

# The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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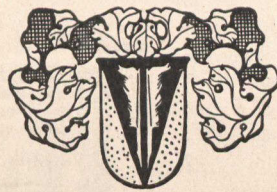
A NATIONAL WEEKLY

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PUBLISHERS' TALK

THE news photograph is one of the characteristics of the times. In a sense it shares the reputation of the electric street-car and the automobile. Fifteen years ago all photographs were portraits and a newspaper which desired to illustrate the news of the day used pen-and-ink sketches. The artist who uses the pen or the brush has not gone out of existence; he still has his field. On the other hand, the photographer has made a new field. Improvements in lenses and shutters and fast plates have made it possible to picture a person walking, a group of people at work or play, and even a race-horse at work. The improvements in making half-tone plates have also been such that the event of to-day is the newspaper illustration of tomorrow.

THE "Canadian Courier" aims to present the week's events of Canada in picture—not the events of Toronto or of Montreal, but of the whole country. Those who have watched the progress of this journal will recognise how our work along this line is progressing. Nearly a hundred photographers in the various cities and towns of Canada are watching for opportunities to make pictures suitable for our pages. Five news photographs are now used weekly, where a year ago we used one. We hope to still further expand our service of this kind.

IT is not our aim to print magazine articles. Our purpose is to publish each week a review of current events in word and picture. The difference between this and other illustrated journals is that they are local while we aim to be national.

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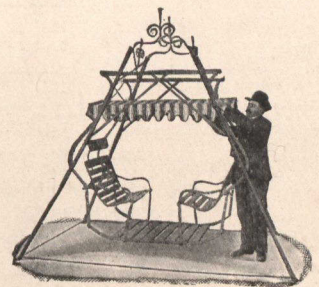
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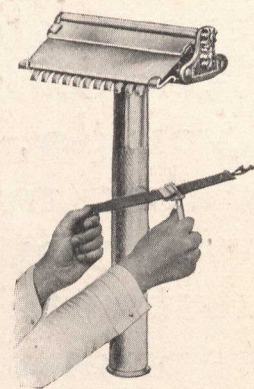


### A Further List of Summer Resort Houses.

SOME time ago we published a list of leading hotels and boarding-houses at summer resorts and many people thanked us for the information. This has led us to publish a second list containing a considerable number of names not in the first list. Any one desiring further information as to how these places may be reached should write our "Information Bureau," Canadian Courier, Toronto.

| LOCATION                        | NAME  | RATES PER WEEK | NO. OF GUESTS |
|---------------------------------|---|----------------|---------------|
| <b>LAKE ONTARIO</b>             |   |                |               |
| Cobourg.....                    | Arlington.....  | \$15.00 up     | 150           |
| Niagara Falls.....              | Clifton House.....                                    |                |               |
| Niagara Falls.....              | The Hospice.....                                      | 3.00 a day     | 250           |
| Niagara-on-Lake.....            | Queen's Royal.....                                    | Special        | 300           |
| St. Catharines.....             | Welland.....  | 12.00-20.00    | 125           |
| <b>MUSKOKA</b>                  |   |                |               |
| Bala.....                       | Bala Falls Hotel.....                                 | 8.00-10.00     | 135           |
| Bala.....                       | Rose Lawn Lodge.....                                  | 8.00-10.00     | 40            |
| Bala Park.....                  | Morton's.....   | 7.00           | 75            |
| Paington's.....                 | Paington House.....                                   | 8.00           | 50            |
| Lake Joseph.....                | Stanley House.....                                    | 9.00-12.00     | 90            |
| Beaumaris.....                  | Beaumaris.....  | 12.00-25.00    | 200           |
| Minett P.O.....                 | Cleveland.....  | 10.00-12.00    | 150           |
| Maplehurst.....                 | Maplehurst.....                                       | 12.00-18.00    | 125           |
| Lake Rosseau.....               | Royal Muskoka.....                                    | Special        | 300           |
| Windermere.....                 | Windermere.....                                       | 10.00-14.00    | 200           |
| Milford Bay.....                | Milford Bay House.....                                | 8.00-10.00     | 100           |
| Hamill's Point.....             | Hamill's Point.....                                   | 10.00-16.00    | 100           |
| Staney Brae.....                | Staney.....   | 6.00-10.00     | 30            |
| Port Carling.....               | Port Carling House.....                               | 10.00-12.00    | 75            |
| Port Carling.....               | Bay View House.....                                   | 7.00- 9.00     | 40            |
| Rostrevor.....                  | Rostrevor.....  | 7.00-10.00     | 60            |
| <b>LAKE OF BAYS</b>             |   |                |               |
| Norway Point.....               | Wawa.....   | 12.00-18.00    | 150           |
| Fox Point.....                  | Ronville.....   | Special        | 100           |
| Dorset.....                     | Iroquois.....   | Special        | 75            |
| <b>GEORGIAN BAY</b>             |   |                |               |
| Copper Head Island.....         | Campbell House.....                                   | 10.00-12.00    | 45            |
| Killarney.....                  | Killarney.....  | 9.00-10.00     | 75            |
| Magnetawan.....                 | Simpson's Camp.....                                   | Special        |               |
| Minnicognashene.....            | Minnicognashene.....                                  | 10.00 up       | 200           |
| Rose Point.....                 | Rose Point.....                                       | 15.00-18.00    | 200           |
| <b>LAKE COUCHICHIING</b>        |   |                |               |
| Orillia.....                    | Orchard Point Inn.....                                | 9.00-12.00     | 125           |
| <b>LAKE HURON</b>               |   |                |               |
| Goderich.....                   | Goderich Summer Hotel<br>Co.....                      | 7.00-14.00     | 200           |
| Port Elgin.....                 | Paradise Grove Hotel.....                             | 8.00-12.00     | 200           |
| Southampton.....                | Lake View Point Hotel...<br>Sarnia.....               | 7.00           | 150           |
|                                 | Lake Huron Hotel.....                                 |                | 150           |
| <b>KAWARTHA LAKES</b>           |   |                |               |
| Fenelon Falls.....              | Hotel Kawartha.....                                   | Special        | 100           |
| Lakefield.....                  | Lakefield House.....                                  | 7.00-10.00     | 50            |
| Peterborough.....               | National Hotel.....                                   | 7.00-12.00     | 200           |
| Mt. Julian.....                 | Viamede.....  | 8.00-10.00     | 50            |
| Stoney Lake.....                | Kilkenny.....   | Special        | 20            |
| <b>LAKE SIMCOE DISTRICT</b>     |   |                |               |
| Jackson's Point.....            | Lakeview.....   | 7.00-8.00      | 150           |
| <b>SPARROW LAKE DISTRICT</b>    |   |                |               |
| Hamlet P.O.....                 | Peninsula Farm Resort...                              | 6.00-9.00      | 50            |
| <b>BAY OF QUINTE</b>            |   |                |               |
| Belleville.....                 | Hotel Quinte.....                                     | Special        |               |
| Picton.....                     | Royal.....  | 6.00           | 100           |
| Glenora.....                    | Glen House.....                                       | 5.00- 7.00     |               |
| <b>UPPER ST. LAWRENCE, ONT.</b> |   |                |               |
| Gananoque.....                  | The Inn.....  | 14.00 up       |               |
| Rockport.....                   | Island View House.....                                | Special        | 50            |
| Rockport.....                   | Grenadier Island Hotel...<br>Lower St. Lawrence, Que. | Special        | 50            |
| <b>LOWER ST. LAWRENCE, QUE.</b> |   |                |               |
| Chicoutimi.....                 | Saguenay.....   | 12.00-18.00    | 300           |
| Gaspé Basin.....                | Bakers.....   | Special        | 100           |
| Murray Bay.....                 | Richelieu.....  | 15.00-28.00    | 400           |
| Murray Bay.....                 | Lorne.....  |                | 100           |
| Murray Bay.....                 | Chateau Murray.....                                   | 14.00-18.00    | 150           |
| Quebec.....                     | Frontenac.....  | 24.00 up       | 500           |
| Quebec.....                     | St. Louis.....  | 15.00-25.00    | 250           |
| River du Loup.....              | Bellevue.....   | 10.00-12.00    | 200           |
| St. John's.....                 | Windsor.....  | 7.00-10.00     | 125           |
| Tadousac.....                   | Tadousac.....   | 14.00-20.00    | 200           |
| <b>NEW BRUNSWICK</b>            |   |                |               |
| Campbellton.....                | Royal.....  | 9.00           |               |
| Dalhousie.....                  | Inch Arran.....                                       | Special        |               |
| Fredericton.....                | Barker House.....                                     | Special        |               |
| Moncton.....                    | Brunswick.....  | 14.00-21.00    | 200           |
| St. John.....                   | Dufferin.....   |                |               |
| <b>NOVA SCOTIA</b>              |   |                |               |
| Halifax.....                    | King Edward.....                                      | 7.00-10.00     |               |
| Halifax.....                    | Halifax.....  | Special        | 350           |
| Hubbard's.....                  | Gainsborough.....                                     | Special        | 350           |
| Lunenburg.....                  | King's.....   | 10.00          | 40            |
| Chester.....                    | Hackmatack Inn.....                                   | 14.00-17.50    | 125           |
| <b>PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND</b>     |   |                |               |
| Charlottetown.....              | Victoria.....   | 12.00 up       | 200           |
| Hampton.....                    | Pleasant View.....                                    | 6.00-9.00      | 60            |
| Summerside.....                 | Queen.....  | 5.00           | 50            |

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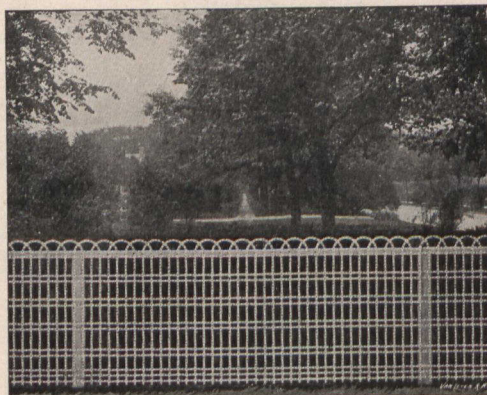
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A National Weekly

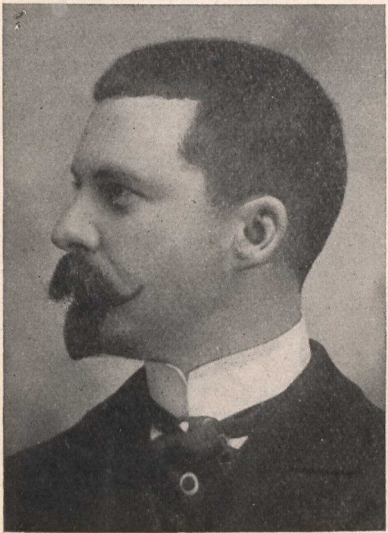
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Vol. IV.

Toronto, June 20th, 1908.

No. 3

## IN THE PUBLIC VIEW



Mr. Henri Bourassa.

THE night of the Quebec general election a quiet, emotional-looking man stood beside his wife on the bulletin platform of the Montreal newspaper *La Patrie*. The returns were all in. A crowd of twenty thousand people had gathered as near as possible to the platform; a volatile, earnest crowd that expected some deliverance from the man on the stage that would give some of them a feeling that the day had been worth while—if only to have elected Henri Bourassa against Hon. Lomer Gouin in St. James Division, Montreal.

But Henri Bourassa said not a word till he had done one of the simplest and to some folk the most theatrical things in the world. He turned and for a moment took his wife's hand, as though in the quiet

congratulation of that moment she had some natural part; then he turned and for ten minutes quietly talked to the electors of Montreal. The speech was not Latin fire and bluster; it was the quiet culmination of an excited day's work among the polling booths bearding the political lion in his lair. When it was done some thousands of electors in the Province of Quebec understood Henri Bourassa, Nationalist leader, perhaps a little better.

Henri Bourassa is one of the delectable enigmas of Canadian public life. Like many another political conundrum, he has been variously understood—and misunderstood. There were thousands who during the Boer War pooh-poohed his anti-Imperialist leanings—perhaps not without reason. Many thousands more to-day are admiring the Nationalist leader who was courageous enough to leave the House of Commons with its indemnity and its large area of discussion to face Premier Gouin in the Province of Quebec.

Scholars have often been bold; thinkers have frequently been martyrs. Henri Bourassa is a scholar. He is a student of history. He is not a politician. In a more or less limited and perhaps prospective sense he may take rank as a constructive statesman. But his point of view must be well understood. To him the State has an historical setting. The French-Canadian Nationalist leader takes a long look back into the chronicles when he comes to consider the present condition and the future prospect of the French-Canadian race in Quebec. He sees the habitant not as a Canadian in the sense that

a citizen of Toronto, of Montreal or of Winnipeg is a Canadian. He understands that the habitant has a history older than Canada; that the Nationalist movement in Quebec has its roots in the France that antedated Napoleon and modern united France and the discovery of Canada; and that the French-Canadian of to-day is more French than France because he dates back in the undisturbed tranquillity of his temperament to the days when his forefathers were mountaineers from the French provinces.

All this and its bearing on Canadian destiny Mr. Bourassa understands better than does any one else. He is not a foe to progressive Canada nor to the modern idea; but he insists that racial temperament and character and customs and language

must be respected. The grandson of Papineau is an historian and a philosopher. He is prepared to accept adverse criticism and unpopularity as the price of intellectual sincerity. But however unpalatable Mr. Bourassa's views may be to many Canadians, he is personally one of the most attractive and popular figures in Canadian political life. He has the passionate, poetic earnestness that makes him more than an orator, more than a thinker, more even than a political figure. He strikes a high note in the French character; as high, it may be said, as did Frechette the poet; less obvious than the note of Drummond, and perhaps it may take a long while to determine whether this Bourassaism is the dominant note in the French-Canadian scale.

Meanwhile Mr. Bourassa, the thinker and the orator, has become the provincial head of whatever Nationalist movement there may be in Quebec and in the rest of Canada. He has succeeded in making an able and chivalrous lieutenant of Mr. Armand Lavergne, who may be less brilliant than his chief but is surely not less sincere. These two men are a positive and unmistakable contribution to the intellectuality and the sincerity of Canadian public life. Temporarily mistaken they may be, as of old the Jesuits found enemies who discounted the Order and the system and the ultimate hereafter. But they are the apostles of an idea. For the sake of a fixed idea—a species of idea that flourishes well in the French mind—they are ready to sacrifice the general political game in larger Canada. To some they may seem unhumorous and unaccommodating. They may be regarded as impractical dreamers. But in an age when politics tries to make all men bow the knee to a calf of gold or an idol of expediency they are entitled to profound respect from all thinking Canadians.

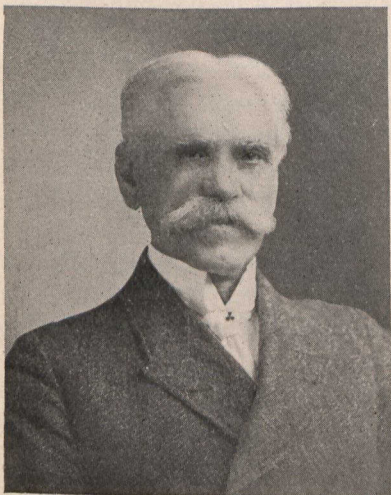
Yes—when one listens to Bourassa it is the language and the feeling of passionate old France; the France not of Napoleon and modern warfare; but the France of the Academy and the sciences and the poetry and the mountaineers; the France of Picardy and Bretagne and of Normandy. Perhaps the brilliant crusade begun by Mr. Bourassa and Mr. Lavergne may be as hopeless an ideal as the Socialist propaganda in other parts of Canada. But the story of it will at least contain the record of two men who decided to get weary of the general political game—largely because that no longer stood for more than the phantom of an idea.

\* \* \*

FIRST in many matters was the late Major Mulvey, who died in Vancouver last month. Being one of the trail-blazers in the West, the Major had an opportunity of heading the list in spheres of influence that other men have since come to occupy. It was the Red River Expedition in 1870 that called Major Mulvey, then a private in No. 4 Company of the First Ontario Rifles, to Winnipeg. Lieutenant-Governor McMillan of Manitoba was his captain. After the expedition was over the Major remained in Winnipeg, where he entered newspaper work. After leaving journalism Mr. Mulvey became organizer of the Inland Revenue Department at Winnipeg under the administration of Sir John A. Macdonald. Winnipeg knew him as one who was at the forefront of all movements.



Hon. Donald Morrison,  
Speaker N. B. House of Assembly.

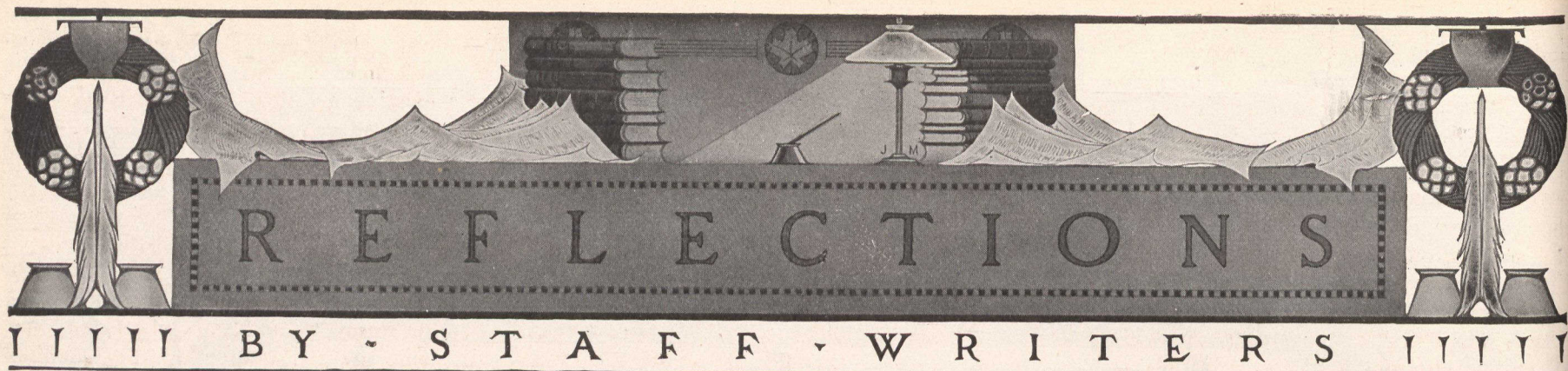


The late Major Stewart Mulvey,  
A Western Pioneer.



Rev. John Pringle,  
Presbyterian Minister who has recently attacked  
the Government on account of immorality  
in the Yukon.





# REFLECTIONS

BY STAFF WRITERS

## AN OLYMPIC RECORD

FULL returns from the Ontario election indicate that Mr. Whitney has made a new Olympic record for Canadian political contests. To carry eighty-seven seats out of one hundred and six in a province which has been Liberal so long, even if not so preponderately, is a remarkable feat. If Longboat does not win the Marathon, Mr. Whitney will remain the hero of the year.

A curious circumstance of the election is shown by comparing the majorities of the nineteen Liberals elected with those of the eight Toronto members, who are all Conservatives and supporters of Mr. Whitney. The nineteen Liberals had a total majority of 4,500, while the Toronto eight had a majority of over 21,000. In other words, the Whitney candidates in Toronto had 16,500 greater majority than all the Liberal candidates elected throughout the whole province. When the majorities of the other seventy-nine Conservatives are added to this surplus of 16,500 in Toronto, it will be seen that Mr. Whitney's plurality is something extraordinary. The ordinary election vocabulary breaks down when one seeks for familiar terms in which to describe such a political triumph.

Let us hope that the man in whom a great province has reposed so large a measure of confidence will be as worthy of it in the future as he has been in the past.

## RETURNING CONFIDENCE

FROM the opening of navigation up to June 1st, 127 vessels arrived in Montreal as against 104 last year. The tonnage also showed an increase of twenty per cent., and was the largest of the last four years. The revenue of the port also increased materially. In the face of pessimistic prophecies, these figures are encouraging. It looks as if confidence were returning and commercial cowardice passing away.

From the West, the reports on the wheat crop continue favourable. There has been considerable rain but so far not enough to do any damage. If nothing unforeseen occurs, the crop of 1908 will exceed that of 1906, which now holds the record. Not only will there be more wheat, but it will be more widely distributed. Other grains will show a corresponding increase.

The cotton workers' strike is not yet settled, but the situation does not look so serious. The steel-rail industry is not in good condition, though the Dominion Iron & Steel Company report plenty of orders. That institution expects that its steel and iron output for 1908 will be double that of 1907. If this report is true, or even nearly true, it will inspire confidence of a broad character.

Recently, the presidents of the Bank of Montreal and of the Canadian Bank of Commerce have been trying in a moderate way to restore confidence. Apparently they desired to influence investors and discourage speculators. This is always a difficult task, but the two presidents did fairly well. They predict better times, but not boom times. They predict a reviving but not exceptional trade. They prophesy cheaper money, but not too much of it.

Summing it all up, there is no doubt that confidence is slowly returning. It will take some time to wipe out all the ink-stains of the past, and the task may not be accomplished this year. If nothing exceptional occurs, however, Canada will probably have a fairly merry Christmas.

## EDUCATION AND ART

THE Province of Quebec has recognised that there is a connection between technical education and art. In that province there is a Council of Arts and Manufactures which receives an annual grant of \$16,000 from the Provincial Government. It has schools in Montreal, Quebec, Levis, Fraserville, St. Hyacinthe, Sherbrooke, Three Rivers, Valleyfield, Lachine, St. Johns and Sorel. The average attendance at these amounts to 2501, and they are open for six months in

the year. Plumbing, carpentering, domestic science and other trades and arts are taught. The annual exhibition of the work done was held last week in Montreal.

In his annual address to the Alumni Association of the University of Toronto, Mr. Irving Cameron, M.B., spoke of the growing necessity for a department of art in connection with that institution. Just now art education in Ontario is confined to one small school and private teaching. A Faculty of Art in connection with the university would be of immense benefit to those who desire to study in this particular field and should have a considerable influence on the art tastes of the student body generally. The illustrating and designing professions would be immensely benefitted and through them nearly all Canadian manufacturing.

The making of any article, whether it be a strip of wallpaper, a lady's hat, a candelabra or a rug, gives scope for the display of artistic knowledge and perception. Further, the purchasing and using of all articles of commerce brings the artistic side of a people into strong evidence. If Canadian-made goods are to attain to a wide reputation there must be considerable art in their design and execution. If Canadian homes and cities are to be known throughout the world as displaying a high quality of beauty and adaptability, the artistic tastes of the people must be cultivated and developed. Art is by no means confined to the making of water-colour or oil wall pictures. Art is broader, is more significant. It touches everything we wear and use and treasure. It affects nearly every article of manufacture. For these reasons, it is pleasant to note that art is playing a larger part in our system of education.

## READING THE RECORDS

MANY people look upon the forthcoming celebration at Quebec as something in which the general public has little if any interest. They regard it as they might a town holiday when there are baseball and lacrosse matches, a few horse-races, a band concert and a calithumpian procession. The deep, national significance of this unique historical celebration has not yet been borne in upon the minds of the people as a whole.

In the first place, the celebration is a stimulus to the study of our national history which began with Champlain. Celebrations of this kind are necessary to stir the average citizen to again peruse the records which show how Canada was founded and how she grew to be what she is. If this event does nothing else, it will accomplish a grand work in stimulating people to again read about the men and the events of the last three centuries. It will enable the present generation to appreciate more fully the great struggles through which we have been guided to national strength and efficiency.

Another feature is that it will help towards a better understanding between the two races whose future is so strongly bound up with that of Canada. The drawing together of the French-speaking and English-speaking portions of the nation is proceeding slowly, and this celebration should accelerate that desirable movement. It will impress upon each section the claim of the other to a fair share of praise and honour for the work which each has performed. The French and the English have both assisted in the founding of Canada; the French and the English have each done much in its development. Only by the clear understanding of each other's ambitions and aims, each other's ideas and ideals, each other's qualities and characteristics, can this development proceed without friction and obstruction.

The celebration at Quebec is not designed to elevate the record of one race above the other. It will inculcate greater respect and admiration for the early pioneers, soldiers and administrators of each race whose combined work is Canada. It will emphasise the progress that has been made towards national unity, national cohesion, and other national characteristics. It will stimulate that broader patriot-



ism which rises above local, provincial or race interests and subjects each of these to the purposes of the nation as a whole.

Let us not take a narrow view of this great event. It is to epitomise the history of three centuries and to celebrate the triumphs and successes of a dozen generations. It is to be of immense benefit in the elevation of our citizenship to a higher rank by impressing upon the world in general that Canada is a strong, virile, united and progressive nation. There will be visitors from Great Britain and other portions of the Empire, from the United States, from France and from other nations and these will be impressed with the growing strength of this new nation of Northmen. It is at once a national celebration, a national stimulus and a national advertisement.

#### THE MILITARY BURYING-GROUND.

**A** PETITION has been prepared by a number of officers of the Montreal Garrison to be forwarded to the Governor-General, asking His Excellency to use his influence to prevent the removal of the soldiers' bodies from the old military cemetery on Papineau Road. The petition sets forth that efforts to remove this historic landmark have been made for a number of years but have been frustrated by the leading members of the militia and other citizens. The petition asks that His Excellency will interest himself in securing arrangements for preserving the cemetery as a public park and will use his influence with the Dominion Government to secure a sufficient grant to the Daughters of the Empire to enable them to carry out their plans of improving the spot and putting it in charge of a proper custodian.

Both in Montreal and Toronto, certain civic authorities have shown themselves regrettably indifferent to the preservation of such burying-grounds. In this matter, the United States has been more careful than Canada. The terrible civil strife of the sixties is kept in tender memory by the women of the Republic who decorate the graves of "Blue and Gray" alike. All Canadians devoutly hope that our country may never endure such an ordeal; but, in the comparative peace and security of modern life, it is hardly becoming a great Dominion to fail in honour to the men who gave their lives for the Empire. The links which bind one generation to another are so delicately forged that the community which would endure must remember the sacrifice of yesterday as well as prepare for the emergency of to-morrow. The children who throng our parks with memorial wreaths on Empire Day are learning a lesson which may be far-reaching in its enforcement. We have no splendid Abbey such as that "temple of silence and reconciliation" at Westminster. We have no such national cemetery as beautiful Arlington near Washington's dome. But we have military traditions, of which our young country may well be proud and it will be a shame to Canadian manhood and womanhood if our commercialism obscures the rightful honour to the remains of those whose sacrifices meant the Dominion's progress.

#### PICKETING AND THE LAW

**T**HE law with regard to strikers' right to picket a factory is not well settled. In Brantford, a few days ago, Judge Hardy discharged some striking metal-workers who had been arrested for picketing a stove factory. In Winnipeg, a few days later, Judge Mathers fined some striking plumbers \$2,000 and costs. In this case the damage was to cover damage done by picketing, inducing non-union men to quit work and causing other union men (brought in from outside under contract) to break their contracts. The two decisions are quite contradictory.

It is likely that a decision on this point will be obtained next month from the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, through a case which has been in the courts for some years. This was a case where the striking employees of the Metallic Roofing Company of Toronto attempted to do exactly what the Winnipeg plumbers and other striking mechanics have done. The Metallic Roofing Company brought an action for damages against the sheet-metal workers' union as a whole and against the individual officers of the same. They received a verdict with considerable damages and a perpetual injunction. In fact, Mr. Justice Mathers seems to have followed this decision in the Winnipeg case. The Ontario case has been appealed and appealed and has been before the Privy Council for some time. The decision, if broad and comprehensive will have a far-reaching effect.

Every employer and every labouring man in Canada is vitally interested in that decision. If picketing and all the allied acts are illegal, then the labouring men will be more likely to try arbitration rather than the costly and disastrous strike method. In that case, the

Lemieux Act will be very helpful. If, on the other hand, the decision is in favour of picketing, only dull times or higher prices will keep men at work. Judging from the existing decisions in Great Britain, the verdict will be against picketing, and a special law will be necessary to make it legal in Canada.

#### PECULIAR APPEALS

**W**HEN a premier of a province makes an appeal to the public to support him because he has been successful in getting an increased indemnity from the Dominion Government, it strikes a disinterested person as being rather funny. The people who listen to the appeal are the same people who are represented by the Dominion Government. In short, the provincial leader says: "You should elect me again, because I was successful in having a large sum of money transferred from your Dominion pocket to your provincial pocket." The ordinary individual who handed out such an appeal would be hooted, but politicians are not ordinary individuals.

There are many such foolish appeals. For example, a premier will say: "Look at the amount of money we have spent on the rural schools and how well we are contributing to them." Where does he get the money? Whose is it? True, he does not actually say that if it hadn't been for him, the money would have vanished off the earth, but he often leaves that impression.

Again, a Dominion cabinet minister will appeal to a constituency to elect so and so if a post-office or a wharf is desired. Or the appeal may be in the even more common form: "It is better for a constituency to have a supporter of the Government than of the Opposition." The utter ridiculousness and immorality of the whole proceeding are so evident that one is surprised that the audience does not arise and throw the speaker down stairs. Usually, however, they cheer.

The other day, Premier Whitney told a Hamilton audience that, in regard to public works, the city would get the same treatment whether it elected Government supporters or not. Mr. Whitney may find difficulty in carrying out his promise, but he is to be congratulated upon knowing what a statesman's attitude in such a case should be.

#### HIS MAJESTY'S ACTIVITY

**A** SOVEREIGN who has rounded out nearly the full three-score years and ten of a strenuous and active life might reasonably plead for leisure. King Edward, on the contrary, seems to maintain his appetite for work. A few days ago he was entertaining the President of the Republic of France; now he has completed a visit to the Czar of Russia. These are busy days for the Peace-maker and undoubtedly the world will owe him much when his task is completed.

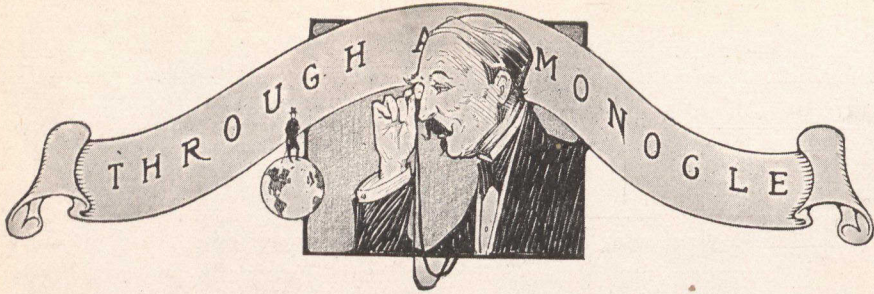
The bureaucrats of Russia must blame Great Britain for the encouragement which enabled Japan to defy the Bear and regain Port Arthur. They must regard her suspiciously because her shores are an asylum for Russian refugees of all classes. They must be suspicious of her as a country which is disseminating the principles of liberty for the individual which Russia is so slow to adopt.

With all the leading countries of Europe in accord with Great Britain and the peace policy with the exception of Germany and Russia, a visit to the Czar would seem to be a forward step in diplomacy. A good understanding between Russia and Great Britain, if it be permanent, brings us a long step nearer the yet distant millennium.

#### NOT RIPE FOR REBELLION

**T**HE Canadian Associated Press occasionally sends us a cable despatch which is startlingly fresh and far-seeing. Last Saturday, for instance, the Canadian papers contained the information from this enterprising source that Cardinal Logue in an interview at Queens-town declared that he had seen no signs of rebellion in Australia, New Zealand or Canada. This bland bit of enlightenment is no doubt most comforting to the heart of the Dominion. Cardinal Logue, being an honourable gentleman told nothing but the truth to his interrogator but both the representative of the press and the Canadian Associated authorities must be at their wits' end for "topics" when such stuff is cabled to the journals of this country. We did not need a cable message to let us know that Ottawa is not Calcutta. The Cardinal reports us to be a contented people in a fair way to enjoy the simple life. The woes of rebellion are not for us; in fact the word has a queer exotic sound to the Canadian of the last two generations. Just now the people of the nine provinces are too busy estimating the crop situation to take forms of government into serious consideration. All's quiet along the Ottawa and even Mr. Henri Bourassa does not dream of anything so upsetting as a rebellion.





I SUSPECT that few of us realise what deadly dull elections we would have had recently in Ontario and Quebec if it had not been for the *Toronto Globe* and Mr. Bourassa. Whatever they accomplished in the field, they were "god-sends" to the "fans." The *Globe* flailed around as vigorously as if every stroke laid out a Tory M. P.; and Henri Bourassa fought for his two seats as hard as if an entire party fought behind him for office and the sweets thereof. Both knew—I assume—that they could be nothing more than mosquitoes bothering a man at work. Yet both succeeded in convincing no small section of the public that they were fighting a real battle, and that effective victory might perch on their banners. I notice that some criticise the *Globe* for over-zeal. I hope that the *Globe* will pay no attention to them. What is a party organ for if not to fight furiously every time the party flag is advanced? The *Mail and Empire* does it three-hundred-and-thirteen days out of the three-hundred-and-sixty-five. Why should not the *Globe* get into a wholesome perspiration once in four years?

\* \* \*

WE have enough calm and superior publications which call themselves newspapers, and scorn the term "organ," in these sophisticated days. They pride themselves on counting the ballots before they are cast, and do their solemn best to rob an election of all its excitement. They are like the pests of the theatre who insist on telling you during the first act how the play turns out. Why should our forefathers have had all the fun that politics furnishes? Go to! Let us be thankful for a good old party organist who has survived into our own drab day, and rightfully takes his place in the chair of George Brown who believed that one man and himself might make a majority—if they talked loudly enough. Then there is Bourassa. What cares he who runs the Government, so long as he obtains lots of advertisement, top of column and next to good reading matter! The woods are full of politicians who will only fight when they see a chance to "get next" to the national strong-box; but Bourassa has a soul above office and an eye on the future.

\* \* \*

BOURASSA is the subject of much debate down in Quebec. Is he the coming man; or is he a "false alarm"? Certainly he has no equal outside of Sir Wilfrid as a magnet to draw Quebec audiences. His achievement as a drawing card in St. James Division of Montreal during the late fracas, was a marvel, whether he had been elected or not. No hall was anything like big enough to accommodate the people who wanted to hear him. He had to hold his meetings in the open air, speaking in the market-places and on the school grounds. He excited among the people of his division that passion of hero worship which was so evident in 1896 when Laurier was sweeping Quebec. Of course, while Laurier survives, he will be the hero; but what when he goes? That is probably the subject of many a thought in Bourassa's virile mind. His change from Dominion to Quebec politics was possibly intended to save him from appearing as an enemy of the great Laurier, and so alienating many of his possible followers.

\* \* \*

THE effect of the elections upon the Ottawa parties amounts to nothing more than a little additional emphasis on the fact that Ontario is still Tory. That it will increase its Conservative delegation to Ottawa is, however, by no means certain; for a different set of leaders and conditions come into play there. Still a prudent Dominion Government would pay particular attention to its fences in this province. In Quebec, it is a case of "as you were," with the Bourassa movement removed from the Ottawa field. Even with the magic name of Laurier only heard dimly as an echo, the Conservatives made practically no impression outside of the Montreal district. With Laurier in the fray, not a few of the divisions which the Opposition carried for the Legislature would be safe for the Liberals. As I ventured to conjecture above, I do not think that you will find Bourassa fighting Laurier. He has too much political shrewdness

for that. And you may have also observed that you did not see Laurier fighting Bourassa.

\* \* \*

BOTH provinces, in any case, seem to have the sort of government they want. They came as near as possible to making it unanimous for Whitney and Gouin. It is a pity that we have not more people who will take upon themselves the duty of providing an effective Opposition in such cases. Our political system demands two parties if it is to work well; and we have a disquieting tendency in this country to all vote the same way. There is not an effective Opposition at Halifax, at Quebec, at Toronto, at Winnipeg. It is not as large as it might be at Ottawa. If Ontario had supported the Government at the last elections, the Federal Opposition would be in a pitiable condition; for it was nearly annihilated in Quebec and the Maritime Provinces. This is not the way to keep up our system of alternative parties and vigilant criticism. A Government is always the weaker for having no formidable Opposition; for there is no better weapon in the hand of a well-meaning minister than the probable criticism of a watchful opponent. It gives him the best of reasons for standing firm against the sordid elements in his own party.

*Nidimporte*

M. JEAN DE RESZKE, the famous tenor, has recently been the victim of an amusing practical joke. A short time ago he was visited by a poorly-clad man, who represented himself to be a cloth pedlar, and implored the great singer to test his voice. M. de Reszke consented, and was amazed at the richness of the stranger's vocal powers. "Why," said he, "it is absurd for you to earn your living as a pedlar; with such a voice as yours you could soon be singing at the opera." The man departed, apparently much gratified, and for a long time M. de Reszke wondered about this gifted singer who was a seller of cloth. Later on, it transpired that the poorly-dressed stranger was none other than a famous Viennese tenor, who, in order to obtain the real opinion of M. de Reszke as to the quality of his voice, had disguised himself in the manner described.



WORKING AND SHIRKING.

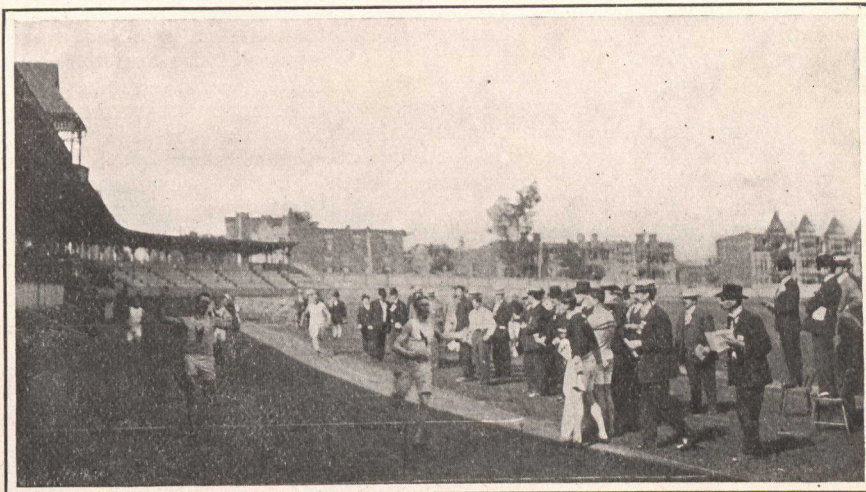
Citizen Soldier. "Now then, Mate, why don't you join us?"  
Loafer. "Not me. I like my liberty. This is a free country."  
Citizen Soldier. "Well, it won't be a free country much longer if everybody goes on like you!"  
—Punch.



# THE OLYMPIC FINALS AT MONTREAL



100 Metres Race.—Kerr of Hamilton 1st and Lukeman of Montreal 2nd.



200 Metres Race.—Kerr of Hamilton again wins from Lukeman.



Buddo Wins the Half Mile.



The Ontario Competitors at Montreal.

## The Highlanders of Ontario

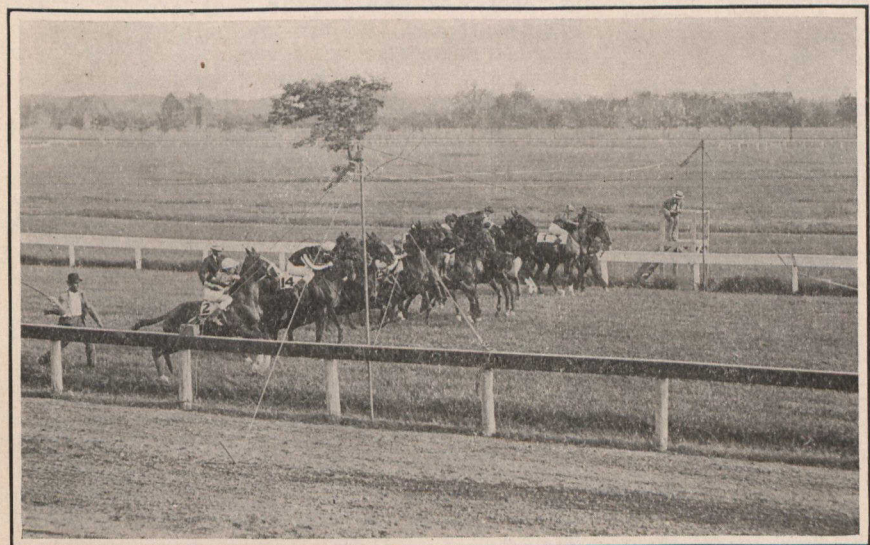
By JOHN COWAN

IN these days of a full flood-tide of immigration into Canada, when people are thinking and talking of the new life with which the country is throbbing, we are apt to forget about the old Scotch settlements in various parts of Ontario composed of men and women, who, more than half a century ago, emigrated from the country districts of Scotland and made their homes amidst the unbroken forests of Upper Canada. Many of these people left the land of their forefathers with but a scant knowledge of the country to which they were going; but they brought with them an asset which was invaluable to the life of the country and essential to

their success, in the form of a grim determination to "get on." The splendid farmhouses with the clicking windmill at the side, the commodious barns, and well-ploughed and well-fenced fields, the snug little villages with their substantial churches which are to be found all over the Province are indicative of the industry, sobriety and perseverance of these early pioneers.

The writer recently spent a holiday in one of these old Highland settlements, in the Township of Huron, in Bruce County. Huron is as fertile a

township as there is in the Province; but besides raising good crops and breeding good cattle, men who, with three qualifications, have played a large part in the development of the Province are reared up there. These three qualifications are Scotch, Presbyterian and Grit. The Ironsides of Oliver Mowat were just such men. In the village of Ripley, which is situated in the western part of the Township, about eight miles from Lake Huron, there are five churches; two of these are Presbyterian, one in which all the services are in English, where they sing hymns and have instrumental music, and the other in which one of the services is in Gaelic, where they sing the Psalms of David only,



A Good Start on the Turf Course which is just inside the Mud Course. This is the best and almost only Turf Course in Canada.



Mr. John Dymont and Uncle Toby, winner of the Hamilton Derby, run on June 9th.

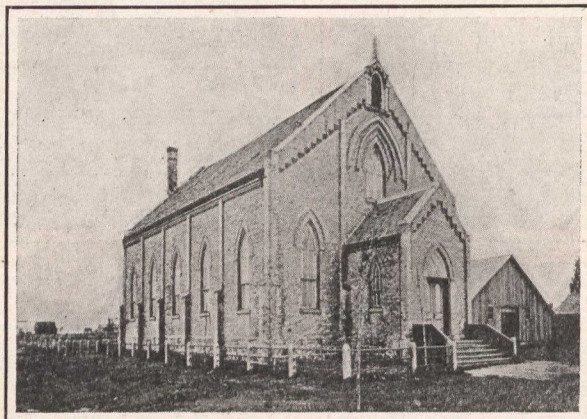
THE RACING SEASON IN HAMILTON.



and where no "kust of whistles" desecrates the sanctuary. The minister of the latter, the Rev. R. McLeod, B.D., is a native of the Island of Harris, off the west coast of Scotland, a graduate in Arts of Edinburgh University, and of Theology of Pine Hill College, Halifax.

A Gaelic service in this church on a Sabbath morning impresses a stranger because of its quaintness. It is one of those Sabbath mornings when there is that calm stillness in the air inseparable from the Day of Rest in the country. The hour of worship is 11 a.m., and by that time there are many buggies in the shed at the side of the church and the church is well-filled with a waiting people. The minister takes his place in the pulpit and opens the service by giving out the 46th Psalm. After he has read the Psalm over, a little man, shaved like General Havelock, wearing a dark suit, tennis shirt and red neck-tie, who has been sitting in the body of the church, goes up to the front, and holding in his hands a small well-worn, leather-covered book open at the place, chants the first line. After the line has been chanted, without a break in the melody, the people sing the line, many of the old white-haired folk holding the book close to their eyes on account of the light growing dim. A few voices are raised in praise at the beginning of the line, but when the lower notes are reached, a great volume of sound, like the onrushing of a flood, comes forth from the aged members, and the melody is swung along to the end of the line. The second line is chanted by the little man and then sung by the congregation, and so forth to the end of the Psalm, each line first chanted and then sung. The little man who chants wears spectacles and never lifts his eyes from his book from beginning to end. Of course the congregation has remained seated all the time, and the writer could not help thinking as he sat listening to the sweet melodious singing of the Psalms in Gaelic, with the rising and falling of the tune and the long-drawn sweet notes, that an organ or any other musical instrument could only have a spoiling effect upon the congregational singing. He has heard no sweeter music in the church for many years, and can quite appreciate the jealous determination of these Highlanders, who keep instrumental music outside the church.

Prayer follows the singing of the Psalm, and for this act of worship the whole congregation stands. As you look across the church, there is something pathetic in the sight of the bent forms of the old men and women. These old, plainly-clad people who are stooping so heavily are not rich in this world's goods, but they are rich in another sense, in character. These are the men and the women who have borne the heat of the day; who have transformed the country from a dense, primeval forest into the broad agricultural lands; who spent their strength in the battle with nature,



The Gaelic Presbyterian Church at Ripley, Ont.

and whom we have to thank for the prosperous condition of the country. They are the pioneers who endured the hardships incidental to the opening up of a new country, and it is largely owing to their lives of self-sacrifice that the Province of Ontario to-day owes its premier position. They are types of a character fast disappearing.

As the prayer is long (can you blame the writer for thinking such thoughts whilst it is in progress), one old form after another sinks on to the seat through sheer exhaustion, and when the "Amen" is pronounced only the younger folks are left standing. After another Psalm has been sung, the text is given out, and for the information of a visitor,

in English also. This latter innovation at once causes the congregation to look round at the Sassenach who has been curious enough to attend their service, but the diversion is only for a moment, for the people are soon listening to the discourse of the preacher. In the course of his sermon he takes occasion to reprove the little man for chanting the 46th Psalm to a minor tune when it should have been chanted to a major, but the offender has some sense of music and humour left in him.

At the close of the service more than one worshipper says to me: "You missed a great treat to-day. I'm sorry you haven't the Gaelic." I agree with them but assure them that I have enjoyed the singing. How strange the whole service seemed, how quaint! Here was the Scot, far from his native heath, preserving those forms of church worship which were dear to the heart of his fathers, singing the Psalms as they had been sung for generations in the Highlands. Here indeed in this church among this people glowed another fire than that which glowed on the altar—a camp fire which was well calculated to warm the love of the Scot for his homeland far across the sea, to kindle strong devotion for old Caledonia. Although most of those people are Liberal in politics, in church life they are most conservative. Once the Celt takes up a position it is hard to dislodge him. In one Gaelic congregation an organ was to be introduced, and Dugald and Donald were bitterly opposed to the innovation. They found themselves in the minority however, and in order to get even with the minister they agreed that when the organ began to play on the opening day that they would go up to the front of the congregation and begin to dance. The opening day arrived, both Dugald and Donald being in their appointed places in the church. Immediately when the opening notes of the organ sounded forth the one signalled over to the other and both went up to the front and started dancing. In a moment the minister had his head over the pulpit rebuking the pair for their desecration of the day and the house.

"Whatever do you mean, Dugald," he said, "dancing on this day in this house?"

"Promptly came the answer from Dugald, "Well, minister, doesn't it say in ta Bible that we are to praise the Lord with organs and with tancing?"

# The Symbol of our Subordination

## A Discussion of Flags and the Future

By L. R. HUNTER

IN an article entitled "The Canadian Flag—A Suggestion for Canadian Clubs," which Mr. Ewart has had reprinted and distributed freely, he asserts: "Canada's self-respect requires that her acknowledged right of independent self-government, her accession to national rank, and her admission to a footing of equality with the United Kingdom itself, should not only be amply recognised at Imperial conferences, but should be evidenced by her flag, the flag of the Dominion of Canada."

As he admits our right to a "Canadian" flag, that is a flag with the Union Jack in the left-hand corner and the heraldic arms of Canada as a badge upon the fly, and goes further and acknowledges that we may now fly from our own flag-staffs what we will, and also quotes to us the British admiralty's warrant of sixteen years ago, namely: "We do by virtue of the power and authority vested in us hereby warrant and authorise the red ensign of Her Majesty's fleet with the Canadian coat-of-arms in the fly, to be used on board vessels registered in the Dominion," nevertheless Mr. Ewart naively calls his article "a suggestion." What is it that he suggests?

Admitting that Canada has the right of admission to national rank, she would at the present moment be rated as possibly a fifth-rate power and it would be presumptuous to expect Great Britain, even with her mighty magnanimity to put her rebellious child immediately on a footing of equality with herself. After a time, yes, when we had succeeded in climbing to her lofty eminence, looking up to which has apparently made Mr. Ewart dizzy. Would he venture to prophesy what would happen in the dark interlude?

Let not those desirous of independence, cut prematurely the umbilical cord (to quote Mr. Ewart); let them not make too hasty an effort to discard our British bridle, but rather let them do everything in their power to retard the severance until such time as we have become a more homogeneous people, so that we shall no longer need, as at present, the restraining power of the motherland.

Unhappily it is the honest opinion of many people in Canada that she will eventually become independent of the mother country, but of those people few would be traitorous enough and, at the same time, courageous enough, to deliberately hasten the denouement, while the remainder are given to the usual "laissez-faire."

But the large majority of the people of Canada would rather die than entertain or encourage such hopes. To them it is an insult to hear the Union Jack described as "the symbol of our subordination." The thoughtful reader might bear that in silence (though he sees the insidious suggestiveness of it) were it not for the fear that what I choose to call Mr. Ewart's subconscious wilfulness of misrepresentation might harmfully influence the young, whose love for the Union Jack would otherwise increase with their love of the Canadian flag proper. Rochefoucauld has truly said that more men are guilty of treason through weakness than any studied design to betray. Why this chatter about independence?

Mr. Ewart says there is no symptom in Canada towards a separate republic (why suggest it?); no symptom towards separation from the British Crown. We infer that he would not have that, yet he wants emancipation from the Colonial Office!

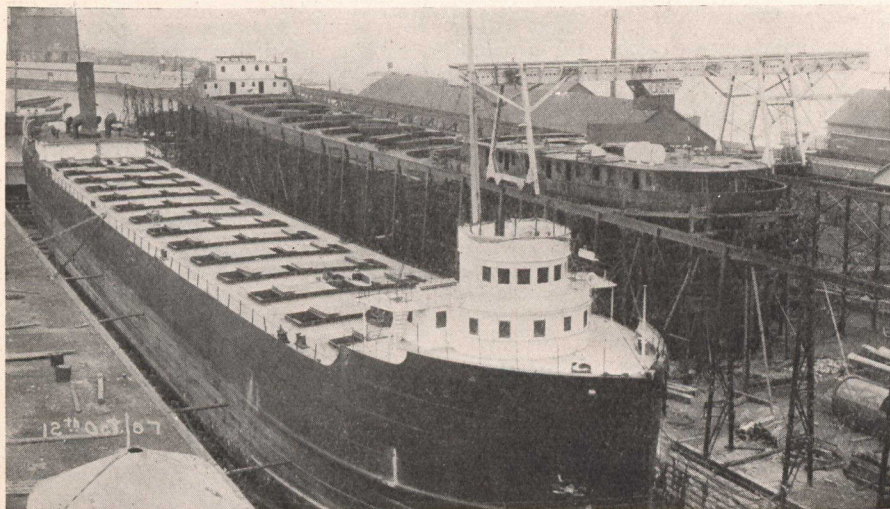
Since when did the Colonial Office cease to be an integral part of the British Crown? Are the two unrelated? What does "complete emancipation from the Colonial Office" imply?

Again, Mr. Ewart speaks of the ambiguity of our political status. Wherein lies the ambiguity? In theory, he says, we are a part of the British Empire; in fact, we are an independent nation. Well, facts are stubborn things and not easily to be discarded and, to quote Burke, "a thing may look evil in theory and yet be in practice excellent."

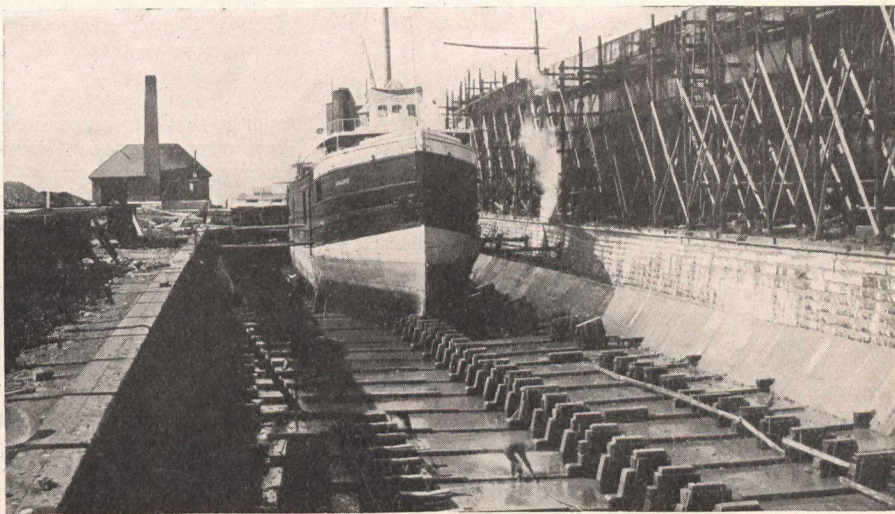
He also justly says that the Union Jack is the flag of the greatest and best of all historic empires. Could such a flag be a symbol of subordination to us who have not been conquered, subordinated in any way, but whose ancestors have merely changed their place of abode from one part of the Empire to another? They and we their descendants are the Conquerors of Canada, not short-lived conquerors of people like the old Celts and Normans, but Anglo-Saxon conquerors, who conquered by absorbing the conquering elements. We living French, we living English-speaking men and women of Canada have not been conquered, are not subordinated in any way. We are the conquerors of this most glorious land, and daily we continue our triumphal conquest. Our own British flag, our flag, cannot justly be called the symbol of our subordination. So on our Houses of Parliament (is that the rub?) floats that symbol of Freedom, the Union Jack (for we are in theory as in fact), of Great Britain; and elsewhere throughout Canada floats the Canadian flag, the symbol not of our independence, but of our individuality.



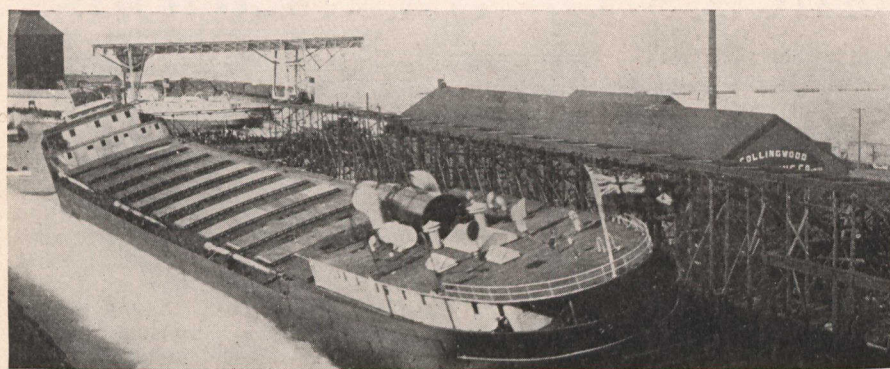
## A Canadian Steel Ship Yard at Collingwood, Ont.



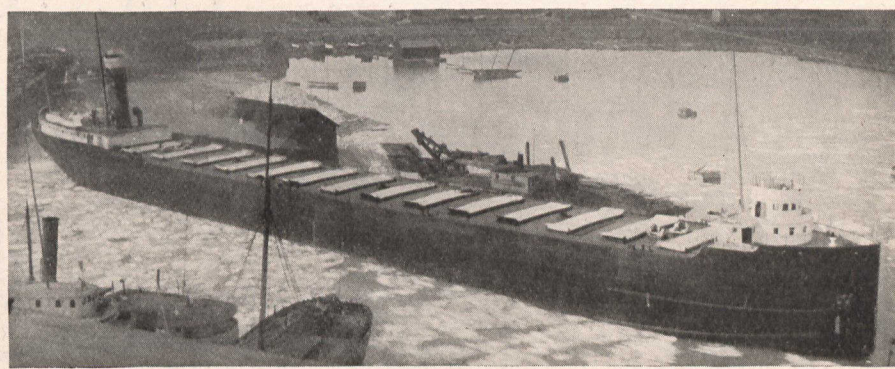
"Midland Prince" in Dry Dock, "Collingwood" under construction.



A Small Steamer in the Dry Dock—the only Canadian Dry Dock on Upper Lakes.



Launch of the "Collingwood," from position shown in picture just above.



S.S. "Midland Prince"—486 feet over all—the largest steel vessel yet built in Canada.

# Shipping on the Great Lakes

By NORMAN PATTERSON

CANADA'S wheat-carrying capacity on the Great Lakes has multiplied about ten times in the last ten years. In 1897, the Canadian wheat and freight boats were small and not very numerous. The total capacity of all the boats at that time was about 600,000 bushels of wheat. In other words, if all the boats had been loaded with wheat to their full capacity, that is the number of bushels which would have been afloat on every trip. To-day the capacity is about 6,000,000 bushels. Every time the fleet of boats leave Fort William and Port Arthur for Georgian Bay ports, Buffalo or other lake destinations, they can carry that number of bushels of wheat and other grain or an equal weight of freight.

In the year 1907, fourteen new vessels were added by the Canadian shipping companies. These boats had an average capacity of about 87,000 bushels, or a total of 1,220,000 bushels per trip. In 1908, in spite of the lessened prospects due to the smaller crop of 1907, at least nine new vessels will be added. These will have an average capacity of 120,000 and a total capacity of 1,185,000 bushels. When this fleet is all in commission, a vast amount of freight will be going up the lakes and a vast amount of grain will be passing down in Canadian bottoms.

Canadians should be proud of this trade, and should look forward to the time when even ocean-going vessels will be able to come up the St. Lawrence, pass through a new and deeper Welland Canal and then proceed to the twin ports at the head of Lake Superior.

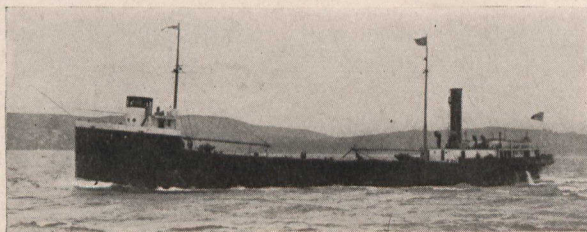
### A GROWING POPULARITY.

Previous to 1897, most of the trade on the Great Lakes was carried by United States vessels. Canadians were slow to take up the trade. The investors in this country have been somewhat shy of marine investments, although there seems no great reason for their carefulness. Marine insurance has been developed to such an extent that there is little possibility of loss. In fact, some investors who have studied the situation believe that navigation stocks are much more reliable than general industrial stocks and quite equal to railway stocks. That marine investments are becoming more popular is proven by the increased number of ships in the lake-carrying

trade. The Northern Navigation Company has now a large fleet of passenger and freight boats on the Upper Lakes; the Richelieu and Ontario, the Niagara Navigation, the Lake Ontario and Bay of Quinte, and other companies run freight and passenger boats on Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence; in the purely freight business there are several companies including the Montreal Transportation Company, the Canadian Lake Transportation Company, the St. Lawrence and Chicago Steam Navigation Company, the Mathews Steamship Company, and others.

### WHERE THE BOATS ARE BUILT.

Most of the new boats in this trade have been built abroad. In a recent interview, the president of the Halifax Board of Trade commented on this situation and termed it "a national humiliation."



The Kenora—2000 tons; 11 miles; 256 feet over all; \$150,000. Runs between Montreal and Fort William.

He pointed out that Canadian ship-builders have to compete with highly-equipped British yards where work can be done at a minimum of cost. A lake freighter costing \$150,000 in Great Britain would probably cost \$175,000 in a Canadian yard. As there is no duty on such vessels, Canadians cannot compete except in certain classes of boats where there is considerable wood-work and very little steel. The British yards, drawing trade from all over the world, are able to do work on a large scale. Further, the British builder has more capital at his command and can build boats on easier terms to the purchaser. The rate of interest on unpaid purchase money is also lower.

When wooden ships were the rule, Canada could

compete with the world. Twenty years ago, large numbers of ships were built in the Maritime Provinces and even as far inland as St. Catharines, Owen Sound and Collingwood. Since 1898, wooden hulls have been abolished and only steel hulls are now used. A ship-yard for steel hulls requires about ten times as much capital as a wooden hull yard.

Of the vessels in Canada's merchant marine about three hundred steam vessels and seventy sailing ships are of United States origin; most of these have paid duty on the purchase price but not on repairs. This has worked out to the disadvantage of Canadian yards because frequently the repairs on a second-hand boat amount to more than the original cost. There are about eighty British-built ships, none of which have paid duty. There are only thirteen or fourteen Canadian built and owned steel vessels on the Lakes.

### CANADIAN YARDS.

In spite of great disadvantages in the building of new ships and in the matter of repairs, there are several Canadian yards—two large ones in Toronto and one in Collingwood. The largest steel vessel on the Lakes, *The Midland Prince*, was built by the Collingwood Shipbuilding Company whose extensive works and dry-docks are shown in the accompanying illustrations. In their yard there is a 15-ton crane with a total travel of 560 feet, with a bridge span of 76 feet. Most of the Northern Navigation Company's boats have been built at this plant, and winter in this port when their repairs supply considerable work each winter.

The Canadian Shipbuilding Company in Toronto has built several large vessels for the R. & O. and Niagara Navigation Company. It was originally known as the Bertram yards. The Polson Iron Works also have a yard and build smaller vessels, such as dredges, light-ships and launches. There is another yard at Bridgeburg, Ont., and another at Sorel, Quebec.

In Nova Scotia, one or two steel vessels have been built but there is no large yard there though bonuses have been repeatedly offered for such an enterprise.

Apparently, Canadian steel shipbuilding must re-



ceive a government bonus before capitalists will undertake to extend their investments in this direction. Perhaps some day the Government, which is now encouraging the making of steel, will find some means to encourage the founding of one or two large yards. There are many Government vessels required from time to time in the lighthouse, fishery protection and customs services and if these were all ordered in Canada an impetus would be given to the growth of yards. If one or two armoured cruisers for the long-looked-for Canadian fleet were ordered here, this would be a decided help. In the year 1907, orders from Canada were placed in Great Britain for nineteen ships at a cost of three millions of dollars. If these orders had remained in Canada, they would have kept many men employed during the past winter. It is true that the cost would have been slightly greater, but a beginning must be made sometime.

### The New Moderator.

REV. DR. DUVAL, the new Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, has the distinction of having wiped out a church debt of \$5,200 dating back to the great Winnipeg boom of 1881. As pastor of Knox Church in that city Dr. Duval has been one of the strong, forward men of the West. As a preacher he is rather dramatic. He has seen the West grow from here a kirk and a hundred miles away perhaps another and perhaps not, to a land dotted with churches among which the Presbyterians under the direction and stimulus of the late Rev. Dr. Robertson, superintendent of missions and co-worker with Dr. Duval, have attained to a premier place. Dr. Duval's election as Moderator will be a source of great strength to the church in the West. Rev. Dr. Campbell, late Moderator and replaced by Dr. Duval, is one of the veterans of Presbyterianism. He is seventy-three years of age and is still pastor of the oldest Presbyterian church in Montreal, where he has been for forty-two years. Dr. Campbell is of Canadian birth but of Celtic parents, and inherits much of the Celt's fiery eloquence—in that respect rather resembling the late Dr. Douglas, principal of Wesley College in Montreal and the most famous Methodist orator of last century.

### St. John's Industrial Economy

THERE is one city in Canada that makes a leading industrial issue of geography. That is the city of St. John. The first axiom in the political economy of most Canadian towns and cities is—that where raw material and fuel are convenient and at or near the same place, there factories and warehouses are certain to congregate. It doesn't matter in most cases how far the

conjuncture of power and raw material may be from any known market; for it is getting to be a common thing in Canada to run in a thousand miles or two of railway siding to reach some region that is known to have the necessary elements of production; and the waterways of Canada total in length much more than the railways.

St. John, however, has a claim to being able to reverse this arrangement. The live question down there now is the deepening of the great harbour, that the great ships carrying Canada's trade and foreign trade and immigrants may the more easily get in and out of the Dominion. A number of schemes have been proposed. A joint committee has been appointed by the municipality and the Government to look into the matter. Shall the extension be up the harbour or down? Towards Navy Island or towards Sand Point? Those who favour the former argue that by blocking an unused channel west of Navy Island the river would be deflected to the east providing a still-water basin from that to Sand Point down the river. Shall Courtenay Bay be deepened or shall it not? This is another point at issue.

Those who assume to know allege that unless the Grand Trunk Pacific can get Courtenay Bay for a point of transhipment that company will seek some other eastern terminal. Part of Courtenay Bay belongs to the Provincial Government. This makes the problem of harbour extension interesting to two Governments and a municipality besides affecting a powerful railway company. It is argued that to deepen Courtenay Bay is to do more than to provide terminal facilities for the Grand Trunk Pacific; that it will entail also a large industrial extension on that side of the city of St. John. Which seems to mean that if wharves can be built at that point large areas will be available for the erection of factories—and all the builders will have to do in order to go ahead and manufacture with the cheapest transportation in the world under their smokestacks, will be to ship in both raw material and fuel, both of which exist in great quantities in New Brunswick.

So that the case of St. John harbour is an argument in favour of geography; a theory that it is cheaper to ship raw material and fuel than to trans-ship manufactured products.

## The Athletes of the Nations

From the (London) *Outlook*.

IT might be interesting—and a scholar might do it—to compare the *voces populi* that will be heard about the great arena at Shepherd's Bush with the utterances of Greek onlookers at the Olympic Games. There are those who would maintain that we are at this stage not of the classical but of the Hellenistic Greeks, pointing to this excessive zeal for athletics as the closest analogy between Greek and British decadence. But the analogy carries us too far. Are the Americans, that new people, decadent, or the Canadians or the New Zealanders? The fact seems to be that athletics are an evidence of restless virility, a quality doubtless wasted if the absorption is excessive and athletics an end in themselves. But to that extent the bulk do not exceed. Again, the Greek Olympic Games were Greek, not international in essence, narrow not far-flung; and we find to-day that those games which are least peculiar to this or that nation are least professional. At Shepherd's Bush we shall not see pelota, because it is exclusively Spanish. We shall not see baseball because it is exclusively American—and both these games, like lacrosse in Canada, are spoiled by professional excesses.

Splendid as the last games were, when the "barbarians" gathered to Athens, they will scarcely bear comparison to the games of this year. The comparison nevertheless is interesting; and when the games are over it will be made at length by the

secretary in a great book. There has indeed been already "printed this 1st of May MCMVIII, for private circulation only, by the care and at the charges of the author," a short history of the revival of the Olympic Games, together with an account of the adventures of the English fencing team in Athens in 1906. The games at Athens were not strictly Olympic Games (new style). These, originated at the suggestion of Baron Pierre de Coubertin—and how many great things has not French genius initiated?—are held every four years in different capitals. The series began in 1896 in Athens, was continued in 1900 in Paris, in 1904 at St. Louis, and will take place this year in London, and in 1912 in Rome. But the Greeks have a cycle of their own, their four years' Olympiad being intermediate, so that for the future Olympic Games of some sort are, and will be, celebrated every two years. But the great Olympiad is this year.

The games proper take place, just as the previous games, during a short and well-defined period. This opens on July 13th, and will continue for nearly a fortnight; but the peculiar circumstances of this year, the vast collection of people from all nations in England, and the demand that the games shall surpass all meetings ever held, drove the Olympic committee to a vaster scheme. They decided to hold international meetings in all varieties of sports at isolated dates all through the summer on the scenes best suited for them, so that foreigners may

feel an added satisfaction in having competed on reaches so famous as Henley and Southampton Water, on plains so historical as Bisley or St. Andrews or Hurlingham. These games will be in progress from May to October. They include lawn tennis, already played; tennis, now in progress; rowing of all sorts; yachting; golf, which opens with June; and polo, from June 15th. The undertaking is enormous. The cost of the games alone is £50,000, some of which is still to be collected, and the duties of hospitality are unending. Half the nations of the world cannot be entertained without trouble.

It is easy to talk at large about the far-reaching effects of the friendly rivalry and social contact of the youth of nations. But the Olympic council have already reached beyond platitude into definite accomplishment. There has been drawn up a code of rules for every sport, translated into three languages and accepted by every foreign nation that has competed.



The Port of St. John, Showing St. John River Entering the Head of the Harbour



# PEOPLE AND PLACES

**P**EACE RIVER as a farming Eldorado has been talked of a good deal and the trek to the land in that valley has already begun; but the miner's chances in the Peace River country are not so well understood. Since the disastrous overland trek to the Klondike when the Peace River became notorious to a good many hundreds as one of the agreeable stages in a long journey, not much has been said as to the gold in the mountains and the streams of that famous country. Private parties, however, have made exploratory trips to the gold-bearing region and the mounted police have cut trails into the land; a trail from Fort St. John on the Peace across British Columbia by way of Fort Graham and Fort Connolly to the Yukon telegraph line. Edmonton is still the starting point of all Peace River travellers; from there to Athabasca Landing one hundred miles by trail; by steamer from the Landing down the Athabasca to Lesser Slave River, thence down to the Lesser Slave Lake post, thence to Peace River Crossing one hundred miles by trail; from that to Dunvegan and Fort St. John from which the police trail runs into the interior.

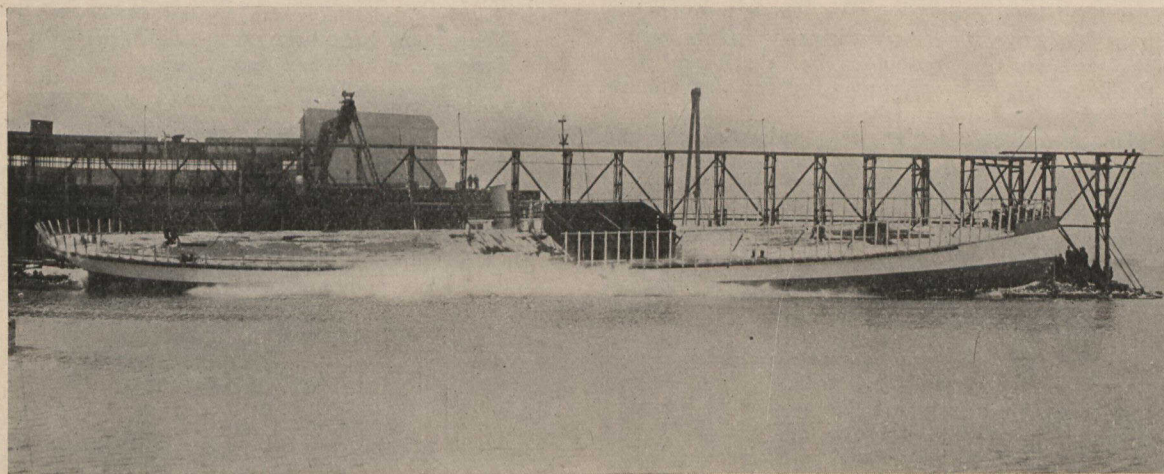
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**N**OAH'S ARK has just been rediscovered in Alaska. N. J. Brown has arrived in Victoria with the story of how and where he saw this remarkable craft that for some years now has displaced the sea-serpent in the public imagination. The same craft was located some years ago by Casey Moran, who felt sure he had found the ark. Brown does not believe it is the ark. He found the craft on a high hill overlooking a string of lakes thirty miles above the head-waters of the Chandlar River; a vessel three hundred feet long covered with a house one storey in height and twelve feet to the eaves; the walls strangely hieroglyphicked in characters known to no man, not even to any of the descendants of Noah. Mr. Brown theorises that this ark never belonged to Noah and that the hill is not Mount Ararat and that Alaska is therefore not in Asia Minor, but that the whole thing is just a plain wooden fortress used by the Russians when they owned Alaska and was by them bequeathed to the United States free of charge, since which time the waters have receded and left the fortress high and dry on the hill.

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**N**EARLY ten million trees have been sent by the Dominion Superintendent of Forestry to western farmers who happen to be living on the bald-headed prairie where there are no trees by nature. This is the story of eight years' tree-planting on the prairie. The trees sent so far have been Manitoba maple, green ash, cottonwood, Russian poplar and white elm. The cottonwoods are all from stock imported from the Missouri River. Last year two million trees were sent out to the prairie. Children have become interested in forestry from the Red River to the Rockies—though in the foot-hills there is no need to plant trees, for the woods are full of them.

\* \* \*



Launching of the new Steel Hull at Canadian Shipbuilding Company's Yards, Toronto.

**N**O more distinguished man ever left Canada than Sir Percy Girouard, who has just been appointed governor and commander-in-chief of Northern Nigeria. Of all the Canadian knights abroad Sir Percy is perhaps the most practical. He was educated as a soldier—a graduate from the Royal Military College, Kingston, from which he entered the British army in 1888, being rapidly promoted to rank of major in 1889. But it was not as a fighter so much that Major Girouard won distinction. His contribution to the cause of Tommy Atkins was as a bridge-builder, a sapper and a

transport man; the sort of man that formed the backbone of General Kitchener's campaign in Dongola and on the Nile. He is an expert on moving armies; there are no streams or mountain heights or sandy plains in the Empire that have any terrors for Sir Percy Girouard. He would have been a valuable man for Napoleon and Hannibal, both of whom had trouble crossing the Alps. He has been almost invaluable to the British army. In 1896 after the Dongola campaign he was made director of the Soudan railways; afterwards president of the Egyptian railway board; for three years he saw service in South Africa—moving the troops of Lord Kitchener and Lord Roberts; and until 1904 he was commissioner of railways in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony.

\* \* \*

**T**HE first cargo of nitrate of soda ever shipped into Canada arrived in Montreal this month from Chili. Nitrate of soda is used in the manufacture of explosives and there is a large demand for as well as supply of explosives in Canada just now. Former shipments of this interesting Chilean product have been direct to Baltimore and other United States ports and by rail to Canada. If this cargo ships in good order Canadian nitrate shipments will continue to come direct by the St. Lawrence route.

\* \* \*

**C**APTAIN PEARY in his next attempt to discover the North Pole will have as his crew eleven Newfoundlanders. Three pole-hunters who know most there is to be known about Arctic and sub-Arctic waters are headed by Captain Bartlett. They are the best seamen in that seafaring island. These hardy mariners have left Newfoundland to join Captain Peary in New York, where the steamer *Roosevelt* is waiting to begin the journey. The names of these Newfoundland seamen who may yet become famous in chronology and history by locating the Pole are: Mose Bartlett, mate; John Murphy, second mate; Dennis Murphy, Robert Ryan, Charles Pomeroy, James Murphy, Mat Ray, Patrick Skeans, Andrew Skeans, Michael Handrigan and Patrick Joyce. Apparently a few of these chaps are Irishmen.

\* \* \*

**P**ROSPECT of coal depletion in America has no terrors for a man in Sydney, who claims that by use of a chemical he is able to reduce ashes to next to nothing. For six cents he claims to be able to consume six hods of ashes. At this rate by spending a few small fortunes most of the ash-heaps in Canada could be utilised as fuel.

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**V**ANCOUVER is to have summer opera at English Bay. This following the recent appearance in that city of the New York Symphony Orchestra seems to entitle the terminus of the C.P.R. to take rank with Atlantic City, Newport and Coney Island. The far West is getting ahead of middle Canada. The nearest approach to summer opera at a watering place in Ontario is vaudeville at Hanlan's Point.

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the sum of \$163,000,000 is invested in live stock by Ontario farmers this does not seem a day too long. The college will now be under the control of the Government exactly as is the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph. Dr. Grange, the new principal, graduated as a veterinary surgeon in 1873, was for nine years professor in veterinary science at the Guelph College, and was afterwards professor in the Michigan Agricultural College as well as State veterinarian.

\* \* \*



Canadian Express Company's new building, McGill Street, Montreal.

**T**WO men who decided to go back to Ireland in order to begin life all over again—quite an unusual thing to do for two men who had come to Canada to make a living—David Vent and William Carney, found that Ireland was not half so green when they got back as it had been in imagination. So they decided to ship back to Canada again; but when they got to this country they were so hard up that they found themselves compelled to go on foot most of the way from Montreal to Hamilton, which is nearly four hundred miles. At Smith's Falls on the way up Carney telegraphed his sister in Hamilton for funds; but he left town before the cash came and went tramping again. At Oakville Vent made enough money sharpening lawn mowers to ride the rest of the way. Both are back in Hamilton, never in all probability to leave it again. Mrs. Vent, however, is still in Ireland.

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**A**N ocean port for Manitoba is something decidedly novel. Winnipeg has always been described as a civic ship on a sea of land. The proposal now is to let Winnipeg out to the sea by extending the boundaries of Manitoba—that vexed question, the enlarging of the postage-stamp. This with the numerous schemes for a Hudson's Bay railway is doing a great deal to change public conception of Winnipeg as the metropolis of the West. The extension contemplated in the bill now nearly ready for Parliament is to make the northern boundary the 60th parallel, in line with the northerly limit of Saskatchewan and Alberta. The present easterly boundary of the province is to be projected northerly until it meets the Nelson River. Thence it will follow the Nelson River to Hudson Bay and skirt Hudson Bay north to the 60th parallel. This will give the ocean port of Churchill, which is the best available harbour on that coast to Manitoba. Meanwhile Fort Churchill is being laid out. The present population of Churchill—that ancient metropolis and seaport of the Hudson's Bay Company—is a collection of four half-breed families, one white settler and one mounted policeman. The future no man is able to determine. However, the city that is expected to rival Winnipeg and Prince Rupert in popular consideration is being mapped out on the east side of the river opposite the ruins of old Fort Prince of Wales. The Canadian Northern Railway is somewhat nearer Fort Churchill just at present than any other road. From the Pas near Prince Albert on the Saskatchewan to the terminus is 480 miles.



# WITH SCRIPTURE SANCTION (Luke 10, 7)

## A Sketch of Suggestion and Self-Respect

By GRACE E. DENISON

THE funeral was over. The furniture was back in the best room, the wheel-marks of the many waggons and carriages which had followed the remains of John Merrifield to his grave were the only signs to remind one that he had passed away. That, and the newness of Mary Merrifield's black dress, as she stood looking out of the window at the wheel-marks and the spring sunset.

Her son stood near her, with an air of some impatience on his strong face.

"Then, you won't come home with me?" he said, as if in some hope of the answer he wanted.

Mary Merrifield turned about and looked steadily at him.

"Only on the terms I told you. If you and Annie want to give me a room and my board, and as much as you think my work is worth, every month, I will go and you will not be losers by the bargain. But I am too strong and active and young not to go on working, and I can work better than the worth of my board and clothes, which is all I've had for the last thirty years. If you and Annie don't want me"—she paused—"well, Jack, I shall understand, but since there is nothing but the stock and the furniture and that won't keep me, I must earn my own living somehow, and I am going to be independent. I can get lots of places in Toronto, and Mr. Green wants someone for forewoman at five dollars a week in the pickle factory."

"But mother!" said the son hotly, "don't you consider what the neighbours would say of Annie and me, if we allowed you to go out to service or into the factory?"

"I don't seem to bother about what any one says much," said Mary Merrifield with a shadow of a smile on her lips. "And as for you and Annie allowing me, I don't know that I asked your leave to live the way I want. Just make up your mind, Jack, that at fifty years old, a strong, able, ambitious woman isn't quite a charge on the county. I always knew father wasn't forehanded and I always expected to have my living to earn if he died first. Well, that's the way it's turned out. I have no hard thoughts about it. I should think after being my son for twenty-eight years you'd know I mean what I say!" Then she turned again to watch the last rays of the sun and look at the wheel-marks.

Jack strode to the door and with a quick "Good-night, mother," he went tramping to where his team stood hitched to the fence, where the wheel-marks were thickest.

Troubling very little over his discomfiture, Widow Merrifield set out her evening meal, bread baked, milk drawn, butter churned, and fruit preserved by her own strong, capable hands, in the spare time from nursing a fractious invalid.

When she had eaten and drunk, she made all neat with a celerity attained by system and practice, and carrying her lamp from living-room to parlour, with a pencil and paper proceeded to make a swift inventory of the contents of that solidly furnished room. Through the six comfortable rooms of the farmhouse she pursued her way, and then, sitting beside her smouldering fire she read her list carefully.

"It won't bring much," she remarked carelessly. "But I'll get that city man out to take the walnut and give me a lump sum for the rest. I'd never have a sale and everyone traipsing around here. It would spoil my home memories."

Then she went to bed, wondering at herself that she was sleepy and straightway falling asleep, not to move until sun-up.

When Jack and Annie had considered the situation thoroughly, they agreed to let the widow have her way, not refusing her the chance to establish herself in their home, for fear of criticism, but very averse to the wages clause, for both of them thought her unreasonable and peculiar.

When they heard that she had disposed of everything but the furnishing of one room, they realised that to hesitate longer was to lose her, and on the day before the lease of the farm expired, they drove over with the farm waggon and strongest team, and brought her and her belongings to their home.

As Annie helped her out of the waggon and handed her a few loose traps, she said "You will never feel at home, mother, as long as there's wages between us."

The widow smiled cheerily. "Oh, well, if I am not comfortable I can go somewhere else," was her

There are few subjects more frequently discussed nowadays than those connected with household expenditure and woman's status as wage-owner in the home. In this sketch, Mrs. Denison presents a strong argument for the sane and domestic side of "women's rights."

astounding reply, and Annie threw up her eyes and hands in a protest which was absolutely ignored.

If she was not comfortable, it is certain that Jack was, as was soon plainly evident.

"What arrangement have you made about the work?" was the widow's first question.

Annie hesitated. "Well, I'm not much of a cook," she confessed.

"I like cooking much better than making beds, and I like getting up early, and I am dying to get going in your new spring-house. But whatever you agree on, I'll do, so just let's settle it now."

Jack winked at his wife, and remarked: "Better let mother have the downstairs, Annie, more especially as you've got so much sewing just now and sit so much upstairs."

Annie, thoughtful of coming motherhood, was easily persuaded and so the matter was arranged. Mrs. Merrifield, the elder, put three hundred dollars in the bank and on the first of each month John handed her a ten-dollar bill to add to her small independence.

The neighbours wondered at the zest and pleasure of the elder woman in her work, and congratulated the daughter-in-law on her easy life. "You save a girl's wages by having the old lady here," they said, and Annie smiled a little satirically and blushed when one added, in the true neighbourly spirit of country folks, "She is the best housekeeper on the Line. But she is not as young as she was. Don't let her do too heavy work even if she is willing."

Annie's machine hummed over the baby outfit she was getting together, the elder woman cutting from her old store of patterns, garments such as Jack had worn, and when the cool summer evenings came, sitting out under the trees with a ball of fine wool, crocheting and knitting, as she had done twenty-eight years ago, all the fascinating small boots and jackets imaginable.

"I am not much of a knitter," Annie said once, as her mother-in-law tossed a pair of fairy silk socks to her in the gloaming. "I was never taught but in school and in an office, and so I missed learning all those things you know so well."

Mary Merrifield stopped setting up a little sock to look at her daughter-in-law.

"I thought you'd have a business head on you," she said heartily. "That's one reason I was glad John picked a city girl. That's one reason why you and I fit in so well, and understand one another." After that, the deprecatory tone Annie had used in mentioning her own shortcomings changed to matter-of-factness, and she redoubled her thrift and care of the by no means munificent resources of the home exchequer.

Mrs. Merrifield, senior, was adamant on one point. If she were to prepare tempting meals, there must be no stint of material, as there should be no waste. Annie protested once, but not again. The case was so plainly stated then that her good sense accepted as final the words of thirty years' experience. When Annie's health was in the balance, no other consideration weighed with the future grandmother, and the young wife learned to believe that her safest and easiest course was acquiescence.

It would have been difficult to find a happier and more contented trio than Jack, his mother, and Annie, his wife. The neighbours were fond of speculating on it as a marvel without equal in their experience. The elder woman was untiring and enthusiastic in her household work. Jack was sleek and jovial and the picture of a man well-cared-for, while Annie, "poor thing," (for Annie had arrived at that stage where matrons spoke so of her) leaned upon her mother-in-law with a confidence and frankness which was the surest proof of her cordial affection.

When the baby came, the doctor agreed with its grandmother that nurses were often more of a bother than a comfort. The youngster suffered not a whit from the upsetting of the plans of Jack and Annie for the importation of a hospital young lady in a cap and uniform, and the substitution of his grandmother.

The rapture of the mother was more than echoed

by the grandmother. The comfort of the father was never unconsidered or the routine of the house deranged. Annie was speedily mistress of the order of the bath and the wardrobe of the young squire, who happily did two generations credit by his lustiness and ability to eat and sleep nine-tenths of his first month. The christening feast was something the neighbours talked of for many a day and no one was more radiant and proud than she who had gotten it all ready.

When the company left, and the minister and his wife had followed them all home, John took from his pocket a twenty-dollar gold piece and handed it to Annie.

"That," said he, "is what you are to give mother. We'd have paid more to the nurse, and we'd not have had half the comfort."

They called the grandmother in, with her fat, good-natured baby in her arms, and stated the case to her. Very quietly she accepted the gold piece, then laid it in one of the crumpled hands of the sleeping child.

"I was wondering how I could start him a bank account," she said joyously, "and here I've been earning a starter without knowing it. We'll get him a bank-book in the morning, Annie, and won't you and John each put in something?"

Then she rolled the baby off her arm into his cradle, and went flushed and happy to wash up her tea-things and clear away the remains of the birthday feast.

## Summer School

By CLARENCE URMY.

Do you recall the Summer School  
So free from any hint of rule,  
That met down by the purple pool?

For roof, a sycamore's green gloom,  
An alder alcove, laurel room,  
And classic paths of myrtle bloom.

Religion, Art, the Church, all took  
Their turn beside the willowed brook;  
And Nature's illustrated book

Was dictionary, gazetteer,  
Concordance, making all things clear,  
The old things new, the far things near.

A Course in Music found the stream  
A fond exponent of the theme;  
The syllabus said: "Listen! Dream!"

The while the class in Light and Shade  
Had but to wander down the glade,  
And lo, what art the boughs displayed!

There must have been some small surprise  
Among the birds and butterflies  
At many questions and replies!

Ah, happy school-days! Pupils two,  
Just You and I—how moments flew  
Beneath that dome of green and blue!

And have You not dreamed o'er and o'er  
Of Summer School in days of yore  
By purple pool and sycamore?

—Lippincott's Magazine.

## No Me Olvides.

(From the Spanish.)

By MAX WALTER MANNIX.

FORGET me not, the sad hour now has come,  
And winged time bids me all haste depart;  
A thousand things to tell you I had thought,  
But, I can only whisper this, Forget Me Not.

Perhaps on brighter shores when anchored, some  
May greet me with sweet music of the heart;  
Yet, I shall miss thee though in every spot  
You walk with me and speak my own Forget  
Me Not.

Hoist sail, O ship! and reach the port of home;  
She calls, upon the hill I see her start,  
And waving roses she for me had brought,  
Above them all she holds a sweet Forget Me Not.



# THE YELLOW GOD

By H. RIDER HAGGARD

Author of "She," "King Solomon's Mines," "The Witch's Head," Etc.

Resume: Major Alan Vernon withdraws from partnership with Sir Robert Aylward and Mr. Changers-Haswell, promoters of Sahara, Limited, because the editor of "The Judge" has informed him of the company's dishonorable methods. Vernon refuses to sell to Sir Robert a curious idol which has been a feature of the office for over a year, and which seems to have a talismanic quality. Vernon spends the week-end at "The Court," Mr. Changers-Haswell's home, and while there Jeeki, the negro servant, tells the story of the idol, the "Yellow God," which was brought from Africa. Miss Barbara Changers, the niece of the host, is the object of Sir Robert Aylward's and also Major Vernon's devotion. Alan finally wins Barbara's promise to become his wife but their engagement is to be kept secret. Sir Robert becomes Alan's bitter enemy on learning of the betrothal. Alan and Jeeki set out for Africa in search of treasure from the worshippers of the Yellow God, "Little Bonsa." In their African adventures, Major Vernon and Jeeki are attacked by dwarfs, armed with poisoned arrows, who are driven off by a cannibal tribe, the Ogula, who take Alan and Jeeki prisoners but treat them kindly on account of the Yellow God. Alan falls sick but the Ogula take him and Jeeki up the river. They reach the Gold House where the Yellow God is placed and meet the wonderful priestess, Asika, who takes them through the treasure house. The Gold House is a great revelation of riches but Alan and Jeeki become anxious when they observe Asika's determination to make the former her husband. At the feast of Little Bonsa, Alan is disgusted by the slaughter and heathen orgies. Alan is given a store of gold which he sends to coast by Jeeki's mother and some of the Ogula whose chief, Fahni, is anxious to be rescued. Alan and Jeeki find themselves practically prisoners at Asika's mercy. They escape to find Mungana, Asika's husband, has also fled. The latter is drowned during the journey. Then ensues a terrible conflict when the Asiki and Ogula forces meet. Sir Robert Aylward suddenly appears on the scene with a small company of native soldiers. Barbara Changers has also come to the African wilderness. Jeeki plays a trick on the Asiki and hands over Aylward, whom he has drugged, as Major Vernon.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THE ASIKA.



**D**AWN began to break in the forest, and Alan woke in his shelter and stretched himself. He had slept soundly all the night, so soundly that the innocent Jeeki wondered much whether by any chance he also had taken a tot out of that whisky bottle, as indeed he had recommended him to do. People who

drink whisky after long abstinence from spirits are apt to sleep long, he reflected.

Alan crept out of the shelter and gazed affectionately at the tent in which Barbara slumbered. Thank heaven she was safe so far, as for some unknown reason evidently the Asiki had postponed their attack. Just then a clamour arose in the air, and he perceived Jeeki striding towards him waving one arm in an excited fashion, while with the other he dragged along the captain of the porters, who appeared to be praying for mercy.

"Here pretty go, Major," he shouted, "devil and all to pay! That my Lord, he gone and bolted. That silly fool say that three hours ago he hear something break through fence and think it only hyæna what come to steal, so take no notice. Well, that hyæna, you guess who he is. You come look, Major, you come look, and then we tie this fellow up and flog him."

Alan ran to Aylward's tent, to find it empty. "Look," said Jeeki, who had followed, "see how he do business, that jolly clever hyæna," and he pointed to a broken whiskey bottle and some severed cords. "You see he manage break bottle and rub rope against cut glass till it come in two. Then he do hyæna dodge and hook it."

Alan inspected the articles, nor did any shadow of doubt enter his mind.

"Certainly he managed very well," he said, "for a London-bred man, but, Jeeki, what can have been his object?"

"Oh! who know, Major? Mind of man very

strange thing; p'raps he no bear to see you and Miss Barbara together; p'raps he bolt coast, get ear of local magistrate before you; p'raps he sit up tree to shoot you; p'raps nasty temper make him mad. But he gone, anyway, and I hope he no meet Asiki, poor fellow, 'cause if so, who know? p'raps they knock him on head, or if they think him you, they make him prisoner and keep him long while before they let him go again."

"Well," said Alan, "he has gone of his own free will, so we have no responsibility in the matter, and I can't pretend that I am sorry to see the last of him, at any rate, for the present. Let that poor beggar loose; there seems to have been enough flogging in this place, and after all he isn't much to blame."

Jeeki obeyed, apparently with much reluctance, and just then they saw one of their own people running towards the camp.

"'Fraid he going to tell us Asiki come attack," said Jeeki, shaking his head. "Hope they give us time breakfast first."

"No doubt," answered Alan nervously, for he feared the result of that attack.

Then the man arrived breathless and began to gasp out his news, which filled Alan with delight, and caused a look of utter amazement to appear upon the face of Jeeki. It was to the effect that he had climbed a high tree as he had been bidden to do, and from the top of that tree, by the light of the first rays of the rising sun, miles away on the plain beyond the forest, he had seen the Asiki army in full retreat.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Alan.

"Yes, Major, but that very rum tale, Jeeki can't swallow it all at once. Must send out see none of them left behind. P'raps they play trick, but if they really gone, 'spose it because guns frightened them so much. Always think powder very great 'vention, especially when enemy ain't got none, and quite sure of it now. Jeeki very, very seldom wrong. Soon believe," he added with a burst of confidence, "that Jeeki never wrong at all. He look for truth so long that at last he find it always."

Something more than a month had gone by, and Major and Mrs. Vernon, the latter fully restored to health, and the most sweet and beautiful of brides, stood upon the steamship Benin, and as the sun sank, looked their last upon the coast of West-ern Africa.

"Yes, dear," Alan was saying to his wife, "from first to last it has been a very queer story, but I really think that our getting that Asiki gold after all was one of the queerest parts of it; also uncommonly convenient as things have turned out."

"Namely that you have got a little pauper for a wife instead of a great heiress, Alan. But tell me again about the gold. I have had so much to think of during the last few days," and she blushed, "that I never quite took it all in."

"Well, love, there isn't much to tell. When that forwarding agent, Mr. Aston, knew that we were in town, he came to me and said that he had about fifty small cases full of something heavy, as he supposed, samples of ore, addressed to me to your care in England, which he was proposing to ship on by the Benin. I answered Yes, that was all right, and did not undeceive him about their contents. Then I asked how they had arrived, and if he had not received a letter with them. He replied that one morning before the warehouse was open, some natives had brought them down in a canoe, and dumped them at the door, telling the watchman that they had been paid to deliver them there by some other natives whom they met a long way up the river. Then they went away without leaving any letter or message. Well, I thanked Aston and paid his charges, and there's an end of the matter. Those fifty-three cases are now in the hold invoiced as ore samples, and, as I inspected them myself, and am sure that they have not been tampered with, besides the value of the necklace the Asika gave me, we've got £100,000 to begin our married life upon, with something over for old Jeeki, and I daresay we shall do very well on that."

"Yes, Alan, very well indeed." Then she reflected awhile, for the mention of Jeeki's name seemed to have made her thoughtful, and added, "Alan, what do you think became of Lord Aylward?"

"I am sure I don't know. Jeeki and I and some of the porters went to see the old Calabar officials

and made affidavits as to the circumstances of his disappearance. We couldn't do any more, could we?"

"No, Alan. But do you think that Jeeki quite understands the meaning of an oath? I mean it seems so strange that we should never have found the slightest trace of him, and, Alan, I don't know if you noticed it, but why did Jeeki appear that morning wearing Lord Aylward's socks and boots?"

"He ought to know all about oaths; he has heard enough of them in magistrate's courts, but as regards the boots I am sure I can't say, dear," answered Alan uneasily. "Here he comes, we will ask him," and he did.

"Socks and boots," replied Jeeki with a surprised air, "why, Mrs. Major, if that good lord a made and cut off into forest leaving them behind, of course I put them on, as they no more use to him, and I just burn my dirty old Asiki dress and sandals and got nothing to keep jigger out of toe. Don't you sit up here in this cold, Mrs. Major, else you get more fever. You go down and dress dinner, which at half-past six to-night. I just come tell you that."

So Barbara went, leaving the other two talking about various matters, for they were alone together on the deck, all the other passengers, of whom there were but few, having gone below.

The short African twilight had come, a kind of soft, blue haze that made the ship look mysterious and unnatural. By degrees their conversation died away. They lapsed into a silence which Alan was the first to break.

"What are you thinking of, Jeeki?" he asked nervously.

"Thinking of Asika, Major," he answered in a scared whisper. "Seem to me that she about somewhere, just as she use to pop up in room in Gold House; seem to me I feel her all down my back, likewise in head-wool which stand up."

"It's very odd, Jeeki," replied Alan, "but so do I."

"Well, Major, 'spect she thinking of us, especially you, and just throw what she think at us, like boy throw stones at bird what fly away out of cage. Asika do all that you know, she not quite human, full of plenty Bonsa devil, from gen'ration to gen'ration, Amen! P'raps she just find out something what make her mad."

"What could she find out after all this time, Jeeki?"

"Oh! don't know. How I know? Jeeki can't guess. Find out you marry Miss Barbara, p'raps. Very sick that she lose you for this time, p'raps. Kill herself that she keep near you, p'raps, while she wait till you come round again, p'raps. Asika can do all those things if she likes, Major."

"Stuff and rubbish," answered Alan uneasily, for Jeeki's suggestions were most uncomfortable. I believe in none of your West Coast superstitions."

"Quite right, Major, nor don't I. Only you 'member, Major, what she show us there in treasure-place. Mr. Haswell being buried, eh! Miss Barbara in tent, eh! and t'other job what hasn't come off yet, eh! and oh, my golly! Major, just you look behind you and say you see nothing, please!" and the eyes of Jeeki grew large as Maltese oranges, while with chattering teeth he pointed over the bulwark of the vessel.

Alan turned and saw.

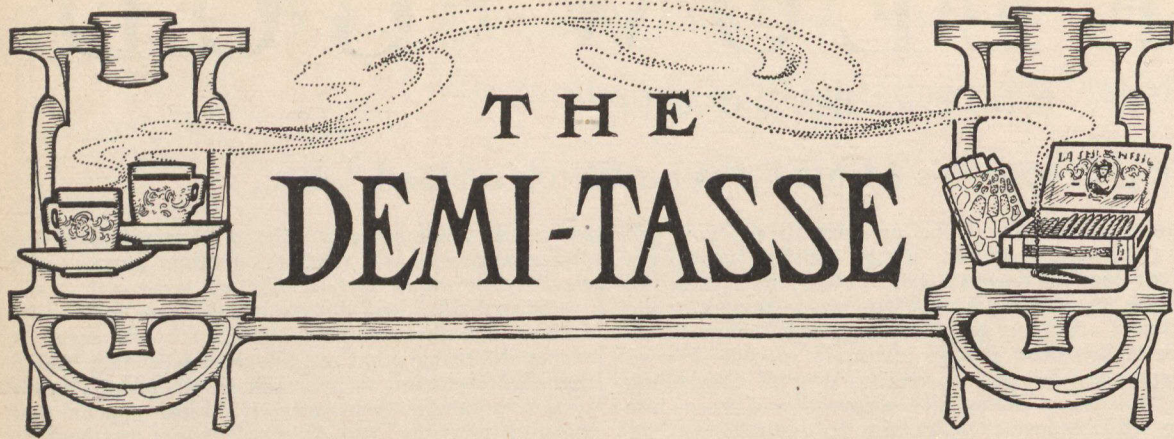
This was what he saw, or seemed to see: The figure of the Asika in her robes and breastplate of gold, standing upon the air, just beyond the ship, as though on it she might set no foot. Her waving black hair hung about her shoulders, but the wind did not seem to stir it, nor did her white dress flutter, and on her beautiful face was stamped a look of awful rage and agony, the rage of betrayal, the agony of loss. In her right hand she held a knife, and from a wound in her breast the red blood ran down her golden corselet. She pointed to Jeeki with the knife, she opened her arms to Alan as though in unutterable longing, then slowly raised them upwards towards the fading glory of the sky above—and was gone.

Jeeki sat down upon the deck mopping his brow with a red handkerchief, while Alan, who felt faint, clung to the bulwarks.

"Tell you, Major, that Asika can do all that kind of thing. Never know where you find her next. 'Spect she come to live with us in England and just call in now and again when it dark. Tell

(Continued on page 17)





## THE WEEK AFTER.

There was a young man  
Whose thoughts chiefly ran  
To Woodbine, Blue Bonnets and such;  
But this week he sees  
No joy in the "gees"  
And seems to lament very much.

## HIS LOUDEST CALL.

"YOU may say what you like," said a disgusted "independent" of North Toronto on the morning of the ninth of June, "but Hossack will be premier some day."

"Think of it!" ejaculated a far-seeing friend, "a Presbyterian elder for Lieutenant-Governor, a Presbyterian parson for Editor of the Great Organ, a Presbyterian parson president of Toronto University and a Presbyterian parson premier of the Province of Ontario. Ah! It will be a great day for Scotland."

## DARKEST AMERICA.

THE Salvation Army had a lecture from Lieutenant-Colonel Damon in Toronto last Monday night on "In Darkest America." Hon. A. G. MacKay was in the chair and explained that the capital of Ontario was the district referred to by the lecturer.

## SO TACTFUL.

IT was at a June wedding in a Canadian town and a friend of the bridegroom's was conversing with the bride to whom he had just been introduced.

"I'm very glad old Billy's married," said the friend, nodding his head towards the bridegroom who was endeavouring to be pleasant to the great-aunts of the bride, who had given ancient table-spoons, "you know, Billy's a thoroughly good sort but he needs a wife to look after him. He never seemed to know his own mind about girls. One day it was Ethel and the next day it was Maud. But he's fixed now, all right," and the friend of the bridegroom chuckled inanely. Then he wondered why the lady in white chiffon over taffeta who carried a shower bouquet of bride roses and who had been told that she was the only girl Billy had ever dreamed of marrying, suddenly became as chilly as a funeral in January and asked him to come and look at the new upright piano which was the gift of the bride's uncle.

## MUCH TALKER!

MacKay is filled with sadness  
And Whitney is dismayed,  
Tom Crawford falls a-weeping  
And says he is afraid;  
For Studholme—Allan Studholme  
Is in the House once more  
And great will be the scattering  
When Allan takes the floor.

## HE KNEW.

Sentimental Young Lady—"Ah, Professor! what would this old oak say if it could talk?"  
Professor—"It would say, 'I am an elm.'" — *Fliegende Blaetter*.

## NEWSLETS.

SAID Premier Whitney: "Let me make the laws of the Province and I care not who writes the sermonettes."

"All months look alike to me," said Hon. J. J. Foy as he bracketed January, 1905, and June, 1908. Manitoba is only a postage-stamp province but it sticks to Ottawa without being licked.

The latest arithmetic: Naught means nothing except when preceded by Mc, in which case it signifies four thousand to the good.

Mr. Henri Bourassa has established a Summer School of Oratory, just next door to the Plains of Abraham. Colonel Denison, Colonel Sam Hughes and Mr. Allan Studholme will attend.

A fund has been started by a philanthropic Montreal paper, to give weary aldermen and politicians a few days in the country. It is called the Hot Air Fund.

## ALARMING!

THE *Manitoba Free Press* of June 8th has a grim story to the following effect:

"One of the eastern delegates to the Presbyterian General Assembly got away with a joke that wasn't half bad. He was talking with a Winnipegger about the crop prospects and the latter grew expansive. 'This rain,' said the Winnipegger, swinging his arms wide, 'this rain is simply great; it will bring everything right out of the ground, everything!'

"'Man, man, I hope not,' said the eastern delegate, with a show of alarm, 'I've got a mother-in-law in it.'"

## SHE MINDED.

"'Scuse me," said the inebriated citizen on the car, "but would you mind givin' me a rose off that umbrella?"

The girl with the Merry Widow hat got off at the next white post.

## UNDER A NEW NAME.

Little bits of sawdust,  
Little wisps of hay  
Make a brand new breakfast food  
Almost every day.

—*Walnuts and Wine*.

## THE CONSEQUENCE.

A TORONTO school-teacher was passing a newspaper bulletin board one morning two weeks ago, when she noticed the line: "School Inspector Arrested for Bigamy!"

"Goodness!" exclaimed the toiler in the Young Idea's shooting-gallery, "that is what comes of James L. Hughes returning from Salt Lake City and giving lectures on the Mormons."

## THE UNTIDY SEX.

"Your husband says he works like a dog," said one woman.

"Yes, it's very similar," returned the other. "He comes in with muddy feet, makes himself comfortable by the fire and waits to be fed." — *Washington Star*.

## AS IT MAY BE.

THE college chapel was thronged with admiring parents and friends who had come to witness the commencement exercises. Amid an expectant hush the venerable president arose and summoned the graduates to receive their hard-earned diplomas.

The sturdy football team were awarded the coveted sheepskins, while the wall echoed with the applause and cheers. The lithe track athletes in running attire received their well-merited degrees, and the Varsity crew, oars in hand, gracefully accepted their honours.

As the exercises were concluding and the orchestra about to play, a member of the faculty stepped reluctantly forward and touched the president's arm, whispering in his ear at the same time. In apparent annoyance the dignitary turned to the audience:

"Pardon me, ladies and gentlemen, but I have made a slight omission. I understand that one student should receive the degree of bachelor of arts. Will he kindly step forward as quickly as possible?"

A shrinking young man stepped forward apologetically, a diploma was thrust in his hand, and he was haughtily waved aside, while the orchestra struck up a two-step.—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

## PERVERTED PROVERBS.

It's a long worm that has no turning.  
It's never too late to spend.

## FOR EXHIBITION.

THE late Duke of Wellington was particularly fond of Ardennes mutton, which, as many people are aware, is about the finest in the world when in good order. It is said that his grace often kept a small flock of the sheep of this famous breed in the park at Strathfieldsaye. A few years ago, when an order of the Privy Council prohibited the importation of sheep or cattle unless they were either slaughtered at the port of debarkation or were intended for exhibition, the Duke was bringing over several Ardennes sheep from Belgium; and, in order to prevent trouble, he wrote up to Whitehall, and stated that the animals were "for exhibition." Accordingly in due course they reached Strathfieldsaye, and the Duke then wrote to thank the Duke of Richmond (the Lord President) for his kindness, and added that they were "for exhibition on my table." The Duke of Richmond, as a practical farmer, did not relish the joke.

## THE DIFFERENCE.

Mother—"Why, Bobbie, how clean your hands are!"

Bobbie—"Aren't they! But you ought to have seen 'em before I helped Bridget make the bread!" — *Life*.

## WILLING TO BE HIT.

AN expert golfer had the misfortune to play a particularly vigorous stroke at the moment that a seedy wayfarer skulked across the edge of the course. The ball struck the trespasser and rendered him briefly insensible. When he recovered, a five-dollar bill was pressed into his hand by the grateful golfer. "Thanky, sir," said the injured man after a kindling glance at the money. "An' when will you be playin' again, sir?"

## ENTIRELY HUMAN.

Pat—"Are ye engaged to Mike Dooley?"  
Biddy—"Faith, an' I'm not. Are ye after wantin' me?"  
Pat—"Not unless I can't get ye."



Milkman "If it rains like this till we get to the house, I guess we won't need to stop at the pump." — *Life*.



## AN OLD-TIME SCHOOL CLOSING

By E. G. G.

THERE was excitement in the neighbourhood, for in the school-house at the cross-roads was to be held, that day, the yearly examination of the fifty pupils who had attended school during the winter months.

The girls had curled their hair and put on muslin gowns; the boys, fresh from a bath in the creek and a home-made hair-cut, looked their best.

The teachers of the county always visited each other's "closing" to obtain fresh hints on the cultivation of the young idea. So, when the hour of opening arrived, the platform was filled with teachers, while every seat was crowded by the parents of the children.

The dunce's cap and stool, as well as the birch rod, were put away in the darkness of a small closet, while the maps and candle-holders were adorned with lilacs and maple boughs. A bowl of June roses stood on the desk, while Miss Mowat (who was the best disciplinarian in the county) was arrayed in her Sunday dress of black alpaca.

The examinations, which were oral, were seasons of delight, as various games of skill were held which sharpened the juvenile wits as many modern methods do not pretend. There was the spelling-match in which Melinda Higgins "spelled down" the school and was honoured by words of praise from the inspector.

Next came the mental arithmetic competition, in which the fox-and-hare problem figured. May Chalmers who was renowned for possessing a "head for figures," easily won — to the chagrin of her rival, Susie Hicks.

The grammar class had an exciting contest, when nouns and pronouns, verbs and adverbs, prepositions and conjunctions, were allotted their lawful places in the paragraph.

I remember being called to the board to bound Russia. It was as difficult then for a small girl as it is now for the capacious brain of the modern statesman. Seized with stage fright, I began to cry and was condemned to defeat by the stern voice "Go to your seat."

One of the teachers played the Good Samaritan, dried my tears with a red handkerchief and presented me with a huge bull's-eye and a copper. No modern bon-bons are so sweet as that red and white treasure and no bill, of however large a denomination, is half so valuable as that one "sou" to the defeated little girl who had failed to bound Russia.

The copy-books were displayed as specimens of penmanship, and, though not much could be truthfully said concerning them, there was one boy, Alfred Green, who was pronounced a genius. Such flourishes in his capitals, such long and graceful tails at the end of the sentences, such wonderful figures of birds and reptiles were woven into the woof of his writing that the visitors were amazed at the greatness of his skill. He always took the prize for writing and we were proud to have it so, for he was the popular boy of the school.

The most interesting examination, however, was the one in history. Our text-book was the synopsis found in the "Fifth Book of Lessons." After many questions had been asked by the inspector, a flaxen-haired girl of ten was called to the platform and asked to give the names of the Roman emperors and their characteristics. She rolled the huge names glibly from her small tongue — Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius—until arriving at Nero she was commanded to give an account of his persecution of the Christians and of his own tragic end.

The small, illuminated cards of

merit, daintily inscribed, were all we needed as rewards and they were more artistic than many of the daubs so common to-day.

The facial expressions and gestures of the friends were both amusing and inspiring while the drilling of the classes was in progress. Portly Mrs. McKim, who was a pillar in the Methodist Society, emitted ecstatic little whoops, which sounded like "Glory!" when her kith or kin prevailed. Joshua Higgins, a staunch Tory of the old school, blew his nose and struck the bench with his doubled fist when his great son Peter, six feet in his stockings, was beaten by "that

little upstart of a Grit" in the mental arithmetic contest. But these ebullitions of the old Adam cooled when the long tables were spread and fairly creaked under the weight of the good things provided.

When ham and home-made bread and sweet butter-frosted plum cake and pies of every kind were consumed — when cheers had been given for Miss Mowat and "God Save the Queen" sung by strong, clear voices — the jarring notes of dissent and envy died away and we went home under the stars, tired and content that we were Canadians, under the rule of "the best Queen that ever lived."

This seems a meagre curriculum, but it was the simple but sure foundation for the career of some of our most distinguished Empire-builders.

## THE YELLOW GOD

Continued from page 15

you she very awkward customer, think p'raps you done better stop there and marry her. Well, she gone now, thank Heaven! seem to drop in sea, and hope she stay there."

"Jeeki," said Alan, recovering himself, "listen to me: this is all infernal nonsense, we have gone through a great deal and the nerves of both of us are overstrained. We think we saw what we did not see, and if you dare to say a single word of it to your mistress I'll break your neck. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Major, think so. All 'fernal nonsense, nerves strained, didn't see what we see, say nothing of what did see to Mrs. Major, if either do say anything, t'other one break his neck. That all right, quite understand. Anything else, Major?"

"Yes, Jeeki. We have had some wonderful adventures, but they are past and done with, and the less we talk, or even think about them the better, for there is a lot that would be rather difficult to explain, and if explained would scarce be believed."

"Yes, Major, for instance, very difficult explain Mrs. Barbara how Asika so fond of you if you only tell her, 'Go away, go away!' all the time, like old saint-gentleman to pretty girl in picture. P'raps she smell rat."

"Stop your ribald talk," said Alan in a stern voice. "It would be better if, instead of making jokes, you gave thanks to Providence for bringing both of us alive and well out of very dreadful dangers. Now I am going to dress for dinner," and with an anxious glance seaward in the gathering darkness, he turned and went.

Jeeki stood alone upon the empty deck, wagging his great head to and fro and soliloquising thus:

"Wonder if Major see what under lady Asika's feet when she stand out there over nasty deep. Think not or he say something. That noble lord not look nice. No, private view for Jeeki only, free ticket and nothing to pay, and me hope it no come back when I go to bed. Major know nothing about it, so he not see, but Jeeki know a lot. Hope that Aylward not write any letters home, or if he write, hope no one post them. Ghost bad enough, but murder, oh my!"

He paused a while, then went on: "Jeeki do big sacrifice to Bonsa when he reach Yarleys, get lamb in back kitchen at night, or if ghost come any more calf in wood outside. Not steal it, pay for it himself. Then think Jeeki turn Roman Catholic; confess his sins. They say them priest chaps not split, and after they got his sins they tackle Asika, and Bonsas, too," and he uttered a series of penitent groans, turning slowly round and round to be sure that nothing was behind him.

Just then the full moon appeared out of a bank of clouds, and as it rose higher, flooding the world with light, Jeeki's spirits rose also.

"Asika never come in moonshine," he said, "that not the game, against rule, and after all, what Jeeki done bad? He very good fellow really. Aylward great villain, serve him jolly well right if Asika spifficate him, that not Jeeki's fault. What Jeeki do, he do to save master and missus who he love. Care nothing for hisself, ready die any day. Keep it dark to save them, too, 'cause they no like the story. If once they know, it always leave taste in mouth, same as bad oyster. Also Jeeki manage very well, take Major safe Asikiland ('cause Little Bonsa make him), give him very interesting time there, get him plenty gold, nurse him when he sick, noble Mungana, bring him out again, find Miss Barbara, catch hated rival and bamboozle all Asiki army, bring happy pair to coast and marry them, arrange first-class honeymoon on ship — Jeeki do all these things, and lots more he could tell; if he vain and not poor humble nigger."

Once more he paused a while, lost in the contemplation of his own modesty and virtues, then continued:

"This very ungrateful world. Major there, he not say, 'Thank you, Jeeki, Jeeki, you great, wonderful man. Brave Jeeki, artful Jeeki! Jeeki smart as paint who make all world believe just what he like, and one too many for Asika herself.' No, no, he say nothing like that. He say 'Thank Providence, not 'Jeeki,' as though Providence do all them things. White folk think they clever, but great fools really, don't know nothink. Providence all very well in his way — p'raps, but Providence not patch on Jeeki.

"Hullo, moon get behind cloud and there second bell; think Jeeki go down and wait dinner, lonely up here, and sure Asika never stand 'lectric light."

(THE END.)

## DOWN WITH THE KNIFE.

(Hamilton Times.)

UNFORTUNATELY, the weapon-carrying habit is not entirely confined to foreigners. Too frequently men familiar with Anglo-Saxon institutions illegally carry lethal weapons. That is to be regretted, and the habit is to be reprobated and discouraged by all good citizens. But the newcomers of hot-blooded races, and of habits of society where respect for the institutions of the law has not exercised the same influence on the individual, are dangerously prone to crimes which are the result of a combination of too-ready weapons and unrestrained passion.

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## What Canadian Editors Think

THE BATTLE AND THE BREEZE  
(*Montreal Star.*)

BRITAIN'S wealth and naval power will make her a very powerful factor in any war which takes place in Western Europe. It is her naval power which renders her so strong with Italy, Portugal, and even Spain; and her wealth would enable her to finance active military operations by the two Latin peninsulas in case a great European struggle were to break out. The delicacy of the position of Italy is not always sufficiently realised. It is terribly exposed to naval attack and cannot afford to quarrel with the powers which control the Mediterranean—as Britain and France would—while, on the other hand, she has a historic dread of the Austrian army which Germany might permit to pour down through Venetia. But withdraw Britain's wealth and naval power, and let France and Germany balance each other at sea; and Italy dare not fail to follow Vienna. In the last analysis, this is an age of gold and not of iron. Battles are lost and won in the banking houses of the world; and all that remains is the sacrifice of the men on the red field or in the sinking ship. This is what makes of the American Republic a power, although her army is not, in time of peace, a force of which Continental Europe would take count. This is the weakness to-day of Russia. She has lots of men but no money and little credit. Japan to-day is crippled in her purse, though nowhere else. And, more and more, as the cost of war grows, will the masters of the world's money be the masters of the world's destiny.

\* \* \*

THE GENIAL, UPLIFTING  
DRUMMER.

(*Vancouver World.*)

WHO can imagine a world without commercial travellers, and who, imagining it, would want to live in it? The commercial traveller carries more than his sample-cases. He is not only the agent of his house but the agent of civilisation. Without his welcome visits the monotony of life in the office of the hotel in the small town would never be broken and the rural storekeeper, failing his revivifying call, would decline gradually into that fossilised condition in which advertising is a lost art and the accumulation of old stock gradually locks up the entire capital. Then there is the influence of the commercial traveller on the styles of masculine attire. No matter whether he steps out of a train-wreck or an hotel the bath-room of which is not in commission he always looks the same, tubbed and ironed into a spruceness which is an inspiration and which has an indirect but very perceptible effect in increasing the business of the local tailors and barbers. It is appalling to think to what depths of slovenliness some of the more remote communities might sink were it not for the periodical appearance of the commercial traveller in all his glory.

\* \* \*

A GREAT EXPLORER.

(*Toronto Globe.*)

THERE is no more interesting or important chapter in the history of Canada than the one which tells how British Columbia came to be British and how it came to be Canadian. There is not among the "makers" of British Columbia a more heroic figure than that of the man who explored the country about the upper waters of the great river by which the province is traversed, who built forts and founded settlements on its tribu-

taries, who descended the river to tide water, and after whom it has been quite appropriately named. A movement has been started to erect a monument to his memory at New Westminster, where his dangerous voyage ended, and Canadians everywhere should not merely take a sympathetic interest in the project, but extend to it such practical encouragement as they can afford to give. The full importance of the work done by Mr. Fraser cannot be appreciated without some knowledge of its relation to that of other contemporary explorers. His immediate predecessor, Mr. Mackenzie, has already been mentioned. The most noted of all, so far as accurate cartographical work is concerned, was David Thompson, who entered the Northwest Company's service in 1796. From that date to 1811 he was occupied with exploratory work in what is now the Canadian Northwest, on the head waters of the Missouri River, and along the whole length of the Columbia. Like Fraser, he lived in eastern Ontario, and died near Montreal at the age of eighty-seven.

\* \* \*

THE TWO NATIONALISTS.

(*Ottawa Journal.*)

THE disinterestedness of Mr. Bourassa and Mr. Lavergne must be respected as highly as their courage and their independence. Whatever may be the opinion of their policy or ideas, every Canadian has a right to be proud of public men who place principle and conviction higher than immediate personal advancement and profit. Mr. Bourassa never had anything to do but hold his tongue in certain respects to have become a cabinet minister here long before this. Mr. Lavergne has nothing to hope for in Quebec politics which could compensate him for his withdrawal from Dominion politics. But both these public men have a conviction that reform is needed in Quebec in some directions, and they have sailed in to bring it about if they can, regardless of their comfort, their political prospects and their pockets. Such as these must always continue forces to be reckoned with, while they live, and probably both will play a considerable part and a successful part on the public stage for a long time to come.

\* \* \*

SIFT OUR IMMIGRANTS.

(*Montreal Standard.*)

IT certainly seems rather singular to our British cousins that while bonuses are still being paid to European agencies for the procurement of surplus peoples from Central and Southern Europe, not only is no assistance offered to British emigrants, but they are subjected to a money test which, rigorously applied, would deprive this country of many admirable citizens. A man with thirty pairs of trousers is not necessarily depraved; a man who could not show twenty-five dollars might become a wholesome, virtuous citizen. There are thousands of persons in the Mother Country living from hand to mouth, who could not, on the instant, produce twenty-five dollars, but who, nevertheless, from their habits, their character, their traditions, would make good citizens of this new country. There is something of worth in Anglo-Saxon civilisation. It is of value that the incoming settler is ready to salute the flag, obey the law, and thrill to national feeling. The statement that the Canadian door is closed to British emigrants should not be allowed to go unchallenged. It is not closed. We still need millions; but we have reached the sifting stage.



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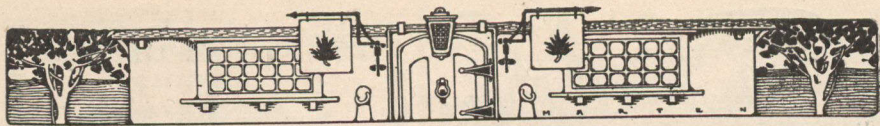
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AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

THE WOMAN'S PAGE.

HERE is one department of the modern newspaper which is distinctively of the times. No one can read the Canadian dailies of twenty years ago, carefully preserved in our Legislative Library, and compare them with the morning or evening paper of 1908 without noticing how much greater prominence is given to women's work by the journal of the Twentieth Century. Twenty years ago, a girl who took a university degree was considered an advanced and curious specimen of her sex. To-day the girl B.A. excites neither wonder nor curiosity. The woman's page has come to be a recognised department of the modern daily inasmuch as woman's work has many ramifications and modern woman reads the newspapers almost as regularly as her brother does.

There has been much masculine ridicule of the woman's page, as if it were a "dotty department," as one irreverent newspaperman termed it. But if one will consider how the columns devoted to women are filled, in most Canadian papers, he will come to the conclusion that they are edited by capable women who credit their sisters with the possession of brains. *Kit of the Mail and Empire* is probably the best-known editor of a Canadian "woman's kingdom," and that vivacious lady is certainly not to be accused of writing drivel about frills. The *Toronto Globe* has recently devoted a daily page to women at work and play and shows no tendency to allow it to become a silly section. If you come across a woman's page which is given to slush and cheap sentiment you may safely conclude that a mere man is writing it and thinks, poor soul, that he is pleasing women by scribbling such prattle as would not deceive a ten-year-old girl. It is doubtless the *Ladies' Home Journal* which has given man the opportunity to remark upon the sickening stuff which women write; but the journal in question is edited by a man. There is one feature of such publications that ought to die out—the letters (genuine or otherwise) from foolish women who ask about how they should treat their "gentlemen friends" and who relate their domestic woes to the editor person. Some of these letters may be carefully "manufactured" but in many cases they are actually the composition of women or girls who seem to have no idea of their own exceeding folly. It is difficult to believe that any distressed woman with a grain of decent common-sense in her nature would scribble her sorrows to a newspaper or magazine editor; yet the waste-paper basket in many a sanctum bears witness to the "Daisy" or "Weary Wife" who has

written to the papers about it. The girl who writes to an editor to know whether she should ask the young man to call, the woman who takes pen in hand to inform a perspiring journalist that she fears she is losing her husband's valued regard are both in that class which the late Thomas Carlyle dismissed as "mostly fools."

\* \* \*

WOMEN AND MANNERS.

THE English weekly, *M. A. P.*, which recently published a discussion on the manners of men, is once more agitated on the subject of politeness and this time asks a group of prominent men to give their opinions as to the manners of modern women. That distinguished journalist, Sir Hubert E. H. Jerningham, is brief and severe in his remarks.

"Your letter reaches me on my return from America, and I have the less hesitation in complying with your wish, as my answer to the query whether modern women's manners are better or worse than they used to be is very brief, simple and categorical.

"They had some—they have none at all now."

Sir David Salomons likewise remarks: "But why has that polish in life gone off? Surely railways, omnibuses, extra postal facilities, telephones, telegrams, and other so-called modern improvements and necessities, render life so hurried, as if the babe was born to speed its way to the grave as the chief end in view, that time is no longer existent for the teaching of good manners, still less for the practice of them."

\* \* \*

THE GRADUATES.

SEVERAL decades ago, the poet Tennyson called girl graduates "sweet" and the adjective has been sugarly applied ever since. In our mothers' day the graduate meant a fluffy young thing in white muslin who read an essay on "Ideals" or "Golden Memories" and received lace-papered bouquets of roses from admiring, if uncomprehending young men. But there are other graduates in these days, serious young women who read no essays but who receive the B.A. parchment without blushes and nervous fluttering. Wherever these girl graduates may be, whether in the university, the "Hall" where only women are to be found as students, or the Conservatory devoted to music and dramatic art, the world smiles upon them in genuine congratulation although the wise old globe knows that some of these earnest young persons are going to experiment with its revolutions and try to set it spinning the other way.

CANADIENNE.

Where Dreams are Sold

At the silken sign of the Poppy,  
At a shop which is never old,  
Where a twilight silence lingers,  
It is there that dreams are sold.

There's the scent of Love's lost roses,  
The soft echo of childhood's laugh,  
There's the ring of empty glasses,  
For the white lips never quaff.

To the silken sign of the Poppy  
We may come when the day-light  
dies,

When the curfew music quivers,  
'Neath the gray of evening skies.

Just beyond the gates of sunset,  
Where the grim toll of death we  
pay,  
We shall find the shop of dream-  
wares,  
Where the poppies hang alway.

So we long for dusk of the twilight  
When, with wealth of no earthly  
gold,

We shall come where sleep-flowers  
cluster  
To the shop where dreams are sold.

E. J. G.

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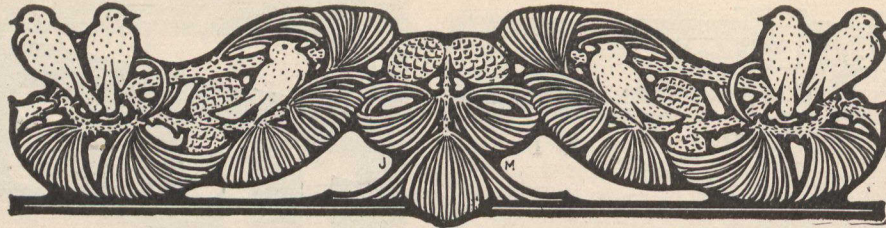
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## F O R T H E C H I L D R E N

### AN INVITATION.

By EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON.

MISS JUNE extends her compli-  
ments, and heartily extends  
A cordial invitation to her very dear-  
est friends

To spend a whole long month with  
her—full thirty happy days—  
When she will entertain us all, in  
most delightful ways.

She'll give us lovely roses, and  
myriads of flowers,  
And cheer our hearts with beauty,  
through all the sunny hours.

And if we're fond of music—a con-  
cert she will plan,  
For she can summon songsters that  
no other hostess can.

Her feathered prima donnas are the  
finest ever heard—  
The oriole, the robin, and every sing-  
ing bird.

She will show enchanting pictures—  
a moonlight on the sea,  
Some sleepy cows in pasture, or a  
shady chestnut tree.

Whenever we are hungry, there'll be  
dainty food to eat—  
And are not cream and strawberries  
a most delicious treat?

So write her your acceptance and be  
sure to send it soon,  
And then I know we all shall spend  
a happy month with June!

\* \* \*

as all brownies should, quite new and  
fresh. He carried his basket over his  
arm, for he had a bit of marketing to  
do by the way; and he skipped along,  
dodging the beetles, and peeping in  
the doors of the ant hills, as merry as  
any brownie could be on a sunny  
morning in April.

He bought a jar of butter at a  
buttercup shop and a jar of honey  
from a wandering bee. He stopped a  
green measuring worm to see if he  
had grown tall in the night, but he  
had not a bit. He was just going  
home again, when "Bless me! What's  
that?" said the brownie. The sunny  
April day had changed to a showery  
April day, and it was raining!

It is quite bad enough to be a child  
and out of doors when it rains, but  
think of being a tiny, wee little mite  
of a brownie with fresh new clothes,  
and every rain-drop as full as a  
bucket, because you are so tiny! He  
ran so fast that the jar of honey and  
the pot of butter rattled like a pair  
of kettledrums. He crept under the  
tallest blades of grass, and tried to  
cover himself with a plantain leaf;  
but it was of no use—the rain-drops  
fell thicker and faster, and he grew  
more drenched every minute.

At last he saw, just a little way  
ahead, a fine, broad toadstool. That  
would make a good roof! He ran as  
fast as his little legs would carry him,



### THREE LITTLE SWEEPS.

PETERKIN, Jennie, and Josephine  
Dean

Said it was time that their chimney  
was clean.

They crept right inside, there was  
plenty of room,  
And raked it well out with a very long  
broom.

The result was just this: they were  
smothered with soot  
From the crown of their head to the  
sole of their foot.

"Come let us wash in the broad blue  
sea!"

Helter skelter off rushed the three;  
And there they remained till the end  
of the day,

All splashing and dipping and scrub-  
bing away.

But soot sticks fast; they never got  
clean,

Peterkin, Jennie, and Josephine Dean.  
—Tiny Tots.

\* \* \*

### HOW WE FIRST CAME TO HAVE UMBRELLAS.

By CAROLYN S. BAILEY.

THIS is how we first came to have  
umbrellas. One sunny morning  
in April a wee brownie started out for  
a walk. He wore a brown jerkin, and  
brown breeches, and brown painted  
shoes, and a little brown pointed cap,

nearly dropping his basket in his  
haste to get under the friendly toad-  
stool.

But, ah! some one else needed  
shelter from the weather too. The  
brownie ran straight into a huge, fat,  
gray dormouse, who lay safe and dry  
under the toadstool, winking and  
blinking at the drops trickling through  
the grass.

Poor little brownie! He trembled  
with fright. The dormouse looked to  
him as large as a bear, and he was  
afraid. But it was warm and dry un-  
der the toadstool, and very wet out-  
side. The dormouse did not see him,  
and he kept on the other side of the  
stalk just peeping out now and then.

He began tugging a bit at the toad-  
stool. It was very heavy; but never  
mind. Tug, tug—up it came, and off  
stumbled the brownie with the toad-  
stool over his head, and the dormouse  
left out in the rain.

"See the brownie!" cried the crick-  
ets, and the beetles, and the grass-  
hopper, and the ants; "see the brownie  
with the toadstool over his head to  
keep off the rain!"

By and by, a large, grown-up per-  
son, with very sharp eyes, saw the  
brownie too. And the grown-up per-  
son went off at once and made him-  
self a larger toadstool from iron and  
wood and cloth to hold over his head  
when it rained. So that is how we  
first came to have umbrellas.

## "Guess I'm Bilious"

Surely you know  
how to get rid of  
Biliousness. Your  
old friend in time  
of trouble will  
help you—

**Abbey's**  
Effer-  
vescent Salt<sup>16</sup>  
25c and 60c a bottle.

## AN ANGRY BARITONE

What the Singer said to the Accom-  
panist after the Agony

After the "popular baritone" had  
finished his thrilling rendering of the  
Prologue from Il Pagliacci, he led his  
well-meaning accompanist to a dark  
corner of the artists' room and reason-  
ed with him for fifteen minutes in  
three languages. He was particular  
also in his choice of words, selecting  
only those which had most innate  
force. The accompanist had done  
his best but he had a tendency to  
strike major chords for minor ones  
and generally to be two measures be-  
hind the soloist. A good accompanist  
must pay such close attention to the  
singer that he must read about ten  
measures of the music in a momentary  
glance, and few can do this, but the  
Angelus, that wizard piano-player,  
gives the accompanist freedom to  
attend to the soloist. Its technique  
is absolutely perfect and the baritone  
or the soprano is not borne down by  
the horrifying fear that five measures  
further on, it will forget to sharpen  
the G. A singer for the sake of ex-  
pression is in the habit of varying his  
tempo. The Angelus can follow him,  
for the phrasing lever gives the opera-  
tor instantaneous control. Moreover  
the accompaniment can be so subdued  
that it will never overpower the voice.  
This is accomplished also by instan-  
taneous means, as a glance at the  
instrument will show. When this  
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## LITERARY NOTES

### THE RIDDLE OF PERSONALITY

ONE of the books which have received unusual attention this spring is *The Riddle of Personality*, by H. Addington Bruce, which sums up clearly and dispassionately the observations and experiments of those who have indulged in this department of psychical research. Even the uninformed will find this volume quite comprehensible and will not discover anything too theoretical in its treatment of the subject. As Mr. Kerfoot, the reviewer of *New York Life*, remarks: "It is safely balanced—head up, face forward, but feet to the ground." Mr. Bruce, who has made this contribution towards a summary of the psychic investigation, which is of poignant interest to the modern scientific world, is a Canadian by birth.

\* \* \*



Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard, the Canadian woman who has written "A Woman's Way Through Unknown Labrador."

\* \* \*

### STARTLING SONNETS.

UNDER the alliterative title, *Sour Sonnets of a Sorehead and Other Songs of the Street*, there is published this month by the Hunter-Rose Company of Toronto a book which is entirely in keeping with the baseball season, although its philosophy goes somewhat deeper than the "fans" would be prepared to follow. The author, Mr. James P. Haverson of Toronto, is a young journalist of decided originality, who manages to write dainty ballades and villanelles as well as such unconventional lines as compose the "Sour Sonnets." These productions first appeared in the columns of *Toronto Saturday Night* and have elicited much favourable comment. The grumblings of the "Sorehead" who finds the time so sadly out-of-joint express the discontent of many sons of Adam and yet the mournful sonneteer is only pretending to be a Jeremiah. The book is illustrated with characteristic and realistic sketches by Mr. Fergus Kyle. It will be published in the United States by H. M. Caldwell and Company, Boston.

\* \* \*

### OUIDA ON WOMEN.

THAT remarkable novelist, Louise de la Ramee, more familiarly known as "Ouida," whose death in poverty was the subject of many melancholy paragraphs last year, has not left herself without witness. The Editor of *Lippincott's Magazine* tells the following interesting tale in the June number of that publication.

"Twenty-five years ago Ouida sold to *Lippincott's Magazine* two intensely interesting manuscripts setting forth her original and startling views on two of the gravest problems of

womankind. The publishers' explicit agreement with Ouida was that these papers must not be published until after her death. For more than a quarter of a century the manuscripts, in the author's strongly individual chirography, have lain in the magazine safe, passing unharmed through the great fire of 1899; but now that this brilliant and singularly original writer has passed away, we are at liberty to produce these unique articles."

Ouida's opinions of men were not flattering and her heart-to-heart talks with her own sex will prove highly interesting. But talk about the secrets of diplomacy! They are poor stuff in comparison with what a magazine editor carries about in his heart. For a quarter-of-a-century the editor of that Philadelphia monthly has known Ouida's opinion of her sister woman and has not yet divulged it.

\* \* \*

### THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

THE June issue of the *Canadian Magazine* is of unusual interest, the initial article being *Cobalt: A Mistaken Idol*, by Frederic Robson. The writer has a Kiplingesque fashion of jumping into his theme and makes his subject glitteringly attractive. Most of the recent articles on this mining region would send anyone but a speculator to sleep; but every paragraph of Mr. Robson's account is so vigorously alive that Miss Wilkins' New England spinster would feel like buying a ticket for Cobalt after reading about the railway contractors who blasted through silver-veined rocks. Dr. Logan has an admirable analysis: *The Psychology of Gossip*—only we do not admit that Mrs. Poyser is a harmless or amiable gossip. Mr. W. M. Boulbee contributes a finely-illustrated article on *Edmund Morris, Painter*, which sums up this artist's relation to his native land in these words: "Mr. Edmund Morris has felt the fascination of this country, its vitality, the grimness of its large spaces, the mystery of its waterways and forests and has deliberately, knowing the cost, determined to make his lifework in his own country." *The Story of a Lutheran Madonna* by Lucy Creighton is a delightful historic sketch, while George Herbert Clarke's *The Last Lullaby* is a poem which sets itself to music.

\* \* \*

### FRANCOIS COPPEE.

THE death of Francois Coppee, says Mr. Sidney G. P. Coryn, has robbed France of one of her most distinguished literary figures. He was the poet, the novelist, and the dramatist of Paris, but Coppee's Paris was not that of the boulevards, it had but little of the tinsel and glitter which form so large a part of the average knowledge of the French capital. Coppee's supreme gift, a gift gravely undervalued by the writers of to-day, was the power to recognise the beauty and the pathos of the commonplace, and this is a power only to be acquired by sympathy and kindness. For this reason, perhaps, it is so rare. Coppee's poetry does not readily lend itself to translation, but those who wish to know something of the charm that he exercised over the best aspects of the French mind should read *The Wooden Shoes of Little Wolf*, *My Friend Meutrier*, or *The Two Clowns*. Francois Coppee was a good Frenchman, but he was more than that. He belonged to the dwindling family of writers whose pens are guided by conscience and who recognise the moral responsibility associated with authorship.



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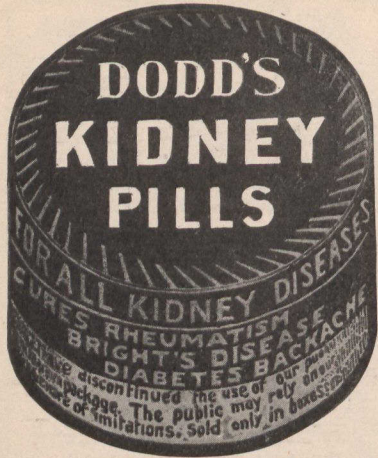


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# THE HUMAN SIDE

By ARCHIE P. MCKISHNIE

## NIGHT ON THE BAY.

MAY passed out in a galaxy of crimson-gold and purple. A long, wide path of glory lay straight across the waters of the bay, and in that path the tall reeds stood up like slender, golden wands.

With the fading of the last gleam of crimson in the west, the path narrowed and drew back, and baby night-winds awoke to pile up a long, white fringe of cloud, that floated and swung high above, like a hammock for dawning stars. Through its wide meshes glided the faint, cold star-beams like ghosts of day's dead glories.

High in air, a flock of wild geese passed on whistling wings; a long procession following dead day. Then the winds, across the darkened waters, leaped to wilder life and swayed the rushes to a swishing song. From the far shore came the wail of a lonely loon.

\* \* \*

## THE MAGNETISM OF THE "POLLS."

OLD Deacon Draper was resting beneath a tree in the field, when along came Trustee Hawkins, driving an ancient sorrel mare attached to a buckboard.

"Goin' to be hot," he called, pulling up.

"Goin' to be a scorcher," agreed the Deacon, climbing up on the fence. "What's new, Jim?"

"Nuthin', 'cept the Grits are goin' to give the Tories an awful whippin' to-day, and that ain't news 'cause everybody knows it," chuckled Hawkins, flecking a fly off the old mare's back with a stub of a whip.

The Deacon laughed too and climbing down from the fence limped across to the buckboard.

"Jim," he said, laying a hand on the other's knee, "you know that ain't right. The Conservative party's in to stay and we are goin' to have prosperity."

"Poor Deacon," sighed his friend, "poor, misguided Deacon."

"Voted yet, Jim?" asked the Deacon.

"Nop; have you?"

"Politics have become corrupt," said the Deacon sternly and evasively. "Corrupt's the word, brother. For my part, I ain't carin' whether I vote or not."

"Me either, Jim, and what, say I, is the use of two old chaps like me and you, drivin' through the heat to town, jest to poll a vote apiece? Why, Jim, I'd only kill your vote and you'd kill mine. We'd both be as far ahead if we stayed to home."

"I declare now, but you're right, Deacon," nodded Trustee Hawkins. "What do you say if we stay home and tend to things while the boys are away votin', then?"

"I'm agreeable to that, Jim," declared the Deacon, and the two old men sealed the agreement with a hand-shake.

Morning passed, and the dinner-horn sounded.

Throughout the meal, the Deacon was strangely silent. After dinner he went back to the wheat-field to pull mustard. He saw his two sons drive down the lane and take the road to the village.

"I've done it every year fer nigh fifty years till this year," thought the Deacon. "Seems odd I'm not votin' to-day."

Along about the middle of the afternoon, the Deacon walked slowly across towards the house.

"I jest thought that maybe the boys had forgot to take the list of things

you made out, Ma," he said, poking his head into the cook-shed.

"No, Pa, Bob took it," came the response, and the Deacon walked toward the stable, his hope vanquished.

As he passed the implement shed, his eye fell upon the tall oil-jug, beneath the binder. He walked over and picked it up. He shook it. Then, with a satisfied expression on his wrinkled face, he carried it into the barn and put it in the box of the old buggy.

Next, he harnessed old Bess and hitched her to the buggy. As he drove past the house, his wife came out and looked at him in wonderment.

"I find we're clean out of machine-ile, Ma," he called guiltily, "and I'm jest goin' after some."

The Deacon touched Bess with the whip, and as they clattered through the gate and up the road, he chuckled: "Tain't likely we'll be needin' ile fer some six weeks yet, but it's jest as well to keep a supply on hand."

The main road led directly past Brother Hawkins' place, but the Deacon remembering that there was a field in Dolson's farm he wished to see, turned down the side road. It was a little farther to town this way, but he did want so to see that field. As he turned off the side road to the main road again, an old sorrel mare, hitched to a buckboard, rounded the opposite corner. The two rigs slipped into the main road side by side.

"Why, Deacon!" cried Brother Hawkins wonderingly.

"Purty hot, Jim," grinned the Deacon. "Somebody sick at your place?"

"Thought I better show old Mol here to the vet'," explained Brother Hawkins, buckling his lines. "All your own folks well, Deacon?" he asked anxiously.

"Jim," grinned the Deacon, "suppose we call that agreement of ourn off, eh?"

"Seems like it's the only thing to do, Deacon," chuckled the other. "Bet I beat you to the polls."

\* \* \*

## TO-DAY.

Forget those Yesterdays along the way,

Leave them behind with all their joys and sorrows;

Souls that are strong to meet the world's To-morrows

Are those that make the best of its To-day.

\* \* \*

## SUNSET ON THE HILLS.

Sunset on the hills—sunset on the hills,

When the drifting, shifting glory The restful valley fills;

And the breezes join the sunset song, Of drowsy, tinkling rills.

Twixt the night and day—twixt the night and day,

Angels reach with loving hands To draw our cares away;

Dies the woodland chorus, And the lights upon the bay.

\* \* \*

## CALLED BACK.

He left the blue hills and the swaying trees,

And in the city sought Earth's fairest things;

There, beauty beckoned him, with rainbow wings,

And Life beat time to subtle melodies.

But in the grey of life again he turned To those far hills, where pine-trees swayed a song,

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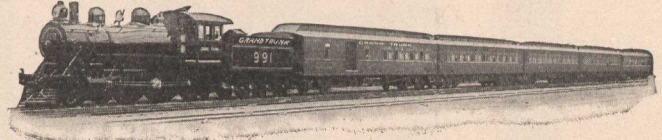
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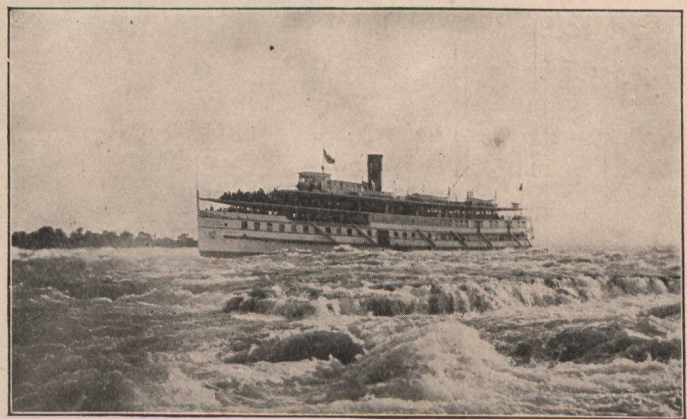
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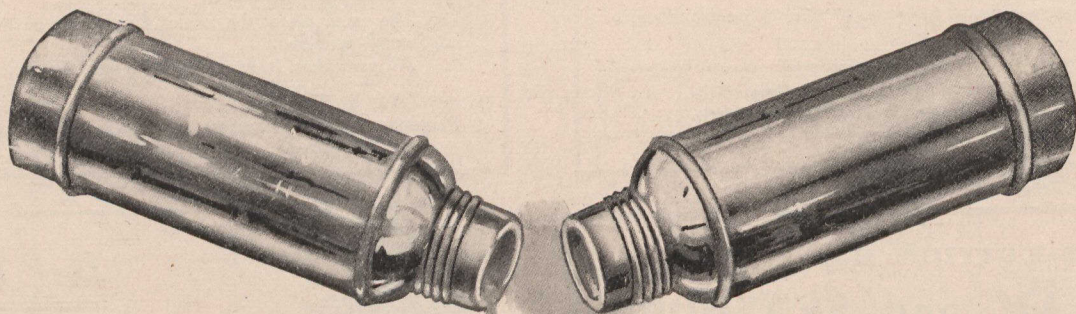
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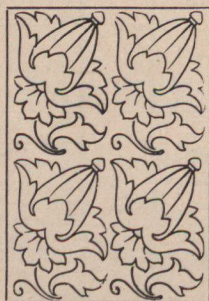
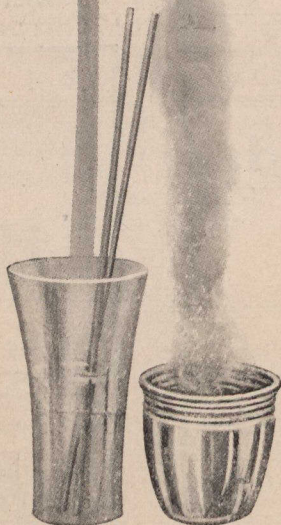
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