

The Canadian  
**Courier**  
 THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



**Sir Wilfrid Laurier  
 In the West**

FULL PAGE DRAWING By C. W.  
 JEFFERYS

**Canadian Army  
 Service Corps**

By A MILITARY MAN

**The Roosevelt of  
 Ontario**

By MAIN JOHNSON

**The Philosophy of  
 Vacation**

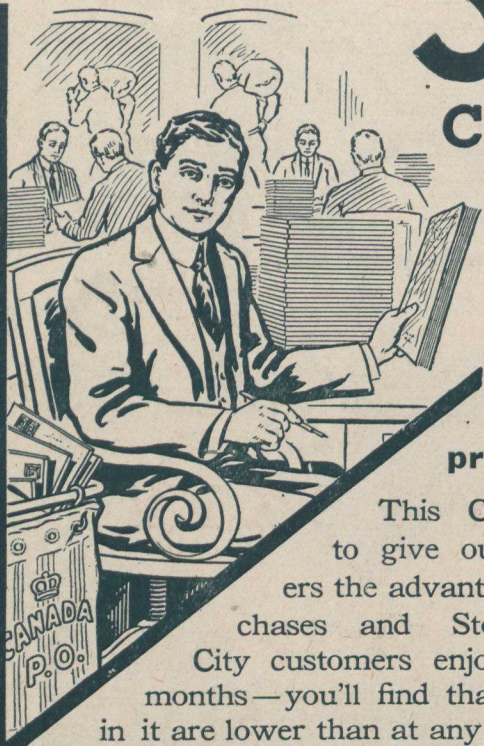
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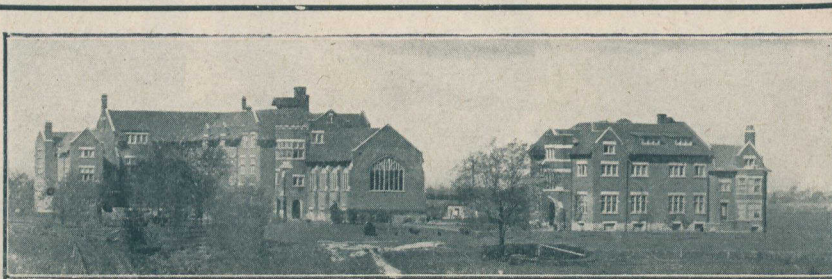
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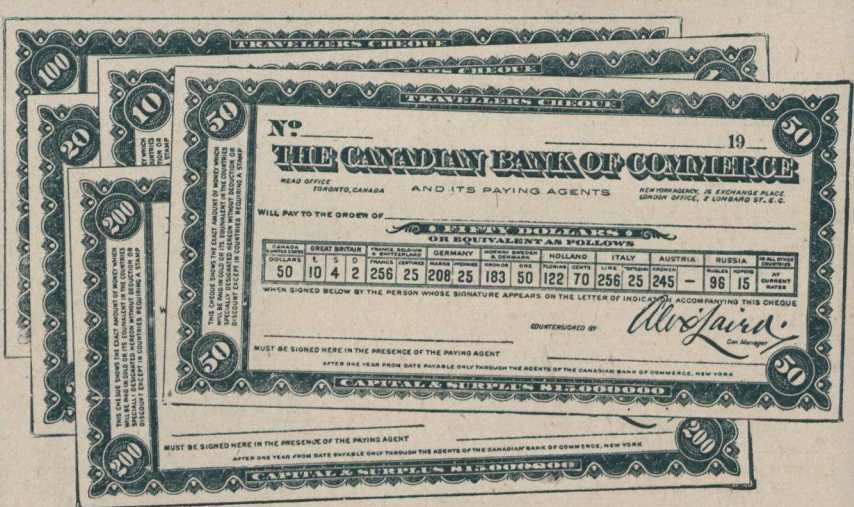
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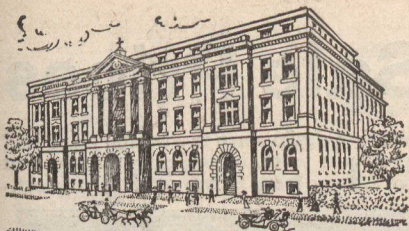
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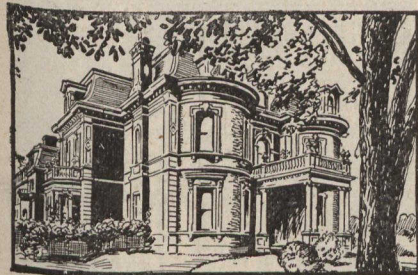
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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

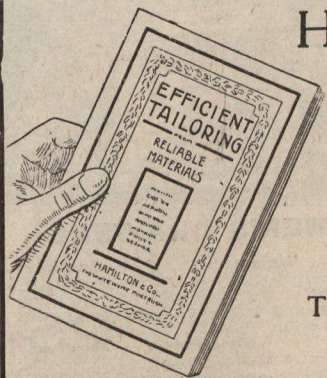
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VOL. 8

Toronto, July 16th, 1910

No. 7



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SPEAKING  
 IN THE  
 ARENA RINK  
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THE PREMIER'S GREAT ORATION AT THE GATEWAY OF THE WEST

Ottawa Liberals start on a two-months Tour of the Western Provinces

Last Saturday Sir Wilfrid Laurier with Hon. George P. Graham, Mr. E. M. Macdonald, M.P., and Mr. F. F. Pardee, M.P., began their westward entourage at Fort William and Port Arthur. Our special artist, Mr. C. W. Jefferys, gives his impressions of the event.

# REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

**G**ENERAL Sir Robert Stephenson Smyth Baden-Powell, inventor, patron and chief of the Boy Scouts of the British Empire, is to visit the Toronto Exhibition, and there is great excitement among the various Scout corps throughout Canada. Sir Robert is said to be the most popular officer in the British Army, as Lord Kitchener is the most respected. As the son of a professor of Oxford



General Sir R. S. S. Baden-Powell.

he inherits a literary ability which enables him to produce readable books. His first book was entitled "Pig Sticking or Hog Hunting," and his second was "Reconnaissance and Scouting." That was twenty years ago. In his later years his interest in "Pig Sticking" seems to have given way entirely before his interest in scouting. In 1890 he published "Aids to Scouting" and in 1898, "Scouting for Boys."

General Baden-Powell joined the 13th Hussars in 1876 and saw his first real fighting in Zululand in 1888 when he was "mentioned in dispatches." Since then he has served in Ashanti, Matabeleland and South Africa. At the time of the latter campaign he was Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the 5th Dragoon Guards, and his famous hundred-day defence of Mafeking gained him a promotion to be Major-General. After the close of the war he organised the South African Constabulary and in 1898 founded the Boy Scouts.

The Directors of the Toronto Exhibition are doing Canada a real service in bringing to this country each year to visit their Exhibition some prominent Imperial figure. There was talk of an invitation being sent to Colonel Roosevelt, and it is possible he would have been a greater attraction. However, the Exhibition authorities were very wise in inviting General Baden-Powell. His visit will undoubtedly have a more profound effect upon our national life. The General is not a militarist, although a soldier. His greatest attribute is his belief in physical fitness and individual intelligence. He is keen on developing sturdiness, self-reliance, and personal independence in the British youth, and at the same time does not overlook the value of character and manners. He is a man in the fullest sense, and a hero whom Canada should delight to honour.

**O**NE may conclude that Western Canada is fairly well supplied with railways. There was a time when the West talked only wheat and railways and gave their attention quite impartially to the two subjects. Now the talk is confined almost wholly to wheat and its various phases. The growing of the grain having got beyond the experimental stage, the chief problem now is that of marketing; hence economic handling and suitable shipping facilities have become more important topics. The "loading platform" question seems to have been settled fairly satisfactorily and the question of "grading" has also receded somewhat into the background. The talk now is all about elevators. Manitoba is introducing a system of government-owned internal elevators. These will be scattered throughout the province where they will do most good. The Province of Saskatchewan has appointed a special commission which is going about the country gathering information as to whether that province shall follow Manitoba's lead and start a system of government-owned elevators. Alberta will do whatever Saskatchewan does.

Now comes the announcement that the Dominion Government, acting on expert advice, has decided to take over all the terminal elevators on Lake Superior and make them a government monopoly. These terminal elevators are now owned by the railways, milling companies and grain-shippers. The farmers of the West complain that they do not get equitable treatment from the shippers and the elevator men, and that there is a tendency to grade the wheat too low. As the farmer is paid according to the grading, he is anxious that his grain shall be graded at the highest possible point. He believes apparently that he can get justice only from government-owned elevators.

It seems curious that at a time when so many people are trying to prove that all politicians and public men are either incompetent or unrighteous, and that most public servants are lazy and incompetent, the policy of government control should be making such

progress. In spite of the newspapers and the political speech-makers one must conclude that the various public services in Canada were never better organised and never more trustworthy. There may be extravagances here and there, and there may be roguery and favouritism in certain quarters, but nevertheless the public business of the country is being fairly and economically administered both by the central and the provincial governments. This is not to say that there should not be a continuation of the agitation for civil service reform and more up-to-date methods in public administration. There is still room for improvement in public administration as there is in private business. The point is that the public recognise that most of the charges of graft and corruption made against the various public services in Canada are based upon minor incidents or faults, and that Canadians in public life are almost, if not quite, as honest as Canadians in private life.

**F**OR ten years the parole system has been in force in Canada and since that time 3,100 prisoners have been granted a parole. Of this number nearly two thousand have won their liberty and are now good and accredited citizens. At least, this is the report of Mr. W. P. Archibald, the Dominion parole official, in an interview given to the *Kingston Whig*, and there is no reason to doubt his statement. Of the 3,100 prisoners paroled in eleven years, 1,800 were from the penitentiaries and 1,300 from the gaols and reformatories. Only sixty-five of these have made a wrong use of their liberty.

These facts bear out the contention of the more advanced social reformers that close confinement in penitentiaries and gaols is neither necessary nor advisable except under limited circumstances. It also gives colour to their contention that not all men who have committed a crime are criminals and that the occasional criminal may be reformed if properly handled.

**W**HEN the average citizen thinks of the cost of living, he has visions of coal, meat, bread and general household supplies. The increase in the price of lumber does not, in his view, affect him seriously. Yet when one goes deeper into the situation, it will be seen that the increase in the price of lumber is almost as important as any other increase. It affects the original cost of the house and of the fence surrounding the house, the cost of screen doors and winter sash, and the price paid for general repairs. It also affects the cost of many articles of common household use.

This is a reason why every Canadian should lament when forest fires occur. During the past two months these fires have been extensive. Late in April, a fire in the Porcupine Hills, Alberta, devastated 140 square miles of timber with a loss of nearly half a million dollars. Late in May, a fire at Mistatim in central Saskatchewan caused a loss of nearly a million dollars, including a lumbering camp and sawmill. There have been other fires around Lesser Slave Lake and in the Riding Mountain Reserve. The district in western Ontario between Fort William and Winnipeg was the scene of the most extensive conflagrations, the losses being larger than those already mentioned.

The point to remember is that all these losses must eventually come out of the pockets of those who buy lumber or articles made of wood. Every stick of timber and every tree destroyed by fire makes every other tree more valuable. R. S. Kellogg, assistant forester in the United States Forest Service, is authority for the statement that "the prices of forest products have risen more rapidly than those of other commodities." Indeed, he goes so far as to say that they have risen twice as much as the average.

**B**ECAUSE the price of lumber enters so largely into the cost of living, every citizen should interest himself in the questions connected with the preservation, conservation and reproduction of our forests. Michigan was once a great forest supplying 23 per cent. of the lumber used in the United States; now it supplies less than 5 per cent. The forests of Canada are disappearing just as the Michigan forests disappeared. Fifty years from now, wood will be a scarce article on this continent.

Yet there is really no need for this state of affairs. Europe has preserved and maintained its supply of timber by tree-planting and careful regulation. In Switzerland, they planted 23 million trees in 1908, and this was not extraordinary. In certain of their state forests where only ripe trees are cut and where forest fires are unknown, the annual net revenue is from \$7 to \$10 an acre. Each year, France buys up some waste lands and plants it with trees. Already over half a million acres of forest has been created in this way. Austria and Germany are doing splendid work in re-creating their forests. Denmark has a scientific policy of handling forests on waste lands and its net profit from the sale of timber is \$100,000 a year.

Canada's greatest national asset, after its land, is its timber. If that national asset is properly conserved it will remain forever growing always in value. Not only will it be valuable for its annual crop of ripe trees, but it will preserve our rivers and our lakes, prevent undue evaporation, maintain our water-powers and prevent floods and other spring disasters. Not only that, but by scientific tree-planting on waste lands, Canada could increase this asset sufficiently to create an annual revenue which would ultimately defray the yearly expenses of all the nine provincial administrations.

# ROBLIN WINS AGAIN

SIR WILFRID WAS THERE TOO—NAUGHTY MANITOBA!

FOR the third time, Hon. R. P. Roblin, the Manitoba provincial Conservative Leader, has scored a notable political victory at a general election. The conqueror of the Hon. Thomas Greenway appears to be invincible. If his health were better, he might remain in public life long enough to win three more victories, because it seems to be a Canadian characteristic that once confidence is given to a public man it remains until a cataclysm or an earthquake intervenes.

It is only thirty years since Rodmond Palen Roblin went west and became a farmer and grain-dealer at Carman. He was born in Prince Edward, one of the counties in older Ontario which have given so many of their sons to the making of the West. He is of German descent, yet that does not prevent him being an ardent imperialist. His career in the West was of the usual kind. Being a graduate of Albert College, Belleville, he was at once elected school trustee. The rest followed as a matter of course, because educated men were none too common in the earlier days in Manitoba. He became Reeve, then Warden, then member of the Legislature. He was in the latter body only a dozen years when he was called upon to form a government in 1900. He chose to be Minister of Agriculture and Railway Commissioner and as such he has since remained. In this week's election he was opposed in his own constituency by Professor Osborne, but was re-elected with a record majority.

\* \* \*

AT the Walker Theatre in Winnipeg, in the closing speech of the campaign, last Saturday evening, Mr. Roblin gave three reasons why the general election was held a year before constitutionally required. First, the Opposition charged that he had lost the confidence of the electorate. Second, the introduction of the principle of government-owned elevators required the confirmation of the people. Third, his stand on the Boundary Question was a matter he desired to submit to the people. "These are the reasons why we should have an election at the present time."

As for the record of the Roblin Government, it must be freely admitted to be the most paternal of all Canadian Governments past or present. It has done what all other provincial governments have done, and then added government operation of telephones under a commission, and government operation of elevators. In the famous Canadian Northern Railway deal, which occurred early in its history, it paternalised to some extent in railways — it bought and sold a railway, getting control of rates for a bond guarantee. In these moves on the commercial checkerboard, Mr. Roblin has gone farther towards paternalism than any other Canadian statesman. Sir William Mulock wanted the Dominion Government to take over the telegraph lines throughout Canada, but he never got any distance with his project. Mr. Borden wanted the Dominion Government to build and operate the new Transcontinental, but the Government preferred to make a bargain with the Grand Trunk Pacific. Mr. Roblin is the only public man who has had advanced ideas concerning public control of public utilities and has had the courage and the opportunity to put his plans into operation. Sir James Whitney has gone in for public control of a power-transmission line, but it is doubtful if even Sir James can claim equal honour with Mr. Roblin in respect to paternal legislation.

\* \* \*

WHILE Mr. Roblin appealed for support because he had done these things for the people of Manitoba, his biggest play in this campaign was undoubtedly his appeal against Sir Wilfrid Laurier's refusal to enlarge Manitoba's boundaries and to place

Manitoba on a financial footing equal to Alberta, Saskatchewan or Ontario. There is not the slightest doubt that Manitoba resents the treatment it has received at the hands of the present Ottawa administration. Rightly or wrongly, the people are with Mr. Roblin and against Sir Wilfrid on the "Better Terms" question, and Mr. Roblin has lost no advantage which might possibly accrue to him from this situation. He gave no quarter, and he expected none. He threw down the glove and dared the Liberals to do their worst. He has won his reward fairly, as politics go in this country where unfairness in politics is exceedingly common. His government may have stooped to tactics which are not to be highly commended, but it has gone no farther in this respect perhaps than other governments, Liberal and Conservative, in other provinces on similar occasions.

Courage and daring are the attributes of Mr. Roblin and his colleagues. In this they display the true western spirit. Personally Mr. Roblin's reputation is good, and except for the case of the Eli Sand Pit he has no question mark in his record. He has served his province faithfully and well. If he had a sharp corner to negotiate, he took it in truly western style. That his qualities are such as would enable him to play an equally prominent part in federal politics, should he choose to change his theatre, is an open question. So far as he has taken excursions into the broader political field he has been somewhat unsuccessful. It is hardly likely that he will ever make any further broad attempts in this direction. His health is not good, and rumour says that he has seen quite enough of the game to satisfy him. However, he will be a striking figure so long as he cares to play out his part in public life.

\* \* \*

MR. ROBLIN'S chief lieutenant is the Hon. Robert Rogers, Minister of Public Works.

Indeed, the administration is usually spoken of as the "Roblin and Rogers" government. Rumour has often announced that Mr. Roblin has long desired to give place to his chief lieutenant but the latter seems to prefer second place. Mr. Rogers was born at Lakefield, Quebec, and migrated to Manitoba about the same time as Mr. Roblin. He too made his earlier success as a grain-dealer, and even now takes an occasional "flier" in wheat. He entered the Legislature about ten years later than the Premier, but has been a member of the Executive for the same length of time.

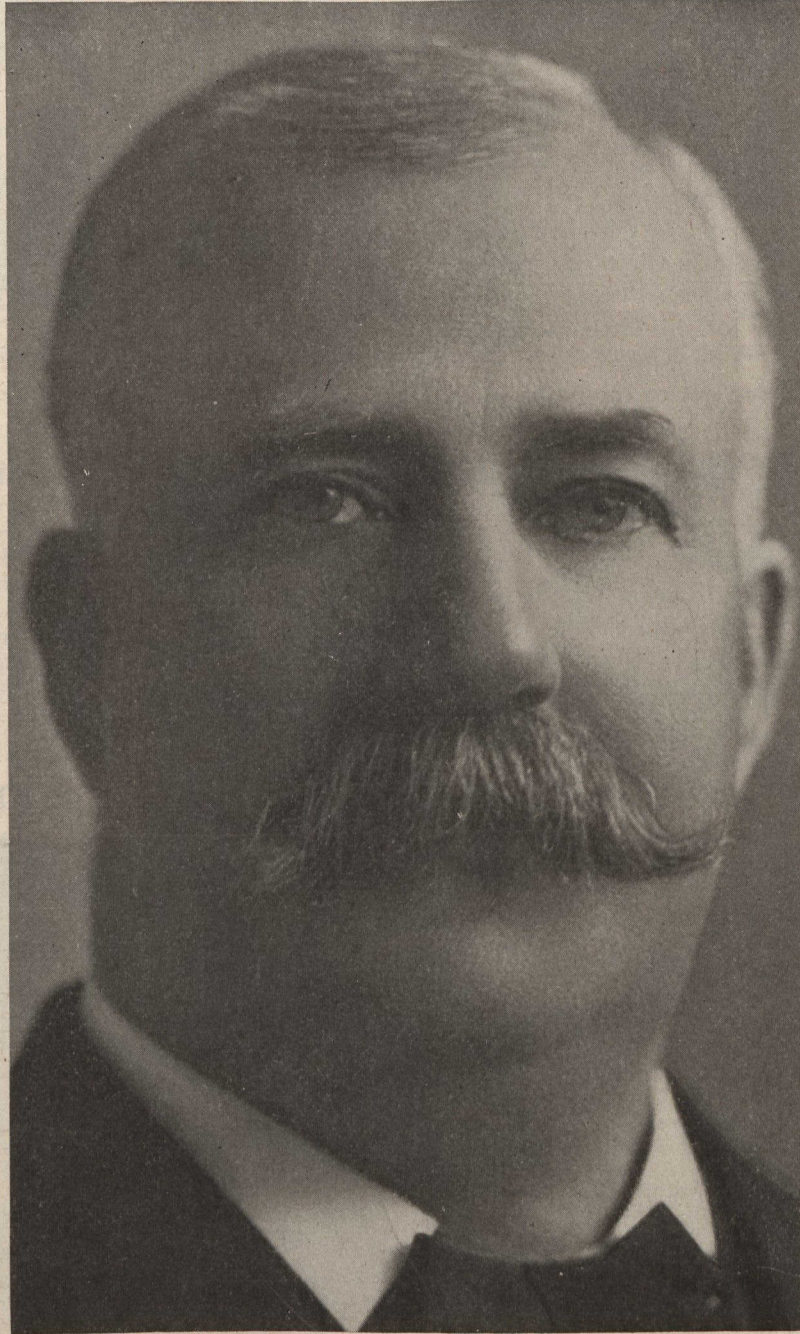
Hon. Colin Campbell, Attorney-General, is a strong man also. He became a barrister in Ontario in 1881 and of Manitoba in 1882. He soon became one of the prominent legal lights of the province, and his promotion was fairly rapid. He represents the constituency of Morris.

Hon. G. R. Coldwell, Minister of Education, is a Trinity College man who went west to practise law in Brandon. He was a member of the Brandon Council for twenty years and has not been long in the Legislature. It was thought that he would have a hard fight in Brandon this year, but his majority was surprisingly large.

Hon. Hugh Armstrong, Provincial Treasurer, was born in New York in 1858—the only member of the ministry not from Ontario. He was educated at Richmond, Ont., and moved west about the same time as Messrs. Roblin and Rogers. The fish export business gave him his start in life. He was in the Legislature from 1892 to 1896, and returned again from Portage la Prairie in 1902.

As a public speaker Premier Roblin is something of a whirlwind. He has become a type of orator not common in the east. A few years ago he was one of the chief speakers at a Conservative picnic at Hanlan's Point, Toronto. As brown as a grain of No. 1 Hard, thick in the chest as a bear and with a bull-dog jaw of rat-trap precision he thundered to the amazed easterners about the illimitable areas and potentialities of western wheat—in a day when most of the wheat was grown in little Manitoba, before Saskatchewan forged to the front as a wheat-producer. Mr. Roblin was big with optimism then. He is just as optimistic now.

If Mr. Roblin has succeeded in getting the public mind of Manitoba away from speculation about crops to thinking about elections he has achieved pretty nearly the impossible.



RODMOND PALEN ROBLIN, THE INVINCIBLE,

The Czar of the Postage-Stamp Province laughs at the Laurier entourage

## ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

By PETER McARTHUR

I WONDER how many people have planned really enjoyable vacations for this year. Since it became apparent that people on their holidays are good spenders shrewd men have set themselves to work to pick up the easy money. And the worst of it is that the majority of us are quiet, orderly routine persons and we go in for these ready-made holiday pleasures just as if we enjoyed them. We let resort managers, hotel proprietors and general passenger agents tell us just what we should do and how we should do it and how much we should pay for the chance of doing it and when it is all over we get into harness again for another year of routine work and talk about the good time we had, when it was really some enterprising business man who was having the good time watching us give up good money for our imitation holidays. Of course, it is hard to find a really novel way of enjoying a vacation but it can be done. I know one man who spends his two weeks in his usual office chair from which he can watch his fellow serfs at work while he does nothing. He says that nothing could be more restful than watching the other fellows pegging away while he sits there and takes his ease. Still another lies in bed most of the time and reads the old novels he loved as a boy and lets his wife bring him tempting little meals. Of course that's rather hard on her, but he is that most desirable of men, a "good provider," and there are many ways in which she is able to get even for this little indulgence on his part.

Of course it is quite possible for a man to get to the point where he complains that there is "Nowhere to go but out, nowhere to stay but in," and I am not sure but that is better for him than too sheep-like an acquiescence in what people expect him to do. A great trouble with modern life is the desire of excellent people to reduce it to statistics and to get everybody neatly labelled and placed in pigeon-holes. There are people so constituted as to think it excellent and good for business that we should be able to estimate that of a given population, 26 per cent. will go to the seaside, 17 per cent. to the mountains, 32 per cent. to the country, and so on. As for myself I

wish it were impossible to do anything of the kind. I should then feel that the majority of people were enjoying themselves in original ways and probably having a bully time. Even if we are compelled to admit that in our everyday lives we should be responsible, dependable people I think that in our holidays, at least, we should try to be irresponsible. I always enjoy the story about Whistler and Commissioner Peck at the Paris Exposition. Commissioner Peck wrote to the great painter that he wished to have a full exhibition of American paintings and mentioned the fact that he would be at a certain hotel at four o'clock on a certain day to make arrangements with the artists. Whistler promptly sat down and wrote a letter to Commissioner Peck congratulating him on the fact that he would be at that particular hotel on that particular day at four o'clock. "As for me," he wrote, "I can never be sure that I shall be anywhere at four o'clock."

### "A LITTLE ODD"

<p>I walk the straight and narrow path In lockstep with the good, To shun some threatened kind of wrath I've never understood. Meanwhile my neighbour, happy man, The flowery way has trod With none his goings-on to ban— For he's "a little odd."</p>	<p>He went to fish the other day, I wanted much to go, But all the world was making hay— It wouldn't do, I know. He smoked and had a flask to boot, He sunned him on the sod, But no one seemed to care a hoot— For he's "a little odd."</p>
<p>He wears his clothes in any way That suits his vagrant whim; No matter what the people say There's nothing said of him. He works just when he feels like it, While I forever plod, But no one seems to mind a bit— For he's "a little odd."</p>	<p>He isn't rich, but no one cares Or speaks a word of blame; His laugh is loud, but no one stares And whispers "What a shame!" He flouts the things for which we slave And pass beneath the rod; But gets no praise for being brave— For he's "a little odd."</p>

Some day I mean to cut it all  
And chum with him a while;  
If fall I must, then I will fall,  
And at my bruises smile.  
But if I can't do that before  
I go beneath the sod,  
I hope that on the other shore  
I'll be "a little odd."

### PORTAGE AVENUE, WINNIPEG, AT MIDNIGHT



This splendid Winnipeg Avenue is 133 feet wide. It has grown into a modern mercantile thoroughfare in the past five years, and less than 35 years ago it was the Indian Trail that led into Old Fort Garry. Its splendid buildings and excellent street-lighting system is admirably set forth in the above photograph. Winnipeg has today a population of 150,000, which has grown from the Fort of 1872, with a population of 215. The photograph shows on the right, one of the largest department stores of the world, that of the T. Eaton Co. It contains 16 acres of floor space and employs 3,000 hands.



# Canadians Still to the Fore in British Contests

ON THE RIFLE RANGES AT BISLEY AND THE ROWING COURSE ON THE THAMES



The Red River where the Winnipeg Crew were Trained.



The Winnipeg Rowing Club's Four, who won the Steward's Plate at Henley, England, on July 7th.

## Victories in England

CANADIANS regard athletic and rifle victories in England as national achievements. The triumph of the Winnipeg Four at Henley has recalled the achievements of Hanlan, Scholes and the Argonaut crews. Canada, with its great lakes and rivers, has long been the home of rowing, and though our "style" has not always met with expert approval, strength and endurance have made up for any lack of skill. Two members of the four are native Winnipeggers.

In rifle shooting, Canadians have done well for thirty-eight years. Among the 3,000 competitors who annually congregate at Bisley, our small team who scarcely ever fails to make a good showing. On two occasions Canadians have won the King's Prize, Hayhurst in 1895 and Perry in 1904. This year the team started off by duplicating their success of last year in the Mackinnon Cup by a score of 1567 as against Scotland's 1526 and England's 1495. Sergt. Freeborn of the Royal 13th of Hamilton headed the team of twelve with a score of 146 in a possible 150. The Canadians narrowly missed the Kolapore, but won the Colonial Cash Prize of £80 which goes with it. Captain W. Hart McHarg of the 46th won second place in the Prince of Wales, Pte. Steele of the 30th fourth place, and Captain Crowe of the 30th seventh place. These three were members of the team of twelve which won the MacKinnon.

Lieut.-Col. Edwards of St. John is commandant of Canada's Bisley team this year and Major Hutcheson of Ottawa is adjutant.

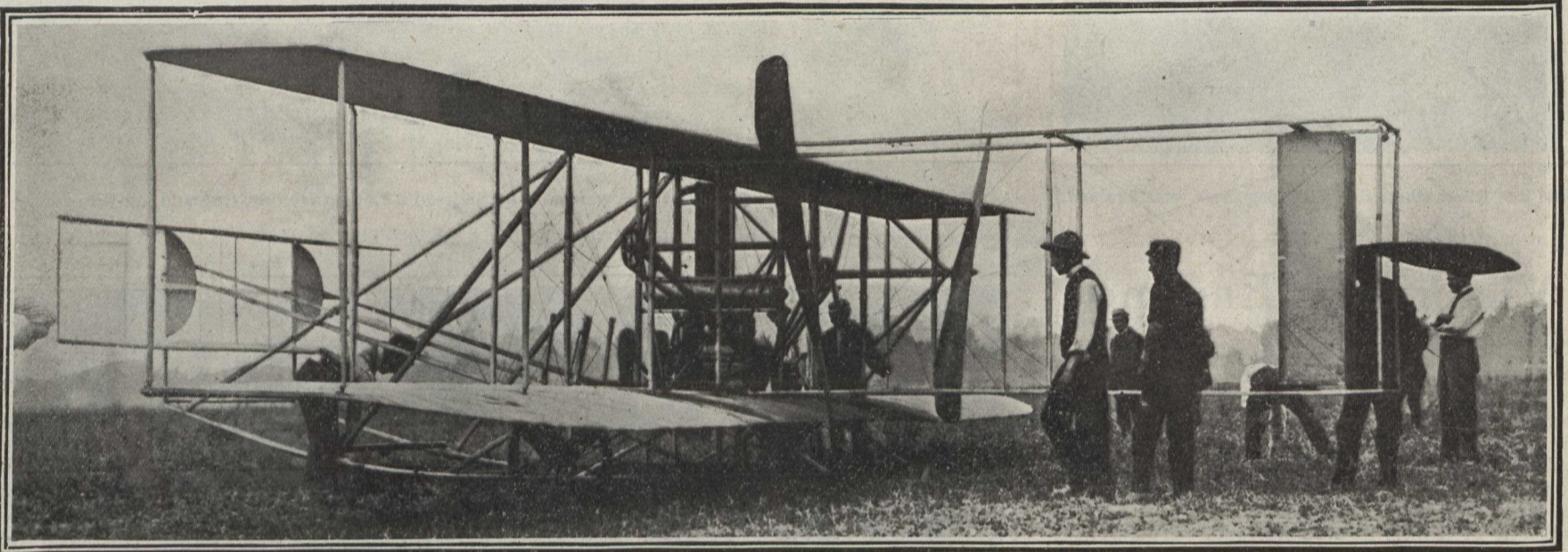
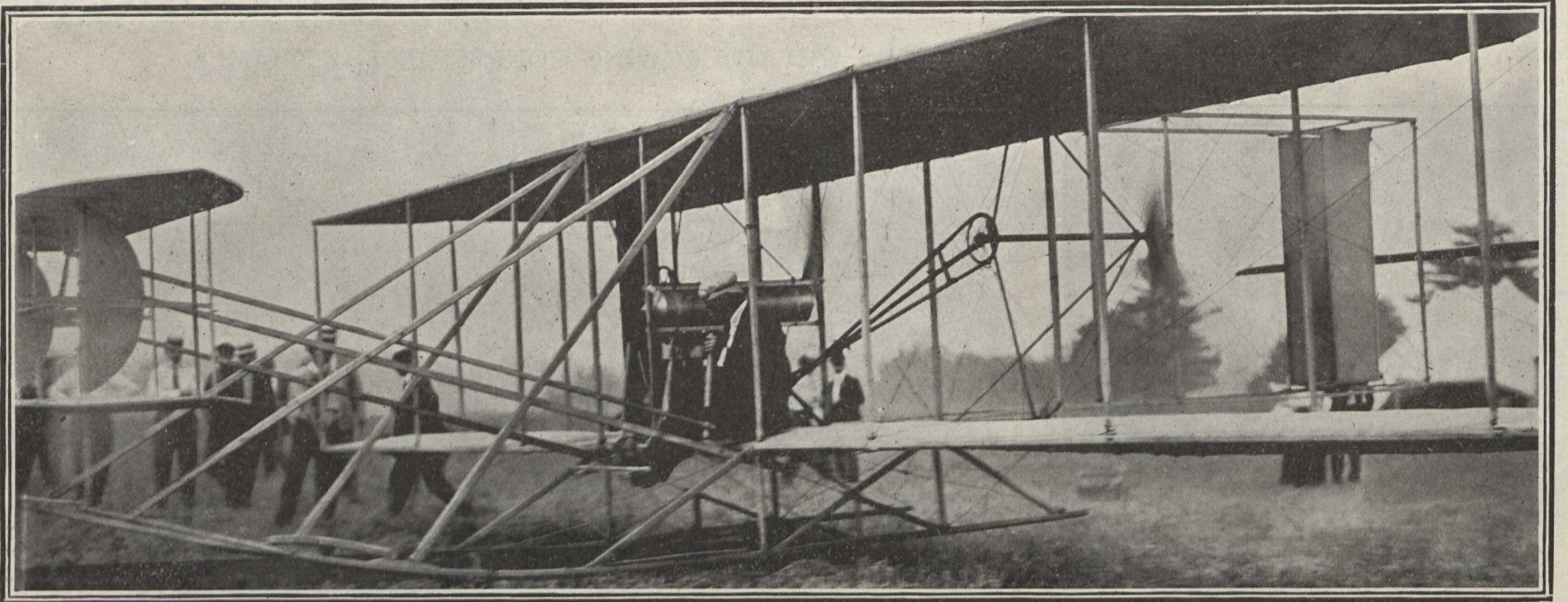


Canadian Rifle Team who Won the MacKinnon Cup at Bisley, and came second in the Kolapore Cup.



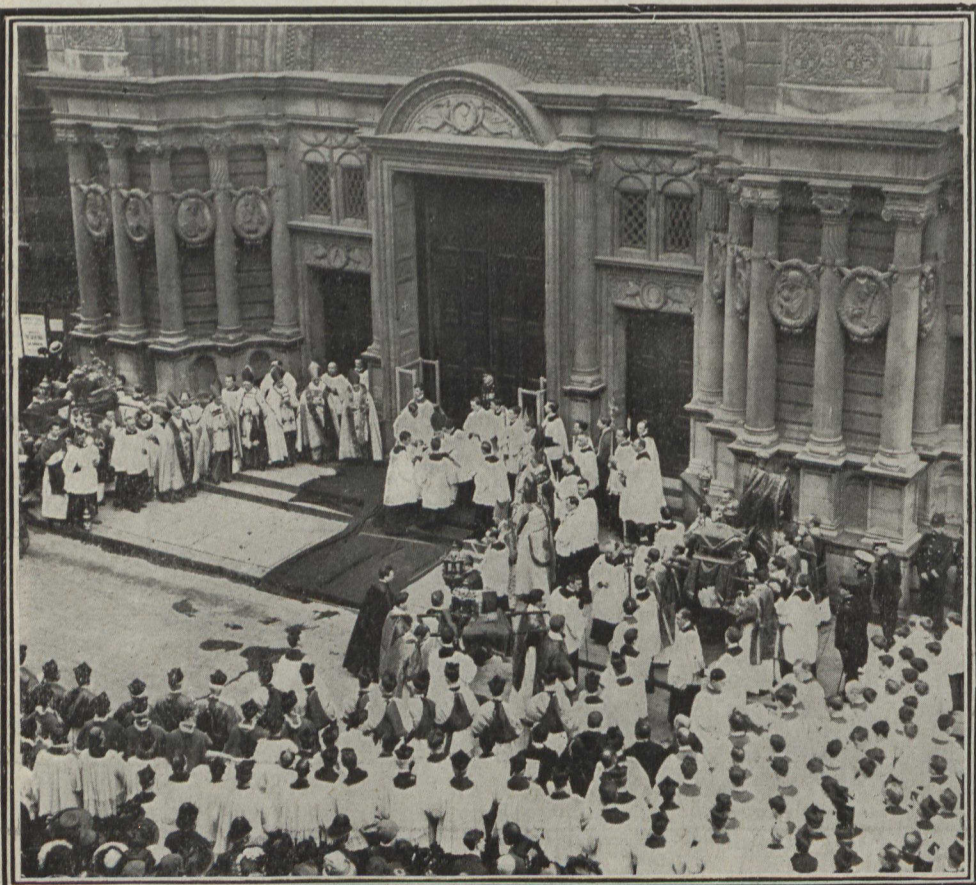
The Canadians Practising at Bisley with their Ross Rifles, and Dreaming Dreams of Great Victories to come.

# THE MECHANISM OF A BIPLANE



These front and rear views of the Wright Biplane being used this week at the Toronto Aviation Meet, show the machinery. In the upper picture, the two fans are revolving; opposite the aviator's head is the gasoline tank; upright between the two planes is the radiator. The lower picture shows the chains which drive the two fans, and the separation between the moveable planes and the framework which carries the rudder. Johnstone's fancy "stunts" with this machine were marvellous.

## CONSECRATION OF WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL, LONDON, ENG.



Westminster Cathedral was built some years ago, but could not be consecrated until it was free of debt, according to Roman Catholic practice. This event took place last week, and our photograph shows the ceremonies outside the closed doors.

Archbishop Bourne, head of the Roman Catholic Church in England, is here shown performing the ancient ceremony of sprinkling with holy water.



Mr. Fritz Martin, Winner of the Amateur Golf Championship last week.



Mr. Lyon The Caddie The Referee Mr. Martin  
On the Flats—The lower portion of the Lambton Golf Links runs over the flats of the Humber.



Mr. Lyon Finishing a Drive.



Mr. Martin Driving

### LORDS OF THE GOLF LINKS

**M**R. FRITZ. MARTIN is the amateur golf champion of Canada. Last week at Lambton, Ont., he defeated Geo. S. Lyon, who is his brother-in-law, and up till lately just about the best golfer Canada has ever fetched out, besides being one of the best in America. So that it is pretty evident that Mr. Martin had been cramming up on "The Secret of Golf," a clever article by Mr. T. Arnold Haultain in the May *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Haultain humorously sets forth the psychology of concentrated attention by elimination in administering the swipe to the ball. Mr. Martin has learned this. So has Mr. Lyon, who after the first eighteen holes, set in to catch up on his brother-in-law: which he did, going to the front himself—"to the seventeenth dormy two" (one of the secrets of golf).

For the remainder of the thirty-seven holes it was rather nip and tuck; but at the odd hole apparently Mr. Martin "laid dead in three with two for the hole," which of course quite paralysed Mr. Lyon, and gave the championship to Martin, which is not a new thing, for in 1902 he got the title away from Toronto to Hamilton by beating R. H. C. Cassels of Toronto at Montreal. Mr. Martin is said to be the finest left-handed golfer in America.

Mr. Lyon's career is rather longer and more brilliant.

He has had the title six times between 1898 and 1907. He won the Olympic championship at St. Louis and was runner-up to Eber Byens at Englewood, N.J., for the American title in 1906. He is perhaps the hardest swiper in the world; in this respect, having a true baseball style.

Mr. Haultain's next article on golf might well be devoted to explaining such "secrets" as the newspaper writers included in the write-up of the Martin-Lyon tourney; some of which are as follows:—

"Good putting by Lyon won the fourteenth. Martin cleared the creek with his second, but barely caught the bank and had a poor lie for his maschie shot. This win then gave Lyon a lead of one on the play.

"The punch bowl brought no credit to either, each one finding trouble. Lyon drove on to the road, while Martin schlafter. A half in seven produced no good golf, although Lyon made a try to run down a putt for a six that would have been worthy of mention. Martin was off badly going to the hill-top, while Lyon got a screamer and landed on top with a brawny brassey. Lyon won with a five and had the advantage."



At the End



Mr. Martin  
The match between Martin and Lyon was even at the 35th hole. Martin won on the 37th by one stroke. Lyon is shown making his last putt in the 37th.



Mr. George Lyon, Amateur Ex-Champion and Runner-up in Championships last week.

# THE MATURING WEST

*East Meets West with New and Old Towns in Both*

By RODEN KINGSMILL

THE literary discovery of the Canadian West has been the achievement of a very recent period. The Wild West we had long ago from Ballantyne, Butler and a dozen of their followers, but only of late has the Westerner begun to figure largely in fiction or descriptive article as anything but a curiosity. At present, native and alien writers are alike solicited to write of the West as it is, just as if the West as it was yesterday or day before yesterday had been quite a different place. An Englishman, in a recent English review, gives us, with a flowered opulence of phrase, an idea of his surprise at western conditions: "Tanned by the prairie winds, warmed by the glowing sunshine of the level lands, standing where meet the trade currents of East and West, with command over both, the Canadian Westerner has in his grasp a glorious destiny, and he seems capable of living up to it."

Nobody surely desires to speak slightly of the amelioration of the Westerner's lot which has followed the introduction of such discoveries and inventions as dry farming, irrigation, the cooperative local telephone and its companion, the government lines, and the automobile without allusion to which no discourse on the West of to-day can be called complete. But other people cannot reasonably be asked to admire the West's performance unless they themselves have been unequal to similar feats. The participants in a long-distance run do not turn around at its end to marvel at one another's speed or endurance—unless, perhaps, one of them is a boy or a weakling from whom nothing much was to be expected. The West, not so long ago, was as sensitive to being snubbed or patronised by the East as was New England when Wendell Holmes waxed wrathful because foreigners displayed their "certain condescension." But though the West is now more urbane—perhaps does a little patronising itself—toward its critics, it is a reasonable question how much longer it need be regarded as a youngster.

Every so often some writer on Canadian affairs speaks of the "experiment" of a federal country within the Empire. And yet Canada as a nation is in point of fact one of the oldest, in place of being one of the youngest in the sense that our form of government has continued in operation for more years with less alteration than many of the others. Our instrument of government is older than that of Germany, France, Japan, Russia, Norway, Turkey, Spain. The same argument may with justice be applied to the claims of the West. Montreal was founded by the French, yet almost no sign of French occupation remains in the streets or edifices of the city. Even Quebec is much more modern than ancient. On the other hand, not even Winnipeg can show so large an area of brand new buildings, so many acres that were market gardens ten years ago, as are to be found in Montreal or Toronto. Residents of Winnipeg, who in the eighties were offered acre lots on Portage Avenue for one hundred dollars, are not more numerous than Montrealers whose fathers could have bought equal acres on St. Catherine Street for a like amount or Torontonians who misguidedly let go generous slices of central property. "How much this is like British Columbia!" said a Westerner driving through dukedoms of Nova Scotia apple orchards. "How much this is like Ontario!" said Easterners who motored with Mr. R. L. Borden through the Riding Mountains when he toured the West four years ago.

In any event, it is only figuratively that we speak of a community as growing old. The only Anglican prelate in Canada who was born in his diocese is the Archbishop of Rupert's Land—and he is the oldest bishop, also. Where shall you find a sleepier—or pleasanter—town than Selkirk on the Red River of the North? It was a thriving village three generations ago when lusty young Ontario and Nova Scotia cities of to-day had not been chopped out of the forest or set atop their coal mines to transmute carbon into gold.

And so it is only figuratively that we may speak of communities as growing old. Greybeards, though near the passing of the Great Divide, move west into the very newest boom towns; babies continue to be born in cities that saw Madame de la Peltrie or entertained Frontenac. If that town is oldest which can trace back a coherent and connected history for the longest period, then we must not forget

Selkirk and Winnipeg and Esquimalt. And add Fort Churchill. All can put in very plausible claims for admission to the fellowship of the good old towns. The CANADIAN COURIER has had occasion to refer to the highly modern energy of Moncton, whose Board of Trade are booming the New Brunswick railway centre with a vigour that prairie-dwellers could not better. Any western community that has gone on doing the same thing—wheat dealing, for instance—in an increasing scale for twenty years or so is older, in a sense, than Amherst, which has so broken with traditions of a leisurely past that it is in the front rank of woollen-producing

## A ROYAL GOVERNOR AND A BAY

*Suggestive of Earl Grey's Trip to the Hinterland*

By S. J. McLEAN, Member of the Railway Commission

THERE has been, of recent years, discussion of the expediency of appointing a royal prince either as Governor-General or as King of Canada. It will not occasion surprise to the student of origins to find that similar suggestions were made some sixty years ago.

In the Hopkins Railway Library, at Stanford University, California, there is a curious pamphlet which was written by John Wright and published in London, England, in 1849. It was at this time that many pamphlets advocating either the construction of the Halifax and Quebec Railway, or the more ambitious scheme of a transcontinental railway were published. Among these appeared Wright's pamphlet which possessed among other distinguishing features an encyclopedic title—"Christianity and Commerce—the natural results of the Geographical Progression of Railways or a Treatise on the advantage of the universal extension of railways in our colonies and other countries, and the probability of increased national intercommunication leading to the early Restoration of the Land of Promise to the Jews."

In 1847 Wright had published a pamphlet on the Halifax and Quebec Railway in which he proposed a colonisation railway, operated by animal traction, from Halifax to Quebec which was to be financed by a land grant. A grant of two square miles on both sides of the track was to be set aside; grants were to be made on the completion of each ten miles of road and funds to continue construction were to be obtained from the sale of these grants. Here we enter into another quarrel of origins, for he says that his pamphlet was known in the United States two years before Whitney launched his project for a railway to the Pacific coast of the United States; and he implies that it was from this source that Whitney obtained the land grant idea.

In his pamphlet of 1849 he is of opinion that the land grant system of railways would be very important in civilising and christianising all sections of the world. The attitude of scepticism in regard to the christianising effect of land grants which has in later years at times manifested itself would have pained this active purveyor of projects.

But it is when his projects for railway expansion through the then unsurveyed west of Canada are reached that his utilitarian conception of the place of the royal family in industrial development appears. His appreciation of Canada's resources is tempered by a criticism of Canadians which may be interesting to remember. Writing at a time when the rearrangement of England's tariff policy was stirring up discontent in Canada, he considered annexation to the United States to be dangerously near. To quote his words, "This annexation I fervently hope may be averted by the wisdom of the ministers and the energies of our capitalists united with those of our loyal, though not very energetic, colonists in British America." At the same time he expresses the opinion that it was incumbent on Her Majesty the Queen to obtain crowns for her children in the colonies, because the increasingly democratic tone in Parliament would lead to the refusal to grant satisfactory allowances.

It is as a somewhat despondent critic of radicalism that he hazards the opinion that in time the

communities; or Sydney, with its burrowing coal mines and roaring furnaces; or bustling St. John; or Quebec, which, with Levis, is the third greatest boot and shoe manufacturing centre in the Empire. Away from the railway lines in some parts of the West, or in Ontario, are to be found villages which are as stagnant in appearance as Valleyfield or Welland or Sherbrooke are brisk and up-to-date.

If there is a critical period in the life of any town, it is when the last of its old settlers dies. The man who came into the wilderness with his Red River cart and saw the first bushel of wheat ground into flour—in a mortar, maybe—is a character that the East knows not of. The old settler still inhabits the West. The newcomer who was too young to vote—if there had been any place to vote—in the mid-seventies is probably a grandfather to-day. The grandchild of the first white boy born in Manitoba is alive in Winnipeg to-day. The Westerner knows how the death of the oldest inhabitant can be a real climacteric. After he is gone there remains no one who can remember a time when the town was not. And, after all, what town can say more than that?

ultra-democratic conditions existing in England may lead the royal family to find its headquarters in Canada.

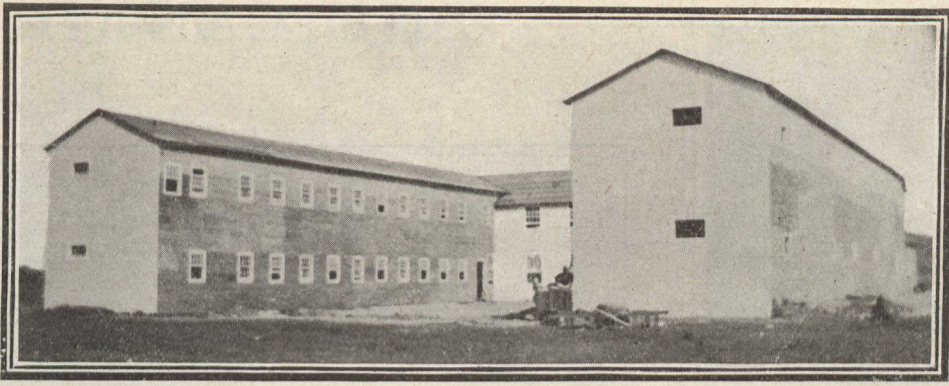
In his advocacy of a Hudson Bay railway he presents such a naive combination of loyalty and commercialism in his treatment of the position of a King of Canada that I cannot do better than quote his words:

"Instead of a King occasioning an expenditure he might be made a source of enormous national wealth by giving him one million acres of land on the southern shores of Hudson Bay—if through his instrumentality he could devise means to connect this important point by a railway with Montreal, assuming from the importance of its geographical position and its superior size and magnificent buildings that Montreal will again become the capital of British America. No device when the railways are completed that will connect this city with the Atlantic could so much accelerate its wealth and prosperity as opening out communications with Hudson Bay. \* \* \* Let only a sovereign fix his summer marine residence on the seaboard of Hudson Bay with a million acres of land surrounding it (and) build a summer palace \* \* \* the presence of royalty could not fail to create a railroad."

### Earl Grey at Hudson Bay

EARL GREY will be the first Governor-General of Canada who ever saw Hudson Bay—if he succeeds in carrying out the expedition which has been planned for this summer's diversion of His Excellency. He will see the last north in middle Canada at first hand—when he starts from Norway House above Lake Winnipeg on his canoe journey down the historic Hayes River to the Bay; following the route of the old York boats but exploring the land which at present is very much alive with activities connected with the Hudson Bay railway. This is to be a close trip; no press correspondents permitted; in which respect it much differs from the western trip of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The Governor-General is determined to see as much as possible of the hinterland of Canada at first hand. Last summer he visited the Yukon, where he succeeded in getting lost. The journey to Hudson Bay will give him material for a large number of good speeches concerning the development and destiny of Canada. He is to receive much the same feudal greetings from Indians and halfbreeds as Lord Lorne got in 1881 when he toured the unrailed west in a buckboard. Norway House will have a pow-wow. At Fort Churchill and York Factory the lonesome natives will turn out in all the splendour of historic regalia to receive His Excellency.

The trip will commence in August; about which time a party of magazine writers and some newspaper men will go on a journey of re-discovery up to the Peace River. This outing is being somewhat arranged by Mr. J. K. Cornwall, who has a line of steamboats plying on the northern rivers.



Temporary Sleeping Quarters at Guelph Prison Farm

# Hanna the Roosevelt of Ontario

By MAIN JOHNSON

Prison reform has never been quite a dead issue since the days of John Howard. But there are more prisons in the new world to-day than there were in England when Howard reformed the English prisons. Most of these prisons either are or have been in need of reform. The CANADIAN COURIER has published a number of articles during the past two years dealing with prison reform. The issue of February 8, 1908, contained a short summary of the Cleveland farm colony administered by Mayor Johnson of Cleveland. December 5, 1908, contained an

article by Mr. Joseph Downey, M.P.P., dealing with "Our Attitude Towards the Criminal." In the same issue was an appreciation of the work of Mr. J. A. Leonard, who in the Mansfield Reformatory is working out a scheme of moral reform similar to that now being enacted by Hon. Mr. Hanna in Ontario; and on January 2, 1909, appeared a further article by Mr. Downey dealing with "The Employment of Prisoners." The article on this page, however, is the first to deal with the scheme of prison reform in Canada.

It is always interesting to see a public man at play. If you can see him at work and at play at the same time, it is all the better. This was the recent experience of a few fortunates, who, by invitation of Hon. W. J. Hanna, spent twenty-four hours with him at the new Provincial Prison Farm at Guelph. The man behind the prison reform movement, which has culminated in this new institution is the Provincial Secretary himself.

Hon. W. J. Hanna is one of the ablest and most popular men in the Ontario Cabinet. After the trip to Guelph, no one who was there, could doubt for a moment, the causes of this popularity. Mr. Hanna in the short space of one day and a night showed that he was strenuous, earnest, democratic; a man of varied and intense interests, and a human being with a great heart.

Hanna has been called "The Roosevelt of Ontario." Hanna does resemble Roosevelt in at least one admirable feature. Both are men who do things—active statesmen, who have definite plans, and who set to work to carry them out.

It is in connection with the Prison Farm that Hanna can be seen at his best to-day. Three years ago he outlined a scheme of prison reform, which would do away with the confinement and degradation of a barred prison, and substitute something which would appeal to a man's better nature; in short, a reformatory for a prison. At that time he hinted that a farm would be the ideal solution.

Now, only three years later, his scheme is in full working order. Nothing less than a revolution has been accomplished. To anyone who is acquainted with life in Central Prison, with the high stone walls, the armed guards, the separate cells, the isolation of the prisoners, it would seem as if he was in More's "Utopia" if he were transplanted to Guelph.

In that remarkable dream-book written in 1516, More declares the idea of punishment or reformation to be "nothing else but the destruction of vice and the saving of men." He advises that prisoners

be so treated that "none is hopeless or in despair to recover again his former state of freedom by giving good tokens and likelihood of himself that he will



One of the rare instances when Hon. Mr. Hanna has been known to be "on the fence."

ever after that live a true and honest man."

In Guelph you may see the "boys" (for that is the name given to the prisoners there), living all together in a light, airy building, sleeping in well ventilated dormitories, eating the best food in a breezy, clean dining-room, working at the various duties of a farm, and doing construction work on the property. The handful of guards are foremen rather than sentinels.

This in brief outline is Hanna's Prison Farm. Great is the interest which he takes in it. All day long he tramped over the 800-acre farm with his guests.

"You soon get a proprietary interest in a place of this kind, you know," he said, but without a note of apology.

Three times in one day did he make almost a

complete circuit of the grounds, and that, too, in spite of the fact that he had been in court in his capacity as lawyer at Sarnia the night before until nearly midnight.

Colonel Hugh Clarke, M.P.P., was one of the guests, and Mr. Hanna was most anxious to show him three herds of Holsteins, of which he is exceedingly proud. Up hill and down, through underbrush, over fences, through turnip field and long rows of cabbages, in and out of thickets, he led his guests to see those cattle. They were in widely separated parts of the property, but before he was finished, Mr. Hanna had found them all, had pointed out their good qualities, and had beamed with delight when his guests praised them.

Mr. Hanna was also enthusiastic about the fields which had been sown in the spring. Many a time during the day he stopped suddenly, and said, "Now, boys, I don't know whether you know it or not, but that is a good crop."

After the tramp was over, he went for a swim with the rest of the party in the Speed River, which is a beautiful, tempting stream as it runs through the farm grounds, and the cabinet minister made just as much noise, and had just as good a swim as anyone. In fact, here, as everywhere, he was the leader.

That night, before his guests went to sleep in one of the dormitories of the "prison" which had been prepared for them, Mr. Hanna came in to say good-night. He sat on the foot of one of the beds, joked and laughed with the other men, and was as one of themselves. There is nothing of the snob about Hanna.

The real interest of the trip, however, was his attitude towards the "boys" who were serving a term in his prison. Everywhere he went, he treated them with the greatest respect. During the day, he met many of them on his walks, and he would always have a greeting for them.

"Well, boys, how is that stone coming out now?" he asked some of the men at work excavating stone from the extensive quarries on the property.

Again, "That is splendid work you are doing here," he said in encouragement to some of the boys digging out drains in a low part of the land.

"Come to see me to-night, and I shall talk to you then," he said to one man in whose case he was interested, and who in his estimation was deserving of a shortened sentence.

"Isn't it fine to see those men playing there without any profanity or dispute?" he said. "It is certainly worth while to try to make something of these fellows."

It is hardly necessary to say that these "fellows" think that there is no one like "Mr. Hanna." No wonder! He has organized this institution, which has taken them out of the cells of Central, and placed them in the comparative happiness of Guelph.

It is not to make them happy, however, that Hanna has made this innovation. They have to work hard, they are under salutary discipline, but they are being trained in self-restraint, and are being raised from the hopelessness of the criminal to the hopefulness of the man who has been treated with kindness, and who is going soon to be given another chance.

When you consider that this Prison Farm scheme is only part of Hanna's work; when you consider that he is a busy lawyer, and above all, the Provincial Secretary, in charge of the administration of the license acts, and many other important branches of routine work, you will begin to realise that Hanna is one of the big men of the province.

It is no wonder that rumour has said repeatedly that Borden wants Hanna at Ottawa. It is also not strange that the Premier of Ontario is very loth to let go such a tower of strength.



One of the Cells on the Prison Farm.



Mr. Hanna knows how to work with his coat off.



Waggon Drill of the Canadian Army Service Corps, at Sherbrooke Camp, P.Q.



Carpenter, Cook, Officers and Sergeant Matthews of Company 11, C.A.S.C., Winnipeg.

WHEN you see the rural and urban regiments in various parts of Canada jogging and marching away to summer camp with bands playing and nags kicking up the dust you are inclined to be a soldier. It looks like a huge picnic. You talk to officers who have just got back from camp and they speak of it as tenderly as a veteran of his scars. It's the time of year when even the man in plain clothes or as little clothes as possible inclines to hike to the unknown places; to get away from roofs and sidewalks and telephones—and the men of the rural and the urban corps, whether in redcoats or khaki or navy blue, are the chaps who best appreciate what camp life really is.

Just what the real work of camp amounts to is no business of the pictures on this page. There is plenty of work; just as strenuous as some that an army does in action—and as much like it as possible. There's pageantry in it; music and marching and pomp and procession, and as much of the realistic mimicry of war as can be put on the stage in a time of peace when the farmers are too busy with pitchforks to shoulder muskets.

But there is also a huge amount of system; and if there were not the average redcoat would as soon go into a construction camp with the navvies as into a city of canvas at Niagara, Winnipeg or Kingston. Ask the Army Service Corps what it knows about system. Ask Col. Langton at the head of it what he knows about that arm of the service. He will tell you. He knows more about what it is now compared to what it used to be than any other man. You may give Johnnie Canuck a gun and a uniform and all his accoutrements; give a cavalryman a horse and saddle; but if you don't give either of them jolly good grub, well cooked and plenty of it, and the horses the best of hay and oats and as much as they need—there will be the grumpiest lot of inefficient gunpowder men that ever slept under canvas.

There is an ancient saying that an army crawls on its stomach. It's as true of a summer camp as of an engagement. Before the year 1903, it didn't seem to matter very much in Canadian military camps what kind of locomotion-fuel the average redcoat got into his stomach or how many of the horses were gaunt of hay and oats and good water. Johnnie Canuck in camp before 1903 was about as well off as a convict; certainly no better off than a Tommy Atkins of the Crimea. And if Johnnie hadn't had a good deal of respect for the general system he

wouldn't have gone back for a second or third summer of it.

Hence the army service corps as it applies to Canadian camps. This, however, was first framed up in the British Army after the gruelling experiences of the Crimea and after the pattern of the French system, its first name being the Military Land Transport; changed in 1857 to the Military Train, and in 1882 to the Army Service Corps. Now there are hundreds of Canadians who know very well what that corps amounted to ten years ago, for they found out how it worked down on the veldts of South Africa—the greatest feat of army service ever undertaken by the British War Department—which was about the time that the Canadian soldier in summer camp was putting up with convict rations. The Militia Department were jolly well told about the contrast when the Canadian contingents got back to Canada. Hence the change; by means of which every instruction camp in Canada is commissariat as thoroughly as the British army. Ye gods! What a change! To appreciate what it amounts to you must understand two things: the astounding amount of supplies for both man and beast required by a modern military camp; and the actual conditions under which these were mismanaged and bungled under the old lack of system.

To begin with—the actual catering. Take just one camp. This year the Niagara camp got away with about 8,000 pounds of bacon, 60,000 pounds of potatoes, 8,000 pounds of beans, butter and sugar, 4,000 pounds of cheese, 2,000 pounds of split peas and salt, 300 pounds of coffee, half a ton of tea, over a hundredweight of pepper, 12,000 pounds of onions and ditto of cabbages. To find out how much hay and oats the horses gobbled up involves a trifle of arithmetic; based on the fact that there were 1,600 horses in camp and that to each draught horse goes daily 10 pounds of oats, 19 pounds hay, and to each cavalry horse 10 pounds oats and 16 pounds hay.

The rations allowed for each man in camp per day, are as follows:—1 1/2 pounds of bread, 1 pound of meat, one pound of potatoes, 2 ounces each of bacon, beans, jam, butter and white sugar, half an ounce of salt and split peas, one-third of an ounce of coffee, one-quarter of an ounce of tea, one-thirty-sixth of an ounce of pepper, six ounces of fresh vegetables and one ounce of cheese.

Not much hard tack about this; but of old it was far different. Before the days of the A.S.C. both the rations served and the means of getting them

# THE CANADIAN ARMY SERVICE CORPS

By A MILITARY MAN



Niagara Camp—Bakers Manning the Ramparts, Walls of Loaves in the foreground.



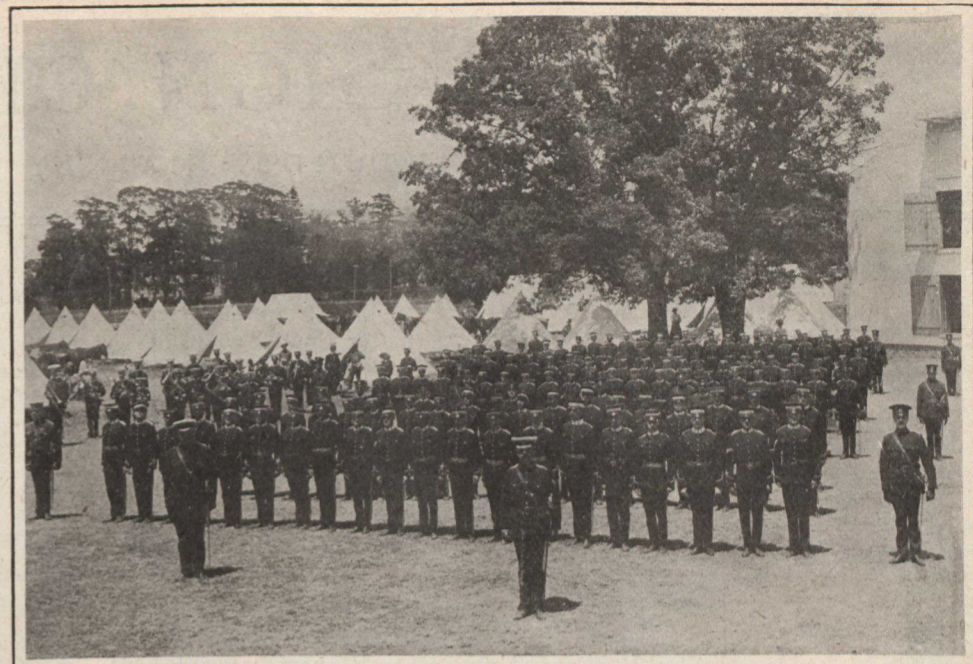
Twelve Camp Ovens Behind and Col. Langton to the extreme left.



This is the sort of Delivery System that has replaced the Wheelbarrow Squad, at the Supply Office in Camp—thanks to the C.A.S.C.



First Company of the C.A.S.C. ever under canvas, the Transport Section at Niagara, 1903.



Companies Nos. 2, 9 and 12, with Regimental Band at Niagara in 1908.



Half Company in Brandon Camp, 1908, C.A.S.C., No. 11.

were amazingly crude. It was a system of sheer pot-luck. The quartermaster had his troubles. They began with a species of graft; which thrives quite as well on army contracts as on government works of any kind. The moment it was given out that camp was to go into canvas in a certain town or city or thereabouts, the contractors became busy. To the victors, the spoils: these caterers to the camp lost nothing. They got so much a pound for everything edible—and quality was not considered, being up to the contractor who was not under the beak of the C.A.S.C.

So with the regiments under cover, behold the poor quartermaster at break of day with a fatigue party he had managed to scare up or beat up as best he might—the wheelbarrow squad—with meat-racks, bags and boxes advancing in force upon the supply store where the contractor with a fat cigar and a lordly smile was the all-boss. Bull beef was the one steady feature. After an hour of grouching and haggling the wheelbarrows were packed with the quota—including bread, meat, potatoes, tea, sugar, salt, pepper and cheese. Back to the camp went the sweating wheelbarrow squad; supplies distributed along the line—dumped, rather. Midst of the camp was a hole in the ground and a pair of camp kettles, which was the kitchen manned by persons who for want of a better name were called cooks. The cooks' prime stand-by was skilly—bull-beef skilly.

When the cooks had the brews ready, and at the sound of the mess bugle, the men of each company came on parade—the mess-tin parade. Sometimes it was every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost. Back they trotted to the tents, each man with his tin of skilly; which if he didn't like it he lumped it by chucking out on the open ground such as he didn't want: hence stench and disease and so forth; hence the need for medicine chests and medical skill, most of which in those days was about on a par with the bull-beef skilly and the wheelbarrow squad.

So here was some need of the A.S.C., thanks to which the entire scheme of the commissariat as well as the system of transports over-all is organised into a perfect working machine as rigidly controlled as the militia units. Exit the bull-beef contractor. Days before the camp assembles the senior A.S.C. officer in charge of a company of the same is notified of the names of all contractors—the same being under contract to supply according to quality and specifications. The senior officer goes to the

camp ground and arranges for the whole menage. Delivery is a mere detail—exit the wheelbarrow squad. The camp itself is a cycle of industries; abattoirs, bake-ovens and stores—all duly inspected by the officers of the A.S.C. as well as the supplies themselves, all of which not up to standard are thrown out. Expert butchers, bakers and cooks are employed. A fair price is paid for all supplies. Graft is eliminated. Efficiency is multiplied by eliminating both waste and friction.

Then the quartermaster—no longer boss of the wheelbarrow squad at peep of day—arrives one day ahead of the regiment. His duty is to see that everything necessary to make a number of regiments into a common self-supporting camp is on hand at just the moment it is needed. This includes not merely rations, but tents, harness, ordnance—everything that has to be deported in waggons, which are all part of the *impedimenta* of the A.S.C., duly labelled and certified. Perfect system. One full day before a redcoat sets foot or a horse jigs over the camp ground everything is ready; tents pitched, commissariat department in perfect working order; meals ready to serve almost as soon as the tents are manned and the horses picketed; A.S.C. waggons everywhere—operated and controlled as perfectly by the A.S.C. as the motions of any squad or battery. Division of labour is complete—butheries, bakeries, groceries, forageries and fuel supplies. The quartermaster completes the scheme. All he has to do now is to make out a requisition on the supply officer of the A.S.C. for just such rations as he requires; forward the same at a given hour, following day his supplies are distributed not in wheelbarrows, but in A.S.C. waggons.

Hence it is that the A.S.C. is a drill organisation; in a given time so much work to do right on the dot and do it well. It is the business end of the corps army, but drilled as a combatant corps in case of need, every movement of the corps in compliance with the working force of the entire machine. The basic principles of the A.S.C. are—that rations are no good if not of good quality; that good-quality rations are useless with bad cooks; that tents half a mile from the camp when the men arrive are as bad as none at all, harness mixed and muddled in transport, ordnance delayed and jumbled up, anything transportable that is not transported

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 21.

# AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

INTENDED MAINLY FOR WOMEN

## The Retiring Officer of the National Council of Women of Canada.

THE presentation made to Mrs. Willoughby Cummings by the National Council of the Women of Canada on the occasion of her resignation from the office of corresponding secretary is an interesting event in one of the departments of women's work in Canada. Mrs. Cummings has been corresponding secretary of the National Council since its inception seventeen years ago. During that time she has been present at every meeting of the Council. She is resigning her office to become field secretary of the Women's Department of the Canadian Government Annuities. Mrs. Cummings already has presented the Case for

Council. Besides her university work in languages, Miss Riddell spent a year travelling in Spain, France, Italy and Switzerland. This knowledge of the Continental languages is of the greatest benefit to the new corresponding secretary of the National Council in editing for publication the three volumes of the Year Book of the International Council which is to contain the entire proceedings of the meetings held in Toronto last summer. The first and second volumes are already in the hands of the printers.

## Reflections on Royalty.

BY A COMMONER.

THE announcement made some time ago, and now credited with being officially inspired, that the Duke of Connaught is to be our Governor-General in the near future, brings a few interesting facts to the memory. The coming of the Princess Louise was a stimulating announcement too, in its way; it suggested reams of poetry and even thick music-scores to many people in the country who needed some such ephemeral impetus to whip their Pegasus into quicker action. Ottawa society was fundamentally disturbed as might have been expected. The constant effort to shine must have cost the town a good deal from first to last. How much better and more sensible to have maintained a positively democratic appearance and habit of thought and in this fashion, perhaps, impress Her Royal Highness even more effectively! On the other hand, the limitations of royalty being so exacting of themselves, preclude any highly-placed individual from freely recognising and enjoying democratic conditions. This is a truth which is being proved every day. The late Edward VII was genial, broadminded and included many kinds of men and women among his acquaintances, but his immediate *entourage* was distinctly royal and in various ceremonial and traditional acts and customs he showed himself to be a staunch believer. Therefore, it is not possible for even the best-intentioned monarch or near connection of a monarch to take up the daily life among colonials or Americans and live as they do. The Princess Louise made no enemies while in Ottawa but she also made no friends, that is to say, of a close and intimate kind. After all these centuries, a princess is a princess and cannot return or pay calls in the *bourgeois* sense of those terms. The handsome and gracious lady, sketching in the walks around Rideau Hall, looked lonely, as no doubt she was. Without her passionate interest in art, one thinks her so-

journal in the Canadian city would have been dreary indeed. The effect upon certain sections of the Canadian people at the time was not altogether a pleasant or a healthy one. Imagination was stirred by the idea of a Princess dwelling in a northern fastness (apologies to Rideau) and possessed of all the charms and virtues inseparable from the daughter of Victoria and Albert, but being a woman and withal an intellectual and fastidious one, Princess Louise rather withdrew from public gaze and devoted herself to nature and art.

For this she was sometimes and in some places criticised. Should her brother actually become Governor-General of Canada, his position will of course be more explicit, and his duties more defined. On his side he will probably make a great success of the appointment and if our people are



MRS. WILLOUGHBY CUMMINGS,  
Who has resigned her office as Corresponding Secretary of the National Council of Women of Canada.

the Annuity to numerous gatherings of women's societies. Her familiarity with the work of the Council has taught her where it is possible to meet with the largest and most representative gatherings of women. Mrs. Cummings was for years a member of the staff of the *Globe*, Toronto. She is at present editor of the official organ of the Church of England Women's Auxiliary Missionary Society, and has been a member of the Ladies' Committee of the Canadian National Exhibition since the formation of the committee in 1901. According to an announcement made in *Church Work*, Halifax, Mrs. Cummings is to be made a D.C.L. of King's College, Windsor, N.S., at a special convocation held in connection with the Bi-Centenary celebrations in September of the Church of England in Canada. Honorary degrees are to be conferred at the same time on the Bishops of London (Eng.), Glasgow, Massachusetts, Washington, the Philippines, Bishop Taylor-Smith, the Primate of all Canada, and the Archbishop of Ottawa. Those receiving the honorary degree of D.C.L. are Mrs. Cummings, Hubert Carleton, Judge McDonald, and the Rev. and Hon. E. Lyttleton, Headmaster of Eton.

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## Mrs. Cummings' Successor.

MISS AGNES RIDDELL of Toronto, Mrs. Cummings' successor in the office of corresponding secretary, promises to make a brilliant record as an officer of the National Council of Women of Canada. Miss Riddell took part of her university training in Glasgow and entered the University of Toronto in the second year of the four years' course. She graduated with honours in Moderns and is spoken of by more than one of the staff as one of the best students the University has ever had in languages. Since graduating, Miss Riddell has taught in the Oshawa High School, in Branksome Hall and Westbourne School, Toronto. She is resigning from the staff of Westbourne School to give her entire time to the work of the National



MISS AGNES RIDDELL,  
Who is to succeed Mrs. Cummings as Corresponding Secretary. Miss Riddell's home is in Toronto.

sensible enough not to have their heads turned by natural acts of vice-regal condescension, all may go well. Ottawa people still talk of the great popularity of the Mintos, who were gay, natural, bravely dressed, and not averse to showing themselves at all kinds of functions. Also, in the same degree, Lord and Lady Grey.

## THE FRENCH FETE NATIONALE

By EMILY P. WEAVER

ON Thursday of this week the populace of a little French town called Treguier celebrated the *Fete Nationale* according to the fashion depicted in the illustrations on this page. Canadians who have seen



Quebec will appreciate the quaintness of the scenes. Those who have not will the better understand Quebec because of these fete pictures of Treguier—which is an archaic greystone straggle of market place buildings and a cathedral. Treguier sits on a hill overlooking a sombre Breton landscape of fields marked off by dikes of earth, prickly gorse bushes and ragged rows of poplars. Its crooked, rudely-paved streets are haunted by strange, unsavoury odours, and slope steeply up from the broad level of the quay beside the Guindy River

and damp and mossy within as the stone lining of an ancient well.

Every market-day the tree-bordered square is thronged with country folk come up to buy or sell. About Treguier the men and children dress much like our own people, but the women in their full gowns, short black capes and transparent, white, winged caps lend to the scene a foreign air. This is not lessened, when a team of dogs, harnessed four-abreast tug into the foreground of the picture a small heavily-laden cart, whilst the hooded waggon, the stalls protected from sun and rain by cotton awnings, the displays of crockery and "sabots" spread out upon the pavement all add to the effect. The clattering of wooden shoes of the peasant folk serves as accompaniment to the strife of tongues. The grave faces of the women accord with the nun-like preference for sombre clothing, which prevails in that part of Brittany.

But there are times when the grey old "place" puts on a holiday aspect. Never perhaps does it look prettier than on a Sunday morning, when the young folk are "making their first communion." Then the black gowns of the women seem but a foil to the diaphanous draperies of their small daughters, who, like flocks of snowy doves, flutter hither and thither about the square, or congregate for a moment in the shadowy portals of the church.



Native Women trying on Sabots in the Treguier Market.



"Crockery for Sale."—Another Market Scene.

On such occasions, the "place" serves merely as ante-chamber to the cathedral, but on July 14th, the day of the "Fete Nationale" it is in its glory. Kept throughout France like Dominion Day in this country, the holiday recalls grim memories. It looks back to the year 1789, when the Paris mob attacked that royal fortress and prison, the Bastille. This stronghold, the building of which was begun in the fourteenth century to protect the French capital against the English, had echoed the sighs of many a captive, lost within its grim walls to freedom, friends, sometimes even to memory, at the monarch's will. Yet the end came strangely. Its garrison surrendered, on promise of mercy, to a leaderless mob. Because the Bastille stood in the minds of the people for an emblem of the autocratic power of the sovereign its fall was hailed as the beginning of a new era, and the first anniversary of the event was celebrated by a "Fete Nationale." The ruins of the fortress were decked with flowery arches, and the King and Queen, doomed speedily to fall victims in their turn to the fury of the revolutionists, were present at the festival, though doubtless they watched with anxiety the unrestrained transports of the populace.

Since the fall of the Bastille, nearly a century and a quarter has gone by, but throughout France to-day the anniversary is observed with merry-making. Last year at Treguier the celebration began, on the eve of the festival, with a torchlight procession. On the great day itself the old "place" was thronged from early morning. Before noon there was the market. Later there were sports—sack and "sabot" races and the "jeu de poele," the character of which is suggested by the photograph.

A row of earthen pots, dangling from a horizontal bar was the centre of interest. The players, blindfolded, essayed in turn to break the swinging pots with a long pole, but, to all appearance the successful contestants fared worse than those who failed, for from the broken pots fell a rabbit-skin stuffed with straw, an avalanche of feathers and, worst of all, a douche of cold water or some other liquid.

In the evening there was a dance in the square. Long before dusk the elder folk took up command-

ing positions on seats or, failing those, on the low wall about the "place," but for long there was nothing to see save the good-humoured crowd itself, and a few impatient children practising their steps while they had the chance. Then came a man with a watering-pot, who with much deliberation sprinkled the dusty central space. At last the band struck up and he of the watering-can waltzed gaily off the

borough House to be kept among the many mementoes of that memorable journey.

In connection with that celebrated voyage there is a story told of a well-merited rebuff her Majesty once dealt a too officious officer.

One morning on deck she noticed a seaman in a picturesque attitude swabbing a certain part of the ship. Requesting him to remain still while she focussed her camera the man readily complied, and was taken just as he was.

At that moment an officer came on the scene, and not seeing her Majesty, remarked gruffly to the sailor: "Why are you standing in such an idiotic position? Get on with your work."

The sailor, abashed, turned and bowed to her Majesty, who reassured him with a smile. The officer by this time was beginning to realise his position, and approaching the Queen observed, after apologising effusively: "I shall make but a poor substitute, I am sure, but if your Royal Highness would care to 'snap' me I should be more than honoured."

"Your humility I accept," replied Queen Mary coldly. "You are quite right—you would make a poor substitute for the sailor whom you reprimanded just now in such a gentle manner."

A few days afterwards the bluejacket was made happy for ever after by receiving from her Majesty an autographed portrait of herself.



A little stream near Treguier where out-door washing is sometimes done.

stage to give place to the dancers. For a while two or three couples had the "floor" to themselves but soon the "ball" was in full swing, and for half that merry night old Treguier was more decidedly awake than it often was by day.

Nothing quite so gaily French marks the festivities of Quebec, whose fetes and pageants are usually of a more or less religious character. The Tercentenary, of course, was purely historic, including the religions. Yet there is sometimes as much gayety in Quebec as in either Paris or Treguier and for grandeur of scenic setting for a pageant no French city is able to rival Quebec.

**The Proof of the Links.**

THE following looks like a new Mark Twain story: "When Mark Twain came to Washington to try to get a copyright law passed, a Congressman took him out one afternoon to Chevy Chase," writes a correspondent.

"Mark Twain refused to play golf himself, but consented to walk over the course and watch the Congressman's strokes.

"The Congressman was rather a duffer teeing-off, he sent clouds of earth flying in all directions. Then, to hide his confusion, he said to his guest:

"What do you think of our links here, Mr. Clemens?"

"Best I ever tasted," said Mark Twain, as he wiped the dirt from his lips with his handkerchief."

**Queen Mary as Artist.**

IT is not generally known that Queen Mary is an artist of no small merit, but a writer in *M.A.P.* states that among the many souvenirs of her travels are some charmingly executed water-colours of her own painting.

Encouraged by Queen Alexandra, her Majesty has also become a devotee to photography, which is now one of her favourite hobbies.

Her artistic talents have been inherited by Princess Mary, who draws exceedingly well. Among the Queen's most valued treasures is a little drawing, done specially for the wall of her cabin in the *Ophir* during the long colonial tour, by Princess Mary, and which was duly hung in a place of honour. When the cruise came to an end the picture was carefully taken down and sent to Marl-



At the Fete Nationale.—An amusement called "Jeu de poele."



Weary after a hard pull—A Breton Dog Team.





descended to a habit of making mere casual remarks to him, which laid no tax on her imagination, and offered no exercise for his ingeniousness to pervert. But now, as she drew the towel away, and looked at his face glowing redly from her vigorous friction, she was moved to stoop and kiss him quickly on the lips.

"My hands are not quite dry," he said, reaching for the towel, as she drew back, watching for a change in his expression. "I can do it," he added, and, taking the towel from her, lightly brushed his lips.

She stepped aside to reach his jersey from the bed-rail, and he began an elaborate pretence of drying his hands. Her eyes grew dark and hard while she waited and pulled the jersey sleeves mechanically. Then she tossed the jersey back over the bed-rail, and glanced round the room.

"When you have dried your hands," she said coldly, slowly, "put on your jersey, brush your hair and come down."

By a backward look over his shoulder he watched her go, and, as she closed the door, he brushed his lips again, and hung the towel up in its place.

Getting on the jersey proved a most difficult, exasperating and ridiculous proceeding. He got his head through, then could not get his arms in. He put his arms through, and found them held in a vice, so that he could not get them down to put

his head through the collar. He became impatient. "Silly thing," he muttered, and wriggled himself free.

Then he put his head and one arm in, and found it impossible to get even his hand into the opening of the other sleeve, which was twisted somehow round at the back of his neck.

"Bother the silly thing!" he panted, and dragged himself out.

He tried again and again, in every possible way, but with only partial success. He stood before the mirror of the wardrobe, and made futile attempts. But the jersey baffled him. He flung it down and kicked it; then, crossing to the dressing-table, brushed his hair. When he had done this, he picked up the jersey and stretched it with all his might and main.

"Silly beast of a thing, I hate it," he grumbled, half-whimpering. But he tried again.

He had got one arm into the sleeve and the collar over his head, so that it pressed up his nose and pulled down his ears, when the door opened softly, and Mrs. Fullerton entered.

"What makes you so long, Clive?" she inquired innocently. "Can't you get your jersey on?"

"No," he gasped, "not yet."

"Let me help you."

In a minute it was on. He sighed exhaustedly as he pulled it down about his hips. His face was

very red and his eyes were very bright and angry. "It is easy enough when I help you," she murmured.

"You were outside it," he retorted trenchantly.

She accepted this explanation with a flickering smile, and, having brushed his hair, led him down to breakfast. She was satisfied that she had captured one of the rebel's guns. But in the course of that day, Clive proved to her that he still had artillery enough to answer every assault she made upon his stronghold. And her anxiety for the future increased. The trend of events was in a fatal direction. She and Bernard were of the same mind concerning the boy, yet Clive was surely thrusting them apart. He caused no friction nor disagreements between them, but much more subtly destroyed the concord of their home. He was as "the rift within the lute that makes the music mute."

SOMETHING a servant said one day set Mrs. Fullerton's mind working with an idea, and after considering it from all points of view she decided to adopt it. So, as soon as Clive was released from his morning lessons, she took him by the hand and led him away down the sunny garden to the greenhouse.

"Clive," she said—and, in spite of her determina-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.

# A SILK PURSE AND A SOW'S EAR

*The Reformation of Tim Slattery and the Part a Second-hand Piano Played*

CAMERON NELLES WILSON

WHEN Maggie McGuire announced her intention of marrying Tim Slattery for the sake of reform, her mother had grabbed her impatiently by her slender shoulders, looked deep into her pretty, serious eyes, and said with portentous shakings of her untidy head, "You can't make a silk purse outen a sow's ear, Maggie McGuire, and there ain't no use of yer tryin'!"

It seemed as if the prophecy had indeed come true. Six years of married life had added noticeably to the family numbers but had made no visible change in Tim's moral progress. At first he made a winged but brief ascent into an atmosphere of unquestioned sobriety, but such giddy heights proved somewhat lonely, and the chilly isolation of respectability soon lost its charm. Great, then, was the fall of Tim Slattery, and he lapsed deeper than ever into ways of absolute shiftlessness.

When the first baby arrived, he did rouse himself to a virtuous appreciation of his position as head of a family and worked steadily at the soap factory for nearly a fortnight. Then, wearying of his honours, he began once more to loaf and to look to his wife's earnings for the family's support. As the second and third additions made their appearance he instituted similar worthy and brief reforms, but, on the birth of his fourth hopeful, celebrated long and loud in the bar of the Golden Lion.

Maggie took the affair very seriously and hoped that as the family increased, the importance of his mission would have a chastening effect.

"Tim," she whispered pleadingly, "you ain't no example for them little childern. Remember you're a pa, dearie."

"Oh, hell, sweet'art, I ain't posin' as a *example*—I'm jist a sort o' daily *warnin'*, an' I reckon that's most as good." He laughed huskily and, with a strange catch in her throat, Maggie prepared her tubs in the outer kitchen, mixed a bottle of food for the baby, and between times sorted the wash of one of her many patrons. Day after day did the little woman slave over suds and blueing, her pretty reddish hair coaxed into countless curls by the steam that rose from tubs and boiler, her fingers pink and shrivelled from constant immersion. Tim would sit in the vine-covered porch, the smallest baby in his lap, the others more or less absorbed in the soil of the small garden. It was hard for Maggie, very, very hard, but with the courage of the McGuires and a rooted faith in the future possibilities of the Slatterys, she toiled from daylight to dark, singing matutinal roundelays to her delighted babies or, tired but patient, crooning the lullabies that sent them drifting on the sea of sleep.

Her bank account grew apace and every Saturday saw a fresh entry in her savings-book. Tim made enough to keep himself in pocket money; his needs were few and his wants easily supplied. He found his wife's providing more satisfactory, more dependable, than his own and, even when spurred

to momentary shame by her evident weariness, decided to let well enough alone.

MAGGIE, too, had her weakness, and Tim was not slow to profit thereby. For the toiling, saving woman, the auction-rooms held the same deadly fascination as did the garish bar of the Golden Lion for her husband. Tim squandered his spare earnings in the delights of festal companionship, and why should she not yield sometimes to her craving for the purchase of bargains that appealed to her femininity? There were many things that she and the babies needed, material comforts that she felt they must do without, and after each one of her reckless fits of prodigality she was overcome with self-abasement and for many days fought shy of the established auction-rooms or the flaunting red flag that hung in front of some dismantled dwelling betraying the presence of the fateful hammer.

She knew that she was considered extravagant—Tim had told her so many times—but the possession of some rare bargains salved her conscience and the blood of the bargain-hunter continued to run riot in her veins. There was the gold, spindle-legged sofa. Tim had approved of that because it was better than anything in the Hollow. He was forbidden to lie upon it in his sober moments and could be trusted that far. But a neat tidy protected the old rose brocade lest he should be tempted to sink onto its smooth and uncomfortable surface in a fit of alcoholic abstraction. He hadn't exactly approved of the stuffed canary in its glass case, nor of the gilded rolling-pin that was desecrated to profane use as a key-rack. The Slattery home boasted no such luxuries as keys. He had exclaimed angrily at her purchase of a plaster cast representing Rebecca at the Well, and had sulked for days when she triumphantly displayed a gorgeous lemonade-set of vivid green—pitcher and five glasses, the sixth being cracked beyond use but quite ornamental. Tim's tendencies did not run to the popular circus beverage and he was correspondingly provoked by her extravagance.

The idea that it was his wife's money never dawned upon his befuddled mind, nor did the sad fact that she was sacrificing youth and beauty to him and his children. The delicate contour of her face had given way to a hollow sharpness that was pitiful. Her childish mouth still framed the words of song whose music had long since died from her heart. She was only twenty-four but it seemed as if all the tragedy of eternal ages had crowded itself into the few years of her married life. In spite of his faults she still adored her husband, and her sorrow in his failure to make good was correspondingly great. Hardship and deprivation had failed to dim the sweetness of her romance and she still hoped that she could prove to her mother and her own

diminishing circle that silk purses may sometimes be made from very unpromising material. On the rare occasions when Tim did look above the sordid demands of his lot, her faith glimmered anew and she took hold with renewed courage.

Their home was pitifully bare. A few absolute necessities constituted its furnishings, and in strong contrast Maggie's whimsical purchases betrayed the longing for something beyond mere existence that filled her brave heart. The gold sofa gleamed in aristocratic aloofness in one corner of the small parlour; the canary trembled on top of an empty soap-box that Maggie's imagination had transformed into a what-not, while the lemonade-set tinkled at every step on an elaborately draped shelf.

Tim seldom entered this room—in fact, it was rarely opened to the vulgar gaze. To the children it was a forbidden holy of holies.

Time dragged on and in a sudden dazed surprise, Maggie realised that her eldest-born was approaching her tenth birthday. Since her marriage she herself had had nothing but tiring work and the praise of her patrons to live upon. Her childhood seemed as if it had never been—as if she had been cheated of those rich treasures for which after years can never make amends. As she looked at little Tilly's eager, interested face, she made a resolve that if pleasures could be bought for the child they should be hers. For the first time a sort of ill-defined resentment against her husband tortured her heart with a strange feeling of disloyalty. He had of late retrograded at an alarming rate. The unusual beauty of his young manhood was vanishing beneath the ravages of indolence and dissipation. His merry eyes had taken on a sullen gleam; the firmness of his flesh had given place to a flaccid rotundity that hid the slim gracefulness of his figure and robbed him of the air of youthful carelessness that had been so wondrously attractive. The altered glance, the changed smile made his wife tremble for the very love that had made her lot bearable. Her Paradise was threatened and she cringed before the vague premonitions that deprived her of sleep and tied leaden weights to her willing feet. She would work—God, how she would work and slave and toil if she could but keep this love of hers untarnished! She became desperate—afraid for herself and her children. They had never quarrelled, but lately angry words had sped to her lips and Tim's quiet waywardness had taken a more active form.

One raw November day the storm broke. Tim had lain in bed until dinner-time; things had gone wrong in the kitchen; Sam was sent from school in disgrace early in the afternoon, and the first complaint as to her work was lodged by her latest patron. It was too much for Maggie and she became hysterically abusive of Tim in particular and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.



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

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

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

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

**HEWSON WOOLEN MILLS LIMITED**  
AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA

By Royal Warrant



to His Majesty the King

**G. H. MUMM & CO.**  
**EXTRA DRY**

The most exquisite dry Champagne imported

**Selected Brut**

A superb Brut Wine of unsurpassed style and flavor.

There is probably not a club in the world where men of taste gather where the name of **G. H. MUMM & CO.** is not a synonym for the best champagne that can be had.

Royal Warrants have been granted to Messrs. G. H. MUMM & CO. by His Majesty King Edward VII. His Majesty The German Emperor. His Majesty The Emperor of Austria. His Majesty The King of Italy. His Majesty The King of Sweden. His Majesty The King of Denmark. His Majesty The King of the Belgians. His Majesty The King of Spain.

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

## DEMI - TASSE

### Newslets.

THIS is an age of culture—of many kinds and varieties. We are so refined in comparison with our remote ancestors and in comparison with the Spaniard who rejoices in a bull-fight. We admire Millett and we appreciate Wagner. But on the gay, glad and glorious Fourth, there was only one question surging across this continent: "What's the news from Reno?"

Hon. John Burns is not the only man who has found it next to impossible to please the ladies. The worthy John has lately been advocating the cause of woman with a fervour such as any knight of old might have been proud to display. And now Lady Frances Balfour has arisen to declare that John belongs to "that vicious class of men who try to do women good." Just think of that! It's enough to turn John's perspiration to tears.

\* \* \*

### The Sable Hercules.

AVAUNT with Teddy Roosevelt! Jack Johnson has the floor. He pounded J. J. Jeffries And shed his precious gore!

The novelists now tell the tale, The artists are a-tryin' To give their best and earnest work To draw the "Colour Lion."



The Villian of the Piece. "And so, Eustace Goodheart, I leave you to your fate, five hundred miles from any possibility of human aid. Escape if you can—curse you!" [And he does escape—twice nightly too!—Punch.]

\* \* \*

Hitch your waggon to a star, but insure the waggon first.

And now it is stated on reliable authority that Johnson and Jeffries are the sons of ministers. Their paternal parents must have belonged to the Church Militant.

\* \* \*

### A Muskoka Idyll.

THEY sat on the dim verandah And gazed on the misty moon; The midsummer dusk was tender, And all was propitious to spoon.

They should have been—oh! so happy,

But alas! for the best-laid plan, For behold there were sixteen women And but one dejected man.

\* \* \*

### A Careful Lover.

A CANADIAN farmer living near Toronto, is fortunate enough to possess a hired man from Scotland who is sober, honest and industrious. The latter recently confided to his employer the fact of his attachment

to a lassie who is earning her own living in one of the city shops.

"Jessie's a fine young woman," said the canny Scot. "She doesna expect me to spend much money on fulishness. If you will believe me, I've been courtin' Jessie for two years and all that time I've spent but a dollar and a half on the lassie. Eh, but she's a sensible girl!"

Not many comic operas or boxes of chocolates, to say nothing of a lavish display of violets, could have come out of that extremely moderate expenditure.

\* \* \*

### Melinda's Ways.

MELINDA has a rose-trimmed hat Of quite the weirdest shape; Melinda has a soft pink dress And such a graceful cape.

Melinda tilts her parasol With such a witching art, And tucked within her fluffy sleeve Melinda wears her heart.

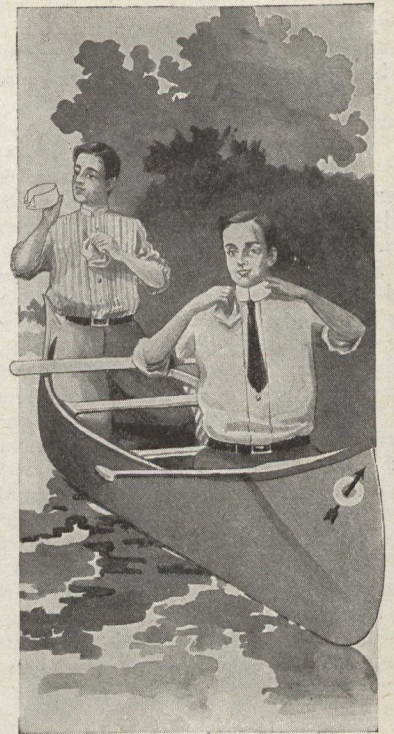
\* \* \*

### Hot Weather Wisdom.

The hand that rocks the boat is not likely to take the trick.

The ice-cream cone is more to be desired than a ham sandwich.

Life is nothing more than one warm day after another.



### The right Collar adds pleasure to summer outings—

When canoeing, playing tennis, or enjoying outing trips, the ORDINARY collar is a ceaseless cause of annoyance. The snappy, trim appearance soon disappears—a few minutes' exercise with a paddle or a tennis racquet on a warm day finishes them. Not so with

**CHALLENGE**  
BRAND  
WATERPROOF

**COLLARS & CUFFS**

They ALWAYS look neat and dresy—ALWAYS comfortable because they CANNOT WILT—fit snugly and have the dull finish and texture of the finest linen collar. Made in all the latest styles. "Challenge" Collars are waterproof, do away with laundry expenses altogether, can be cleaned by a rub from a wet cloth.

If your dealer hasn't "Challenge" Brand, we will supply you direct. Collars 25c., and Cuffs 50c. per pair. Send to-day for our new free style book, "Hints for Careful Dressers"—Fashion's latest dictates.

THE ARLINGTON CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED, 54-64 Fraser Ave., TORONTO, CAN.

## WILSON'S Invalids' Port

(à la Quina du Péron)

is a tonic stimulant prepared from a blending of choice Cinchona Bark with an especially selected nutritious Oporto Wine.

Many of the leading members of the Canadian Medical Profession have conferred a favor upon their confreres by an unsolicited expression for the merits of Wilson's Invalids' Port.

For the overworked the convalescent, the debilitated.

**WILSON'S Invalids' Port** is specific

Ask YOUR Doctor.

**BIG BOTTLE**

Sold at all Pharmacies Everywhere.



The dog days are full of snarls. The North Pole can't be such a bleak spot after all.

\* \* \*

### From a Recent Play.

"So your stepmother brought you up?"

"Yes. She did her worst with the best intentions."

\* \* \*

### They Do Their Best to Tell.

"HALF the world doesn't know how the other half lives."

"Possibly," answered Miss Caustic, "but that isn't the fault of the ladies who get together with their knitting on the piazza at our hotel."—*Brooklyn Life*.


\* \* \*

### A Precedent.

LADY (who has been shown over one of the ships, to sailor who has been her guide)—"What a pity gratuities are forbidden on your ship!"

Sailor—"So was apples, mum, in the Garden of Eden."—*London Opinion*.

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier



**Abbey's Effer-Vescent Salt**

You can't enjoy life with a torpid liver. What then? Take Abbey's Salt.

25c and 60c.  
Sold everywhere.

61

**General French and the Ross Rifle**

The Canadian Courier of June 18th states editorially in speaking of General French—"When a man so high in the British Army declares that the Ross Rifle is the equal if not the superior of any other small arm in the world"—

Comment is unnecessary.

If you are a Military Target shot and want a prize-winning rifle buy a "Ross" Mark III.

If you are a sportsman and want the best rifle for stopping any game, buy a "Ross" Sporting Model. It has all the accuracy of the Military barrel, and is an excellently balanced arm. Prices from \$25.00 to \$70.00.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

**THE ROSS RIFLE CO.**  
QUEBEC 1-6-0

**Cosgraves Half & Half**

is as mild as the lightest lager yet it does not have that lifeless taste that causes many to tire of lager quickly. The life and body of the pure malt and hops are there. It stimulates during the hot weather without leaving any drowsy after effects. Keep a few bottles in your refrigerator to be served at meal times, the whole family will be the better for it.

At all Hotels and Dealers.

**The Cosgrave Brewery Co. of Toronto Ltd.**



**Mail Contract**

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 5th AUGUST, 1910 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years eighteen times per week each way, between New Toronto and Grand Trunk Railway Station from 1st. October next.

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

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,  
Mail Service Branch  
Ottawa, 21st June 1910  
G. C. Anderson  
Superintendent

**Army Service Corps**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

according to schedule and system are all a drawback to a camp.

This is the ethics of the Army Service Corps, which for less than ten years has transformed any given Canadian military camp from a huffer-muggery into a system. All transports whether by rail, water or wagon are arranged for by the senior Army Service Corps officer of each command. He is responsible to the general officer commanding or to the camp commandant. He is aided by A.S.C. officers under whose supervision in all well-regulated camps the entire transports are conducted.

Two years ago the city corps of M. D. No. 2 held their Thanksgiving Day manoeuvres at Dundas, Ont., and the transportation arrangements on that occasion were similar to those made for the regular camp. Despite the holiday traffic each of four trains despatched from Dundas reached Toronto within one and three-quarter hours of its departure time. An A.S.C. officer acted as transport officer in charge of each train and the results demonstrated how an efficient system can overcome even the serious obstacles arising from congested holiday traffic.

The transportation arrangements in connection with the Quebec Centenary were in marked contrast to those that prevailed on the occasion of the Royal Review of some years ago, and the difficulties of bringing the troops, horses and guns from all points to Quebec which at one time seemed almost unsurmountable were overcome in such a manner that His Royal Highness personally congratulated Brig-Gen. Macdonald on the successful outcome of the efforts of the Army Service Corps.

Every boat and train arriving or departing with troops was superintended by A.S.C. transport officers without a single mishap.

The A.S.C. is only at the commencement of its work, it is well and ably organised, and as the service generally has given such abundant proofs of its recognition of the services performed, no effort will be spared by the Militia Department to still further increase its present position.

The Permanent Army Service Corps, with a total strength of about 150, have attachments stationed at Halifax, Quebec, Kingston and Esquimalt, while the Militia Units, numbering about 1,200, divided into 12 companies, are divided over all the Commands or Independent Districts.

The honour of organising the corps has fallen to Brig-Gen. D. Macdonald, C.M.G., whose splendid services in equipping our contingents to South Africa is still fresh in one's memory and Brig-Gen. Macdonald has found an able assistant in Lt.-Col. J. Lyons Biggar, whose experience with the Imperial Forces in South Africa, afterwards supplemented by a course of instruction at Aldershot, enabled him to carry out the organisation of the new branch in Canada upon the lines so successfully carried out in the Motherland.

While the date of authorisation of the Corps appears as July, 1901, it was not until June of 1903 at Niagara camp that the first company made its appearance at a camp of instruction when No. 2 company from Toronto had the honour of being the first company to go under canvas. Kingston, Three Rivers and other camps during the same year witnessed the initial appearance of the newly organised companies and the record made at Niagara camp has been sustained in a very well-conducted camp in Canada.

**INGERSOLL CREAM CHEESE**

**Spreads Like Butter**

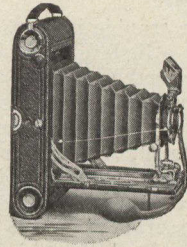
You can buy twice the quantity of Ingersoll Cream Cheese in blocks for the same money as you would receive in jar cheese, besides, there is just as much difference in the quality in favor of Ingersoll Cream Cheese as there is in the price. Never becomes hard. Every particle can be consumed.

Sold only in 15c and 25c blocks. For sale by all grocers.

Manufactured by  
**THE INGERSOLL PACKING CO. Limited**  
Ingersoll, Ontario  
Canada



**YOUR VACATION.**  
SUGGESTIONS FROM THE  
**KODAK CATALOG**



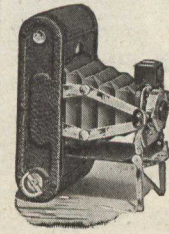
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FOLDING  
POCKET  
KODAK

Pictures,  
3 1/4 x 5 1/2.

**\$20.00**

The most popular of all cameras; takes the full size post card picture, 3 1/4 x 5 1/2 in. Provided with every feature for the most serious work, yet so simple as to be effectively handled by the novice.

Equipment includes double Rapid Rectilinear Lens, Kodak Ball Bearing Shutter, Automatic Focusing Lock, Brilliant Reversible Finder and Tripod Sockets. Covered with fine black seal grain leather, nickeled fittings. Top coat pocket size.



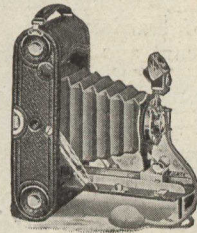
No. 1  
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POCKET  
KODAK

Pictures,  
2 1/4 x 3 1/4.

**\$10.00**

The smallest and simplest of all the Pocket Kodaks. Especially designed for those who wish to take good pictures the simplest way. Pulling down the bed automatically springs the front into position, no focusing necessary—just locate the image in the finder and press the lever.

Equipped with first quality Meniscus Achromatic lens, fitted to Pocket Automatic Shutter, adjusted for both snapshot and time exposures. Brilliant Reversible Finder. Covered with black seal grain leather, nickeled fittings.



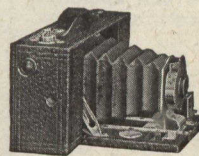
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FOLDING  
POCKET  
KODAK—  
SPECIAL

Pictures,  
2 1/2 x 4 1/4.

**\$15.00**

Made for those who want a dainty little pocket camera with quality all through. Light and compact, yet possesses every requisite for serious work.

Equipment includes Rapid Rectilinear Lens, Kodak Ball Bearing Shutter, Automatic Focusing Lock, Tripod Socket and Brilliant Reversible Finder. Covered with fine quality black seal grain leather, nickeled fittings.

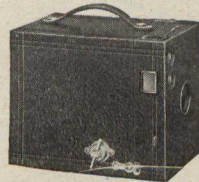


No. 2A  
FOLDING  
POCKET  
BROWNIE

Pictures,  
2 1/2 x 4 1/4.

**\$7.00**

Inexpensive, devoid of all complications, extremely simple to understand and to operate, this dainty little pocket camera takes first class pictures. Equipped with first quality Meniscus Achromatic Lens, Pocket Automatic Shutter, adapted for both snapshots and time exposures. Automatic Focusing Lock, Tripod Sockets and Reversible Finder. Covered with fine quality black imitation leather, nickeled fittings.



No. 3  
BROWNIE  
CAMERA

Pictures,  
3 1/4 x 4 1/4.

**\$4.00**

Designed for one of the most popular of amateur sizes, the No. 3 Brownie brings 3 1/4 x 4 1/4 pictures within the scope of simple, inexpensive Brownie photography. Easily operated by the children, it will satisfy the grown-up people as well. Equipped with first quality Meniscus Achromatic Lens, Eastman Rotary Shutter, adapted for both snapshot and time exposures. Two finders. Covered with fine quality imitation black leather, nickeled fittings.



No. 2  
BROWNIE  
CAMERA

Pictures,  
2 1/4 x 3 1/4.

**\$2.00**

Remarkable pictures have been produced by these simple fixed focus cameras, even in the hands of school children, while work of the highest character has been done by experts.

Equipped with first quality Meniscus Lens, Eastman Rotary Shutter, adapted for both snapshots and time exposures. Two Finders. Covered with fine quality imitation black leather, nickeled fittings.

Kodaks and Brownies, \$1.00 to \$111.00. Ask your dealer or write us for our complete catalogue.

**CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited, TORONTO**

**OUR SUBSCRIBERS**

will confer a favor by reporting promptly any failure in the delivery of their copies of the Canadian Courier. City subscribers should receive theirs by not later than Friday evening. Out of town readers may assist by kindly giving the number on the label.

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**Standard Natural Water**      **Alkaline Water**



A Delightful Table Water with Highly Medicinal Qualities

Standard Remedy for Dyspepsia Stomach Troubles and Gout

Owned by and bottled under the direct control of the French Government

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

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

Paris Office.  
60 Rue De Provence

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

## MONEY AND MAGNATES

Unfavourable Conditions in States, but Favourable Conditions in Canada.

THE present is always regarded as an important time in the stock market, because the average man about the beginning of July always likes to look back over what the market had done for the first six months of the year and figure out, as far as he can, what is likely to happen during the remaining six months.

As far as the Canadian markets are concerned the situation is made especially interesting because general conditions here in Canada seem to be very different from what they are in the United States, and while there may be very good reasons for the very severe decline that is occurring in the Wall Street Market, there is not anything like as much cause for any setback in the majority of Canadian securities. Of course Canadian markets are bound to be affected by any slump in Wall Street, whether there is any reason for it or not, but the developments of the last year have shown that there is a general tendency on the part of most Canadian operators to have the Canadian markets cut away almost entirely from the Wall Street and to work out their own destiny.

The situation in the States at the present time, which seems to have been the main reason for the severe decline in the Wall Street Market, is that the crop reports are not anything as favourable as they should be and this with unfavourable reports handed down by the Interstate Commerce Commission seem to have made the big men take the view that the general business outlook was far from satisfactory and so there was nothing left but for the market to go ahead and discount the bad things that may or may not happen.

In Canada the situation is entirely different, the latest crop reports are of a very reassuring character and the tremendous volume of business that is being done by all the Canadian railroads shows that business conditions must be very satisfactory, as the retailers would not be buying in such large quantities if it was not that they find a very keen inquiry from the buying public.

But the whole trouble is that the average holder of Canadian stocks always likes to be taking a little gamble in Wall Street and when the big New York Market receives a setback, such as it has lately, he is forced to sell some of his Canadian securities, for which there is a better market, in order to put up more margin on the American securities he may be carrying. It is such a situation that results in the Canadian markets being quickly affected by any setback in the bigger markets, even if conditions are satisfactory here, while they may be unsatisfactory on the other side of the border.

With a good crop ahead in Western Canada and most of the leading industries working in their capacity it does seem as if the average Canadian could afford to look ahead at the remaining six months of the year with a great deal of confidence, but money is gradually getting so tight, and it is doubtful whether the Canadian banks will have enough to go around, and this, of course, will have a somewhat unsettling effect.

\* \* \*

### The Third Big Bank to Absorb a Maritime Province Institution.

HERE seems something quite natural about the transaction by which the Royal Bank of Canada takes over the entire assets and properties of the Union Bank of Halifax.

Only a few years ago the Bank of Montreal and the Canadian Bank of Commerce, recognising the large amount of wealth that was centred in the Maritime Provinces, stepped in and each took over one of the smaller banks that had particularly good connections in the provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick with a view of strengthening their position in that part of the country.

The Royal Bank of Canada in itself was regarded as an Eastern Canadian concern, because up to a few years ago it had its head office in the city of Halifax and its board of directors was composed of residents of the two eastern provinces. On this account it seemed to have about the strongest connection in the east of any Canadian bank and it was only natural that it should be desirous of maintaining its position as such even after it had moved its head office to Montreal and had gone ahead establishing chains of branches in almost every part of Canada as well as a large group in Cuba. The Union Bank of Halifax was always looked upon as a particularly strong small institution when lined up in the class of the chartered banks of the country, and owing to the tendency that there has been for the larger institutions to absorb smaller ones, it was reported from time to time that there was great likelihood of its being taken over either by the Merchants Bank or the Royal Bank.

Whatever negotiations were carried through, however, the Royal seems to have won out, and as it already had a particularly effective circuit of branches in the lower provinces, it should be able with the addition of the many strong branches that will be secured by it by taking over the Union of Halifax to make its position in the Maritime Provinces well nigh impregnable. A rather interesting feature in connection with the absorption is that notwithstanding the fact that both banks were regarded as eastern concerns their branches only over-lap at three or four points. This important development being almost co-incident with the opening by the Royal of a London office of its own makes the year 1910 look like a big year for this Canadian bank.

\* \* \*

### Public Liked Idea of Partnership in Big Stores.

THE Canadian public, more especially that part of it which is situated in the principal towns throughout Ontario, seems to have taken very kindly the idea of partnership in the big stores in the larger cities through the opportunity offered them of becoming shareholders in them. The first departure of this character was made by the interests who put through the consolidation of the big stores of the W. A. Murray Co., Limited, and the John Kay Co., Limited, into the Murray-Kay, Limited, and it is reported that the total applications for the \$1,500,000 of preferred stock offered were so numerous that it was only possible to allot in full applications for twenty shares and under. On all applications from 20 to 50 shares, a reduction of 20 per cent. was made and on all applications for 50 shares and upwards there was a reduction of 40 per cent.

COUPON.

## INVESTORS WHO DISCRIMINATE

Canadian Banks, Insurance, Trust and Loan Companies have many millions invested in Municipal and Corporation Bonds. They buy them for the safety of principal they afford, for the interest return they give and because they are readily convertible into cash.

Private investors may secure the same bonds and have as sound investments. They are available in denominations of \$500 or \$1,000.

Particulars on request.

**A. E. AMES CO., LIMITED**  
Investment Bankers

7-9 King Street, East, Toronto

## Very Significant

AT THE LAST ANNUAL MEETING OF



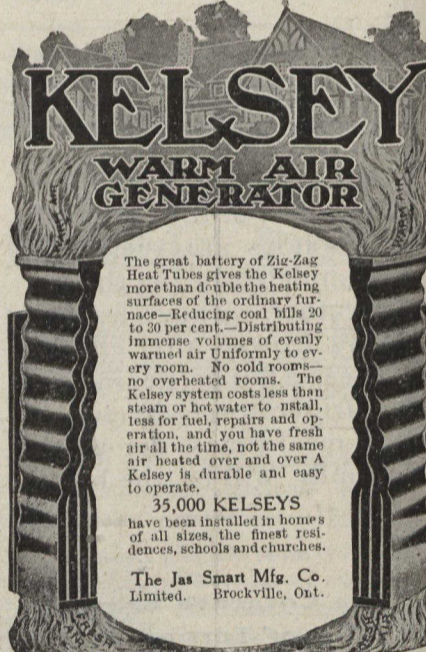
the following very significant statement was made by the President of the Company, Mr. E. P. Clement, K. C. :—

"We adhere to the opinion so often expressed at our meetings that the **Security of the principal should be the paramount consideration.** As a result of this policy we are able to report that after **forty years of operation we have not lost a single dollar of our invested funds.**"

HEAD OFFICE - WATERLOO, ONT.

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The great battery of Zia-Zag Heat Tubes gives the Kelsey more than double the heating surfaces of the ordinary furnace—Reducing coal bills 20 to 30 per cent.—Distributing immense volumes of evenly warmed air uniformly to every room. No cold rooms—no overheated rooms. The Kelsey system costs less than steam or hot water to install, less for fuel, repairs and operation, and you have fresh air all the time, not the same air heated over and over. A Kelsey is durable and easy to operate.

35,000 KELSEYS have been installed in homes of all sizes, the finest residences, schools and churches.

The Jas Smart Mfg. Co. Limited, Brockville, Ont.

Chief Office for Canada: TORONTO  
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager



IRISH & MAULSON, Limited  
Chief Toronto Agents

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

M A M M A

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.

tion, her voice was unsteady—"I want you to pick out the flowers you think are loveliest."

Drawing his hand from hers, he looked about him silently, as if he were considering what her motive could be.

"They are all lovely," he said at last, with a doubtful air.

"But some are lovelier than others," she argued gently. "For instance, don't you think these are finer than those—larger, whiter, purer? Look how their petals curve in."

"They are not so lumpy," he agreed.

She cut a handful and passed along.

"Those are fine," he exclaimed softly, for a moment betraying his enthusiasm.

"But they are not white; they must be white. How about those roses? Aren't they lovely? Could anything be more lovely? Let me lift you up so you can smell them."

"I smelt them yesterday," he returned, drawing back slightly.

"And aren't they lovely?"

"Yes," he agreed. He watched her cut a dozen blooms, his eyes sparkling with appreciation. "When I'm grown up I shall have a greenhouse ever so much bigger than this, full—simply full of roses."

It was one of the few occasions on which he had ever confided to her his thoughts of the future and she smiled down at him eagerly.

"I'm so glad you're fond of flowers, Clive," she said; "I am, too. We must find a place somewhere, and let you have a little garden to yourself."

"I think I should like that," he murmured vaguely. "I shall ask my father to let me."

She winced, but said nothing; and, taking him by the hand, led him back to the house.

They had lunch alone, Fullerton having gone away for a day's golfing—a fact which had had some influence in causing Lynda to take the step she was taking in the hope of finding a way to the child's heart. And immediately after lunch she had the dog-cart out and drove him to the station. She offered no explanation, and at first he asked for none, but on the way his mind evidently filled with wonder and misgiving. He grew pale and restless. She saw these signs, and guessed how his pride was battling with his fear and curiosity.

"Are you sending me away to school?" he inquired at length, as they drove into sight of the railway.

"No," she answered gently. "We shall be back in time for tea. We are going to Orchardstone."

"To Orchardstone?" he exclaimed.

"We used to live at Orchardstone."

"I know," she returned.

At Orchardstone Station he stared about him with the manifest interest of a returned wanderer, and he answered her when she spoke to him in a hushed voice of awe, as if he felt he was treading holy ground.

"Are you going to see the house where we lived?" he inquired, as she led him down a shady lane.

"Is this the way?" she asked.

"I don't remember—quite. I don't think so. It used to turn round by a big, 'normous pond. Hadn't you better ask the way?"

"We are not going there, Clive."

It became apparent to him almost immediately where they were going, for in a minute she stopped, and, opening a wicket gate, led the way into Orchardstone churchyard, where the white gravestones gleamed among the shadows of surrounding trees, and the music of the organ

rose and fell in the still summer air.

As she held the gate open for him he seemed to notice for the first time that she was carrying a parcel—a square, cumbersome parcel, like a costume-box. She saw he noticed it, and at once held it out to him.

"You can carry it now, Clive; it is yours," she said softly.

"Mine? Mine?" he muttered, taking it and finding it light. "What's in it?"

"Those flowers we cut this morning for your mother's grave, dear," she answered, with an effort to speak evenly.

"Oh," he said uncertainly. "I used to put flowers on her grave when I lived here. I am glad we came. It was over here."

He turned off the path, and, moving forward swiftly in and out of the graves, led the way in the direction of a sundial. There he stopped and, looking back, waited for her to reach him.

"That's it; I remember it," he said, nodding solemnly, towards a simple marble cross, which bore the words:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY  
OF  
MARGARET FULLERTON

"It is, isn't it?" he asked.

She nodded silently, and ran her eyes over the rest of the inscription.

"Yes, dear," she said gently, and sat down slowly on the base of the sundial.

The child put the box down on the turf, and began to undo the string with trembling fingers. She bent forward and helped him, but allowed him to remove the paper wrapper and the lid of the box, unassisted.

"It is very kind of you to give me these flowers for poor mamma," he said, in a nervous, excited way, as he took out the wreath she had fashioned of the flowers, and laid it gently up against the foot of the cross. "I believe she would be very much obliged to you, for it is really very kind of you. She would think them lovely, for she was very fond of flowers; Sarah told me so. That's why I used to bring flowers and put here when we lived here. Do you think that looks nice? I think it looks very nice, an' it's a pity they won't always look nice. But they won't last, will they?"

"We must bring some more another day," she murmured, speaking with difficulty.

"I should like that. I think they look very nice, don't you? So—so white and lovely."

"Clive," she said softly, catching him by the hand, and drawing him to her, "were you so very, very fond of her?"

"I don't remember," he answered consideringly, and looked down at the flowers. "She was my mamma, you see," he added, as if in explanation.

"Dear boy!" she cried, tears starting from her eyes; and, catching him to her eagerly, she kissed him. "Dear, golden-hearted boy! I wish she could have heard that. Oh, I do!"

"Why?" he asked, in a subdued manner, drawing a little from her, but not breaking free.

"Because it would have made her so happy."

"You wouldn't mind her being happy, then?" he inquired perplexedly, and looked over his shoulder at the grave.

"Why should I wish anyone to be unhappy, Clive?"

"I don't know," he replied vaguely.

"D'you think she would wish me

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The entire production of our Century-old distillery is devoted to "O. O." Whisky. The pure Spring Water from the heather-clad hills of Orkney gives to "O. O." its great superiority.

We always hold a 10 years supply in our bonded warehouses. Thus, whenever you buy it, "O. O." Whisky is always the same. Insist on having "Old Orkney" Whisky.

**McConnell's Distillery Limited**  
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Proprietors of  
**STROMNESS DISTILLERY**  
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**OLD ORKNEY WHISKY**

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We can also make you an attractive proposition on the new Cadillac "Thirty" that represents the best value ever offered in automobiles. Send for illustrated booklet.

**HYSLOP BROS., Limited**  
Automobiles and Bicycles  
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The discovery of FUSED JOINTS made possible the perfect system of warm air heating.

When we first began to build furnaces, some thirty years ago, the various parts of the radiators were bolted and cemented together. No matter how tightly the iron and steel were fastened, the difference in the expansion and contraction of the two metals eventually pulled the bolts loose, ground out the cement and left openings through which gas, dust and smoke escaped into the house.

About 20 years ago, we discovered and patented FUSED JOINTS.

Instead of bolting and cementing steel and iron together, we fused the materials at a white heat.

The joints thus formed are permanent and indestructible.

Twenty years use has proved the value of Fused Joints. They will not leak—they are absolutely gas, smoke and dust tight—

and will always remain so as long as the furnace is in use.

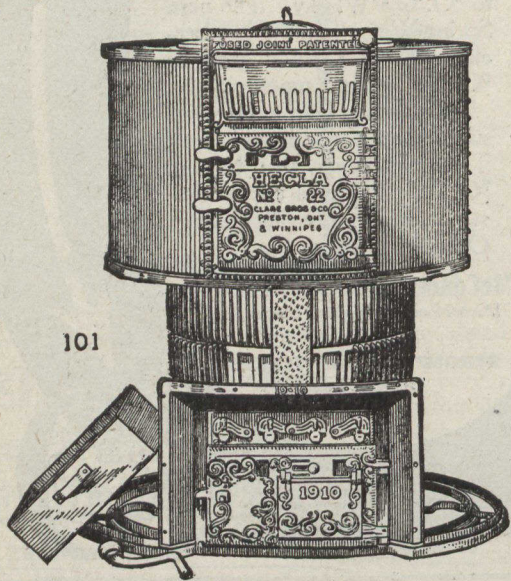
Fused Joints insure "Hecla" heated homes being always supplied with an abundance of fresh, warmed air, untainted by gas or dust.

"Hecla" Furnace is the only furnace with Fused Joints.

Fused Joints are only one of the patented features of "Hecla" Furnace that mean so much to every man who is going to put in a new furnace this season. Our furnace book describes and illustrates them all. Write for free copy.

Send us rough diagram of your home, and we will plan the heating arrangement and give estimate of the cost of installing the right "Hecla" Furnace—free.

## Clare Bros. & Co. Limited, Preston, Ont.



to be unhappy, Clive? D'you think she'd be happy if she thought her golden-hearted little boy was making life hard and unhappy for me, when I only ask to make those who were nearest and dearest to her as happy as possible? Do you think I want you to forget your mother? We have put our best flowers on her grave, Clive, to prove that we have not forgotten her. And we will come again with fresh flowers to show that we still remember her. But if you remember she *was* your mamma, you must be true to me, too, and remember I *am* your mamma."

"I'll try," he murmured bashfully. "Will you? — will you really? Clive, dear, I am *so* fond of you, and when you make me think you hate me, I am so unhappy."

"You've got father," he muttered, hanging his head. "My other mother hasn't got anybody, and—"

"Yes?" she whispered, squeezing his hands. "Yes, Clive?"

"It didn't seem fair if you hated her, but if you don't hate her, I think it's quite fair. And you don't hate her, do you? or you wouldn't have given me your best flowers. I think you were very kind to poor mamma and me. Are we going to take the box back or leave it?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Mrs. Fullerton stood at the end of the bed, with her arms resting on the bed-rail, waiting, listening, while the white-robed little man knelt at the bedside, praying:

"... pity my simplicity;  
Suffer me to come to Thee."  
"God bless dear papa, my new mamma, and tell my old mamma about the flowers. And make me a good boy, for Christ's sake.—Amen."

## A Silk Purse and a Sow's Ear

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

the cruel world in general. Forsaking her ironing-board she flew angrily from the house and made her way straight to Bolton's auction-rooms. Here was light and life and forgetfulness. In a similar frame of mind Tim made haste in the direction of the Golden Lion.

The auction-room was crowded and Maggie took a deep breath of the fetid, cloyed air that was as wine to her injured feelings. She forgot Tim—forgot the children—forgot the hateful irons that were fast cooling upon her kitchen stove.

Before leaving the house she had carefully secured the sum of forty-eight dollars that she kept in reserve for emergencies. The money seemed to burn a hole in her purse and a feeling of desperate, glorious recklessness set her pulses throbbing in a mad riot of inconsequence.

It was an especially good sale and many beautiful things claimed Maggie's vagrant senses. Furniture, bric-a-brac, china—dazzling bargains that filled her hungry soul with longing. At last her blue eyes became centred upon the Irresistible. It happened to be a piano this time, and the girlish watcher fairly shook with excitement when the auctioneer drew the attention of his patrons to the rare opportunity presented to them. The instrument's many good points were dilated upon and in emotional tones he asked if any one in the audience would play a few bars for the edification of intending purchasers. A peroxide blonde stepped mincingly to the platform and with much feeling rendered "Down by the Farmyard Gate," evoking a furore of applause. In timbre the piano was distressingly similar to a tin pan, but it certainly made a good noise and had only two keys missing.



## Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, the 12th August, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between CAMBRAY and LINDSAY from the 1st October next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Cambray, Linden Valley and Lindsay and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT

Mail Service Branch.

Ottawa, 24th June, 1910.

G. C. Anderson,

Superintendent.



## Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, the 12th August, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between LAKE CHARLES and OWEN SOUND from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

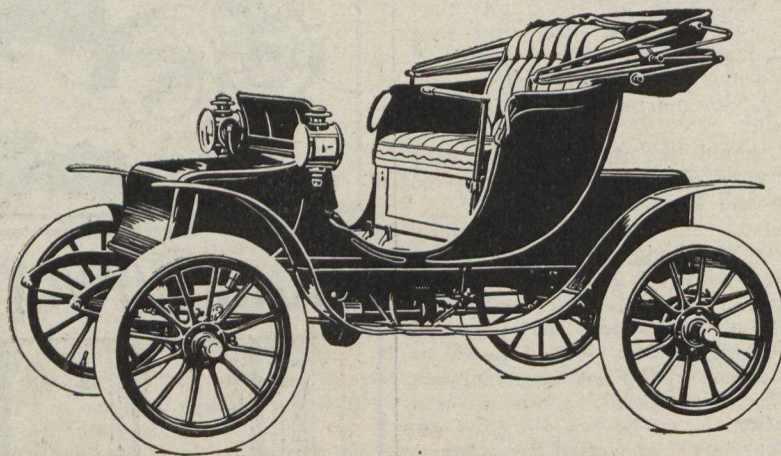
Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Lake Charles, Owen Sound and route offices and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT

Mail Service Branch.

Ottawa, 29th June, 1910.

G. C. Anderson, Superintendent



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O'KEEFE'S "PILSENER"

"THE LIGHT BEER IN THE LIGHT BOTTLE"  
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### 25c. in Stamps or Coin

for a "Vite" Self Filling Fountain Pen, an absolute reliable well finished pen. No destructible rubber parts. Always ready for use. Can be filled with ink in an instant. No taking pen apart. Automatically sucks ink up when nib is inserted in ink. Pen will write with any kind of nib, which can be changed at will. If not satisfactory, money will be refunded.

"Vite" Fountain Pen Company, Limited  
SUITE 27, LA PATRIE BUILDING, MONTREAL

The bidding commenced at five dollars, which the blonde immediately raised to seven. Maggie leaned forward with parted lips, eyes aglow and small hands clinging to her wad of bills. She would let them go on for a little longer. Her time for action had not arrived.

Ten—fifteen—eighteen! The bidding continued and the fun became fast and furious. As their limit was reached, different competitors withdrew, until only the blonde and a fat, elderly man remained. Twenty—twenty-five! The fat man retired with a broad smile.

"Twenty-six!" yelled Maggie, anxious to enter the ring. The blonde turned with a contemptuous glance and promptly raised the bid to thirty. A four-dollar jump sounded crushing but Maggie quietly raised the amount and waited for her rival's snappy tones. The auctioneer leaned over and whispered a few words that were productive of good results and the price climbed to thirty-three. All eyes were centred on the two contestants and Maggie felt that she had never really lived before. In response to a questioning smile from the perspiring salesman she bowed her head and the bid sailed to thirty-five. After another whispered colloquy the fair one allowed forty, which Maggie promptly raised by two. The situation was growing desperate. Maggie had only a margin of six dollars now and something of the spirit of bluff quickened her natural sharpness. With an air of indifference she turned aside and began a desultory conversation with a portly Jewess who nudged her to go on. The auctioneer deigned to come down and whisper to her but Maggie seemed to have lost interest. In a sudden fit of jealousy, the blonde cried with an unmistakable air of finality, "Forty-five!"

Maggie's moment had come, but in a tone implying unlimited funds, she called smilingly, "Forty-eight!" and then, as if the issue were of small consequence, resumed the animated conversation with her new friend. The blonde had lapsed into sullen silence; the last shot had told and as music to her ears the hammer fell. Maggie Slattery handed her roll of bills to the beaming personage who took her address with a slight glance of surprise. The Hollow was not a piano-playing district.

"YOU really like it, Tim? You're not mad at me?" Maggie clasped one of Tim's soft hands in her own hard little fingers and edged closer to him as they inspected the piano which had arrived amid much excitement soon after supper. It almost filled the tiny parlour and the gold sofa, ousted from its aristocratic seclusion, had been moved to make way for the newcomer. The children were allowed in the room and the whole family stood grouped in speechless admiration. A knock sounded at their door as one of the neighbours arrived to compliment them upon their good fortune. Another came, and still another until every available chair was filled and the room crowded to suffocation. Susie Publicover, who played in a downtown eating-house, volunteered to give an exhibition and the charmed listeners hung wide-mouthed upon the jingling ragtimes that rattled from the keys of Slattery's piano. Slattery's piano! What music could be sweeter than those two words to the proud possessors! Their social position, which had of late become quite assailable, was now rendered immune and the Hollow lost no time in making ingratiating advances.

During the musical performance, Maggie tore herself from the room and in a short time returned, beaming, from the kitchen. The lemonade-



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YES, in the old way there was one kind of flour for bread and another for pastry.

Now, **OGILVIE'S ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR** is an *all around* flour. It makes not only the very best bread but also the very best cakes, pies, biscuits, rolls, muffins, pop-overs, pancakes, dumplings, anything that you want to make or bake from flour.

"ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" saves *money* and *trouble*. Instead of having *two* barrels of flour in the house you can get along much better with *one*. And you can be certain that it is always uniform—will always come out right whether for Bread or Pastry.

ROYAL HOUSEHOLD is made from the finest grade of wheat in the

world, Manitoba Red Fyfe wheat, and milled by the very finest machinery, in mills that are a model of cleanliness.

"ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" costs a trifle more by the barrel than ordinary flour but this trifle extra proves real economy when the loaves are counted. For "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" goes farther than ordinary flour—farther in actual quantity of baked product.

Even if "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" cost a *great deal* more than ordinary flour it would be well worth it for it is more *nourishing*.

You can't afford to buy *impoverished* flour at any price. You can't afford to skimp on *health*. And you *do* skimp on health when you buy flour just because it costs less than "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD". 25



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4 " " "	40c
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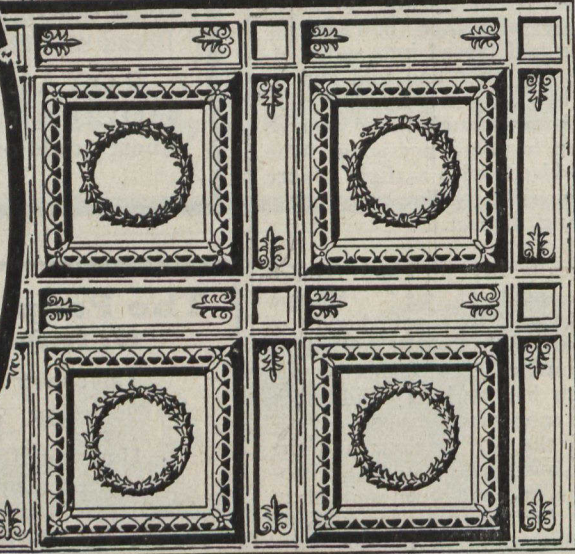
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set—supplemented by less gorgeous tumblers—was introduced with telling effect, and one of Maggie's incomparable cakes devoured with relish. The gathering began to take on the look of a party and, indeed, as they stood at the door speeding the parting guests, Maggie sighed and whispered to her husband, "Tim, it just seems as if we'd been entertainin'—don't it?"

"An' so we have, missis," replied her spouse as he kissed her on one rosy cheek and drew her within the house.

Next morning Tim was up bright and early and when his wife came into the kitchen she found a roaring fire and the kettle singing cheerily. It was the first time for many moons that Tim had rendered this domestic service and Maggie's heart beat with rapturous throbbings. The meal was a happy and noisy one and as the factory whistles began to blow, Tim manifested a strange uneasiness, glancing frequently at the clock. He bolted his second cup of coffee, threw his coat over his shoulder, and leaning over, kissed his wife with something of the old tenderness. Her eyes filled and her lips trembled. "Where are you goin', Tim?"

"I'm goin' to work, little woman. I've got to live up to that there pianner. I want Tilly to take lessons right away so's she kin play as well as Susie Publicover." Bending, he kissed her again and murmured in tones strangely unlike his own, "I ain't treated you square, missis, but I'm goin' to cut it out—see? When a feller's got a pianner in the house he can't bum and keep his respect—kin he? That there little party las' night was a hummer an' I reckon we orter have 'em right frequent. The folks enjoyed the music—an' so did you an' me—didn't we, honey?"

"Tim—you're a darlin'!" She rose and threw her arms about his neck. She was almost afraid of this new happiness, but there was something in her husband's tones that made her feel the devils were expelled, that they were already dashing themselves to fragments on the rocks of his new resolution.

"Tim," she murmured, "it's just like our weddin'-day."

"All 'cept the kids—an' the washin'," laughed he. "We'll keep the kids, but you kin send back the washin'—an' tell 'em you ain't goin' to do no more toyin' with their clothes. You're goin' to hev a good time now, Mag, and I'm goin' to do the work for both of us. I got to get rid of this here tissue." The last whistle sounded and he was gone in the direction of the soap-works.

For the last time Maggie sorted the piles of fragrant, clean linen, and an emissary, in the shape of the excited Tilly, was sent to her former patrons.

"Ma ain't goin' to do no more washin'!" announced the messenger with ill-concealed importance. "We got a pianner. Pa's gone to work and I—I'm goin' to take music lessons from off Susie Publicover, be-ginnin' next week."

THE Hollow was a bit dubious as to Tim's conversion but the months sped by and confirmed the announcement that he had made to Maggie on that bleak November morning. The roundness crept into her face as it disappeared from Tim's waist-line. The Golden Lion lost a paying customer and the auction-rooms an enthusiastic devotee. The Slattery abode became the centre of the Hollow's social activities and old Mrs. McGuire, basking in the light of her daughter's popularity and happiness, admitted without bitterness that her prophecy in regard to the silk purse had not come true.

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resorts are reached by through trains from New York City, the gateway to the most famous of the Atlantic seaside resorts.



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Railroad and Pullman tickets can be secured at Canadian Pacific Railway Ticket Offices or at New York Central Lines City Ticket Office, 80 Yonge Street, or will be delivered, upon request, by special representative, who will furnish any information desired. Address  
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**MONTREAL and QUEBEC to BRISTOL**

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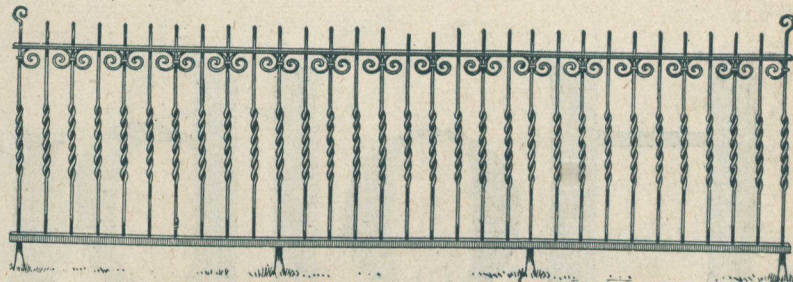
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