our Street Railway and Improvement Plans—having in mind the great demand for a restricted residential area, with easy access of the business centres—a location such as Mariday Park.

The City Engineer has improved the property a thousandfold, installing granolithic walks; sewer and water mains on both sides of the street; driveways and boulevards have taken the place of narrow, muddy roadways—in fact no stone has been left unturned that might add to the beauty and desirability of Mariday Park.

Building restrictions insure desirable neighbors—they call for houses of from \$3,000 to \$5,000.

Owing to the hilly character of some parts of the property, some of the streets have been graded with two elevations and a boulevard slope between, giving a unique and picturesque appearance. The lots adjoining these streets will be singularly adapted to villas and lawns—making a most attractive proposition to the true home lover.

Your request, addressed to any of our offices mentioned below, will bring by return mail what we consider the most superb booklet ever published on the subject of real estate. It is called "The Portal to the West"—it's free. With the book, we will send you subdivision plan and map of the city.

### PRICES AND TERMS

Lots are all of fifty foot frontage. Prices range from ten to thirty five dollars per foot.  
 Purchasers have five years to complete their payments.  
 Terms 20% cash—balance in ten equal semi-annual payments—6% interest.  
 Applications are now being received—Allotments June 1st, 1910.  
 Early selection is advised, as those who are first to inquire will have the best opportunity for selection.

Please send me your booklet "The Portal to the West".

Name .....

Address .....

## J. J. CARRICK

Head Office: 22 CUMBERLAND ST., PORT ARTHUR

Branch Offices: 420 Victoria Ave., Fort William; 1307 Traders Bank Bldg., Toronto; 151 Notre Dame St. West, Montreal; Bank of Nova Scotia Bldg., Winnipeg



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*Handwritten initials*