

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER,
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ering advertisements mention Canadian Courie

### The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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### Editor's

FOR a Racing Week Number of a Canadian periodical, the short story must be contributed by Mr. W. A. Fraser, author of "Thoroughbreds." Mr. Fraser has followed the horses in India, in the United States and in Canada, and he knows the character of racing in every part of the globe. His racing tales have been published in the best periodicals in New York and London; they are known to every lover of the horse, the Anglo-Saxon world over. This particular story, "Fusee Redivivus," is worth reading twice.

SECOND article by that great scientist, Dr. Saleeby, appears this week. It discusses the new cult or creed or science known as "Eugenics." Every thinker among our readers will be interested.

OUR special commissioner to the West Indies has sent another delightful letter. She has been visiting the little islands which dot the ocean between Cuba and South America-islands once strategically important and likely to be equally important again, if the trade of the world ever passes through the Panama Canal. Is Malta important because of Egypt and the Suez





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We can eliminate at least one of her worries by supplying the whitewear trousseau direct from our own factories, with the assurance of superior quality, style and workmanship, the attractivenes of which is increased by the price saving we afford.

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R1-2611. Women's Skirts, made of fine Nainsook, extra deep flounce with wide skirting embroidery, frill has two clusters of three tucks, one row Swiss insertion, fine muslin frill, French band and dust frill; lengths 38, 40 and 42 in. Special

### \$2.75 CORSETCOVER

### Acme PRINCESS SLIP

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\$1.75

R1-5614. Princess Slip, fine Nainsook, tight fitting, suitable for the Princess or any close fitting gown, skirt finished with muslin flounce, two clusters of four tucks and frill of lace, neck finished with lace, beading and ribbon sleeves trimmed with lace;

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See our Spring and Summer Catalogue for Bridal Importations.

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Our large Spring and Summer Catalogue will be sent to you free upon request.

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



### Canadian Courier NATIONAL WEEKLY THE

VOL. 5

Toronto, May 22nd, 1909

### MEN OF TO-DAY

Soldier and Actuary

OLONEL W. C. MACDONALD, of the Confederation Life Assurance Company of Toronto, is getting a reputation as a prominent actuary which threatens to over-top his fame as a militia man. He has just gone to Vienna as a delegate from the Actuarial Society of America, and is also American secretary of the Congress. Earnest, diligent and resourceful, he will no doubt fill his position with credit to himself and Canada.

It is as a soldier that Colonel Macdonald is best known. He is one of the first three colonels to win the rank by service and qualifications under the new system. He has earned the title; he did not get it as a gift. Since he enlisted in the Q. O. R. in 1878, he has been continuously in the service. He was captain of No. 3 Company, Q.O.R., in 1885, and afterwards became adjutant. He transferred to the 48th Highlanders on organisation and ultimately served a term as its commanding officer. He is now commander of the 16th (Toronto) Infantry Brigade. He has always taken a keen interest in rifle shooting, has been a member of the Bisley team and was once its adjutant.



Colonel W. C. Macdonald, New Commandant 16th Brigade.

ultimate knows it most completely, so far as the public is concerned. For the people who curse time-tables are more numerous now than ever they were. Mr. Charlton may be depended upon to do as well for the transcontinental system as he has hitherto done for the Grand Trunk.

The Time-Table Specialist

THE new general passenger agent is Mr. Geo. W. Vaux. Perhaps he above all others will understand what are the foibles of the shifting Canadian public. A few years ago the general passenger agent of the Grand Trunk never had much to do with people outside of three or four provinces. Now there are all of forty languages spoken by the people for whom Mr. Vaux caters in his neat but complicated periodical known as the Grand Trunk time-table. Of course Mr. Vaux will not write the time-tables, but he will be expected to know off-hand more about that magazine that comes out every little while free of charge, than any other man in the world. If the proposed Daylight Bill ever becomes a fact, Mr. Vaux' gazeteer of times and places will be one of the first things affected. There are still a few people in Canada who imagine that the said timetable is as complicated now as a human document can ever be; who fancy that even the general passenger agent might have his troubles explaining

it to a man who had never seen such a document.

Mr. Vaux was born in Montreal in 1866. In 1881 he went on the Grand Trunk, a lad of fifteen, in the office of Mr. Wm. Wainwright, who was then general passenger agent of the Grand Trunk. Sixteen years Mr. Vaux spent in passing through the passenger office mill-till in 1897 he became chief clerk; in 1899 assistant general passenger agent and the year following went to Chicago to succeed

Mr. Bell as assistant general passenger agent.

#### A Chief of Publicity

THE change from an international railway to the status of a transcontinental has brought forth a batch of readjustments in the personnel of the Grand Trunk system. The western extension of the system is responsible for much of the change. In the redistribution bution of portfolios in this railway cabinet, Mr. Charlton, the general publicity agent, alone retains exactly the same position he occupied before.

It is now eleven years since Mr. Charlton took charge of the advertising for the Grand Trunk system. In that capacity he has become one of the best-known railway men in Canada. George Ham, the public know Harry Charlton—who is, however, an exceedingly quiet man, persistent in business, a clear-headed, systematic thinker who understands the dual art of being useful to a great system and agreeable to a great public. He is now general advertising agent for both the Grand Trunk and the Grand Trunk Pacific.

Much of Mr. Charlton's earlier career was spent in the one business that brings a man pre-eminently into touch with the people; not politics, however, but newspapering. He was born in St. John's, Quebec, and early in life went seriously to work on the St. John's News afterwards graduating to the Montreal Herald. It was there that he became an attractive figure to the Canadian Pacific and in 1891 he switched from newspaper work to railways, having charge of the advertising for the C. P. R.

It is not a simple thing to be advertising agent for a trans-continental railway system. The man who succeeds in that calling has to be as nearly allied to a genius as a good baseball umpire—

for he is the man Who comes between the system and the People. He must know the system Which he represents, the country through which the road runs and the general traffic conditions; must know how to smile in the teeth of criticism and to persist in the face of discourage-ment. If there is anything new in either the building or the operation of the road, must be one of the first to know it and the man who in the



Mr. W. P. Hinton, General Passenger Agent, G.T.P.



Mr. H. R. Charlton, Advertising Agent, G.T.R. and G.T.P.



Mr. Geo. W. Vaux, General Passenger Agent, G.T.R.

#### Mr. Hinton at Winnipeg

T Winnipeg the new general passenger agent of the Grand Trunk Pacific section is Mr. W. P. Hinton. He was born at Hintonburg, which was a suburb of Ottawa, since absorbed into the Capital. There are Grand Trunk officials who get towns named after themselves—Wainwright, for instance. Mr. Hinton has the distinction of having been born in a town probably baptised by his own father. His early career was spent on the Canada Atlantic and when that line was sold by Mr. Booth to the Grand Trunk, he had already been for a number of years general freight and passenger agent of that road. He will have a long row to hoe at Winnipeg; and the row will change about as often as the moon; but Mr. Hinton is a deservedly popular young man who believes in and practises the gospel of hard work coupled with enthusiasm for a cause.

Expert in Sleeping-Sickness

EVERY man to his trade. Dr. Allan Kinghorn, of Toronto, has gone into the sleeping-sickness business. He is one of the peculiar but determined band of savants who in the little village

of Fordham, near Liverpool, are at present preparing a report on that mysterious malady whose home is the west coast of Africa. Two years ago these doctors, members of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine, went to Africa to study that curious disease caused by the tsetse fly. Dr. Kinghorn was

born in Toronto, from whose University he graduated in 1904, after which and a year of research. he went to Liverpool.

#### CANADA AND THE NAVY

SIR WILFRID LAURIER'S announcement in the House, just before prorogation on Wednesday of this week, shows that his attitude on the naval question has not been influenced by the recent talk and agitation. He has kept quite cool and has refused to move from what he considers to be a sound, sane and constitutional position. He is in favour of action of some kind, but believes such action should be the result of a well-matured policy, framed after the fullest consideration and widest consultation. He refuses to make a policy over-night.

At the suggestion of Lord Crewe, Secretary of State for the Colonies, there is to be a sub-conference of the Imperial Conference in London in July. The Imperial Conference, which meets not oftener than every four or five years, decided at its last meeting to authorise subsidiary conferences of representatives of the self-governing dominions. This authorisation is taken advantage of by Lord Crewe, to call a meeting in July. Canada will be represented by the Minister of Militia and the Minister of Marine, and the other colonies by similar officers. There will be a confidential exchange of views on technical matters connected with Imperial Defence, and the Conference will consult with the expert advisers of the military and naval

It is quite evident that the present Canadian authorities, while consulting freely with the British authorities, are not in the mood to make any promises as to their future course of action. The Opposition would perhaps welcome a keener interest in the subject, but neither side wishes to be stampeded.

In his explanation, Sir Wilfrid admitted that a certain section of Canadian public opinion was in favour of presenting a Dreadnought, making some definite move in that direction. He sympathises with this attitude, but explained how impossible it was to make a definite announcement until a definite Imperial policy is arranged.

With this decision, Canada will undoubtedly be content to wait for next session's announcement.

#### THE SELKIRK CENTENNIAL

MAYOR SANFORD EVANS of Winnipeg and his travelling boosters have had quite a time in the various cities of the West. Everywhere they have received a warm welcome and an endorsation of the proposed Selkirk Centennial in 1912.

"It is our proposal," said Mayor Evans, "to send to the world this invitation: "MISS CANADA AT HOME JUNE 1st-OCTOBER 1st, 1912.' Then we will make our displays as a storekeeper displays his goods, and over our door we will put the sign, 'CANADA -UNLIMITED.''

The proposed Centennial will cost about four million dollars. Winnipeg proposes to raise half a million, gather a million from those who attend, and have the Dominion Government contribute the other two and a half million. The proposition is not looked upon very kindly by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, for the reason that the "fair" business seems to be overdone in his opinion. It looks as if the "lobby" would need to be exceptionally clever if it is to succeed.

Some time ago, the Dominion Government in a moment of generosity gave Toronto \$50,000 towards a Dominion Fair. The natural result followed. Every other city in Canada wanted the same amount of money for the same purpose, and that unfortunate generosity has cost the Government \$50,000 a year for many years, with no end in sight. If Winnipeg gets two and a half million for a centennial celebration, the other cities will be looking up their history to see when the next centennial will occur.

There is no doubt, this Selkirk Centennial should take place, and there is no question that the Dominion Government should help.

Nevertheless one must sympathise with Sir Wilfrid in his hesitation. Two and a half millions is a lot of money, and a government which has been forced to make a cut of twenty millions in its current expenditure is not in a mood to promise donations of such a generous size. It is quite true that if the Dominion would stop work on those useless Ontario public works known as the Trent Valley and Newmarket canals, they could easily save that amount of money. But then politics is politics, as Winnipeg in the Province of Manitoba thoroughly understands.



#### A NATIONAL SPORT

WHAT makes a sport "national"? This question turns up regularly at times when there is an epidemic of some particular line of sport that for the moment appears to put lacrosse in the background. And at the present writing there is a disposition in some quarters to hail baseball as the national sport of Canada. And this for the reason that it is being played in all quarters of the Dominion.

But baseball is not the national sport of Canada for several reasons and for those same reasons it never can be. The principal of these is that the best baseball in Canada is played by imported players and this best baseball is second rate compared with the best baseball played in the United States. Another reason is that a national Canadian sport must be distinctively Canadian. When men of other countries see it they must exclaim instinctively: "That is the Canadian game." They do this of lacrosse; they can never do it of baseball.

Nor is popularity even an indication of nationality. The Marathon has enjoyed a season of popularity and Canadians have become unusually successful and unreasonably insane regarding it. Yet no one ever thought of dubbing the Marathon a national sport. Bicycling had its craze season and was epidemic over the Dominion, but it was not claimed as exclusively our own. Lawn bowling and curling have even greater claims to nationality than the other two mentioned, for they are played quite as generally in Canada and with more marked success. Yet neither ever aspired to the national title.

When all the claims of all the rival branches are considered, we have only lacrosse, and its winter sister, hockey, all to ourselves. They picture the activity, speed and determination that go to make up the Canadian character. Canadians play them as no one else on earth can play them. Wherever they are played they are greeted as the greatest developers of speed, muscle and character in the realm of sport.

They are Canadian from goal to goal and from the first blast of the referee's whistle till the last sound of the timekeeper's gong.

They are national because they have given to Canadian business and political life strong, energetic men, not content to drift with the tide but determined and trained to take the lead in movements which develop the young nation.

#### MOVING AN INDUSTRY

NE day the Hon. A. S. Hardy, then premier of the Province of Ontario, made a new regulation and caused a large portion of the lumber industry of Michigan to move over into Ontario. mill must go to the raw material when the raw material cannot go

The flour mills of the Dakotas and Minnesota are now beginning to perform an overland march similar to that undertaken some years ago by the Michigan sawmills. Already one miller has gone from New Prague to Moose Jaw and the same miller is considering the advisability of erecting a second mill at Moose Jaw or Saskatoon. The big millers of St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth are considering the advisability of migrating northward. The United States Government will not let Canadian wheat into the United States Govern and the United States millers must get Canadian wheat or lose much of the business they have held for twenty-five years.

Another influence at work in this direction is the recently discovered possibility of shipping wheat and flour over the Rockies for export to Mexico, South America, Japan, China and even to Europe. The C. P. R. is arranging to instal a sacking plant at Vancouvera modern substitute for the elevator. This proves that they have found that wheat can be taken over the Rockies economically. When the new mountain grades are completed, the work will be even more cheaply done. If wheat can be moved that way, so can flour.

With 70,000 United States farmers moving into Canada in one year, with the famous millers of Minnesota moving their mills northward, it begins to look as if the West had greater possibilities than even the most sanguine of us believed. What we thought might occur in fifty years may happen within ten. With wheat at \$1.30 a bushel, even a cold, wet Spring cannot dampen our enthusiasm.

### RUMOURS OF UNREST

DISTINGUISHED Scotchman, who has held a high official position in India, visited Canada this spring and in the course of his progress through the Dominion was asked by the bright young men of the press about the unrest in India. He replied genially that he had heard more concerning it in Canada than he had known in Some may be skeptical about this statement, since the very man who made it was the object of a murderous attack in the capital of an Indian province. However, it may be said with reason that a little political noise travels far and is greatly magnified by distance, which seems to lend alarm, as the rumour progresses. Even Ireland is not nearly so upset as the Nationalist journals would have us believe, while it may be that there are citizens living in Constantinople having a comparatively quiet time, almost oblivious of the sleight-of-hand performances which the Young Turks are practising with the Constitution.

In fact, the state of affairs, as represented from the alarmist standpoint, is always such as to disturb the timorous. If, for instance, some far dweller in Hindostan were so unhappy as to be able to understand the columns of the Canadian press, he might be sadly misled as to the political condition of this country. The Toronto News would inform him that the resignation of Hon. William Pugsley would fill a long-felt want, while the Toronto Globe would represent that statesman as a bright and shining example of industry, intelligence and integrity. On the other hand, the foreigner would learn from the London Advertiser that Sir James Whitney is an enemy to the workingman and a menace to the liberties of Ontario, while the Mail and Empire would lead him to believe that Sir James is the noblest Roman of them all and that his word is better than any gilt-edged bonds. The gentleman in Hindostan would promptly come to the conclusion that the Dominion of Canada is a scene of political turmoil, assassination threatening in the near future. Whereas, we are a tairly contented and prosperous people, and if the rain will only cease from troubling and give the crops a chance, we shall take no thought for Sir Wilfrid, Sir James nor any other knight.

Most of the revolutions did not "go round" and most of the unrest is only a natural effervescence. Perhaps if we were living somewhere in Mars or on a ring of Saturn, this turbulent planet would look like the merriest-twinkling star of them all. If we could only get far enough away from all the dust and discussion, we should conclude that it was only dust after all, and somewhere beneath it was a firm roadway, leading to a safe habitation. As Tennyson reminds us, if we could only emigrate to some other planet,

We should find the Earth we groan in, fairest of the evening stars."

### DISTRIBUTING THE CROWN DOMAIN

SOME time ago, the Dominion Government ceased the practice of giving land grants to railway companies. It still continued to make grants to development companies, to soldiers and other private persons. Of all these grants, the least defensible was that to the South African veterans, which was an unwarranted and foolish distribution. The veterans went out and sold the lands to speculators and the genuine settler may get them now only at a greatly increased

It is gratifying, however, to note that the Hon. Frank Oliver, Minister of the Interior and Official Custodian of the Crown Domain, has declared against any further grants of this character. Some person was making a plea for "pioneers" and "Red River Settlers," and the minister had the courage to express his disapproval. Every citizen who has the best interests of his country at heart will encourage this new policy. When a Minister of the Crown ventures to stand up and make denial to those who desire to see the public domain thrown away, he should get the active as well as the moral support of the better citizens.

The first step in the Conservation of our Natural Resources is the commission which the Hon. Sydney Fisher will shortly appoint under a Bill now going through Parliament. The second step is that the people should "make a noise" like those who would punish any government or any Minister of the Crown who would allow one foot of public land to go to any person who does not intend to cultivate it for his own personal use. It is a question if even our pre-emption laws are not too generous. Certainly, the grants to lumber companies and other citizens already engaged in getting wealth from the soil, should be on a distinctly commercial basis.

### IN NEWFOUNDLAND

SIR ROBERT BOND may not forgive us, but we Canadians are not sorry that he has been roundly defeated. It is not that we expect Sir Edmund Morris, the new premier, to favour confederation with Canada, but we do expect that he will not try to deceive the people as to Canada's intentions. We expect that he shall tell the people of Newfoundland that we are fellow-colonials and fellow-Britishers, that we hope always to be on brotherly terms with the Newfoundlanders whether they come into Confederation or remain independent. We expect him also to help develop the commercial relations between the two countries in so far, and so far only, as it will be mutually beneficial to do so.

#### HO, YE OF LITTLE FAITH

URIOUS, indeed, are the differences among Canadians as to the possibilities of their own country. The struggle between pessimism and optimism is always with us, revealing itself at sundry times and in divers manners. During the past few months, "Canadian Courier" writers have been preaching optimism to business men generally. To show that with all are at the struggle between men generally. To show that, with all our enthusiasm and faith and hope, we are still moderate, we beg to introduce the greatest optimist

in Canada, Mr. R. E. Young, superintendent of railway lands.

Just one year ago, Mr. Young appeared before the "Select Standing Committee on Agriculture and Colonisation" at Ottawa and delivered a lengthy address. He pointed out that in the Great West there were 86,000,000 acres of land which were already alienated, taken up by settlers and railway companies. About 34,000,000 more land is surveyed, but Mr. Young generously omitted that from his calculations. To make his estimate of possibilities less optimistic, he even reduced the 86 million to 65 million, to be well within the mark. This 65 million is just thirteen times 5 million, the amount of land under wheat in 1907. If the 5 million acres could produce 100,000,000 bushels of wheat, the 65 millions would produce thirteen times that if all under wheat—or 1,300,000,000 bushels per annum.

We do not ask any person to believe Mr. Young. There is the statement; take it for what it is worth. When, however, you meet a pessimist refer him to Mr. Young's address. When you read of some one who doubts the future of the three Prairie Provinces, think of Mr. Young and his figures. When you are led to wonder whether the C. P. R., the C. N. R., the G. T. P. and the Great Northern are likely to find traffic enough to justify them in having built 8,000 miles of railway in that country and in having projected several thousand miles more, think of Mr. Young's estimate.

Remember that Mr. Young's figures only apply to the surveyed

portion of the West, and that to make his estimate conservative, he cut down the land available for wheat from 120 to 65 million acres. He also left out of his estimate all that vast district north of Edmonton and Prince Ablert, an area larger than the entire Province of Yet in that great region, wheat has been grown at Fort Simpson on the Mackenzie River, 900 miles north of Edmonton, at Fort Providence, at Fort Liard, Fort Vermilion, Fort Dunvegan, Fort McMurray and even at Stanley Mission, 150 miles north of Prince Albert on the Churchill River. In that unsurveyed district there are nearly one hundred million acres of land which may possibly be capable of cultivation.

In Siberia, there is a province known as Tobolsk. Its climate about corresponds to that of the Fort Simpson district, yet it contains a population of a million and a half people, who, in 1900, raised six and a half million bushels of wheat. The southern boundary of Tobolsk would, if in Canada, run about one hundred miles north of

Edmonton, or about ten miles north of Athabasca Landing.

Mr. Young pointed out that "it is a very striking thing that the summer temperature of Fort Simpson, Fort Chipewyan and Winnipeg are nearly the same—that is, from the 1st June to the 20th August or thereabouts—the summer temperature would therefore be nearly the same as that of the city of Ottawa. It is hard to understand or believe that a man may be going about here in summer clothing and that if he could be transported to Fort Simpson in those months that he could wear the same clothing without discomfort."

### THROUGH A MONOCLE

### A CRIMINAL-LAW DEFECT

CAPTAIN HAINS was found guilty of manslaughter. Now, whatever he did or didn't do, he did not commit manslaughter. They might as well have brought him in guilty of arson or violation of the speed by-law. His act was premeditated, deliberate and committed with malice aforethought; and the other man had no chance to fight back. A lay mind like mine would say that it was either murder or nothing. The jury, which seems to have been quite as talkative as the Kinrade jury, explained how it arrived at the verdict of "manslaughter." Six of them wanted to find him guilty of murder, and the other six were in favour of acquittal on the ground of insanity. So they split the difference and called it manslaughter. Great are the uses of compromise. Some day we will have a consultation of doctors in doubt as to whether a patient has an ingrowing stomach or gastritis and they will compromise on tooth-ache. We have a belief in this easy-going age that anything can be compromised. When we cannot agree upon a price, we split the difference. Free traders and protectionists compromise on a "moderate tariff." There is nothing absolutely right and nothing absolutely wrong. We just mix extremes and strike an average. When school-masters come to realise that this is the way to work out problems, mathematics will be more popular with the "kiddies."

SIGNIFICANT deduction from that Hains compromise is possible from the fact that the Americans seem to regard the jury as a good deal of a hero-or dozen heroes. Most people feared that they would find the prisoner insane and then leave it to the experts to prove that he had recovered enough to be set at liberty. That they did not do this has called forth the praise of the American press. Moreover, one of the jurors who favoured the "murder" verdict said that the reason why he compromised was that he was afraid that a disagreement and a new trial would result in a jury which would agree on acquittal. So the solid six regarded themselves as something unusual. Now why is it that sane, sensible, law-abiding, justiceloving American citizens are thought likely to find a man, who committed the act which it is admitted that Captain Hains committed, "not guilty" of murder? If we knew nothing of the story but the final tragedy on the float of the yacht club, there would not be two opinions on the subject. It would be cold-blooded, devilish and cowardly murder. Yet the best that a carefully selected and much praised jury can do is manslaughter, and it is granted that most juries would have favoured acquittal.

NOW that means something. It will not do to dismiss the subject with a few caustic remarks about the way they administer justice in the United States. We will have a similar case here one

of these days; and I want to predict that we will treat it in the same way. We think a little more of law-enforcement here than they do; but our social consciences are very much alike. At all events, the Americans are no more in favour of murder as murder than we are. Yet cases like the killing of Stanford White and of "Billy" Annis find juries of American citizens reluctant to call them murder or to punish the perpetrators. It has become hackneyed and therefore unfashionable to talk about "the unwritten law"; but there is certainly a sentiment behind public opinion in such instances which looks exceedingly like that same "unwritten law." The feeling is, in the rough, that the victim deserved his fate, and that the law provided no adequate redress for the man or woman he had wronged.

THERE should be written law on the subject. When a man steals another man's wife—when he desecrates what Mrs. Browning called "the holiest thing" that God ever made—it should be at least as certain to send him to penitentiary as if he had forged the man's cheque or broken into his house. There are men who would rather lose a small cheque than lose their wives and who would prefer to have their houses broken into than their homes broken up. As the law stands, there is no punishment for the violator worth mentioning. He can be sued; but to a sensitive man whose wife has been stolen, it is only adding insult to injury to tell him that if he will drag his whole miserable story before the public and undergo ridicule and badgering by the hired lawyers of his enemy, he can get cash compensation for his irreparable loss. This is not so very far away from offering him money for his wife's favours before the great crime has taken place.

WHEN law-makers recognise this very real crime in adequate fashion and make it certain that men proven guilty of it will go to penitentiary for a good share of the rest of their lives, then we will hear no more of these shootings, of the "unwritten law" and of juries considering whether they will bring in men like Captain Hains as victims of "insanity." We will get back to straightforward honesty in our courts and try the real criminal for his real crime. Annis would not be dead in his boat but in the prisoner's dock; and Captain Hains would not be the accused but the accuser. As for the woman in such a case, God knows! It is altogether likely that she will be sufficiently punished. She has simply reverted to type—as the scientists say. She has shown that the seeds we planted in her character through the long centuries when we shut her up and denied her mental development and exaggerated her sexual importance, have not yet ceased to bear fruit even in the free air and bright sunlight of this twentieth century. Such a woman refuses to take her new heritage and plunges back into the past when she was the plaything of a man's lust. She turns her back on the Promised Land and seeks out the flesh pots of Egyptian slavery.

MONOCLE MAN

### SOME FACES TO BE SEEN AT THE WOODBINE, TORONTO, THIS WEEK.



Mr. Wm. Walker, owner of Stanley Fay.

Mr. Chinn, an owner from over the Border.

Jockey Gilbert and Trainer John Nixon.

Mr. Chas Bowman, an owner from St. Louis.

Trainer McDaniel and Mr. John Dyment.

### THE "BOBBY KERR" ATHLETIC MEET AT HAMILTON, MAY 15th



A. M. Knox, winner 440, 800 and one mile



The start of the Boys Mile Race. Won by E. Carroll, I.C.A.C.



Inter-city Relay Race (four miles)—Tait and Galbraith (Toronto) at rear; McQuaig and Adams (Hamilton) in front. Toronto won through Tait's superiority



Dent, of Woodstock, winning 220 yards Final

## The Montreal Horse

AST week Montreal held the greatest horse show in its history. Not only was the exhibition a success from the equine stand-

show in its history. Not only was the exhibition a success from the equine standpoint, but as a social function it discounted the most sanguine predictions. His Excellency the Governor-General attended, accompanied by the Marquis of Tullibardine, Lord Elphinston and Captain Jarvis, setting the seal of society's approval on the show. It is doubtful if such signal success could have in reason been predicted, but the fact remains unalterable that the Montreal Horse Show. May 12th to 15th, was fit to rank with any of the highest class hitherto held in North America.

Perhaps the leading feature was the importation of the crack stables of Mr. Reginald C. Vanderbilt and Mr. Tonzo Sauvage, to try conclusions with the Canadian talent. Mr. Vanderbilt enters his horses as the property of Sandy Point Farm, which occasionally causes some little confusion. His string of high-steppers has been put together altogether regardless of time, distance or expense and even at the Garden Show in New York and the International in Chicago is to be reckoned with at all times. A criticism made by Mr. Vanderbilt to the effect that the breeding classes in the Montreal prize list should be open to the world instead of to owners only in a restricted area of the Dominion is deserving of the management's attention. Had these breeding classes been conditioned as free-

for-alls, a splendid showing would have been made, as in several of the stables on the grounds pure-bred Hacknevs were included, but were barred from showing at the halter by the class restrictions. Now that the show has reached the safe haven of success it would be well for the managers to throw down the hear and make the corrections. Save in a very the bars and make the competitions, save in a very few instances, open to the world. Certain it is that the presence of the New York horses, their owners and their friends awakened a much wider interest in the show than has ever been taken before and with wider opportunity for comparisons to the halter in the breeding classes, as well as in harness, the interest would no do to have been correspondthe interest would no doubt have been correspondingly greater.

Show

ingly greater.

Some of the veterans of the showing, such as Lord Burleigh and Lord Brooke, and Phoebe Watton in the Vanderbilt string and Mr. Sauvage's Grand Duke and Lord Nelson, are what might be termed "standard goods" on the tanbark and the horse which is placed ahead of any one of them knows he has been at a show before he gets through. The fact that on several occasions some of them were defeated by Canadians tells a good story for the horses bred north of the International boundary line. Without doubt the comparison of our horses with the standard article from the New York tanbark will prove valuable from an educational as well as a spectacular point of view.

Senator Robert Beith, Bowmanville, sent a small string of Hackneys to the show. They put up a hard fight and got well into the money under saddle and in harness—pairs, singles and tandems. Miss K. L. Wilkes, Galt, won in the rodater and runabout classes and in the classes for ladies' horses Mrs. Herbert C. Cox, Toronto, was the leader. A great honour fell to Mr. C. Ed. Yudewill, Montreal, when his tandem, Fluffy and Frills, got the award over Lord Burleigh and Lord Brooke, owned by over Lord Burleigh and Lord Brooke, owned by Mr. Vanderbilt. Most of the more important prizes for hunters and jumpers fell to horses owned in Toronto, Mr. H. C. Cox and Crowe & Murray getting well up in the award list when competing. A new class for this show was for three harness horses, property of one exhibitor. Mr. Vanderbilt with Lord Brooke, Phoebe Watton and old Selwonk could, it appears, read his title clear to a victory, but they must have been a patchwork outfit at the best. Selwonk never was a great horse from a harness point of view, despite his reputation, and it would be better, from this angle at least, if the judges would pay a little more attention to uniformity when handing out the ribbons in a group formity when handing out the ribbons in a group class of this sort. Mr. H. C. Cox was second and Miss K. L. Wilkes third. Toronto Hunt won first in the team competition, Ottawa second, Montreal

All records for attendance at similar affairs in Montreal were broken and when the box office closed on Saturday night the management was in possession of a comfortable surplus.







PHOTOGRAPHS BY PRINGLE & BOOTH

Gypsy Smith By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

FEW years ago church folk used to sing a hymn that had a real story in it; told in a foot-note to the hymn; and it ran like this: "Into a tent where a gipsy boy lay, Dying alone at the close of the day, 'News of salvation they carry!' said he; 'Nobody ever has told it to me.'

Nows of salvation they carry! said he;

'Nobody ever has told it to me.'"

For the past week or so there has been in Toronto a gipsy boy; and his name is Gipsy Smith. He is a long way from being either dying or dead. Very bigly alive is Gipsy Smith—a black-haired, swarthy-faced man, who has more of the unconscious poetry of nature packed into his soul and body than ten ordinary men. He is still a gipsy; pitching his tent from place to place—across the continents; but his business now is saving souls. Gipsy knows his business. He takes it seriously. He puts all he has into it; all he ever got from nature—and that's a marvellous inheritance; all he ever hopes to be.

Now a man like Gipsy may be looked at from a number of angles. You may romanticise him; put him in an opera—and you have something of a Robin Hood—when the whispering leaves and the flickering shadows, and the hoofs along the road, and the voice in some sort of crude song or other are all part of the stage scenery. But Gipsy is so

flickering shadows, and the hoofs along the road, and the voice in some sort of crude song or other are all part of the stage scenery. But Gipsy is so much a part of nature that he doesn't bother talking about it—much. Once in a while to a few thousand inside, and as many more outside that can't get into his tent, he lets drop a word or two about the old gipsy life. He tells how one evening his father came home to the tent somewhere round Epping Forest; not from fiddling at a country dance this time, but from a religious meeting; five children in

time, but from a religious meeting; five children in the tent and no mother—when the old gipsy gathered the young ones about him and prayed; something like this, Gipsy says:

"Oh God! help me to live before my children that I may win them for Thee."

That's the simple beginning of the story; of how old Cornelius Smith and his son Rodney and the other four children in the tent were all turned to preachers; how little Rodney quit dancing to his

father's fiddle when they passed the hat for pennies and farthings. But the rest of the story is in Gipsy Smith's life and personality and business. When you've listened to Moody and Sam Jones and half a dozen others—then you can hear Gipsy Smith and realise that this man is some new kind of man who realise that this man is some new kind of man who pulls five or six thousand people into one place of a Sunday evening; ten thousand in a day—patiently waiting and lining up, with policemen drilling them two deep until the doors open and the long line moves in to the hall.

moves in to the hall.

Where is his power? What makes him different from the others? Moody moved millions. Sam Jones sincerely slang-whanged thousands into Christianity. Gipsy has neither the American business go of Moody nor the slang of Sam. He is a quiet, refined, cultured preacher of gospel. He represents Jesus Christ. He talks not so much to a crowd as to a single man or woman. When Gipsy reads the Bible, he gets as much attention as an actor like Henry Irving in Shakespeare. But he never rants or rolls his eyes. His voice is a soft, liquid tenor. He sings every word he says—almost a monotone. It's a marvellous voice; only now and then cadencing like what is commonly known as oratory; much more like the chant of a bard—but oratory; much more like the chant of a bard—but always such a plain, sensible talk and above all else—earnest! Gipsy is terribly in earnest; and he doesn't have to run his hands through his hair or do calisthenics to prove it. He just leans over a rail and talks straight to people; talks with a shrewd simplicity, a refined diction and an elevated soul. His voice glides out of a corner; floats over the people like a breath of wind; whether in sermon or in prayer or a hymn; the same tender, earnest voice that has in it the music of babbling brooks and of quivering leaves; not often the thunder. Yet he is quick as lightning. His arms are as supple as an acrobat's. But always it's his uplifted thought and his passionate, quiet voice that dictates every movement.

movement.

Gipsy is as candid as a mother. He yearns over people. Never once does he stamp a foot or pound a desk. He is poetry; music—but always so candidly earnest; talking it over. To thousands of people every little while—"Listen!" he says; when you might almost hear the watches tick. He never

jokes in his preaching; is never vulgar.

"I don't want your applause," he said after he had shot off a volley at the liquor trade; and after the first round of hands he said: "Then why don't you take the whisky out of your sideboards and cellars?" Just in that quietly impassioned way.

In the exhortation that follows the sermon, some of the best of Gipsy comes out. Then he talks when nobody is supposed to see him; asking people to stand up.

"If you don't stand up you rob me of my wages. All I get out of you is the joy of seeing you accept my Lord. I see you! Thank you! Mother, mother—!" when it seems that more men than women are rising. Then to those that have been standing in the aisles—"You needn't be afraid to put your hand up. Jesus put up two for you. They were nailed up." All with such tremendous quietness. were nai quietness.

### St. Lawrence Triumphant

A LL last week, the people of Montreal were celebrating the triumph of the St. Lawrence Route. The occasion was the presence of the new steamer Laurentic, flying the White Star pennant. When the Canadian Pacific steamers chose Quebec as their terminus instead of Montreal, it looked as if Montreal might ultimately become a it looked as if Montreal might ultimately become a secondary port. It remained for the White Star flag, which now floats in every leading port of the British Empire to severy leading port of the British Empire to severy leading port of the stance. British Empire, to again restore public confidence and to vindicate the St. Lawrence Route. When so experienced a steamship company as the White Star builds two special ships of

experienced a steamship company as the White Star builds two special ships of 15,000 tons register for that Route, it is a proof which cannot be impeached that Montreal's shipping future is full of promise. The advent of these new boats, which will run between Montreal and Liverpool in conjunction with the present boats of the Dominion Line, will, in the language of one of the United States shipping men, "teach the United States ports that there are others." The Laurentic is the last word in shipbuilding. Its tonnage is greater than that of the Empresses though its draft is not so great. It is broad in the beam, has a total length of 565 feet and



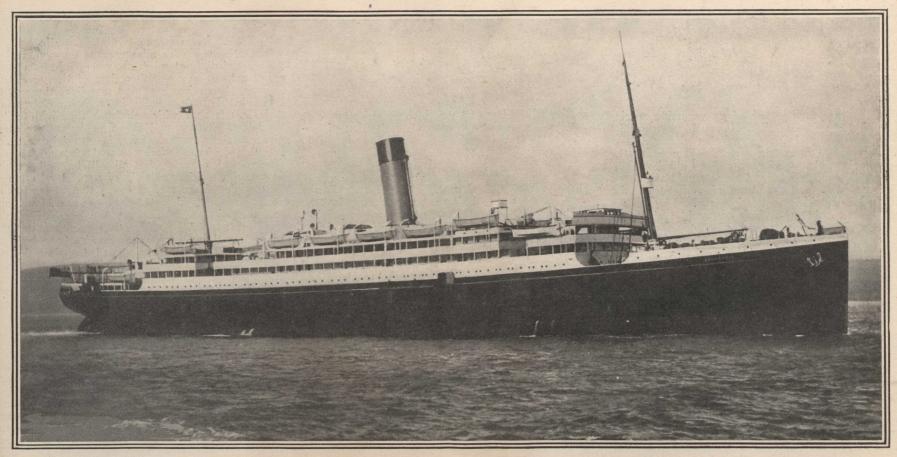
Lient. E. W. Leonard, London Field Battery



Lieut. F. T. Proctor,

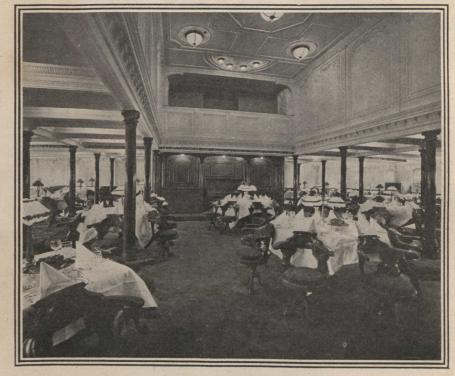


Captain Douglas D. Young.



The new White Star Steamer Laurentic, 14,900 tons, which made its maiden trip from Liverpool to Montreal, a few days ago.





Second Class Library.

is 141 feet from the keel to the top of the funnel. Put on land, it would be about equal in height to a thirteen storey building. It is of course the largest ship that ever entered Montreal harbour. It has accommodation for a Top of the largest ship that ever entered Montreal harbour. commodation for 1,700 passengers, 260 first class,

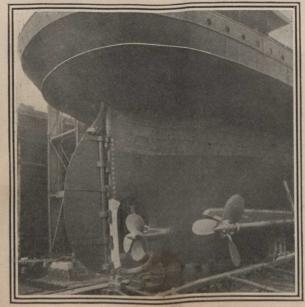
430 second and over 1,000 third.

The chiefest features of this epoch-making ship are the peculiar machinery and the excellence of the passenger accommodation. The vessel is fitted with both reciprocating engines and a turbine—three shafts and three screws. Each of the wing propellers is driven by four crank triple-balanced engines, lers is driven by four crank, triple-balanced engines, and the central propellor by a turbine. The exhaust steam from the reciprocating engines is used to drive the low-pressure turbine, an economical device the low-pressure turbine, an economical device. The turbine can be used separately or in conjunction with the reciprocating engines, thus enabling the boat to be handled easily, to be stopped suddenly, or to be driven quickly astern.

The accommodation for passengers is equal to that of any vessel running out of New York, since the boat is built for comfort rather than for speed.

that of any vessel running out of New York, since the boat is built for comfort rather than for speed. The maximum rate of travel will be about 17 knots, and there is absolutely no vibration to detract from the comfort of the traveller. The first class cabins are well-ventilated, well-fitted, commodious, and are provided with the latest methods for regulating the temperature. There are electric heaters in every cabin. The second class cabins are nearly if not quite equal to the first class cabins on the other St. Lawrence boats. The dining rooms are excellent.

The first class saloon has small tables only; the second class is equal to ordinary first class; and the third class has swinging chairs and table-cloths, showing how our democratic ideas are advancing.



There are three screws, the centre driven by a turbine, the two wing screws driven by reciprocating engines.

First Class Dining Saloon.

It is not the purpose of this article, to create traffic for the new White Star-Dominion Line. It is gratifying however to be able to show that Canada is not far behind the United States in respect of accommodation for those who travel between the Old World and the New and that Canada Old World and the New, and that Canadian ports have as fine ships entering their harbours as any on the continent—New York alone excepted. It should also be said that the credit for building up the reputation of the Canadian ports goes to the Allans, the C. P. R. and the old Dominion Line. The White Star is a new comer so far as our ports are concerned, though its record is ancient and its reputa-tion world-wide. Nevertheless, the White Star is welcome, and the more welcome because it brings new and modern ships, rather than worn-outs or cast-offs. The Laurentic was built at Belfast, and was delivered on April 15th. She left Liverpool on her first trip westward on April 29th. Her sister ship, the Megantic, is still in the builders' hands and will not leave Liverpool on her maiden voyage until

June 17th.

It is interesting to note that the White Star company has five "ics" in the New Zealand trade, Athenic, Delphic, Corinthic and Ionic; and five "ics" in the Australian trade, Apic, Persic, Suevic, Medic and Runic. In addition there are twelve "ics" in the New York trade and two new hosts of New York trade, and two new boats of 45,000 tons are now being built for that port.

Then here's success and good luck to Captain Hayes and the Laurentic!

### THE PROBLEM OF THE UNFIT\*

And the Meaning of "Eugenics"

By DR. C. W. SALEEBY, F.R.S.

In the case of any animal or vegetable species we have no difficulty, if asked regarding its "success" and "prospects," in directing our enquiry to essentials. We should examine the individuals of that species, young and old, its deathrate and its birth-rate, and these would supply us with the answer. In the case of man there is the almost incalculable complication involved in the fact that he is capable of making external acquirements that he is capable of making external acquirements—material possessions and spiritual possessions which, so long as he remains capable of possessing them, are of real value, and, for what they mean for life, are a true though secondary wealth.

#### THE LITTLE STRANGER.

WHAT, then, in general are the actual facts? We find that, so far as ordinary physical health is concerned, the vast majority of human babies—including, for instance, Anglo-Saxon babies—are all that could be desired at birth. On the other hand, a certain proportion are as definitely and obviously unhealthy, at the very start, as the more fortunate majority are healthy. If certain influences, such as alcohol and some few diseases, have been in operation, the babies are below the mark. In the absence of these influences—though in the presence of a host of other diseases amongst the parents—the babies in the beginning are definitely up to the mark. In the absence of certain pernicious factors, there is consistent, and on the whole, equable physical fitness; in their presence there is constant unfitness. The ratios are, perhaps, as ninety or ninety-five to ten, or five per cent.

#### THE MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS.

HERE, then, is on the whole a never-failing supply of essential wealth of excellent quality. As everyone knows, or should know, the greater part of it we immediately proceed to deface and destroy. Our mouths are full of argument concerning the principles of what we are pleased to conceive as political economy. The principles of vital economy we do not inquire into, but outrage and defy at every turn. So horribly and wastefully are we misguided that in point of fact we actually destroy altogether the greater number, not actually destroy altogether the greater number, not of all the children merely, but even of the fit and healthy children, and it may forcibly be argued that, before anyone proceeds to attempt any choice amongst the children as to which shall in their turn become parents and which shall not, it would be well, apart from any question of discrimination, to revise radically the methods which at present permit this wholesale destruction. Whilst we kill outright by hundreds of thousands every year, we damage for life far more, including a very large proportion of those who as things at present are will in their for life far more, including a very large proportion of those who, as things at present are, will in their turn become parents, who alone are the makers of the real wealth of nations. The fittest must become parents, and the unfit must not. "Then kill the unfit," says Nature. And this indeed, in all living species other than man, is what Nature does. But "thou shalt not kill," says the moral law—not even the unfit. Many thinkers to-day propose to avail themselves, in this dilemma, of the "New Decalogue":

"Thou shalt not kill, but need'st not strive

Thou shalt not kill, but need'st not strive Officiously to keep alive."

### THE WAY TO SAVE THE RACE.

BUT this is no solution of the problem. There is only one solution, and that is the eugenic solution. Nature can preserve a race only by destroying the unfit. We who are intelligent must preserve and elevate the race by preventing the unfit from coming into existence at all. This is merciful; it is supremely moral; it means vast economy in life and money and time and suffering; it is natural at bottom; but it is Nature raised to ther highest power in that almost supernatural fact her highest power in that almost supernatural factthe moral intelligence of man. Assuredly we can transmute and elevate and raise to its highest power what thinkers call the cosmic process, the survival of the fittest, and can reconcile cosmic with ethical of the fittest, and can reconcile cosmic with ethical evolution by extending to the unfit all our sympathy, but forbidding them parentage. I cannot express myself better than in words contributed to a public discussion on this subject some years ago: "I deny that the provision of a proper environment for the individual entails racial deterioration. Cosmic and moral evolutions are compatible if, whilst caring for each individual, whether maimed, halt, blind, or insane, and whilst admitting the categorical im-

perative of the law of love which demands our care for him, we continue to obey the indication of Nature, which forbids such an individual to perpetuate his infirmity.

#### HOW TO WORK.

"M ONSTROUS, impossible, outrageous," the reader may declare, but not the reader who has heard, for instance, of that pioneer institution, the Lancashire and Cheshire Incorporated Society for the Permanent Care of the Feeble-Minded. Whilst on all hands, and in due obedience to the law of love, we take care of the feeble-minded children, yet in general we give them, when they grow up, the liberty which, of course, is no more than a name to them, and permit them to multiply than a name to them, and permit them to multiply their kind. Terrible things might be written of the fate of the feeble-minded girl thus turned adrift. The society to which I refer takes care of these unfortunate creatures all their lives, strictly and completely obeying the dictates both of cosmic and ethical evolution, commanding and transcending Nature by obeying her. Is this so monstrous, impossible, or outrageous?

#### WHERE "DOCTORS" DIFFER.

I SUBMIT, then, that there is no inconsistency in any writer who lends his voice simultaneously to a plea for the preservation and care of all babies and all children without discrimination of any kind; and, on the other hand, to demand that, if the and all children without discrimination of any killd, and, on the other hand, to demand that, if the degeneration of the race is to be averted, still more if racial, which is the only real progress, is to be attained, we must have the fit and the fit only to be the parents of the future. I submit further that

only the eugenist can maintain his position in this matter at the present day. On his one hand is the improvident humanitarian with his feeling heart, which I honour with all my own: he who, seeing misery and disease and death, whether in babyhood, childhood, or at any other time of life, seeks to improve the environment and so relieve these evils. improve the environment and so relieve these evils. Close beside this wholly indiscriminate humanitarianism is that which declares that with childhood is the future, and therefore devotes its energies especially to the young, is grateful for every baby born, whatever its state, and when adult years are reached, assumes that all will be well for the future, though the principle of natural selection is thus made of none effect. On the other side of the eugenists stand those whom we may, for short, thus made of none effect. On the other side of the eugenists stand those whom we may, for short, call the Nietzscheans. They see one-half of the truth of natural selection, they see that through struggle and internecine war species have hitherto maintained themselves or ascended. They declare that all improvement of the environment, or at any rate all humanitarian effort, tends to abrogate the struggle for existence, and even, as is only too often true, to select unfitness and let fitness take its chance.

### WHAT "EUGENICS" PROPOSES.

BETWEEN these two, I say, the eugenist stands, declaring that each has a great truth, and that his teaching, and his alone, involves their co-ordination and reconciliation. He agrees with the humanitarian that no child should cry, or starve, or dieor at any rate this particular eugenist does—and he agrees with the Nietzschean that to abrogate, and still more to reverse the principle of natural and still more, to reverse the principle of natural selection, is to set our faces for the goal of racial death. But further, the eugenist declares that the indiscriminate humanitarian, blind to the truth which the Nietzschean sees, would heap up, if permitted disaster upon disaster; whilst he repudiates mitted, disaster upon disaster; whilst he repudiates as horrible and ghastly the Nietzschean doctrine that morality must go by the board if the race is to be raised—that we must be damned to be saved.

### The Rival Ports on the Pacific Coast By BONNYCASTLE DALE

N these days when all eyes are seeking straight lines across the map of the world for railroads, when the farthest eastern and western bays perforce are the ports of a country, there is much keen but friendly rivalry in British Columbia as to which will be the National Port.

Vancouver on the mainland is even now called

Vancouver on the mainland is even now called the Terminal City, and with some reason. The C. P. R. running through the Kicking Horse Pass ends its rails there, while the Crow's Nest Pass branch—joining the main line—also ends there. The Grand Trunk Pacific, running through the Yellowhead Pass to Prince Rupert, has its Vancouver terminus already selected. Mackenzie & Mann, Mr. J. J. Hill and Mr. Harriman, all speak and plan and survey to finish their great trunk lines in Vansurvey to finish their great trunk lines in Vancouver. Hence a city with five transcontinentals pouring their freight into her warehouses should, one would think, have fair right and title to the name Terminal.

Nevertheless, there are other claimants. Plans are in preparation for the laying out of a new railroad city at the mouth of the Fraser within half a dozen miles of Vancouver. Again, Prince Rupert with a government-built, company-owned trans-continental, with wharves a full hundred miles nearer the open Pacific, with the upper and shorter run to the Orient, has comprehensive plans to make itself the National Port. Then there is the beautifully-situated capital city. Victoria, on the Island of Vancouver, which lies eighty odd miles nearer the open Pacific than does her rival city Vancouver on the mainland to the east. She offers a long, winding, sheltered, inner and outer harbour leading right into the open straits of Juan de Fuca, avoiding the into the open straits of Juan de Fuca, avoiding the groups of islands that an ocean steamer must pass to reach Vancouver. She also offers the great open road-stead, the Royal Roads, for anchorage for the fleets of the navy. She has the Quarantine Station and is the first port of call on the continent of America for all the traffic of the northern Pacific. Yet Victoria is on an island, divided from the main. Yet Victoria is on an island, divided from the mainland by a group of islands and swift-watered tide-channels that will eat up an even ten millions to bridge. There is an outcry for a car ferry to bring the outward-borne passengers and freight and let them embark at Victoria, but until she secures that or a bridge, she cannot compete successfully with

Now, while all this needed progress is going on there is a little bay, a bay with very few settlers about it, a bay offering excellent harbourage, direct-

ly across Vancouver Island from Vancouver city. This bay is Quatsino and just as sure as this machine I am writing on answers my fingers, so surely will this be the National Port of the Pacific Ocean. From one to two days will be saved fors. Surely will this be the National Port of the Pacific Ocean. From one to two days will be saved, fogs and islands avoided, coal and iron and copper, fir and cedar, marble and limestone, clay and agricultural soil, gigantic fisheries, all right at its doors. The agitation of Victoria for a bridge at the Narrows opens the door to Quatsino's opportunity. Build that bridge, and in a few hours the C. P. R. trains will be across the island and unloading their freight at Quatsino. freight at Quatsino.

freight at Quatsino.

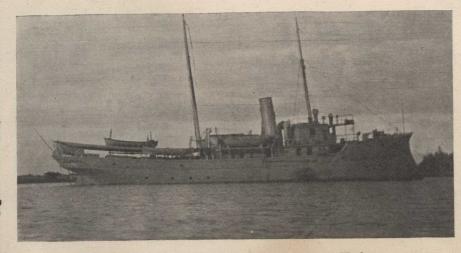
Look at the shipping which throngs these western ports. See the grand procession that day after day passes my wee bungalow at Sooke, bound up and down the historic Straits of Juan de Fuca. Mr. J. J. Hill's magnificent Minnesota, sister ship to the ill-fated Oregon; the three white yachts, those long, trim Empresses; the fine big Marema and sister steamers of the Australian line; the Mexican route; the huge freight and passenger, round-the-world steamers of the Holt line; the steady, ambitious Japanese line; the French subsidized steamships; the mighty army of freight tramps; the swift, modern, passenger steamers to San Francisco; the big coastwise service; the fishery San Francisco; the big coastwise service; the fishery protective service; the lighthouse service; the last few full-rigged ships; the big fleet of windjammers, lumber carrying selections.

few full-rigged ships; the big fleet of windiammers, lumber carrying schooners; the sealing fleet; the whaling tugs—all passing Race Rocks in a continuous stream. Our reefs are well marked, our landfall dotted with lighthouses.

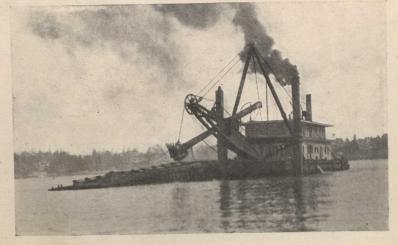
You hear a great deal in the east of our shorefishing rights being invaded by our neighbor's fishermen. Every word is true and undertold big fleet of modern gasoline fishing boats ply tween United States markets and Canadian fishing grounds. We have no protection save the big, slow tween United States markets and Canadian fishing-grounds. We have no protection save the big, slow Kestrel. I am glad to say she was too swift for the Woodbury. She found her, with her boats out within the three mile limit and gave chase. for the open sea the pirate headed with Japan is the far distance. Captain Newcomb meant business and the Nordenfeldt was unlashed and the noisy gun sent three messengers to call attention to fact that the Woodbury was wanted. The captain did not see it that way, but his bluff was called. This, however, is only one of the incidents in the growth of this western country; it serves but to show that we have both national and international problems and situations, problems and situations,

\* Published in Cadada by Special Arrangement with Cassell & Co.

### SHIPPING SCENES ALONG THE PACIFIC COAST



Dominion Government Steamer Kestrel in Sooke Harbour.



A Dredge in Vancouver Harbour.



Inner Harbour of Victoria, C.P.R. Docks in foreground, with the "Princess Victoria" at the Wharf.



The "Blue Funnel" Type of Steamship.



A Vanishing Type—The Full Rigged Ship.



A Salvage Tug.



The Circus-Basse Terre, St. Kitts.

#### TO DEMERARA EN ROUTE

Our special commissioner has been visiting St. Kitts, Antigua and Dominica, those little islands which lie on the direct route from Bermuda to British Guiana. She is quietly inspecting the outlying portions of British North America, small communities which may some day be electing members to the Canadian House of Commons. If Canada ever has a navy, aquatic or aerial, she will need landing stations on the Atlantic, and she will therefore need all the ports of refuge in the West Indies now controlled by Great Britain.

S.S. Dahone, off St. Kitts, April 25th, 1909. Dear Mr. Editor,—From the above you will see that I have progressed considerably on my journey since last I wrote. Our other first-class passengers left us at Hamilton, but we have still some sixty-six Chinamen on board. Nothing appears to put these so-called "Celestial" brethren of ours out of six Chinamen on board. Nothing appears to put these so-called "Celestial" brethren of ours out of their even tenure of way. They go through their culinary preparations with imperturbable gravity and invariable good humour, while their subsequent manipulations with the "chop sticks" make me feel that I have not acquired all I might with regard to table etiquette. Although it is now Sunday night and we left Bermuda on Wednesday afternoon about 3.45, there has been nothing to record save that the long run down here was accomplished in fairly good, if a little breezy, weather. The view this afternoon as we approached St. Kitts was really very interesting, not to say beautiful. Some few miles before we came to our anchorage we passed "Brimstone Hill," an abandoned fortification. At the back of this is a mountain about 4,000 feet high, rejoicing in the lugubrious name of "Mount Misery" and it did look fairly doleful as we passed, its summit being enveloped in clouds. When we came to a stop at last opposite St. Kitts the great quantity of palms growing apparently right in the streets was an additional proof, with the increased heat which I was already beginning to feel, that I had indeed got into the Tropics.

Monday, April 26th.

Monday, April 26th.

After a noisy night at St. Kitts, for the natives seem to make as much commotion as possible in loading and discharging cargo, we got off early this morning and were well under way when I rose a little before 6 a.m. It is advisable to keep early hours in the tropics, for the heat is already considerable, with, of course, the prospect of "more to follow." We had a large company to breakfast this morning as we took on a number of new passengers last night at St. Kitts, some of whom left us this afternoon at Antigua. Between the former place and Demarara there is an immensity of work to be accomplished on board, and our purser, together with an additional one, a coloured gentleman who came on at St. Kitts, was up all night endeavourseem to make as much commotion as possible in

ing to get through with it. I thought I might have gone ashore to-day by the steam launch which came out from Antigua, but it is rather a long distance, and this evening, when we expect to reach Montserrat, it will be too late, so must only hope for better things at Dominica to-morrow. But withlanding, one can see much that is interesting and it is interesting to watch the swarm of natives that surround the *Dahone* as soon as she drops anchor. To-day we had a particularly large conanchor. To-day we had a particularly large contingent of negresses who came across, some with native work for sale and others with fresh pineapples and tomatoes, as well as, to me, unknown fruits, while down at the bottom of the boat were long sugar canes. Some of these women looked most picturesque in their turbans, while others



Fort St. Basse Terre, St. Kitts

wore what possibly appealed to their idea of fashion in the shape of much less becoming straw hats. If one had time to go into the history of these several islands it would afford reading for many a day, and this Island of Antigua, which like many of the others is of coral formation, dates back to 1493 when it was discovered by Columbus. It is much lower than St. Kitts, which is of volcanic formation, but is said to be exceedingly fertile.

Wednesday, April 28th.

This morning, a little before seven o'clock, we arrived off Barbados. I have just come down from deck after witnessing the various and amusing sights to be observed on getting into port. From a picturesque point of view the Island does not a picturesque point of view the Island does not impress me so favourably as many of the others I have seen, but if I am able to get ashore to-day I may change my opinion. The prospect of the run ashore would give me greater pleasure were it not that they have yellow fever there at present however, I am told I can go whenever I like and shall probably make an acquaintance with it—not the fever, I hope, but the island—some time during the day, as we are to be here until 6 p.m.

Yesterday morning I had my first real experience in the tropics in the shape of a visit before

ience in the tropics in the shape of a visit before breakfast to Dominica. A short row took me over to a veritable land of wonders. Inquiring the way to the Botanical Gardens, I waited until the cura-tor came down from his hill residence to the office, and the courteous manner in which he explained the many wonders of his domain made my expedi-tion as pleasant as it was instructive. It seemed like realising some of the drawn of the court to like realising some of the dreams of my youth to gaze on the profusion of strange trees and fruits growing in their rich, tropical abundance. Citrons, tangerine oranges largest and fruits tangerine oranges, lemons, grape-fruit, mangoes, nutmegs, cocoa-kola, cocoanuts, and jack fruit, a curious lecking viil curious looking edible reminding me of a boxing curious looking edible reminding me of a boxing-glove—these were some of the wonders with which my eyes were delighted. Perhaps the greatest wonder of all was the india-rubber tree. My cicerone tapped one of these, and taking some of the milk-like substance which exuded on the palm of his hand, rubbed it gently until it coagulated, and lo! india rubber on the spot. The process through which the cocoa passed before it is ready through which the cocoa passed before it is ready for consumption was most interesting also. The large pod containing the berries is broken, disclosing them in they ing them in a white mucilaginous condition; they are then thrown into a tank, from which the mucilage escapes this last the horizontal of are then thrown into a tank, from which the muci-lage escapes, this latter being made into a kind of vinegar by the natives. The berries are afterwards dried in the sun, roasted and ground; result-cocoa! This is doubtless familiar information to many of your readers, but was all new and fresh to me, and, after all, what else can you expect from "An Innocent Abroad"?

Yours truly, SIDNEY A. GIBSON.

# FUSEE REDIVIVUS

A Tale of Nimble Wits and Heavy Hearts



T was a leaden rupee—two of them — that drew Jack Hichins, proprietor of the Adelphi Hotel, in Rangoon, Mr. Billy Mitchell, book-maker, and Captain "Jim" Fenwick together in the matter of the Pagoda Hurdles.

Coincident with keeping

thing else he could lay his hands on. He was seven kinds of a "close un," giving away nothing but a professional smile to his customers. "They don't git the start of ol' Jack 'Ichins" was his anthem of self-praise. He was right; they, the public, didn't

Captain Jim had been in the Lancers. A captious Captain Jim had been in the Lancers. A captious friend had described Captain Jim as a man with a champagne appetite and a beer income. At any rate, the Marquis of Hastings, in the old Hermit days never went the pace any faster than did Captain Jim while the money lasted. Now he was down and out, papers sent in, and all the rest of it. Like Mr. Micawber, he was waiting for something to turn up; and, still more like Micawber, had a two-months' reckoning chalked up on the Adelphi slate.

Mitchell was a New Yorker and a bookmaker, which, in a matter such as follows, means more than enough. He had heard the hotelkeeper's war cry of "They don't 'ave ol' Jack," until he became possessed of a desire to test the matter. acquired three leaden rupees down in the bazar, and, with Captain Jim, lined up against the little bar of the Adelphi behind which was generally to be found Mr. Hichins.

When Mitchell passed up a leaden rupee in pay-

ment for the two pegs the proprietor's fingers detected the fraud. "Wot, again, Mitchell? Ha, ha! My word, you're a 'ot un!" he commented.

With an apology, and in great duplicity, the little bookmaker passed up another illegal tender, which Mr. Hichins, without looking at, gayly swept into the till

There was a curious little spider's-parlour room at the end of the bar in which the proprietor's wife, Rose, generally sat. It was a great place for opening wine; and now the laughter brought madam

"Ah!" the gallant Mitchell exclaimed, "your husband just had the laugh on me. Will you join us in drowning the merriment—and you, too, Jack?"

That round got away with another leaden rupee.

"You don't 'ave ol' Jack; but 'ere's to you,"

Hichins toasted.

But that night, as he counted the day's spoil, sitting beside Rose in the little spider's parlour, he suddenly stopped and rubbed between thumb and finger a metal disk that was greasy to the touch. finger a metal disk that was greasy to the touch; impatiently he rang it on the teakwood table—it gave back a hollow, mocking cough; there was no jingle of merriment in its echoed tap on the hard

wood.

"Eavens! Rose; that Yankee bookmaker 'as been an' 'ad me—'ad ol' Jack. Don't say nothink; we'll jus' tally it hup agin 'im, an' git it back promiscuous like when 'e comes to pay 'is chits."

And presently in the count Hichins came by the twin child of the coiner's art, the other bad rupee. As Rose said afterward, "'Ichins took on somethink orful."

"I'll 'ave 'im for this; an' that 'ere Cap'n Jim!—

"I'll 'ave 'im for this; an' that 'ere Cap'n Jim!—
yo months an' I ain't seen the colour o' 'is coin.
out 'e goes to-morrer!"

The next day Hichins buckled into Captain Fenwick; but the latter declared stoutly enough that he was entirely innocent. The American had asked him to have a social glass, and that's all there was

"Well, it's jus' like this, Cap'n; I lays there las' night figurin' hout 'ow I's goin' to git heven—'e's a bookmaker, ain't 'e, Cap'n?"

"Ye have a social s

"You know he is, Mr. Hichins."

"An' you know some'at about 'orses—"

"I've paid a bit for the knowledge, by Jove!"

"Well, now, I orter git rusty 'bout this — git bloomin' rusty; but I hain't goin' to. I wants you to 'elp me, Cap'n—jus' work a nice gentleman's game of gittin' heven, see?"

"By Jove! delighted—I have leisure and inclination; your servant, pro tem., Signor Hichins."

"Eh, wot? well, well! 'Andsome is as 'andsome does. We'll see. Now, it's jus' this way: I hain't never bet a rupee on a 'orse sence I lef' ol' Lunnon

By W. A. FRASER

not sayin' as I didn't have a bob hon when I was a boy at 'ome. It's a couple o' weeks till the races comes hoff 'ere, an' I arsks you, Cap'n, to find hout some bloomin' pony as is a sure thing, see? an' let me know, an' I'll 'ave a bit on wi' Mr. Mitchell, as is so 'andy wi' 'is dummy coins."

"There never was a sure thing in racing,

'Look 'ee 'ere, Cap'n-I hain't contracted the

"Look 'ee 'ere, Cap'n—I hain't contracted the bar at the race meet ten years for nothink; I sees many a rum go, I tell 'ee. I've seen some of the surest things—well, jus' as sure to come off as the Lord Mayor's show in Lunnon: needn't tell me as 'ow it ain't all cut an' dried at the Gymkhana Club, the night afore, wot's goin' to win."

"By Jove! hardly that bad, Hichins—"

"Look 'ee 'ere, Cap'n, I knows wot swells is when they're racin'; I've 'eard 'em talk hup at the bar on the course when the wine 'ad loosened 'em hup. I'd be 'andlin' the coin, Cap'n, see? an' keepin' a heye hon the kitmutgar as 'ow they didn't loot heverythink, but ol' Jack's ears 'd be takin' it all in. Didn't Shakespeare say that when people 'ad got the wine in they'd hout wi' heverythink? Needn't tell me as 'ow the races isn't fixed wi' 'em gent riders."

gent riders."

Captain Jim sighed. It was the old story of the man who knows nothing about racing considering everybody connected with it a thief. "What do you want me to do, then, Hichins?"

"Well, you're pretty good friends wi' the hofficers; an' I sees you 'ere along o' Mr. Keyes an' Mr. Morgan; they allers got plenty good 'orses. You jus' find hout one as is goin' to win, see? an' I'll git a bet wi' this man as is so 'andy wi' 'is lead rupees; an' p'raps I'll wipe the sponge hover the slate as betwixt me an' you. Of course, Cap'n, if we finds hout somethink afore the races comes hoff, mos' like as 'ow the Yank'll give me pretty good mos' like as 'ow the Yank'll give me pretty good hodds, see?"

Captain Jim promised to do what he could for the avaricious Boniface whose faith in his ability to pick a "sure thing" was childlike in its simplicty.

Hichins offered the Captain his phaeton, drawn

Hichins offered the Captain in phaces. Ned, a mouse-coloured Burman pony, for use in visiting the race-course; but Captain Jim mut-tered to himself: "Here am I, Captain Fenwick of the Slashers, that was, commissioned tout to his Highness, 'Jack 'Ichins,' keeper of a pub; but I'm jolly well d——d if I ride to the course in a clothes-basket. The chaps would guy me—I might as well turn dhobie at once."

Then he borrowed a saddle, and left the phaeton at home. That was the next morning after Hichins had confided his brilliant plan. And when Captain Jim returned to breakfast at nine o'clock he asked the hotelkeeper to come into his room.

"You don't mean to say as 'ow you've got one o' the right sort a'ready, Cap'n," the latter said as he took a chair.

"You've got him to Trichine"

"You've got him yourself, Hichins."

"Ow d'you make that hout—I hain't 'eard nothink good? Them bloomin' jockey boys as is stoppin' in the 'ouse—I never listens to what they says."

"Your pony, Ned, is one of the most natural fencers I ever threw a leg across."
"Wot! ol' Ned jump?"

"Rather! He simply takes them in his stride. And he's been raced, too. Where did you get him, Hichins?"

"Bought 'im from a Burman for a 'undred rupees—he never raced none."

"Yes, he has—somewhere. I'll tell you about it. I was cantering around the course this morning when Halliday came racing by on the inside—on the hurdle schooling course, you know. They haven't strung the ropes yet, and there are only the posts. As Halliday went by in a strong gallop on Slowcoach—" posts. As I Slowcoach—

"Yes, he's a winner here. Well, before I could get a pull at my mount's head he had whisked in between the posts to the hurdle course, and was after Halliday's mount like a hound chasing a hare. By Jove! Hichins, really he's got a mouth like a bullock. Pull him? Hardly! I sat tight for a cropper. 'Pon my word, don't you know, I was actually in a beastly funk. I thought when he'd strike the first jump he'd never raise at it, but would bally well break his legs. It was riding for a fall, I can tell you, Hichins.'

"My word! it were. Why didn't you jump off

"I held him together a bit—there was no use sawing his head just as we were coming to the mud wall, so I sat down in the saddle, took hold of his head, and waited."

"Wot 'appened, Cap'n?" Hichins was excited. He had a curious habit of pulling nervously at his thin, sharp nose when deeply interested. He had

thin, sharp nose when deeply interested. He had now flicked it to a bright red.

"What happened? Why, Ned flew the jump like a bird. By Jove! he did; never saw such a 'lepper' in my life, never! I saw Voluptuary win the Grand National, and Roquefort win it the year following—that's six years ago, Hichins—but I'll give you my head for a football if your pony didn't take his jumps to-day cleaner and better than either of them.

Of course, the jumps here are smaller."

Of course, the jumps here are smaller."
"My word! An' then, Cap'n, wot 'appened?" The thin nose got three sharp tweaks from thumb

and finger.

"Why, I took a double wrap on the reins, braced myself in the stirrups, 'pon honour I did, and tried to keep him behind Slowcoach."

'Eavens! be'ind Slowcoach! You don't mean 'ow 'e could catch 'Alliday's pony-an'

to say as 'ow 'e could catch 'Alliday's pony—an' hover the jumps, too?"

"Did catch him, I assure you, sir—in spite of me. And when he'd done that he let me have his head as gentle as a lamb—he was satisfied."

"Did 'e now; weren't 'e clever. Ol' Ned did all that; 'ave somethink to drink, Cap'n?"

"So you see, Hichins, he's raced before; Ned knows what it means to win. Probably where he's been owned in some Burman village he used to

been owned, in some Burman village, he used to clean out all the other ponies. He's a bally smart

clean out all the other ponies. He's a bally smart one, I assure you."

"My word! 'Ere, 'ave a cheroot, Cap'n. That's a Trichi—a good un. Well, well! Then you comes 'ome, eh? 'Scuse me for callin' it 'ome, Cap'n, but it do seem a bit like 'ome to you, don't it? Rose says to me jus' to-day, says she: 'Cap'n Fenwick is jus' like my brother 'Arry at 'ome.' Rose's took a great notion to you, Cap'n. Wot say 'ee—shall we 'ave another tot o' bran'? But go on, Cap'n; you was a-ridin' Ned—"

"Yes, I got off the course in bally quick order, I tell you. You've got a corking good chance to make a grand coup."

"Make a wot, Cap'n?"

"Make a wot, Cap'n?"

"Win a lot of money. Your pony's good and hard through having been driven steadily, and will

'Wot race'll we put 'im in, Cap'n? I says we, 'cause of course we works this together. Ha, ha! rare bit of sport for ol' Ned to up wi' 'is lip an' wipe hoff the slate 'twixt me an' you, ain't it,

"I've got a programme for the week's races, Hichins; here it is, and there's the very race for your crock—the Pagoda Hurdles: For Burman ponies; ponies thirteen hands to carry ten stun; maidens allowed ten pounds; ponies that have never started in a hurdle race allowed fourteen pounds; and penalties for winning."

"Wot does that all figger hout at Cox'n?"

Wot does that all figger hout at, Cap'n?" "Well, your pony, never having started, would pick up nine stun; and Slowcoach—he's won two or three times—would have to carry about ten stun

ten."
"Would 'e now? My word! Cap'n, you do git it 'andy like."

"By Jove! your gee-gee can beat the other at those weights, or I'm a downy-lipped griffin, that's

"Could 'e now, really? My, my! Jus' fancy Ned a-doin' all that arter totin' me an' Rose round Rangoon, quiet like, in the phaeton. Won't I 'ave to buy a saddle or blanket for 'im, or somethink, if 'e's

goin' to be a race 'orse—an' 'ire one of 'em jockey boys to feed 'im?"

"Hichins, your knowledge of the racing game is as nebulous as my dear, old, fat Colonel's idea of war. You are sophisticated to a high degree in the art of mine host, but you could own Galopin, or even old Eclipse, and with your rudimentary turf experience never win a race in Rangoon. Rangoon, sir, is a gentleman's meeting, therefore bally difficult."

"That's wot I says about these gents. Let's 'ave your hidea as to 'ow we orter work this, Cap'n?"

"Just leave it to me, and you play banker. By Jove! we'll make them sit up."

"Put in the rupees, eh? Wot'll all that cost,

Cap'n?"
"Devilish little—all but the betting; you can go as far as you like in that. You've got a bally good chance to break the bookies, that's what you've Drive the pony in the phaeton, the same as usual, and I'll gallop him out in the paddy fields; there're plenty of bunds to jump there. In the evening I can give him a turn on the course. Nobody'll tumble."

"My word, Cap'n, that's clever. An' I 'ooks Mr. Bookmaker Mitchell for a bet some day as 'e's in 'ere pretty fresh, eh. Ain't that the caper? Sort o' charf 'im 'bout puttin' ol' Ned in for a race

'orse."
"Yes. By Jove! he'll lay you a hundred to one, and it's about an even-money chance that you win the Pagoda Hurdles with that pull in the weight"

Who'll ride 'im, Cap'n? P'raps the jockey boy

won't try to win—an' you're too 'eavy."

"Dick Richmond's as straight as a string; he used to ride for me when I was—well, when I car-

ried a sabre in her Majesty's service. We can depend on Dick."

"Look 'ee 'ere, Cap'n—close bargains makes close friends, I allus allows. I'll get a big bet outen Mitchell, and you has a quarter hin everythink—'ow's that?"

"That'll do, Hichins; and the slate rubbed off,

"All right. I'll see as 'ow Mr. Mitchell don't pay 'is bet in lead rupees, too—I'll teach 'im to 'ave Jack 'Ichins."

That afternoon the proprietor of the Adelphi wandered up and down the main street of Rangoon sitting in his phaeton behind the sturdy pony, Ned. To the casual observer his movements were aimless To the casual observer his movements were aimless and devoid of purpose; in actuality he was fishing—he was angling for Mr. Bookmaker Mitchell.

About five o'clock the layer of odds rattled up to the Adelphi in a gharry. The proprietor of the hotel was ostentatiously flicking the dust from Ned's ribs with his handkerchief.

"You ought to use a silk wipe for that, Jack," Mitchell drawled. "He looks a rare-blooded one, doesn't he?"

Mitchell drawled. The looks a doesn't he?"

"Well, well; do 'e now, Mr. Mitchell? Ol' Ned could go faster 'n some of 'em race'orses they loses money hover—I'm blowed if 'e can't!"

"He looks it, Hichins. Why don't you put him in training, and start him? One of the winners of the Grand National, Moonraker, was bought out

of a butcher's cart."

"Well, well; was 'e now? I hain't never give it no thought. P'raps I might make a race'orse of

Ned.

A small group of sahibs sitting on the verandah were enjoying hugely Mitchell's chaffing of old Hichins. The little bookmaker winked at them and continued: "Hear that, boys? I knew Hichins was a sport. You start your pony at this meeting, Jack,"

a sport. You start your pony at this meeting, Jack, and I'll lay fifty to one against him; there now!"
"My word! will 'ee now?"
"Take him up, Hichins. Don't let him bluff you.
It's a good bet, if you do lose."
"I s'pose ol' Ned's best at pullin' me an' Rose in the phaeton," Hichins retorted, turning the horse over to the syce and disappearing into the hotel.
The men on the verandah laughed. But then they

The men on the verandah laughed. But then they didn't hear the host whisper to Rose in the little room at the end of the bar: "My word! I got 'im goin'. 'E'll come back to-night wi' more charf, an' I'll snap 'im up. 'E'll think I've 'ad a drop too much o' the drink."

Hichins was a rare judge of human nature; he

Hichins was a rare judge of human nature; he played men as an angler plays a trout. And, as he had prophesied, that night the bookmaker and two or three friends took up with exuberance the little matter of starting old Ned in a race.

As the roasting went on Hichins appeared to come more and more under the influence of anger and drink, until finally he declared emphatically that "'e would take the bloomin' bet; they weren't goin' to stump 'im."

"You're a 'igh crower, Mr. Bookie," Hichins

goin' to stump 'im."

"You're a 'igh crower, Mr. Bookie," Hichins

"You're a 'igh crower, Mr. Bookie," Hichins said (and his shrewd grey eyes narrowed a little in their lids); "blow me if I don't see 'ow game you be. 'Ere you are, me 'earty, cover that!" And he character a grip one hundred russe note upon the bar shoved a crisp one-hundred-rupee note upon the bar,

nodded, and tweaked his nose impatiently.

The bookmaker's eyes opened in astonishment; then he laughed derisively—everybody did. Surely old man Hichins must have been hitting the bottle pretty hard when he had commenced throwing hundred runes notes away. hundred-rupee notes away.
"What's this for, Jack?" Mitchell asked, picking

what's this for, Jack? Witchell asked, picking up the certificate and examining it.

"'Tain't a flimsy; it don't call for no lead rupees—it's a little love letter from me sayin' as 'ow my ol' plug, Ned, 'll win a race at the Rangoon meet."

"Good for you, Hichins!" a bystander cried. "Good for you, Hichins!" a bystander cried.
"You've got to make good, Mitchell."

"That'll settle the question as to who's bluffin'," the proprietor declared, winking at the little audience.

"I'll call it," the bookmaker retorted, half angrily. "All the same, I don't want to take your money, Jack. Old Ned couldn't raise a gallop if his tail was on fire."

"Don't 'ee fret erbout me an' Ned—I reckons we've both cut hour heye teeth. Just write out a ticket fifty to one ag'in that 'ere 'undred as 'ow Ned don't win a race at the meetin'. 'Ow much is that genta'."

that, gents?"
"Five thousand to a hundred," Mitchell answered; "but I don't lay against a horse for a whole meeting. Pick your race—you might find a race with only a couple of entries, and, well, it might so happen that the other horses would get an attack of the slows, Jack."

"Seems to me as 'ow you're crawlin' a bit, Mr.

"No; that's business; I'll lay against him for any race you choose to name, and that's all I will

do."
"'Ow's that, gents—call that fair?" the proprietor appealed to the listeners.
The audience decided that the bookmaker's de-

The audience decided that the bookmaker's demand was reasonable.

"All right, gents; I bows to the verdict. Let me see. Ned's a pretty long-legged 'orse, an' p'raps 'e ain't none too fast—'e orter go well in one of 'em fence races; yes, my word! I picks one of 'em races hover the fences."

"Hurdle race, Hichins," a man suggested.

"Which hurdle race do you choose, Jack?" the



"You Half-breed Sweep!"

bookmaker asked. "There's the 'Burman Hurdles,' the 'Rangoon Hurdles,' the 'Pagoda Hurdles,' all at a mile, for Burman ponies."

"The Pagodie 'Urdles sounds all right—make it the Pagodie 'Urdles, thank 'ee."

"Well, there's your ticket, five thousand to a hundred, John Hichins'—what's his color, Jack?"

"He's mos' like a mole, 'pears to me."

"Jack Hichins' mouse-coloured phaeton pony for the Pagoda Hurdles." Then Mitchell added with a little laugh: "You're a pretty hot member. Jack

"You're a pretty hot member, Jack, a little laugh: "You're a pretty hot member, Jack, and if I made the ticket out simply 'Ned,' you might have another Ned in the stable there. Now, I'll bet you another five thousand to a hundred that you don't win."

"Blowed if I don't go you—you don't bluff ol' Jack, I tell 'ee."

And to the bookmaker's astonishment the proprietor shoved another hundred-rupee note under his nose, and when he had pocketed the little pasteboard came back with "Want any more of it,

No, thanks; I'm done."

In justice to the bookmaker it may be said he was convinced that Hichins was really much drunker than he appeared to be.

"Now, 'ave a drink on the 'ouse," the proprietor said; and when they had charged their glasses he added, as toast, "'Ere's to ol' Ned, Rose's phaeton 'orse, as is to win the Pagodie 'Urdles!"

Then the bookmaker ordered a round; and, as

the way of men, soldier after soldier stepped into the breach, until, at closing time, the proprietor confided to madam that he had got back at least

twenty rupees already in the way of trade. "Wot with the charfin' hover this bet an' fellers a-comin' to talk erbout it, we'll 'ave it hall back agin race day—the bet'll stand me nothink."

For a week Captain Jim schooled old Ned. Then he said to the hotelkeeper: "We'll just give the pony a gallop on the course, the Pagoda Hurdles distance. I've arranged with Morgan to try Ned distance. I've arranged with Morgan to try Ned with his pony, Schoolboy. Schoolboy is just about as good as Slowcoach. We'll put up the weights they'll carry in the race, and if Ned can win the trial handily he'll land the Pagoda Hurdles. I'll put Richmond up with nine stun—Ned's weight. We'll try them at peep o' day, and take a chance of not being seen. But it won't matter much, for you've got a jolly big bet. Morgan will keep it dark for his own interest." his own interest."

Ned won the trial, with probably seven pounds in hand; and Hichins could see that the ten thous-

and was as good as landed.

Captain Jim thought they had pulled off the gallop unobserved; but in the grandstand there slept a tout retained by Mitchell for the purpose of assisting unobtrusively at just such functions as this little trial. The tout recognised Schoolboy, Morgan and Fenwick; and by following, at a distance, the unknown winner of the trial to the hotel stable he perfected the knowledge which he presently turned in to his employer.

A flood of unpleasant light illumined the book-maker's mind. It was probably a plan of clever Captain Jim's; the driving of the pony in the phaeton was perhaps all a blind. At any rate, they had roped him for a big bet at fifty to one against a house that had shown a trial good enough to win. horse that had shown a trial good enough to win.

horse that had shown a trial good enough to win. He might get the bet off; there was just a chance. That evening he said jocularly to the hotel-keeper: "Here's your two hundred, Jack; I guess that little joke of ours is carried far enough, eh?" "Oh, we hain't 'ad a laugh yet, Mitchell. Jus keep it by 'ee, an' I'll take it along o' the ten thousand. An' mind 'ee, no lead uns this time!"

The words had a little ring of mirth, but the redgrey eyes, much like an animal's, held a cunning

y eyes, much like an animal's, held a cunning of victory.

Mitchell tried several little bluffs which Hichins parried easily. Finally the bookmaker, starting at a hundred, wound up by offering Ned's owner five hundred rupees to have the bet cancelled. His eagerness to settle only increased the other's satisfaction with things as the same of t

eagerness to settle only increased the other's satisfaction with things as they were.

"We'll settle, Mr. Mitchell, the day arter the Pagodie 'Urdles. I got the account all toted up on that 'ere card of yourn—you keeps two 'undred or I gits ten thousand; an' no lead rupees this time, me bucko."

Inter Histoine set for an hour with Page after

Later, Hichins sat for an hour with Rose after closing time, planning what he would do with the ten thousand that was as good as won. He would build a billiard-room and bowling-alley adjoining

"My word! Rose," he said, "I was too heasy wi Captain Jim—'e gits two thousand five 'undred for nothink; 'e don't take no chances. 'Tain't fair; I mus' see erbout this. It'll take nigh the 'ole bloom in' ten thousand to build that alley. 'Tain't fair 'tain't fair!" and he tweaked his nose impatiently, as though that sharp member had been at fault in as though that sharp member had been at fault in

making the bargain.

"'Ullo! there's Cap'n Jim goin' to bed. Come in, Cap'n, an' 'ave somethink afore goin' to roost.

'Ow's Ned doin'?"

'Ow's Ned doin'?"
"Fit as a fiddle. He's a corking fine doer in the

Wot do I get out'n this, 'Ichins?" Rose asked,

"Wot do I get out'n this, 'Ichins?" Rose asked, winking at Fenwick.

"Cap'n 'll 'ave to make you a present of a dimond ring, I reckon," the husband answered.

"If it comes off I get a trip home to old England," Fenwick said, ignoring the little matter of the jewel. "I've booked passage for next month on the head of it, anyway."

"I say, Cap'n, you're gittin' too much out of this thing—I takes all the risks. Me an' Rose was sayin' jus' afore you come in that you'd be doin right 'andsome if you got a thousand. Wot say 'ee, Cap'n, a thousand if you win, eh?"

"Three-quarters of a loaf is better than none, Hichins, isn't it?"

"'Ow's that, Cap'n—where do that work in?"

'Ow's that, Cap'n—where do that work in? "Think it over—that's a good chap; I'm going to.

I. Madam, I'm witness that Hichins said you that the key on the said you that the key of the said you that the said you the said you the said you the said you that the said you ought to have a diamond ring out of it—don't let

Half-way up the stairs Captain Jim called "Hichins!" And as the latter stood in the door of the spider's parlour the Captain drawled sleepily: "I'll give you a pointer in the racing game: never try to cut the fees of your trainer or your jockey; it's devilish had business." Think it's devilish bad business—it's a losing game. it over. Good-night.'

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.



#### MAPLE THE OF SIGN THE AT

THE CALL OF NATURE.

ITH the return of summer the diversions of town confront a powerful rival, and eventually yield to her. Nature is no sooner freed from the throes of winter than mountain, plain and sea present allurements that arouse townspeople and urge them to flight. As long as the severities of winter last, duties and sociabilities, intellectual, artistic and all indoor pursuits engross one; but let the ice break up and the cold relax and nature's most genial temperament reassert itself, and everybody longs for the

open—a sniff of the sea, a breath of the forest, an exploration upon some unknown waterway or an act of daring upon some mountain height.

The Town and Country Club offers attractions, too. "I can never get my husband to the woods any more," said a bright young woman the other day, and as she heaved a sort of sunny sigh she added, "and we used to have such lovely rambles before he took to golf." After a short pause she resumed: "There must be something fascinating about that game. I have decided to take it up, too, this summer. We shall not be going away before July, and then the autumn is delightful out at the club."

Going away? Of course they were go-

Going away? Of course they were going away—on the children's account. As soon as school closes the children need change, the freedom of non-conventionality and the hundred-and-one delights that Nature is ready to bestow upon her devotee. Every one knows that many a one who has reached the "golden round" of fame in later years has owed his inspiration to early association with the country. The shady grove or the rushing torrent, the mazy tangles of the woods, the roaring elements or the huge clouds with their

elements or the huge clouds with their ever-changing kaleidoscope of pictures leave one day forever for him a paradise.

From accounts that have been coming in from all sides of late, Canada is not only rich in material wealth, but she has an abundant supply for her poetic children.

From the Pacific to the Atlantic, the grandeur of the Rockies, the solemn prose of the prairies, the riches of the great of the prairies, the riches of the great mineral districts, the broad stretches of inland seas and the unrivalled rivers form majestic backgrounds for incomparable bits

of fine scenery.

One becomes aware of the value of earth's bounties, and a spontaneous interest springs up in air-ships and communication with distant planets, but earth is more available, and the charms of which poets have sung and musicians have transcribed into enchanting music, suffice — for back of it all is the still, small voice of a common mother calling to her children—and they hasten to respond.

, "THE MIND IS IN ITS OWN PLACE."

\*

NOW since the asperities of winter are over, and even the memory of them is whisked away by the sunshine, the world without looks very inviting with its renewed life warmth and colour. "I think with its renewed life, warmth and colour. "I think I should die if I didn't get a sight of rivers and forests at least once a year," said an ardent admirer of nature when speaking of the prospective delights of the coming summer. "Just a holiday on the of the coming summer. "Just a holiday on the river, or in the woods amid its enchanting wildness—why, it's enough to inspire one for a year."

The remark called to mind the late poet Swin-

The remark called to mind the late poet Swinburne, whose life was spent chiefly in a commonplace suburb of London, amid quite ordinary surroundings. Yet he was a sweet singer and wrote exquisitely of flowers and of the sea. A paragraph by "Miranda" says that: "A walk up a suburban road paraded by nursemaids and their charges, a glass of ale at a wayside inn, then home again—that was his daily life, yet he found it inspiring, and was perfectly content." The writer considers it a proof that one does not of necessity need woods and fields and rural seclusion for inspiration when great poets and painters and novelists have managed to find it amid the noise and smoke and unromantic to find it amid the noise and smoke and unromantic sights and sounds of a great city.

Where is it to be found, then, if not next to

the heart of nature nor in one's surroundings? Perhaps in the heart of both nature and man. Milton wrote that

"The mind is in its own place, and of itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven."
How lovely it would be to have a mind, or even come in contact with one, that could transform commonplaces into Elysian abodes! But that would be easier than to change irritating circumstances over which one has no control. The task of making heaven out of the place made vacant by a vanished heaven would be more difficult. Still what cannot be cured must be endured, and by gradually accepting a situation one becomes accustomed to it, and is apt to end by even cordially embracing it.

But some poet objects to this even, as if it were falling a victim to the fascinations of some unfavorable influence—hideous monster, I think he And then there would be trouble.

But Swinburne had such a beautiful mind, and with it an extraordinary capacity for friendship. For over thirty years he and Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton lived in the same house, absent from each other only a few hours each day, ever thoughtful of each other and proud of each other's work, yet it was "Mr. Dunton" and "Mr. Swinburne" to the end. One of his poems follows:



A typical Summer Cottage at an Ontario Summer Resort. At Grand Bend on the Thames.

PHOTOGRAPH BY J. D. MCARTHUR

#### SONG.

BY ALGERNON SWINBURNE.

Love laid his sleepless head On a thorny, rosy bed; And his eyes with tears were red, And pale his lips as the dead.

And fear and sorrow and scorn Kept watch by his head forlorn, Till the night was overworn And the world was merry with morn.

And Joy came up with the day And kissed Love's lips as he lay, And the watchers ghostly and grey Sped from his pillows away.

And his eyes as the dawn grew bright, And his lips waxed ruddy as light; Sorrow may reign for a night, But day shall bring back delight.

### CLEVER ROYALTIES.

THE Prince and Princess of Belgium are, accord-THE Prince and Princess of Belgium are, according to M. A. P., among the most versatile of royalties. The Princess, who was the Duchess Elizabeth of Bavaria, is a fully qualified doctor of medicine and a playwriter. She has also the reputation of being the best dressed princess in Europe, and most of her beautiful gowns are designed entirely by herself. Moreover, she has founded a hospital, started a training school for cooks, and, every now and then, offers prizes for the best dishes made. Then she has endeared herself to

both rich and poor through her social work in Brussels.

The Prince is also of a literary bent and has written more than one clever book. He is said to have a democratic outlook on life, and studies earnestly politics and the government of nations. He is also one of the best shots in Europe, has travelled widely, and is intensely interested in aeronautics. At present he is on an extensive tour in the Congo.

#### THE MODERN WOMAN.

A WRITER in one of the leading English journals objects to the assertion made by an American that "woman is chameleon-like and takes on whatever tint man admires." This may have been true fifty years ago or less, the English writer affirms, but to-day women are real feminine persons whose views are uninfluenced by the tastes and prejudices of men. The change is due to the rise of the feminist movement all over the world As to the American opinion that man no longer admires the innocent, clinging, ivy-like kind of woman, but favours the woman of the world who is always at her ease and can be trusted to do the right thing at the right moment, why that type has always been admired in Europe—socially at least—for the woman who is always at her ease is an invaluable asset in a drawing-room. In England they set very little store on feminine ingenuousness although it is an abiding virtue with the Germans, and the French woman is the least simple-minded of all, whereas the mental outlook and wide (if superficial) education of the American woman makes it impossible for

her. Suavity and quietness of manner have always distinguished the well-bred English woman, and a low voice, which is essentially an English characteristic, has become recognised as a sign of good manners. However, it is to be feared that the modern English woman in asserting her own individuality has become a little too uncompromising for everyday life, but when she has been mixed up seriously with politics for some half a century she may learn to assume a different attitude.

#### THE TEA HABIT.

\* \*

"W HAT should we do without tea?" suggested Mrs. —, as she acceptas she accepted a cup of the aromatic beverage from

her hostess.
"Canadians seem to be growing as fond of an afternoon cup of tea as the English.
How are we to account for it?"

"Or how account for the English propensity to tea?"

"From the pure delight of handling it?"

"There seems to be some connection, for when the 'china drink' became fashionable in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century the dainty cups and saucers, and pretty little hot water kettles came along with it."

Therefore are we to conclude that the increased importation of china into Canada is inducing us 'to fall prostrate before this smile-smoothing, heart-opening, wink-tipping cordial'?"

"Whether there is anything in it or not, tea is usually nicer when it is sipped from fine china. Now, for instance, this 'Minton' is quite different, say, from that French cup."

"The flavour of the tea proportioned to the value of the china? What would it be out of a cup of of the china: What would it be out of a cup of old Chelsea, or Bow, or still more old Meissen or Sevres? Or out of those two precious bits of Chinese 'purselyn' so highly prized by Queen Elizabeth when probably her poor Majesty had no tea to put into them?"

Speaking of Chinese porcelain, which, of course, was invented and brought to a high state of per-fection ages and ages before it was even dreamed of in Europe, reminds one of the old willow pattern which was one of those Oriental designs so widely copied in England, and so well known even to-day. It represents the love story of a beautiful Chinese girl and is quaintly described as follows:

"Two pigeons flying high, Chinese vessel sailing by Weeping willow hanging o'er Bridge with three men—if not four, Chinese temple, there it stands, Seems to cover all the land, Apple tree with apples on, A pretty fence to end my song."



#### NOT EXACTLY ROGERS.

HERE was a postmaster in Manitoba who gave himself an exceedingly had quartergave himself an exceedingly had quarterof-an-hour, all because of a mistaken identity. But, as he departed years ago for a
fairer sphere, there can be neither political nor
personal harm in relating one of his adventures.
He called, one fine morning, on Hon. R. P. Roblin
and found the Premier in conversation with a
gentleman whom the worthy P. M. took for Hon.
Robert Rogers. The former straightway began to
congratulate Mr. Roblin on his "famous victoree"
and, turning to the supposed Rogers, said blithely:
"I'll tell you, I did you a good turn, up in our
constituency."

constituency

"How's that?" was the interested reply.

"Well, I suppose you've heard of some French literature sent up there which might have made no end of trouble. I settled that little game—" and M. laughed knowingly.

"Why—how?" asked the alleged Rogers, while the Premier began to move uneasily. "Well, this is all among friends—and it was a

"Well, this is all among friends—and it was a matter of doing the party a good turn. I just took it upon myself to burn the stuff."

There was a silence which could be felt and then the Premier said awkwardly:

"Why, don't you know Senator Watson of Portage la Prairie?"

When the adjuster of His Majesty's mails recognised that the visitor was not Mr. Rogers, but "Senator Bob" Watson, who belonged to the enemy's ranks, he turned a ghastly pale-green over this interesting bit of information and gazed in this interesting bit of information and gazed in trepidation at the Liberal, whose misleading physiognomy had encouraged a guileless Tory to fall into such frank indiscretion. The P. M. departed, a sadder and "reserveder" man, while the Premier was left to explain away this trifling revelation of how resourceful politicians look after the party

#### THE REJOINDER OF A QUIET MAN.

AN Ottawa group was discussing recent compli-cations in connection with "Public Works" in connection with and other interesting departments, and the Con-servatives waxed loud and angry in denunciation

of the country's alleged wrongs.

"I'll tell you," said Crockett, one of the lonely
Tory duet from New Brunswick, "that I'll drive
Pugsley from public life yet. See if I don't.'

A quiet man who had remained mute during the

noisy discussion looked up with a sad, sweet smile.

"Drive Pugsley from public life!" he repeated with a mournful inflection. "My dear fellow, you can no more send Pugsley away back into the secluded shades than a Newfoundland dog with a set of tallow paws could catch an asbestos cat in Hades." Crockett took a long look at the quiet man and straightway fell into deep thought, from which he did not emerge again during the conversation.

#### THE HABITS OF HENRY.

O NCE upon a glorious time, Mr.—well, we shall O NCE upon a glorious time, Mr.—well, we shall call him Henry Jones—went on a little trip to Ottawa, merely to get away from business for a few days and forget all worldly cares. Now, Mr. Henry Jones is a resident of Toronto and everyone knows that Toronto is a city which believes in "early to bed and early to rise," and consequently rejoices in health, wealth, and wisdom, to a surprising degree. Mr. Henry Jones is sometimes a journalist and, in the course of his Ottawa visit, he met several brethren of the craft. To one of these he extended a warm invitation to To one of these he extended a warm invitation to call on him, should the Ottawa scribe ever come

to Toronto.
"Drop in any time," he said. "I have bachelor quarters and will be glad to see you at any old

About two months afterwards, this Ottawa man found himself in Toronto and it occurred to him

rather late in the evening to hunt up Mr. Henry Jones. Wherefore, he consulted the card which the latter had given him, called a cab and repaired to the apartments of that cordial acquaintance. his arrival, a solemn-faced servant opened the door. "Does Mr. Henry Jones live here?" he inquired.

The solemn-faced person peered wearily out at

the waiting cab and replied:

Yes, sir. Just bring him in."

#### THEY HAVE THEIR USES.

A YOUNG girl once asked Mark Twain if he liked books for Christmas gifts. "Well, that depends," drawled the great humourist. "If a book has a leather cover, it is really valuable as a razor If it is a brief, concise work, such as the French write, it is useful to put under the short leg of a wabbly table. An old-fashioned book with a clasp can't be beat as a missile to hurl at a dog: and a large book, like a geography, is as good as a piece of tin to nail over a broken pane of glass. Christian Register.

#### HOW SHE KNEW.

AN attendant of a circulating library in Chicago recently overheard the following conversation between two young women, regular patrons of the

"How do you select stories?" asked one.

"I have adopted a very simple method," said the ner. "As I run over the latest things offered here, I glance at the last chapter. If I find the rain softly and sadly falling over two lonely graves, I know I don't want the story; but if the morning sun is glimmering over the story. The story is the satin, I know I would be soft white satin, I know the novel's all right."—Harper's Monthly.

#### EARLY SENTIMENT.

"THAT'S a curious-looking paper-weight," said one of Mr. Newlywed's friends, taking up a brownish object, round and about half an inch thick, from the desk.
"Yes," said Mr. Newlywed. "It's only a tem-

porary one. It's my wife's shell."—Youth's Companion. It's my wife's first puff-paste tart-

### A REAL ACQUISI-

#### TION.

SIR Charles Wyndham (speaking at a dinner) told of a young man he once heard of who was paying attention to a lady great disgust of her father, who remon-strated very kindly with him. The father said, "If I see you in this house again I shall kick you out." The young man came back the very next day. "I told you what would happen," said the day. would happen," said the father, and it did happen. father, and it did happen. The young man did not appear for about five weeks, and then one day the father saw him coming toward the house, and immediately went and opened the front door. "Haven't you had enough?" said the old man. "Have you come again to see my daughter?"

ter?"
"No, no," replied the other. "I have come on behalf of the president of our football club."

#### SOME TOASTS.

A<sup>T</sup> a banquet on the *Laurentic* in Montreal last week, Mr. W. A. Pratt recited two old toasts, and proposed a new one. A Kentuckian visited Boston and proposed this toast:

> Here's to Old Kentucky, The land where I was born;
> Where the corn is full of kernels,
> And the colonels full of corn.

Not to be outdone, a Bostonian retorted as follows:

> Here's to Massachusetts, The land of beans and cod, Where the Adams' sleep in churches And the Lodges walk with God.

Mr. Pratt's suggestion, apropos of the new addition to Montreal's great passenger fleet, runs thus:

> Here's to the New World, The land of mines and wheat,
> Where the Old may send her people
> In ships that can't be beat.

#### HIS DAY OF RECKONING.

AS the stout man whose appetite had excited the envy of the other boarders turned to leave the parlour, he looked down at his waistcoat. "I declare, I've lost two buttons off my vest," he said,

He was a new boarder, but his landlady saw no reason for further delay in showing her banner, "Watchfulness and Economy for all." She gave him the benefit of the chill gaze so familiar to her older boarders.

"I think without doubt you will find them both in the dining-room," she announced, clearly.-

Youth's Companion.

### CERTAINLY NOT DROWNED.

NOTHING amuses a man more than to tell a story strictly at the expense of some person else, even if that person happens to be his wife, and at the same time impress upon you the fact of his own waggishness.

A certain man, says a writer in the Philadelphia Public Ledger, happened to mention at dinner one night the circumstances of a tragedy he had read

in the paper on his way home. It seemed that a passenger on a transatlantic steamer had fallen overboard in mid-ocean, and had

never been seen again.
"Was he drowned?" asked his wife.
"Oh, no," answered the husband, "but he sprained his ankle, I believe."

#### HE WAS TOO COLD FOR HER.

"Agnes broke her engagement to Louis because he was too cold and indifferent.'

"He doesn't strike me that way."

"He is, though. He said as long as they saw each other every day, he didn't see any need of their corresponding."—Lippincott's.



The Lady: Are you catching any trous, The Boy: Yep. The Lady: How big are they?
The Boy: 'Bout's long's yer fut.
The Man: (ardent fisherman): By jove' you don't say so! Let's see

## PEOPLE AND PLACES

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

#### CIVILISED AT LAST.

O NE of the peculiar distinctions of the West has begun to disappear. There are rats in Gretna and Winnipeg. Rats! A few years ago it was the proud boast of every westerner that he lived in a land where a rat had never been seen. From Winnipeg to Edmonton and far beyond as far as trails ran—not a rat! Gophers by the million; but never a rat! Mice plenty; badgers and all sorts of wild animals on the prairie—but unless a man fetched tame rats into the country not a rat could be found from one edge of it to the other. But alas! rats have come.

#### A CIVIC HOSPITAL.

S ASKATOON has a municipal hospital—opened a little over a month ago. The building cost \$60,000. It is the only institution of its kind in Western Canada; everything about it being charged up to the rate for civic improvement. It is the most modern thing in Saskatoon—which is saying a good deal. This hospital represents not merely money and business enterprise, but a high degree of public spirit. It is not so easy to find a public spirit in a new place as sometimes it may be in an old town where people's fathers and grandfathers have been born. Nine-tenths of the people in Saskatoon were born thousands of miles from the place. The other tenth got their grandfathers somewhere else. The young city is such a new thing; so utterly fresh and untraditional, that it takes a little imagination to realize that sixty thousand dollars have been

spent in equipping a hospital as modern as anything in the West; all as the result of the shrewd philanthropic enterprise of a few citizens. In many of these little towns of the West the lack of hospital facilities is a serious matter. Two years ago when the writer was out in that country there were little new places struggling to build some sort of hospitals with the co-operation of local doctors and churches; because it was a long way to get to a big centre like Edmonton or Calgary, and the fees when they got there were high. This Saskatoon venture is a step in the right direction—and a good big step at that.

### THE BEAUTIES OF HAMILTON.

H AMILTON must not be overlooked. Plainly—according to the Toronto World—that city under the mountain is able to furnish more than mysteries. Hamilton has a place in the race for population. She is not merely an "also ran." Seventy thousand people live in Hamilton. This is said to have been the population of Toronto thirty years ago. The annexation fever has spread down there also. Dundas is threatened; lovely, uncelebrated Dundas that for fifty years has charmed the sensibilities of the travelling man, even the most blace the little down-running city of roots and

the sensibilities of the travelling man, even the most blase; the little down-running city of roots and trees that looks as fresh and fine now to the man who has seen the panoramic cities and towns of the far West, as it does to the jaded New Yorker. Well may the Toronto organ point out—with pardonable magnanimity—the many advantages of a city that has for a suburb such a town as Dundas. Concerning Hamilton he says:

"Hamilton possesses many natural charms, and the view from the mountain is one of the finest in the province. The city itself is well built and with spacious streets. The Gore is a feature which Toronto may well envy. Toronto had the opportunity to create a similar open space in front of the City Hall and rejected it in a spirit of parsimony which Hamilton has not exhibited. As a result, Hamilton will always have the air of a metropolitan city, which there is nothing in down town Toronto at present to suggest."

### FROM SHEEPSKINS TO UNIFORMS.

NOW it seems they are to have a regiment of Ruthenians in Edmonton. The Ruthenians are the people commonly known as Galicians. The idea of a Galician regiment of patriots arming and drilling in defence of a country to which about ten years ago the first Galicians came, is something rather unusual to contemplate. In ten years these shrewd, frugal people that came in sheepskins and huge boots with jack-knives at their belts to cut rye bread with in the Edmonton market-place; these semi-revolting people who swarmed off colonist cars

at Strathcona worse than so many cattle, have become not only home makers and tillers of the soil and goers to market, but citizens; they have acquired a love of country. They are willing to fight for Canada. Of course the military idea is old to these people. They came from a land where the sound of war is scarcely ever quite still. Many of the Ruthenians indeed were members of regiments when they came, and among the sheepskinned majority they were conspicuous by a sombre dark-blue uniform. One of the Ruthenian citizens has even got so far as to write poetry about Canada; his name is Kichael Gowda and this is a verse or two of his poetry written in Slavonic, but translated into English by Mr. E. W. Thomson:

"And are you not, O Canada, our own?
Nay, we are still but holders of thy soil—
We have not earned by sacrifice and groan
The right to boast the country where we toil.

But, Canada, our hearts are thine till death, Our children shall be free to call thee theirs, Their own dear land where, gladly drawing breath, Their parents found safe homes and left strong heirs.

Of homes, and native freedom, and the heart To live and strive and die, if need there be, In standing manfully by honour's part To guard the country that has made us free."



The new Saskatoon General Hospital.

#### SIZING UP THE WEST.

PRESIDENT MURRAY of the University of Saskatchewan is following the amiable lead of President Falconer of Toronto. He talks right out in meeting, and the meeting may be anywhere that anybody asks him to speak. Lately he has been back home talking in Halifax; gave his former fellow-townsmen a spiel on the West which for pithy originality and breezy comprehensiveness is somewhat like Homer. He has been in the West but a few months; however he has managed to get a systematised idea of what the West really is, and he didn't hesitate to say what he knew when he said for instance:

"The bracing air of the West means activity, energy, strenuousness. The four winter months give the people an opportunity for leisure. They must become dissipated or they must improve themselves. They have an opportunity for literary study. The physical conditions in the West mean much in the making of men and they favour it. The occupations of the people are an important factor. The province of Saskatchewan will always remain agricultural. Alberta will be so in the meantime with other industries afterwards. The farmer will become the most intelligent man in the community."

### \* \* \* THE MUTATIONS OF A MAN.

HOW a man with the highest intentions and the very best prospects in the world of carrying them out, will do the thing he said he never would do, and be the sort of man he knew he never would be, is well instanced in the case of a man who now lies in a jail in a western Ontario city. This man was once the leading citizen in a little town in that

part of Ontario. He was the man who built the town. He was its wealthiest and most influential citizen; nothing that ever happened in that little burg was complete without his sanction or co-operation in getting it up. He drank no liquor; belonged to several fraternal and benefit societies and he was better than fortune intended him to be to many of his friends. Indeed it seems to have been his friends that started him on the wrong road. He lent money to a number of them—for what good is a friend if once in a while he won't borrow money? But he lent so lavishly and they paid back so badly—that he lost practically everything; stupid thing to do of course—but he did it. His wife died. Then he took to drink. He was then past forty. He soon got doing the thing he had formerly found fault with others for doing, and began to be the sort of man he thought he never could be. He began to drift. The other day he sold an Indian a package of liquor at ten cents profit. He went to jail. He will spend six months in the Central.

#### STRANDED ON CORAL REEF.

\*

MRS. CAPT. WALTERS, who was once Miss Sadie Heisler of Lunenburg, N. S., has found out that matrimony is not the stormiest sea in the world. She may have known this when she married the captain; at any rate she has found it out since. She and her husband have just had some experiences down in the tropical seas among the coral reefs that even for Nova Scotian sailors make

pretty rough reading. In a summary way the experience includes shipwreck, when the schooner ran on a coral reef off a small island in the Bahamas group; twelve days a castaway on an uninhabitated and barren island; and a wild dash in an open sailboat of more than a hundred miles through a rough sea to gain a point of land in the track of ocean steamships.

It was the schooner Addie and Beatrice from Shelburne; just three years old, she was too inexperienced and young for such a fracas. It happened at night; a gale; schooner drifted out of her course—flung on the reefs round Myriguana Island. On the reefs they remained for twelve days. But they are all safe on deck now.

#### THE WESTERN CIGARS.

O NCE it was the whisky of the West that was either scarce or undrinkable. Now the cigars have come in for a criticism. Some fastidious United Stateser who desired to go on record for saying smart things, said that a good cigar could not be

desired to go on record for saying smart things, said that a good cigar could not be found west of Winnipeg for less than fifteen cents. This is a libel on Winnipeg. It proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that the wheat city is no longer western. As any one knows a truly western town is noted for bad cigars and good shooters. It seems that the westward extension of the cent belt the real native ways are beginning to depart. When a citizen of Winnipeg is able to buy a good cigar for ten cents, it is time for people in Edmonton to refer to the wheat city as "way down east." They are making cigars in the West. Almost every young city of any importance there has a cigar factory somewhere. Out in Victoria they have been making cigars a long while. Concerning cigars the Victoria Colonist says:

says:

"How many men really know when they have a good cigar? Once a cigar manufacturer said:
"There are people who come in here and buy my 15-cent cigars and say they are fine, and who condemn my 5-cent cigars. There is just the same tobacco in both cigars. I put the higher price on one lot to suit the fancy of those who would scorn to smoke a cheap cigar." This man did not live in Victoria. All Victoria-made cigars are good."

### \* \* \* \* THE LOAN SHARK.

IN both Montreal and Winnipeg they are still fighting the loan shark that preys on salaried people and collects one hundred per cent. interest. In Winnipeg the game was not to lend money but to discount notes and it is said that thousands of people were paying more than one hundred per cent. for small advances. It seems strange that the Canadian law cannot reach these usurers, and stranger still that the public has not sense enough to keep out of their hands.

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### MONEY AND MAGNATES

Temptation to Speculate in Raw Material

HILE the big Canadian companies using large supplies of raw material, for which there is a speculative market, usually claim that they only buy enough raw material for their own requirements, it may be stated that almost without exception they have at times made big money by trading in the market rather than by using the material for their own plants or mills. This applies almost alike to the big milling, sugar, cotton and rubber concerns. Of course the milling companies usually try to profess that they are in the flour business and only buy enough wheat to keep their mills are already and the last that they are in the flour business and only buy enough wheat sugar, cotton and rubber concerns. Of course the milling companies usually try to profess that they are in the flour business and only buy enough wheat to keep their mills running regularly, but let the wheat market show any signs of soaring to a much higher level than prevailed at the time they themselves got their supplies, and you will surely see that they have found out that perhaps they can do with a little less wheat than they anticipated and are willing to sell a little (at the top price) in the open market. Take for instance the recent big advance in the wheat markets. The leading Canadian milling companies, according to the statement made to me by a leading official who was in a position to know, made a great deal more money in the wheat market than they did in the flour business, which is supposed to be their regular line of trade. The Canadian sugar companies especially a few years ago were great speculators in the raw sugar market and it is no secret that they made a good deal more money in it than in the refining business. The Canadian cotton companies have not been so fortunate with the cotton market. Somehow it seems a much more difficult market to figure out than the others and during the past few years the leading Canadian cotton companies (who were formerly large speculators in cotton) have settled down to a practice of buying only for immediate requirements, sometimes getting the low and sometimes the high prices but figuring that the average price for the whole year will not be as bad as it might be. During the last couple of years the Canadian rubber concerns have been particularly fortunate in their operations in the rubber market, and as a result of their guaging when it had hit the low level, made a good deal more money than from the manufacturing end. in the rubber market, and as a result of their guaging when it had hit the low level, made a good deal more money than from the manufacturing end.

Toronto Leads in Branch Banks

IN no city in the Dominion is the branch bank competition carried to such

Toronto Leads in Branch Banks

IN no city in the Dominion is the branch bank competition carried to such an extreme as in Toronto. Just how far it has gone may be judged from the fact that the Queen City can now claim almost twice as many branch banks as Montreal, although the latter city has over a hundred thousand more people to be looked after. The main reason for the great disparity in the number of branches in the two largest Canadian cities is undoubtedly the very keen rivalry that exists between the many banks that have their head offices in Toronto. Right from the word "go" (and even a little sooner in many cases) the Commerce, Dominion, Imperial, Traders and Toronto are out to outdo one another, and no single one can bear to see itself outdone by any of the others. It is this rivalry that has resulted in so many of the leading corners being gobbled up by these banks and it is no uncommon thing to see as many as three corners and sometimes even the four corners of important intersections with different branch banks on them. Take up north, for instance, at the corner of Yonge and Bloor Streets. Already the Traders, Imperial and Commerce have hardsome homes, while the fourth corner is now under option by a fourth bank.

Just how keen this rivalry sometimes becomes may be judged by the two branches situated on the east side of Yonge Street opposite Eaton's, one belonging to the Bank of Toronto and the other to the Commerce. At a glance they almost seem twin buildings and both institutions lay claim to have had their plans out first. To the casual visitor it would seem impossible to tell which is the Commerce branch and which that of the Bank of Toronto.

Down in Montreal, as far as the savings branches are concerned, there has not been anything like the same rivalry as in Toronto and away from the business centre there is hardly a single important intersection that can claim even as many as two branches. On the contrary, there seems a disposition to get a block or two away from one another. In some instanc but during the past two years there has been a marked change in this respect and the Commerce, Dominion and Toronto are now invading even the French-Canadian districts. The rivalry has certainly resulted in one thing, and that is in the backs beginning the past of the rivalry has certainly resulted in one thing. is in the banks having a great pile of money tied up in real estate.

A Particularly Strong Board of Directors

O NE of the strongest boards of directors secured by any Canadian industrial concern is that gathered together by Mr. C. R. Hosmer, for his pet enterprise, the Ogilvie Flour Mills Company. The board, although composed of only seven members, has no less than the contract of only seven members, has no less than three bank presidents on it, while all the other members, with one exception, are bank directors. The three bank presidents on the Ogilvie directorate are Sir George A. Drummond, the president of the Bank of Montreal; Sir Montagu Allan, president of the Merchants; and Mr. H. S. Holt, president of the Royal. In addition, Mr. Hosmer himself and of course Sir Edward Clouston are on the Bank of Montreal board, Mr. F. W. Thompson is on the board of the Royal Bank, while Mr. Shirley Ogilvie, the only other director, was a director of the Eastern Townships Bank, but retired owing to being unable to attend the board meetings out at Sherbrooke. Mr. Hosmer has always taken a great deal of pride in the board he has been able to get around him. It has certainly helped him to distribute his stock to quite an extent.

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### MUSIC AND DRAMA

A MUSICAL FESTIVAL IN THE WEST.

REAT interest has been exhibited in Alberta's second annual musical

REAT interest has been exhibited in Alberta's second annual musical festival, which was brought to a close on May 5th by a grand concert given in the Thistle Rink, Edmonton, before an audience of fifteen hundred people, including the Lieutenant-Governor attended by Captain Worsley, A.D.C., and party, who were received by the entire audience standing, while the National Anthem was rendered by a massed chorus of two hundred and fifty voices and an orchestra of fifty-six pieces.

At the termination of the first part of the programme, the presentations were made by the Lieutenant-Governor to the winning competitors, with suitable speeches and congratulations. It is said that the standard of excellence is much higher than that of last year, which should duly repay those interested for their work and encourage them to greater things in the future. The Lieutenant-Governor's shield for the best choir was won by All Saints' of Edmonton, the medal for the soprano contest by Miss Alice Pinckston, an Edmonton vocalist, and the shield presented by Hon. Frank Oliver was won by the First Presbyterian Choir under the leadership of Jackson Hanby. A writer in an Edmonton paper in speaking of the event remarks:

"The interest that has attended the festival has more than repaid the promoters; and that the annual event will have the object aimed at, of awakening an interest throughout Alberta in high class music and of raising the standard in the province, there can be little doubt. The festival has now become an annual event and if the same progress is made in future years as has marked that of this year over last, the object of those who have had the big affair in hand will be more than realised."

#### AMATEUR THEATRICALS AT HAMILTON.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS AT HAMILTON.

H AMILTON has been enjoying a revival of that ever-popular and dainty comic opera, the Mikado, produced by amateur players in Bennett's Theatre on the evenings of the 6th, 7th and 8th with a matinee performance on the Saturday. Every singer was a Hamiltonian and not one a professional and yet it was unanimously voted the best amateur production ever given in Hamilton. It was under the auspices of the United Chapters of the Daughters of the Empire with Dr. C. L. M. Harris as director and Mr. Alex. Henderson of New York as stage manager. A direct proof of the enthusiasm expended, and which seems to be a characteristic trait of the people of that city, was the fact that at the first rehearsal every member of the company knew his lines, an occurrence almost unprecedented in the history of amateur theatricals However, they were rewarded by very great success. The more important parts were taken by Mr. Harry F. Burkholder, who made a tremendous success in his role as Ko Ko, Miss Emily Miller as Yum-Yum, Miss Jessie Armstrong as Pitti Sing, Miss Violet Crerar as Pop Bo, and Mr. Don Lyon, the well-known crack player in the Tiger Football Club, as Nanki Pooh. The chorus, which was composed of fifty well-trained voices, also came in for The chorus, which was composed of fifty well-trained voices, also came in for some praise for the excellent work done. The audiences were large and fashionable.

#### TORONTO AND GRAND OPERA.

NEXT fall Toronto will have its season of grand opera, even though that season is to last but one night. According to Mr. Stewart Houston, manager of Massey Hall, arrangements have been made with the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York to put Toronto on the grand opera route from New York to Chicago. As this includes some of the world's greatest artistes, the more musical members of the community may properly feel that there is a treat in store for them. Toronto thus takes its place as an important musical centre, and it remains to be seen whether or not it will live up to the reputation it has achieved. It is understood that this brief visit is intended as a test of the city's musical taste, which, if it proves financially successful, will probably entitle the city to more attention each year until eventually it may hope for six nights of the greatest operatic organisation in eventually it may hope for six nights of the greatest operatic organisation in

### A PREACHER'S VIEW.

THE following extract from the Toronto News embodies the view of the

THE following extract from the Toronto News embodies the view of the preacher, Gipsy Smith, with regard to the modern stage. He is at present holding religious meetings at Massey Hall, Toronto.

"I oppose the theatre because I love so well the men and women identified with it. I would like to lift them into some other life, where the practice of Christianity would be possible. I do not think this could be culminated by any process of evolution. Nor do I believe the Church should go down and lift the theatre up. Its business is to look after men, not institutions. They will come afterwards, when men are made right."

In a few words, Gipsy Smith's statements, which will later be embodied in a sermon on "The Stage," to be given during his Massey Hall addresses, may be summarised in this way:

in a sermon on The Stage," to be given during his massey than addresses, may be summarised in this way:

"The theatre serves no good purpose, and is instrumental in leading young people away from Christian standards. It is growing worse in its tendencies, and can only be reformed by removal from society. No true Christian may attend the theatre. Virtuous lives among stage people are the exception. Religious plays are but money-making tricks. The Acted Drama arrange no other purpose than to entertain." serves no other purpose than to entertain.

### A NATIONAL VERSE.

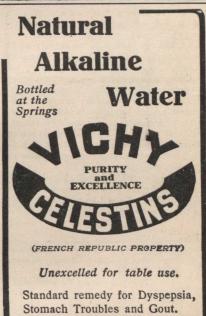
A NATIONAL VERSE.

The following verse is synchronised to the air of the beautiful song, "O Canada." It is intended to suggest the impression of Imperial as well as Canadian patriotism. The words are by Mr. Ewing Buchan of Vancouver, revised by Mr. Brenton A. Macnab, of the Montreal Star, and by Brigadier-General Lawrence Buchan, C.V.O., C.M.G., A.D.C.:

O Canada! our heritage, our love,
Thy worth we praise all other lands above.
From sea to sea, throughout thy length, from pole to borderland,
At Britain's side whate'er betide, unflinchingly we'll stand.
And as we sing, "God Save the King,"
"Guide Thou the Empire wide" do we implore,
"And prosper Canada from shore to shore."

"And prosper Canada from shore to shore."





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In answering advertiseme

### Fusee Redivivus

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

For a day Hichins walked about, figuratively jingling in his pocket the ten thousand rupees that seemed as great a certainty as anything in racing could be. Captain Jim could have everything he wanted in the meantime; there was nothing in the

house too good for him.

As Ned's form had been exposed in the trial, Fenwick put him boldly to work on the course, with the result that the second day from the morning of the trial he had some startling information for his prin-

cipal. "By "By Jove! old man," he commenced, "I'm afraid we're at check; in our hurry we've overrun the scent

a bit."

"Wot's up, Cap'n? Blow me if I knows wot yer drivin' at."

"It's devilish simple, Hichins; your pony, Ned, turns out to be one Fusee, won half-a-dozen hurdle races

up at Thayetmayo."

"Well, well; did 'e now, Cap'n?
That's bloomin' good, ben't it—shows
'e's a race'orse?"

"Yes; and it also indicates that
you'll never finger a rupee of Mitchell's big bet, and that I'll go right
on frying in this pagoda-dotted frying in this pagoda-dotted

Hichins' face paled, and he tweak-his nose furiously. "Wot's that, ed his nose furiously. "Wot's that, Cap'n—won't they let 'im start just cause 'e's won? Mos' like it's all lies, anyway, 'bout 'is bein' a race-

lies, anyway, bout is bein a race 'orse.,'

"No, he's Fusee right enough —
Summers twigged him this morning on the course; he showed me two or three marks—knows him like a book. He can start in the race all right, because the entries are not closed yet; it's just a question of weight, that's all. As Ned, never having started in a hurdle race, he was allowed fourteen pounds, which made his weight nine stun; now he loses his weight nine stun; now he loses that, and puts up ten pounds for his wins, which makes him carry ten stun ten. And, besides, Summers tells stun ten. And, besides, Summers tells me that, though he can go like the very devil under a light weight, a heavy weight stops him. And I believe it: he's a herring-gutted brute, not well ribbed up, and as longlegged as a camel. He's got too much daylight under him for a weight-carrier."

weight-carrier."

"'Eavens above! does that mean as 'ow 'e hain't got no sort o' chance

to git first?"

"If there's anything in the principles of racing that's about what it comes to."

"An' I'm to lose two 'undred—two

"An' I'm to lose two 'undred—two 'undred rupees. Seems as 'ow you've sort o' made a mess o' this, Cap'n. You've been runnin' a score 'ere for hover two months, an' now, when I goes in along o' you to 'elp wipe off the slate, it costs me two 'undred more."

more."

"Awfully sorry, by Jove! it is hard lines; but you've got to take a chance when you go racing, Hichins."

"I weren't goin' racin'; I sort o' let you 'andle ol' Ned, thinkin' to wipe out that score. I was jus' a-kiddin' Mitchell along o' that bet there. I didn't want to take no ten thousand Mitchell along o' that bet there. I didn't want to take no ten thousand off'n 'im. I best tell 'im so right away, an' git the bet hoff; 'e's jus' mean 'nough if 'e 'eard anythink to want to stick me for that two 'undred. A man as 'll pass lead rupees in the way of a joke ain't to be trusted; is 'e, now, Cap'n?"

"There's another thing," Fenwick broke in with; "Richmond couldn't ride Fusee at a hundred and fifty pounds; the boy only weighs a hundred, and you'd have a whole arsenal of lead in the saddle."

"Well, 'pears as 'ow I'd better see Mitchell an' tell 'im as 'ow that bet's off—I was only kiddin' 'im, anyhow."

But, unfortunately for the Boni-But, unfortunately for the Bonface, Mitchell's tout had supplied him with the newly-discovered pedigree of pony Ned; and he smiled grimly when Hichins, in the most offhand manner in the world, said: "I been a thinkin' that offer of yourn hover, Mitchell—Rose says as 'ow a bird in the 'and's worth two in the bush—an' now, if you'll hopen a bottle, I'm agreeable to take the five 'undred an' agreeable to take the five 'undred an' call it all hoff."

The layer of odds patted himself

on the back as he thought of what one day's development had saved him.
To be sure, there was a value to be placed upon knowledge; it was worth

money.
So he answered seductively: "I won't give five hundred now, Jack: besides, we ain't had that laugh yet."
"Wot 'll you give?"
"Won't give anything."
"Ha, ha! not to save ten thousand?"

"I'll take two 'undred."

"Well, now, look 'ee 'ere, Mitchell, Well, now, look ee ere, Mitchell, I don't want no two 'undred, nor nothink from you; I was jus' a-rubbin' it in hover them lead rupees — a charfin' of you; 'ere's your bloomin' tickets back, you give me the two 'undred rupees, hopen a bottle, an' we'll call it square. 'Twouldn't never do for me to take money off'n cus-

do for me to take money off'n customers. I'll jus' run Ned for the stake—an' e'll win it, too."

Mitchell closed one eye quizzically at the scheming hotelkeeper and said, "Ned, with nine stun up, might have at the scheming hotelkeeper and said, "Ned, with nine stun up, might have won; but Fusee, with ten stun ten in the saddle, and a week's training, is a good fifty to one against. The bet stands, my dear boy. And, I say, Hichins, you worked this pretty clever—picked up a good hurdler, drove him a year in that old clothesbasket on wheels, and then roped me in for a ten-thousand-rupee bet."

"Yer a-charfin', Mitchell. 'Ere, I'll hopen a bottle—Monopole, too, at that. Come an' 'ave dinner along o' Rose an' me, an' we'll jus' drop this 'ere little joke. Shall I tear up the tickets?"

"The bet stands—thought you was game, Jack."

Foiled in his little play, Hichins became very crusty with Captain Jim; he blamed the ex-soldier for the calamitous speculation into which he had drifted

calamitous speculation into which he had drifted.

"That 'ere Yankee bookie, 'e's jus' sordid enough to turn our little bit of charf into real business. Why look 'ee 'ere, Cap'n, 'e 'ad the cheek to say as 'ow 'e was goin' to stick me to that bet as was all made in the way as 'ow 'e was goin' to stick me to that bet as was all made in the way of a joke. So we've got to put Ned—Fusee, as they calls 'im now—into the race, win or lose. Can't you ride 'im, Cap'n? You know you orter sort o' do somethink to git me out'n this 'ole that I gits into along o' 'elpin' you."

"I'll ride the gee-gee, only if I lose don't say I pulled his head off."

"Now, Cap'n—I say! 'Ope I ain't a man o' that sort. Hain't I acted fair all along o' the account?"

So Captain Jim tried to pull together Fusee, that had been Ned, the respectable phaeton horse, for a

respectable phaeton horse, for a bruising race; and, swathed in a huge sweater, took five-mile runs in the sweltering Burmese mornings to bring himself down to weight. He even lay for an hour, two different evenings, buried in the stable litter to sweat away a couple of pounds

evenings, buried in the stable litter to sweat away a couple of pounds.

"I've let the old duffer in for this," he muttered. "He's a squealer, a bounder, forty kinds of a Shylock—but it's my campaign, and I've got to see it through. Prime minister to a publican, Captain Jim Fenwick!" Thus he reviled himself.

And if he racked and tortured his

And if he racked and tortured his body to ride the weight, Hichins flagellated Captain Jim's patient temper with a nine-tailed scourge of

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#### **BOVRIL Salad Dressing**

Appetizing and nutritious. 1/2 tablespoonful Vinegar 2 tablespoonfuls Salad Oil 1/4 teaspoonful Salt 1/8 teaspoonful Pepper 1 teaspoonful BOVRIL

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-Mix thoroughly.



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PEDLAR People of Oshawa

mistrust and interference. He wanted Fenwick to sleep in the stable with Fusee for fear somebody would get at the horse; he had "'eard of such things bein' done." He was like a child with a precious toy; he wanted to smash it—to pick it to pieces with meddlesome fingers. He was an meddlesome fingers. He was an amateur at losing money. From the day he had landed in Rangoon he had steadily gone on making, making, profiting; now he might sustain a loss. It unnerved him.

A certain latent chivalry in Captain lim kept him patient through the

Jim kept him patient through the season of the other's unreasoning annoyance. It was his instigation that had started it all; also he was indebted beyond all chance of redemption

to this man of the pound of flesh.

And then came the last day of Captain Jim's trial, the day of the Pagoda Hurdles.

Fusee's chance of winning had been pretty well knocked out by the weight; still there was a chance. Fenwick was familiar enough with the ways of racehorses to know that an animal will sour in his temper unan animal will sour in his temper under the gradual accumulation of weight on his back until, at last, in disgust, he may chuck all striving. Then a long rest, bringing forgetfulness, may bring him back to his best form. It might have been this way with Fusee; he certainly went good and strong in his work, always reach-

ing for the bit.

The Pagoda Hurdles was of undoubted interest; a special charm was lent to the race by the presence of

the hotelkeeper's trap-horse.

There were a dozen runners, with Slowcoach the favourite. Schoolboy, and a grey mare, Begum, were also well backed.

Hichins saw with dismay fifty to one marked up against Fusee's name. Captain Jim had said they had a fair chance even at the weight, but the bookmaker's slate seemed to give the lie to this optimism. The fifty to one stared at Hichins derisively in big, white-chalked figures on the black betting-list. He had hoped that at the very last people would have been eager to back his pony; then he might have had his het cancelled. Over the have had his bet cancelled. Over the bar he had assured every one, as they drank their pegs, that Fusee was going to win.

Just before the Pagoda Hurdles, Hichins, leaving Rose to watch the till, came from behind his bar and hurried over to Bookmaker Mitchell. The dozen ponies were lined up in front of the stand; the race was a mile, once around.

"Wot say 'ee, Mitchell; be we on or hoff?"

"We're on, Mr. Hichins. But the

"We're on, Mr. Hichins. But the ponies are off; there they go!"
"My word! Fusee's first, ain't 'e—that's Captain Jim's red-ringed jacket in front, ain't it?"

The bookmaker, focusing his glasses on the sun-splashed mosaic of shifting, undulating red, green, yellow and blue, answered: "Yes, Hichins; if your pony was as good as your jock you'd win out."

A man at their elbow croaked disagreeably:

A man at their elbow croaked disagreeably:

"That's old Fusee's way—I saw him run at Thayetmayo. He'll cut it out no end for half a mile, and then shut up like a turtle."

"'Ow's 'e runnin', Mitchell?"
Hichins asked nervously.

"First rate, Jack; he's doing bully for a buggy-horse. Slowcoach's in front now, and going easy."

"My word! is 'e beatin' Fusee?"
Mitchell stooped down, and, with a smile, said: "Captain Jim's sold you, Jack—I'd have him up before the Stewards."

"No charfin', Mitchell. Are they

the Stewards."

"No charfin', Mitchell. Are they beatin' Fusee? I say, Mitchell, call the bet off, will you; Fusee might win yet—call it off?"

The beakmaker took a look through

without answering. glasses

Fusee was running second to Slow-coach, but Mitchell's sharp eye detected Captain Jim's easy seat. He was sitting down in the saddle wait-

Mitchell turned to Fusee's owner and said: "All right, Jack; he's beaten now, but we'll call it off. Here, give me the tickets—the bet's off."

Hichins complied, tweaked his nose in a pleased manner, heaved a sigh of relief, and then inconsistently whined: "It'd be jus' like my luck for Fuse to win now; I orter landed that ten thousand."

"Fusee's beat, my dear boy," the other answered, with a wave of his

hand.

Mitchell's glasses had read aright Captain Jim's movements. At the half-mile Fenwick, bearing in mind Fusee's speed, took a pull at his mount, and allowed Slowcoach to lead him half a length.

So far the little chap had run as straight and true as Hermit had come down the hill in the Derby.

At the three-quarters the mouse-coloured pony was still pushing into the bridle; his lean head reached to the bit, and there was no sign of a

the bit, and there was no sign of a waver.

As they swung into the straight Slowcoach's rider panted, "How—are you—goin'—Fenwick?"

"Bally strong—I'm going to—win

this!"
"I stand—to win a—lot over—my pony. Let me in—on the rail—I'll stand you a quarter in the lotteries."
"How much?"

"Perhaps—a thousand."
"Thanks; two and a half thou—

"Thanks; two and a half thouin this skate—I'm going—on—to win
now. Goodby, Major."

It wasn't exactly good-by, for the
Major sat down and rode like the
good horseman that he was; and
Slowcoach was game. He clung to
the mouse-coloured Fusee like a bulldog—like a leech. Inch by inch the
despised puller of a phaeton crept up,
guided by Captain Jim's hands that
were as tender as a woman's on the
bit: neck and neck they raced up the bit; neck and neck they raced up the last sixteenth, the favourite and the

fifty-to-one chance.

The stand screamed itself hoarse in vociferous admiration. "Come on, Slowcoach!" "Whisky wins!" for Fusee had been dubbed "Whisky."

Captain Jim was riding for a sight of the chalk cliffs of old England—for a quarter share in that ten thousand, and a piece of the stake.

The mouse-coloured muzzle was the first to blur the black line to the

judge's eye. A short head, and Fusee had got it.

When Captain Jim had weighed in and stepped from the scales, Hichins' voice was the first to congratulate

him.

"You see you was wrong, Cap'n.
Ol' Ned 'e beat 'em all. My word!
'e beat 'em all. Never see such a
'orse race in all my life! I bet a
man ten rupees you'd win when I see
you fightin' it out there. My word!
I did."

"Yes, we landed it. By Jove! it

"Yes, we landed it. By Jove! it was a tight squeak."
"Pity as 'ow you was afeared ol' Ned couldn't beat 'em other 'orses, wasn't it?"
"By Jove! one can never tell in

racing. But we've done pretty well—we've landed the ten thousand, anyway, and about four thousand in

anyway, and about four thousand in the stakes."

"No, we hain't, Cap'n. Me an' Mitchell called the bet off when you got be'ind there."

Captain Jim's face grew white—passion blazed in his eye; then, with a sneer on his lips, he said: "You half-breed sweep! You haven't the pluck of a jackal! And I threw away a thousand—"

"Wot's that, Cap'n?"

But Captain Iim, with a sigh as the

But Captain Jim, with a sigh as the white cliffs of Albion vanished, strode away to the dressing-room.



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### "Long Range Champion"

(London Morning Post, July 16, '08)

The London, England, papers loudly praise the performances of the Ross Rifle at Bisley last year when all long range records were broken by Mr. F. W. Jones with a Ross Match Rifle. In five matches totalling 27 shots at 1,000 yards and 17 shots at 1,000 yards, Mr. Jones never missed the bull.

This performance was well seconded by the work of the Ross Rifles at the DR.A. last fall when 13 out of 15 Mark III Ross Rifles competing in the first stage of the "Governor General's" secured places in the second stage.

Rifle shots who want to set the pace in 1909 canuot afford to use any rifle but

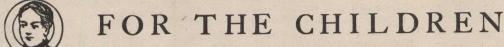
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THE TAIL OF A PUSSY CAT

Ву А. М. С.

M ARJORIE'S mother had gone to town, Katie was busy in the kitchen, and the dollies were all cross this morning. At least, that was what Marjorie said, but she had played so long that I really think she was a wee bit tired of them.

It was a quiet house and lonely when mother went away for the day, and when you are only a little girl and have nothing but dolls to play with it is not always so very easy to amuse yourself. But dressing up was always fun, so Marjorie began to look around for some of mother's things. On the dresser stood a satin-lined box with a pearl pin which had come at Christmas, and as Marjorie had never seen it except in the lace at mother's throat she drew a chair over and began to handle it and the other trinkets which lay in the box. Now, none of you little girls and boys will be surprised when I tell you that before many minutes Marjorie had hung a chain around her neck and a new bracelet on her little fat wrist; because all of you know what fun it is to try on grown-up jewellery.

hung a chain around her neck and a new bracelet on her little fat wrist; because all of you know what fun it is to try on grown-up jewellery.

Suddenly she heard the queerest noise outside and from the window she could see perched on the top of the high wall at the end of the garden the yory dearnest grey pursy cat. Just as soon as Mar-

very dearest grey pussy cat. Just as soon as Marjorie saw it she knew that a pussy cat was the very thing she wanted to play with, so, without waiting to put back the chain or the bracelet, she flew down the back stairs and out in the garden. It was disappointing to find that the pussy seemed to think it safer to remain on the top of the fence, and all Marjorie's coaxing would not make him leave it.

Pretty soon, however, she remembered that kittens love milk and she went into the kitchen to get some in a saucer. Being a wise little girl she put the saucer where the pussy could see it, and sat down to wait. Before long down came Mister Pussy Cat, and in a few moments Marjorie and he were the best of friends. Such fun as they had together, and Marjorie knew if this dear kitten would only stay she would never be lonely again. After a while

they both grew tired, so she gathered him into her lap and sat stroking the soft, furry coat. The sun shone on mother's bracelet, which still hung on Marjorie's arm, and pussy's paw went out to tap it gently. Off it came and over his head it slipped, just large enough to make the most beautiful collar, and then came the thought of what fun it would be

to dress him up in doll's clothes.

"Lie down, dear, until I come back," said Marjorie, putting him softly down on the garden seat, while she ran into the house for the clothes.

It took her some minutes to find the proper things and get back into the garden again, and oh! how disappointed she was not to find her kitty waiting for her. She called, and called, and waited a long time, but no kitty came, so she sadly took the doll's clothes back into the nursery.

doll's clothes back into the nursery.

Now Marjorie had altogether forgotten that when she left the kitten in the garden she had also left her mother's pretty bracelet with the glittering stones, and only remembered it when she saw that the chain still hung around her neck. Then she was frightened, and after putting the chain back where it belonged she once more ran into the garden to see if the kitten had dropped it before he went away. But no bracelet lay on the seat or in the grass, although Marjorie looked a long, long time and nearly cried to think how sorry mother would be when she told her. She was still looking when Katie's voice called her to come in and change her

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dress, and at first she thought she would tell Katie about it because Katie never scolded, even when Marjorie's muddy little boots made tracks on her clean kitchen floor. But it was so hard! Marjorie never knew that anything could be so hard to tell. So she was very quiet and after she was dressed she slipped to the drawing-room window to watch for her mother's return. Maybe it would not be so hard to tell her. But when Katie had said what a good little girl she had been and amused herself all afternoon, Marjorie could not think of any way to start, and suddenly it came to her that it would be much better to wait until to-morrow as the kitten might come again into the garden and she could put the bracelet back.

She was glad when bed time came, and was very near to telling the whole story when mother stroked back her hair and gave her that last good-night kiss and hug, but it would be easier in the morning, she thought, so the light was turned low and mother went back to the library for the quiet talk she and father had after Marjorie was in bed.

But suddenly she seemed so very lonely that a great big sob got caught in her throat and then a

But suddenly she seemed so very lonely that a great big sob got caught in her throat and then a lot of other sobs came quickly, and before she quite knew it she was crying very hard. For a long-time no one heard the poor little girl as she lay there weeping in the dark, and after awhile she knew that it could not be harder to tall them it was to lie alone.

Just as they had finished, and the little girl had promised that whatever happened, even when she was a much bigger little girl, she would never be afraid to tell her mother and father anything, the telephone rang, and in a few moments, up the stairs, two at a time, came father, to say that the pussy cat (who belonged to some one

in the next block) had just arrived home wearing a bracelet around his neck engraved on the inside with Marjorie's mother's name. So you will see it was not so very hard after all, because the bracelet was returned that very night and next day the pussy really did come back and finish that saucer of milk which they had left at the end of the garden for him.



"The very dearest grey pussy cat!"

### CUDDLE BABY

By Charlton Lawrence Edholm.

C UDDLE BABY ran away—Old Man Walker's here to stay.

Cuddle Baby's gone; I thought he Never would be quite so naughty.

Old Man Walker's mighty proud, Walks three steps and crows out loud;

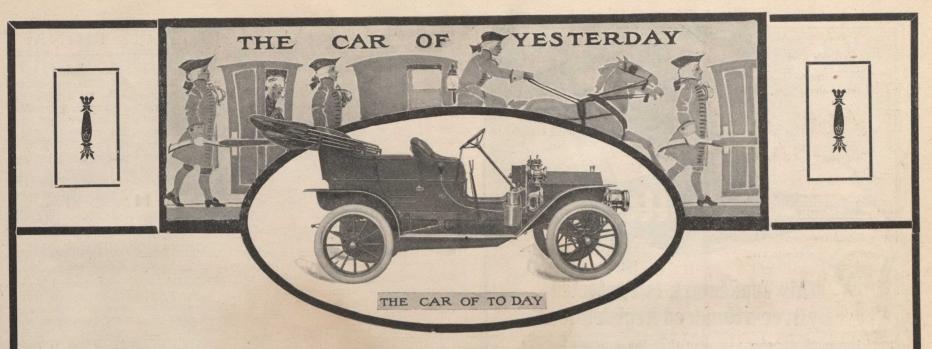
If he isn't much more humble Old Man Walker's bound to tumble.

Cuddle Baby isn't so, Blinks his peepers, crooning low,

Glad to let his mama rock her Cuddle-Baby-Old-Man-Walker.

Sleepy-time come soon, for then
Cuddle Baby's home again.

—New Idea Woman's Magazine.



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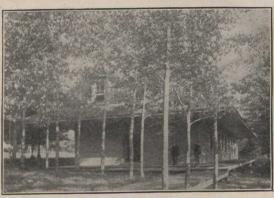
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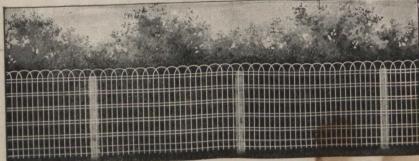
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WHAT CANADIAN EDITORS THINK

KIDNAPPERS BEWARE! (Hamilton Times.)

THE Pennsylvania court that tried the Whitla kidnapping case sentenced the principal in the crime to prison for life, and the woman who took so prominent a part in it to twenty-five years in prison, a \$5,000 fine and the costs of the process. We may probably with safety omit the fine and costs from the consideration, as being uncollectable. The State can afford to bear the costs of the case if the result of the trial is to discourage kidnapping as a short-cut to wealth. The crime is one of the most atrocious, and in the opinion of many merits a death sentence. Let it once be known, however, that all the energies of society will be bent to the capture and punishment of such criminals, and that such salutary sentences will not only be pro-nounced on the guilty, but will be carried into effect, and the results will be good.

#### SWEARING BOYS.

(Aylmer Sun.)

IT is regrettable that profanity has become common among boys. is not in the least out of the ordinary, where a group of boys of 10 to 15 years is together upon the streets or in any open space to play a game of ball, to hear them using oaths that might suit the tongues of the proverbial fishwife or costermonger, but which are shocking falling from the tongues of children of tender years. Of all stupid and silly vices, profanity is one of the worst and most abominable. A simple statement of fact is much stronger than any statement embellished with swear words, and no lie is made any the more believable by being framed in profan-ity. Profanity among men seems to be growing less and less, at least in public places and among those who may lay claim to decency and some education. But the habit seems to have firmly fixed itself upon a great many of the boys, who may imagine it mannish to use profanity and smoke cigarettes.

#### THE POOR PEDESTRIAN.

(Ottawa Citizen.)

THE rules of the road in Ottawa would stand for enforcement. Automobiles and delivery waggons run wild. The most expensive pavements and the most crowded thoroughfares are given over to the heaviest draft traffic. There is something wrong negligence on the part thing wrong, negligence on the part of the police or simple bad manners on the part of the great majority of persons who drive carriages of various kinds about the streets. The well-meaning pedestrian in Ottawa has been very patient, but since he is affronted on all sides by an utter disregard of the principle of liveand letaline it seems to be up to him and-let-live, it seems to be up to him to take some action to protect his person and maintain his rights.

#### PACIFIC SUBSIDY LAPSED. (Victoria Colonist.)

WE commented a few days ago upon the prospect of a serious in-terruption of the steamship service between British Columbia and Ausbetween British Columbia and Australia, owing to the fact that the subsidy will lapse in June and there appears to be no reasonable prospect of its being renewed. It is not to be understood that the responsibility for this unfortunate condition of affairs rests with Canada alone. At present the subsidy is approximately half a

million dollars, of which Canada pays two-thirds and Australia one-third. The company asks for an increase of this subsidy by something under \$100,000, of which Canada would pay the same proportion as above. Australia has declined, and Canada has delayed action because the Common-wealth will not give the Dominion a part in its scheme of trade preference. This is a very unfortunate condition of things, but we are not very clear what can be done about it.

#### FEDERATION IDEA IS OLD.

(London Advertiser.)

FEDERATION was mooted many years before it became a practical question. It found advocates more than a century ago. Even the Colonial Office suggested it in instructions to Lord Durham in 1838. In the year following Lord Durham recommended a scheme for the union recommended a scheme for the union of Upper and Lower Canada, to which by mutual consent, the other provinces might be admitted, and proposed a commission to arrange the constituencies and representation on a basis of population and the establishment of local legislatures with exclusive domestic control. A bill drawn on these lines was intro-duced in the British House of Commons by Lord John Russell, but was withdrawn on account of the opposition it met with.

### JEWS IN MONTREAL.

(Victoria Colonist.)

MONTREAL seems in danger of being confronted with a Jewbeing confronted with a Jew-ish problem. During the last fifteen years there has been a large immigration into that city of Jews from Russia and Roumania, and as a rule they have been very prosperous. They are buying up real estate largely in the very centre of the most aristo-cratic French section of the city. Most of the Jewish families are large and relatively their school-going members are greatly in excess of those in Protestant families. The Jew will not send his children to the Person Cetholic schools and place Roman Catholic schools, and place must therefore be made for them in the Protestant schools, or they must be evaluated from the place of the control of the the Protestant schools, or they must be excluded from the advantages of public education, while contributing in taxes to its support. The Pro-testant schools of Quebec teach at least the principles of Christianity. Will the Jews be content to have their children so taught? This seems to be likely to be a question of conto be likely to be a question of considerable difficulty.

#### LET'S DEVELOP SANELY. (St. John Sun.)

THERE are times when the homekeeping Canadian grows somewhat impatient with the ambitious persons who would hasten over-much Canadian development. We get along Canadian development. We get along very well with the people who find us so uninteresting that they leave us alone, but with the people who have hope for us we sometimes have trouble. We have, for instance, been aware of the fact that we possessed no Canadian literature. In fact we have been contented that such should be the case. It seemed highly approbe the case. It seemed highly appropriate that we should not have produced masterpieces. We have utterduced masterpieces. We have utterly refused to sit up at night worrying over that matter. It is therefore somewhat disconcerting when certain ambitious brothers and sisters point the finger of scorn at such indifference. We should have been fostering with our dimes and dollars the ence. We should have been fostering with our dimes and dollars the efforts of the devoted few who were diligently seeking to save Canada from the shame of literary dearth.

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