

The Canadian Courier

A · N A T I O N A L · W E E K L Y



THOUGH ALL THE LAND BE CLAD IN SNOW,
LET LOVERS NE'ER REPINE,
FOR CUPID SMILES IN MELTING MOOD
TO GREET SAINT VALENTINE.

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER,
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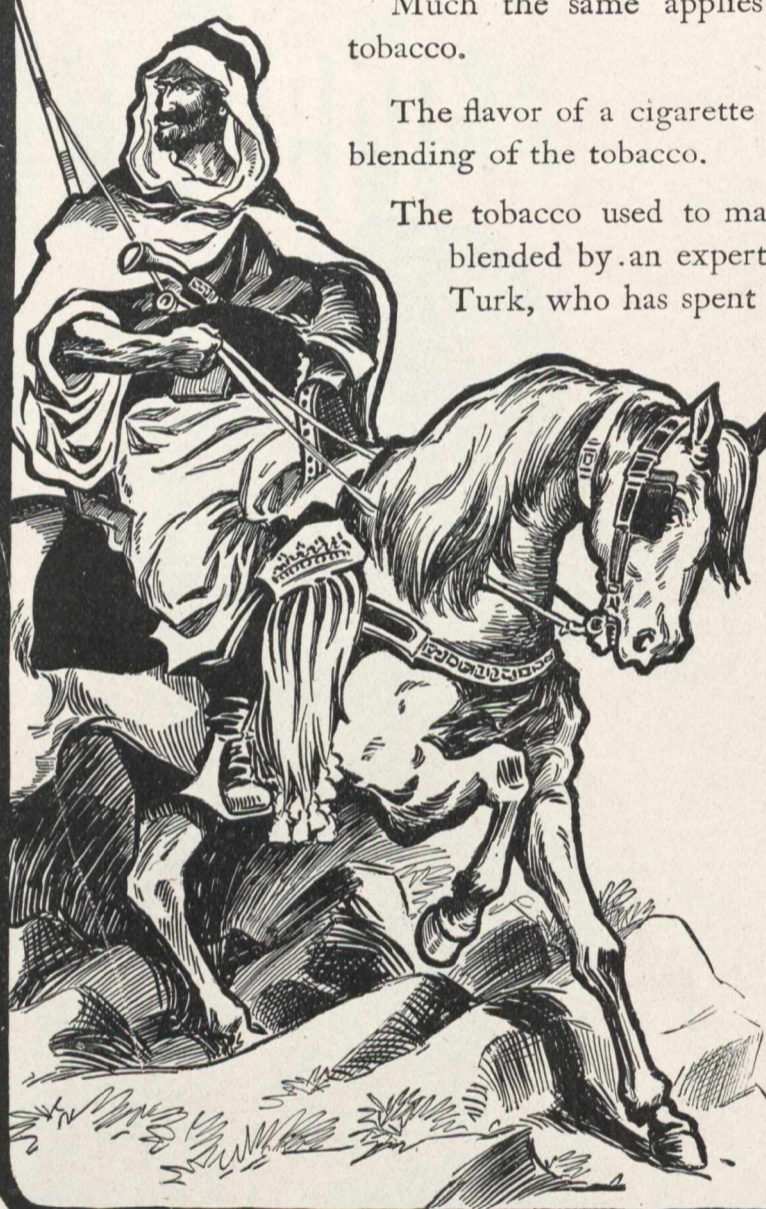
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THE Canadian Courier

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

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CONTENTS

IN THE PUBLIC VIEW	5
REFLECTIONS	6
THROUGH A MONOCLE	8
HEADQUARTERS OF THE WHEAT BELT	10
SHADOWED ON THE SPA, Story	11
SEARCHING FOR COAL IN THE ROCKIES	12
LIFE'S CHEQUERBOARD, Story	14
DEMI-TASSE	15
PEOPLE, PLACES AND PROGRESS	17
MUSIC AND DRAMA	18
FOR THE CHILDREN	20
BRITISH GOSSIP	21
LITERARY NOTES	22



PUBLISHERS' TALK

SAIN'T VALENTINE seems to have as many worshippers as ever and our cover design this week is our offering at his fickle shrine. Mr. Marten has imparted a Canadian flavour to his suggestive sketch.

THE curling season is at its height and the important matches are fast being added to the historical record. Next week a final article on curling, by Mr. H. J. P. Good, will appear. It will deal exclusively with curling in the West.

THIS week we publish some rare photographs from the Foothill country and the Rockies. Next week there will be a special British Columbia contribution from Bonnycastle Dale. It will deal particularly with the mining town of Ladysmith. Other articles from Mr. Dale on various British Columbia districts will appear in subsequent issues.

THE editor of the new department, "People, Places and Progress," will be glad to have photographs and information concerning new towns and new industrial and commercial developments of all kinds. As is the case with the other departments, the scope is national and no part of the country will be overlooked in this weekly record of activity.



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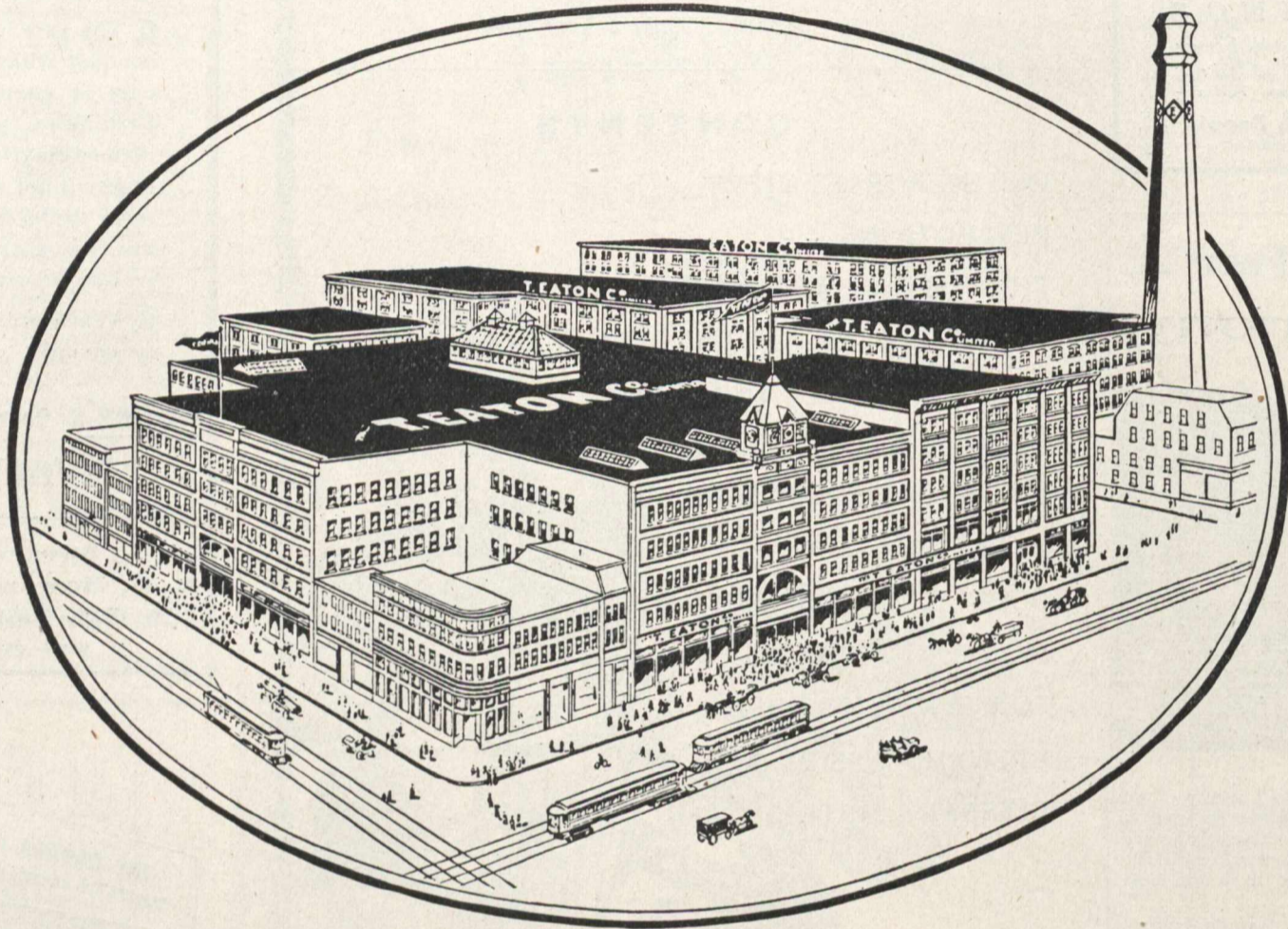
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IN THE PUBLIC VIEW

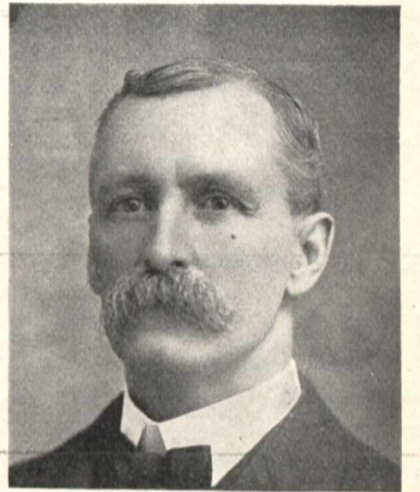


Mr. T. J. Drummond,
President of the Montreal Board of Trade

MONTREAL without a Drummond would be a strange Montreal. Mr. T. J. Drummond, the new president of the Board of Trade in that city, is not the least of that family of big-hearted, popular Irishmen known to the world chiefly through the illustrious name of the late Dr. Drummond. The other brother, Mr. George E., is quite as popular. This whole Drummond family must be set down as one of the most likable and illustrious groups of brothers in the whole wide world of Irishmen. They are as big in Canadian mercantile and public and professional life as any Irish-Canadians in the country—and some of the biggest men this country ever had have been Irishmen. Thomas J. resembles his brother, the late Doctor. By occupation he is a commercial man and a worthy head to the Board of Trade; by nature he is a poet; not quite the same sort of poet, perhaps, that the Doctor was, but a man in whom poetic ideas have a great deal to do with business and with common life. Mr. Drummond has put much of his poetry into the prose of business, and some of it into prose writings of a humorous character such as appeared in the "Canadian Magazine" a few years ago. This gift of expression is native to the whole Drummond family. They have the real Irish warmth of temperament and of character; impetuous and emotional, yet strong-headed and practical. They are as fond of one another as chums at school, and they were as fond as boys can be of their old widowed mother, who raised them as bare-footed lads on a little farm near Montreal. No Drummond of that ilk was ever too busy to remember the old home and the old mother who was more than anything else in life to them while she lived. They have often been known to refer to the old bare-footed days on the farm as the happiest of their lives. Yet they have all been successful men of business—much more than the average man. As an instance of the esteem in which Mr. T. J. Drummond is held by the business men of Montreal it will be remembered that he was unanimously elected to the presidency of the Board of Trade while he was absent in Europe. He has recently returned and in an interview with a Montreal newspaper he expressed the universal admiration in which the Canadian banking system is held in England. He predicts that the good reputation of the Canadian financial system as compared with that of the United States will give a strong impetus to British immigration into Canada.

AFTER twelve years of absence, Mr. William J. Bryan has again been in Canada. He has delivered addresses in Montreal and Toronto. In both places he spoke on "The Prince of Peace"—speaking in Toronto on Tuesday evening of this week on that subject to the students of Toronto University; to the Canadian Club on "Ideals," and to the Toronto Press Club on whatever he thought would give the boys a good time. Bryan must be set down as the greatest platformer on the American continent. That Major Pond ever missed him as a star attraction is a wonder. He is a born lecturer. That he aspires to the Presidency of the United States must be ranked as a Bryan hobby which helps to keep him in the public eye and

on the public platform. No man can take Bryan seriously at all points. He is the ablest entertainer on the boards outside of the theatres. He is as versatile as Roosevelt. On religious subjects he is as much at home as is the President and much more of an orator. It was as an orator that Bryan first became known to the world. In the famous campaign of 1896 he was the new voice from the wilderness of Nebraska; a sort of political John the Baptist breathing forth words of prophecy and denunciation. His celebrated catch phrase, "You cannot crucify mankind on a cross of gold," was the mark of the dramatic Bryan who felt that he had a new gospel to preach—free silver, sixteen to one. That was the Bryan who spoke in Toronto in 1896 when he made an impression on the Canadian public that far transcended anything done by such great lights as Henry George and Dr. Talmage, both of whom were in Toronto about the same time. That Bryan has faded. The Bryan who spoke in Montreal and Toronto during the past few days is Bryan the lecturer; the man who since his first tilt against the gold-bugs has bumped against the world enough to find out that an ounce of entertainment is often worth a pound of gospel. He is perhaps a saner Bryan; but he is no longer a voice in the wilderness crying to the people to make straight the way.



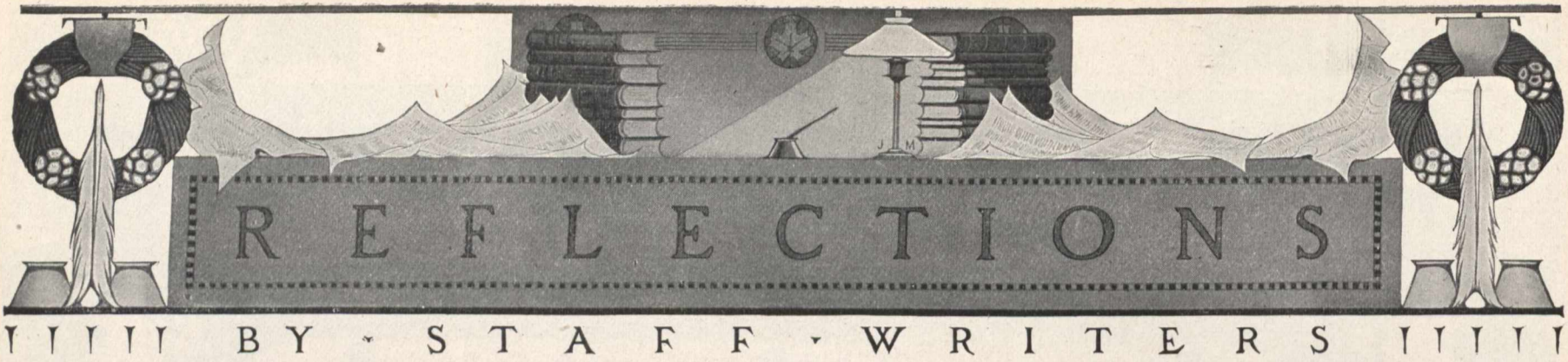
Mr. A. Knechtel,
Inspector of Forest Reserves

MR. A. KNECHTEL has been appointed Inspector of Forest Reserves in the Department of the Interior. A more suitable man for this position would be hard to find. Mr. Knechtel was born in the woods. Up in Huron County, Ontario, he helped to clear his father's farm in the days when the main business of life was to get trees down that wheat might grow up. Being ambitious, he went to High School and afterwards taught school both in Canada and the United States. Over in Michigan at the Agricultural College there he took a four years' course in scientific farming and got the degree of Bachelor of Science. Afterwards at Cornell University he received the degree of Forest Engineer from the New York State College of Forestry. In all these years of teaching and studenthood, Mr. Knechtel spent his vacations up in the Muskoka woods—not fishing but running his own saw-mill. After completing his course he was first employed by the United States Bureau of Forestry in making a study of the natural regeneration of the commercial trees of the Adirondacks. Since that time he has been the Forester for the Forest, Fish and Game Commission for New York State, under direction of which he made a classification of the forest lands of the state, established forest nurseries, superintended the planting of 2,500,000 trees in the Adirondacks, organised the work of collecting forest tree seeds and took charge of the fire protective service. In 1904 he made a four months' tour of Europe, studying and photographing forests. Mr. Knechtel has published a number of bulletins and articles on forestry subjects. Some of the more important are: "The Cultivated Forests of Europe," "Methods of Estimating and Measuring Standing Timber," and "Making a Woodlot from Seed."

It is astonishing how the once slight knowledge of scientific forestry is being multiplied in the minds of the public. Nearly every citizen is willing to listen to a discourse or read a dissertation on "How to preserve our forest wealth." The change in the public attitude is significant.



Mr. J. D. Hazen,
Leader of Opposition in New Brunswick
Legislature.



ONE hundred thousand dollars is not too great a payment for the life and liberty of Kaid Sir Harry MacLean, the Scotch soldier-statesman in the service of the Sultan of Morocco. Yet by advancing this amount for such a purpose, the British Government has established a precedent which may be troublesome. Supposing some enterprising Yankee should come over here, kidnap Sir Wilfrid Laurier and carry him away for ransom, would the British Government be willing to pay a million dollars for him? Being in the service of the Empire, he is surely worth ten times the amount paid for Sir Harry MacLean. If so, is this not encouraging the business of kidnapping?

ENCOURAGING ABDUCTION

The danger which now threatens important Canadian statesmen, must also threaten important Britishers everywhere. They are scattered over the world, travelling by sea and land, performing important duties among every race and tribe upon the face of the earth. To send an army to hunt down Raisuli might have been more expensive in this particular case, but would it not have been worth while? We must all rejoice that the picturesque Scotch knight was saved, but he will excuse our criticism of the method by which his liberty was restored.

HOW it must have pained Lieut.-Colonel Denison and Dr. Parkin to read the reports of the Senate debate on February 6th. Senator Scott said that the British Government's embargo on Canadian cattle was a convenient pretence for protecting the British cattle producer. Sir Mackenzie Bowell declared that he had discussed the matter with the authorities when in London, and had told them that they were practising "protection" by fraud. Senator Choquette added that certain members of the British House had admitted to him that the fear of disease in Canadian cattle was only a pretence to favour British cattle. Such plain talk from Liberal and Conservative senators, including some of Privy Council rank, must be inimical to the cause of Imperialism which Dr. Parkin and Lieut.-Colonel Denison have so much at heart. These gentlemen cannot get any solace from the fact that a Liberal Government is in power at Westminster and it is they who will feel the force of this senatorial blow. The embargo has been approved by previous Conservative Governments, even when Mr. Chamberlain held Cabinet office.

THOSE WICKED SENATORS

This incident, the re-enacting of the Natal Act in British Columbia, the trouble in the Transvaal over the Hindus and other differences of opinion on public policy but serve as warnings that the British Empire must tolerate much for the sake of union. Each of the units must be prepared to face distressing circumstances which require forbearance and patience. A realm so wide, so diversified in climate, races, needs and ideals, can be held together only by continuous exchange of opinion and sentiment and by the constant exercise of that principle of compromise which plays so large a part in the diplomacy, national and international, of the day.

A PECK of trouble has been caused in the city of Toronto by the decision of the Council to reduce the number of liquor licenses from 131 to 110. During the past three years, the License Commissioners have been granting licenses only to houses which came up to a certain standard of physical comfort. To get up to this standard, the license holders declare that they have invested an extra million and a half in new buildings, additions and improvements. Now thirty-one of these hotels are to be asked to give up their licenses without recompense or compensation.

A PECK OF TROUBLE

The action of the City Council came suddenly. There had been no talk of license reduction. When the new Council for 1908 was announced, some wise person looked over the list and exclaimed:

"Here is a temperance council." Straightway the deed was conceived and done. The temperance people were delighted; the license-holders were surprised and indignant. Some wise persons, though in favour of license reduction, declared that such surprise legislation was unjust and that the recent plebiscite which was unfavourable to license reduction should have governed Council's action until such time as a fresh plebiscite was taken.

The license-holders, having recovered from their first surprise, are circulating a petition asking that the Ontario Government interfere and order the City Council to defer action until such time as a plebiscite is taken. The Ontario Government is interested to the extent that it appoints the License Commissioners and must find three men willing to undertake to say what thirty-one licenses shall be cut off. It will be a thankless task, and the Government may find it difficult to secure the men. If it selects three temperance men willing to do the beheading, then it will be accused by the license-holders of aiding and abetting the City Council and assisting in destroying men who were led by Government officials to understand that if required improvements were made their licenses would be assured.

This is the peck of trouble. The situation is certainly not pleasant for Mr. Whitney and Mr. Hanna.

WITH somewhat evident pride, the Kingston "Whig" announces that Prof. Kirkpatrick and Messrs. Youlden and Campbell, who are assisting the Board of Works in purchasing a road plant, will charge nothing for their services. In that case their assistance will probably be valuable because they will be masters and not servants. The master is always more valuable than the servant because of the difference in spirit.

CITIZENSHIP AND THE PAYMASTER

The paymaster has affected the voluntary public service of Canada. The alderman who gets \$300 a year is not half so valuable as the alderman who serves for the honour which the service brings. Paying controllers and mayors brings to these offices second-rate candidates—good citizens, painstaking and public-spirited, but never daring. The man who needs the money cannot be a dashing cavalier. There are exceptions—but they prove the rule.

The paymaster has affected Parliament to some extent. It had been better if our members could serve without salary. This though ideal is almost impossible in a new land of magnificent distances. Moreover, the honour of parliamentary service is so great as to almost overwhelm the influence of the paymaster. There are men in the House, and perhaps in the Senate, who give away each year their sessional indemnity in quiet and unostentatious support of public undertakings and general entertainment.

Notable examples of services where the paymaster has no effect may be found in the social orders, such as the Masons and Odd-fellows; in the class organisations, such as the commercial travellers; in the boards of public institutions, such as hospitals, universities, boards of trade and industrial exhibitions. The men who serve on these boards are not remarkable, perhaps, nor are they wholly independent. Occasionally they may be more ambitious for their own glory than for the public benefit. Occasionally they may be influenced more by desire to improve their wives' social standing than by any desire to distinguish themselves. There can be little doubt, however, that if the paymaster's insidious voice were heard, the situation would not be so favourable to good service.

There is a class of man which is continually looking about for small gain. The representatives of this class will be found hunting for offices with small salaries attached. When successful, they become more ambitious and chase positions in the civil service, arguing that a man who has performed public service is best fitted

for civil service. It is a specious argument, but it has great vogue in this country.

While we tolerate the paymaster because a necessity, let us try to cultivate that public spirit which will overcome and extinguish his influence. Individuals are now doing that in both the public and the civil service; but the idealistic condition might reasonably be more widespread than it is at present.

LAW reform is a perennial plant. Ontario is to have a large display of it this year. Hon. J. J. Foy, Attorney-General, announces that the Government proposes to limit the right of appeal. Instead of allowing a case to go from the County or District Courts to the Divisional Court, and thence to the Court of Appeal, there shall be one appeal only and that direct to the Court of Appeal. Further, appeals to the Supreme Court of Canada and to the Privy Council shall be limited to important cases, if the Dominion and Imperial Governments will concur.

The effect of all this will be to prevent long-drawn-out litigation and hasten the final decision. It will also lessen the costs of legal actions and equalise the opportunities of poor and rich litigants. The subject has been much discussed in the Legislature this week and definite legislation will follow. As Mr. MacKay, the Opposition leader, has already declared for this reform, the question is not a party one.

In a recent address to the Canadian Club of Toronto, Mr. D. B. MacLennan, K.C., of Cornwall, claimed that there was no necessity for an Ontario litigant to go beyond the Ontario Court of Appeal. This consists of seventeen strong judges, and any man should be satisfied with their decision. Further, he agreed with Sir Alexander Lacoste, of Quebec, that the Supreme Court at Ottawa did not know as much about the laws of the various provinces as the provincial judges and hence questions of a purely provincial character should not be appealed beyond the province. Further, Mr. MacLennan thought the same argument applied to appeals to the Privy Council, instancing a case where an Australian decision was reversed in Great Britain to avoid establishing a precedent at home.

Of course, no one will deny that in a case involving a statute of the Parliament of Canada, an appeal to the Supreme Court should be permitted. Similarly in a case which turns on the interpretation of an Imperial statute, the right of appeal to the Privy Council should remain.

SOME readers of this journal did not seem satisfied with our comments on the special missionary movement now being made in America. This was due, perhaps, to a misunderstanding of the "Courier's" position. Few people, at this late date, would seriously attack the foreign missionary movement, although there are those who believe that it is inadvisable. What we tried to point out was that Canada's home missions are demanding so much attention that an immediate extension of our efforts on behalf of foreign missions would seriously cripple the home missions. Even the leaders of the present movement recognise this and admit it.

Further evidence of the soundness of the "Courier's" position is available. At a recent meeting in Grace Church, Winnipeg, Mr. J. A. M. Aikins, one of the leading Methodists in the postage stamp province, declared emphatically that the money raised for foreign missions could be used to better advantage in raising the standard of life and civilisation among those foreigners now in Canada. Mayor Ashdown, Rev. C. E. Manning and Professor Osborne also spoke, pointing out the great work to be done among the newer citizens in providing them with education, recreation and religious instruction.

In an interview which appeared in the Toronto "Globe" last week, the Rev. Dr. MacLaren, Presbyterian Home Mission Secretary, declared that the contributions for the work were \$100,000 short. The total annual cost is \$180,000 and for the eleven months ending January 31st, only \$81,351 had been received. He pointed out that the partial crop failure in the West has lessened the givings in that portion of the country and hence Eastern contributions must be increased. He felt that the situation was serious.

Down in Nova Scotia, the Methodists and Presbyterians are getting together to prevent over-lapping in mission work. The Methodists are retiring from one community in Halifax County and the Presbyterians in Cumberland. Each church is finding plenty to do, without working on ground already covered.

From one end of the country to the other, there is a tremendous

demand for religious, social and educational facilities for the newer settlers, of whom over half a million have been added to the population in two years. This being the case, why should any one start a boom in foreign mission work, when there is so much to be done in Canada? Does charity begin at home or in China? Are the foreigners within our borders to be neglected for the foreigners abroad?

COLD weather came late in Canada this year—about January 1st in the West and about February 1st in the East. The general public have been doing their best to see that the newer citizens are not found unprepared for the short but severe cold spells. In Toronto, there has been quite a revival in charitable work and no one making his wants known finds it necessary to go without food, clothes or heat. Just outside the city limits, there are about 1,500 new citizens living in little houses which they have built as temporary residences. The land is cheap and the county taxes almost nominal. These dwellers in shack-town are being helped out in their struggle to get a footing in the country by a generous public, led by the "Daily Globe."

In Winnipeg, the police report that little poverty exists although the foreign population is larger than ever and times are not quite so good as they were. This is due to the fact that the foreigner lives more economically and cheaply than the British immigrant or the average Canadian labourer. Mr. Seel, the foreign detective of the force, claims that a Galician can make \$10 go as far as a Canadian can make \$25 go. Some other foreigners are almost as clever in eking out their slender earnings.

Canada is to be congratulated upon the generous sympathy and help which, as a general rule, have been extended to all classes of newer citizens. There has been no failure anywhere to recognise the duty which is laid upon those whose earnings are above the average to help those whose income is low. It is such generous action which binds together the new and the old—the native, the Britisher and the foreigner—into one new nationality.

PREMIER RUTHERFORD announces that the pupils of the public schools of Alberta are to be provided with free readers. Saskatchewan is to follow the same line as Alberta and Manitoba. In the older part of Canada, no province has gone so far as this, though several of the larger cities have undertaken the task of free text-books in public schools. The West has perhaps greater need for such a system because its new and struggling settlers bear a larger proportion to the whole population. Nevertheless there are even higher reasons in the minds of those who are behind this movement in the West.

Chief among these reasons is that of economy. When school readers are sold by the publisher to the wholesaler, by the wholesaler to the retailer and by the retailer to the parent, the cost of a set of readers will run from \$1.25 to \$1.75. Ontario just now is getting a cheaper set but these are an out-of-date job lot which would otherwise have gone to the junk shop. By purchasing direct from the publisher, a provincial government should be able to save at least one-half of this amount, say 50 to 75 cents per family annually. For 100,000 families this means an annual saving of at least fifty thousand dollars.

There are other reasons. The newcomer has never to wait for a book. The poor child has an equal chance with its more fortunate neighbour. Invidious comparisons are eliminated and self-respect is preserved. The scholars are better equipped, the teacher is master of the situation, and school progress is accelerated.

The reasons are so important and convincing that it is a matter of surprise that the provinces of older Canada have not long ago adopted the free reader system for public schools. The subject is being seriously considered in both Ontario and New Brunswick and the reform may come in these two within the next two years. If it does, Nova Scotia and Quebec must fall in line. In the United States, the free text-book system is being carried even beyond the public schools.

Of course, there are reasons against such a system. Some people prefer to have their children use only new books, lest they contract disease from a volume which has been used by another. Experience has proven that this danger is practically non-existent. Again, some parents prefer that their children should own and preserve their school readers for sentimental reasons. But these and other objections can easily be met by allowing a parent who so desires to purchase the books which his children are to use. The reasons in favour of the system vastly outweigh the few stock objections.

LIMITING LITIGATION

FOREIGNER VERSUS CANADIAN

FREE SCHOOL-BOOKS

CANADA AND FOREIGN MISSIONS

Through a Monocle

MR. WHITNEY announces his intention of going down into the arena to meet the gladiatorial band of the legal profession. This will be—if Mr. Whitney is in earnest—a fight to a finish in the metropolitan Colosseum, in comparison with which those who merely “fight with the beasts at Ephesus” are engaged in a side-show. The statesman who undertakes real legal reform will have to “take on”—as they say in sporting circles—the finest company of fighters which this country possesses. The hockey experts are slow-footed rag dolls when contrasted with them; and they will put up a scrimmage which will make rugby look like a thinly attended afternoon tea. For the lawyers will never, never stand for real legal reform without fighting as hard as only they know how against it. Of course, they will welcome an improvement of procedure which will reduce their work without interfering with their winnings; and they may, if the public is genuinely aroused, permit a little lopping off of the mouldering branches just to keep up appearances. But that they will allow any interference with the “jungle”—to use Mr. Goldwin Smith’s photographic phrase—in which they entangle and bewilder and finally consume their prey, will not be dreamed of by the most sappy optimist.

* * *

Possibly Premier Whitney does not mean the sort of legal reform which will make it easier for the client. Still he cannot very well lessen appeals and cut down costs without helping the layman. But what the plain people of this country want is a root-and-branch reform of the law and all that appertains to its practice which will rescue the client from his present helpless position as a bound victim in the hands of his “counsel”—save the mark! The average client knows about as much touching the legal side of his own case as a frozen oyster does of wireless telegraphy. He knows the facts. He thinks that he knows the right and wrong of it. But when his lawyer takes him in hand and begins to expound the law, reading over to him statutes which sound like English but need more translation than an Egyptian hieroglyphic, ornamenting them with “decisions” which make them seem more foolish than they did to begin with, the client perceives that he is lucky to be out of jail for doing what he knows he had every right to do.

* * *

Then when his case gets to court—I say “his case” out of politeness, for he would no longer recognise it if he met it without its label—he watches another lawyer or two get a hammer-lock on it and give it a few “ju-jitsu” twists which so change its appearance again that he comes to regard the once foreign work of his own lawyer as quite homelike by comparison. Who is in the right now, he could not even give a guess. He is like the prisoner who would not “plead” until the jury had told him whether he were guilty or not. It seems that the matter depends not upon his original understanding in the matter nor upon such crude notions as right and wrong; but upon what Mr. Justice Big-Wig held in the case of Pickwick vs. Bardell, if this is not set aside by the opinion expressed by his learned brother in another case occurring a half century later in another part of the world. This is the “jungle” which Mr. Whitney should cut down. Here is the kind of legal reform which will appeal to the masses. They will like to have costs lessened and appeals curtailed; but they would like to better understand their own cases.

* * *

Mr. Herbert Ames’ capacity for getting up a case has given the Opposition a strong card in their timber limits charges; and somebody’s capacity for leading the Government into an indefensible position has given that “strong card” added weight. A Government should never refuse an investigation. When it does, the people should take it for granted that the charges have been proven. The demand for “definite charges,” which is usually trotted out on such an occasion is really a matter more of parliamentary procedure than of public

interest. The idea underlying it is that no member of Parliament should be put on trial for his political life until definite charges of some sort are made against him. It is urged that only against definite charges can he prepare to defend himself. Now this is all very well from the point of view of the member of Parliament; but it is of little concern to the people. When a healthy suspicion is created that there has been wrong-doing, the people want the matter investigated; and they do not care two straws about the etiquette of Parliament in the case.

* * *

They do not want to put any member of Parliament on trial except as all members are always on trial before the tribunal of public opinion. If the investigation puts a member in a bad light, he can explain. That is his business. He is not in the position of a private citizen who is not called upon to give an account of his actions to his neighbours unless he is accused of crime. He is a public man, and must constantly stand ready to give an account of his public actions to the public. It is not necessary to accuse him of crime to put him on trial. He puts himself permanently on trial when he accepts a public office. Among themselves, members of Parliament may find it convenient to establish the regulation that no member shall be called upon to defend himself unless he has been formally and definitely accused; but there is no good reason why the people should pay any attention to this “union rule.” A member of Parliament ought always to be most eager to clear his skirts of suspicion, even if no direct accusation has been made; and the people, who have hundreds of men to choose their representatives from, should never elect a man who permits suspicion to linger about his head.



LOVE AT LONG RANGE.

Japan. “Lady, I recognise that my advances are distasteful to you; but I trust I may regard myself as a friend of the family?”
Canada. “If you’ll promise to let me see as little as possible of you, I don’t mind being sister to you, for mother’s sake.”—Punch.

The Re-Opening of the British Parliament.

By H. LINTON ECCLES.

VIEWED in any other way than as a sort of pageant, the re-opening of Parliament is a very dull and lifeless affair. King Privilege, the hoary old humbug, still reigns supreme, so we see the same old farce of the Debate on the Address from the Throne repeating itself with the opening of every session. It is really remarkable, in this supposedly up-to-date Twentieth Century, how conservative and old-fashioned our public institutions remain. One was never more forcibly reminded of the advice to "cut the cackle and get to the 'osses," than upon the present occasion of the recommencement of the parliamentary game.

It is probable that many supporters of the Government are of opinion that the work so far done by the Government is not likely to sufficiently impress the voters at the next general election. They have passed no measure, save perhaps the new Workmen's Compensation Act, that appeals to the somewhat shallow reasoning of the British electors. Mr. Asquith, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, will, it is expected, have something like an £8,000,000 surplus to dispose of this year, and it may be that the Government has in mind the making of this a basis for an Old-Age Pension scheme. Such a scheme would doubtless prove very attractive to the minds of the electorate. At any rate, the Government, still backed by a big and solid majority, knows well enough that this, its third session, is to be the real testing-time. The Opposition, heartened by several bye-election victories, has plucked up courage considerably, and means to make the most of itself against the Liberal party.

There are one or two changes on the Liberal benches. Sir John Lawson Walton, the Attorney-General, has died during the recess, and his place is filled by Sir William L. Robson, Solicitor-General, whose duties now fall on Mr. L. T. Evans, K.C., a Welsh member. All of these men have made their names as distinguished lawyers, but the most successful as a parliamentary man has been, undoubtedly, Sir William Robson, who was a thorn in the side of Mr. Chamberlain and the Tariff Reformers during the great fiscal debates.

Growing age and failing health will prevent Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman from taking so active a part in the doings of the Commons as he has taken in the past. It is tacitly understood on all sides that he will rely to a great extent on the good feeling and consideration of the House on that account. Mr. Asquith will, consequently, be much in evidence as Deputy Leader of the House of Commons, and he certainly has a great opportunity, not only of adding to his reputation, but of consolidating his position with the other leaders of his party. Mr. Asquith seems to fall short of the qualities of a great leader because he lacks the divine fire of passion. His style, in a manner of speaking, is too good and equal, besides being a little monotonous. Unlike Disraeli and Gladstone, and, in a lesser degree, Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. John Burns, he has no "great moments" wherein he carries the House with him by sheer force of passionate eloquence. Mr. Asquith is not built that way; he is too much of the lawyer to be a great parliamentary leader.

Mr. John Burns, the one-time Hyde Park Socialist orator, has improved—or tempered down, whichever way one looks at it—into a capable and hard-working president of the local Government Board.

Much of the showing up of the gross extravagance prevalent on certain local bodies has been due to his personal vigilance, and some notable improvements in the conduct of public affairs may be traced to his hand. Mr. Burns is known here as the "unspoiled Cabinet minister," and he has certainly deserved the name, for he is just as democratic and approachable as ever he was; which cannot be said of the majority of Ministers. The interesting point about this is that the Opposition are more inclined to grant the success and ability of the president of the Local Government Board than that of any other Liberal Minister, with the possible exception of the Prime Minister himself. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman must certainly be given the credit for



Rt. Hon. H. H. Asquith,
Deputy Leader in the British House of Commons

having with conspicuous success kept together the somewhat heterogeneous constituents that make up his following.

The Labour Party in Great Britain, at its Annual Congress held recently at Hull, endorsed and adopted the Socialistic programme as its own. This resolution comes as the result of the active propaganda of the Socialist section of the party. The moving spirit of this section is undoubtedly Mr. J. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P., secretary of the party. Mr. Macdonald is perhaps the least typical of all the Labour members, the majority of whom began life in very humble circumstances. Mr. Macdonald is a well-educated and even cultured man, and is an

able speaker. He has a pleasing appearance, knows the many moves in the parliamentary game quite as well as the oldest member in the House, and most people think he will one day, not very far in the future, become leader of his party. Meanwhile, there is likely to be some trouble in the camp over the resolution of the Hull Congress, for a considerable number of the Trade Unionists who nominate the Labour group are strongly opposed to the principles and aims of Socialism, and confine themselves simply to the policy of defending the interests of labour.

The Greatest of All.

WITH the possible exception of Willison's "Laurier and the Liberal Party," there has been no book published in Canada in recent years to compare in interest with Dr. Parkin's Life of Sir John A. Macdonald. This is the latest addition to that wonderful list of biographies in the "Makers of Canada" series which already numbers seventeen volumes. A wonderful series—because it is the most extensive, most ambitious and most successful literary effort yet attempted in this country. Nor is Dr. Parkin's book, in spite of its excellence, able to cast too great a shadow over the other sixteen volumes.

Were a writer given his choice of subjects for a Canadian biography, he would naturally choose Sir John Macdonald. He it was whose vision and imagination equalled that of Hon. Joseph Howe, and whose judgment carried him into the high imperial position which Howe coveted. He it was who saw the possibilities of a united Canada and a developed West with the same clearness as the Hon. George Brown, and yet who never allowed as Brown did his personal feelings to interfere with the prosecution of his political schemes and undertakings. The men he worked with, the means necessary to placate opponents, the compromises necessary to remove obstruction—these mattered little. The grand purpose must be accomplished at whatever cost. To this type of statesman, Canada owes Confederation. Others saw it, worked for it, laboured with it, failed because of it; he rode to victory on the crest of the wave.

Dr. Parkin made an admirable biographer for this great Canadian. From the village schoolmaster in New Brunswick to the secretary of the Rhodes Scholarship Trust is a considerable distance to travel, but Dr. Parkin has accomplished it. His progress in affairs has been due mainly to his broad national and imperial outlook. He believed in Canada and preached about her; then he added the Empire to his text, and became an imperial figure. It is therefore fitting that he should interpret for the Empire, the life-work of one of its greatest statesmen.

Indeed, Dr. Parkin has informed his friends that it was because he desired to show the people in other parts of the Empire how the Dominion was created and developed, that he undertook the biography. He felt that all the British world should know more of the great difficulties which faced the makers of Canada, and should have laid before them the lessons which may be derived from a study of Canada's successful struggle. Knowing this purpose, one has a guide to the line which Dr. Parkin has followed in working out his series of comments and chronicles.

There are three volumes in this series still unpublished, but it is understood that these will be ready shortly. The list of twenty will then be complete.



Outdoor Skating Races—A popular amusement at this season.

Photographs by Gleason

At the Head Waters of the Wheat Belt

Quebec Travellers with Pack Saddles and Tents among the Glaciers of Alberta.

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE.

THE number of white men who have seen the head waters of the Saskatchewan could probably be crowded into a street-car. The great river of the wheat belt, more than fifteen hundred miles from its two sources to Lake Winnipeg, has a story of its own. Hundreds of thousands of people are settling along the banks of this remarkable river who have only the faintest notion as to whether it rises in a lake or a glacier, or runs out of the side of a mountain. Once in a while in a dry spell the Saskatchewan jumps ten feet in a night; then the old inhabitants say that there has been a cloud-burst in the Rockies, or that a hot day has come over the glacier. What glacier? Nobody knows. Where is this sea of ice that makes the upper waters of the Saskatchewan cold till past the midsummer? What is it like?

None of the red men on the plains are able to tell you, and but few in the mountains. The Stoneys are the only Indians who have a hunting-ground at the head waters of the Saskatchewan; but they seldom go further in than the river itself and know nothing of its upper tributaries except the Red Deer, and if they should see a glacier would not know what to call it. The few white men who have penetrated far into that remote region are those who have had some other object than merely seeing some of the most superb scenery in America. For two or three summers Professor Coleman of Toronto University, and his brother, Lucius Q. Coleman, a rancher in Morley, Alberta, have camped out in this part of the lower slopes of the Rockies. Last summer these gentlemen went to climb a new mountain—Mount Robson—the highest peak in that part of the Rockies and never yet scaled by any man. They were prevented by snow. A few summers previous they went to explore the mysterious glacier called the Brazeau, which forms the real source of the Saskatchewan. Last summer while the Colemans were at Mount Robson, Lieut.-Colonel Talbot, M.P.P., of Bellechasse, Que., and his party were digging for coal among the upper feeders of the Saskatchewan.

The illustrations on other pages of this issue indicate what sort of strange, beautiful land these

travellers saw in their four months' toiling up the knees of the Rockies. With fifteen horses, nine of them packs and five saddle, they kept on the move from May 14th to September 23rd. They saw fresh snow in May and June and September. They discovered that for the first time in their lives they were in the region where weather is made; the land where storms are brewed out of the primeval vapours; the land where rains and snows and hails and rivers rise; where the mysterious chinooks glide out of the mountain passes and breathe over the foot-hills and down the valleys into the plains of the wheat belt.

This is the poet's land. No man with a merely economic sense has any business pitching tents on those charmed high levels. These travellers began their journey at an altitude of nearly four thousand feet. This was at the Ghost River—where a rancher will tell you that he has been out riding on the Ghost. These are the ranch lands of the foot-hills, bold and beautiful, over which the indigo mountains twenty miles away lean as though one might hit them with a bullet. From the Ghost to the Red Deer is a two-days' ride—getting near the upper waters of the Saskatchewan. Here are the splendid woodlands that in their almost rustic beauty might have inspired a Wordsworth. Here the Stoneys pitch their lodges in the fall and from here push in to the mountain ways after bear and lynx and wapiti. Not many hours distant is the wilderness of timber blown into chaos by the mountain storms. Hereabouts are the coal seams under the timber. Here up the shut-in corridors of the mountains may be seen the blue heads of great peaks that make the mountaineer feel like a mountain lion.

In this awe-inspiring, primeval land Colonel Talbot and his party saw the sort of things that made them want to write poetry without knowing how. They found the tributary streams that come sneaking in threads of crystal out of the defiles and crevasses of the Rockies. They shot the lynx and they saw the steeps that make the home of Krag, the mountain goat. They saw the glacier known as Brazeau out of which glides the Brazeau River that runs into the Saskatchewan hundreds of miles west

of the wheat lands which it threads for the best part of a thousand miles.

Colonel Talbot and his party also found coal at the head waters of the Saskatchewan. Incidentally this means more to the future of Alberta than scenery. Coal in that great province is continually cropping up. Edmonton is built on lignite; so is Strathcona across the river. In the banks of the Saskatchewan for fifty miles down the voyageur sees the black outcropping of this stuff that means heat and power in a land where water-power is rare and where wood fuel in many localities is not plentiful. In the neighbourhood of Edmonton there are twenty-six coal mines turning out nearly three thousand tons every day. Out at Morinville on the Canadian Northern is a great new coal centre where the seams are from eight feet to sixteen feet thick; at Goose Encampment, fifty miles nearer the head waters of the Saskatchewan, the seams run to a depth of thirty feet.

This lignite is the coming salvation of that country. Already formations have been discovered on the Battle River near the borders of Saskatchewan—the same lignite; running from 8,000 to 9,000 heat units to the pound; about half the heat value of pure carbon. Last winter lignite was sent from Edmonton to Winnipeg and Calgary, to Saskatoon and Battleford and down to Prince Albert.

The lignite areas about Lethbridge in the cow country are almost as famous. These lead up through the foot-hills to the celebrated areas of the Crow's Nest Pass in British Columbia. Now at the head waters of the big wheat river new coal measures have been located; on the Brazeau three miles staked, varying in depth from four to sixteen feet; again at Big Horn on the Rocky River seams were staked by Colonel Talbot and his party. The extent of this new area is not yet known, but it looks as though the charmed and awful solitudes of the lower Rockies are soon to be invaded by the cough of the coal mining engine and the snort of the locomotive carrying out the lignite of which the red man never dreamed, more than the lumberman in the Temiscaming dreamed there was a Cobalt with hundreds of millions beneath his shoepacks.

A N H E R O I C Q U E E N

A Consort who showed right royal courage.

ALL the accounts coming from Lisbon indicate that Queen Amalie of Portugal is an heroic woman. The disaster which has overtaken her husband and her son has shocked the world, and was quite sufficient to have dismayed even a strong-hearted man. It is only by accident that she and the youngest of her two sons were saved from as sudden a fate as overtook her other loved ones. Notwithstanding these personal griefs and the grave political situation, Queen Amalie seems to have exhibited rare moral and intellectual courage. Had she been a weak woman, the crown of Portugal might have been buried with the remains of her murdered husband.

That Marie Amalie of Portugal is no ordinary woman is proved by the fact that after her marriage she took up the study of medicine in the Eschola Polytechnica, the most important medical college in Lisbon. Every moment of her spare time was devoted to her unusual study, notwithstanding the great social demand upon her time. After several years of hard and serious study she received her degree and became a full-fledged Doctor of Medicine. It was said by the gossips that the cause of her desire to study medicine was due to His Majesty's tendency to stoutness and that he good-naturedly became her patient. Strangely enough, His Majesty followed her orders, though the regulations were decidedly severe; the treatment brought him great benefit. The Queen's knowledge of medicine has enabled her to take a great interest in all kinds of medical and sanitary reform and has been of much benefit to the people of Portugal.

Queen Amalie is the eldest daughter of the late Comte de Paris and was named after her great grandmother, Louis Philippe's wife, Marie Amalie. She was the member of a large and happy family, and

was noted for her light-hearted gaiety when the Duke of Braganza claimed her as his bride in 1886.



Queen Amalie, of Portugal.

The Duke, then known as the Crown Prince and later as King Carlos, was a handsome, dashing

young fellow only twenty-three years of age.

The married life of the royal couple seems to have been fairly satisfactory. Their two sons were a great source of comfort to them, and the Queen was greatly interested in their education and development.

A story which is worth recording at the present time runs thus: Some years ago, when trouble threatened Portugal, the King remarked: "If I were ever put to the test I should prove to Europe that, though the king of a small nation could not hope to be victorious over a powerful enemy, he could be brave and loyal, and could die for the honour of his flag."

The Queen immediately said, "And I should not let the King go alone."

A certain marquis who happened to be present remarked, "Madam, a woman's place is not on the battlefield. You have your children to think of."

"Marquis," was the response, "a woman's place and a queen's is by her husband's side, through good report and ill, through rough times and fair."

Queen Amalie displayed great personal courage at the time of the inhuman attack upon her family a few days ago. She was willing to sacrifice herself to save the Crown Prince Luiz. She herself and her younger son were wounded. But her physical courage was second to her moral courage in advising the dismissal of Premier Franco and in manoeuvring so that her younger son, now Manuel II., should accept Admiral Ferreria de Amaral as his chief adviser. As the new king is but nineteen, he cannot be expected to play a strong part even in this exceptional drama. Of his uncle, the Duke of Oporto, little is known, and it is to Queen Amalie that the world will probably credit the firm manner in which a throne was saved at a time when weakness might have meant revolution.

SHADOWED ON THE SPA

A Story of Scarborough.

By WALTER GARDHAM, Author of "A Rival Without a Claim," etc.

"BOOM!"
"I—I—beg your pardon! Really, I—I didn't mean it!"

Surely it was the strangest of strange introductions. The nervous-looking, bald-headed, round-faced little gentleman looked as if he would give the world to be allowed to drop over the cliff as his hat had done but a moment before.

On the authority of his office-boy—who was observant, if at times a trifle disrespectful—it may be said that as a general rule, and despite his name, Stuart Witless, K.C., was "all there!"

At the present time, however, as his doctor would have told you, he was far from well. He was nervous and unstrung.

The hard work of a long trial—which had resulted in a smart gang of aliens being sentenced to long terms of imprisonment—had left the little K. C. in a state bordering on collapse.

On this particular morning, the first he had seen at Scarborough, he had left Brigg View Boarding Establishment, on the South Cliff, for a stroll.

Wandering aimlessly along he had crossed the Valley Bridge, passed through the centre of the town, and eventually found himself on a seat on the North Cliff, a trifle weary after a longer jaunt than he had been accustomed to of late.

For a few minutes the pretty gardens below had interested him. He watched the players on the new bowling green and the children disporting themselves on the sands far below.

Glancing further along to the new Marine Drive he was wondering if this costly work would ever be completed when he found himself nodding.

The strong sea-air, the warm sun and his long jaunt all combined to bring about a state of drowsiness which, after all, was not unwelcome to the overworked lawyer.

As he dozed off he half remembered, half dreamed of, the many threatening letters he had received of late, the fearful vengeance the friends of the prisoners had sworn to take. Would it be poison, pistol, stiletto, dynamite—"

Boom!
It was only the big gun at Burniston Battery—away to the left—the first shot of the day's practice. But how was Mr. Stuart Witless to know that?

To him it came as a direct answer to the question of his dream, and with a startled cry he flung out his arms—and smote a charming young lady full in the face with his clenched fist!

He was wide, very wide awake the next moment. Is it to be wondered at that his hat went over the cliff, or that he regretted that it was only his hat?

He reviled himself even as he apologised, and cursed himself as a spot of blood stood out boldly on the white handkerchief pressed to her pretty face. Was ever courteous gentleman, the soul of chivalry and honour, placed in such an unfortunate predicament?

Bravely the little lady tried to smile through her tears. She didn't mind, she said—as if black eyes and broken noses and thick lips were little trifles to which she had grown accustomed.

It was an accident, pure and simple, she assured him. And as if that were not enough she simply took his breath away by asserting that perhaps she was more to blame than he!

Stuart Witless, K.C., was amazed. Never had he met a woman so sweet, so gentle, so forgiving.

After doing all he could to express his sorrow, Mr. Stuart Witless left the lady on the seat and hurried away into the town—for he had no present intention of joining the "hatless brigade."

But he could not forget.
"More to blame than I am!" he muttered.
"How very ridiculous! How utterly preposterous!"

And yet, perhaps the little lady was right! In any case she had done something to bring about the unfortunate occurrence.

Though he knew it not, she had followed him every yard of the way from Brigg View to that seat on the North Cliff, taking the place at his elbow only when he had comfortably settled down!

Though he knew it not, she was following him now!

II.

Among the thousands of letters which left Scarborough that night was one addressed to Mr. Hugh Marriot, The Elms, High Nottsford.

It was as private and confidential as a love letter

should be. But I'm afraid that won't protect it! The author has no conscience! He was ever a prior and a prober into the private concerns of others—particularly of lovers—and, well, here goes for a paragraph of two!

"Oh, that uncle of yours! You warned me that he was rather odd in his manner, but you did not tell me that he was dangerous. Mind you, I'm not yet despairing though I know a good many girls who would be!"

"Will it surprise you to learn that at my first attempt to make friends with him your dear uncle presented me with what you would call a lovely black eye?"

Steady yourself, Hugh! I have a few 'don'ts' for you. Don't laugh, there's a dear! Don't, for goodness sake, say, "I told you so!" Don't fly into a violent rage. Don't jump into the first train for Scarborough in order to wreck swift vengeance on your wicked uncle. Just stay where you are and read on."

The letter then went on to explain exactly how the writer of it had received "that lovely black eye." Much that followed even the author must regard as sacred.

Another paragraph, however, we simply must have:

"I am not at all disheartened, Hugh. I am still as determined as ever that your uncle shall not only recognize the fact that he has a fine fellow for a nephew, but that he shall be present at that fine fellow's wedding."

After that I think we had better leave Miss Mary Mayburn's letter alone, and return to Brigg View and Stuart Witless, K. C.

To be strictly accurate, however, that was not his name at Scarborough. He had never been much in love with his surname. Perhaps, being a busy man, he had never had time to change it.

In any case, those who enjoyed his friendship, and wished to retain it, invariably called him Stuart. When on his holidays he dropped not only the "Witless" but the "K. C.," and became plain Mr. Stuart. He was so entered on the books of Brigg View.

On the morning following his adventure on the North Cliff, the eminent barrister had decided to take a trip along the coast as far as Robin Hood's Bay, for which charming little place the pleasure steamer *Cambria* was timed to depart at 10.30.

As he descended the shaded path from the South Cliff to the top of the Aquarium, Mr. Stuart Witless for we shall still give him his proper name—discovered that he had cut it rather fine. Indeed, he could hear already the clang of the *Cambria's* bell. Jumping on a passing tramcar he was carried swiftly along the crowded Foreshore Road, past the West pier, along Sandside—where the Scottish lassies sang blithely as they packed the silvery herring—and so to the Lighthouse Pier.

As he hurried along with short quick steps he discovered that he had cut it very, very fine indeed.



"Sitting on the stump of a tree, Mr. Stuart Witless did laugh—laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks."

Crossing the little drawbridge over the mouth of the inner harbour he heard the bell again, followed almost immediately by the order to cast off.

"Only just in time," he remarked to the grey-bearded, pleasant-faced captain as he crossed the gangway and boarded the boat.

And yet he was not the last. Someone had cut it finer than he! As he heard the patter of feet on the gangway he turned in amazement to find—the little lady of the North Cliff, the recipient of his accidental blow!

She was smiling gaily, and looked every whit as sweet, as gentle, and as forgiving as on the day before.

Mr. Stuart Witless could scarcely do less than inquire after her health, and renew his apologies.

Apologies! What a number he had to offer, and how remarkably well he did it! If it be possible to be happy apologising then was Mr. Stuart Witless happy. As they rounded the frowning Castle Cliff and headed northward he was really enjoying himself.

But alas! It did not last long! Before reaching Scalby Mills, tucked snugly away under the cliffs at the mouth of the Beck, Mr. Stuart Witless was almost miserable.

He remembered, and regretted, the years that had passed—the years that had brought him fame, and had robbed him of his hair!

He was still a bachelor. But he was old—he did not try to deceive himself—old enough to be this girl's grandfather!

As for the girl, well, we will dip once more into her correspondence.

That night a picture postcard, containing a fine view of the Castle Hill, followed the letter to Hugh Marriot.

There was not much on it, but what little there was meant a very great deal:

"Making remarkable progress! He is such a dear old man!"

That was all. The first sentence was eminently satisfactory. But the second gave Mr. Hugh Marriot something to think about over his coffee in the morning!

III.

"REALLY, sir! Fate seems determined that we shall meet!"

The gallant little K. C. beamed.
"I'll never rail at fate again, Miss Mayburn!" he murmured.

Stuart Witless, K. C., had just ascended the steps from the well room at the Spa when he came face to face with the charming little lady he had met—accidentally as he fondly imagined—on the North Cliff, and again aboard the *Cambria*.

After these meetings "accidents" had happened remarkably regularly. Take the following as a sample of the rest:

Mr. Stuart Witless was one of a party driving round Forge Valley and Hackness. In Lady Edith's Drive the horn of a motor was heard and a smart car passed the char-a-banc.

With the exception of the chauffeur Miss Mayburn was the sole occupant of the car. Mr. Stuart Witless emitted something like a sigh as he gazed after the speedy vehicle and its smiling occupant.

He was soon to see them again, however. At Hackness, where the char-a-banc stopped for a few minutes, the car was found drawn up by the roadside and the lady, as it seemed, almost in tears.

Something had gone wrong, she explained to the sympathetic K. C., and she was faced by the prospect of a long wait until assistance could be brought from Scarborough. Mr. Stuart Witless was quick to offer a suggestion.

"Why not leave the car in charge of the driver, Miss Mayburn?" he asked. "There's a vacant seat on the char-a-banc!"

Thus they finished the drive together, reaching Scarborough some time after the "disabled" car, and firmer friends than ever.

It was following on the latest of these "accidental" meetings that Miss Mayburn expressed a desire to see the picture gallery at the Spa.

The gallant little lawyer promptly whisked her off, and and soon they were criticising the pictures, the lady displaying an artistic knowledge which surprised her companion.

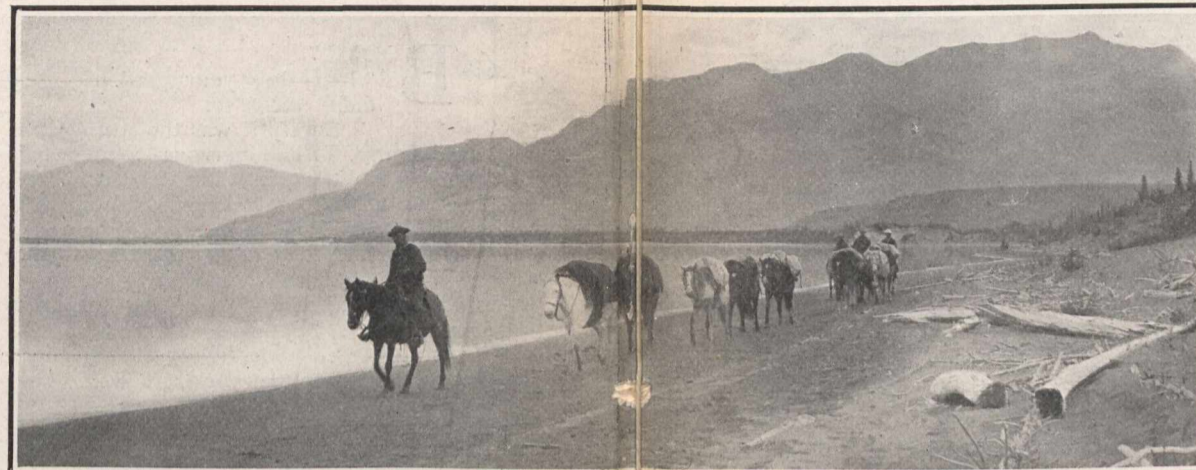
"Ah" she suddenly remarked, pausing before
(Continued on page 16)

Searching for Coal in the Rockies

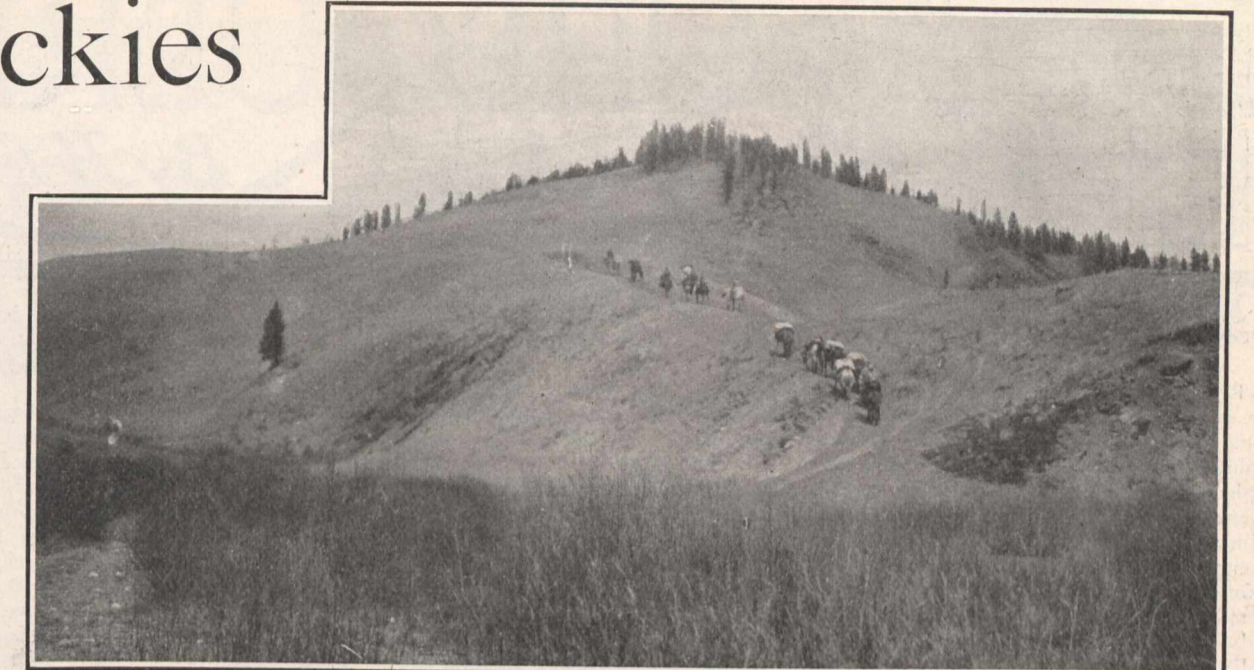
An Illustrated Story



Up along the roofs of the skyscrapers horses and men look like a caravan of bugs. The scenery here is by no means savage but very inspiring. These Canyons below and butting mountains still above—it is still a long way from the grass slopes of these lower levels to the snow fields that reach up over the peaks of the Blue Rockies.



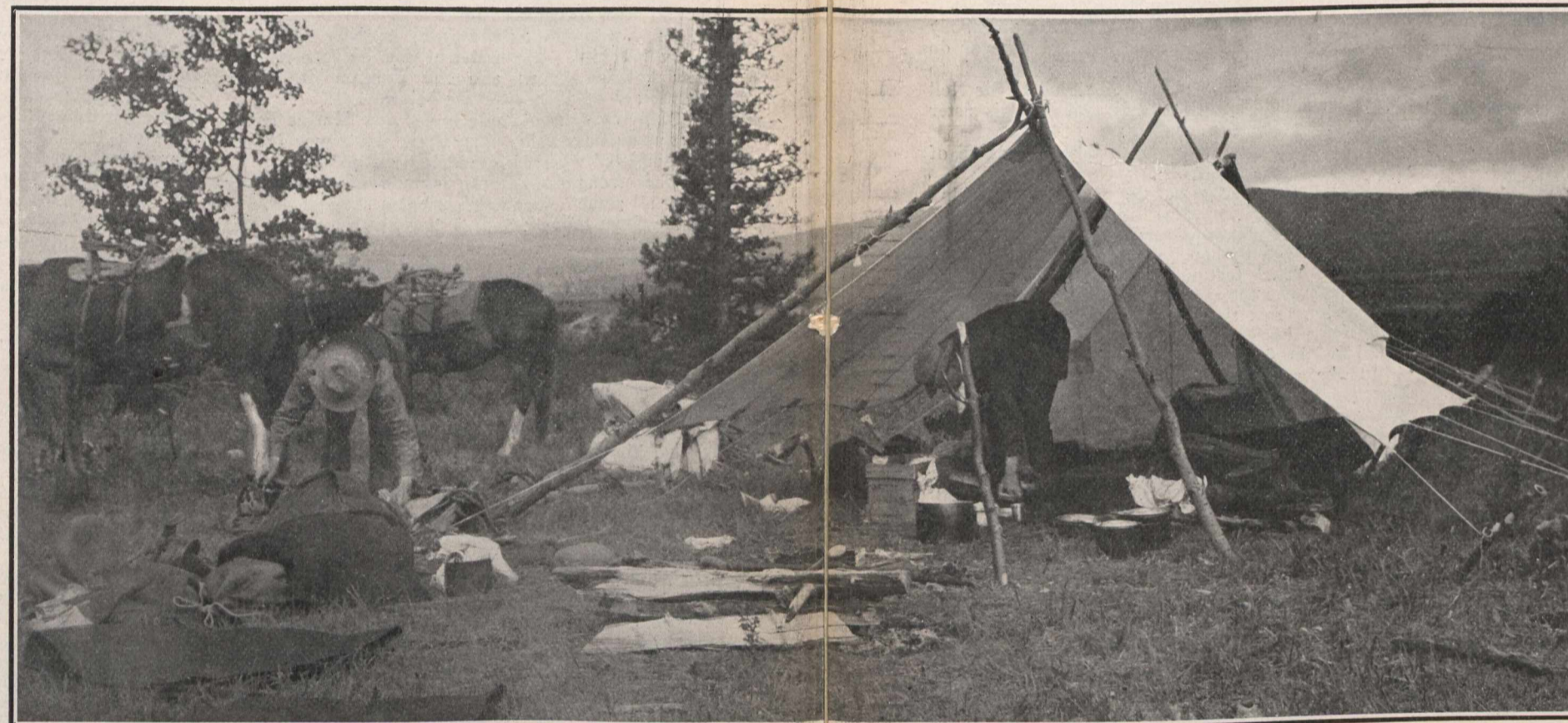
Like four-footed mountain ghosts come the pack ponies following the leader along the edge of Jasper Lake more than a mile above sea-level. The road here is as beautiful as well beaten sand can make it, a welcome change from the crevasses and canyons back in the woods. Pattering half asleep along the edge of the placid bank of calm water near the clouds a traveller naturally forgets that he ever had any worry over a telephone, or a dinner, or any of the little tribulations that make city people want to get to heaven. Even the gnarled old tree-trunks, as grey as the sand along the shore have a sort of unwritten poetry about them. This peaceful summer day not a breath of air disturbs the needles of the spruce trees. The eternal quiet hangs over everything, but to-morrow it may be snowing.



Although the Talbot party started with the packs from Morley on the C.P.R., the real trek was begun from the little Red Deer River which is about as high in the foot-hills as a river can be. Here the foot-hills country have all their charm of pasture-land and copsewood and by their alternation of slope and ravine give a faint suggestion of mountain and crevasse to come. Summer in the foot-hills is a long glorious dream of mild weather, the wild strawberries ripen in the woods, the magpies scream in the morning and the coyotes wail at night.



Unsaddling among the pastoral silver birches at the head of the Saskatchewan, the traveller has little notion of the rough places that lie up in the storm centres of the Rockies. Here the grass is long and the best of water and wood available. Here as the creeping of the evening comes over the peaks of the overhanging mountains may be heard the long wail of the coyotes. In a few days no more coyotes, but the silent sneaking lynx and the dumb mountain goat up the crag. And though one may write all sorts of things on those birches, it's a poor chance that anybody but a Stoney Indian will ever see it.



From last May till September a party of firemen headed by Lieut.-Colonel Talbot, of Bellechasse, P.Q., took a four-months trip from the Ghost River along the C.P.R. to the head-waters of the Saskatchewan, up in the land of the glaciers. Their chief object was coal. Incidentally they saw some of the sublimest scenery in the world. With nine pack ponies and five saddle horses these travellers pitched their moving tent by the summit of the morning every stitch and ounce in the outfit had to be packed just so, and on way for the next stage in the journey. For a pack-saddle is not a hand-satchel, neither is a diamond hitch a slip-not. Every man to his own packs, and two pack-saddles to each, the mountain freight and passenger train got under way as soon after the sun bowled up over the eastern foot-hills on its way to the far Blue Peaks. (For description of the country covered by this party see page 10.)



Putting nine pack ponies and five saddlers through a chaos of down trees and primeval rocks is very different from the peaceful camps by the prattle of the Saskatchewan. The only animals that can travel these wildernesses with absolute ease are the lynxes and the mountain goats. But a well-trained pack pony has all the patience and endurance in the world. After being out half a summer these animals get an "esprit de corps" that makes every one move instinctively with the least possible trouble to himself or the men over the most despairing jumbles of mountain debris.



Away up along the cold crystal Brazeau, beyond the Saskatchewan, the men with the shovel and the pick find seams of lignite from four feet to thirty feet thick. The mining of this lignite by steam will soon disturb the ancient poetic solitudes of the land of the glaciers. Coal of this variety has rather more than half the heat value of pure carbon. It is easily mined, much of it lying very near the surface. The chief difficulty will be transportation. At present the people who need the coal are a long way from the coal. But in time the foot hills and the prairie country will be using this lignite from the Brazeau River.



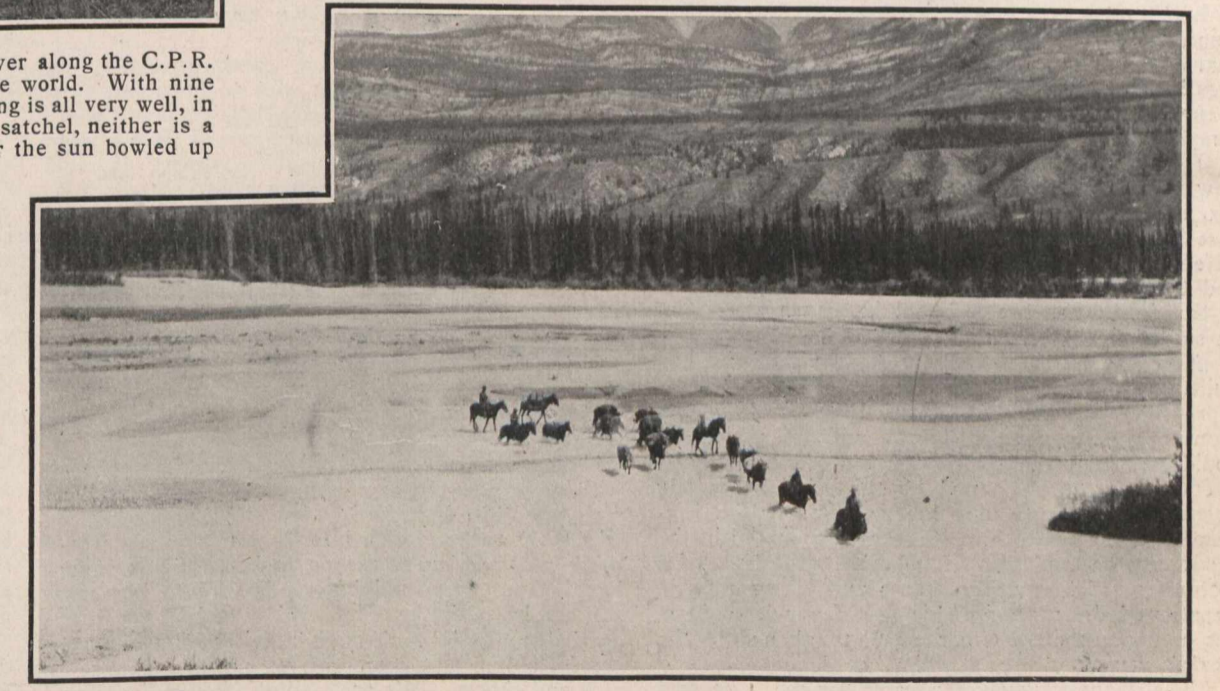
Two months roughing it brings a good crop of hair and whiskers. A barber shop in the Rockies may not be aesthetic but it is highly useful.



Mountain Mosquitoes bite harder the higher you get. Horses and men appreciate the regular evening smudge that sends these pests hunting blood to the wild animals.



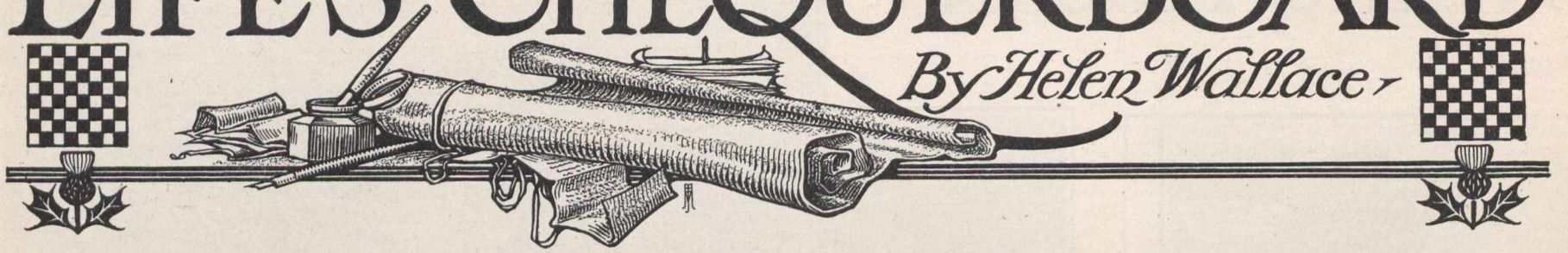
Lieut.-Colonel Talbot and his grey horse a mile or so nearer the clouds than he is at present down in Bellechasse, P.Q.



At eight o'clock in the cool morning of May 29th the explorers forded the famous Saskatchewan. The water was too cold for swimming for the glaciers out of which the river comes were not far away. The camp here was a very picturesque spot. The party spent their spare time reading ancient magazines, including a copy of "The Smart Set" dating back to September, 1905. Paper is scarce in this country. No dailies or weeklies, hereafter no letters for it's a long way back to the route of the last mail carrier.

LIFE'S CHEQUERBOARD

By Helen Wallace



Resume: Lady Marchmont and her grandniece, Lesley, are visiting the former's nephew, Richard Skene, at "Strode," his Scottish home. They withdraw from the dining-room, after Lady Marchmont has pled with her nephew to forgive an erring member of the family. Mr. Skene's lawyer, Dalmahoy, ventures to refer to this injury of many years before. The offender, Adrian Skene, the son of Richard's cousin, had refused years before to marry Lesley and the old lawyer advises his friend to alter his will. Mr. Skene tells of how Adrian had won Mary Erskine, the girl whom he had loved, and the emotion called up by this recital of past wrongs proves too much for his failing strength. He falls to the floor and dies of an attack of heart trouble. Lesley Home, after her uncle's death, dreads the prospect of meeting Adrian again. Adrian arrives and is greeted warmly. At the reading of the will it is found that the property is left to him, on condition that he marries Lesley. Otherwise the latter becomes owner of "Strode." In the excitement following this announcement, Adrian's wife appears. Lesley wishes Adrian to accept position of manager of the Strode estate. The latter accepts and informs his wife, Alys, a shallow and rather disappointing young person, of his new position with which she is naturally delighted since Adrian had not been successful as a London journalist. Sir Neil Wedderburne, one of the trustees, is dissatisfied with Adrian's management and shows plainly that he desires Lesley to become his wife. In the meantime, Alys becomes restless and discontented with the quiet life of "Strode." One day, while looking over some old papers, Alys comes upon an unsigned will which gave "Strode" to Adrian. She forges the signature and places the will among papers which Lesley Home is to examine. The latter finds the will and arranges for a meeting of legal authorities. The forgery is detected and announced. Adrian sees that Alys is guilty but screens her by refusing to explain. He then leaves "Strode" in disgrace.

my friend," turning impulsively round, a wet gleam in those softened brown eyes.

"While I live you shall never want a friend," said Sir Neil, "but, Lesley, I at least want more. Is it to be always a friend and only a friend? It is much but it's not enough. Lesley—my love," his voice suddenly breaking, "can't you give me what I want—I have wanted it so long."

"I don't know," faltered Lesley. "I am afraid I cannot give you what you want—what you want."

"Then give me what you can," cried Sir Neil, with sudden passion; "give me what you can. I ask no more."

Lesley was silent. Unconsciously her fingers had closed upon a marguerite from the gay window box without, and now the narrow white petals fell as fast as though she had been putting the old augury to test.

"Lesley," Sir Neil broke the silence again, and there was a curious change in his voice, "forgive me—don't answer me if you think I have no right to ask it—perhaps I haven't—but—is there anyone between us?"

There was a pause, and then Lesley said steadily, "No."

"Then I shall plead for myself. You don't call a hungry man selfish if he prays for bread." The sudden relief gave a new ring to his voice.

"Oh, stop, I beg you!" broke in Lesley, a sudden breathless hurry in her voice. "I know it seems foolish, unreasonable, unkind, after all that you have done for me. Believe me, I do not know how to value it, and—and you," with a quick, upward glance like the shy confidence of a child, infinitely touching in contrast with her usual calm, gracious control. "But won't you wait—wait till I am at home again? I don't know whether it is this busy London, but I feel as if I couldn't think, couldn't decide here. Wait till I am at Strode again—is it too much to ask?"

Sir Neil's face darkened. He made a swift turn up and down the room, and it was as well that there was not the usual crowd of useless tables and chairs to impede his hasty steps. Then he came back to Lesley's side.

"I think you perhaps don't know how much you ask. It is my fault, perhaps. I have let you think that there is no end to my patience, and a patient wooer has himself to blame, I suppose, if he is thought a slack one. I have waited long, but it is not indifference which has kept me silent, and I think you know it, Lesley." Her eyes faltered from his. She did know it—too well. "But since you ask it, I will wait a little longer—if only I might wait in hope," with a sudden reversion from his almost dogged tone to eagerness.

He caught her hand and gazed earnestly into her face, then he dropped it with an impatient sigh.

"Well, till we are in Glen Falla again, I won't bore you about myself. I want you to have a good time here with Agatha," he said in almost his usual voice as he turned to leave the room. At the door he paused, as if for some farewell word or look, but Lesley was still standing by the window looking absently out.

She started violently when Lady Marchmont's voice, in its briskest tones, broke in upon those apparently absorbing thoughts.

"I met Sir Neil in the hall just now. I gathered that you hadn't sent him away quite despairing."

"It would have been more honest, perhaps, if I had," said Lesley, gravely.

"Nonsense, my dear, he'll be more than satisfied with what you can give him, and as he is ready to give you all he is and all he has, don't you think you might try to be satisfied too? Most people would think you had every reason to be. 'If you cannot have what you would like, it is well to like what you can have,' is the chief wisdom of life, and it has carried me at least through a fairly long one very comfortably. Not many of us get the chance to pick and choose. We are well off if even the second best is allotted to us."

"Poor Sir Neil," said Lesley, trying to smile. "I don't think he would care to be regarded as second best."

"That, my dear, would never occur to him, nor to any other man, so you may set your mind at rest. He'll think that you've come to your senses, or that his devotion has had its due effect, and certainly he has been very patient. Three years, or is it four, is more than patriarchal nowadays. Jacob's seven in his slow-going times is nothing compared with it. Seriously, Lesley, I wish you could bring your mind to it. Of course, I mean to live to a hundred, but I should like to see another generation at Strode before I go. I couldn't rest in my grave if I thought of the Skene-Wellwoods and their skinny brood in the old place."

"There might be other ways of preventing that than by marrying Sir Neil," said Lesley, with an attempt at a laugh.

"Where will you get a better man, upright, honourable?" with perhaps the faintest emphasis on the last word—"but I needn't catalogue his qualities. You should know them far better than I. And let me tell you, though you mayn't believe it now, it is heartless work keeping a place warm for somebody else's children, or trying to find out how you can do the least harm with your money if you leave it to charities. If you didn't mean to be kind to Sir Neil at last, we should hardly be here, and with his sister acting chaperone for you."

"Sir Neil is too generous to take advantage of that," said Lesley hastily.

"H'm, perhaps he is, but the generosity shouldn't be all on one side, my dear," drily.

Lady Marchmont was surprised and disappointed at what seemed to her Lesley's unaccountable decision—no usual feature of the girl's character—but secretly she thought that her grandniece would find ere long that these very hesitations and delays would form themselves in a binding chain which she would find hard to break.

In the pause which fell between them Lady Marchmont hoped that Lesley was digesting her last words, when she suddenly said, in a changed voice and with what seemed to the old lady extreme and provoking irrelevance:

"I have been wondering since we came here if there is nothing more I could do to learn something of poor Alys."

"Poor Alys, indeed!" she ejaculated, with the air of a warhorse snuffing the battle, or as much of it as a dainty, dignified old lady could assume.

"I have always thought, in spite of all our failures," went on Lesley, "that very likely she is still somewhere in London. I often find myself watching the stream of faces, half expecting to see hers among them. To-day, in the crowd at the Corner, as we were coming out of the Park, I saw a girl so like her, the same little pale face and the cloud of coppery hair, that I almost asked Mrs. Kenyon to stop."

"You didn't, I hope."

"No, she was gone again before I could have singled her out."

"Likely it was only some chance resemblance—that colour of hair is the fashion just now, there is plenty of it to be seen. But I cannot see why you should trouble about her any more—you have done enough and more than enough."

"No," said Lesley sadly. "I have not done enough, that is what weighs upon me. Since she left us I have indeed done all I could, but before that—I might, I ought to have done more. I took a charge on myself, and I didn't even try to fulfil it. I was very unhappy myself—simply—"too unhappy to think what she must have been suffering, and when at last I did read it in her face, it was too late. It was the very day she disappeared, leaving only that miserable letter behind. I shall never forget her look and the way she shuddered away from me. If I had been kinder, if I had tried more to make a friend of her—"

"Nonsense, my dear," sharply, "you may perhaps make bricks without straw, but you certainly can't make a friend when there is nothing to make one of. But why have you brought up that wretched time again?" with a protesting glance round the airy, sunny room.

(To be continued)



AND there was excuse enough for him. The past two years, which had seen Lesley mistress of Strode, had done more than bring her fairness to its full and perfect bloom. The responsibility of a great position had added to it dignity and a touch of command, which her stately young grace could well carry. Greatest change of

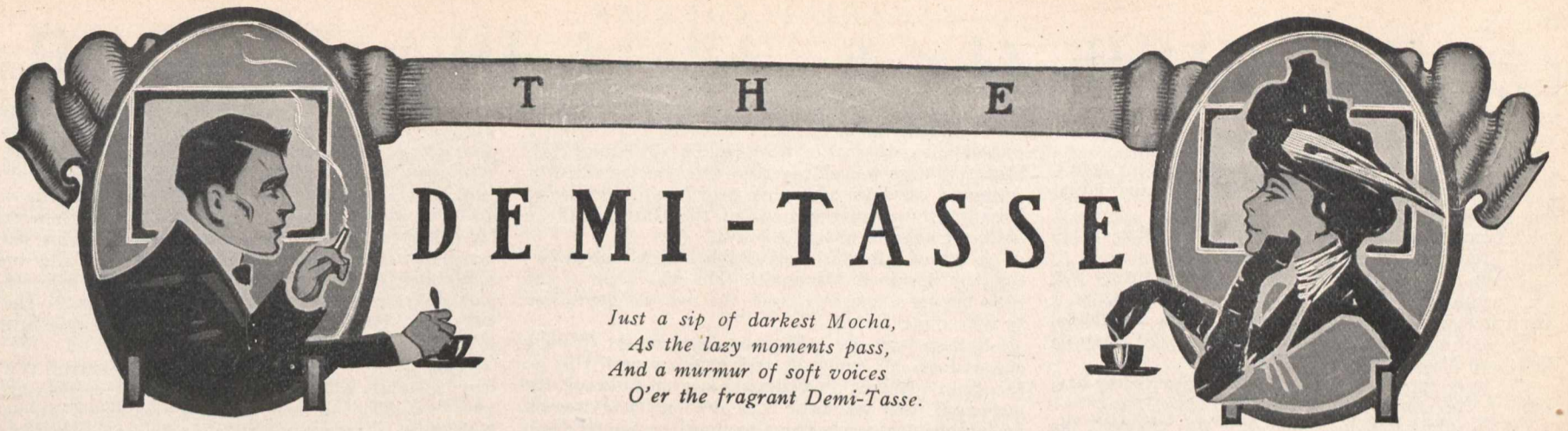
all, in these two years she had sounded the depths of her own nature, she had been brought face to face with the hidden things of life—a searching experience which leaves its traces not only upon the character but sets its mark upon the face. Lesley's eyes had lost nothing of their frank confidence, their open sincerity, but they had gained a wider outlook, a new softness.

It may have been that softened look which had now been Sir Neil's undoing. When three years ago he had first seen Lesley Home, he had vowed that if man might he would make this woman his wife, but even then, and much more since the brief and tragic interlude of Adrian Skene's appearance at Strode, he had realised that his cause would not be served by haste.

Now had he ruined all the hopes which he had built up with such long patience, such sore self-repression? In the parti-coloured light and shadow from the gaily-stripped blinds without which he could not read the expression on the girl's half-averted face as she stood by the window, widely opened to the faint June breeze. For half a lifetime, as it seemed to him, there was no sound in the room save the roll of swift wheels or the hoot of a motor from the square without; and yet he was no impatient lad, burning in his first fever-fit of love, but a man, sobered, experienced, toughened in the world's ways.

"Lesley, have you not a word for me?" he said at last. "Surely I have been patient long enough—too patient, I sometimes think," rather bitterly.

"You have been everything that a friend could be," said Lesley gently. "I should not like to lose



*Just a sip of darkest Mocha,
As the lazy moments pass,
And a murmur of soft voices
O'er the fragrant Demi-Tasse.*

GRANDMA'S VALENTINE.

Lace paper, torn and faded,
The edges dull and brown!
But what a lovely white it was
When Grandpa went to town!
He saw its dainty splendour
'Way back in '59
And thought it just the very thing
To send his Valentine.

There lingers yet upon it
The fragrance of the rose;
The gleam of ancient satin
Its inner folds disclose.
The perfume of a happy past,
Of love the tender sign,
Still hovers o'er the faded edge
Of Grandma's valentine.

Kept for nigh half a century,
While nations strove and fell,
Its crumbling leaves and pictured flowers
Of olden homage tell.
Fairer than sheen of jewels
Or riches of the mine,
Blushes the faded rose-tint
Of Grandma's valentine.

J. G.

UNDENOMINATIONAL.

DR. GRENFELL, in whose work in icy Labrador so many Canadians are interested, tells some good stories, and here is one which amusingly illustrates the undenominational character of his work. "Some time ago," he says, "I was called in to attend a Roman Catholic woman at one of the settlements, and found it necessary to amputate one of her legs near the knee. A person with only one leg has not much of a chance on that coast, and she begged me to get her a wooden one. But wooden legs that are worth anything cost a hundred dollars, and I was forced to tell her she would have to wait until I could get an opportunity to tell her story in the hope that someone would advance the necessary sum. Shortly afterwards, however, I received word from a Congregational minister that a Methodist friend of his had died, leaving his legs behind him because they were of wood. The Methodist had expressed a wish that his legs should go to the Deep Sea Mission. I happen to be an Episcopalian. So it came to pass that an Episcopalian surgeon fitted a Methodist leg on a Roman Catholic woman."

REASON FOR ALARM.

A NEW YORKER was travelling in England when he became acquainted with a native who pointed out to him spots of interest in the flying scenery. Suddenly the American appeared to be very uneasy and looked about him in alarm.

"What's the matter?" said the Englishman.
"I don't like this rate of travelling," said the other.

"But I have always heard that American trains run at a high rate of speed," replied the Englishman in surprise.

"Oh, it's all right over there," was the response. "Here, I'm always so blamed afraid of running off this hanged little island."

THE ALTERNATIVE.

THERE is no new story under the sun. The stories which we are expected to smile at were told long ago to while away the wet, weary days while the Ark was afloat. The sprightly yarns of to-day were murmured by the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon as they had coffee and repartee in Old Jerusalem. This reminds one that a recent number of M. A. P. tells a story of Mr. Healy which was also told of Sir John Macdonald and others.

An elector once informed him that he would "sooner vote for the Devil than for Macdonald."
"But possibly your friend may not turn up," said

the candidate in a tone of mild inquiry; "perhaps you would support me, then?"

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

THE valentine which Mr. Ames has written in violet ink to Hon. Frank Oliver is pale and wan beside that which the hotelmen of Toronto have sent their dear young friend, the namesake of the Minister of the Interior.

Mr. Allan Studholme, who won the championship for butting in last year, has assured the Ontario Legislature that, owing to a severe cold and the inclemency of the weather, he will not be able to give more than five speeches a week this session.

A little trip on any of the railway lines in Northern Ontario this week will be likely to afford the passengers opportunity to forget the busy world and its cares as they linger in a cool sequestered vale of snow.

SATAN TERRIFIED.

THERE is as great genius displayed in advertising as in the higher branches of literature. No problem daunts the modern advertising man.

In the window of a little book store in Eighth Avenue, New York, was recently heaped a great pile of Bibles, marked very low—never before were Bibles offered at such a bargain; and above them all, in big letters, was the inscription:

"Satan trembles when he sees
Bibles sold as low as these."

—Woman's Home Companion.

ANY OLD CURRENCY.

AN Indiana glass company has a sublime confidence in the ability of its customers to meet their obligations, even if they may be temporarily unable to remit in the conventional forms of exchange, says "The Bellman." In a highly coloured and very attractive folder which it recently issued, this generous concern invited orders for the commodity it manufactures upon the following unique and liberal terms: "Payment can be arranged with

our treasurer to suit conditions. We take anything but counterfeit money. Our par list: Canadian and Mexican money, wampum, backsheesh, tarnished coins and mildewed bills, double eagles that will not pile and with biblical references omitted. Tainted money solicited. No questions asked. Promissory notes, your own time with privilege of renewals. Postage stamps. Clearing-house certificates. Stage money. Meal tickets, bridge tickets, milk tickets and rain checks, trading stamps, mining stock, Bay State gas, marriage certificates, cigar bands, and rumours that are likely to gain currency."

HE WONDERED.

"**YOU** should never take anything that doesn't agree with you," the physician told Mr. Marks.

"If I had always followed that rule, Maria," he remarked to his wife, "where would you be?" — Boston Traveller.

COMFORTING.

WE are pleased to notice that Mr. Harry Thaw is spending the week-end at a lunatic asylum where he is surrounded by all the comforts of home and others not so homely. His devoted and amiable young wife, who is the apple of her husband's roving eye, keeps him supplied with comic supplements which are likely to detain him for some time in the said asylum. Mr. Thaw's charming sister, whose name is Alice and who is the ex-wife of an Earl, will spend the winter in a rest cure. Charming people the Thaws—so much repose about them, don't you know. Canadian papers please copy.

THE WITCH PROTESTS.

Said the sour old witch:
Things have reached such a pitch—
That I dare not go broomstick riding;
For these airmobiles
With gas bags and wheels
With my broomstick are ever colliding.
—Goderich Signal.



"Whit fur are ye haudin' sic a sair grip o' yer glass, Jock?"
"Oh, weel, Donald, I yince skailt (spilt) yin, ye ken!"

A.P. Fitzgerald

SHADOWED ON THE SPA

(Continued from page 11)

a large canvas. "That is grand—magnificent. Only one Englishman of my acquaintance could equal that work."

"You are fortunate in knowing one, Miss Mayburn," returned Mr. Stuart Witless.

"Am I?" laughed the lady. "Then surely you are fortunate in your relations. For the artist I mean is a nephew of yours, young Hugh Marriot!"

Something like a frown gathered on the lawyer's face, and Miss Mayburn bit her lip.

"I have spoken too soon!" she whispered to herself. "Too soon! I must have patience—patience."

With admirable tact and skill she changed the subject and was still doing all the talking when, descending the steps of the Grand Hall, Mr. Stuart Witless pulled up with a perceptible start.

For the fraction of a second he had caught the eye of a tall, military-looking man who passed slowly along the promenade below.

"Excuse me one moment, Miss Mayburn!" he said, hurriedly.

Scarce waiting for the reply, he sped down the few remaining steps, passed out on to the promenade and swung round to the left.

"You, Ferrier!" he gasped, as the tall man drew him under the balcony. "How does the busiest detective in London find time to visit Scarborough?"

"Business brings him, sir," was the reply. "And we had better get to that business at once. The lady you have just left, sir! Do you know her?"

"Of course! Of course! Her name is Miss Mayburn."

"Indeed!" returned the detective, a grim smile on his features. "Have you known her long, sir?"

With something in the nature of a shock Mr. Stuart Witless remembered that he had not. He was describing just and when he had made the lady's acquaintance when Ferrier produced a photograph.

"Look at that, sir," he said.

"Miss Mayburn!" gasped Stuart, "Surely though," he added doubtfully, "she would never dress like that. It's—it's more after the style of a third-rate music-hall!"

"As Miss Mayburn she wouldn't dress like that," remarked Ferrier, drily; "but as Vera Dewiskoff she might!"

Vera Dewiskoff! Stuart Witless, K. C. remembered that name, and shivered at the remembrance. She was a lady with a leaning towards anarchy.

He had not yet seen her in the flesh, and was in no particular hurry to do so. She had once requested the favour of an interview, but, not being bomb-proof, Mr. Stuart Witless had declined to see the lady.

Vera Dewiskoff! Two of her brother were members of the gang which had graced the dock a week or two before. They had now gone into retirement for a matter of ten years, thanks in no small measure to Stuart Witless's masterly handling of the case against them.

She disappeared from her customary haunts on the day you came to Scarborough, sir, went on the detective. "Knowing her vengeful spirit, and suspecting the truth, I decided to look you up and warn you. And here I find you on the Spa with the most dangerous woman in the world at your elbow!"

Poor Stuart Witless! His nerves had not improved so very much after all. He was distinctly alarmed, and looked it. True, his hair didn't stand on end—the feeble few remaining could scarcely be expected to rise to the occasion—but he had that look in his eyes which had been one of the reasons why his doctor had advised complete rest and quiet at Scarborough.

IV.

Now—this has been said before, and will be said again—people will talk!

Strange tales began to filter through to High Nottsford, which was not so very far from Scarborough, after all. Hugh Marriot, the young artist, heard them one by one, and laughed quietly to himself.

There came a day when he heard a tale—and he didn't laugh! It was told not by an old woman but by a school-chum, a man he could trust, who had just returned from Scarborough.

"What!" almost roared Hugh Marriot.

"Fact, I assure you!" went on his informant, calmly. "I don't want to cause any trouble, but we've been chums so long that I'm forced to speak. The bounder is old, of course, but he has name, fame, and any amount of money behind him. Hang it all, man! They are here, there and everywhere together. It certainly wants looking into!"

And it certainly was in a fair way to being looked into! Hugh Marriot, in a mood which caused some of his fellow travellers to regard him as a semi-lunatic, was in the next train for Scarborough.

All unconscious of the trouble in store, Mr. Stuart Witless was slowly recovering his spirits. For a couple of days after his heartless desertion of Miss Mayburn on the steps of the Grand Hall he did not go far from Brigg View.

A fellow-guest at that establishment had unfortunately sprained his ankle. He was glad of the little lawyer's company, and the two old gentlemen became quite friendly.

Rather late one afternoon Mr. Stuart Witless screwed up his courage and paid another visit to the Spa. Almost immediately he encountered the gardener, with whom he had already made friends. In fulfilment of a promise already given the gardener offered to show the gentleman "something special" he had under glass at the little white house on the Undercliff which stretches away in wild grandeur to the south of the Spa grounds.

Taking a key from his pocket the gardener unlocked a door and led the way through an arch under the cliff tramway, and so on to the Undercliff.

Ascending the narrow, winding track used only by the gardeners, Mr. Witless's guide remembered that he had left his "baccy" in the tool-house. Leaving the little lawyer there, hidden among the trees, he hurried off to fetch it.

Barely had he done so when Mr. Stuart Witless heard a slight sound behind him. Wheeling round he stared straight into the laughing eyes of his fair shadower, Miss Mayburn!

To do the lady justice, it must be said that this really was an accidental meeting. She had long wished to explore the Undercliff, which looked so tempting from the Spa grounds, and, finding the door open, she had passed through to the forbidden territory.

She did not know that Mr. Stuart Witless was just in front—she did not know that someone else was close behind! Her movements had been watched. The fair shadower was shadowed.

"Dear me!" she laughed merrily now we meet again! Isn't it delightful? And we are trespassing, I believe!"

Miss Mayburn was scarcely prepared for the reply. Backing hastily away he shielded his face with his hands.

"Go away, woman!" he blurted out. "Go away! I'll—I'll shout for assistance! I know you, Vera Dewiskoff!"

She could only stare at him in wild-eyed amazement. Was he mad? Suddenly she remembered a remark made on the promenade, and one never intended for her ears. Someone had referred to her companion as being "half-witted," or "witless" or something of the kind! Could it be true? And she was alone with him here—here in this wild, unfrequented spot!

They were not alone long, as it happened. Someone crashed through the undergrowth and towered above them, his expression black and forbidding as a thundercloud.

It was Hugh Marriot!

Mary Mayburn's surprise was too great for words. As for Mr. Stuart Witless, he quickly arrived at a conclusion, false but not unnatural.

"Another of 'em!" he gasped.

Vera Dewiskoff's accomplice. The executioner! The deed would be done here, and now—here in the wilderness! Why couldn't he scream? Why didn't the gardener return?

Hugh Marriot's first words, abusive as they were, were a positive relief to Mr. Stuart Witless.

"You old rascal!" he roared. "How dare you, sir? How dare you deceive this lady? How dare you pass as my uncle?"

"Eh!" gasped Stuart Witless, K. C. "I—I don't know you, sir! I never was an uncle. I never had a nephew!—I never claimed to be either!"

Hugh glanced at Mary Mayburn, who was growing red and white by turns.

"I—I—I don't understand!" she faltered. "You are staying at Brigg View! You are Mr. Stewart—" "Plain Stuart on the books—"

"But—but I heard a fellow-guest call you Mr. Stewart, the boots of the establishment said you were Mr. Stewart, and I followed you to that seat on the North Cliff and—and—Oh, Hugh! Hugh! I've been making friends with the wrong man!"

"I hope not, my dear—I hope not!" chuckled Stuart Witless, K. C., his fears fleeing as he began to understand. "It may be that after all you have been making friends with the right man! I see! I see! Will you kindly excuse—ha! ha! ha!—an old rascal if he sits down to laugh?"

And sitting on the stump of a tree Mr. Stuart

Witless did laugh—laughed till the tears rolled down his wrinkled cheeks.

"Ha! ha! ha! I see! And I thought you were Vera Dewiskoff! I was clown to be scared by a photograph, even in Ferrier's hands. Ha! ha! While you were making friends with me, Miss Mayburn, I was worming my way into the affections of the very gentleman you want—Mr. Peter Stewart. He has sprained his ankle, and I have been his sole companion for hours at a stretch. He told me something of his nephew's love affair, and my sympathies were with the nephew from the first. Ha! ha! I really believe I can straighten out this little tangle."

And he did. Shortly afterwards Mr. Stuart Witless had quite a long chat with Mr. Peter Stewart, who heard the full story of Miss Mayburn's attempt to capture his affections. He laughed of course, but he admitted that the girl "had grit!"

And when he heard that Hugh Marriot—"the rising artist, sir!"—had sold his picture for what seemed an enormous sum (Mr. Stuart Witless did not say that he was the buyer!) Mr. Peter Stewart expressed the opinion that the boy had "brains, sir—brains!"

All his objections to Hugh's "unprofitable daubing" vanished into thin air.

He was present at Hugh's wedding. So was Stuart Witless, K. C. That gentleman, in addition to a handsome wedding gift, presented the bride with a rough sketch of a scene on the North Cliff. A seat, a slumbering old gentleman, the roar of a big gun at Burniston—you can guess the rest. It was entitled, "Our Introduction!"

Indifferently drawn it may be, but Mrs. Marriot, of The Elms, thinks a lot of it.

As for the real Vera Dewiskoff! In all probability she never saw Scarborough.

Within the week news reached the Metropolitan police to the effect that the lady who so strikingly resembled Mary Mayburn had been arrested in Paris and handed over to the Russian agents, who could be depended upon to look after her in the future.

An English View of Mr. Bryan.

By M. A. P.

MR. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, who has been nominated by the Democratic party as candidate for the United States Presidency, has already been twice beaten at the polls—in 1896 and in 1900—but he has made up his mind to win, and there are many impartial observers who prophesy success for him next time. Mr. Bryan was born in Illinois in the same year that Abraham Lincoln was elected to the Presidency, and as a young man went to Chicago to study for the law. After duly qualifying, he practised as a lawyer for some time, but becoming drawn into politics, he devoted himself whole-heartedly to the Democratic cause, and by his eloquence and enthusiasm leapt into prominence almost at a bound.

Like Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Bryan is a firm believer in the strenuous life, and besides being successful as a politician, he has managed to attain distinction in many other ways. He is one of the best known journalists in America, and was formerly editor of the *Omaha World*. As a lecturer he is enormously popular, his average earnings in this capacity being nearly £10,000 a year. He has travelled all over the world, and has been received in audience by the Pope and the Czar. The year before last he came to London to attend the Inter-Parliamentary Congress, and during his stay he had an interview with the King at Buckingham Palace, when he discussed with his Majesty the question of international peace.

Mr. Bryan's name is known all over the globe, and his fame was on one occasion the means of placing him in a remarkable position. News of his achievements had penetrated even to far-off Japan, and in the land of the chrysanthemum it has been a custom from time immemorial for boys to claim as their adopted fathers any men of eminence they may happen to admire. One day Mr. Bryan received a letter from Japan, which ran somewhat as follows: "I have heard that you are a great and good man, and have chosen you as my father. I am coming at once to the United States." Naturally, Mr. Bryan regarded this communication as a joke, and after a while, forgot all about it. Some weeks later, however, he was much surprised to receive a visit from a smart little Japanese boy, who introduced himself with the simple words: "I have come." Mr. Bryan was much astonished at the whole affair. Nevertheless, he welcomed the lad into his household, and had him educated and brought up with his own son.

PEOPLE, PLACES AND PROGRESS

MECHANICAL and naval engineers in St. John, the winter port of Canada, are now in great demand by the Government of Japan. This is a new phase of the race problem. Having a small opinion of the United States marine engineers, the Mikado prefers to recruit from Canada. Further, he seems to argue that as he has been very busy sending industrious Japs to British Columbia, Canada should retaliate by letting him have ingenious Canucks from St. John. At any rate, a number of expert engineers have been engaged to help in the construction of the new Japanese battleships and to lay our fortifications. Among them is Mr. B. H. Francis, who superintended the installation of the Chignecto power plant at Amherst, N.S. Another engineer was offered a large salary to install turbines in warships being built at Kobe. Even the students at the University of New Brunswick have been offered positions by mail. Rosy salaries are being paid to all engineers who accept work with the Mikado.

* * *

DENMAN THOMPSON, the celebrated originator of "Joshua Whitcomb" in "The Old Homestead," learned the most he knows about acting in



Mr. Denman Thompson in the role of "Grandpapa."

Toronto. It was away back in the fifties that young Thompson came up from Worcester, Mass., where he had been on the boards a short while after leaving his uncle's dry goods store in Lowell. At the old Royal Lyceum on King Street he remained fourteen years with the stock company in which Mrs. Morrison, still living in Toronto, was a leading actress. In those days the young actor, who was just learning the business on a small salary, got largely into debt because he was one of the glad-handed sort who sowed money broadcast. Being forced into the credit system, Thompson soon got over his ears in debt, and much against his will he had to leave town with a large number of creditors mourning his absence to the tune of \$3,000. However, years afterwards when Thompson had become celebrated as "Joshua Whitcomb" he brought "The Old Homestead" to Toronto and paid that three thousand dollars—every dollar of it outlawed long before. Mr. Thompson is the oldest actor in America and, as may be noted from the illustration, is a grandfather.

* * *

THE Sikhs in Victoria have refused charity offered them by the city authorities. They are said to be altogether different to Hindus, who make a gentlemanly business of begging. There are over a hundred of these tall, bearded independents in the British Columbia capital. Most of them come from Lahore, in the Province of Punjab. They have been working in the saw-mills, but as the mills have shut down they are all out of work. They have plenty of money saved, however, held in a sort of common stock, to tide themselves over the present depression.

* * *

BRITISH COLUMBIA hopes to supply pulp-wood to Japan, where large quantities of paper are now being used up in the advance of civilisation—some of it in making agreements with foreign powers. Most of Japan's pulp comes from Scandinavia, which country is also a competitor with Canada in supplying pulp to the Japs of Europe. In the case of England, however, the Scandinavians have everything in their favour, including distance and freight charges. In shipping to Japan the advantages in delivery are all with Canada, inasmuch

as it takes ninety days from the time the order is mailed from Japan to get the pulp shipments back through the Suez Canal. The Norwegian freight charges for more than twice the distance, however, are only \$7.30 a ton from Christiana to Yokohama. In ten years, 1897-1906, the Japanese extended their paper-making business from 63,787 yen to 1,764,002 yen. Imports of European paper in 1905 amounted to 6,380,000 yen.

* * *

FIFTY years ago, according to the New York "World," the father of John D. Rockefeller came to Ontario and married a Canadian girl named Margaret Allen. At that time and for thirty-six years afterwards the mother of the famous Standard Oil magnate was living in the United States. After his marriage to Miss Allen, Mr. Rockefeller became Dr. William Levingston. Under this name he farmed and made a patent medicine in North Dakota. Mrs. Levingston is still living in Illinois—until two years ago totally ignorant that her aged husband was the father of the richest man in the world. Neither did Mrs. Rockefeller dream that her husband, who left her with five children in 1885, had married a Canadian girl of twenty. The strange part of the romance is that Mrs. Rockefeller's three sons knew of the second marriage but kept it secret from her. These sons kept Mr. Rockefeller supplied with money until his death in Freeport, Illinois, in 1906.

* * *

A FEW days ago there was burned in Montreal one of the oldest and most historic business buildings in Canada. This was the old Molson warehouse, built in 1772 by Mr. John Molson. In those days the building was used as a brewery, afterwards as a sugar refinery; lately as a warehouse. The second steamboat in American waters, the "Accommodation," was built by Mr. Molson.

* * *

FROM Vancouver to Peace River by way of the coast is the latest mail route established in Canada. Last week two couriers, Messrs. H. E. Bodine and Frank Watson, two old-time trail-finders, set out by steamer to Kitaamat. There the dog-teams will be hitched for the ice trip to Hazelton—Babine Lake—to Fort Conley on Conley Lake—across to the Ingineeka River, thence to the Findlay and down the Findlay to Fort Graham; five hundred miles with five hundred pounds of mail matter behind two teams of dogs.

* * *

IN the race for building expenditure in 1907, Toronto beat at least seven United States cities with a larger population and was beaten by but seven others, all of which had a much larger population. Buffalo, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, and Milwaukee were among those left behind by the Capital of Ontario. Detroit with a hundred thousand more people was ahead of Toronto only a thousand dollars worth. Buffalo with about a hundred thousand more fell behind six millions. Pittsburg with more than twice as many people as Toronto was distanced by more than a million and a half. The Capital of the United States was left in the rear by more than four millions.

* * *

NOW—following the nationalising of the Plains of Abraham—there is talk of restoring Fort Malden as a national park. This is the ancient part of modern Amherstburg. Almost in front of the tumble-down, neglected old fort is the Lime-Kiln Crossing which holds the record for shipping tonnage among all the straits and canals in the world, not excepting the Suez and the "Soo." But the old fort which did duty in the border war of 1812 has more to do with the past than with progress. After the War of Independence Fort Malden was built among a settlement of U. E. Loyalists who had particular reasons for wanting to keep that part of the waterways under the British flag. Old Colonel Elliott, a Virginia planter, whose first house is shown on this page, was one of the first settlers. In 1796 the Union Jack was removed from Detroit and planted on Fort Malden, which though a rude sort of place built of logs and stone had a strategic position near the mouth of the Detroit River. Here in 1812 General Hull crossed the river from Detroit and attacked Fort Malden. Here Brock built his ships. Here Tecumseh made a bark map of the Detroit citadel for Proctor. Here Harrison afterwards defeated Proctor allied with Tecumseh, burned the fort and drove the allies up the valley of the Thames where Tecumseh met his death. The Americans held the fort for two years. In 1815 they gave it up—along with nearly

everything else along the border. A few years afterwards the fort was rebuilt. In the Rebellion of 1837 it again became important; the centre of many a lively fight between the Canadians and the American sympathizers with Mackenzie. Now for years the old place, once the liveliest fighting-spot on the whole frontier, has gone over to the spiders and the bats. The patriotic inhabitants who know its history are anxious to have it preserved as a national park—and in all middle Canada there is no place better worthy the enterprise.

* * *

LUMBER prices have gone down in Victoria, British Columbia; rough lumber three dollars a thousand, clear two dollars, and shingles seventy-five cents. Nine-tenths of the mills in the province are said to be closed; immense stocks are on hand—about three hundred million feet. The reduction is somewhat due to the expectation that the spring may see United States lumber crossing the border.

* * *

THE cheapest effective police force in the world is the Northwest Mounted Police, whose territory extends from Herschell Island to Kenora—the largest police area in the world. This entire field is covered by less than seven hundred men and 520 horses. The force last year was smaller than in 1907 by 45 men and 49 horses. In 1900 there were 135 more men in the force than there are now with 55 new posts to cover. The population over which these men have jurisdiction is nearly three times what it was in 1901. The area covered by the police detachments is twice as great as it was in 1897. In that year, it will be remembered, a large number of men were sent to the Yukon, the nucleus of the 200 men now required to police that enormous and thinly-peopled area. An ex-policeman living in Edmonton claims that it was the police who first brought the Klondike to the notice of the outside world by the gold which the first detachment brought out. The rush to the gold fields made it necessary to send nearly one-third of the entire force to the Yukon. Since then detachments have been posted at various trading posts in Athabasca. Men have been taken wholesale from Regina, the headquarters; from Battleford, where the police did hard work in the Rebellion of 1885; from Fort Saskatchewan, headquarters for the Edmonton district; from Prince Albert, divisional headquarters, six hundred miles east by the river; and from Fort Macleod, which was the first post of the police in 1872. The work of the police in the old days was rounding up horse-thieves, whisky smugglers, and Indian murderers. Now it is almost everything else; the chief relic of the old days being the horse-thief, which in that country is a hard variety to exterminate. Many of the mounted police are now posted singly in the new towns where they do local as well as patrol work. Police life even at the outposts is tame compared to the old way, as may be inferred from the following verse of a poem written by a member of the force in those days:

"We've taken the haughty feathered chief
Whose hands were red with blood;
E'en in the very Council Lodge
We seized him where he stood.
Three fearless hearts faced forty braves,
And bore the chief in chains
Full sixty miles to where lay camped
The Riders of the Plains."



A Guardian of the Plains.

MUSIC AND DRAMA



Mr. Frederick Stock,
Conductor of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra.

IT would be interesting to know the composition of the audience at the opening night of "Mendelssohn Week." Some one hazarded the guess that there were music-teachers and choir-masters from all corners of Ontario, anxious to learn something of Conductor Vogt's secret of leadership. There was enthusiasm everywhere—either of expectation or assurance.

The three concerts already given this week have been of such variety that every temperament should find satisfaction. To-morrow night will be reminiscent of "old times," like the fifth Toronto concert of last year, as the Choir will be unassociated with the orchestra, having for assisting artist the famous pianist, Mr. Josef Hofmann who is fresh from Californian triumphs, and also the baritone soloist, Mr. Claude Cunningham.

The Mendelssohn Choir has grown in the graces of musical development with the year that has gone since their second rendering

of Beethoven's Choral Symphony. It would have been difficult to imagine anything more exalted than their unfolding of that flower of choral genius; yet the last week has displayed a strengthening of fibre and a touch of rounding grace here and there which indicate the conductor's eternal vigilance, the price for artistic development, as for political freedom.

Grieg's dramatic cantata, *Olaf Trygvason*, that wonderful outburst of Norse poetry and harmony, was rendered with a realistic vigour which appealed to the audience with such effect as only the finest effort can attain. The delineation of the impassioned resistance of the Odin-worshippers to the new faith ended in a magnificent chorus of thanksgiving which fairly swept the hearers back to the centuries when Odin and Thor swayed the northern imagination. Miss Janet Spencer, contralto, and Mr. Gwylim Miles, baritone, were the assisting soloists. Lotti's *Crucifixus*, which was a unique number in last year's list, was repeated, greatly to the satisfaction of those to whom its exquisite tone-balances are the very spirit of melodious worship. Palestrina's *Hodie Christus Natus Est*, a Christmas motet for double chorus, with the harmony of the first choir, answered antiphonally by the second, the final union of movement being the richest tone-blending, produced a tremendous effect. But to many the most hauntingly beautiful number of a memorable programme was the Christmas song by Peter Cornelius for contralto solo and eight-part chorus. The andante nature of the choral movement, whose slowness is made to harmonise with the freer solo measure produces a final devotional effect which is a perfect consummation. Miss Spencer's solo work in this number was of the most delicately clear and soaring quality. There is in her voice that definiteness of tone which gives the outsider to understand Browning's line:

"The rest may reason and welcome; 'tis we musicians know."

Then came a burst of sportive harmony, Howard Brockway's setting of that daintiest spring song, "It was a Lover and His Lass," in which the composer has caught the joyous Elizabethan abandon which made the Forest of Arden enchanted ground forever. Sir R. P. Stewart's *The Cruiskeen Lawn* was flung off as gaily by the Choir as if no technical difficulties nor rhythmic complications were involved, with the natural consequence that the audience vociferously demanded another tip of the *cruiskeen*. The concluding choral number was *Blest Pair of Sirens*, Sir Hubert Parry's setting of Milton's stately ode. It is one of the most frequently sung of British compositions at the leading English festivals. The great Puritan poet's rhapsody on those harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse, is given majestic choral transcription by the modern composer, for which the double choir and orchestra afforded vocal and instrumental interpretation which, in Milton's own *L'Allegro* lines:

"Untwisted all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony."

The Theodore Thomas Orchestra under Mr. Frederick Stock formed such an alliance with the Mendelssohn Choir as led one to hope that they may never be put asunder. The orchestra numbers were, for the most part, familiar to the audience, thus giving an opportunity for the appreciation which arises from inevitable comparison. Clearness of phrasing and delicacy of interpretation, united with a noble vigour in the bolder passages combine to render this Chicago organisation the most artistic which Toronto has heard since the Boston Symphony Orchestra sent thousands of enchanted citizens homewards. The wind in the Beethoven overture, *Leonore* No. 3 was exquisite in quality, and the Strauss *Serenade* further displayed the supreme finish of this section of the orchestra. In the closing number, Liszt's symphonic poem, *Les Preludes*, the orchestra won a genuine triumph which was achieved by superb "musicianship," the finale of that colourful composition being such magnificent harmony as reached the "ninth wave" of orchestral effect. There was but one verdict on the Thomas players and that was of an enthusiasm which makes their annual appearance devoutly to be wished. We may be reminded that Toronto was stupidly indifferent in 1896 but that it has learned since then is largely due to the splendid perseverance of Mr. A. S. Vogt, whose motto has ever been *plus ultra*.

* * *

OTTAWA has been enjoying musical events of the highest class during the last fortnight. On Thursday night last week, Madame Nordica of the golden voice delighted a large audience at the Russell Theatre. The New York Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Walter Damrosch, also made a highly favourable impression on the hearers who were treated to an "all-Wagner"

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programme. The Nordica-Damrosch event in Montreal was not received with enthusiasm and local critics considered the orchestral work not up to the former Damrosch standard.

By the way, the Montreal *Herald*, in its dramatic criticism, is attracting more than provincial interest and was largely quoted last week by New York *Life* which agreed with the Montreal journalist's strictures on the trashy productions of Mr. Geo. Cohan and other Tenderloin "drammers" as being misrepresentative of metropolitan life, in the broadest and truest sense of that much-abused noun.

* * *

ON February 19th, the renowned Madame Calve is to appear in concert at Ottawa and will give selections from her favourite *Carmen*. Madame Calve's Canadian tour of last year was an eminent success and she will probably attract a large audience at the capital. It is said that this best modern interpreter of *Carmen* prefers Montreal to any other Canadian community, for which there is an excellent reason in the strong Gallic element of our largest city.

* * *

THE Princess Theatre, Toronto, has a striking musical comedy this week in the form of "Tom Jones," which is Henry Fielding's famous novel brought very much up to date. Next week that inimitable master of drollery, Mr. Francis Wilson, will appear in a burlesque of chivalry, entitled "When Knights Were Bold." Mr. Wilson hardly belongs to the comedian class, as his quaint and whimsical traits fairly make any production in which he takes part a one-character play. He has always been popular with a Toronto audience which finds itself infinitely cheered by an evening of "Francis the First." The play in which he is to appear next week has had a remarkable run in New York which is saying much in this year of failure and fiasco.

* * *

THE dramatic story, or rather the story introducing theatrical magnates, is highly popular with the New York magazines. The January number of the *American Magazine* contained a yarn of this order entitled "The Little Gate," by Kate Jordan, which brought in a Canadian town as background for the charms of the star, Fabia Leighton. The town is represented as a ghastly dull community with a temperature 24 degrees below zero, but the manager of the theatre is a noble citizen possessed of a mink ulster and luxuries in keeping. Altogether it is a diverting bit of fiction.

* * *

MR. MARK HAMBURG has completed his third American tour of twenty-six concerts and gave a concert at London, England, recently, playing at the fifth Hambourg Subscription Concert at Queen's Hall. The Handel-Brahms variations, the Tschaiakowski Trio and Schumann Quintette were played, the assisting musicians being Messrs. Jan and Boris Hambourg, Maurice Sax and Siegfried Wertheim. The assisting vocalist at this concert was a Canadian with whom English audiences have become familiar—Miss Edith J. Miller, of whom Winnipeg and Portage La Prairie are especially proud.

* * *

AN English weekly, commenting on a recent paper entitled "A Stocktaking of English Music," says: "Dr. Sawyer had little trouble in showing how greatly we have advanced in the last fifty years, but it is useless to deny that in some branches there has been retrogression. This is patent in musical comedies which have succeeded the brilliant series of Gilbert and Sullivan operas; while in grand opera the prospect for the British composer was more encouraging when the late Carl Rosa produced English operas by Mackenzie, Stanford, Corder and Cowen, than it is now."

* * *

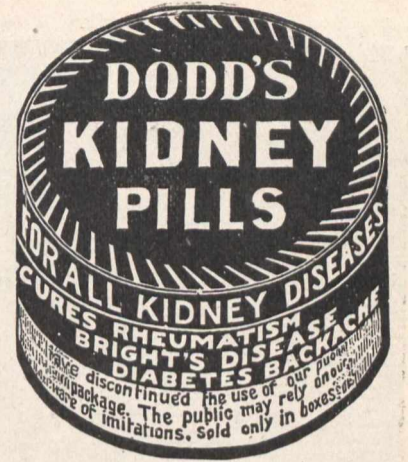
IN Toronto musical circles, one of the busiest men is Mr. H. M. Fletcher, who is teacher, organist and conductor of three choruses. From an educational standpoint, Mr. Fletcher has done extremely valuable work, which can readily be appreciated by one who has heard the first practice of the "youngest" chorus and has had the opportunity, a year or two after, to attend a concert by the Schubert Choir, in which the product of patient training may be heard. This work has grown and developed in a most surprising fashion, until one almost believes the comment by a scornful (or envious) visitor: "Toronto is chorus-crazy." The coming concerts of the Schubert Choir, under Mr. Fletcher's conductorship, will be given in Massey Hall on March 2nd and 3rd and there is much talk of this organisation of two hundred and twenty-five singers appearing in Detroit during the week following the Toronto concerts. The Pittsburg Orchestra under Mr. Emil Paur will be associated with the Schubert Choir for these two events and it will be a pleasure to see and hear the Pittsburg musicians. They have come bravely through their troubles with some "union" or federation which seemed obdurate last spring and have added considerably to their strength, the new concert-master being a pronounced success. The critic of the *Buffalo Courier* says of a concert given by the Pittsburg Orchestra in Massey Hall on January 24th:

"Everything that goes to make for perfection in interpretation; the restraint, the delicacy, the sentiment, the admirable reading and the clear understanding of the composer, all united in making the performance a notable one, while Mr. Paur combines all that is best in the equipment as director of a symphony orchestra."

The list for these March concerts already shows that the attendance will be all that the conductor of the Schubert Choir might desire. His Excellency, the Governor-General and His Honour, the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, have extended their patronage to these events, the programmes for which will be announced later.

* * *

THE most beautiful woman on the stage to-day is Miss Maxine Elliott, whose personal charm is such as to make a consideration of her acting almost difficult. This effulgent star is to appear in Canada this month, probably in both Montreal and Toronto. In the latter city, she will be seen at the Princess Theatre. The "drawing-room drama" is the production in which Miss Elliott seems most at home, her last appearance in Toronto being in the Clyde Fitch play, "Her Great Match." Histrionic ability seems to be an Elliott gift as Miss Gertrude Elliott (Mrs. Forbes-Robertson) has a reputation almost equal to that of her more striking sister. As *Ophelia*, the former gave a charming interpretation of the part, giving the daughter of Polonius more strength of character than the conventional stage representation.



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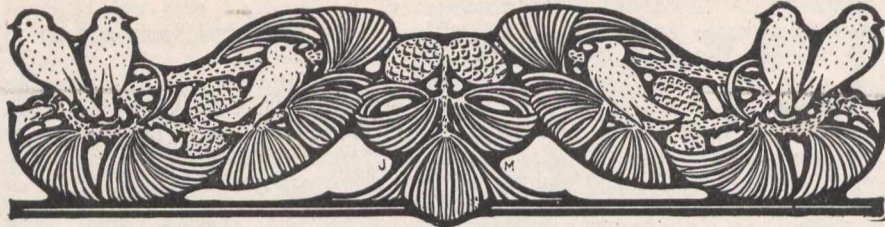
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FOR THE CHILDREN

THE NEW LEAF.

Laura E. Richards.

WHY are you crying, Little Cat?" asked Little Dog. "Because my paws are so cold!" said Little Cat. "I have been digging in the snow and I cannot find one."

"One what?" asked Little Dog. "One new leaf." "What do you want of a new leaf?" "I want to turn it over, but there just aren't any to turn." "Of course there aren't!" said Little Dog. "It is winter." "But Little Girl is going to find one," said Little Cat. "I heard her mother say to her, 'You really must turn over a new leaf!' and she said, 'I truthfully will, mamma!' and when Little Girl says she truthfully will she always does. Then her mother kissed her, and said everybody had to turn over new leaves now, and she had some of her own to turn, so she knew just how it was. The door shut then—on the tip of my tail, too—and I heard no more; but what do you suppose it means?"

Little Dog shook his head. "We must ask somebody," he said. "Let me see! Great Old Dog is out for a walk, and Crosspatch Parrot bit me the last time I asked her a question." "I know," said Little Cat. "We will ask Old Cat in the Barn. She knows a good many things, and if she isn't catching rats—but she generally is—she will tell us."

They found Old Cat in the Barn sitting on a truss of hay, washing herself. She listened to Little Cat's story, and her green eyes twinkled. "So you have been looking for new leaves under the snow!" she said.

"Yes," said Little Cat. "First I looked on the trees, and there weren't any there; so I thought it must be leaves of plants and things, so I scratched and dug till my poor paws were almost quite frozen, but not one single scrap of a leaf could I find."

"Ffff!" said the Old Cat in the Barn. "This barn is full of 'em!" "Full of leaves!" cried Little Cat and Little Dog together. "What can you mean, Old Cat? We don't call hay leaves!"

"How many rats have you caught this week?" asked Old Cat, turning to Little Dog.

"None!" said Little Dog. "The last rat I caught bit me horribly; besides, they are odious, vulgar beasts, and I don't care to have anything to do with them."

"Ffff!" said Old Cat. "Little Cat, how many mice have you caught in the kitchen this week?"

Little Cat hung her head. "I haven't caught any," she said. "I don't care for mice, the flavour it too strong; I like cream better."

"Ffff! grrrr-yow!" said Old Cat; her green eyes shot out sparks, and her fur began to stand up. "Now, you two, listen to me! Why do you think the Big People keep you? Because you are soft and pretty and foolish? Not at all! They keep you because you are supposed to be useful. Your mother, Little Cat, was a hard-working, self-respecting mouser, who caught her daily mouse as regularly as she ate her daily bread and milk. Your father, Little Dog, hunted rats with me in this barn as long as he had legs to stand upon, and between us we kept the place in toler-

able order. Great Old Dog cannot be expected to hunt at his age, and besides, he is too big; one might as well hunt with an ox. But since your parents died you two lazy children have done next to nothing, and what is the consequence? I am worked to skin and bone, and the mice are all over the house; I heard Cook say so. Mind what I say; no creature, with four legs or two, is worth his salt unless he earns it, in one way or another. Now, what have you to say for yourselves?"

"Miaouw!" said Little Cat. "I am very sorry, Old Cat." "Yap! Yap!" said Little Dog. "I am sorry too, Old Cat."

"Very well," said Old Cat in the Barn. "Then turn over a new leaf!" "Miaow!" "Yap!" "That is just what we want to do!" said Little Cat and Little Dog together; "but we can't find any."

"The fact is," said Old Cat in the Barn, "it is one of the foolish ways of speaking that the Big People have. It just means, stop being bad and begin to be good. Now do you see?" "Prrr!" said Little Cat; "now I see. I will go and catch a mouse this minute, Old Cat."

"Wuff!" said Little Dog; "I see too, and I will come and hunt rats with you, Old Cat."

"Prrrr!" said Old Cat in the Barn. "That is right! Go to work, like good children, and as I may have been rather short with you lately I will turn over a new leaf, too, and ask you both to supper with me in my hay-parlor. Cook gave me the bones of the Christmas goose, and we will have a great feast."

* * *



Little Lady Valentine.

LITTLE LADY VALENTINE.

DAN CUPID is my messenger, His wings are sure and fleet, He swiftly bears my heart away And lays it at your feet,


I pray you use it tenderly (Its every throb is thine), And ask for boldly, in return, Your heart, my Valentine.

M. H. C.

* * *

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BRITISH GOSSIP

THE double assassination in Portugal has been the absorbing topic in Great Britain, as the recent diplomatic relations between the two countries have been especially cordial. The fatal consummation of the quarrel between King and Radicals was not entirely unforeseen but his tragic death has removed King Carlos from the ridiculous to the sublime. The sovereign whose unwieldy bulk was a jest for the penny journalist and whose efforts to reduce his ponderous weight made him the most absurd ruler in Southern Europe has suddenly been transformed into a royal martyr. The unfortunate young man who succeeds to the throne is not an enviable figure, for smoking in a powder magazine is hardly more risky than wearing a crown in Lisbon. In England, where Queen Amalie is much loved, the sympathy for her bereavement is profound and King Edward has ordered four weeks of Court mourning.

* * *

THE rumour that Princess Patricia was the probable fiancee of the murdered prince is not taken very seriously by the English public which is quite accustomed to hearing that the pretty younger daughter of the Duke of Connaught has been finally disposed of. Sweden, Spain and Portugal have been among the countries to which this sprightly niece of King Edward has been consigned by the society papers. Princess Patricia is allowed much more liberty than any of the daughters of Queen Victoria enjoyed. During her recent visit to Sweden she was chaperoned by the Hon. Lady Egerton, whose family has always had a large share of Court duties. Among Princess Patricia's friends are several young New Yorkers who are said to find her good spirits highly congenial in circles where forms and ceremonies are more than a little burdensome.

* * *



Wi' Lang Pedigree.

THE illness of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman leaves the question of his successor a matter of general discussion. Mr. Asquith seems to be the most probable premier and in connection with his qualifications for such high office, the charm and ability of his wife, formerly Miss Margot Tennant, are dwelt upon with enthusiasm. It seems a long time ago that the exotic story, "Dodo" by E. F. Benson afforded an evening's entertainment to such as desired to "keep up" with modern fiction. The heartless and attractive heroine was said to be modelled on Miss Tennant who belonged to the famous society known as the "Souls." Since those days the author of "Dodo" has written many novels of more serious hue, while the stately wife of Hon. Mr. Asquith is not likely to suggest the frisky young heroine who turned so many lives upside down. As Mr. Asquith has been the special object of suffragette attack, his premiership, if attained, is not likely to prove a rose-strewn way.

* * *

THE financial stringency in New York has affected both London and Paris. The wives of Pittsburg or Gotham magnates have not been squandering their money quite as freely as usual in the European markets, and there is mourning in millinery and jewellery circles. Parisian merchants are complaining mildly of the cheap sales into which they have been forced by the scarcity of American shoppers. Furriers in London find that their attractive but hardly indispensable goods are lying heavy on their hands. Also the great diamond company of De Beers has become alarmed at the descent in the price of diamonds and other gems. The trade in tiaras has been shockingly languid and even the plain and simple solitaire has shone unavailingly. It is reported that bagfuls of beautiful stones have remained unsold even at bargain prices.

* * *

THE year of 1907, it is said, was notable among English publishers as the year of the reprint which advanced from forty-seven in 1906 to two-hundred-and-forty-six. The poverty of modern productions is responsible for this, as many readers have turned to the older authors for nourishment. In fiction, biography and travel this was markedly the case and many old friends appeared in new and cheap form. The copyright on that delightful story, "Alice in Wonderland," has expired and new editions will soon be issued. It seems as if the grave professor who wrote of "Alice," as a matter of idle diversion, had given the world a book of unfading sunshine which will be quoted by statesmen of 1950; for, curiously enough, never a session of the House of Commons goes by without an echo from "Wonderland."

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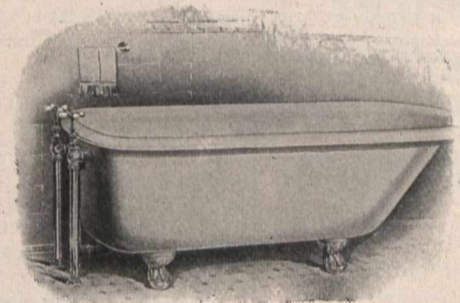
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LITERARY NOTES

LETTERS TO THE FAMILY.

THE most interesting literary man to visit Canada during 1907 was Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who came, spoke and wrote things in a small red note-book. Mr. Kipling was not a little amused when asked if his visit had anything to do with the Oriental complications in British Columbia or with the attitude of the British Government regarding the Japanese working-man in Vancouver. But everyone suspected that Mr. Kipling had a book up his sleeve, while he talked so wisely and so briefly to the Canadian Clubs. The English papers now make the announcement that Mr. Kipling is writing a series of articles on his experiences during his recent tour in Canada. These will shortly be published by the *Morning Post* under the title of *Letters to the Family*. Mr. Kipling was so remarkably acute in grasping local conditions, as displayed in his luminous addresses, that Canadians will read with eagerness these epistles from a man who showed himself one of ourselves. There ought to be a "Canadian Club" edition of these communications from the "laureate of the Empire."

Stirring to a Britisher as are Mr. Kipling's *Song of the Cities* and *The Flag of England*, his greatest work has the universal note and strikes the deepest chords of human experience. Of such is his latest poem in *World's Work* which is a song of the hearthstones of the earth, with the suggestive title, *The Fires*.

Men make them fires on the hearth
Each under his roof-tree,
And the Four Winds that rule the earth
They blow the smokes to me.

Across the high hills and the sea
And all the changeful skies,
The Four Winds blow the smoke to me
Till the tears are in my eyes.

Until the tears are in my eyes
And my heart is well-nigh broke;
For thinking on old memories
That gather in the smoke.

How can I answer which is best
Of all the fires that burn?
I have been too often host or guest
At every fire in turn.

How can I turn from any fire
On any man's hearth-stone?
I know the wonder and desire
That went to build my own!

How can I doubt man's joy or woe
Where'er his house-fires shine,
Since all that man must undergo
Will visit me at mine?

* * *

DUNA.

By Marjorie L. C. Pickthall.

WHEN I was a little lad
With folly on my lips,
Fain was I for journeying
All the seas in ships.
But now across the southern swell
Every dawn I hear
The little streams of Duna
Running clear.

When I was a young man
Before my beard was gray,
All to ships and sailormen
I gave my heart away.
But I'm weary of the sea-wind,
I'm weary of the foam,
And the little stars of Duna
Call me home.

—Metropolitan Magazine.

* * *

THE CURSE OF MODERN FICTION.

A WRITER in the English *Outlook*, signing himself "O. S.," devotes something over a column to a discussion of Sir Gilbert Parker's recent article in the *North American Review*, entitled "Fiction: Its Place in the National Life." The author of the *Outlook* letter is surprised that the Canadian novelist should care to write "shop."

"You have heard," he remarks plaintively, "of the prosperous head of a great confectionery business who never could be induced to take jam, and once in an expansive moment justified his refusal with the simple words: 'We makes it.' Novelists, as I have known them, have usually acted on the same principle. Apart from his so many words a day for the appeasement of the publisher who holds the contract for his next work, the novelist eschews fiction and attempts to forget it. He would no more write upon it than Henry VIII. would have written a treatise on marriage, or than M. Stolypin would write one on franchise-cooking; it is enough to be obliged to do the thing, without dilating upon it in one's off-time."

The writer declares that the effect on the community of reading fiction is worse than the effect of drunkenness, inasmuch as the latter destroys its victims. "We can do with a large number of dead dipsomaniacs but not with a vast horde of living incompetents whose wills have been addled and whose fancy (not imagination) has been morbidly developed by the excessive reading of novels. . . . We can all say what fiction *should* do. The point is what it does. As for its being 'a reflex of the life of the people,' it is only some of the good fiction that is that; and to my mind the good of all the good fiction is so enormously outweighed by the evil of the bad fiction that it should not save the life of fiction for an hour if wise men had the power to destroy it."

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—Carlyle.

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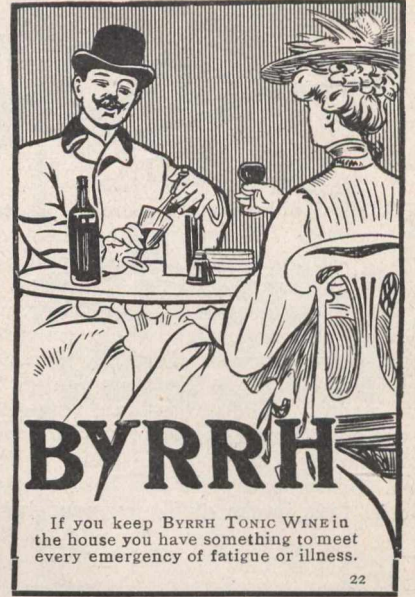
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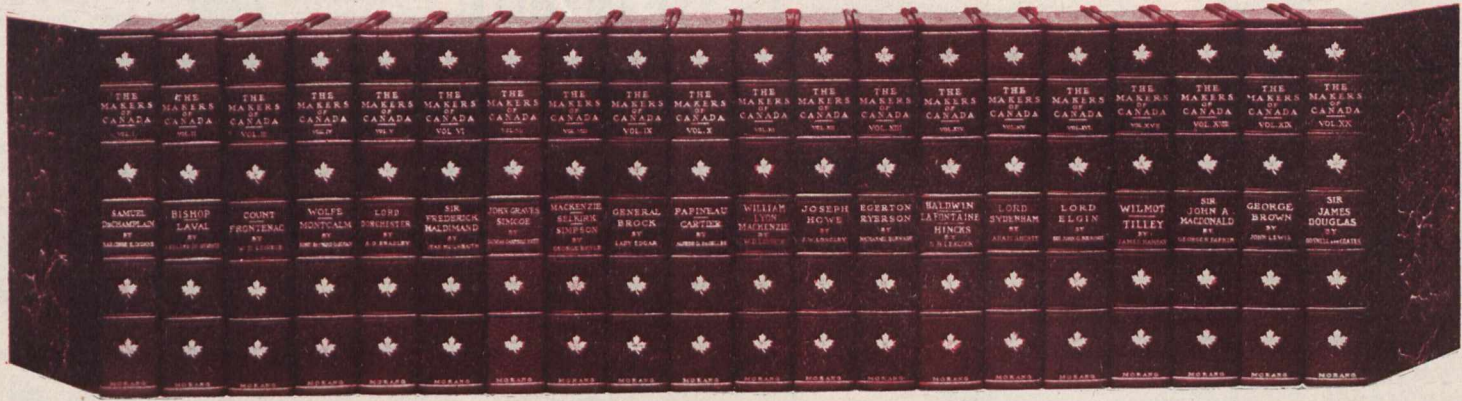
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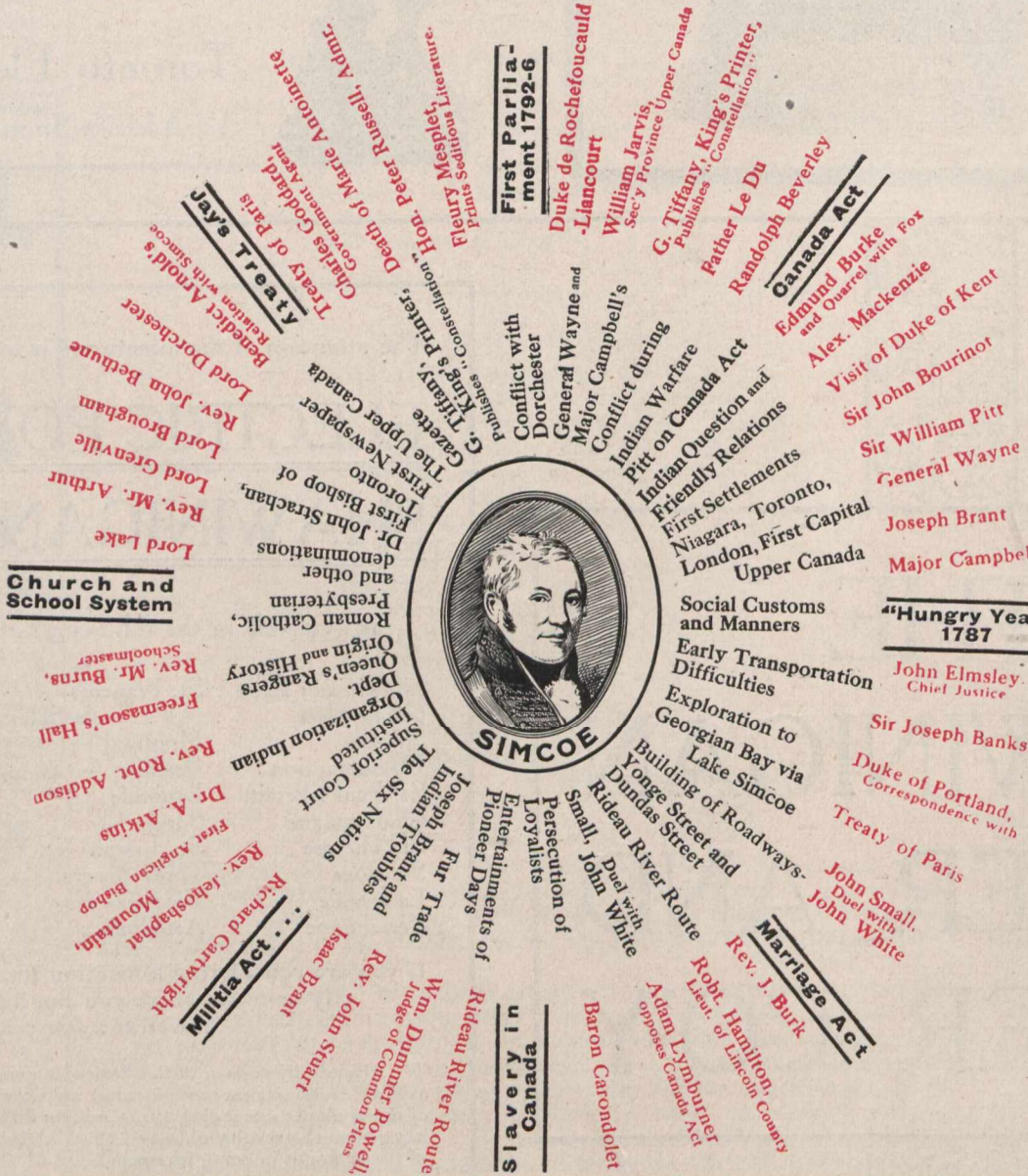
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