

# The Canadian **Courier** THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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"WHEN BABY GOES A-PADDLING"

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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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## Editor's Talk

A STRANGE coincidence occurred last week. One of our canvassers writes us from Calgary that some people there declare that the "Canadian Courier" is not sufficiently British to satisfy them. On almost the same mail came a letter from a prominent barrister in Halifax congratulating us on our broad Imperial sympathies. Any of our readers who are undecided in their opinions of our political course will find solace in knowing how widely people differ in their estimate of the editorial policy. In our own estimation, we are simply and frankly Canadian.

THIS week's story is by a Prince Edward Island lady who is rapidly making her way in the world of fiction. A number of excellent Canadian short stories have been secured for immediate publication.

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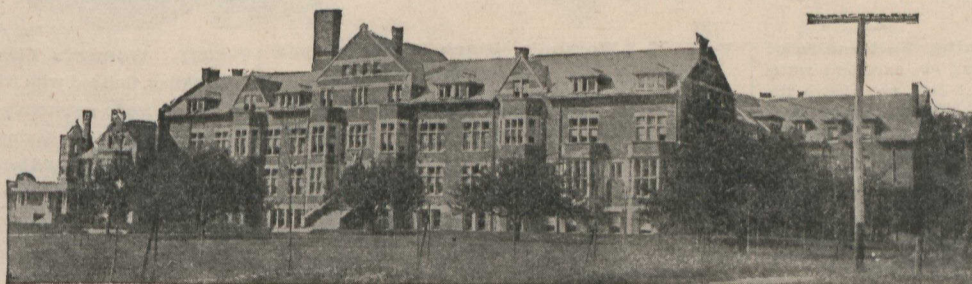
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T H E

# Canadian Courier

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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No. 7

### MEN OF TO-DAY

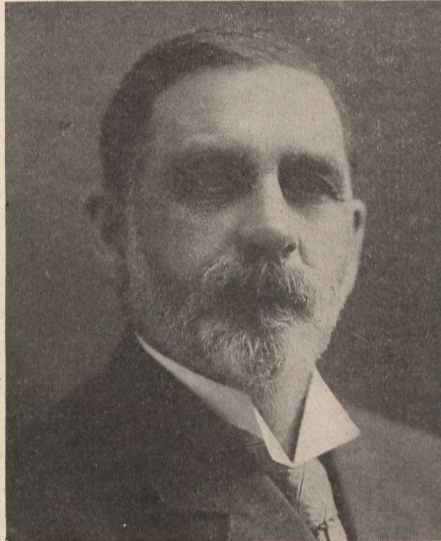
#### The Man from Medicine Hat

THERE is a place in Saskatchewan they call Medicine Hat, and it is famous; notorious Medicine Hat which was said by Kipling to have "all hell for a basement"—a roaring, burning centre of natural gas for all that part of the Southwest. Just the other day a writer in the *Saturday Evening Post* alleged that Medicine Hat was not in Montana, but in Assiniboia! That gentleman would do well to correspond with Mr. W. Cousins, who is the best posted man on Medicine Hattism in the whole world, and is incidentally president of the Associated Boards of Trade of Saskatchewan, Alberta and Manitoba. Mr. Cousins has been in Medicine Hat since 1883. He was born very unobtrusively in the quiet city of London, Ontario, where for some time he kept a grocery store. Anybody who lived in London as far back as 1883 will bear testimony with Mr. Cousins that it was slow enough to drive a man out—even to Medicine Hat, which at that period of history was as ungodly lonesome a spot as could be found on any railway in the world. But Mr. Cousins went—not caring a continental for the weather which is said to originate in Medicine Hat, though there's a good deal of it that never started in the basement. Quite naturally, being one of the few white men in that camp of log shacks, he soon became the whole town. He was general merchant, clerk of the court and justice of the peace; chairman of the school board and president of the agricultural society; mayor of the town and president of the baseball team that "flabbergasted" the prairies before the "Bone-Pilers" were organised in Regina. At a later date when Mr. Cousins had conquered all these worlds and might have vamoosed to the Great Bear Lake in order to be a Poohbah to the Yellow Knives, he was seized by the associated boards of trade of the two new provinces and made president. When the new octopus got big enough to swallow Manitoba, Mr. Cousins from Medicine Hat quite naturally got the headship of that body also. He is one of the winds of the west—ready to blow about Medicine Hat till the "lid" comes off the basement.

\* \* \*

#### A Live Winnipegger

THE past nineteen years in Winnipeg has made Mr. E. D. Martin president of the Winnipeg Board of Trade—which in the third commercial city in Canada is an honour second only to being mayor. Mr. Martin is an example of a man who in choosing a profession found himself at last conspicuously in business. When as a youth of seventeen he left his home town, Milton, Ont., and went to Toronto to attend the School of Pharmacy, he probably had no intention of being anything more than a good druggist making a comfortable living in a quiet, conventional way. He spent thirteen years as a druggist in Ottawa; but in 1890 he went to Winnipeg, where he branched out at once into the wholesale drug trade. He was not long in the West before he became a member of the Council of the Pharmaceutical Association of Manitoba—of which body for two years he was also president. About the same time he became president of the Winnipeg Liberal Association. In 1899 he was Liberal candidate for the House of Commons, but



Mr. E. D. Martin,  
President Winnipeg Board of Trade.



Cadet Grasett, R.M.C.,  
Winner Sword of Honour.

was defeated by the Labour candidate. It is proof of the fact that as yet politics have nothing to do with civic or trade preferments in Winnipeg, that Mr. Martin, who has always been a staunch Liberal, should be president of the Board of Trade in a city which has a Conservative mayor and is capital of the province under a Conservative Government. Mr. Martin has always been a prominent worker in both church and Y.M.C.A. work; is a member of the Church of England, also of the Executive Committee of the Diocese of Rupertsland and of the Council of St. John's College. At the time the Y. M. C. A. building was erected in Winnipeg, Mr. Martin was president of the Association, which position he occupied for six years.

\* \* \*

#### Military College Graduate

THE Royal Military College, the big Canadian training school for our aspiring soldier boys at Kingston, Ontario, held its annual commencement exercises the other day. On that occasion, Cadet Read of Ottawa was granted the gold medal; Cadet White, also of the capital, the silver medal; and Cadet Grasett, of Toronto, the sword of honour for good conduct and discipline throughout his term. Cadets Reiffenstein, Ottawa; Hutton, Toronto, and Grasett, Toronto, were three bright graduates who received commissions in His Majesty's regular army. Cadet Arthur Edward Grasett, one of the young chaps mentioned, who are going off to dig ditches, build bridges and perform the labours incidental to Tommy Atkins' share of the weaving-of-empire process, falls into a military career by instinct. He is of a family of warriors. His grandfather, whose example he emulates, was Lieut.-General Hewett, well known to fame as the founder and first commandant of the Kingston Royal Military College. The grandson has done credit to that institution and to the memory of his forbear. During his course at Kingston, he has attained to the most coveted of R. M. C. honours, the Battalion Sergeant-Majorship. By a curious coincidence, Cadet Grasett is to be attached to the Royal Engineers, the same corps in the service of which his grandfather Hewett carved out distinction for himself.

\* \* \*

#### New Chinese Consul-General

SO, even China has awakened to our trade possibilities. His Imperial Majesty has been pleased to send us a representative to keep an eye on the areas of No. 1 hard and the lumber kings for the four hundred million souls at home. Honourable Kung Hsin Chao, the first Chinese Consul-General to Canada, is an advanced Chinaman of the modern up-to-



Hon. Kung Hsin-Chao,  
Chinese Consul-General, Ottawa.



Mr. W. Cousins,  
President Western Boards of Trade.



Mr. J. O. MacLeod,  
Superintendent Mail Service in B. C.

date type, who are doing their best to dissolve the torpor which has so long smothered any healthy social and political activity in the "land that sleeps." Mr. Kung is a member of the Hanlin Academy in China—the significance of which is that Ottawa intellectuals will meet their match in his celestial wit. Mr. Kung's diplomacy is an inherited possession. His father for years figured as Chinese Minister at St. James and the other courts of Europe. The son assisted in the paternal embassy duties so well that he caught the attention of Li Hung Chang. He became the old statesman's attaché and secretary in 1900. A wide experience of foreign affairs and problems especially fit him for the important office of a mediator between the commerce

of the East and West. Just at this time of timidity in regard to Chinese, his presence should be useful.

\* \* \*

#### The Man of the Mail-Bags

FROM Calgary, Alberta, to Dawson City in the Yukon is the little circuit represented by Mr. John Orlebar Macleod, superintendent of the railway mail service in that part of the world. Mr. Macleod is one of the waymakers in the railway world. He was born as far from Vancouver as he could get and still be in Canada—in Orwell, P.E.I., in the year 1860; so that he is not yet an old man. But as history goes in the West Mr. Macleod is a veteran. He is at least as old as that other veteran, the C. P. R. He was in charge of the second overland train that ever got through the Rockies in Canada. That train was burned in forest fires in the Selkirks, and in the fire Mr. Macleod got serious injuries; afterwards a gratuity from the Department. He took the first mail train into Vancouver and ten years later was made superintendent of the railway mail service. The district he is in charge of now, covers more steamer services than all the rest of Canada put together.

## REFLECTIONS

### FIGHTING OUR EMPLOYERS

WHEN the Czar of Russia went from St. Petersburg to Poltava the other day, the railway was lined with troops. As the train approached each corps, the men turned their backs on the royal train and watched the fields with loaded rifles. In Colombia, South America, there is another revolution; it has sprung up during the absence of the president in Europe on a diplomatic mission. The other day, news came that the Emperor of China had been removed, when his protectress, the Dowager Queen, died. Such events make one feel that outside of British and United States territory, the idea of democracy has obtained little foothold. The true democracy implies self-restraint, absolute justice and a government which represents all the people under all circumstances.



KING EDWARD, President Taft and Sir Wilfrid Laurier move about freely in the streets, with no more protection nor attention than is adopted or received by other important persons in the community. The governing power is so absolutely in the hands of the people that the personal embodiment of the government is the personal representative of the people. The only people in the Anglo-Saxon world who need military protection are the employers of labour.



STRANGE, isn't it? The only service which the troops of Canada are required to perform, is the defence of some employer of labour or his property. In this country, we do not try to injure the man who misrules us or squanders government property, but we try to despoil the capitalist-employer if he does not do what we desire him to do. Even here, while the immediate object is to cause him monetary loss, we do not desire to crush him entirely, much less to take his life.



IT is rather curious that animosity against the employer should have taken the place of animosity against the ruling class. In Ireland the two animosities are combined to a certain extent, and the situation is naturally distressing. In the rest of the Anglo-Saxon world, the change from one animosity to the other is complete.



ALL this would seem to indicate that the real ruler of fate, so far as most of us are concerned, is our employer. Our king, our president or our premier may increase our taxes or may do something which will involve the nation in war, but he does not visibly influence the rate of wages. His position is largely sentimental and legislative, while the employer's is purely economic. That is the reason why dynastic and constitutional struggles have been succeeded by purely economic struggles. In Canada, it would be a waste of effort to mob a premier or a cabinet minister, but it is a sacred duty to try to wreck the business of an employer who refuses to pay the wages and the respect demanded by our "union."



STRANGE also, and yet natural, how the newspapers always go hand-in-hand with the striker. Even newspapers owned by large corporations refuse to declare against a greedy union or a domineering, offensive international organisation. The press is fighting side by side with the wage-earner. The press is no longer the donkey-

engine of the privileged classes; it is now freight-drawer for the crowds who carry union cards in their upper vest-pockets. The employer who counts on the press not to fight against him in a struggle with overbearing unionism, must use at least one full page of advertising each day, and even then he can purchase only silence.



THE attitude of the press is natural. Since the wage-earner learned to read, he has been the chief supporter of the daily paper. Indeed, the coming of his ability to read and the rise of the daily paper as an influence were contemporaneous. To-day, daily papers are published for the masses, not for the classes. For example, only a paper with a limited circulation dare oppose public and municipal ownership. To-day in Canada there is but one daily paper which has steadfastly set its face against this latest of economic war-cries. The weekly papers and the trade-journals being circulated nationally and having picked constituencies are of course less inclined to sympathise with the mob which asks for its employer's head on a silver salver bearing the union label.



### IMPERIAL DEFENCE

WITH four Canadian cabinet ministers in London and with like representation from Australia and New Zealand, the question of Imperial Defence is entering upon a new stage. The haste to offer *Dreadnoughts* having passed away, a permanent system of Imperial Defence is being planned and framed.

The great struggle will be between centralised and localised defence systems. Certain colonials, of whom Sir James Whitney and Colonel G. T. Denison may be taken as types, favour a centralised system, the colonies contributing ships and money to the British fleet. There is considerable support for this view in Australia, New Zealand and in Great Britain. On the other hand, the Laurier administration in Canada and probably the official administrators in the other colonies stand fairly solidly for localised defence. Lord Charles Beresford is also in favour of this idea, and there are many who agree with him. Sir Charles Tupper has expressed himself in favour of the idea in a recent article. Mr. Richard Jebb, whose opinions were quoted a fortnight ago in these columns, has an article in a recent issue of the *Morning Post*, which ends with this significant statement: "The time is still far from ripe, as the coming Conference is likely to show, for a centralised system of Imperial Defence."



IT is pleasant to note that this question has not got far into colonial or British politics. The adherents of the one system or the other are not entirely Liberal or entirely Conservative. The problem is being discussed on its merits in Great Britain and, so far as may be seen, in the Dominions (as it is becoming customary to call the colonies). Whatever may be the decision of the present Conference it is not likely that the question will become a party one in Canada.



SIR CHARLES TUPPER'S proposal is worth considering. He would combine the "All Red Line" and a colonial auxiliary fleet by having a number of steamers which would serve both commercial and naval purposes. He would provide the All Red route from London to Australia via Canada with large steamships built under Admiralty supervision, commanded by naval officers, manned by trained men, and provided with suitable armament. These vessels, like the *Mauretania* and *Lusitania* of the Cunard Line, would be available for Admiralty purposes when required, only they would be more suitably manned and prepared. They would meet Lord Charles Beresford's suggestion that the naval function of the Dominions should be the provision of cruisers to protect existing trade routes. They would serve the best interests of the Empire in time of peace by enabling the mails to be carried from London to Australia in 26 to 30 days; in time of war they would be immediately available for active service.

Such a proposal should commend itself to the large number of people in Canada who hate to see hard-earned Canadian millions spent on useless battleships. It should also come close to meeting the views of those who desire to see a Canadian fleet, running out of Canadian ports, and always available for Canadian service.



IT is a rather remarkable feature of the discussion that Sir Charles Tupper, the greatest if not the most active Conservative leader in Canada, is taking much the same view of this question as Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the greatest and the most active Liberal leader. Both favour

a navy which will be local rather than central, and both favour an All Red mail service which will be imperial in its origin and function. Whether Sir Wilfrid would adopt Sir Charles' suggestion that the two projects should be combined remains to be seen. Sir Wilfrid will probably reserve his decision until he hears from Mr. Deakin and Sir Joseph Ward, the premiers of Australia and New Zealand. Judging from their previous utterances and from recent despatches from New Zealand, the enthusiasm for the All Red mail service has seriously subsided. Whether it can be revived again sufficiently to support Sir Charles Tupper's suggestion is a question which Mr. Deakin and Sir Joseph Ward alone are in a position to answer.



#### OUR INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

SEVERAL Canadians are leaving this week for Buda Pesth to attend the International Medical Congress. It was only last year that Canadian medical men secured recognition by this body. Already, the privilege of going to the meeting in a representative capacity is considered an honour. The British Columbia Government is sending two representatives, the Manitoba Government one and the Militia Department one. The Ontario delegation either do not need official backing or are going without it because they needs must. Be that as it may, Canada will be well represented.

There is some talk of the Canadian delegation trying to secure the next meeting of the Congress for Toronto or Montreal. The British Association is this year holding its third meeting in Canada; the Quinquennial Congress of Women was held here this year; other international bodies have met here, and why not the greatest medical congress in the world? A few years ago we might have blushed as we asked the question, but not so now; we have gained much of self-confidence in the past two decades.

These international congresses meeting in Canada are a sign of our growing national importance and of our expanding international relationships. The immigration and trade agents which we send abroad are national advertisements. The capitalists, statesmen and tourists who travel abroad; the exports which bear the label "Made in Canada"; the Canadian red or blue ensign flying in foreign harbours—all these are national advertisements. The announcement that a great international congress will meet in Canada is just as great an advertisement and one whose value must not be overlooked.

Besides the national advertisement there is also a national benefit of a different kind. Our intellectual, social, scientific and industrial life is stimulated when we welcome to these shores the great men and women of other lands. They bring to us a message of encouragement and inspiration. They lead us out from our provincialism into a broader view of the needs and ambitions of mankind in general.

Our position within the Empire has improved by the Imperial gatherings which have been held in Canada, or which have been held elsewhere with Canadian representatives present. From the position of an insignificant colony, we have grown to be an important nation, united with other nations in imperial development. In the same way, international gatherings in Canada, and international gatherings abroad at which Canadian representatives are present will give us an international status which our forest wealth, our agricultural production and our famous silver mines cannot give. Our statesmen should recognise this and encourage all such movements. C.

#### FLAG FOOLISHNESS

THE first fortnight of July usually brings us those tactless outbreaks of misplaced patriotism which the press is likely to characterise "flag incidents." This year we have been generously favoured with this kind of red-white-and-blue folly. Some of our visitors from the United States were accused of driving about Toronto last week with the Union Jack trailing in the coal-oil-perfumed dust, of which that city is so proud, while the Stars and Stripes floated magnificently from the front of the tally-ho. This was truly awful and a number of good and loyal citizens sent in a protest, while the Mayor, himself, took up the matter with a zeal worthy of a great cause. Then a horrible tale was revealed concerning an hotel at Clifton where the orchestra failed to play "God Save the King" during the fish course but broke into "The Star-Spangled Banner" on the slightest provocation. All the way from Cottingham Street to the Bay, the blood of patriotic Torontonians simply boiled at the recital of these wrongs. Suddenly the papers fairly blossomed in explanations and the *Globe* published a neat, framed account on the front page which showed that the Clifton story was among the dreams of a

fevered brain, while other journals declared that it was mischievous Toronto urchins who had tied the Union Jack to the axle of the offending tally-ho. Toronto took a long, cold drink of ice-water, with a cherry for a touch of colour, and realised that it had made somewhat of a fool of itself and that there was no necessity for sending a *Dreadnought* across Lake Ontario to bombard the picturesque port of Rochester.

It is warm weather, but the thermometer is no excuse for hysterics over the flag flapping. Let us insist, by all means, on our flag being displayed on the proper occasions and being treated with due respect; but let us read with mental reservation the accounts of "insults" to the flag and, above all things, avoid accusing the United States of a desire to make a carpet of the meteor flag of England. Last week, this journal published an account by Rev. Ernest Richards of how Dominion Day was kept in the United States by Epworth Leaguers on their way to Seattle and next week will be published a photograph showing the Canadian contingent displaying their flag at Denver. Ask the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto about their welcome in Buffalo, year after year, and their enthusiastic reception in Chicago last winter when citizens of the United States applauded "God Save the King" in a fashion which nearly swept Dr. A. S. Vogt off the platform. Let us recount some of the courtesies extended to Canadians by a people always genial to the guests within their gates. There are a few United States citizens of the *Jefferson Brick* pattern still in existence, but they make more noise than mischief. We should make our own holidays more picturesque and enlivening by a display of flags and bunting, repress any manifestation of disrespect on the part of foreigners and keep from exaggerating the insolence of a few hoodlums into an international affront. The Stars and Stripes may be displayed too liberally on Canadian waters and may float too readily from the staff of Muskoka hotels; but the decent United States citizen, who cheerfully spends his dollars in our north country, is not animated by a desire to buy up the Dominion or trample the Union Jack in the dust. FRITH.

#### WORK OF THE CONFERENCE

(*The Over-Seas Mail*, London.)

THE Imperial Press Conference, which has concluded its labours, represents a fresh advance—another milestone passed—on the road to imperial unity. From start to finish it has been a brilliant success, and its proceedings have been fruitful not only by reason of their indirect influence upon public thought but also through their immediate practical results. The fullest credit for the idea of holding such a reunion of the men who make and influence opinion throughout the Empire must be given to Mr. Harry E. Brittain, the able and energetic honorary secretary of the conference. He not only conceived the idea, but carried it through to a successful completion with marvellous skill, tact, and courtesy.

The practical work accomplished by the conference may first be considered. Almost the last meeting was rendered memorable by the intimation that the Pacific Cable Board had decided to reduce its rates for cablegrams by one-half. At the same time the New Zealand Government has promised to reduce its terminal charges, and this example will probably be followed by other of the Dominions. Thus the cost of cablegrams, which is at present one of the most formidable barriers to a free interchange of thought, opinion and news between the Dominions and the mother country, has been greatly lowered. Moreover, there is a prospect that before many years have passed cheap wireless telegraphy throughout the Empire will be established. A second practical result accomplished by the conference has been the election of a permanent committee to attend to the special interests of the Imperial Press and to maintain contact between its widely scattered journals. A third result has been the decision to hold further conferences at brief intervals. The next will probably assemble at Winnipeg, the capital of the Canadian Northwest, in the course of 1912.

As a result of the conference we in this country have learned much about the Dominions over-sea, and they have learned much of the mother country. For the best part of a month attention throughout the Empire has been concentrated on the most vital of imperial questions. That in itself is a great gain, as if we are ever to solve these questions they must be clearly stated and the public here and over-sea must understand them. The delegates have seen the British army at its work and now know how good it is—if also how small—for the tasks which may lie before it. They have looked upon the "prodigious but always inadequate armada" at Spithead. They have heard from the lips of our greatest statesmen the truth about the European problems which confront not only the people of the United Kingdom but also those of the Empire—since it is here, in Europe, that the fate of the Empire may be decided. They have visited our greatest manufacturing cities, our centres of learning, and last but not least our old English homes, which represent the labour and love of generations.



### OUR SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

**S**TATESMEN may discuss the Cretan question, the tariff or Canada's contribution to the British navy according as the site of their treadmill may be European, American or Canadian, and newspapers may divide their attention between the baseball games and the latest woman scandal; but the great heart of the people is centred upon no such trivialities these days. On every front porch, about every tea-table, in the shade of every park tree, there is but one question of real human interest up for discussion. It runs: "Where shall we spend our summer holidays?" It seems easy in the winter when no holidays are in sight to "take holiday." To represent it as a labour would be to arouse the ridicule of the hard-worked. Holiday is then a synonym for ease, leisure, and care-free enjoyment. But when the holiday season is at hand, all this illusion vanishes. Then we discover that there are few harder tasks before us throughout the year than the taking of holidays.

\* \* \*

**T**HE preliminary discussion of "where" alone makes a parliamentary debate look like a casual chat. At first, it seems as if there were a multitude of places to go. "The woods are full of them." The sea-shore is lined with them. The mountains are dotted with them. But when we come down to "brass tacks," the choice is seen to be not quite so varied. Most of the places we know have a more or less fatal objection attached. We cannot go there because the "board is poor," though the scenery is superb; and we cannot go there because there is "nothing to do" but sit on the verandah and await meal-time. A third place is barred to us for a real enjoyable holiday because the So-and-Soes are sure to turn up; while the fourth is deadly dull for lack of company of any sort. One resort is too popular and another is too deserted. A holiday is a tyrant demanding perfection; and it does not take a very large fly to spoil the ointment. Here we have waited all year for its coming, labouring through the long winter buoyed up by the thought of the superlative pleasure we will enjoy when its days of liberty have arrived; and now nothing less than the best is good enough for this most precious fortnight of the twelve-month.

\* \* \*

**B**UT finally we select a place by the process of exclusion. It is often found at last to be "the only place that will do at all." Sometimes it is a place which we do not know; and we accept it on the recommendation of another. This is a perilous experiment, however, for it may lose us two things—the enjoyment of our holiday and the friendship of the person who recommended it. It is seldom, indeed, that two people like the same sort of a place for a holiday. They may think they do until they come to try it. Still there is always a lure in trying the unknown. Some of the best holidays I have ever

had have been travelling holidays—that is, we would start out to travel through a certain district, reserving to ourselves the option of staying where we chose as long as it seemed to be the wisest use of our time. Under this system, unpleasant features of a place cannot bite in. When they become annoying, all you need do is move on. The new place has the "call" undoubtedly for interest; but at an old place the holiday begins sooner and appears longer. You seem to have been there for weeks at the end of the first day.

\* \* \*

**H**OWEVER, choosing the place is but a preliminary labour. Getting ready to go and getting there are more onerous tasks. The worries of getting ready to go, we of the masculine persuasion only know as a rule by hearsay; but it certainly looks laborious. But getting there is our end of the job, and it is herculean. I venture to say that the average holiday-maker never works so hard within a given time during the whole year as when he is convoying his loved ones from the front gate of his modest domicile to the front verandah of his often immodest summer hotel. He has then to do with hackmen, railway porters, super-heated trains, short-tempered officials, cantankerous fellow passengers, tired children and nerve-racked adults, hotel clerks and an army of tip-hunters. He could not work that hard for wages more than two days at a time; and yet here he is working at this topmost tension and paying for the privilege. Great is the midsummer holiday!

\* \* \*

**B**UT the virtue of holidays does not all lie in the holidaying. He is getting that best of rests—change—all the time, and he is storing up in his memory experiences and scenes which will lose their shadows as the routine of his work-a-day life goes on after his return, and will become pleasant recollections to brighten many a dull winter's day or bring a laugh in many a winter evening's chat. Nor is it all of the holiday to get there. Once settled comfortably amidst new surroundings, the days wear golden wings. The regular labour of the office or the shop is far away, and there is nothing to do but follow inclination through the sleepy hours. The great thing is to follow this inclination honestly, and not to try to imitate the inclinations of others. Others may insist that "the thing" to do is thus-and-so; but the question for each of us is what do we want to do ourselves? A holiday in which caprice is allowed to rule and ordered wisdom is locked up at home, is one which will perfume the memory for many a hard-working year with its sweet taste of pure liberty.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

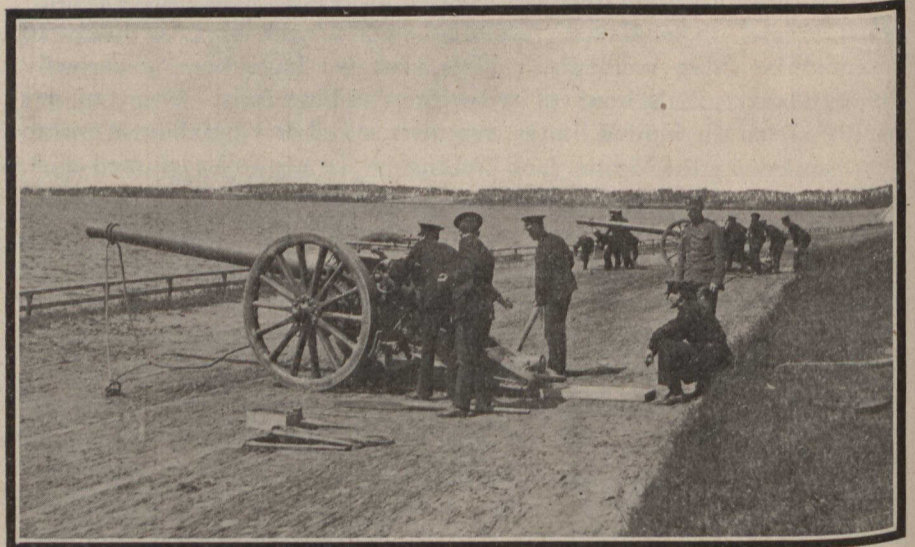
### A Jammy Anecdote

**I**N appearance, Sir William Hartley looks exactly what he is—a genial merchant prince, says "M. A. P." No one ridicules the idea of undue solemnity in business more than Sir William. "Making and selling jam," he once observed, "are every bit as pleasant as eating it." At the same time he told a rollicking story of a letter he once received from a Welsh customer. "Dear sir," it ran, "why in the name of goodness gracious don't you send the jam I ordered last week? I have already lost Mr. Jones' custom through you. Why don't you send the jam, man? Bother you, you are a nuisance whatever! Send the jam at once, quick.—Yours truly, John Davies." Then followed a postscript, "Dear sir, since writing the above letter I have found the jam under the counter."

## Scenes at the Charlottetown Military Camp



A Battery of Two 4.7-inch Guns on Parade.



A Section of No. 3 Co., 4th Regiment Canadian Artillery, at Sighting Practice.





The New Field Telegraph Service Corps at Niagara Camp. Lieut. Irving in Command.

# THE FIELD TELEGRAPH SERVICE

*A New Feature in Canadian Military Camps—By W. M. Scanlan*

**T**HE field telegraph service, which was inaugurated this year at Niagara camp, has apparently made good. Under Sergt.-Major Shergold, the nucleus has been formed of a permanent field telegraph service corps, and indications are that it will take its place with the most competent in the world. The little detachment, part of the 2nd Field Company Canadian Engineers, has after two weeks work, manifested an efficiency which is almost amazing. Some instances of what they have accomplished will be given later on. To the uninitiated, however, it will be necessary to describe what the Field Telegraph Service is.

Briefly, it is what its name implies. An instrument of the "vibratory" type; a waggon and corps of men for laying wires; operators; and you have the machinery for the telegraph service used on the field of battle. The instrument can be operated under all sorts of weather conditions; and under efficient hands the wires can be laid (along the ground, except where roads are to be crossed) at a speed of from three to six miles an hour, and can keep up with cavalry on the march, maintaining thus constant telegraphic communication with the base.

The field telegraph has been in constant use in the British army for about thirty years. The campaigns in Zululand, the Boer war of 1881, Bechuanaland, Ashanti (two expeditions, 1895 and 1900), Egypt in 1882-85, and under Lord Kitchener in the Soudan, proved its efficiency. It was in the last Boer war, however, that it reached its greatest effectiveness, and after the occupation of Bloemfontein, Lord Roberts assembled the field telegraph companies and said that in all his forty years' experience in India, he had never before had a field telegraph company that could keep up with his line of march, and he complimented them on having attained this most desirable point.

Possibly the best instance, however, of its usefulness was at the relief of Kimberly, when it was the means of getting the news from Lord Kitchener at Klipdrift to General French at Kimberley, that Cronje was retiring toward the centre of the Free State, with the result that General French was able to cut off Cronje's line of retreat by seizing the "drifts" on the Modder River before the Boer general could get there.

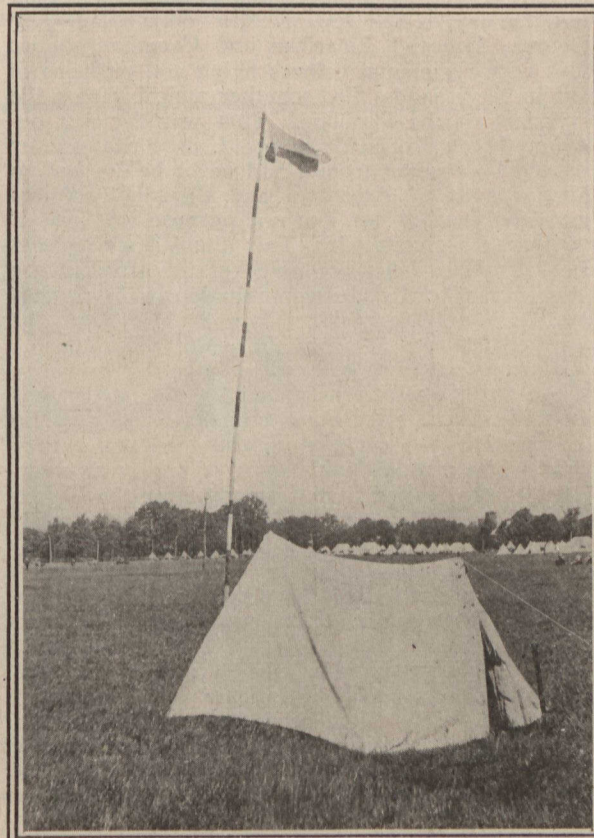
It was the idea of Lieut. Irving, of the 2nd Field Company of Engineers that resulted in the introduction of the field telegraph at this year's camp at Niagara. The suggestion was made to the Government, with the result that the 2nd Field Company were supplied with one waggon, four miles of wire, instruments, and enough poles to make thirteen crossings.

A corps was at once formed. The company were fortunate in having Sergt.-Major Shergold, who was with the field telegraph service all through the South African campaign, to act as instructor. The following men were picked to make up the detachment: Operators, D. McNeil and N. Mackay; men on waggon, G. Priest, F. Barber, F. C. Pemberton, A. K. Whyte; drivers, Chas. Matthews and W. Bennet; linemen, J. Fordham, P. Cailles. Sergt. J. O. Taylor was placed in command of the waggon, part of his duty being to ride behind to see that the wire was all correct.

They worked with a will. It was something new, and interesting. They became enthusiasts, and clustered around Major Shergold when he was giving his instructions regarding the working of the



An Operator using Ear Phone



Operating Tent at Niagara Camp.

various instruments, like so many children in a nature study class.

The result was such as to exceed Major Shergold's most sanguine expectations. On the last test before breaking up camp, it was found that in two minutes after the order to start work had been given, the little tent would be set up, the instruments under the hands of the operators, and the waggon on its way across country.

Crossings are made by erecting poles on either side of the road or track which it is necessary to cross, and stringing the wires across them. These the little detachment developed the ability to make in remarkably fast time. Across level ground, the wire could be laid at a gallop, and so successful in fact have the corps been that they may be asked to give a demonstration at the Toronto Exhibition this fall.

Only once during the two weeks was there a break in the line. The story of how it came about is interesting.

On Wednesday, June 23, Col. Weatherby went out to inspect the work of the corps. They were three miles out from headquarters.

As he rode out, he noticed the long snaky wire lying in the grass.

"I'll just see what these fellows can do," he said to his companion; and, dismounting, took his pliers, unwound the tape from a joint, cut the wire, and rewound the joint. He then rode on to where the waggon was working, a couple of miles away.

"Can you send a message for me?" he inquired.

"Certainly," was the reply.

The message was written out, and handed to the operator. "I want it to get to headquarters as soon as possible," he said, and rode away.

The operator started to call, but the familiar "buzz, buzz" of the vibratory sounder did not come. There was consternation in the detachment. The taster was put to work, but no grounded wire was registered. It must be a break, it was decided, and a galloper with a crook stick was sent back along the line post haste to locate the trouble.

He found it, hidden though it was; and inside of twenty minutes after the first intimation of difficulty, the line was working again; and when Col. Weatherby got back to camp he found his message waiting for him!

The line can be used for telephone as well as telegraph purposes. All sounds, be they Morse code or human voice, are received through an ear phone. For that reason the operator must be at his post continually. The importance placed on the service can be estimated by the fact that in active service, an operator, if he deserts his instrument for only a few moments, may be court-martialled and shot!

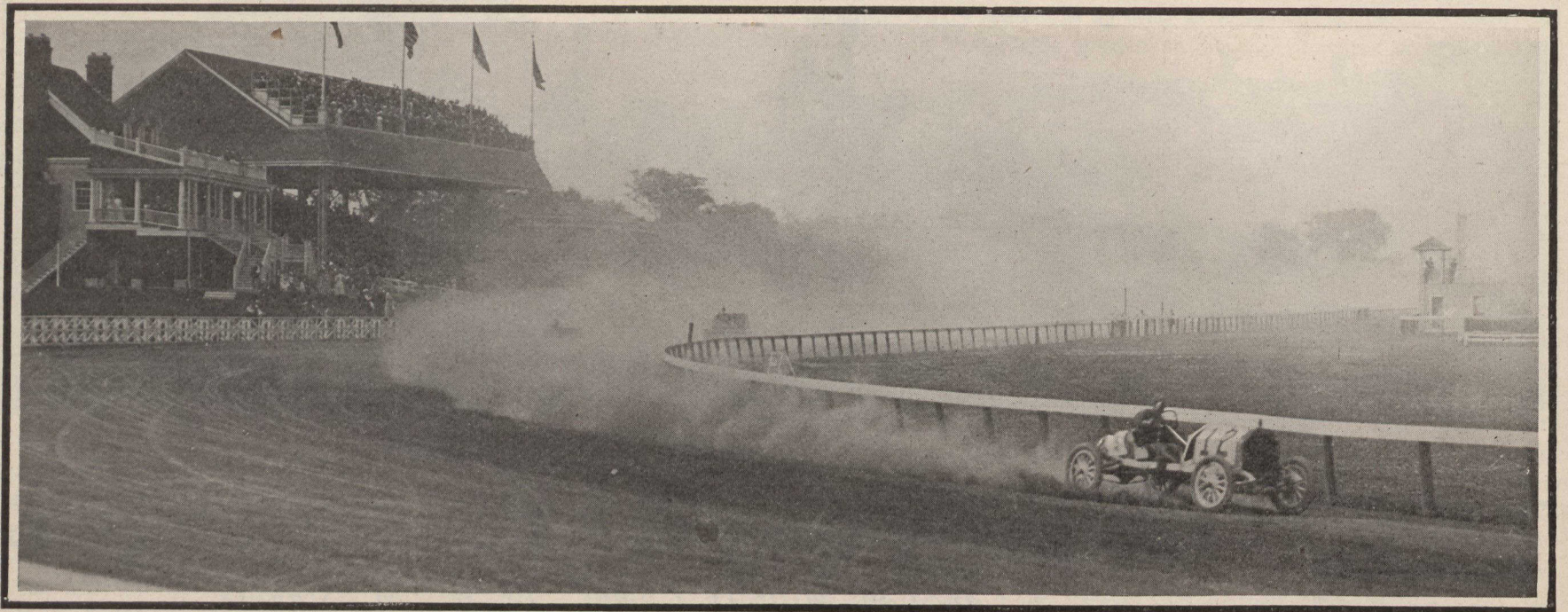
**T**HERE were three at the little table in the cafe, a lady and two men. Suddenly the electric lights went out, and the lady, quickly and noiselessly, drew back.

An instant later there was the smack of a compound kiss. As the electric lights went up each man was seen to be smiling complaisantly.

"I thought I heard a kiss," said the lady, "but nobody kissed me."

Then the men suddenly glared at each other, and flushed and looked painfully sheepish.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

# AUTOMOBILE RACES IN MONTREAL

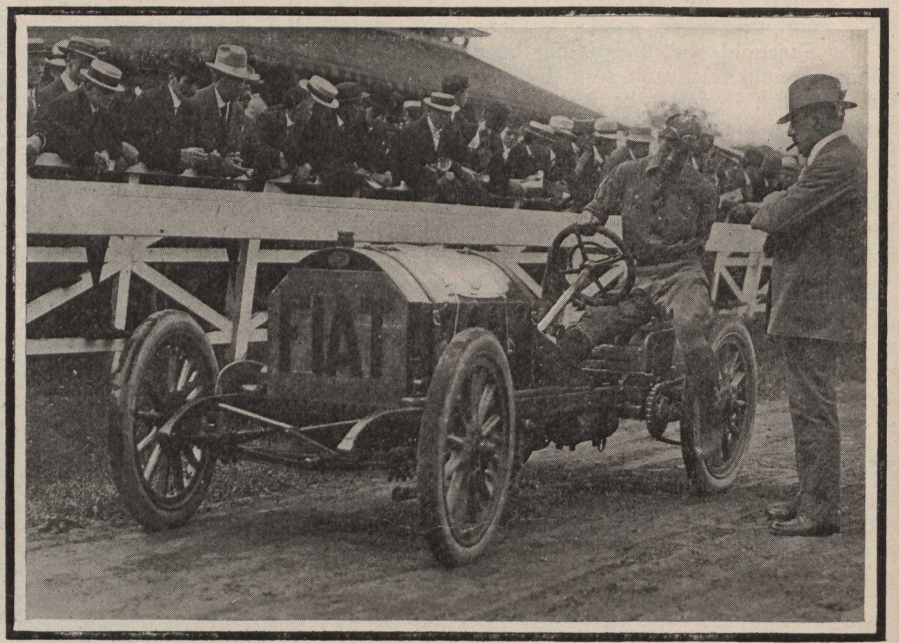


Burman in the McLaughlin Stock Car in the Ten Mile Race. This was the Race in which Bachelder, of Newport, driving a Stearns Car, was Killed by plunging full speed into a fence.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. A. GLEASON.



The McLaughlin-Buick Car, driven by Burman, 100 miles in 103.32 minutes. 2nd figure from left is Burman, and the next Mr. Wagner, the Starter. The figure second from the right is Mr. Smith Pres. of the Auto Club.



Ralph DePalma in the Fiat-Cyclone, winner of the Free-for-all 4½ miles. In the Time Trial he made a mile in 53¼ seconds.

## The Champlain Tercentenary

BY DONALD B. SINCLAIR.

THE third Champlain celebration is another *entente cordiale* between the United States and Canada. About this time in 1904, there was a celebration at Annapolis, and St. John. A year ago we were making merry with pageantry at Quebec. At both of these our neighbours from across the line came over to enjoy our "party" and to celebrate with us. Now, last week, they were the hosts; we the guests. The motif for the exuberance of joy of these three great events was the same—the work of Samuel Champlain. The year 1904 marked the tercentenary of his first visit to the Bay of Fundy. The year 1908 celebrated his founding of the City of Quebec. This year is just three hundred years beyond the date of the auspicious occasion when he went off to war with the Iroquois braves, and stumbled upon the beautiful lake which bears now his name.

Because of the historical interest of the Lake Champlain vicinity—to the English and French, who full many a time flew at each others' throats at Ticonderoga and Crown Point during the Seven Years' war; and to the Americans in consequence of certain tilts there when they talked back to George the Third,—the Champlain Tercentenary assumed an international importance. Ambassador Bryce from England; Ambassador Jusserand from France; and Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Sir Adolphe Pelletier, and Sir Lomer Gouin, from Canada, all joined hands with Uncle Sam's new President, the genial Mr. Taft, to help make the affair a success.

The Canadians were a big feature of the proceedings. Besides the Government representatives mentioned, the Fifth Royal Highlanders, Montreal,

500 strong, and the Governor-General's Foot Guards of Ottawa, journeyed over to Plattsburg, and for one day helped swell the United States army. That was the day of the review. On Wednesday, July 7, three thousand American and Canadian soldier boys with regimental colours flying and weapons of war in their hands, filed together amicably past the President of the Republic. That was the first occasion that a President of the United States ever inspected Canadian troops, and never before had so large a body of American and Canadian soldiers been congregated for such a purpose. It was a memorable moment. Mr. Taft dimpled with pleasure. Twelve thousand onlookers, watching the manoeuvres, howled their approbation in the demonstrative American style. They had caught the twentieth century spirit of the whole thing.

Impressions were gathered on all sides laudatory of the two Canadian regiments. The flattery was not undeserved. The Scots and the Guards are to be congratulated for the splendid showing they made while matched with some of the crack regiments of the United States, among them the United States Militia Regiment, and the National Guards of New York. Especially did the brawny, bare-kneed Highlanders tickle the fancy of the Americans. Someway, I think, deep down in their hearts, they feel the absence of the picturesque kilt from their military.

The speech-making at the Tercentenary was eloquent, humorous, and idealistic in thought. It was a plea for perpetual peace between Britain, the United States, and France. After the review at Plattsburg, President Taft, in a brief address, expressed an opinion of American and Canadian relations:

"I am delighted to say that for sixteen years I have spent most of my summers in Canada, and I

have learned that north of us is a great and rising people, a people bound to be prosperous, bound to be great, and whose prosperity and greatness I know that Americans are great enough not to be jealous of, but welcome."

Ambassador Bryce followed Mr. Taft, and referring to the scenes of bloody warfare once enacted upon the very ground he stood, said:

"But the recollection of all this fighting gives me little pleasure, and there would, indeed, be no pleasure, if I thought such commemorations tended to breed a love for war. No renewal of strife need be feared between the three nations that are now joined in this celebration. France, Britain, and the United States are all linked by what I believe will be an enduring friendship. Let our generation provide no more battlefields to be commemorated. Let it rather be remembered as the generation which did away with this method of settling differences. A century hence there will doubtless be a celebration here in honour of Samuel Champlain. Crowds twice as large will assemble upon these beautiful shores covered then with twice as many thriving cities and picturesque villages. Let us hope that those who meet and speak on that 400th anniversary in 2009 will be able to say with joy and pride that the clouds of threatened war which still sometimes used to darken the sky of 1909, have long since vanished, and that battles and sieges are recalled only as old, forgotten far-off things which will never recur in a wiser, gentler and more enlightened world."

Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux voiced Canada's sentiments at Burlington, Vt., to where the scene of the celebration shifted on Thursday, the 8th:

"But whilst we must show appreciation of the explorers and pioneers of this continent, and of the warriors who fought and died here for their coun-

try; whilst should we forget such true and brave men or even yield them but indifferent praise, it would be but shame, yet, sir, is this not the fittest occasion to proclaim our determination that now and forever, the American Commonwealth and the Dominion of Canada shall always promote and advance the cause of peace, harmony and civilisation on this vast continent."

### British Columbia Allures

**T**HIS is the season when the natural beauties of Canada appear in all their glory, and when her material benefits are realised to their best advantage. Although the Canadian, like every other patriot, may confidently boast that the first, best country is at home, yet it is something of a satisfaction for him to hear his native

land extolled by men of judgment from other countries. In *Cassell's Magazine*, Colonel S. D. Gordon writes in very glowing terms of British Columbia, of its salubrious climate and magnificent scenery, of its abundant resources and the free, unconventional outdoor life of the settlers, who have plenty of occupation, amusement, sport and congenial society.

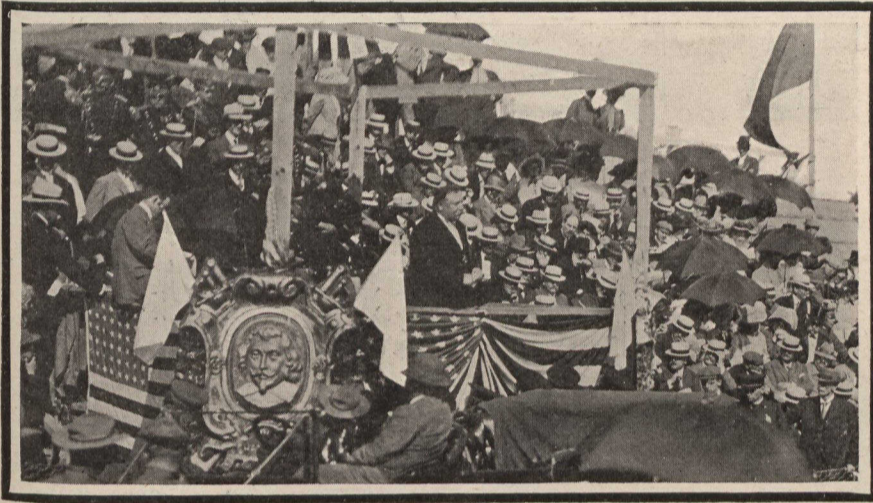
Endless are the opportunities for either an easy or a strenuous life, and under ideal conditions that are unsurpassed by any other country. From the delightful and richly productive Okanagan and Kootenay valleys to the rugged mountain ranges girded with giant forests, and the fresh water lakes and rivers teeming with sporting trout, and the inexhaustible supply of salt water salmon, the country holds out most alluring prospects to the settler. And as for shooting, moose, elk, cariboo, grizzly bear, black and white bears, panthers, deer of various kinds, wild sheep and goats, grouse, pheas-

ants, quail, snipe and wild fowl can be had in their various seasons and localities.

Living also is very moderate, and social demands upon one's time are few. If domestic help is needed, which is the exception among the settlers rather than the rule, the ubiquitous Chinaman is obtainable. Fruit growing, poultry raising, dairy farming and even general farming are the occupations usually engaged in, but in fact the province offers the most desirable opportunities for people of limited means who are willing to work seriously and enjoy life. But for such, not only British Columbia but every province of the Dominion is holding in reserve many a delightful surprise.

The incoming Britisher fears the cold winters of the other provinces, though once he gets accustomed to them the fear vanishes. It is this fear, however, which makes him radiant over British Columbia's mild-all-the-year-round climate.

## SCENES AT THE CHAMPLAIN TRICENTENARY



President Taft Addressing the Assembled Crowd at Ticonderoga.



Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux Speaking at Plattsburg, N.Y.



The Royal Scots Marching in the Parade at Plattsburg, N.Y.



The Governor-General's Foot Guards Marching in the Parade at Plattsburg, N.Y.



"The Pipe of Peace"—Descendants of the Original Algonquin and Iroquois Braves who participated in Champlain's Battles, Playing Hiawatha at Crown Point, July 5th, 1909.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. A. GLEASON.



The New Post Office at Glace Bay.



St. Ann's Roman Catholic Church and Glebe House.

## The Town of Glace Bay

By S. I. C.

**G**LACE BAY, which, jointly with its fourteen-mile-distant neighbour, Sydney, has been so much before the public eye within the last few months, is, above everything else, undoubtedly a region of coal. Very many years ago the French, who were among the earliest settlers in Cape Breton, realised that rich coal mines abounded on the island, and as early as 1718 we read that the fuel used in Louisburg was brought chiefly from Morienne, now known as Cow Bay. (What a pity that all over Canada, so many of the original expressive and often euphonious French or Indian names have been or are being Anglicised into harsh and commonplace titles!) The name Glace Bay (Bay of Ice) is also an inheritance from the French settlers. It is now, however, more generally pronounced so as to rhyme with "race."

For about seventy years, from 1758 on, the mines were worked in a fitful and unsatisfactory manner, but not until 1865 was any really active interest taken in the operations. In that year, Mr. E. P. Archibald and others developed the Harbour Pit, as it was then called. But it was in 1893 that the Dominion Coal Company took hold and that date is still known as "the year of the boom." Up till then, the population consisted chiefly of Scotch and Irish, the descendants of those families who had emigrated here about 1820. Hardy, thrifty and frugal, these worthy people managed to make a comfortable living by fishing and farming, little dreaming of the vast undeveloped wealth around and underneath them. But with the boom the development of the vast coal areas began on a large scale, and to-day, Glace Bay and the neighbouring towns of Dominion, New Aberdeen, Bridgeport, Caledonia, Reserve, Lingan and Waterford all testify to the success which has resulted from the mining operations carried on by the Dominion Coal Company. The population has grown from a few thousands to between eighteen and twenty thousand and the nationalities represented are numerous and diverse.

As many as eight thousand miners have been in the employ of the Dominion Coal Company at one time, and no less than twelve collieries have been opened and worked. Of these, No. 2 is the oldest and largest, indeed this mine is one of the largest in the world, and surely it may also be termed one of the most famous, for in it lies the Phelan Seam, rendered notorious by the great Steel and Coal dispute, so recently settled by the decision handed down by the Privy Council.

Glace Bay has good electric light, an excellent sewerage and water system, the main streets are paved with bitulithic, and there is an hourly service to Sydney.

The town itself has little to recommend it from the standpoint of natural beauty, chiefly owing to the absence of trees, but the climate is vigorous and bracing and there is good bathing at Lingan Beach, and a view of the broad Atlantic both pleasing and picturesque. And if the immediate surroundings of this great coal centre are not especially beautiful, there is, at Mira, a few miles distant by rail, one of the most lovely and delight-



Knox Presbyterian Church, Glace Bay.

ful summer resorts in the whole island of Cape Breton. There, one can have fishing, shooting, boating and bathing, and board at a reasonable figure.

## The Mines of Glace Bay\*

By F. W. GRAY.

**T**HE Glace Bay Basin has been much more extensively worked than any other portion of the Sydney Coal Field, although, as may be seen from an examination of the following comparative chart of outputs, it was the last of the basins to be systematically opened up. As will be noticed from the chart the output curves of the four basins ran almost together during the first two decades of coal mining in Cape Breton, and it was not until the early "eighties" that the production of the Glace Bay Basin began to sensibly exceed that of the other sections of the Sydney Coal Field.

From 1880 to 1893 the outputs increased steadily. In 1893 the Dominion Coal Company commenced operations, and from that time on the outputs have increased by leaps and bounds.

The basin, or to use a more exact simile, the "saucer like" formation of this field, is very marked, and the crops of the coal seams have been bared by the scour of the ice-age, so that, owing to the even flatness of the surface, and the regular pitch and consistent parallelism of the coal seams, they appear

on the map in strikingly symmetrical concentric form.

There is a complete absence of faulting or dislocation of the strata in this field, although there are occasional undulations or "swillies," and local changes in the thickness of the seams, such as are to be met in all coal deposits.

In the earlier days of coal mining in the Glace Bay district the seams appear to have been attacked from the outcrops in a happy-go-lucky and haphazard manner, without much regard for the future. No barriers, or very inadequate ones, were left along the crops to protect the lower and later workings, while the pillars left in the first operation were too small, the consequence being that much coal has been lost by creeps and crushes, in addition to which the surface water has found its way through the many openings in the outcrops, leaving a legacy of pumping cost to the present generation. The measures in this district are "short" and brittle, and where the cover is light they will break up to-day after the excavation of the underlying coal seams, thus admitting the surface drainage.

The land area of the Glace Bay field would have been a positively ideal one for easy and cheap working had it been mined to the rise from properly located shafts. Had this been done, haulage and pumping problems would have been simplified exceedingly, but instead most of the coal has been hauled from the deep.

The genesis of this short-sighted and expensive procedure is to be found in the fact that the coal field was operated by independent and rival companies, with inadequate capital, who, to quote from a report made by H. Y. Hind in 1871, "allowed the desire for an immediate profit to supersede the necessity of a judicious arrangement of the mode of working."

It was, therefore, very decidedly for the benefit of all concerned in the mining of coal in this district that a consolidation of interests should take place. This occurred when the Dominion Coal Company was formed, and there can be no doubt that had the Glace Bay Basin been worked as a virgin field by this or a similar corporation the result would have been a marked conservation of our national coal resources, and, incidentally, cheaper coal at the present time.

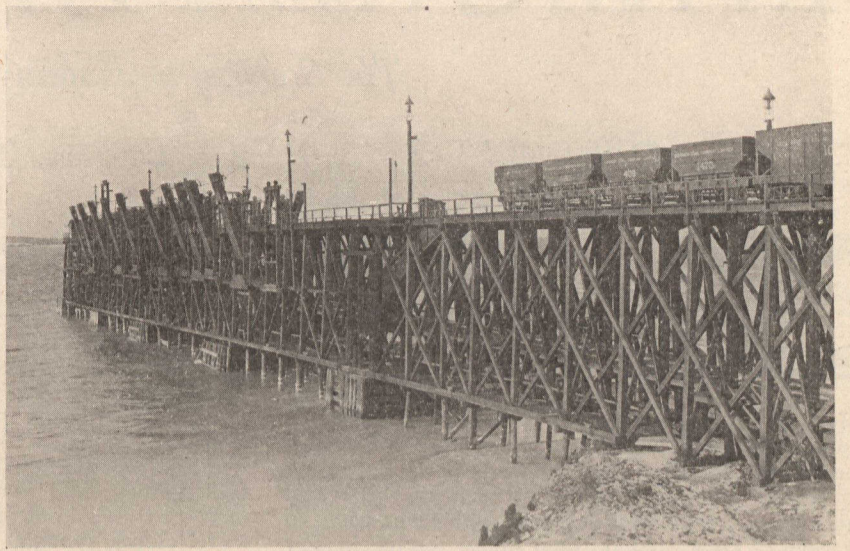
One could hardly conceive from an engineering or economic standpoint a group of mines where an amalgamation of interests was more desirable, or where independent operation was more likely to have disastrous future consequences, alike as regards the profits of the operator, the revenue of the Provincial Government, or the price of coal to the consumer. This statement is based on considerations of an engineering character only. Equally cogent and weighty commercial factors could be adduced in support of his statement, but such considerations are outside the scope of this description. When it is borne in mind that in 15 years the Dominion Coal Company produced more coal by 50 per cent. than was produced in the 35 years that preceded their incorporation, it will be recognised what their operations have meant to the trade of the Dominion generally, and the prosperity of Cape Breton in particular. In the period, 1893 to 1907, the Glace Bay Basin alone produced 32,000,000 tons, of which the Phelan seam contributed 82½ per cent.

\* From a Booklet on the Dominion Coal Co., issued by the Mines Pub. Co., Toronto.

# WITH THE STRIKING MINERS OF CAPE BRETON



General Offices of the Dominion Coal Company, at Glace Bay. The Employees of the Company are on Strike.



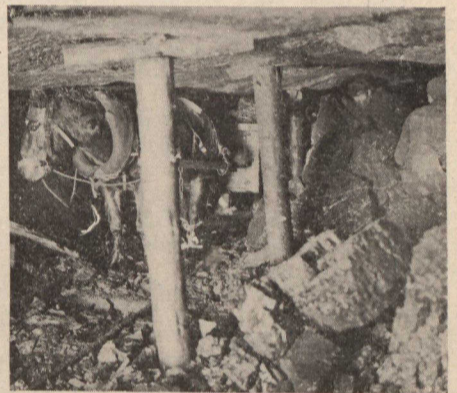
Pier No 2, Sydney, showing Loading Chutes and Low Level Return Track for Empty Cars.



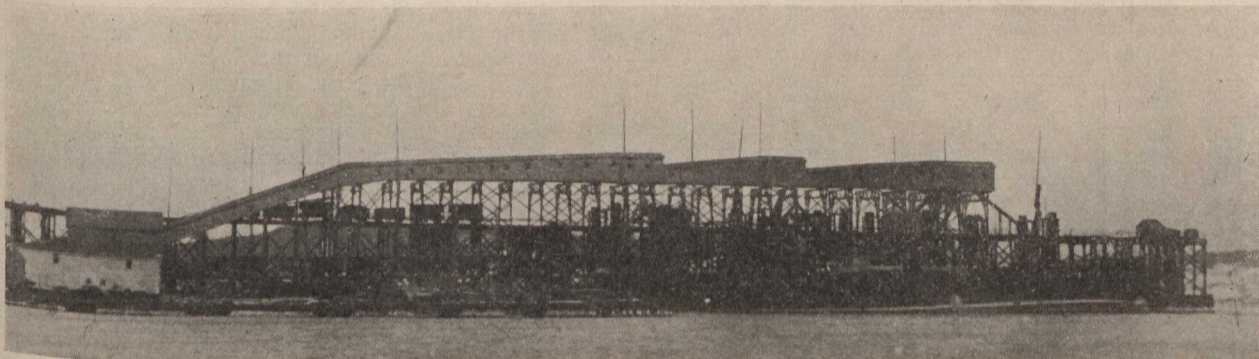
Dominion No. 2 Colliery. Bankhead for Phalen and Harbour Seams.



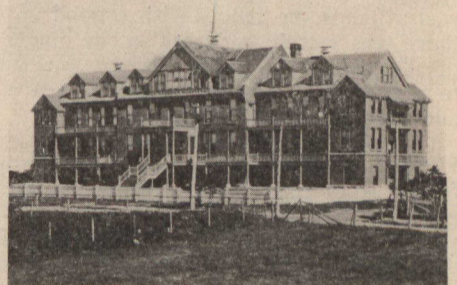
Miner Operating Air Machine.



The Miner and his Pony.



The Loading Pier at Louisburg.



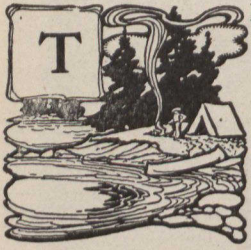
St. Joseph's Hospital, Glace Bay.



Senator's Corner, Glace Bay. This Photograph was taken July 1st, 1908.

# THE GREAT ACTOR'S PART

*The Story of a Holiday and Its Unusual Problem.*



THE Great Actor stood at the white garden gate with a royal splendour of poppies behind and about him. Mrs. Ford's garden ran to poppies. There were few other flowers, but the poppies, as long as they lasted, made up for all that was lacking. They were selected and sown with judgment and the effect of the white farmhouse with its girdle of brilliant blossom was distinctly good. In stooped, sunburned Martha Ford, harassed by unending housework and the monotonous cares of this world there were artistic instincts that had never come to blossom. They found their only outlet in her famous poppies; perhaps this was why she loved the gorgeous blossoms so.

The Great Actor, looking dreamily over the garden and the lush clover meadow beyond to the blue ribbon of the creek, was not thinking about the poppies—or, indeed, about anything. It was a luxury not to have to think and he indulged in it to the full, basking in the sunshine and summer odours. Already he was better; the strained nerves were relaxing their tension; the quiet and restfulness and brooding ease of this land of sunshine and poppies and clover fields were bringing him to his own again.

The Great Actor was famous in three continents for his impersonation of romantic roles. In spite of his sixty years and his snow-white hair he was young in heart and soul. People who saw him only on the stage thought he was a very young man. He had climbed from obscurity to eminence and he loved his work—loved it too well, perhaps, and put too much of his vitality into it. At all events, the spring of this idle summer had found him in a bad state. His doctor had ordered absolute rest from everything—rest, study, interviewers.

"You must bury yourself in some place where nobody can find you and think and do nothing for at least six months," was the decree. The Great Actor obeyed it to the letter. He came to North Prospect.

In his boyhood he had spent a vacation there on his uncle's farm. The uncle had gone now but a cousin was there, whose wife agreed to board the Great Actor for the summer. She made him comfortable and he rested deliciously and made friends among the country people. As yet he had not wearied of the quiet.

"When you get tired of it and want to get back to your own world you will be just half well," the doctor had told him.

Down the long sunset country road, that curved abruptly from west to south just in front of the garden gate, two figures came loitering—a man and a girl. As they rounded the curve both looked at the Great Actor, with his kindly smiling face and splendid crown of silver hair. The young man was a handsome fellow with a good nose and chin; there was merely curiosity in the glance he cast on the Great Actor—the indifferent curiosity accorded to a celebrity. But in the girl's eyes were wonder and reverence—and a question.

The Great Actor returned her gaze with interest. He had not seen her before and she was very different from the North Prospect young women in general. She was slight and rather tall, very dark, with large, almost too large, grey eyes, and long, very delicate, yet withal pronounced features. She was not pretty but she would have been looked at anywhere. Her very dress was full of individuality. She wore a clinging gown of silver grey stuff and the drooping, floppy hat on her head was wreathed with dark red poppies. Everything—face, eyes, dress, expression—was full of that indefinable, potent thing called, for lack of a better word, "temperament."

The Great Actor wondered who it was of whom the girl reminded him. Then he knew—a great emotional actress whose fame surpassed his own and who was one of his friends.

"I wonder who she is," he reflected idly. "She is very young—and looks as if she were half in love with that fine young fellow. She should be wholly in love with him and thinking of nothing else but him and a wedding dress. What is preventing her?"

Mrs. Ford came through the poppies then, a gaunt figure of a woman in a faded calico. The Great Actor asked her who the man and the girl were. She shaded her eyes from the sunset and looked after the lagging pair.

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

"The man is Frank Stanley from the Valley," she said, "a young doctor, and the girl is Sylvia Lindsay. She and her mother live alone in that house on the south hill—you can see the chimney between them birches. She's been away for a visit and just got back."

"She doesn't look like the other girls about here," said the Great Actor.

Mrs. Ford shook her head as she stooped to pick a frilled poppy.

"She isn't like them either. She takes after her father—he's dead now; he was an odd sort of a man. Sylvia's kind of discontented, I guess. She's awful clever, though. Dr. Stanley thinks a terrible sight of her. I don't see why they don't get married. I don't believe they're even really engaged. It must be Sylvia's fault. I guess she doesn't know her own mind. Her mother always spoiled her."

A poppy fell to each of Mrs. Ford's jerky sentences and she went back to the house with her bouquet. The Great Actor paced up and down the walks while the sunset light faded out and the twilight came raining down out of the clear, silvery sky. The moonlight grew brighter and the shadows of the lombardies fell clear and sharp across the garden and the fluttering poppies. A woman came up the valley road and fumbled at the latch of the gate. The Great Actor went hastily forward to help her. At first he thought it was the dark girl who had gone past an hour before; but when he came up to her he saw that it was a much older woman with a careworn face that was not at all like Sylvia Lindsay's.

"You are Mr. Ford, the play-acting man?" she said eagerly. "My name is Lindsay. It is you I came up to see. Sylvia—my daughter—coaxed me to. She felt too shy to come herself, although she could have explained everything to you a great deal better than I can. But she didn't like to. I hope you won't think me presuming, sir—I want to ask you about something."

"I am at your service," said the Great Actor courteously. "Will you come in? Or shall we sit on this stone bench behind the lilacs? We shall be less likely to be disturbed."

"Let us stay here, then. I'd rather Martha Ford didn't hear. It's about Sylvia, sir. She's very clever. Everybody says so. And she's set on going on the stage—just crazy about it, and always has been. She's talked of it since she was a tiny child."

"I see," said the Great Actor with a smile. So it was the old story—the stage-struck girl who believed she had talent. He had known his hundreds of them.

"I don't know as I care much for her going on the stage," Mrs. Lindsay went on hurriedly. "But her father always said a person shouldn't be balked of doing what they were cut out for and I kind of lean to that myself. She is a great reciter and she knows hundreds of pieces and most all Shakespeare's plays, I think. She's always saying them over and practising them. I used to try to put her off the notion. I hated to think of her going away. And I want her to marry Dr. Stanley and settle close to me. Sometimes I've had hopes she would. She seems fond of him—but she's fonder of the other thing. Excuse me for rambling like this, sir. I told Sylvia she ought to come herself. She could have explained it so much better. But it's this way, sir. Everyone who has ever heard her recite or act in dialogues thinks she has great talent. But there was none of them who could really be a judge, you know. Sylvia is afraid she may be mistaken in thinking she can do anything and she would take it as a great favour if you would kindly hear her recite some of her parts and give her your honest opinion about it. She says she could abide by your judgment, sir."

The Great Actor smiled. He would listen to the girl, of course, and tell her the truth as considerately as might be. It would probably do her good and take her romantic notions out of her.

"If Miss Lindsay will come up to-morrow evening I will gladly see what she can do," he said. "But there are many young women in our land who imagine that they have a natural fitness for the hardest of all professions—and it is hardly one in a thousand who is right in thinking so."

"Oh, Sylvia is real good at it," said the mother quickly, her maternal pride resenting something she divined in his meaning. "I wish she wasn't half

as clever for then I would have more hope of keeping her with me. Well, I must go now, sir, and it's very kind of you to let her come."

Sylvia Lindsay came up the next evening. The Great Actor met her among the poppies and carried her off to the old bench behind the lilacs. He felt rather bored; he had heard so many of them and nearly always with the same result. And now this foolish girl was probably quite eager to leave her happy sheltered life and throw away the love of a good man to chase the will-o'-the-wisp of fame. He felt impatient with her—but he did not show it—he never showed impatience.

"It is very good of you to hear me," she said, looking shyly up into his eyes. He realized that her voice was a very beautiful and unusual one—rich, sympathetic, thrilling.

"It is not at all good of me," he said with his wonderful smile. "It is good of you to come up and recite to a crabbed old fellow who has heard so much of that sort of thing that he has grown terribly critical and hard to please."

"Oh, I want criticism," she cried. "I hope you are hard to please. I may be foolish in thinking I can do anything—if so, I want you to tell me so. Don't spare me—be merciless. I don't want to be just an actress—I don't want any half success. I want to be great—nothing else would compensate for—for what I must give up. But oh, I have always felt that I could do something worth while."

She flung up her head and her dark, eager face flushed with earnestness; her great eyes glowed; her long, slender hands quivered. The Great Actor realised that this girl might not be beautiful but that she had the power to make people believe she was.

"Many people can do something worth while," he said gravely, "but it is not always what they think they can do at first. It is richly worth while to be simply happy—and make other people happy. It is worth while to take real love when it comes our way and so make earth more beautiful."

Sylvia raised her head a little proudly and her tone was cold as she said:

"That may be very true. But it has nothing to do with my coming here to-day, has it?"

"Yes, much. Now, my dear, I am an old man with a great liking for bright, sweet young girls. I want your confidence. Tell me all about him—this young fellow who likes to loiter along twilight country lanes with you. Isn't he more worth while than a career?"

His smile was irresistible. Sylvia smiled reluctantly and then laughed.

"Mother has been telling tales, I see. I wonder if I can explain how it is—I don't mind your knowing. I think I do love Frank, but not enough—not enough. But I could—if I didn't love my ambition better. It won't let me think about him. This all sounds foolish, perhaps, but it is true. And he knows—he understands. It all depends on your decision. If you tell me I have deceived myself I will abide by your judgment and stay here with mother—and Frank. But if you think I can succeed as I want to succeed I shall go on—on to the life I have always dreamed of—that beautiful, brilliant, wonderful life."

The Great Actor shook his head.

"It is not a beautiful life in the sense that your romantic dreams imagine, my child. No, not even if you were a genius. It is a hard, disillusioning life—how hard, especially for a woman, you have no idea. But let me hear what you can do. What do you know?"

She mentioned a few things she had studied and he selected one he thought a fair test and bade her begin, while he settled comfortably back on the old mossy bench to listen. At first her voice trembled and she was very nervous; presently she forgot that; she forgot her critical hearer; she forgot all save the character she was trying to interpret.

The Great Actor listened in blank amazement. Why, the girl had genius—absolute genius! In spite of all the faults and crudities in her impersonation it was real and original and convincing. She was not half way through her selection before he had made up his mind that she had all the makings of a great emotional actress in her.

Dear, dear, what a pity! He had thought his task easy—to let her down as gently as might be and send her back, disappointed but no longer stung by romantic yearnings, to the wholesome, happy life that awaited her. And now?

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 20.

# MYSTERIES OF ROYAL BIRTH

By F. CUNLIFFE-OWEN



**M**YSTERIES in connection with royal births furnish a large share of the great store of romance found in the annals of the reigning houses of the Old World. This may be surprising to those who recall all the constitutional precautions adopted at Madrid on the occasion of the birth in 1907 of the little Prince of Asturias, to avert any malevolent insinuations that might be circulated by foes of the dynasty.

When Cabinet Ministers and Secretaries of State are present as representatives of the people at royal natiivities in Spain, England and other monarchies of Europe, sometimes in an adjoining room with the intervening doors open, and sometimes even in the royal woman's apartment itself, it would certainly seem that no loophole was left for any suspicion as to fraud. Yet it is a fact that there are few sovereigns or princes of the blood in history, modern as well as ancient, the authenticity of whose origin has not been made the subject of doubt. And the stories based upon the latter, no matter how unfounded or convincingly disproved, always leave an impression of uncertainty on the public, and are calculated to affect the status of their victims, much in the same way as slanders at the expense of even the most blameless and purest of women.

Thus, in Russia, a rumour ascribed to the Nihilists, which is understood to have originated with more exalted ill wishers of the Emperor and Empress, persists to the effect that the now four-year-old Czarevitch is a supposititious child. It is declared that the Czarina in reality brought into the world a fifth daughter in 1904, for which a male infant, the son of peasant parents, was substituted, through fear of the effect on public sentiment if it became known that Providence had again turned a deaf ear to the prayers of the imperial couple and their subjects for the birth of an heir.

## OVERTHROW OF THE STUARTS.

**I**N England, stories of an analogous character were largely responsible for the overthrow of the Stuart dynasty, and for all those Jacobite disturbances to which the British Isles were subjected for more than a hundred years afterward. It may be remembered that James II and his consort the Queen were ardent Roman Catholics, whereas the monarch's two elder daughters by a previous marriage, Princess Mary and Princess Anne, were Protestants. The English people viewed with dread the prospect of the crown falling at James' death to a young prince reared in the Roman Catholic faith, who during his minority would be subject to the regency of a Roman Catholic queen. So it is not astonishing that they should have turned a ready ear to the suspicions formulated when the announcement was made that the Queen was about to become a mother; while the extraordinary secrecy observed in all matters relating to the birth of Prince James (sometimes styled the Chevalier de Saint George), and the many mysterious circumstances in connection therewith, tended to confirm the widespread popular impression that he was a supposititious child.

It was indeed owing to this belief, and not because of his claims to the throne of England, that he was given the name of the Pretender. His half-sisters, Princess Mary and Princess Anne, were the loudest in denouncing him as a fraud. It is entirely in keeping with what we know of history that these princesses should have adopted this attitude; for the insinuations concerning the legitimacy of the Anointed of the Lord will be found to have frequently originated, not with the foes of the dynasty, but with near relatives, whose aspirations have either been disturbed or destroyed by the birth of the scion of royalty in question.

Thus, it was Queen Isabella's brother-in-law, the late Duke of Montpensier, who first started the rumours that King Francis could not be the father of the Queen's children (to whom the eldest of them, the Infanta Isabella, owed her nickname at Madrid of "The Herring Girl"), the Duke being responsible for the report that Infanta Isabella's father was a young fisherman who had attracted Queen Isabella during a summer at the seaside. The Duke also insisted that Marshal Serrano was the real father of the late Alfonso XII. His motives will be appreciated when it is explained that

his own wife would have succeeded to the throne of Spain if her sister, Queen Isabella, had remained childless.

## DOUBT ABOUT NAPOLEON III AND EUGENIE.

**I**N the same way, the late King Jerome Bonaparte and his son, Prince Napoleon Jerome, were among the loudest in declaring that Napoleon III had none of the blood of Bonaparte in his veins, and that he was the son of Queen Hortense and a Dutch admiral. They based their assertions on declarations made by Queen Hortense's own husband, King Louis Bonaparte of Holland, and there is evidence to show that he was prevented from publicly disclaiming his paternity only by peremptory orders of his brother, the great Emperor Napoleon, who pointed out that, as the child was not an elder son, no dynastic interests were involved.

If there is doubt as to the parentage of Napoleon III, a still greater mystery attaches itself to the origin of Empress Eugenie, and there are many who to this day believe that, instead of being the offspring of the old Countess of Montijo, she is in reality a daughter of the late Queen Christina of Spain, and a half-sister, therefore, of the late Queen Isabella. There is much in favour of this story; for, although "The Almanach de Gotha" gives the birth of Eugenie as May, 1826, and that of her elder sister, the late Duchess of Alba, as January, 1825; yet, according to official Spanish records, the Count of Montijo, who is given as their father, is said to have died on October 30, 1823.

The pages of the register of the parish of Arevalo that contain the statement of his death have been mutilated and removed. But official records of the courts of law at Madrid contain frequent mention of the date of his death, in connection with several lawsuits brought by his brothers against his widow, the late Countess of Montijo.

Now, the latter, a daughter of William Fitzpatrick, for some time a resident of Philadelphia and long United States consul at Malaga, was the favourite lady in waiting and confidante of the late Queen Christina, having been one of the suite selected to attend her from Naples to Spain. Christina was known to have given birth to a couple of little girls and a boy prior to her marriage to King Ferdinand. They were the offspring of an English artist named Ward, with whom Christina had been secretly and more or less morganatically united. It is claimed that Christina confided her two little girls to the Countess of Montijo, and that the latter brought them up as her own daughters. Certain it is that while not the slightest trace of resemblance existed between the Countess and her alleged daughters, Eugenie possesses all the characteristics and strongly marked features of the Bourbons. In fact, there is more of the Bourbons in the face of the Empress than in any member of the Orleans branch of the family.

How a girl, the very legitimacy of whose birth was so much in doubt that it required the doctoring of innumerable official records, and became the subject of so much critical discussion in print, should have succeeded in raising herself to the position of Empress of the French, which she retained for seventeen years, constitutes a story surpassing in amazing and improbable romance the most sensational of novels.

## MYSTERY OF A RUSSIAN EMPRESS.

**C**ONSIDERABLE mystery also prevails with regard to the parentage of the late Empress of Russia, the consort of Alexander II. The latter, while still Czarevitch, was sent by his father, Nicholas I, to the court of Karlsruhe, to present himself to Princess Alexandrine of Baden, whom the Czar and his ministers had selected as a suitable bride for the heir to the Muscovite throne. It was in the days of post chaises; and when on his way to the capital of Baden his carriage met with a mishap which compelled him to seek hospitality at a nearby chateau. He discovered it to be the home of a young prince of the house of Hesse, Alexander by name, who lived there in retirement with his sister, Princess Marie. The latter was a girl of such beauty that the impressionable Czarevitch fell head over ears in love with her, lingered on and on, and ere long discovered the history of the prince and princess.

They were children of the Grand Duchess of Hesse. But the Grand Duke had for some reason or other conceived doubts as of their being his off-

spring, suspecting a chamberlain of the Grand Duchess of being their father. Unwilling to go to the length of publicly repudiating them as long as he was not positive about the matter, he kept them aloof from his other children, declined to let them appear at court, and subjected them to the most severe ostracism. The story of the treatment of the young princess only increased the ardour of the Czarevitch, and he determined to make her his wife. Instead of proceeding to Karlsruhe, he made his way to Darmstadt and asked the Grand Duke for the hand of Princess Marie.

The prospect of a matrimonial alliance with the reigning house of Russia, and of becoming the father-in-law of a future Czar, was not one that a petty and poverty stricken German ruler such as Grand Duke Louis could afford to let pass. He gladly gave his assent, and at once summoned Marie and her brother to Darmstadt. He had not seen the princess since her earliest infancy, and it was as fiancée to the heir to the throne of all the Russias that she was welcomed for the first time by him at his court as his daughter, the brilliant future in store for her having entirely dispelled all doubts as to her legitimacy. But the childhood of the princess and her brother had been so unhappy that she took the latter to St. Petersburg in her train.

As brother-in-law of the Czarevitch, he enjoyed an altogether exceptional position in Russia, until he compromised all his prospects by making a runaway morganatic marriage with one of the pupils of the Czarina's great school at St. Petersburg, which is maintained at the expense of the Empresses where all the students rank as maids of honour. The girl was Mademoiselle Sophie Hauke, daughter of the Secretary of State for Poland. Later on she received from Emperor Francis Joseph the title of Princess of Battenberg; and of her sons by this union, one is the English Admiral, Prince Louis of Battenberg, and another was Prince Alexandria of Bulgaria, while one of her granddaughters has risen to be the present Queen of Spain.

## A PEASANT AS KING OF ITALY.

**I**F popular and widespread belief, not only throughout Italy, but also at the various courts of Europe, is well founded, the present King of Italy's grandfather, Victor Emmanuel II, was not the son of King Charles Albert of Sardinia and his consort Archduchess Theresa of Austria, but the offspring of a peasant and his wife, the latter having been engaged as wet nurse to the young Prince of Savoy. The story goes that the royal prince was accidentally burned to death in his cradle, and that the nurse's child was substituted in his stead, either with or without the knowledge of the King and Queen. Certainly the appearance, bearing, and manners of Victor Emmanuel II served to corroborate the tale, while his tastes and appetites were those of a peasant, rather than of a prince. He was never so happy as when eating peasant dishes, in peasant garb, at his shooting lodge, with a peasant woman, Rosina. He created the latter Countess Mirafiori, and married her toward the end of his reign, in order to legitimatise, after a fashion, the children she had borne him. This, however, is mere gossip.

## MILAN OF SERVIA.

**B**UT there is startling evidence to show that the late King Milan was not in reality entitled by birth to the throne of Serbia, which he occupied with so much ignominy. The evidence is contained in a work published at Berlin in 1877, by order of old Emperor William, and issued by the Royal and Imperial Society of Genealogy, the name of the president of the society, Count Oynhausen, chief of the Heraldic Department of the Empire and Grand Master of the court of Berlin, figuring on the title page. The work is accepted by all courts of Europe as standard authority on questions relating to the genealogy of reigning houses.

According to this volume, Milan, instead of being, as stated in "The Almanach de Gotha," and other annuals of the same kind, the son of Prince Milosh Obrenovitch and his wife Princess Marie Catargi, was in reality the illegitimate son of Milosh's sister Anna and a shepherd with whom she became infatuated some years after the death of her husband, Colonel Alexander Constantinovitch. Prince Milosh and Princess Marie, in order to save the good name of their sister, took the child at its birth, gave out that it was their own instead of hers, christened it Milan, and brought it up as their

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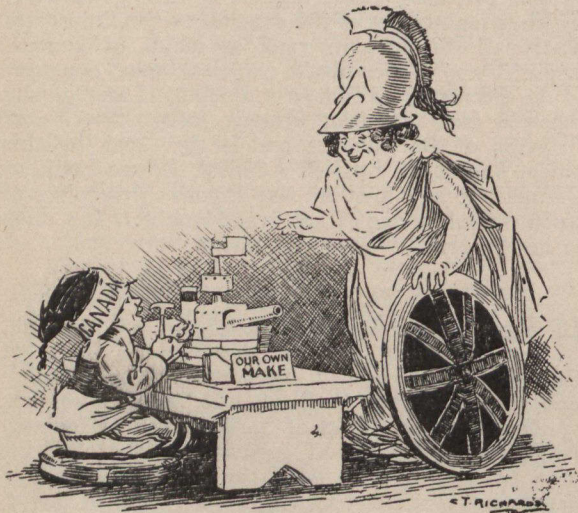
# THE DEMI-TASSE

SLIGHTLY CONFUSED.

NOW that flag incidents are all the fashion, citizens who have spent a summer or two in Muskoka are recounting experiences with the banner of our friends from the United States, whose stars spangle every wave from Muskoka Wharf to Parry Sound.

"Two years ago," said a Toronto citizen, "Bob Johnson was visiting our cottage and Bob is the warmest Britisher that ever made Pretoria Night last for forty-eight hours. He was simply wild when he saw a regular fleet of trim yachts and launches with the Stars and Stripes at the bow. At last he couldn't stand it any longer, and, accosting a tall and slender magnate from Pittsburg, he asked him why in—well, he asked him the reason for leaving the British flag at the stern while the Stars and Stripes floated proudly at the bow. The man from Pittsburg grinned in a friendly sort of way and said with a lazy drawl: 'Well, I may have made a mistake, but I've always been informed that the stern is the place of honour for a flag. So, being in British waters, I put the British ensign there. However, if you object to seeing it *anywhere*, I'll yank it off.' Bob Johnson said a few things, then, that would have shocked the Quinquennial Congress most to death."

\* \* \*



How the Cartoonist of New York Life views Canada's naval aspirations.

\* \* \*

## SIR JAMES GIVES THANKS.

"Thank heaven," said our bluff Sir James,  
As he laid the paper down,  
"That no disturbing suffragettes  
Harass this peaceful town.

"What would I do, if war-like dames,  
With stern and haughty taunt,  
Demanded votes in awful tones,  
Like those who Asquith haunt.

"I should retreat to Hamilton  
Before those fighting dames  
And leave bold Colonel Matheson  
To settle all their claims."

\* \* \*

## HAPPY RODOLPHE.

There is a bright chap named Lemieux  
Who says quite a good thing or two.  
So he goes far and wide  
As fair Canada's pride,  
And makes dear Bourassa feel blue.

\* \* \*

## THE RIGHT NUMBER.

"I've just been keepin' the Twelfth," said a weary citizen as he vainly tried to open the door with a cigarette.

"Looks more like twenty-three for you," said an unsympathetic passer-by.

\* \* \*

## NEWSLETS.

Now that Lord Charles Beresford is coming to Toronto, it looks as if we'd need a few *Dreadnoughts* in the Bay. Nothing but the *Turbinia* and the *Cayuga* to make the capital of our First Province look nautical. Borrow a gun-boat from Uncle Sam and give the *News* an opportunity for a column or two.

The Duke of the Abruzzi has penetrated into

the region of eternal snows in the Himalayas. It is in order for a New York paper to say that the Duke would not mind anything after the frost he received from Miss Katherine Elkins of U. S. A.

The Canadian pipers of the Fifth Royal Canadian Highlanders from Montreal nearly spoiled Senator Elihu Root's oration at Plattsburg the other day, when the Champlain Tercentenary was being honoured. A United States officer was obliged to ask the Canadians to cease from piping, as they were proving too strong a counter attraction. But even the special correspondent did not grasp the true meaning of that incident. Was it not Elihu Root, who in the year 1903 succeeded in snatching a few rocky islands from our beloved Dominion, while Lord Alverstone said, "Bless you, my Yankee cousins!"? Highlanders have long memories and the men from Montreal knew what they were about when they piped away just as soon as the Honourable Elihu set out on his oration concerning our friends, the Iroquois.

Winnipeg, so the papers report, asked the Dominion Government for a few millions for the exhibition which the Prairie Capital proposes to hold in 1912. Sir Wilfrid immediately contracted a nervous chill and Mr. Fielding went into a brown study. Yet Winnipeg insists on calling Toronto by the name of H— well, what it *does*. That western air is wonderfully bracing.

Dr. J. G. Rutherford has startled us all by stating emphatically that Canadians are consumers of diseased animals. Really, the cow does not seem to be of much use to us, as the dairyman sees that we get no pure milk and the meat merchant takes care to give us bacilli in the beef. Down with the cow!

Despatches state that there is peace in Persia since the Russian troops landed. Let's send some Cossacks to Cape Breton and see if we cannot have a nice quiet time at our collieries.

\* \* \*

## OUR PETITION.

Toronto streets are odorous  
With benzine fumes, you know,  
For Dr. Sheard has formed a plan  
To lay the dust all low.  
Oh, Doctor Charles, we beg of you  
To let the dust go blow.  
Just send around the watering-cart  
And we shall bless you so.

\* \* \*

## A YALE TRADITION.

A YOUNG minister, who recently went to supply for the summer months for a Methodist pastor in an Ontario town, asked in a gentle, interrogative fashion: "Does your congregation like long sermons?"

The older man smiled pleasantly. "You must

remember that the Devil doesn't take any holidays, and that you had better make your exhortations brief and strong. That reminds me of a story I read about President Hadley of Yale. A visiting minister asked him how long his discourse should be and President Hadley replied that he did not wish to give misleading advice but there was a Yale tradition that no soul had ever been saved after the first twenty minutes."

\* \* \*

## A TOUCHING EPITAPH.

PERHAPS the wife whose remains lie beneath the following epitaph would be pleased at the sentiment, could she read it *once*; could she read it *twice*, she would probably look for the broom-stick—and her husband:

"Thou hast gone before me  
To thy last, long sleep;  
Tears cannot restore thee—  
Therefore I weep.  
By her husband."

—Lippincott's Magazine.

\* \* \*

## ALMOST TREATED.

TWO Germans were on their way to work, when one of them, Hans, observed their countryman, Schneider, on the other side of the street sweeping the walk in front of his saloon.

"Adolph," said Hans, pointing to the saloon man, "just look at Schneider doing him own sweeping. Py golly, he is der meanest und stingiest man vat iss."

"No," retorted Adolph, "he is not so stingy as you tink. He almost treated me vonce."

"How do you make dot oud?" questioned Hans. "How could he almost treated you vidoud doing it?"

"Vell, dat happened dis vay," said Adolph. "Vone cold mornink I dropped into Schneider's place und sat me down by der fire for a little warmness, und Schneider vas cleaning der bar up. He tooked all der bottles from der shelves, viped dem clean, und sat dem on der bar, den he took der glasses und did likewise; after dot he viped der shelves off, und put der clean bottles und glasses back. Ven dis vas finished he looked over to me und says, 'Vell, Adolph, vat are ve going to have?' und just as I vas going to say, 'Beer,' he says, 'rain or snow?'"—O. B. Bulletin.

\* \* \*

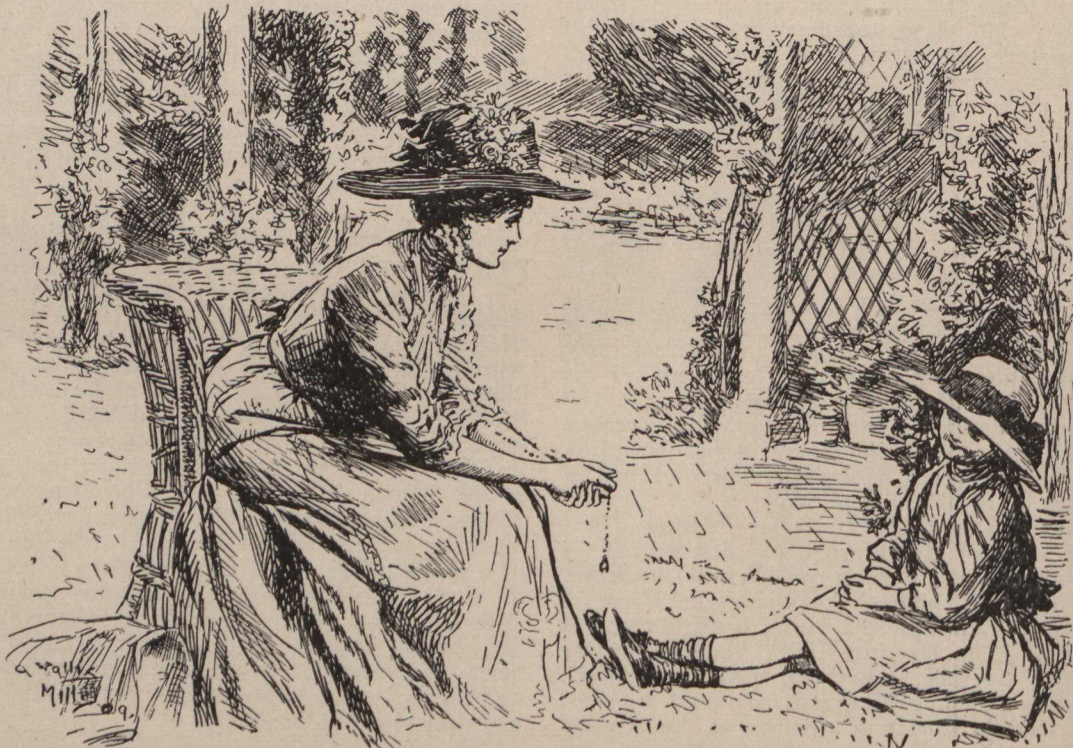
## THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

A WELL to do American, whose differences with his son arising out of the latter's marriage with a London show girl were unadjusted for some years, recently indicated in novel fashion his willingness to effect a reconciliation with the youth.

The young man had written his father from the British capital, sounding the old man with respect to the feasibility of his return to America, whereupon the mollified parent sent him a cablegram in these terms:

"Strong, London.—Dinner is ready when you are.—Strong, Cleveland."

—Sunday Magazine.



Mother (telling the history of our first parents). "And Eve ate of the fruit and she gave some to Adam." Dolly. "Oh, Mummie, how kind of her!"—Punch.



# PEOPLE AND PLACES

Little Stories by Land and Sea, concerning the folk who move hither and thither across the face of a Big Land.

## THE GOSPEL OF THE STONE CITY.

**G**UELPH, Ont., which for many years has been celebrated for the finest agricultural college in America, has become an object of envy to municipalities. The old stone town on the Speed—and for many a year the place had little to do with the name of the river that runs into the Grand—has become the most modern city in Canada in the promulgation of municipal ideas. The real cause of envy is that the rate of taxation in Guelph is only a trifle over fourteen mills; whereas some of the other cities of the ten to twenty-thousand class pay as high as twenty-four mills, and in one case the fine figure of twenty-seven. But the difference in favor of Guelph is not due to the small amount spent on improvements. In this particular Guelph is up with the best. But it consists in the fact that Guelph has for years been in strong on public ownership of utilities. The corporation owns practically everything that the people use in a public way. Gas, electric light, street railway and waterworks—all belong to the town. The profits therefrom accrue to the town. This is said to make Guelph the cheapest place in Canada to live in; even cheaper than Glasgow, which was always supposed to have been the leader in public ownership. That homely old city hall built of limestone at the market place, is the seat of some more modern ideas also. The newest phase of helping the public is the proposal to do away with mayors and aldermen and to have the city run by a board of experts under the control of a civic business manager. This is not a new thing in America, but it will certainly be an innovation in Canada. There are a good many bright people in Guelph. It's a comfortable old place to live in; as pretty to look at as many an old world city that has gotten into literature. Most of the buildings are of limestone. The main streets are broad and they converge to a common centre at the postoffice, where there is a fine public square and a fountain. The hills of Guelph are pleasing to the eye. The streets are named after places and people in England. A good many of the citizens are English. More are Scotch. There are three large Presbyterian churches in Guelph. The Catholic cathedral stands on a hill from which it may be seen for miles in the townships. The public school is on the same hill. It was on these hills that old Alexander Galt looked in the days of the foundation of the Canada Company. Tradition has it that the strange flare-out of the streets at the Grand Trunk station was caused by the way in which the old autocrat laid out the town—chopping down a tree and upon the stump he laid his hand indicating that for each finger should be a street. Just below on the banks of the Speed used to stand the old Canada Company house, from which the affairs of the company in that part of the world were administered. A few years ago the C. P. R. acquired the log castle and made of it a station. So there is history as well as modern progress in Guelph, which has also the added distinction of having been the birthplace of the Guthrie clan and having the name of the Royal house of England.

\* \* \*

## THE COLLEGE OF FARMERS.

**T**HE agricultural college question is agitating Alberta. The question is—where shall the college be located? which for some moons was a burning issue in Saskatchewan when the Government had to decide where to locate the university. The university of Alberta is already at Strathcona. Some argue that the college of agriculture should be there also. Some say not. It is argued that one of these bright Alberta mornings there will be a huge city on the banks of the Saskatchewan, and that a big, wicked, half-idle city is not a good place for a college of agriculture. Senator Peter Talbot, who is said to be the most representative farmer in Alberta, says that the college of farmers should be as far from the madding crowd as is Oxford, for instance. He says that a city is the kind of thing that tempts a young man away from the land—in even so lovely a province as sunny Alberta; that the farm-college young man is sometimes looked down upon by the arts-college man in the city; and that even the arts courses tend to lure the young farmer away from his land studies. All which goes to show that the problems of the West have a habit of bulking up thick and fast; for ten years ago there were not ten men in both Edmonton and Strathcona who would have been willing to bet that there would ever be any sort of college on that part of the Saskatchewan—let alone a college of farming.

\* \* \*

## HOCH SOLLER LETEN!"

**T**HERE has just been a merger of all the German newspapers in Ontario, and the merger is controlled of course from Berlin. The Teutonic ring of publications includes—*The Canadischer Bauernfreund* of Waterloo, the *Canadisches Volksblatt* of New Hamburg, the *Ontario Glocke* of Walkerton, *Canadish Kolonis* of Stratford, and

the *Deutsche Zeitung* of Berlin, which has for a long while been the property of Messrs. Ritinger and Motz, the head of the syndicate. This amalgamation into one German paper for the whole of Western Ontario has been brought about in the fiftieth year of the *Deutsche Zeitung*. Thus is the unification of Little Germany going on and the interests of the Fatherland folk being conserved. Perhaps the Kaiser does not know Berlin and the Teutonic newspaper trust of Western Ontario; but if he were to pay a visit to America he would find the freest kind of discussion of himself in the columns of this new big German paper which has the largest German field at present in Canada under one management.

\* \* \*

## IMPROVING THEIR "LOTS."

**K**INGSTON has a few peculiarities not easily found in other towns and cities. The most recent outbreak is a specimen of thrift and esthetics on the part of sundry citizens, who found that the ancient layout of the city was not conducive to the highest form of architecture. Kingston was modelled on the old English style of houses close to the streets—for of course the English garden and lawn are at the rear. But the city council, not liking the proximity of the sidewalks to the doorways of the people, ordered that the sidewalks should be moved out and boulevards instituted. All very well. This made more beautiful streets and left spaces between the sidewalks and the houses. But some of the inhabitants, desiring more front-door accommodation, proceeded to build porticoes and balconies on the boulevards. In some cases where vacant lots were built upon, whole house-fronts were moved out on to the boulevards—till the Council, seeing how its good intentions had been abused, passed a resolution condemning the practice.

\* \* \*

## PROGRESS WITHOUT POVERTY.

**A**N enthusiastic New Yorker had occasion lately to say some pleasant things about Vancouver, somewhat as follows: "If I were to tell my friends in New York that I left a city of about 80,000 people on a finer steamer than any running coastwise out of New York, plying to a city of about 40,000 people, and coming here put up at a hotel equal to any in New York and spent the evening in a fever unsurpassed, even if it is equalled, in New York, where there were scores of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen listening to a fine musical programme, and that this was away up in the Pacific Northwest, my statements would be thought to be exaggerations at the least." Inspired by which the editor of the *Victoria Colonist*, in truly neighbour fashion proceeds to say: "There is a lack of poverty here. There is no submerged tenth. Of course there are a few shipwrecks along the swift current of Western life, but they are not sufficiently numerous to form a class or to be a menace to the general welfare. Government and society does not have to concern itself with the vexed problems arising from perennial unemployment, congested slums, or a vicious element that defies the law as far as it dares. We are not forced, when we leave the brightness of our public resorts or the beauty of our homes, to contemplate grim want and penury, or crime slinking along in the shadows."

\* \* \*

## SMALL TOWN SMART SETS.

**T**ALKING about personal journalism—some of the women speakers at the late Congress of Women in Toronto said some hard things against the social columns that disfigure the daily papers in large cities. But the place where personal journalism flourishes at the grand height is not in the daily paper. It is in the country weekly. In one issue of a paper published in a small town down east in Ontario more than two columns of the news were headed "Personals." The publisher says frankly at the top:—"It is the desire of the publisher that all should take an interest in this column. If you have friends visiting you, or are going away for a trip, leave word or send it on a post card." Accordingly every reader of the paper is informed as to the summer movements of all the other readers who have money and time enough to get out of town. The smart set of that little town are as glad to see their names in print as any of the bontons in Montreal or Toronto. There is no harm in it. Nobody is scandalised. Nothing is said as to what anybody had on—or off. Not a word as to who is who in the divorce court or what so-and-so thinks of somebody else: simply the news that somebody has gone somewhere and somebody else visiting somebody else and this one is going to visit another, and that is down with the measles, and whooping-cough is expected in one household and matrimony in another; and so on down the variegated story that makes the spice of life in a small community just as much as it does in the big one.

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**MONEY AND MAGNATES**

SALMON FISHING GREAT LURE OF CANADIAN FINANCIERS.

ALL the members of the Montreal Stock Exchange have little memorandum books in which they record the purchases and sales they effect on the Exchange, but Senator Forget, who is one of the leading as well as oldest members, has another little memorandum book which he carries about in his vest pocket and always takes a great deal of pride in showing its contents to his intimate friends.

The little book contains an exact account of the daily operations of the Senator while he is down in the salmon fishing grounds of the Metapedia Valley in the early summer of each year. There is no form of sport that has ever afforded the Senator such genuine pleasure as trying to land a nice large, tricky salmon, and at the end of each day he has been careful to enter into the little diary the exact number of fish he has secured, and their exact weight. At the end of his holiday he compares his operations with those of the previous year and to quite an extent his pleasure depends on the amount

A visit to the salmon fishing grounds is an annual affair with a number of the wealthy men of Montreal. Mr. W. C. McIntyre, the head of the big wholesale dry goods firm of McIntyre & Sons, who was recently killed in an automobile accident in Montreal, always made a rule of spending at least a couple of weeks on the Metapedia. Mr. Vincent Meredith, the assistant general manager of the Bank of Montreal, a great lover of outdoor exercise, seems just as keen to land a nice big salmon as to pull off a successful financial deal. Mr. James Ross, the president of the Dominion Coal Company, was enjoying his annual holiday with King Salmon when the strike at the Dominion Coal mines made it necessary for him to leave for Glace Bay. Mr. A. T. Paterson, the oldest director of the Bank of Montreal, was at his club on the Metapedia a few weeks ago when he was stricken down with apoplexy and passed away before medical assistance could reach him. Mr. E. L. Pease, the general manager of the Royal Bank, has during the past week been trying to see what luck he might have. In fact, with a few exceptions here and there, it might almost be said that the members of all the leading directorates in Montreal spend at least a few weeks each year at different salmon fishing grounds. he catches.

\* \* \*

BOND EXPERIMENT PROVED SUCCESSFUL.

THE announcement that sixty-two and a half per cent. of the recent issue of \$5,840,000 consolidated bonds of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company had been underwritten, will justify the experiment made by Canadian institutions in underwriting the entire issue and then offering it to the public. It was the first time that such an issue was offered to the public in Canada as well as in London and the number of applications received from different parts of the Dominion shows that in the future the Canadian investing public may be trusted to take a fair amount of such issues. In this instance the co-operation of a prominent London house was also secured and this would indicate that the underwriters will have but little difficulty in disposing of the amount of the bonds still remaining on their hands.

\* \* \*

BIG CORPORATIONS CLOSE ON PRICES.

IT is generally thought that big railways and other corporations do not stop for a thousand or two when placing big orders. Such, however, is far from being the case and as a rule the big institutions are always fighting to get prices down and in most cases will not place an order till they feel they have got close to the rock bottom prices. A striking illustration of this policy was given by the Canadian Pacific Railway when they were negotiating with the different shipbuilding companies for the construction of the two big Empress steamers now being used on the Atlantic route. When the directors had decided on the construction of the steamers Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, who always gives such matters his personal attention, found that the shipbuilders were pretty busy and when the tenders came in he decided the C. P. R. would gain a great deal by simply waiting till orders for new steamers were not so numerous. He had not very long to wait for before a year had passed the shipbuilding concerns were finding it quite difficult to get enough new business to keep their immense gangs of men occupied, with the result that some of them again approached the C. P. R. and, on receiving permission to submit new tenders, were willing to build the Empresses for something like \$200,000 less than the year previous. As this meant a saving of \$400,000 on the two steamers, Sir Thomas decided it was time to go ahead.

Another marked illustration of the same policy was given by the C. P. R. in connection with the extension to the Chateau Frontenac Hotel at Quebec. Fully five years ago it was decided to extend the hotel but when the company tried to get property alongside that would permit of the construction of a new wing, they thought the holders of the land were asking an exorbitant price for it. The property, however, was the only one that would permit of the extension being built owing to the peculiar situation of the hotel at the top of the hill. Notwithstanding this Sir Thomas would not stand for the company being held up and although all plans for the proposed extension had been prepared, he called the whole thing off. Every few months there would be reports that the company intended going ahead with the new wing but there was nothing doing and when last year the company even failed to make any special provision for the big Tercentenary festivities the holders of the land got a bit anxious and decided to offer the land at a much lower price than they had previously placed on it. It was not very long before the deeds had been signed and now Quebec is to have the mammoth hotel that was intended for it five years ago.

\* \* \*

COBALT HAS ALSO BOOMED AUTOS.

IF there is one line of business that the Cobalt boom has benefitted more than another it certainly seems to be the automobile line. There is scarcely a Cobalt magnate in Montreal or Toronto who has not got his own big car and employs a chauffeur to run it for him. In most instances the magnates use them to bring them down to their offices in the morning. In the case of the Crown Reserve crowd in Montreal, the crowd that now have autos of their own found a couple of years ago that a street car ride was just about the limit they could go in order to reach their places of business. The crafty automobile agents seem to have sized the situation aright and got them to separate themselves from quite a little of their coin. COUPON.

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**THE PEOPLES BUILDING & LOAN ASSOCIATION**  
 THE PEOPLES BUILDING - LONDON, ONTARIO

Mysteries of Royal Births

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

son, their own union having remained childless. Princess Anna, by her previous marriage to Colonel Constantino-vitch, had a son bearing the latter's patronymic, who after being affianced to Mademoiselle Natalie Kechko, was jilted by her on the very eve of the date appointed for the marriage, for the sake of his best man and alleged cousin, who was really his half-brother, King Milan.

ENGLAND'S ROYAL HOUSE.

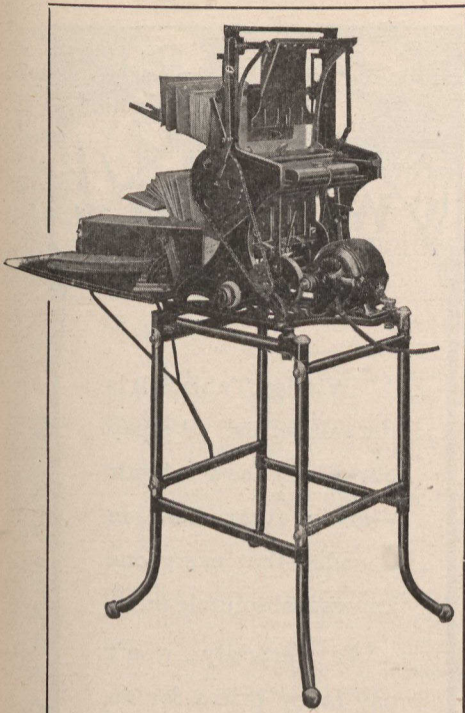
THE bar sinister defacing the escutcheon of the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry, is associated with one of the most romantic mysteries affecting the succession of the royal house of England, a mystery that had a curious and little known epilogue during the reign of Queen Victoria, not long before the death of her husband, the late Prince Consort. The Duke, who is one of the greatest nobles of the British Empire, is descended on the distaff side from Sir Walter Scott Buccleuch, whose abortive attempt to rescue James V from the prisonlike control of the Earl of Angus forms the theme of Sir Walter Scott's "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

It was his descendant, Anne, Countess of Buccleuch in her own right and the greatest heiress of her time, who married King Charles' son by Lucy Waters. This son at the time bore the title of Duke of Monmouth; but on his marriage he assumed his wife's patronymic of Scott, and was created Duke of Buccleuch. The Duchess survived her husband's death on the scaffold (he was condemned for high treason in heading an abortive insurrection against his uncle King James II) for nearly forty years, and on her death her grandson Francis Scott succeeded as second Duke of Buccleuch.

One of the reasons that led the Duke of Monmouth and Buccleuch to head the rebellion against his uncle was that he was convinced that his mother, Lucy Waters, had been lawfully married to King Charles, and that he, the Duke, therefore, was his father's legitimate offspring, instead of his natural son, and consequently invested with rights of succession to the crown prior and superior to those of his uncle. That there was justification for this belief is shown by the fact that the father of the present Duke of Buccleuch discovered among the archives of his family about fifty years ago a document affirming under the hand of King Charles II the fact that he had been lawfully married to Lucy Waters, and that the ill fated first Duke of Buccleuch and Monmouth was therefore his legitimate son and heir. The late Duke, as a loyal son of the House of Hanover, decided that this document ought to be turned over to Queen Victoria. This was done, and the late Prince Consort, in the presence of the Queen and the Duke, consigned the paper to flames.

Of course, if the document had remained in existence, it would not have affected in any way the rights of Queen Victoria and King Edward to the throne of Great Britain. Their respective succession thereto and position thereon is based on the so-called Act of Settlement, passed by Parliament in 1701, which by a narrow majority of one vote, cast by Sir Hugh Owen, vested the throne of Great Britain and Ireland in the Hanoverian descendants of King James I, barring therefrom the less remote descendants of his son King Charles II, now represented by Princess Louise of Bavaria and her son Prince Rupert.

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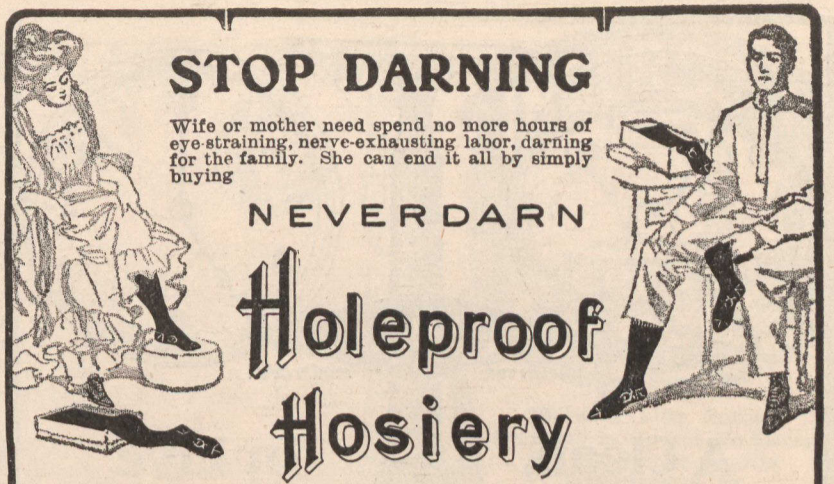
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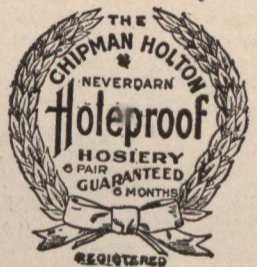
If any or all of this six pairs of hosiery require darning or fail to give satisfaction within six months from date of purchase, we will replace with new ones free of charge.

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**The Great Actor's Part**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

When she had finished she looked at him timidly but he merely bade her go on with another selection. He wanted time to think. Suppose he told this girl the truth—that she had genius, that with time and toil and weariness and heartbreaking she might attain to great things? She would go on to—and she would succeed. But at that life—nothing could hold her back what a price! With his influence exerted in her behalf the start might be something easier for her than for others, but beyond that his power would not extend. He thought of the great actress who was his friend—that brilliant, unhappy woman who had told him that she always wept when she found in an aspirant for her honours talent that forbade dismissal back to the obscure life. And this girl—the pity of it when happiness lay ready to her hand!

The Great Actor knew the value of happiness—it was one of the important things he had learned. But this child did not know it, and, if left to herself, would not learn it until too late. Was he to tell her the truth and send her to a life whose outward dazzle blinded her to its real hardships?

When Sylvia had finished he waited a few moments. Then, without looking at her, he shook his silver head slowly.

The girl turned very pale. She put one hand up to her throat.

"I—I—can't do anything?" she asked chokingly.

The Great Actor looked sadly and courteously at her. He put his finger tips judiciously together and said:

"You do very well—you have really considerable dramatic talent, Miss Lindsay—considerable."

"I understand," said Sylvia after a pause. "I have some talent but not enough to be worth while. That is what you mean. Thank you. I wanted the truth and I am glad that you have told it to me. It's a little bitter to take—but it is best to know and not to deceive myself any longer. Thank you."

"You will forget about it and be very happy soon, my dear," he said.

"Oh, I shall be happy by-and-by. That is not it—it is the pain now. But I am grateful to you for telling me the truth; I wanted to know—Thank you and good-bye."

The Great Actor went with her to the gate, feeling not so conscience-stricken as perhaps he should have felt.

"Now, I wonder if I have done right," he said, as he watched her going laggingly down the sunset road.

"It is madness to throw away love and she would have been guilty of that madness if I had told her the surprising truth. If it had not been for that I might have bade her go on—the sacrifice might not have been too great. I have spoiled a famous tragedienne and made, it is probable, a happy wife and mother."

In the hollow he saw Sylvia joined by a tall figure that had come swinging eagerly across the clover field beyond. As he watched them out of sight he smiled benignly.

"I think I have done right," he said.

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# FOR THE CHILDREN



## LOST NEIGHBOURS

By EMMA C. DOWD.

"ARE you sure you know the way, Jeannette?" said mother, cheerily.

"Why, of course I do, mama! I go right down this street, and down next street, and turn the corner, and then I'm there."

Mama kissed her, and said, "All right. One loaf of rye bread, remember."

Jeannette really did know the way to the bakery, or would have if she had not happened to be looking at a dear little pony cart just when she ought to have turned the first corner. So she went on to the next street, and that carried her into a strange neighbourhood. When she got to where the bakery ought to be, it was not there at all. Where was she? She looked round in sudden terror. Nothing was as she remembered it! "Oh, I'm lost!" she whispered, tearfully. There was an open lot on the corner, with a dog in it. She was afraid of dogs. She ran on down the street. Perhaps she had not gone far enough to reach the bakery. She heard a little wailing cry, and looked across to the opposite sidewalk.

There was a little girl just as big as she, and this little girl was crying, too, crying out loud! Jeannette stopped to look at her and to wonder what could be the matter.

"She feels bad, and hasn't got anybody to comfort her," Jeannette thought. She looked round. "There isn't anybody but me. I guess I must go." She ran over.

"Hullo! Don't cry—I'm here! I won't let anybody hurt you," and Jeannette put her arm round the other little girl.

"I want—my mama!" she sobbed. "I can't find my house!"

"Never mind!" comforted Jeannette. "Maybe I can find it."

"I'm Charlotte Cashen. I live at 55 Summer Street. I'm four years old." Then little Charlotte stared at Jeannette. "Why, you're cryin', too," she exclaimed.

"Oh, I forgot!" said Jeannette. "I was crying 'cause I was lost. I couldn't find the baker's shop. I live on Summer Street, and I'm four years old, and my name's Jeannette Jacobs."

Little Charlotte showed dimples through her tears. "Ain't that funny?" she said. "You're lost and I'm lost, and you found me and I found you! But I want my mama! I went to see a hand-organ

live at 55 Summer Street," spoke up Charlotte.

"Oh, Mrs. Cashen's little girl, are you? Why, yes, I'm going right past there." He put her on the waggon-seat. "You want a ride, too?" he asked Jeannette, looking down kindly at her. She cried, eagerly, "Oh, please, I'm lost, too! I want the baker's shop, and I can't find it. I only found Charlotte!"

"Well, well, two lost kids!" chuckled the boy. "Jump in, then," and he swung her up beside Charlotte. "We'll stop at the bakery as we go along. Where do you live?"

"On Summer Street—that big white house right on the corner. I'm Jeannette Jacobs."

"Oh, ho, ho!" laughed the grocer's boy, shaking



Quack! Quack! The Goose Family taking its morning walk.

his broad shoulders. "And you two kids never knew each other before—living only a stone's throw apart?"

"No, we never did," they declared.

"Well," he said, "you'd better go shopping together after this, so when you get lost you'll have company."—*The Youth's Companion.*

\* \* \*

## THE FAIRY LAND OF PLAY

By DONALD A. FRASER.

'Tis a land of fun and fancy,  
This fairy land of play;  
Of its scenes you never weary,  
Though you stay there all the day;  
For there's all that heart can wish for,  
And no one says you nay.  
Oh! Who can not be happy  
In the fairy land of Play?

There are tigers in the jungles,  
And Indians on the plain;  
There are eagles in their eyries,  
All waiting to be slain.  
There are giants in their castles,  
Just eager for the fray;  
And ogres, if you want them,  
In the fairy land of Play.

Sometimes its kings and courtiers;  
Or queens and ladies fair;  
Perhaps a fiery dragon  
Has a princess in his lair.  
Then comes the prince a-prancing,  
The dragon's brought to bay;  
Oh, the glory and the shouting!  
In the fairy land of Play.

But yet, this lovely country,  
Is only just for play;  
It wouldn't do for children  
To all go there and stay.  
For the world is full of duties  
That no one ought to shirk;  
And the land that is the finest  
Is the truly land of work.

\* \* \*

HOWARD, four years of age, bit his lip for the first time and ran to his mother, crying, "Oh, mother, my top teeth stepped on my face!"



The old Creek and the Bridge—A luring spot to the small boy.

man and a monkey—I wish I hadn't!" she wailed. "Mama said not to go out of the yard, an' I forgot—O dear!"

"Don't cry! I'll find your mama," promised Jeannette. "There's a man coming out of that house. Let's ask him!"

"Oh, I'm 'fraid!" sobbed Charlotte.

"No, you won't be 'fraid with me! Come! He'll be gone!"

When the grocer's clerk saw the two little girls coming toward him, he waited.

"Will you find her mama, please?" asked Jeannette.

"I'm Charlotte Cashen. I'm four years old. I

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**Literary Notes**

THAT the fall is to be quite a prolific season as far as Canadian writers are concerned, is the welcome information gleaned from an interview with the publishers. Sir Gilbert Parker, the dean of Canadian novelists, will be heard from in a volume of short stories, "Northern Lights," which the Copp, Clark Co. will issue. Charles G. D. Roberts calls his new contribution "The Backwoodsman." Ralph Connor's novel, "The Foreigner," which begins its serial run in the July number of *The Westminster* will be ready shortly in book dress. Miss Agnes C. Laut is looking to Musson's to handle the Canadian edition of "The Empire of the North," another romance history of that great country with whose secrets she is so familiar. Marian Keith is busy working upon a successor to "Treasure Valley," and promises it for the Christmas trade. Mr. Arthur E. MacFarlane, well known as a regular contributor to American periodicals, announces that his first novel will appear in New York shortly. Upon its success across the line depends a Canadian edition, I suppose. Dr. Bryce, of Winnipeg, has under way "The Romantic History of Selkirk," and Dr. O'Donald, another western writer, a history also with the West as its subject.

Besides those of Canadians, several novels which are likely to attract attention when the hot weather closes down and serious reading is in fashion again are: "Stradella" and "The New Governess," both by the late F. Marion Crawford; "A Life for a Life," Robert Herrick; "The Veil," E. S. Stevens; "Spies of the Kaiser," William Le Queux; "Actions and Reactions," Rudyard Kipling; "A Gentle Knight of Old Brandenburg," Charles Major; and "The Heart of a Gypsy," Miss Napier.

The books for which there is the greatest demand in Canada just at present are: "The White Sister," F. Marion Crawford; "Marriage a la Mode," Mrs. Humphry Ward; "Katharine," Elinor Macartney Lane; "The Inner Shrine," Anonymous; "Set in Silver," the Williamsons; and "Comrades," Thomas Dixon, Jr.

Mr. Jack London, virile and vigorous as ever, breaks into the staid pages of a current number of the English review, *The Contemporary*, with an article, "Bulls," glorifying the American hobo.

Guide books are as a rule dry reading. Incorporate a love story after the manner of C. N. and A. M. Williamson in their latest creation, "Set in Silver" (Musson's, Toronto), and the result, to quote the English critics, is a "glorious, discursive guide book." We spin with fairy enchantment in a motor through the most romantic spots of old England—New Forest, the Midlands, the new country and the north. That ingenious, captivating young creature, Andrie Brendon, makes the past live for us by her live snap-shot descriptions of historic incidents associated with ancient ruins, and when we pause to rest, there is, to interest us, the magic spell of the young lady transforming the misogyny of Sir Lionel, the "dragon," till he becomes, at last, in the final chapter her "knight." "Set in Silver" is not literature but it is good, bright journalism.

Thomas Dixon, Jr.'s "Comrades" (Copp, Clark) as a novel is a weak production—not nearly so powerful as some of its predecessors—but considered as a tract, expository of the impossibility of the fulfilment of the socialistic ideal, it is extremely convincing.

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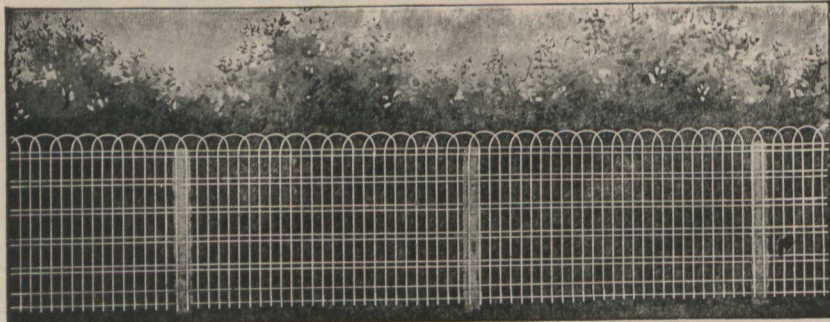


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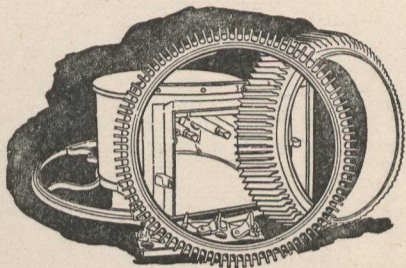
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