

The Canadian

# Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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THE ROBERT **SIMPSON** COMPANY LIMITED  
TORONTO

1910

# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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## Editor's Talk

**A**N editor has one great consolation amid the incessant worries of trying to keep in touch with the world's great events and great movements and that consolation is the interesting correspondence which daily reaches his table. Here is a letter which has given great pleasure in the editorial rooms:

Dear Mr. Editor:

I read with much pleasure and interest your observations under the heading "Reflections by the Editor" of the trio—a Canadian Army, a Canadian Navy and a Canadian Gold Coinage—all made possible by education and agitation.

The adoption of a sensible Canadian National Flag and a Canadian Consular Service will, by the same process, be authorised in due course if the moulders of public opinion are true to their duties and responsibilities.

All reforms and advancement nationally have been preceded by a persistent discussion until the people are wakened into action.

Let the good work go on, and I trust that the great service "The Canadian Courier" is giving to the Canadian people will be universally appreciated by them.

Entre Nous.

**A**NOTHER subscriber in England writes to know the date of his first subscription and threatens to pay up for ten years from that date, or about eight years in advance. His reason is best stated in his own words: "My family derive so much pleasure from the Canadian Courier." We are not overly burdened with modesty, but we frankly admit that this offer rather made us feel that our English friend has more confidence in us than we deserve.

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 25th MARCH, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week each way, between Coldwater and Lovering from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

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

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,  
MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,  
Ottawa, 4th February, 1910.  
G. C. ANDERSON,  
Superintendent.



## Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 11th MARCH, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between Edgar and Shanty Bay from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

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

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,  
MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,  
Ottawa 21st January, 1910.  
G. C. ANDERSON,  
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vescent Salt**

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

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,  
MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,  
Ottawa, 31st January, 1910.  
G. C. ANDERSON,  
Superintendent.



## Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 18th MARCH, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between Edgar and Shanty Bay, from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

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

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,  
MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,  
Ottawa, 31st January, 1910.  
G. C. ANDERSON,  
Superintendent.



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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 11th MARCH, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between Barrie and Hillsdale from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

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

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,  
MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,  
Ottawa, 25th January, 1910.  
G. C. ANDERSON,  
Superintendent.



## Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 18th MARCH, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years 12-6 times per week each way, between Erindale and C. P. R. Station, Sheridan and Clarkson G. T. R. Station, from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

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

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,  
MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,  
Ottawa, 31st January, 1910.  
G. C. ANDERSON,  
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TORONTO - CANADA



T H E

# Canadian Courier

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL. 7

Toronto, February 12th, 1910

No. 11

HAVE you made up your mind whether Great Britain is likely to be wiped off the map by Germany in 1912? Have you a mind to make up? Or perhaps you are sick and tired of the whole subject and you have reached the position where you are so confused by the conflicting opinions and official statements that you don't care. Eh, what?

Some time ago, we gave our readers the opinion of the United States naval experts, which is that Germany's naval strength is about one-third of that of Great Britain. Other people, justified in speaking authoritatively, have pooh-poohed the whole German scare on the same grounds. But the Unionists in Great Britain for their own purposes have kept the bogey-man well stuffed with straw and have displayed him constantly. The Conservatives of Canada have apparently felt it their bounden duty to follow their namesakes in Great Britain and to fanatically urge that Canada should give Dreadnoughts quickly. Because of this, the subject is still alive. Mr. Borden revived it last week. Therefore, the bogey-man must be punched again and the writer proposes to do his share once more.

THEN to the task. Most of the trouble has arisen from a speech made by Mr. McKenna, the First Sea Lord, in the British House last spring. The honourable gentleman was somewhat astray at that time and has since recanted through Dr. Macnamara, parliamentary secretary to the navy. In a speech at Hastings, on Jan. 13th, Doctor Macnamara stated that in April, 1912, Britain will have 20 Dreadnoughts to Germany's 13. At the same date Britain will have 40 pre-Dreadnought battleships to Germany's 20; also Britain's 40 will have a larger proportionate tonnage and gun-power than Germany's 20. Ditto in cruisers with 35 to 8. Ditto in Dreadnought docks with 12 to 6.

A report of this speech may be found in the London dailies of the 14th, and any doubter is invited to read it for himself. Why any sane Canadian, with such a report in front of him, can go on declaring that Britain is in immediate danger is more than an ordinary journalist can explain.

ONE can easily understand why the Opposition in Great Britain has tried to create a feeling of unrest in that country just before a general election. But why Canadian Conservatives should try to create the same kind of unrest with no general election in sight is hard to comprehend. The situation is absolutely senseless. Their attitude betokens either a sad loss of reason and judgment or else a weak-minded resort to a dangerous political expedient.

The resolution proposed by Mr. Borden last week in the House speaks of the "impending necessities of the Empire" and the need to "assure its peace and security." It further says that the Government's proposals "will give no immediate or effective aid to the Empire." All these phrases were apparently intended to indicate that the Empire is in serious and immediate danger. There are hundreds of thousands of loyal Conservatives through the country who will get that impression and be considerably stirred up. It would be rather strong to say that these honest citizens were being unnecessarily disturbed, and yet it does seem impossible to give any other explanation. No doubt Mr. Borden and those of his party responsible for the resolution have their reasons for trying to create this impression, but we question their soundness. So far as Mr. Borden is personally concerned, we believe that he is too well informed and has too much "horse sense" to justify the resolution on any other ground than political necessity.

LET us not be misunderstood. The Conservatives have a perfect right to attack the Government's naval policy. They are a real part of the governing power only when active. It is their privi-

## REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

lege to say it is inadequate, indefinite and unjustifiable. They should, however, take other ground than the one which has been shown to be untenable, viz., that Britain is in immediate or somewhat remote danger from Germany. If they believe that the Government intends to proceed too slowly in the creation of a Canadian navy and to build ships unsuited for Imperial defence they are quite justified in making criticisms of the strongest kind. There is room for honest difference of opinion on these points. But to intimate that unless we give two Dreadnoughts right away, John Bull will be in danger of being wiped out by Germany is used as an argument which is untenable and which will do unnecessary injury to the body politic.

Had the Opposition taken the ground that some of the eleven vessels which the Government proposes to build should be built in Great Britain and some in Canada, thus ensuring quicker delivery, it would have been a reasonable suggestion. The weakness in the Government's plan is that we shall not have a fleet for five years at least. Assuming that a fleet is required, and both parties seem agreed on that, five years is rather long to wait for it. This point is not touched upon in their somewhat involved and self-contradictory resolution, though it was pointedly discussed by Mr. Borden in moving that resolution. However, definiteness and unity cannot be expected from a party which is so sadly divided on a question as the Conservatives are on the proper policy for Canada to pursue in naval matters.

S PITE of all differences of opinion on the naval policy, every citizen must be pleased with the progress which Canada is making towards strengthening her position as a member of the Empire and as a member of the greater family of nations. The Canadian navy may never be used for the purpose of war, and the less fighting it sees the better for us all, but it will be an additional proof that the "Men of the Northern Zone" are increasing in number, wealth and national self-consciousness. Factories, railways, and universities are the symbols of progress which the visitor to this country will find most striking. The Canadian flag on ocean freighters, ocean passenger vessels and warships is the symbol which will impress the people abroad.

A Canadian-built navy should be but the fore-runner of a greater Canadian-built merchant marine. Providing that Canada does not carry Protection by Customs Duties to the extreme that it has been carried in the United States, and providing that our foreign commerce develops in the future as it has in the past, Canada will be known as a great shipping country. Because of mismanagement and because of her wonderful internal market, the United States has not achieved prominence as a maritime nation. Her failure should be both a warning and a stimulus to Canada; a warning not to allow the carrying of her goods to be performed by an alien race sailing under an alien flag, and a stimulus to do her utmost to develop her foreign trade side by side with her domestic trade. A nation without a foreign trade and an adequate merchant marine is but half a nation; she may be likened unto a man with one withered arm. Already Canada has, comparatively speaking, a greater ocean-going tonnage than the United States. Our three great transcontinental systems are stretching out and combining sea-carriage with land-carriage. To maintain this valuable superiority, Canada needs a ship-building policy. She needs graving docks where her vessels may be given their yearly out-fitting and overhauling and to which injured vessels may go for repairs, or may be remodelled and rebuilt. She needs also shipyards where new vessels may be constructed.

In all our study of economic conditions and in all our making of laws for husbandry, mechanics, manufacturing and general commerce, let us not forget to make such laws and inaugurate such policies as will give to Canada a ship-building industry. One has but

to study the commercial history and present position of Great Britain and Germany to see how important in the development of commerce such an industry may become.

**M**R. WILLIAM WHYTE, second vice-president of the Canadian Pacific, got very enthusiastic the other day when he reached Montreal. According to an interviewer he said that 80,000 American farmers went into the Canadian West in 1909 and that 100,000 were expected in 1910. We doubt the accuracy of his statement and the wisdom of his prophecy. He would have been more nearly correct had he said that 60,000 people, including women and children, changed their allegiance from the U. S. to Canada in 1909. This would be about 45,000 farmers, 16,000 farmers' wives and 19,000 farmers' children. On the same ratio between the groups, based on immigration statistics, there will be 55,000 farmers cross the line this year, bringing with them twenty-one thousand women and twenty-four thousand children. The migration northward is so steady and so magnificent in volume that it should not be exaggerated. Perhaps it was the enthusiastic newspaper man who exaggerated in this case and not Mr. Whyte.

The wealth added by these newcomers totals a fabulous amount. Some would bring little; some would bring much. Putting the average at \$2,000, the total would reach ninety millions. There are responsible people who say that \$2,000 is a low estimate. But we prefer to be conservative, and to be satisfied with the assertion that the migration northward in the year 1909, added one hundred million dollars to the wealth of Canada. Can you grasp the significance of this?

**L**AATEST echoes from the British General Election indicate that the Unionists think they have won. The Government still has a majority, providing the Nationalists remain neutral. Mr. Winston Churchill steps into the limelight and says, "We must march on the enemy's guns." Every prominent Liberal is keeping a brave front to the enemy, and breathing continued threats against the House of Lords. On the other hand, the Unionists declare that the Liberal Party will find itself unable to reform the Lords or to pass any other legislation, unless they seriously modify their proposals. In other words, if Lloyd-George and Winston Churchill remain prominent in the Liberal Party, the Unionists will continue to fight against any kind of radical budget and against any kind of radical reform of the Lords.

This determination to resist radical measures is bravely expressed in an article in a recent issue of *The Outlook*, the leading Unionist weekly. The closing sentence of an editorial labelled "After the General Election," runs thus:

"But it may interest the various groups whom Mr. Asquith has brought into coalition to know that, whatever else may happen in the new parliament, there will be no legislation under a Liberal Administration—nothing but electioneering for another General Election."

**W**HAT is the real difference between a moderate-protection policy and a modified free-trade policy? Britain is said to be a free-trade nation, but their customs collections amount to \$170,000,000 annually. Canada is said to be a protectionist nation, and it collects \$50,000,000 a year. Population considered, our customs duties are only twice as great in annual volume as those of Great Britain. Continuing this mental arithmetic, if Canada collects customs dues which are equal to \$10 per head of the population, Great Britain collects customs dues equal to \$5 per head of her population. Is it fair then to label Canada "protectionist" and Great Britain "free trade?" Is it fair to condemn Canada to obliging on the fiscal question simply because she collects \$10 per head of her population instead of \$5 and

because her duties are levied on a large number of articles instead of a small number?

Great Britain is drifting towards higher duties; Canada is drifting towards lower. Great Britain is impelled by old-age pensions to provide an extra fifty million dollars annually, in addition to increased naval expenditures. These two items are bound to grow, and as surely as they grow so surely does Britain drift towards higher customs dues. On the other hand, Canada's revenues are growing faster than her ordinary expenditures. The surplus for the fiscal year ending on March 31st, will probably amount to thirty millions of dollars. This will be almost enough to meeting her extraordinary capital expenditures.

**S**OME of our English subscribers think that the Courier is quite astray in its attitude towards the German scare. One writes: "I read your article on the German situation and thought it quite mistaken." Another sends us the leaflet which is found reproduced on this page and declares that he can vouch for the truth of it. As this gentleman is a business man of high standing, we cheerfully publish his opinion. Incidentally in his letter he makes a strong plea for

spectacular action on the part of Canada. "What we want is an immediate Imperial demonstration in force." He believes that if the Germans realised that the British Daughter Nations stood solidly behind the Mother Country, they would hesitate about going on with their naval programme. "Surely Canada from her wealth can spare a few million dollars for this purpose. It will show the world that she is in earnest and show us in England that she is not selfish."

These letters from our English friends are welcome and we can but regret that our opinions do not coincide with theirs. This idea of an "Imperial demonstration in force" appeals strongly to us, but we believe that Canada in undertaking to extend her dry docks, instal ship-building plants, and starting out to construct eleven war vessels is doing all that is necessary under the circumstances.

**H**IGH prices of meat are receiving much attention in both Canada and the United States. People are trying by the boycott system to compel meat-sellers to lower their prices. We doubt the success of such a movement in Canada though it may succeed in the United States. One reason of high prices here is the extravagance of the consumers. They refuse to buy the "cheap" cuts. They want only the tid-bits. Hence what they buy costs them more. Another reason, probably more potent, is the rapid growth of urban population

and the slower growth of rural population. The farmer produces the food for those who live in the towns and villages. When he produces too much, prices drop; when he produces too little, prices go up. Why should he not have the same right as the manufacturer to curtail production if he thinks it in his own best interest? Is there any power to compel the farmer to produce more?

The *Canadian Farm*, a weekly agricultural paper published in Toronto, gives a comparative table showing the prices charged by the supply houses to the butcher, by the carcass, during the past seven years. In 1903, beef was selling at \$6.40 a hundred, in 1905 at \$5.92, and last month at \$8.42. Pork has similarly increased in value from \$7.90 to \$11.90, and mutton from \$8.00 to \$11.25. This tremendous increase must be due to inadequate supplies. The city-dweller's misfortune is the farmer's good luck.

Perhaps the safest statement in connection with this question would be something like this: Canada has not yet learned how to live economically or to produce cheaply; the same characteristic is seen in town and country, in agriculture and in manufacturing. Wages are too high, manufacturers' and bankers' profits are excessive, and the farmer is getting too much for what he produces.

### SAMPLE BRITISH ELECTION LEAFLET

GENERAL ELECTION 1910  
IMPERIAL MARITIME LEAGUE.

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## FOOTER AND THE NAVY

---

### BACKS!

Backs alone don't make a Football Team,  
Nor "Dreadnoughts" alone a Fleet.  
We Want More Dreadnoughts,  
BUT THAT'S NOT ALL

**Where are our Halves?**  
Scouting Cruisers in Home Waters:  
Germany 40 to our 30

**Where are our Three-quarters?**  
Destroyers fit for North Sea Work  
Germany 86 to our 47

**Where are our Dressing-rooms?**  
Dreadnought Docks in the North Sea;  
Germany 6 to our 0

**Half-time Refreshments.**  
The Liberals have Eaten Up our Reserve Stores  
And have Not Replaced Them  
Nor even provided sufficient Ammunition.

**THEY have LOST us "THE INTERNATIONAL"**  
WHAT'S WANTED IS  
A FRESH SELECTION COMMITTEE.  
THEN

**VOTE FOR THE UNIONISTS  
AND SAVE YOUR COUNTRY**

# MEN OF TO-DAY

## McL. BROWN OF THE C.P.R.

**M**R. GEORGE McL. BROWN has taken another of his long strides. He is to succeed the late Mr. Archer Baker, who for the past two years has been chief C. P. R. representative in Europe. This may seem like a commonplace statement; for there are a great many Browns in Canada. But it happens that there is only one G. McL. Brown of the C. P. R.; and McL. Brown has for years been almost as much a vital part of that great railway system as genial George Ham. He is the son of another remarkable Brown, Hon. Adam, the oldest postmaster in Canada, who lives at Hamilton. Like his father, McL. Brown is a giant in stature; but one of those easy, quiet, swift-moving giants who when they move start a current of things moving along with them, without friction.

For a good many years now Mr. Brown has been one of the prime movers of the C. P. R. He grew up with the system. Years ago in the early stages of railway history in the West he followed the steel to British Columbia where he began to work up the rungs of the railway ladder—beginning, however, as ticket-agent at Vancouver, which in those days was not a heavy job. He soon became influential and worked up through the various preliminary stages till he became chief representative of the C. P. R. executive in that part of Canada. Some years ago Mr. Brown, having proved his great executive capacity in the West, was transferred to Montreal to take charge of the sleeping-car and dining-car service of the great railway. Perhaps there is no branch of the service in which he could have shown greater administrative capacity in relation to the whole transcontinental system; for a passenger agent may be a local man, whereas the manager of sleepers and diners must of necessity be a transcontinental man with his finger on the entire passenger service from the Atlantic to the Pacific, as far north as the steel runs, and all through the infinite ramifications of a system by means of which every day thousands of people travel while they sleep.

Mr. Brown succeeded so well in this department that when the C. P. R. organised its Atlantic steamship service he was put in charge of the passenger service. Here again McL. got an extension. From the Pacific, interested mainly in Western and Oriental trade, he swung to the Atlantic, getting in touch with the positive pole of the system that reaches out to Europe, practically girdling the globe. In this capacity, and all through the remarkable era of expansion in the steamship passenger service feeding the greatest railway system in the world, Mr. Brown remained till the end of 1908, when he went to London to succeed Mr. Allan Cameron as general traffic manager. Now he is chief representative of the C.P.R. for the whole of Europe, succeeding Mr. Baker, whose recent death left a very large gap for a large executive man to fill in a very practical way. That Mr. Brown will represent the C. P. R. as well in the population and trade centres of Europe as he already has on the Pacific and the Atlantic is well believed by all who know what a genial, dynamic giant George McL. Brown is. Canada could have no better practical, working representative in Europe than Mr. Brown; and McL. Brown could wish for no greater system to represent than the C. P. R.

\* \* \*

## THE ISLAND PREMIER

**H**ON. FRANCIS LONGWORTH HASZARD is Premier and Attorney-General of the smallest province in Canada, which is Prince Edward Island; the little storm centre of politics which a week or so ago kicked up such a racket in the House of Commons about representation—or misrepresentation as they would call it. Prince Edward Island has never been satisfied. She has a yearning ideal; partly expressible by her desire for a tunnel. The ice-breaker *Earl Grey* is all very well in its way. But the island province prefers a submarine connection independent of ice and of ferries. At the

Maritime Board of Trade meeting not long ago members kicked as hard for the tunnel as members at Ottawa lately kicked for a fixed minimum representation in the House of Commons. The tunnel is a passion. The people being islanders have much of the concentrated, incisive "want-what-I-want-when-I-want-it" character. That they don't always get it that way only makes them the more insistent. They never forget. Most of them are farmers—and good ones. They can raise more potatoes, oats and politics to the acre there than anywhere else in Canada. In politics they are as strenuous as the *Halifax Herald*.

The Premier is himself a farmer. By profession he is a lawyer. That, however, is partly because he was born to politics, and law makes more politicians than all other professions combined. His father was a farmer, and a member of the Legislative Council. Premier Haszard was born at Bellevue, which is a very picturesquely pastoral place near Charlottetown. Born on a farm, he learned farming at the plough-handles. Education and law never spoiled his bucolic tendencies. He graduated from Prince of Wales College and studied law with Hon. John Longworth, after whom he seems to have been named. As a lawyer he was a very active man. He formed numerous partnerships; has been secretary and president of the Law Society and agent for the Department of Justice at Ottawa.

But for most of his legal career Mr. Haszard kept away from politics; content to have for a time-long hobby agriculture and fruit-growing. He has been a member of the Fruit-Growers' Association and president of the Exhibition Association at Charlottetown. But in the general elections of 1904 he came out as the representative of Queen's County, fourth district. When the government was reorganised he became a member of the Executive Council. From that to the Premiership was but a natural step. Whether he ever had a public ambition or not, he has become the first citizen of a flourishing province, with honour to himself and efficiency in administration. He probably understands that semi-turbulent, pastoral little province in the lap of the sea, much better than any other premier in Canada comprehends his vast domain. His premiership has that personal relation which enables him when driving through the country to shake hands with almost any plough-man, calling him by name; and when he revisits the old homestead near Charlottetown he is as much at home as though he had left its plough-handles last week. If Prince Edward Island were a principality or a kingdom with a first citizen for a king, Mr. Haszard's position would be fine enough for a play.

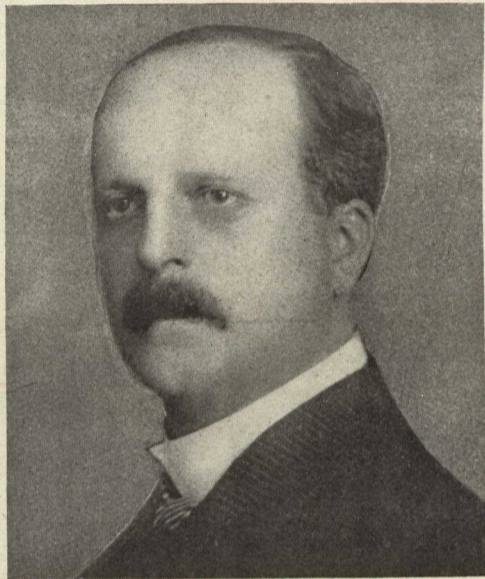
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## NEW COMMANDER OF THE SEVENTH

**T**HE 7th Fusiliers of London is one of the oldest and best known regiments in Canada. Its new Colonel is one of the most widely known citizens of the city of London, where the 7th is the most notable organisation. Lieut.-Col. Archibald Alexander Campbell was born only a few miles from the city of which he is now a leading citizen. His father was Warden of Middlesex County for three years in the early sixties and also held a captain's commission in the 6th Middlesex Militia. His son was educated in Strathroy, but strangely enough he got his early business experience in the Western States. He was stenographer in a steamship office in San Francisco in 1884. Later he was secretary to Senator W. A. Clark, the copper king of Butte, Mont. To-day he is vice-president and managing director of the People's Building and Loan Association of London, and director of the Toasted Cornflakes Company and other institutions. He is also a prominent Mason, and was Supreme Grand Master of the Sovereign Great Priory of Canada, Knights Templar, 1907-8.

The Seventh Regiment was reorganised some years ago after a period of misfortune, and Col. Campbell was one of the officers to receive a captaincy. He gained his majority in 1908 and became lieutenant-colonel on January 1st last.

The new Colonel is known to be a man of strong patriotic instincts. His early career in the great republic to the south of the Great Lakes has only made him more pronounced in his Canada-first and pro-British tendencies. No doubt he is all the better Canadian for having known the great democracy. At any rate he has escaped the onus of being merely a provincial Canadian.



Mr. George McL. Brown,  
Appointed Chief Representative of the C.P.R.  
in Europe.



Hon. F. L. Haszard,  
Premier and Attorney-General of Prince  
Edward Island.



Lt. Col. A. A. Campbell,  
Seventh Regiment, London.

## ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

By PETER McARTHUR

OUR Canadian winter seems to be coming to its own. For years all reference to ice and snow was regarded as treasonable and winter carnivals were frowned upon as bad advertising for a country that wished to attract settlers. Now, however, grave and potent editors are laying aside hot political issues from time to time and writing cool, refreshing editorials on the weather. It is being recognised that the Canadian winter is really an asset and that a lung-full of the air we are enjoying just now does a man as much good as a holiday in the Alps. And yet those who are beginning to sing "Blow, blow thou winter wind" are a little off the tune. They need an old-fashioned precentor with his tuning-fork to lead them properly. The trouble is that most of the panegyrists are city men, writing in the city. As a matter of fact winter in the city is a hardship and a slushy abomination. It may enable fashionable folks to bring out their furs and set their sleigh-bells jingling once in a while, but otherwise it is no good. It makes the streets uncomfortable and increases the sufferings of the poor. In the country it is different. It is there that winter puts his bravery on and braces the good people with his exhilarating touch. We have had four weeks of good sleighing and everybody has been around to visit everybody else. In the country winter is prepared for with warm clothing, warm houses and plenty of provisions. As there is no work to do except chores this is the real holiday season. There is skating on the ponds and coasting on the hills for the young people and long evenings with abundant reading for the old and serious minded. Then there are the sleighrides by sunlight and moonlight. The only thing the country really objects to is a thaw. It is as unwelcome as a June frost. It spoils everything. And yet there are editors who write gloating paragraphs about people going about in their shirt-sleeves in midwinter. They point with pride to such facts as if they went far to contradict the slanders that have been heaped on Canadian winters. Nonsense. The chief charm of our winters is their steady cold. When the weather remains constant what is usually thought of as a season of discomfort becomes a season of revelry. If it were not for the long, idle winters we would have no time to enjoy the money we make in the fruitful summers. We have not been doing our festival season justice. All together, now:

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky  
That dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot.

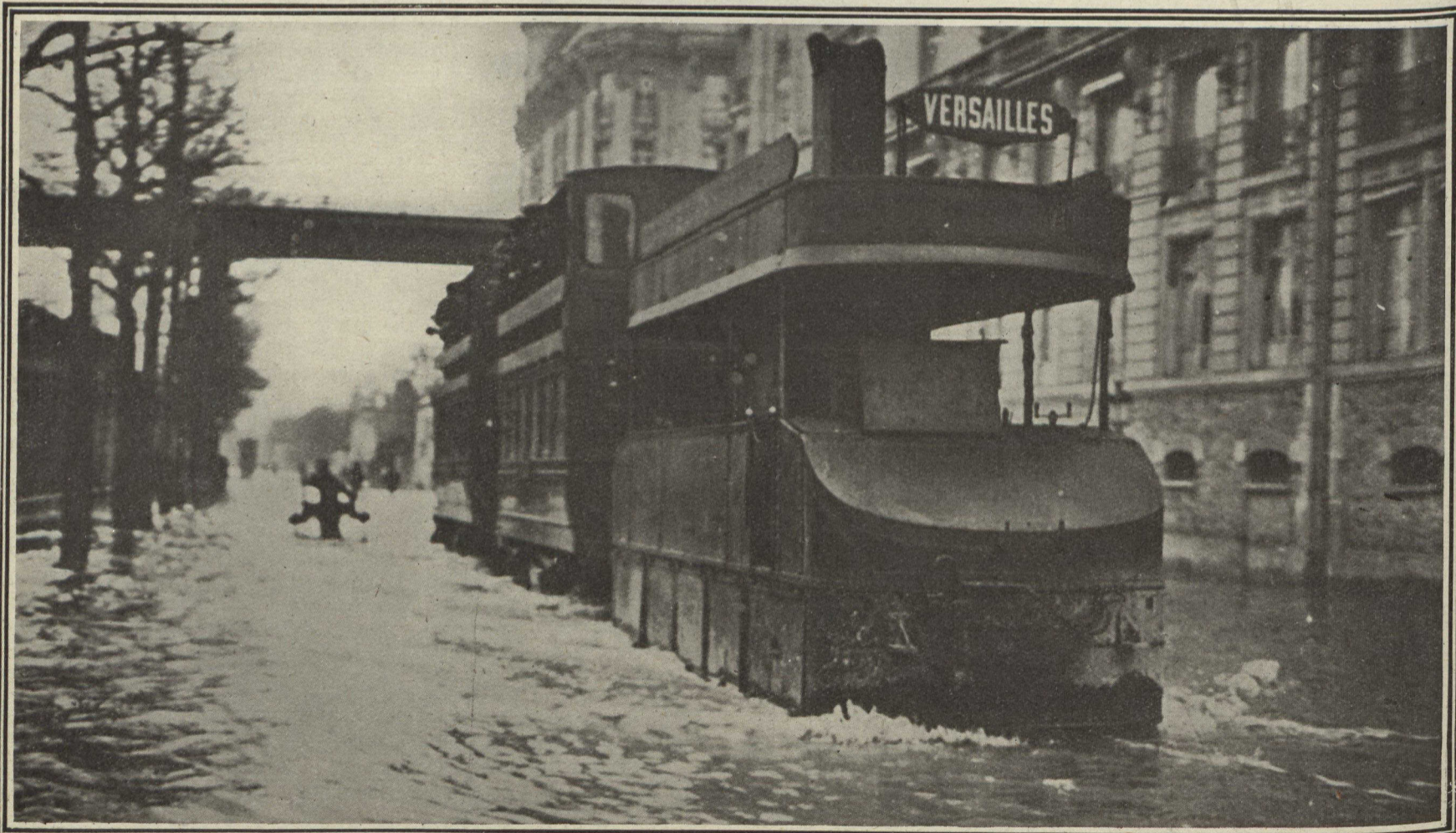
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While on the general subject of Canada I wish to protest mildly against a certain brand of immigration advertising that is being used with much success. Pains are taken to show how quickly men get rich in Canada. Letters from settlers telling how they made their

fortunes in a few years are given wide publicity with a view to attracting settlers. This should not be. It is true that men do get rich in Canada, but why parade the ugly fact? Canada is above all else a land of homes, a place where the harried and driven of the world can find a refuge. Fortunately the great mass of immigrants up to the present have been homeseekers whose ambitions did not range beyond "A happy fireside clime for weans and wife." Because they found what they sought their quiet patriotism and that of their descendants is the surest bulwark of the growing nation. But the cry has gone forth that Canada is the place to come to if one wants to scramble for dollars. Come to us and get busy. We have the last West and the last wealth. Get a home but above all get a wad. This is the spirit if not the exact wording of this new advertising. That it is succeeding is proven by occasional paragraphs in the papers telling of the vast amounts of wealth brought into the country by a certain class of settlers. It is boasted that many of these newcomers left good homes to take advantage of the opportunities to be found in Canada. This may be a good thing for the future of the country but I doubt it. Of money grubbers we already have too many, but of homeseekers we can never have enough.

\* \* \*

The hunger strike now in progress in Detroit and other American cities is a pathetic form of human protest. Because the price of meat has become intolerable six thousand heads of families in one day signed a pledge not to eat meat for a month. They would be wiser to eat more beef and work up the energy needed to enforce their rights. The food trust is rich and can afford to wait until they are starved into submission. Of course the vegetarians will rejoice and perhaps urge their propaganda with presentations of "Ten Nights in a Restaurant" and harrowing tracts on "The First Chop," but no one will be benefited by this unseasonable Lent. Man in his later development is carnivorous and a real hunger cannot be satisfied without meat. Vegetarians are doubtless sincere in their attempts to convince themselves that they do not need meat, but I have never had much use for the cult since the hungry host at a succulent banquet—a dinner fit for a cow—choked himself during a hurried visit to the kitchen by eating beans with a ladle. If those who are protesting in Detroit are sufficiently organised to pledge themselves not to eat meat they are sufficiently organised to buy meat in quantity from the producers and in that way foil their oppressors in a way that will really hurt. When I realise the cost of production of the various foods used I cannot help wondering why consumers do not organise to purchase their supplies. There are companies operating cheap restaurants in all the leading American cities and possibly in some Canadian cities that maintain their own farms so as to get their supplies at the cost of production. They furnish good food at prices far below those charged at the standard restaurants and declare ten per cent. dividends every three months. A sufficient number of exasperated consumers should be able to handle the problem in the same way. The farmers in various parts of the country are organising to sell. Why should not the consumers organise to buy? To refuse to eat meat simply because it is too dear is foolishness.



A Street Scene in Paris during the Recent Disastrous Floods of the Seine, entailing a Destruction of Property aggregating \$200,000,000.

Copyright photo by Halftones, Ltd.





Montreal Ski Club on a tramp at Lake Manitou.

Photos by Gleason



At the Ski Club Competitions.



Montreal Ski Club Competition. John Rudd turning a flip on Skis.

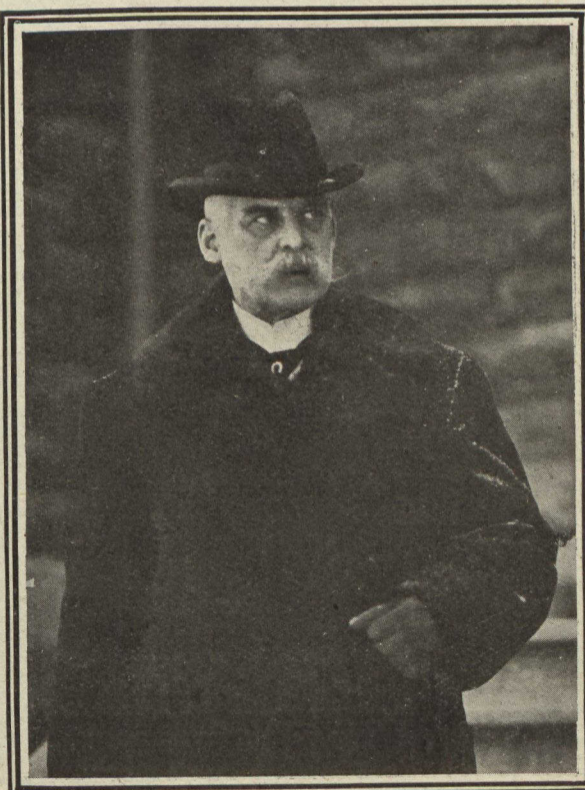
## The Irish Mayor of Montreal

**F**IGHTING Irish is again to the fore in the new Mayor of Montreal, Dr. J. J. Guerin, who has a medical lieutenant on the new Board of Control in the person of Dr. E. P. Lachapelle. The Mayor represents thirty thousand Irish. McShane will be remembered as another Irish mayor—lately very ill, but anxious to get out and vote for honest government. A man in Winnipeg—he must have been Irish, too—wrote Dr. Guerin a week before the election, telling him if he expected to want another vote "real bad" to wire him and he would be on hand. But with almost ten thousand majority for Guerin the vote wasn't needed.

It was surely a clean-up day for the Irish washerwoman. Every man on the citizens' slate elected for controller and a citizens' candidate for alderman elected in every ward but one; as though the people knew it was now or never; such a load of dirty linen accumulating for years down at the City Hall.

But they're bound to wash it clean. These four controllers may not be the most brilliant quartette in Montreal. But it isn't brilliancy that counts just now. They've had too many stars down at the City Hall—falling ones lately. The old council was about as scintillating a constellation as you could imagine. Most of them loved darkness rather than light—the "23," because—well, let it go at that. They're out now. The new Board of Control will see that expenditures for 1910 are not "malversated." There's a million dollars to save somewhere. The Board of Control with Dr. Guerin at the head will get nominally \$27,000 to do it; for each controller \$5,000 and for the mayor a \$2,000 bonus; though the Act of the Legislature that empowered Montreal

to have a board of control and to cut down its aldermen by half, made the maximum salary \$10,000—and so the Citizens' Committee nominated it; but



Dr. J. J. Guerin, Mayor-elect of Montreal.

the old council, determined to have a final gasp, cut the estimate in two. Expectation—that the new council will raise the salary to the limit.

However, that's not a vital question. No doubt if these five men can stop a million-dollar leak in one year they will have begun to earn \$50,000. Collectively they will be worth every dollar of it. Trust the Irish Mayor. He has done a deal of talking with his coat off in the campaign. He will now proceed to roll up his underwear sleeves and show Montreal how a real live mayor pledged to honesty and efficiency earns his money. He has had plenty of experience, both professional and public; was in the Legislature and the Quebec Cabinet.

His English lieutenant, Mr. F. L. Wanklyn, is one of the grippy men in Montreal. He is an expert engineer and on that side he will have ample scope for his talents in the needed extensions to the Montreal water service and the just as necessary improvements to Montreal streets. They need a new conduit and a new aqueduct; also a probable filtration plant. As for the streets—more power to the elbow! They are in a bad way. Pavement contracts aggregating more than a million were held up last year owing to the "23." Besides, Mr. Wanklyn is an authority on finance, being vice-president of the Dominion Coal Co. in whose offices overlooking Victoria Square will soon be held a coalition meeting of Dominion Coal and Dominion Iron and Steel.

Dr. E. P. Lachapelle is a medical expert who will be well able to co-advise with Dr. Guerin and Mr. Wanklyn on the sanitary improvements necessary in Montreal. Mr. Joseph Ainey is a carpenter and a prominent labourite and in association with Mr. Wanklyn will provide a spectacle of labour and capital combining to clean up a commonwealth. Mr. L. N. Dupuis, the other controller, is also a financier—in a minor way.



# HUNTING IN THE ARCTIC

*On the Trail of the Musk Ox in Ellesmere Land.*

By HARRY WHITNEY,

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author

ARTICLE NUMBER FIVE



SIPSU in the lead headed his dogs toward the open water. Oxpuddyshou and I followed, while Awhella and Tukshu were a considerable distance in the rear. Numerous cracks in the old ice, some of them very wide, crossed our path. These were covered with young ice, and before trusting his sledge upon it, cautious Sipsu tested its strength with a harpoon staff.

On this smooth, level ice the going was good and the dogs travelled at a rapid pace. We were permitted to ride, and I took advantage of the opportunity to settle comfortably upon the *komatik* for a nap. I was just dropping into a doze when suddenly the Eskimos began shouting wildly and excitedly to each other and I opened my eyes to see them turning the dogs sharply to another direction, whipping and urging them forward at the utmost speed. Something momentous had occurred, but for a time I could make nothing of it. At length, however, in a moment of calm, Oxpuddyshou told me that the ice we were on had *shad-dacood*, that is, gone adrift.

The situation was serious. Presently we reached the widening lead of green-black water that cut us off from the main body of ice, and mile after mile we raced along its edge, looking for a bridged passage. But no means of escape presented itself. With each mile the excitement of the Eskimos increased. The dogs began to tire and lag under the unusual strain. I became very nervous myself as a full realization of our precarious position forced itself upon me.

At length the men grew desperate. They ceased to follow each other and rushed off in different directions, and for several hours, widely separated, dashed hither and thither in a vain endeavor to find a means of escape.

This was the condition of affairs when we heard a shout from Sipsu, who was far to the northward. We ran in his direction, and when we reached him found that he had discovered a point where the crack which separated our floe from the main ice

was not so wide as elsewhere, while several small pans of floating ice between the two larger bodies offered a possible, though uncertain, route to safety. It was a desperate chance, but we decided to

punishment for disobedience. It became necessary at length to tie three of them securely to one end of a harpoon line, on the other end of which Sipsu hauled, while we on the ice floe pushed the animals to a near-by pan of loose ice, and utilising this pan as a ferry all the dogs and *komatiks* were at length transferred to the main ice in safety.

Tukshu had not yet arrived with his team when this was accomplished, but we had no time to look for him if we were to escape with our own lives. Farther out on the sound the ice was driving rapidly to the southward and smashing with loud and ominous reports. The lead of open water was visibly widening at our crossing point, and every moment was precious. Therefore, reluctant as we were to do so, we were forced to abandon the luckless Tukshu to his fate, and one by one made the passage on the ice raft to the main ice.

The last of us had just made the landing in safety when we heard Tukshu shout, and a few minutes later he arrived, in a state of great excitement, at the point on the floe we had just abandoned. His coming brought us relief, for he might even yet be saved, though in imminent danger now of being hopelessly cut adrift. All hands worked rapidly and feverishly. Tukshu's dogs, then his *komatik*, and finally his belongings were all successfully transferred, and at length the Eskimo himself was afloat on the ice-pan ferry. But the danger was not over.

Tukshu on a block of ice was scarcely halfway across the open lead, when with a roar like the discharge of artillery, the floe he had just left broke into three parts. An upheaval of water followed, the pan upon which Tukshu was standing turned over, and a wave broke over the main ice, running a long distance and wetting everyone to his knees.

Tukshu seemed lost, but in some manner he succeeded in reaching the main ice and was hauled upon it. The other Eskimos began at once to beat the water and quickly-formed ice out of his bearskin



A School of Walrus in the Arctic Sea.

attempt the passage.

Tukshu had not responded to Sipsu's call, but we hoped he would soon join us, and turned at once to our work. Without hesitation, Sipsu tied one end of a harpoon line about his waist as a life line, and while Oxpuddyshou and I held the other end, the venturesome Eskimo landed safely upon the first pan with a running jump. Thus he passed from pan to pan, finally reaching the main ice with no other mishap than wet feet.

Now it was a question how to induce the dogs to cross. It is difficult to force an Eskimo dog into a place where he will get wet. Among animals he is the greatest fool in this respect I have ever seen. Where one or two dogs go, however, the others will usually follow like a flock of sheep, and the problem therefore was to get some of them started.

Sipsu's dogs would not respond to his call. Their dread of the water was greater than their fear of

abandoned. His coming brought us relief, for he might even yet be saved, though in imminent danger now of being hopelessly cut adrift. All hands worked rapidly and feverishly. Tukshu's dogs, then his *komatik*, and finally his belongings were all successfully transferred, and at length the Eskimo himself was afloat on the ice-pan ferry. But the danger was not over.

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A Remarkable Arctic Picture—Little Auk Swimming near Etah.

Copyright Photograph by Harry Whitney.

trousers, while he pulled off his wet *kuletat* and donned a fox-skin coat. Then I gave him a small drink of whiskey from my flask, and he began running up and down to warm himself. I do not know whether it was the whiskey or the excitement of his narrow escape, but suddenly Tukshu went *problokto*\* (temporarily crazy), and nearly two hours elapsed before he was sufficiently recovered for us to begin our retreat.

The excitement on the ice floe, the escape, and the peril of Tukshu had made me forget the cold. Now with wet feet, freedom from mental strain, and inactivity, it seemed to me that I should freeze. Even the exercise of travel was of small avail.

We headed straight for land and when the ice foot was reached and mounted, made a brief halt to enable Sipsu and Oxpuddyshou to climb a mountain for a look at the ice ahead. Tukshu took advantage of the delay to roll into deerskins, and was soon asleep. I set up my two oil stoves, after much trouble, put over two kettles of snow to melt for tea, and attempted to thaw out some deer meat that had frozen as hard as a rock.

The moon had gone and it was very dark. As I made tea, I recall that I drew some comfort from the fact that very soon the good old daylight would come again to cheer our hearts, for already we were favoured with nearly three hours of twilight.

In a little while the Eskimos returned to report that from the little they could see there appeared to be good ice to the southward. Some biscuits were washed down with hot tea, and we resumed our march.

Two miles on the rough ice foot, and we descended again to the Sound to find the ice smooth and fine, covered with a hard-packed drift. Presently, two of Oxpuddyshou's dogs lay down, utterly exhausted. He beat them nearly to death with the hard handle of his whip, but it was of no use. They howled lustily but would not walk another step. Then the *komatiks* were unloaded, and to my great joy I learned that an *igloo* was to be built and we should rest.

I set my watch by guess, for I had lost all record of days and time and everything, and when the *igloo* was ready, crawled into my sleeping-bag for twelve and a half hours of dreamless slumber.

A strong northerly wind was blowing when we arose, and the weather was intensely cold. The Eskimos feasted on frozen walrus meat, chipped off with hatchets, while I heated a can of baked beans for my breakfast. This over, the loads were again lashed into place, and just as dawn was breaking we were moving again.

One of Oxpuddyshou's dogs, too weak to stand, was left behind. Another, a fine young fellow, was lashed upon Awhehlla's sledge so tightly that it seemed to me it could scarcely survive. The Eskimos, however, assured me it was all right.

We pushed along at a good pace for ten miles or so when Sipsu, well in the lead, stopped and began to shout. We were far from land, and with remembrance of our recent experience still in mind, and fearing that we were again adrift, the other Eskimos immediately became greatly excited.

When we overtook Sipsu, however, our fears were dispelled. He was down on hands and knees, carefully scrutinising the snow, and I discovered that he was examining two sledge tracks headed to the south. Presently he informed me that the tracks must have been made within the past two days, otherwise they would have been covered with snow. Other Eskimos were not far off and we would follow them.

The dogs' traces were hurriedly untangled, a few moments' conversation among the Eskimos, little of which I could understand, and we were away, trailing the *komatiks* that had gone before and pointing for Cape Robinson. Rounding the cape, we turned toward the head of a deep cove where we soon came upon an Eskimo settlement of three stone, and two snow, *igloos*, inhabited by ten natives, men, women, and children.

My cheeks and nose slightly frozen, my feet numb with the cold, and aching in every limb, I retreated to one of the stone huts while the Eskimos built a snow *igloo* for our party. The *igloo* which I entered was the home of Eiseeyou, and unusually clean for an Eskimo *igloo*, though, like all of them,

self with watching the others pursue the game in their own way, which was quite thrilling enough to recompense me for all the danger and hardship of the journey from Annotok.

With the harpoon as a weapon, the hunters left the solid ice to spring lightly from one small piece to another until a pan large enough to hold them was reached, far out in the open lake. The pieces over which the passage was made were often so small that they would have sunk under a man's weight had he faltered or hesitated upon them for a moment. It seemed to me that the Eskimos were absolutely reckless in this passage over the broken pieces and took no account of the manner in which they should return. Certainly only a fearless man with a clear eye and nerves of iron could accomplish it.

A large, safe pan once attained well in the midst of the blowing walrus, a stand was taken near its edge where, with harpoon poised, the hunter waited until a walrus came within striking distance. Then like lightning the weapon was sunk deep into the animal's body, and quick as a flash, a harpoon shaft, provided with a heavy point of iron, was driven firmly into the ice, and several turns of the line taken around it and held taut by the Eskimo.

This strong line held the walrus in spite of its struggles to free itself, and not an inch was surrendered to it by the Eskimo. As the walrus gradually tired, the line was tightened little by little, until finally the great animal was well alongside the pan, when it was quickly dispatched with a lance.

In this manner, Awhehlla secured a large bull. More than an hour elapsed between the harpooning and the death. When it was finally killed, slits were cut back of the victim's neck through which lines were passed. A double pulley was improvised and in a few minutes Awhehlla, with the aid of two others, had the carcass on the ice. Every portion of the walrus was utilised save only the blood lost in killing it, and in an incredibly short time it was skinned, and the beef cut in large pieces, lashed upon the *komatiks*, and we were on our way back to camp.

The sledges, now heavily laden, were worked through the rough ice with difficulty. A strong northeast wind sprang up, accompanied by flurries of snow, and very cold and tired we were when the *igloos* were reached.

Sipsu, who had remained behind to reconnoiter, returned several hours later to report a large number of walrus in sight, but so much driving ice that it was useless to attempt to hunt them. This ended our walrus hunt, and presently our retreat to Etah was again resumed.

Later in the season, after the return of the sun, I killed a great many walrus off Annotok and Etah. Here we followed two methods of hunting them.

Watch was kept for herds either sleeping on floating ice or blowing in the water. If a herd was sighted on the ice, our boats were rowed as noiselessly as possible to its edge, and the walrus was shot, care being taken to place the ball either directly back of the head or about six inches behind the eye.

Either of these shots, if accurately placed, will kill instantly. These are the only pregnable points. One might shoot a pound of lead into other parts of their bodies with little effect.

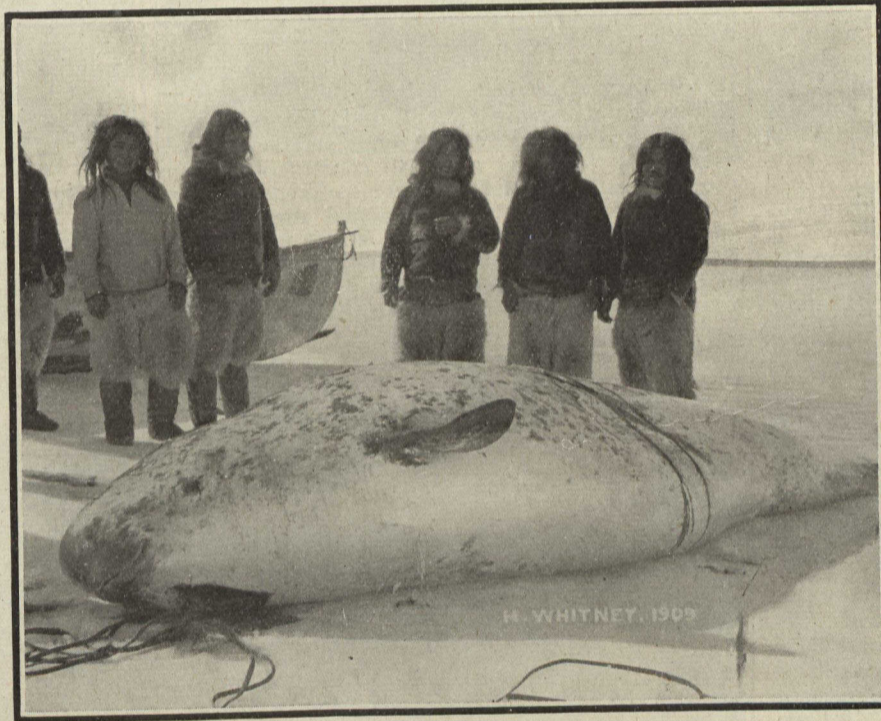
If the walrus were in the water, we approached as near as possible to them in a whale boat. Then an Eskimo would launch his *kayak*, steal upon them, and drive the harpoon home. This is highly dangerous work, for not infrequently the walrus will attack the *kayak*. But though the Eskimos have many narrow escapes from death, they appear never to grow timid and never hesitate to return to the hunt.

While I was at Etah, Sipsu was thus attacked in his *kayak*, and had it not been for the quick action of the others in going to his rescue in a whale boat, he would surely have been killed. As it was, he received ugly wounds on one leg, his right arm, and the back of his neck from the tusks of an infuriated bull.

LAST ARTICLE NEXT WEEK.



Travelling in the Arctic on shore ice is dangerous. This picture shows how an open lead between two ice flows is crossed. The long sledge is laid across the opening, and men and dogs walk over the temporary bridge.



A Narwhal killed during a Walrus Hunt by Mr. Whitney's Eskimo Guides

heavy with the odour of walrus and seal. They made me very welcome after the fashion of Eskimos and in turn I made myself quite at home. I removed my *kuletat* and wrapped myself in warm deerskins, while two of the women took off my boots and briskly rubbed my nearly frozen feet to revive the circulation.

Thawed out and comfortable, I made a cup of tea over an Eskimo lamp and lay down for a few minutes rest. How long I had slept I do not know. When I awoke the *igloo* was in total darkness, and three Eskimos were sleeping with me. I aroused one of them, lighted a lamp, donned my warm fur clothing, and left my drowsy hosts while I sought out my travelling companions.

They, too, were sleeping in the *igloo* they had built. I awoke them, a consultation was held, and it was decided to continue our search for walrus offshore, where our hosts of the settlement advised us we should find game a-plenty.

This programme was followed. A few miles over the ice brought us to a lake of open water covered with small pieces of ice, and we were rewarded by seeing walrus rising to the surface now and again to blow.

There was no opportunity, however, for me to use my rifle. In fact, the Eskimos cautioned me not to fire, stating that the report would frighten the walrus away. Therefore I had to content my-

\* Eskimos are occasionally afflicted with *problokto* during the Arctic night; doubtless induced by the strain of long-continued unnatural conditions.

# WORKING STUDENTS IN READING CAMPS

*The Story of a Successful Educational Experiment*

By ALFRED FITZPATRICK

EXPERIMENTS carried on by the Reading Camp Association, during a period of nine years, in lumbering, mining, fishing and railway construction camps demonstrate the practicability of camp education, even in the case of men weary after ten hours of hard manual labour. They reveal wonderful possibilities if there existed better sanitary conditions, more commodious quarters and an eight-hour day.

There is a certain prejudice in camp against men who do not engage in the regular routine of the work in hand, who are mere hangers-on. There is danger of their being classed with "tin horn" dudes and other sharks who shadow the camp for the sole purpose of exploiting the men.

Nothing but efficiency appeals to these men—efficiency not in mathematics, literature or theology, but in actual labour of the hands and in their particular brand of manual labour. It is nothing to them that one has taken a double first in any of the colleges or even has won renown as a pitcher, catcher, or half-back on the campus; to be personally popular with the shantyman one must handle the axe and saw, cant-hook and peavey with any of the old-time beavers, fallers, and junkers. The river driver's standard of character is ability to ride a log and break a jam. The navy sizes up his hero by the number of cubic yards of earth or rock he removes or by his handling of the wheeler, slusher, slip or excavator. The miner judges a man by his ability to drill holes and handle dynamite. The fisherman respects only the man who can manipulate his nets and trim his sails satisfactorily in the roughest weather. The student who would win the frontier toiler and help develop his mind and soul must first be his hero; that is, he must excel in the special work of that labourer whether on the river, in the woods, the rock cut, mine or right of way. Were adult education compulsory, this heroic method of winning the men might not be necessary; but when the education of children is not compulsory in some parts of Canada we can scarcely hope for that ideal condition in the very near future.

It is easy to get students to take up this work, especially in the spring and summer, but difficult in the winter season, and very hard at any time to get instructors suited to the manual part of the work, that is, who know how to work with their hands. This is a great weakness in our educational systems. Young men are qualified in our schools and colleges for positions that do not exist. A bright young school-teacher from the south-western part of Ontario told me recently he had two pupils, sixteen and eighteen years old respectively, whom he could not grade beyond the third reader, but whose father, a well-to-do farmer, intended selling his farm in order to give the boys an education. This very unmistakably points to the great weakness of our educational system, its one-sidedness. What we term education is only partial. It is an attempt to educate half the man only, the intellectual side, while the physical is wholly neglected. These boys are of a mechanical turn and can learn only through the concrete. Instead of sitting physically inactive at a school desk six hours a day, they should have a practical teacher to help them in the laboratory of the farm, to teach them useful knowledge, as, for example, how to prevent worms in apples and other fruits, how to check the spread of diseases of trees, cattle, hogs, horses and men, how to sterilise and pasteurise milk, and better still, how to keep cows so healthy that sterilisation will be unnecessary.

It is exceedingly probable that these two boys and thousands of others in favourable conditions, that is with plenty of physical exercise, with a farm and dairy for a laboratory, would become highly educated and useful members of the community. As it is they are doomed to a tenth-rate place in the world, will be unable to earn an honest living by their wits, and in order to keep soul and body together will be compelled to fall back on the most sordid forms of manual labour.

NOT more than seventy-five per cent. of the Canadian students who apply for the position of camp instructor have the necessary training, and not five per cent. of the English, Scotch and Irish. These latter, however, make excellent men when once they learn how to work with their hands. So well do they learn when given the opportunity, that it serves to emphasise the possibilities of a more practical educational policy both in Canada and the older countries.

The Association has engaged so many instructors who were excellent scholars in the commonly accepted meaning of that term, yet who could not

satisfy their foremen and therefore could not awaken any enthusiasm in the men, that it has decided to try to train most of its teachers from among the ranks of its own frontier pupils.

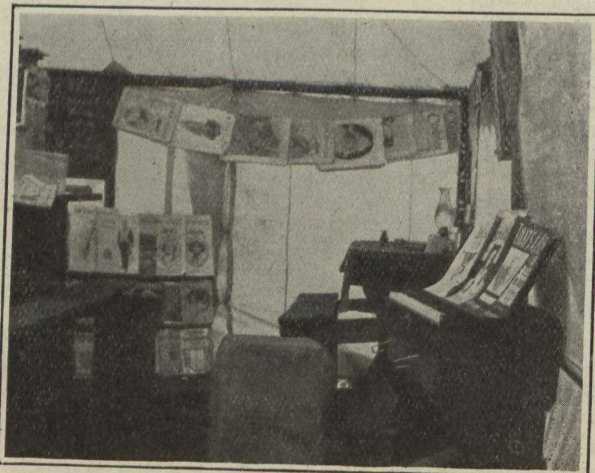
Mr. T. S. Scott, B.Sc., Assistant Toronto City Engineer, when a superintendent of T. & N. O. Railway construction, said: "As long as you send out men who can act as leaders in actual work, if only for a short time, you will get the confidence of a large portion of the men, whether foreign or native. You sent five or six good men whom no employers of labour would let go till the last wind-up." Mr. Scott is unquestionably right. These are the kind of men needed, but unfortunately our present systems of education both in Canada and Britain qualify so many men for positions that do not exist, that they seem incapable of training boys for positions that do exist.

The Reading Camp Association has always maintained that as the present systems of education are inadequate, leaving the average boy as they do at the third reader, the state should remodel these systems and fit them on to the needs of boys in the frontier settlements in the woods, mines, railway and other camps. It is just as practicable to supply books, magazines and newspapers to men in the farthest confines of civilisation as pork, beans and butter, and surely instructors fresh from the college campus or farm are as portable as the average cook, cookee and bull cook.

THE reports of our night schools in lumber camps from year to year are abundant testimony that when given an opportunity and encouraged, ninety per cent. of the men who can read take advantage of the reading material afforded, and fifty per cent. of all the men in camp will attend study classes more or less regularly, making the average regular attendance about thirty per cent. In construction camps the regular hours of labour are so long and there is so much overtime that the actual attendance on study classes is much lower. It is safe to say, however, that even with conditions as they are the great majority in all kinds of camps look at the pictures, attend concerts and magic lantern exhibitions. The Bickmore travelling illustrated lectures so kindly loaned to the Association by McGill University, are very popular and attended by all hands. This convinces us that if the state will provide commonsense practical instructors, buildings, magic lanterns,



One of these men is from Queen's University. He works during the day and instructs at Night.



Interior of a reading tent, on G.T.P. near Cochrane.

globes, maps, and other educational facilities sufficiently concrete and entertaining, and will make manual labour over eight hours per day a criminal offence, will establish what we might call for want of a better expression entertainment schools or theatre-colleges at every camp and hotel in the land, then and not till then will local option or prohibition be wholly effective.

Sir W. C. McDonald and Prof. Robertson have done much in initiating and popularising consolidated schools in rural, sparsely-settled frontier districts. It is devoutly to be hoped the scheme will be more generally adopted in the near future. The plan contemplates the combining of groups of isolated, weak school sections into centrally located, efficient graded schools. In Ontario attention has mainly been given to the bringing together of the older pupils of scattered settlements for the purpose of placing them in a position to take advantage of continuation classes.

The only objection that could be raised is that of transportation of the children farthest from the central school. To help offset this something, however, should be saved in economy of building, heating and teaching. The expense of building and heating one graded school of four or five rooms is not as great as that of heating four or five separate school buildings of the same size as these rooms. The wages of three or four well-qualified teachers in one central school should not exceed that of four, five or six poorly equipped in isolated schools. In practice, segregation is thus the only extra expense in the operation of consolidated schools. In camps, however, we have the case of men brought together in groups of from twenty to two hundred solely for industrial purposes. Thus consolidated schools are practicable here without the expense of segregation.

The opportunity for improving the minds of our frontier labourers is unique, and the state that does not take advantage of this but allows these young men to live in groups, not only neglecting them as if they were horses or cattle, and caring only that their employers feed their bodies, but also licensing agents of hell to ruin them, is criminal. The whole state suffers in outbreaks of contagious and infectious physical disease and what is worse, in outbreaks of mental and moral disease. These groups of men, idle intellectually and degenerating morally are the nursing beds of the tramp, the drunkard, licentious and insane and are a menace to any state. From these come the slum population of the cities.

THE clergyman who casually visits the camp is regarded as living in a sort of paradise altogether beyond the reach of men who have to turn out of their hard bunks at the sound of the gong long before sunrise, who eat only one meal by the light of day, and for whom society provides nothing better than the saloon. His ideal, they think, is scarcely realisable for them in their present condition, and he would catch them better if he spent his time trying to get the state to improve their actual environment on earth. The only heaven that commends itself to them is one that has a compartment for denizens of earth here and now. But the student who works and smiles, who doesn't lose his temper, swear nor drink, who is cheerful in the gravest provocation, shows them his heaven contains pure air, elbow room, daily newspapers, magazines and standard novels, music, etc., here and now, and is possible even in the worst conditions, gets sympathetic consideration. For these reasons and because funds go much further when the student earns a good part of his salary from the employer, all the Association's instructors engage in manual labour during the day.

In camps where instructors have first won the men by actual contact with them in the bush and on the grade, the services of visiting clergymen of all denominations and the song services of the instructors in their absence are more largely attended than are the services of clergymen at camps where there are no educational facilities. The churches will have to aid the state in her great task of public education. They will more and more have to take the place of the saloon and become social and educational centres, not only in frontier camps but also in towns and cities. They must cease acting on the assumption that the preparation of the soil is of the least importance in the sowing of the gospel seed or fail in their mission.

I HAVE ventured to add the report of one of our camp-instructors, Mr. C. V. Combe, because of its characteristic tone:

"I was located at the City of Winnipeg Hydro-

WITH STUDENT TEACHER-WORKERS ON THE FRONTIER



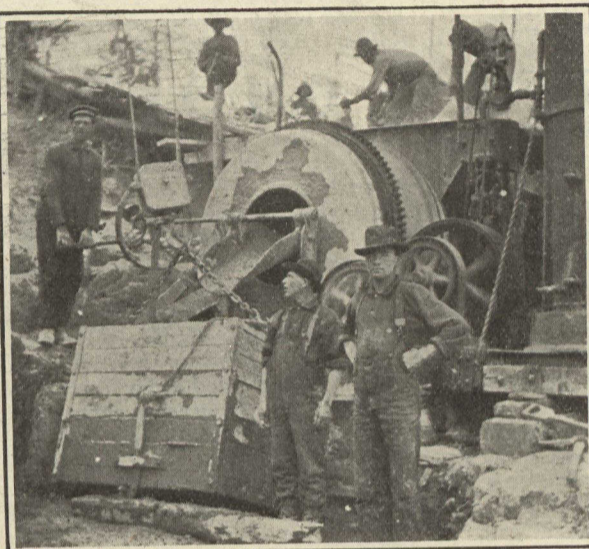
Road cutters at lunch.



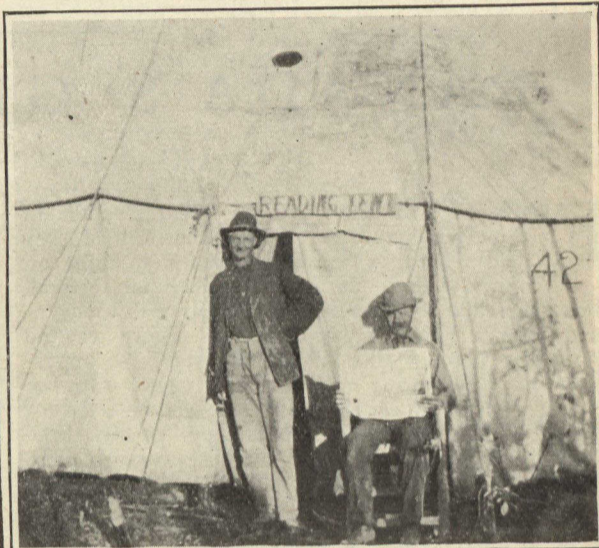
A typical lumbering camp where the student-teachers try to substitute reading and study for card-playing.



On the G.T.P. near Metagami River.



Concrete men at Abitibi Crossing. An M.A. of Toronto University Works With Them.



Reading Tent, on G.T.P. near Rockies.



C.N.R. construction, Southern Alberta. A Winnipeg medical student is instructor.



Here a student works as rock cutter—Geroux Camp.



Instructor with C. N. R. men, near Selwood, Ont.



Southern Saskatchewan Construction Camp where a Brandon College man is instructor.

Electric Power Plant on the Winnipeg River at Point du Bois, Man. Ours was a large camp, embracing from two to four hundred men, representing nearly all the European immigrant peoples.

"I had a small library of my own and friends, comprising several hundred books which were in great demand. The newspapers, too, were a source of great interest, directing us to profitable conversation, instead of smutty stories, the lumberman's substitute for edifying conversation, only because his mind is not fed by better things. The periodicals and illustrated papers were an invaluable agent in educational work. Dozens upon dozens of men would bring a picture to myself or to one of my volunteer assistants and get the English explanation applied in detail to the picture. Next to direct instruction, pictorial representation is the best means of teaching our language to these peoples.

"Informal debates also occupied a large part of our attention, though I have not yet decided upon their value educationally, as it requires great skill to prevent a discussion from degenerating into a mere argument. Concerts, when you can get your men to face the music, are of much value in encouraging a social spirit among the men.

"Sunday services were conducted by an itinerant English Church minister and a Plymouth Brother exhorter, an employee of the firm. This relieved me from the more arduous part of Sunday work and left me free to get into more direct contact with the men. To be appreciated your camp man must be known.

"The educational classes aroused keen interest and though overtime greatly interfered with the regularity of attendance, I never went short of a class. Six or eight men are all a fellow can handle satisfactorily at once, and though twelve or sixteen were often present, I was more satisfied to keep the numbers down and do intensive work with a few rather than extensive with many. A class generally sat for one and a half hours, and after class I would often take a bunch of primers into a bunk-house and gather a group about me and hold a class. It was an interesting though pathetic sight to see a group of full-grown men laboriously spelling out the simplest words, while all around midst dirt, tobacco smoke, almost insufferable heat and noise and smell, were gathered dozens of men who could neither read nor write, watching with something akin to awe depicted on their features.

from the standpoint of interpretation and intimacy with the baton.

The *piece de resistance* of course was "The Children's Crusade," by Gabriel Pierne, which was given twice on successive evenings. This work created a real sensation. It was expected to do so. No more sensational work ever was written for a concert stage. It is really a drama set to music with the stage accessories omitted—suppliable only by the imagination, which at times becomes alert enough to behold the real picture. This work has been given once before in Canada: that was in Montreal—when the chorus for children was done by a choir of grown-ups; though why in Montreal with its plethora of boy choirs enough children could not have been got to do the work is a mystery, except that in Montreal there is no A. S. Vogt. Two years ago the work was given at the Cincinnati Music Festival. At that time Mr. Stock, conductor of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra, which played the work there, wrote to Mr. Vogt—"Be sure you give this work at your earliest opportunity. It will create a sensation."

And so it did. It is safe to say that no music ever given in Canada, whether on the concert or opera stage, ever produced quite the profoundly sensational effect on the most *blase* of listeners as did this work given by the Mendelssohn Choir, with two hundred and fifty children and an orchestra of eighty-four players. It tells in musical depicture the story of the children who in the middle ages went on crusades to Jerusalem; chanting on the highways, gathering flowers for Jesus, pushing on from town to town and on and out to the sea which they hail with a shout, and straightway begin to tell one another fairy stories about it as children will—at first sight of the illimitable water; for what man is there who does not remember what a thrill he got at his first sight of a great body of water rippling in the sunshine? It tells the story of shipboard; songs of the sailors startled at the apparition of swarms of children among the canvas; songs of the children as they set forth; the story of the narrator—then the storm on the Mediterranean, pictured by the orchestra and the voices in a perfect tragedy of thrilling tone, creaking timbers and lurching keels, huddling, screaming children calling to one another in the dark and the wind, hand holding hand as the ships went down while the children chanted glorious hymns of resurrection; and the work ends with that outburst of religious ecstasy triumphing even over death.

Such in brief is the "Children's Crusade," which no words are able to describe. Nothing like it has ever been attempted by the Mendelssohn Choir, to whom with their remarkable conductor are due the profound gratitude of thousands who for the first time, but let us hope not for the last, heard this tremendous work. It was a triumph of the most ultimate kind for both, and for the children so ably trained by Mr. A. L. E. Davies, and for the orchestra, all of whom conspired in a manner most enchantingly marvellous to do the work—one might say with certainty with a power never surpassed by any other body of singers and players in the world and equalled by few if any.

This is the bald fact of the case. To analyse the performance out to its ultimate elements and to distribute the praise adequately would be quite impossible. The choir as a choir never sang better, particularly in the men's section. The children were enchantingly fine; gloriously satisfying with the perfect abandon and natural joy of song of which children alone are capable. The orchestra was inspired. In fact all were inspired—perforce. The work is of that singular uplifting character which makes it impossible with a body of performers like that under a leader like that, to do aught but the inspired and to fail in lifting the hearers into the last height of appreciation. Superlatives only will do for this performance which left the audience unconscious of the mere performers and lost in wonder, love and praise of the work, imbued with the spirit of the work and with the spirit of the times and the movements which gave rise to it.

This is more than the mere perception of musical achievement. It was a chance to revert to a time when the world was moved by faith; to an age which corresponds in most of us to childhood when the picture of the world is a succession of lovely appealing images untainted by materialism and undimmed by doubt. The man or woman who could not have got from that

## CANADA'S GREAT CHOIR

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

FOUR days of last week the greatest choir in America gave a series of concerts in Massey Hall, Toronto, including also a matinee on the last day. It was the decennial festival.

Ten years ago the Mendelssohn Choir was reorganised after a lapse of two seasons. There was no particular note of this on the programmes; apparently no attempt to celebrate the event even by giving a work of Mendelssohn, the patron saint of the choir. However, a heap of money—twenty-three thousand dollars—was spent on these five concerts; everybody was sated with good music, the choir was fagged at the end as usual and as usual ready to go into rehearsals for a four-days trip out of town to Buffalo and Cleveland. For you really can't conquer that choir with that little Wellington of the baton at the head.

Being the decennial festival—set one to ruminating a bit. Here is a choir which years ago set out to do part songs, glees and madrigals. I remember in the first concerts they sang a milkmaid song, and "Just a Song at Twilight," for men's voices, and the "Song of the Vikings" and a number of other unpretentious things. This year it would have taken an imagination to behold that gleesinging aggregation in the superb chorus that presented the "German Requiem" and the "Children's Crusade," accompanied by an orchestra of eighty-four men—the Theodore Thomas Orchestra from Chicago.

The Requiem was given two years ago. It is not a popular work; but it is a great work which in a serious way appeals to the heart and the love of technic, and somewhat to the imagination for an hour and ten minutes. It has a profound significance; dealing with the problems of death and immortality; just the sort of meditated, introspective philosophy that suited Brahms—though he went it a good deal further in his unforgivable "Song of Destiny." Why Brahms should have strung his work out into seven movements is hard to understand; but then Brahms never was quite intelligible. He might have compacted the same utterance into five movements of ten minutes each—which is quite as long as the average man or woman cares to contemplate death and the hereafter.

And it is quite conceivable that with most singing societies this work would have been a tedious, yawning affair even with the aid of a first-class orchestra. But with the infallible technic and the marvellous tonality of the Mendelssohn Choir, and the fine interpretation of its conductor, the most unimaginative old stick in the audience sat up and continued to take notice. The lay critic, however, was there—probably with a red tie.

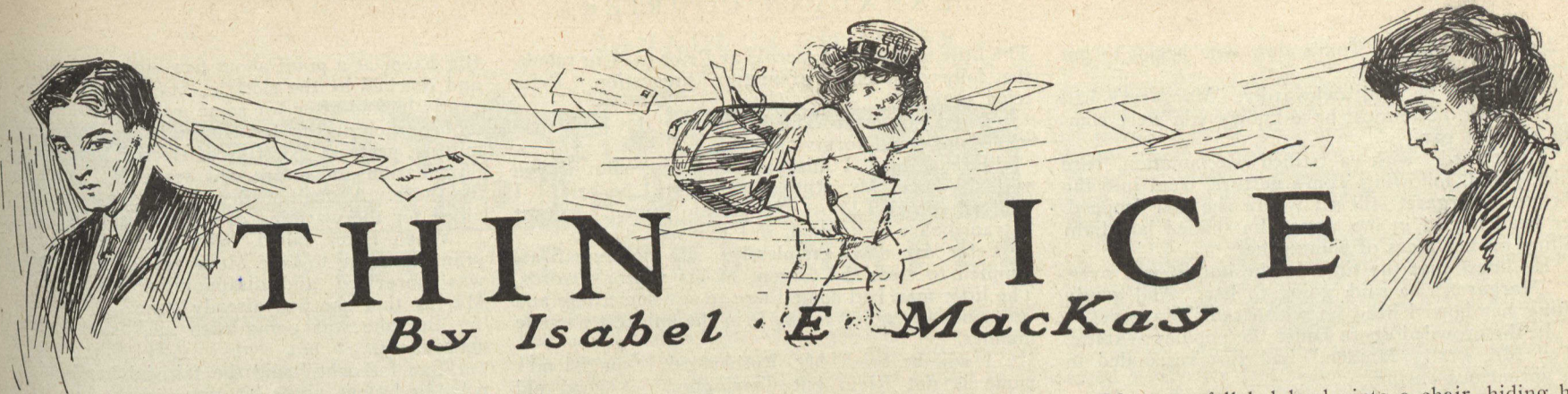
"You talk of climaxes," he said crisply. "Well, there are two ways of getting a climax in music. One way is to keep on repeating and reiterating a thing till you get the listener so dead weary of it that he wakes up with a bang when the end comes. That's one kind of climax."

This disagreeable person was referring

to the Brahms Requiem. The probability is that he was exaggerating. He knows very well that this work as sung by the greatest choir in America has a character so distinctive and a tonality so overwhelming that all it lacks is a vast cathedral to make it a perfect dream of, religious utterance. Whether the choir sang it any better than they did two years ago, is only a matter of very small moment. It wasn't possible to improve very much on that first rendering; although there were almost a hundred singers in the choir this year who had never sung the work. All things else being equal it is probable that the choir of two years ago would have sung the work better this year than did the present choir. Experience and familiarity count for a great deal. The Mendelssohn Choir has a habit of shifting its personnel; which may be good business vocally but is sure to be more or less risky



A. S. Vogt, Mus. Doc., at a final rehearsal of the Mendelssohn Choir, who last week celebrated their decennial.



# THIN ICE

By Isabel E. Mackay

"It is late," said Margaret coldly. "I was going with Mr. Rutherford but he has probably been detained in Molton."

"Rutherford?" said he with apparent surprise. "Why, no, he must be in town for I saw him get on at Molton. I am sure it was he because he was alone in the car. I have just arrived from Molton myself. He must have got in here at half-past seven. I did not take the car, I was driving."

Margaret was annoyed with herself and angry with Rutherford and furious with Klein, but she had grown older quickly of late and her face showed nothing but polite interest. She drew a chair closer to the open grate of the coal stove and sat down.

"It's of no importance," she said indifferently. Klein, knowing that she could not see his face, permitted himself a slight smile. Although she had not asked him he sat down also.

Margaret looked at him curiously. She wondered what there was about this man which made her feel half-fascinated and half-afraid. He was strong, his mouth she fancied was cruel but she was not fascinated or repelled by strength and cruelty. It was something else, something she could not see but only feel. Perhaps it's what people call magnetism, she concluded, but she shuddered a little. He seemed different to-night—his face was pale and strained looking.

"What is the matter?" she asked abruptly.

He looked at her quietly.

"Nothing; why?"

"Oh, I don't know. You look almost ill. You look," slowly, "as if you had either done something dreadful or intended to do it."

A dull red crept into his sallow cheek.

"Oh, I was only joking," she laughed.

"Nevertheless," he answered, "you are in a certain sense right. I am going to do something rather dreadful. I am going to ask you to marry me."

Margaret could hardly believe her ears. In some way she had managed to convince herself that Klein had seen his pursuit was useless and had given up his purpose, although she had never at any time been prepared for such a bold declaration as this. She was bewildered but quite equal to the occasion. If he had risked a refusal it was his fault, not hers. She opened her lips to speak but Klein raised his hand.

"No," he pleaded, "do not answer yet. Let me tell you about myself first."

His tone was humble but confident and Margaret felt her cheek burn suddenly as she thought of a certain cablegram which might even now be speeding across the seas.

"I know," continued Klein quietly, "that you must naturally want to know something of the former life of the man who asks you to marry him. My life has not been a happy one but there is nothing in it that you may not know." (Margaret's cheeks turned crimson.) "My name is not Klein but Carrington and the Carringtons are a family who have always been proud of their name. My father was a clergyman of the Church of England and I was brought up with the expectation of entering the Church also."

In spite of herself Margaret smiled.

"You smile," he said quickly, "and indeed you may well—a more terrible misfit could hardly have been imagined. I realised it and refused, and as there was really no other 'gentlemanly' career open to me in England I came out here to make my own way. Father disowned me, naturally, and as I was supposed to be a disgrace to the name, I dropped it and took one that could not feel so keenly the disgrace of working for a living. That, in a nutshell, is really all."

Margaret, remorseful, was easily interested and her tone was kind as she asked:

"And your people?"

"I have no people," slowly. "My father is dead. My mother died when I was quite a child. When the family property, no great inheritance, came to me I sold it and invested the proceeds here. I knew I would prosper and I had no intention of ever returning to England. I was not happy there." The sadness in his voice brought tears to Mar-

garet's eyes. What a fool she had been to suspect this hardly-used and unfortunate man. She must refuse him—but she would do it very kindly.

"I am a rich man," went on Klein, "and I believe I can make my wife a happy woman. If you will marry me, Margaret, I will devote my life and all that I have to your enjoyment. Many men say these things but few mean them. I do mean them. In all my life I have wanted only two things. When I was younger I craved for wealth—I have it. Now I want nothing in the world but you. You must be my wife—but I will pledge myself that you will never regret it."

There was an involuntary emphasis on the "must." Margaret stiffened.

"I am sorry," she said primly, "but I cannot marry you, Mr. K.—Carrington."

"I do not want you to answer yet," he went on quietly, though at her words the veins of his temples swelled like whipcords and the dull red flush crept over his face. "No young girl can decide a question like this in a moment. I am willing to wait. I will wait months, years if necessary. I know how to wait but fate intended you for me and you can never belong to another."

Margaret in spite of her fear of him was thoroughly angry now.

"You are talking nonsense, Mr. Klein," she said sharply. "What your opinion of the disposition of fate may be is nothing to me. I do not love you and I will not marry you, now or at any future time."

She rose, looking more beautiful in her angry excitement than he had ever seen her. He watched her with ashen face and trembling lips. In the tense silence that followed they both heard steps outside upon the frosty walk.

"Here comes Tom," said Klein, moistening his dry lips and speaking with difficulty. "We will speak of this again."

"It is not Tom," said Margaret, goaded into self-betrayal. "It is Mr. Rutherford."

Her look was triumphant. She was no longer afraid.

His eyes narrowed and a tiny smile appeared for a moment about his lips.

"Ah," he said, "I see—it is Mr. Rutherford!"

For a moment their eyes met, hers startled and angry, his reflecting nothing save his shallow smile. But when the door opened it was not Mr. Rutherford—only Tom.

"What's the matter with the lights?" said Tom, "why don't you turn them up? Oh, it's you, Klein."

Klein was understood to murmur an admission of his identity. Margaret looked at her brother in disappointed surprise. Tom, who seemed somewhat excited, surveyed them impartially and warmed his hands at the fire.

"I suppose that you have been discussing the accident," he said. "Terrible affair, wasn't it?"

"What accident?" asked Klein indifferently. Margaret had turned away to hide her downcast face.

"Oh, then you haven't heard?" Tom's tone had the inflexion of one who, being sincerely shocked, takes a certain pleasure in shocking others. "It was really a terrible affair, a devilish affair in fact. It seems some fiend placed an obstruction on the electric track just where it runs on to the bridge over the Big River. The car was derailed and the passengers killed. The town is wild over it."

He paused. Margaret, wild-eyed, was holding herself upright by leaning against the table. Klein was apparently too much moved to speak. Tom, flattered by such intense interest, went on.

"Luckily there were only two passengers." With proper appreciation of dramatic effect he stooped to poke the fire. Margaret had an idea afterward that she had tried to speak, to implore him to hurry, but found that she could not use her voice. It seemed ages before he stopped poking and heaved an appropriate sigh.

"A woman and a baby—awfully sad! Both killed instantly."

Margaret fell helplessly into a chair, hiding her face in her shaking hands.

"What?" said Klein sharply. The unfeigned wonder and horror of his tone surprised Tom. He had never considered Klein a feeling man.

"A woman," he repeated, "yes, a young woman, just two years married. And a baby, baby was just six months old. The town's wild about it. The motorman jumped. The conductor is badly injured. If the people catch the murderer to-night, they'll not give him a chance to hang. Never heard of such a cold-blooded thing in my life—seems to be no motive, just devilishness."

"Horrible!" murmured Klein. His face was ghastly.

"The poor girl and the baby just got on at the last moment, nearly missed the car. I declare it looked like fate. The motorman says the baby was asleep—poor little thing. The mother—you're not going, Klein?"

"I must go. The story has naturally upset your sister. Good-night, Miss—Margaret. So long, Tom."

He seemed to regain control of himself by an immense effort, but his unnatural pallor remained. He put on his overcoat hurriedly, not seeming to hear the flood of conjecture and invective which Tom continued to pour forth. At the door he almost ran over Rutherford coming in, and shrank aside from his cheery greeting with such evident distaste that Peter paused a moment to look after him as he disappeared into the night.

"Come in, Rutherford," said Tom. "Don't mind Klein. He is quite upset. I had no idea he was so tender-hearted. When I told him the news he seemed to go all to pieces."

"News?" asked Peter, wondering where Margaret was. "What news?"

"Didn't you hear, either? Some devil placed an obstruction on the car track. A woman and her child killed instantly, conductor badly injured."

Tom spoke in headlines and Peter stared a moment before he actually took them in.

"By Jove," he said, "surely not the—what car was it?"

"The one due here at seven-thirty—what's the matter?" Was everyone unduly sensitive to-night? The news seemed to have affected Rutherford even more than it had affected Klein. He looked positively sick.

"I have never been nearer death," he said at last, quietly. "It's given me a turn."

"Come into my den and sit down. Let me give you a pick-me-up. Why, you're as white as a sheet. You weren't on the car, were you?"

Peter drank off the whiskey before he answered. "I never knew before how badly I want to live," he said. "Don't alarm Miss Manners, but as a matter of fact I—that poor girl and her baby!" He paused, quite overcome.

"I was coming on that car," he continued, "was on it, in fact, when that girl came at the last moment. She was carrying the baby and several bundles and I helped her to get seated. We were the only passengers. Just as the car was ringing for the start she put her hand in her bag and gave a little cry. I asked her what was wrong."

"The letter," she said. "I forgot to post the letter. It is very important." The tears stood in her eyes and before I thought of anything I grabbed the letter and jumped.

"I'll post it, madam," I said, and the car was off. I can see her face smiling at me through the frosty window."

Tom drew a long breath.

"It was the closest ever," he admitted. "How did you ever get home without hearing? You must have passed by the wreck."

"No. When I had posted the letter I found that there was a train on the regular line at eight which would get me home quicker, so I took it. I noticed some excitement on the streets but as I was in a hurry did not stop to enquire about it."

"And where," asked Tom, "is your overcoat?"

Peter started and turned paler still.

"By Jove, I'd forgotten," he said in a low voice. "We used it to make a bed for the baby!"

In silence the two men poured out, some more

spirit and drank it. Tom's slow wits began to put two and two together.

"I guess," he said awkwardly, "Margaret's had a bad shock. She must have known you were coming on that car."

Rutherford, with a stifled exclamation, rose quickly and, following Tom's gesture, went into the library. Margaret still sat where she had dropped, her head buried in her arms, the shaded lamplight falling on her mass of shining hair.

He knew that the time for hesitation was over. "Margaret," he said, going to her. And gently lifting her bowed head he whispered, "Margaret."

In the crowded opera house the popular sextette, "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden," had just responded to an uproarious encore.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE MAN FROM GRAY'S.

The morning after the accident found the town still in a ferment. The authorities, unused to coping with serious crime, had done absolutely nothing and the provincial detective had not yet arrived. Rutherford, in spite of his newly-found happiness, was ill at ease. He could not drive the thought of the dead girl and her baby from his mind. Reason as he would he always came back to the idea that, all unwittingly, they had taken his place; that it was he, not they, for whom the devilish trap had been laid. All about him people were discussing with wonder the utter absence of motive which made the deed seem like the antics of a madman and Peter longed to shout from the housetops the suspicions which would supply the motive and point out the man. Supposing he did so! He knew that folk would shrug their shoulders and think him crazy, for beyond the fact that Klein had been in Molton, had seen him on the car alone, and had probably driven back to Banbridge along the road which was bordered by the trolley-track, he had no shadow of cause for suspecting him.

The time for the possible cablegram had already passed and he had received no word from Houston. Either there was nothing of importance to hear or Houston was having trouble in placing his man. Peter would have welcomed the news that Klein's past was honest and irreproachable—that he had been utterly mistaken in his estimate of the man's character. Then he too, perhaps, might throw off his torturing suspicions, wonder what madman had laid the beam across the track and lose a little of the burden which the thought of those two, hurled to instant and inexplicable death, had laid upon his conscience. But in his present state the knowledge that they lay unavenged while he dare not voice his suspicion for want of tangible proof was a constant torment.

Yet the answer to some of his questionings was nearer than he thought. While he still toyed restlessly with his untasted breakfast a card was brought to him with the information that the owner would like the favour of an interview. The name on the card was Henry J. Evans, and, having first informed himself that there was no reporter or newspaper man of that name in town, Peter asked that his visitor be shown into the drawing-room and followed him there in some surprise.

Henry J. Evans was a little man, dark and stoutish and ordinary looking. But his behaviour on a morning call was not ordinary, and Peter might be pardoned his surprise as he watched the erratic proceedings of his unexpected guest. As soon as Peter entered the room the commonplace manner of the man underwent a remarkable change; from being phlegmatic and stolid-looking he became exceedingly active and alert. He nodded to Peter, closed the door behind him tightly, and listened for a moment at the keyhole.

"What—" began the astonished Peter.

"Excuse me," interrupted the little man, "precautions, Mr. Rutherford, are always in order. We think we know but I never leave anything to chance myself."

"But—"

"Excuse me. I received a cablegram this morning asking me to call upon you and give you all the information I possess in regard to a certain person. I don't know why you are entitled to the information but I follow instructions."

"Who—"

"Excuse me. Let me present the cablegram. It is, as you see, from Messrs. Gray & Son, Private Detective Agency, authorised by their client Mrs. Carrington and directed by Mr. Houston."

"Oh, then you are—"

"Yes, a detective, exactly. Of the firm Gray & Son, just so."

"Are you here to—"

"Arrest a certain person? Oh, no, nothing to arrest him for—yet. One must take precautions."

The little man looked sternly at Peter as if to rebuke the folly of such a premature suggestion. Peter tried again.

"I did not mean," he began, but the little man waved his hand forgivingly.

"Excuse me. I misapprehend you. But if you will sit down, Mr. Rutherford, I will be brief. I will tell you all I know of a certain person. A most extraordinary individual, if I may say so, sir."

Peter sat down helplessly. He no longer attempted to stem the torrent of his visitor's words. The little man had come there to say something and was evidently going to say it in the quickest possible manner.

"I will be brief, Mr. Rutherford. Our friend's name is not Klein but Carrington. A good old English name but the family most impoverished. Father of our friend was a clergyman. Uncle of our friend engaged in mercantile pursuits and died exceedingly wealthy, leaving wife and one child—small boy about seven years. Our friend was next heir by will. Our friend is adored by the child and gains great influence over him. Child's mother dislikes our friend and fears influence. A year after uncle's death our friend teaches child to skate and one morning while the are practising on the ice the child wanders from our friend, falls through hole and is drowned. Our friend, the only witness, testifies that after going down the child never rose again. Child's mother, frantic, procures arrest of our friend on charge of murder, declaring she can produce evidence of intention. At trial produces nothing but sentimental presentiments, feeling, etc. Interesting, but not evidence. Prisoner is discharged. That's all."

"But—"

"Oh, yes, lots of people believe it, so our friend, finding things unpleasant, realises on his fortune and leaves country. Child's mother still believes him guilty and, being unable to follow him herself, employs Gray & Son, reliable detective agency, hoping some day to avenge the child."

"Then you—"

"Are employed in that capacity? Yes. Our friend has been under surveillance since he left the court room. I came on duty two months ago. Watch him—those are instructions. Devilish slow work, but the old lady pays well."

The little man, having said his say, shut up like a box with a spring lid. Peter could almost imagine that he heard the lock snap. Peter returned his questioning gaze, thoughtfully. At last he said abruptly:

"What do you know of my relations with Mr. Klein?"

"Rivals." The little man lifted the lid to let the one word out and shut it again.

Peter observed him closely.

"Where," said he slowly, "was Mr. Klein between the hours of half-past six and eight o'clock last night?"

The little man looked vague.

"Do you know?"

The little man consulted his cablegram.

"Not in instructions," he said, and immediately closed up again.

Peter saw that further questioning was useless. The little man rose and turned to the door enquiringly.

"That is all, I think," said Peter.

"Good-morning," said his visitor, and disappeared with great rapidity. Peter saw him pass the window a moment later as stolid-looking as a block of wood.

He gave a sigh of relief.

"At least," he soliloquised, "this lifts some of the responsibility from me. If that man has no evidence there is no evidence to be had." And feeling his spirits rise delightfully Peter put the thought of Klein and all his works away from him and went to see if his skates were in proper condition for the river carnival that night.

## CHAPTER XII.

### ABOVE THE BEND.

The river carnival was an institution in Banbridge. It was held yearly and nothing was ever allowed to interfere with its divine rights. It was understood to be very select and under the direct patronage of society, inasmuch as its invitation lists formed a sort of social guide—if your name did not appear therein you might be understood as living in the outer darkness. Invitations were issued to guard against the rude "butting in" of undesirable persons but the invited were not debarred from purchasing tickets at a dollar apiece, lady free. The proceeds of the sales were devoted to the hospital as being a much more suitable "beneficiary" than the House of Refuge; and as there were usually several severe cases of pneumonia after the carnival, this disposition was not only aristocratic but appropriate.

The carnival was held on a reserved stretch of

Big River at a point about five miles from the town and reached by the electric cars. The ice was diligently looked after for some weeks previous so that its condition on the eventful night was, weather permitting, perfect. A string of electric lights provided illumination and coffee was served at booths along the shore. A small shed with a stove was also provided for the warming of society's toes.

When Peter called, with his new cutter and prancing team, to take Margaret to the carnival he was surprised and disappointed to learn from Martha that she had already gone.

"But she was going with me," said Peter consolately.

"Sae I thocht," said the faithful handmaid, "but a laddie brocht a wee bit note and she hurried away. I was thinkin' the note wad be frae yersel'?"

Peter shook his head.

"No," he said, "but of course she had good reasons. I'll see her on the ice."

"Ye'll bring her hame afore she gets chilled?" asked Martha anxiously.

"Sure," said Peter, and hurried off.

The river, when he reached it, presented a delightful spectacle. The carnival was not yet in full swing nor had the band, who with hot bricks at their feet were to provide the music, begun to play, but the laughter, the gay voices, the flash of brilliant dresses and bright faces under the electric lights had already transformed the place into a fairyland.

Peter's spirits rose. He was conscious of looking rather well in his Mexican costume, and the pleasure of such knowledge is not confined to womankind. He whistled softly as he sat upon a snowy stump and quickly pulled on his skating boots, keeping a sharp lookout for Margaret the while. From where he sat no glimpse of her was visible, or else he failed to recognise her in her carnival finery—a possibility which he viewed with proper scorn. He was sitting close to the ice and many scraps of conversation floated to his ears. All the little Banbridge world seemed to go by, but no Margaret.

Klein, looking very handsome in a Russian dress, was skating along the edge of the ice talking to a shriveled-looking individual who was evidently the caretaker. He appeared to be violently excited about something and Peter, instinctively, leaned forward to listen.

"You ought to have warned her," Klein was saying emphatically and in what seemed to be a voice unnecessarily loud. "You know it is not safe outside of the electric lights!"

Peter leaned forward, closer still, but though the caretaker appeared to remonstrate he could not catch the words. Klein's reply was louder and more excited than before.

"I tell you it is dangerous," he said, "exceedingly dangerous!" And leaving the caretaker standing in puzzled bewilderment, he shot off up the river, going at his best pace.

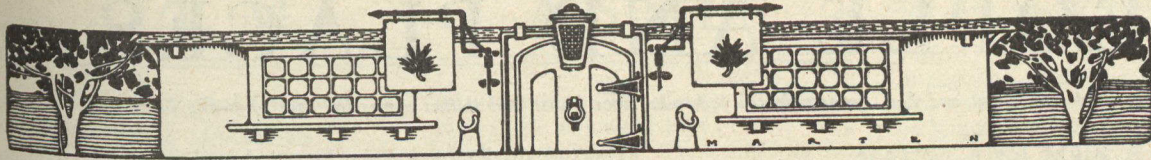
The caretaker stared after him but made no effort to follow. Not so, Peter; a last pull at his skate and he did not hesitate. It was not his way to stop and think. Besides, the thing was fairly plain. There was only one "her" to Klein—and that was Margaret. And Margaret was in danger! She must have gone alone up the river and Klein said there was peril there. He shot off after him with the long, easy glide of the practised skater, his heart on fire with anxiety for the girl he loved. The caretaker looked after them both, and scratched his head reflectively.

Klein was a good skater and he was doing his best. Several times friends, wondering at his fierce haste, tried to speak to him but he paused for none and Rutherford followed close upon his heels. It was quite evident that Klein suspected real danger, thought Peter, and he redoubled his efforts. Together they began to leave the thickly peopled ice behind, they passed fewer skaters, the lights grew farther apart and the ice not so smooth. A few more moments of rapid work and they had left the last light behind them and were skating on at break-neck speed into the darkness. Before them was the turn in the river, the turn which marked the ending of the skaters' stretch. Though Peter, unfamiliar with the river, did not know this he wondered that Margaret should have ventured so far. Could Klein have been mistaken? But no, he was pressing on faster, more recklessly than before!

Just at the turn, Klein, who was considerably in the lead, stumbled and fell heavily forward. He tried to rise but was apparently too shaken to do so, or perhaps his ankle had been injured—Peter did not care which. At any rate he was out of the race and if Margaret was beyond that turning Peter had no time to waste. He flew past his fallen rival and on, into the dark.

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.





AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

The "Residence" Idea.

COMMUNITIES of girls and women seem to find it very easy nowadays to live together in harmony, master their tasks and "get along" with each other individually, with much good-humour and consideration for feelings, the proprieties, and a few other things. Toronto has its share of these institutions. The big building known as Annesley Hall is one of these comfortable, self-governing, entirely successful communities where young women meet for all the privileges of a home while they are making ready for various careers. Miss Addison is the head and worthily represents the cause of women's self-government, a phrase which has nothing to do with the suffragettes. Situated nearly at the top of Queen's Park, this splendid and substantial structure has nothing small, feminine, or fancy about it. It stands for work, and for solid material soundness of theories converted into practice. The Conservatory of Music residence, farther to the south of College Street, is another well-planned, well-conducted establishment having for its *raison d'être* the comfort of some thirty odd lady students of music. About seven years ago the present property was bought by the Conservatory (previously known as the Cousineau mansion) and transformed into a strictly modern, up-to-date, and splendidly appointed residence under Miss Alice Denzil, late of London, England, Ottawa, and Portland, Oregon. One would not like to trust too much to hearsay, but rumour has had it in the past that music students of the feminine gender are as fond of fun as are medical students of the opposite sex, but however this may be, the young ladies at the Conservatory Residence are a delightful bunch of pretty and demure singers, pianists, violinists, and theorists, all bent on "passing" the graded Conservatory exams, and all very much in earnest about it. The difficulty in running a residence is just how and where and when to define liberties and lay down rules. Young ladies are, after all, quite human, and when they register at a "residence" they do not expect that it will be managed like a school. They are probably old enough to manage their own affairs, such as lovers, letters, visits, and so forth; still, they must not expect absolute liberty. The latter they did not get in their own homes; why, then, expect it in a strange and varied community? Some of them do expect it and therein lies the difficulty. Then again, if there are no rules, no regulations, no customs and no consideration for other people and their property, surely it ceases to be worthy the title of "residence" at all and becomes a boarding-house. It is clear that the ladies who manage these establishments have occasional obstacles in the way. In the case of the Conservatory Residence, the much respected and very sympathetic Head has during her incumbency displayed a wonderful tact in dealing with her girls, many of whom come from the West with perhaps larger and bolder ideals than girls from the East; with Americans and occasionally with young people of foreign extraction. Her methods have been to allow these girls time to adapt themselves to the strain of living with others and to let them develop in their own way at first. They then come to see how necessary convention is and soon they fall in with the few rules and regulations printed and hung up for the good of all. The subject is an interesting one, for women cannot thus change the accepted tenor of their lives and live away from home influences altogether, without in some way discovering new theories and codes of conduct and putting them into practice. Our sons step out into the hall after tea or dinner and as they brush their hats they remark, "Mother, I'm going out. Shan't be very late." And the door bangs. You trust your son. You do not expect him to tell you specifically where he is going and why he won't be "very late," but suppose your daughter had said that and then had proceeded to go out and bang the door in the same way? Would not the skies fall and the angels be weeping and a mist come over your eyes and a lump rise in your throat? Well, it's coming maybe, and we'll have to trust

our daughters, but it has not quite come yet, and that is why when these kind, splendid, wise women run these residences they want the girls to say where they are going and when they expect to be back. It's so little. And it eases things such a lot.

\* \* \*

Echoes of the Quinquennial Council Meetings.

NINETEEN hundred and nine was a great year in the history of women's organisations in Canada, for in June (in acceptance of an invitation given ten years earlier at the sixth annual meeting of the Canadian Council of Women) there met at Toronto the quinquennial gathering of the International Council of Women. The invitation was given with some trepidation, or rather perhaps in a mighty faith that this organisation of Canadian women was bound to grow, but in more ways than one results have already justified the courage of the promoters of the undertaking.

Through her representative women, Canada played gladly and ungrudgingly the gracious part of hostess to the earnest and able women who, last summer, gathered at Toronto from far and near, and never was her National Council forced, like some too-eager hostesses, to regret the extensiveness of the entertainment. True hospitality is necessarily costly in money, time or thought and



Annesley Hall, a University Residence for Women. Situated at the head of Queen's Park, Toronto.

national hospitality forms no exception to the rule, but the report of the Special Finance Committee must have been satisfactory to all who had any share in the promotion of the gathering. The total expenditure amounted to \$5,960, of which \$3,285 was paid out for the board and entertainment of delegates. The costs were met by means many and various. Large sums were raised by the sale of literature and of tickets for admission to the meetings. The Dominion Government gave a grant of \$1,000, the Provincial Government one of \$700, while the donations of private persons for hospitality amounted to \$1,850. Contributions from Local Councils and other sources raised the total to \$7,191, thus leaving a surplus of over \$1,200.

This financial report gives an idea of the enthusiasm with which the project was carried through, but the real scope and usefulness of the undertaking may be better judged doubtless on the appearance of the full report of the discussions promised for publication in a few weeks' time. In the meanwhile, the Christmas season has brought to the officers of the Canadian Council pleasant evidence, in the shape of letters from Holland, Austria, Germany and other lands, that the Quinquennial meetings have helped to spread widely the fair name of Canada, and (what is of more importance) that the International Council is doing beneficent work in promoting mutual understanding and a spirit of unity and good fellowship amongst the nations.

\* \* \*

The Tall Girl.

A SEARCH of the garret for old-fashioned clothes, "to dress up in," does not yield so much as it once did. Behold, when great-grand-

mother's gowns come to light, they are all too small for the young generation. It is not a mere matter of stays and busks, for if it were, a tightened corset-lacing might be endured for a single evening. But the girl of to-day is hopelessly taller than her forebear, and there is no remedy for the skirt, waist and sleeves too short.

The increase in the height of American women has doubtless gone on steadily for fifty years, but measurements have altered markedly in the last decade. A skirt of forty-one inches was considered long in 1895. Now skirts of forty-four and forty-five inches are made by wholesale. Grandmother stood barely five feet in her shoes, but her daughter measures five feet four inches, and her athletic granddaughter measures from five feet seven to five feet eleven in her stockings.

The increase in height is not an unmixed good. To begin with, long clothes cost more than short ones. Six inches added to length of skirt and bodice make an actual increase in the cost of material. Moreover, tall girls, especially if they are slender, are not so easily fitted in the cheaper ready-made garments. The large sizes all seem calculated for stout women.

Strangely enough, the average stature of the men of the coming generation has not increased so fast as that of the women, and there are many men not so tall as the girls of their own age. Such a man fears to dance or walk or even to talk with a woman to whom he must look up physically, whatever he may prefer in her of moral superiority. It is little short of tragic when a long line of tall girls files past a group of short men, each avoiding the other with blank gaze and the secret reflection, "How I should look with him—her!"

\* \* \*

How a Musical Genius was Discovered.

MISS KATHLEEN PARLOW, the remarkable girl violinist who made a welcome appearance at the Albert Hall the other day, is a Canadian, and the story of her discovery is a most interesting one. A writer in *M. A. P.* tells how a few years ago, a famous Berlin concert agent was told by a friend that he had heard, while passing a house in London, the most extraordinary violin playing to which he had ever listened.

The agent was so impressed with his enthusiasm for the unknown genius that he determined to find out the player for himself. After some trouble, he succeeded, and the violinist in question turned out to be Miss Parlow.

She played to the agent, who was so amazed at her technique that he offered to bring her out as a soloist in public, and since that time she has made thousands of pounds and earned the applause of the best musical critics in Europe. The famous Professor Auer declared that she was the best violinist of the last quarter of a century.

Miss Parlow was quite a little child when she first made up her mind to become a musician. One day she was given a toy violin, and from that time forward she could think of little else than music. Her debut took place when she was only six years old.



Miss Alice Denzil,

Head of the Conservatory of Music Residence, Toronto.

# PEOPLE AND PLACES

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

## A Fight for a Fortune.

THE Dunsmuir millions are at stake again. In a week or so, the ex-Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia will have to defend his colossal fortune against a host of family claimants. Of all contested wills in Canada that of Dunsmuir probably holds the record for the sum involved—\$20,000,000. The case, which will be tried at Victoria, has attracted great attention throughout the West. It is rather an interesting story how so much money became the object of scramble in the courts.



Ex-Lieut. Gov. Dunsmuir.

Robert Dunsmuir, father of the Hon. James, was one of the first men to strike luck in British Columbia coal. He located his diggings at Nanaimo on Vancouver Island. Here the coal deposits proved to be of great extent and Robert Dunsmuir was on the job at the mines day and night. His coal sailed down the coast to 'Frisco, not at first in his own vessels; these came later when the Canadian coal magnate had usurped Uncle Sam's market for black diamonds. Japan and the East were other great markets to which he gained access for his product. Twenty years ago, Robert Dunsmuir died leaving all his property to his widow. Two big sons were ready and anxious to step into their father's shoes—James and Alexander. So it happened that James stayed at home mining, and pushing his way up the rung became British Columbia's chief citizen; and Alexander, his younger brother, went away to do the marketing for the firm of Dunsmuir. In the year 1900, James and Alexander bought out their mother's interest in the business. Shortly afterward, Alexander died in New York, his will turning over everything to James. Hon. James Dunsmuir was now the sole proprietor of his father's wealth. He was the coal king of the coast.

But uneasy lies the head that wears the crown. His sole right to the Dunsmuir millions was immediately disputed. Family connections whispered that he and his brother had got the mother's share of the coal mining interests for thousands when they were really worth millions. A lawsuit made matters lively for a time. Miss Edna Wallace Hopper, well known to the Canadian theatrical public, whose stepfather was Alexander Dunsmuir, said that Alexander Dunsmuir was of unsound mind when he made the will in favour of his brother. Justice Drake, of Victoria, decided against Miss Hopper. The actress dragged her case from court to court. The last resource was the Privy Council, which decided against Miss Hopper. Will the present claimants fare better? Speculation is rife.

## A Book with a Purpose.

ONE of the most benevolent books in the world is the book called "The Sowing," by Emerson Hough. This work, recently off the press, was originally run as a serial by that enterprising magazine, the *Canada West Monthly*. It was intended to create a mild sensation and in a manner for a while the work did so. It was frankly heralded as the work of a "Yankee" whose interest in Canada had led him to investigate a huge Imperial problem. Mr. Hough has investigated—both in Canada and in England. The result is "The Sowing."

No one will ever quarrel with Mr. Hough for writing the book. It is a contribution to the literature of empire. That it was written by a Yankee is not in itself a condemnation. Most outsiders get a view of a country that the inhabitants themselves are apt to miss. Mr. Hough had got a little weary of writing cowboy and love stories. Canada seemed like a good fresh field for his pen. He deserves to give Canada a vote of thanks for providing him with so great a theme. In case Mr. Hough fails to make any money out of his book we shall be glad to extend him a vote of thanks for having on the whole treated us so fairly.

We must confess, however, that it would have been much easier to read and digest the book if Mr. Hough had not worked into it so many of his theories about political economy. There are passages in the work which seem like rhapsody; rather reminiscent of Henry George. The West has evidently seized upon the writer's imagination. He sees two vast pictures; the crowded population centres of England; the unpeopled, romantic reaches of the great prairie. So far as a casual visitor could be

expected to do, he knows England and its slums—some-what a matter of theory, however. Much more intimately he knows the Canadian West because long ago he knew the west of the United States, which though different altogether in local colour was much similar in the problems of civilisation.

Mr. Hough, however, does not know the whole of Canada; little or nothing of Ontario and Quebec and the eastern provinces, all of which have more or less practical interest in the sowing of Canada with people. The most constructive part of the Canadian West to-day comes from Ontario and the east, and the movement began long before Mr. Hough saw a Canadian fur post. He contrives some vast eulogiums on the invading Yankee who has crossed the border fifty thousand in a year and has invested millions in the country. He takes it for granted that the Hudson's Bay Company is entitled to some credit first for establishing law and order in a great land and afterward for selling out to the Canadian Government when the prospects for fur seemed to be waning in the presence of the railway. But he does not credit Ontario with having been the backbone of the Northwest Mounted Police, who established the second era in the development of the West after the sale of Rupert's Land to the Canadian Government.

## To the Land of Promise.

MR. T. D. PICHE, editor of the *Peace River Pilot*, is one of the prime boosters of a prospective colonisation expedition to the Grand Prairie country. Mr. Piche and other enthusiasts held forth in Edmonton the other night and unfolded their scheme. A general muster of the party would form at Edmonton. There would be a trip to Entwhistle over the brand new G. T. P. Thence to Whitecourt, fifty-five miles, by sleigh. Whitecourt, which is located at the confluence of the Athabasca and McLeod rivers, would serve as a sort of halfway house. From here parties would be sent out to cut the wilderness trail of one hundred and forty miles which leads to the land of promise. This trail is the big stumbling block. It has daunted a great many people who have had visions of domiciles at Grand Prairie. But Mr. Piche is confident that he can persuade enough people of pioneer hardihood to brave it.

## Lord Strathcona's Many Mansions.

THE English weekly, *M. A. P.*, is the authority for the statement that Lord Strathcona possesses more residences than any peer in the realm. Just the other day "Canada's Grand Old Man" bought another fine house. His new acquisition is "The Priory," a graceful structure on the little island of Oranstay in the Inner Hebrides. This brings his list of domestic establishments up to ten, the others being: 1157 Dorchester Street, Montreal; "Silver Heights," Winnipeg; "Norway House," Nova Scotia; "Debden Hall," Newport, Essex; "Knebworth Park," Herts, Colonsay, N.B.; Glencoe, N.B.; and 28 Grosvenor Square and 17 Victoria Street, London. It is no easy matter to catch Lord Strathcona at home. He is everywhere at once. A testimony to the energy of his years is the fact that the Canadian aristocrat manages to dine every year in each of his numerous and widely-scattered homes.

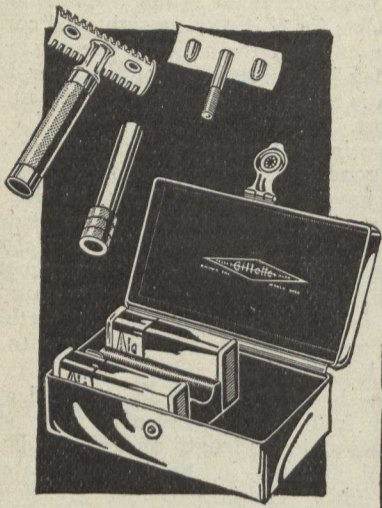
## An Attack on Ralph Connor.

"NOW you can easily imagine the impression created upon the minds of English readers of 'The Foreigner,' in regard to Winnipeg. They must think it is a sort of Odessa or Moscow, where bomb-throwing and all sorts of violence and sudden death are liable to break out in the streets at any moment."

A Winnipeg man so writes in the *Edmonton Saturday News*, taking violent exception to Ralph Connor's novel, "The Foreigner." After criticising severely the story's literary defects, he proceeds to attack the author, intimating that, in his opinion, conditions in the western metropolis have been grossly misrepresented by Dr. Gordon. According to him, Dr. Gordon has painted "a sanguinary anarchistic picture." His apparent motive has been to "out-jungle the *Jungle Book* about Chicago."

## "Money Talks."

CANADIAN immigration officials have been putting their heads together, attempting to calculate what the influx of settlers during the year 1909 meant to the Dominion in cold cash. Consul Harry A. Conant, of Windsor, Ont., is the authority for the statement that ninety thousand, one hundred and forty-eight of Uncle Sam's brawn and brain climbed the line fence and took up land out West. Men at Ottawa who are long on mathematics say that these new citizens represent a capital of ninety million dollars, it being estimated that the average wealth of the American settler is at least one thousand dollars.



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# DEMI - TASSE

## A Fable for Imperialists.

By PETER McARTHUR.

ONCE upon a Time a Lordly old Lion with a deep all-red basso-profundo Voice that made his admirers wonder how he came to be overlooked by the Mendelssohn Choir espied a Hunter in the Offing. The Enemy was armed with a Limburger Cheese Sandwich and a rapid-fire Stein of Wurzburger Hofbrau. At the awful Sight and Smell, the Lion, fearing he might be mistaken for a Deer, unlimbered a Roar that set the Echoes playing tag with the Rocks from the North Pole to Dr. Cook's Hiding Place. Hearing the Sound his Progeny exclaimed with one Voice: "Something must be the matter with Pa. We must come to the Rescue."

Thereupon young Lions, several generations removed from the Patriarch, came rushing in from all Quarters of the Globe, roaring: "I'll take care of you, Grandpa," and similar encouraging remarks.

When they arrived at his Cave they were very much shocked at his Appearance.

"Poor old Chap," said one. "No wonder he was in a Funk. Why, his Teeth are all gone!"

"Dear me! So they are," said another, "and just look at his Claws! We must certainly get him a new Set of Claws. Besides, his Eyes are so dim that I doubt if he can see us."

"Look how mangy his Hide is," said yet another. "He needs a change of diet. He should have Preferential Marrow-Bones and Bawth Buns made from Manitoba Hard!"

"Ugh! G-r-r-r!" snuffed a Progressive Cub that had been investigating the Cave. "Things here are in a dreadfully unsanitary Condition. I don't believe this Cave has ever been disinfected and the old Bones haven't been cleaned out of it since the Time of William the Conqueror. How on Earth has he managed to live?"

The Lordly Old Lion, having noticed that the Enemy had slunk off, listened to these Comments in a haughty Silence that would only be described as an "Ominous Hush."

At last he drew himself up, adjusted his Monocle and enquired coldly: "Pardon me! Have we ever been introduced?"

MORAL: No matter what your Scheme for defending the Empire may be it will not help matters to make personal Remarks.

## One of Vardon's Jokes.

MR. T. W. VARDON, M.P.P., of Galt, found himself one day lunching at the Walker House in Toronto. He had just taken his seat at the table and given his order when in walked a Galt man whom he knew very well, and took a seat at a table a few yards in front of where he sat. Presently a waitress walked over to the newcomer to take his order. The doctor caught her eye and beckoning her to his side told her that this man was a patient of his whom he was taking to the asylum, that he was perfectly harmless, but that he must not be given too much to eat. "One of the symptoms of his insanity," said the doctor in a low tone, "is his belief that he must eat a little

of everything on the bill of fare. Now, I do not want him to have very much to eat to-day. You ask him for his complete order at once, then bring him simply a few slices of bread and a bowl of water. He won't know the difference. He'll think you fetched him his order and he'll be just as well satisfied as if you brought him a full-course dinner."

"All right," answered the waitress. "I'll do as you say."

Sure enough, the man ordered everything from soup to nuts, then poured out a glass of water, drank it and awaited his repast with evident relish. Presently it was brought in—a plate of bread and a bowl of water. His embarrassment can be more easily understood than described when the young lady, with tender sympathy in her every movement, deposited in front of him the simple elements of a frugal meal. He flushed crimson, stared in profound amazement at the

## A LIKELY APPLICANT



Maria (reading advertisement) "I wonder if it's any use me trying for it?"—*The Bystander.*

waitress, who in turn looked appealingly over at the doctor, by this time sitting convulsed, with his napkin in his mouth, and thus directed the attention of her guest to him.

Explanations followed, a tip made it all right, and the two afterwards took their meal at the same table in felicitous comradeship.

He has sent many a man on a fruitless errand, and has "loaded up" more newspaper reporters than any other man in the town, yet throughout it all maintained his dignity and commanded respect as few other men could have done.

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## Sir Wilfrid Held Up.

THE other day a Chicago Canadian held up Sir Wilfrid Laurier in a very neat manner. The said Chicago Canadian was visiting in Toronto at the same time Sir Wilfrid had come up from Ottawa to make his celebrated speeches at the Ontario Club and the National Club. The Chicago man had a friend who was to take luncheon with Sir Wilfrid at the King Edward and it was arranged

between these two plotters that during this informal luncheon the Chicago man was to wander along and incidentally be introduced to Sir Wilfrid. Then when he went back to Chicago he would be able to tell his wife and his cronies that he had had the honour of shaking hands with the First Citizen of Canada.

The event was duly pulled off and after the introduction, of course, the Chicago man had to talk. During his brief but rapid remarks he mentioned that he had been forty years in Chicago and had not taken out his naturalisation papers. He was still a Canadian citizen. This pleased Sir Wilfrid so much that he got up and shook hands again and congratulated him, the man from the Windy City.

It was then that the Chicago man countered. He remarked: "But, sir, how would you regard it if an American citizen came over to Canada and lived forty years here without becoming a Canadian citizen?"

Sir Wilfrid looked nonplussed for a moment and quietly remarked: "Well, it does seem different, when you put it that way."

\*\*\*

## All Correct.

THE professional point of view is rarely that of the humanitarian. A passenger on a London omnibus calls out to the conductor:

"Ere, there! Whoa! There's an old chap fallen off the 'bus!"

"All right," responds the conductor, cheerfully. "'E's paid his fare!"—*London Sketch.*

\*\*\*

## Appreciation.

A WASHINGTON woman has in her employ as butler a darcy of a pompous and satisfied mien who not long ago permitted a chocolate-coloured damsel, long his ardent admirer, to become his spouse.

On one occasion when the mistress of the house had occasion temporarily to avail herself of the services of the butler's wife, it was observed that whenever the duties of the two brought them in conjunction the bride's eyes would shine with extraordinary devotion.

"Your wife seems wonderfully attached to you, Thomas," casually observed the mistress of the house.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Thomas complacently. "Ain't sickenin'?"—*Harper's Magazine.*

it jost  
zine.

\*\*\*

## How He Got Even.

A TRAVELLING man who stutters spent all afternoon in trying to sell a grouchy business man a bill of goods, and was not very successful.

As the salesman was locking up his grip the grouch was impolite enough to observe in the presence of his clerks: "You must find that impediment in your speech very inconvenient at times."

"Oh, n-no," replied the salesman. "Every one has his p-peculiarity. S-stammering is mine. What's yours?"

"I'm not aware that I have any," replied the merchant.

"D-do you stir y-your coffee with your r-right hand?" asked the salesman.

"Why, yes, of course," replied the merchant, a bit puzzled.

"W-well," went on the salesman, "t-that's your p-peculiarity. Most people use a t-teaspoon."—*Success.*

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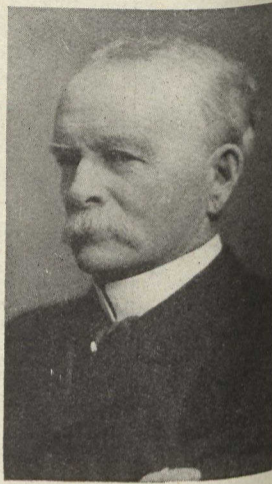
INVESTMENT BANKERS LIMITED

7 and 9 KING ST. EAST TORONTO

## MONEY AND MAGNATES

Sir Geo. A. Drummond, Always Kind, Was a Fighter When Roused.

THE late Sir Geo. A. Drummond, the president of the Bank of Montreal, leaves nothing but friends, sincere friends, behind him. For a number of years past Sir George, who was a very beautiful character, seemed to devote most of his time and attention in going about and doing good wherever he could. He had not been as aggressive in a business way during the past few years as he was in previous days when he was accumulating a personal fortune that runs away up into the millions. When anything happened, however, that Sir George thought unfair or unjust, he was quickly roused. The strongest instance of just how much mettle there was in the former Sugar King of Canada, was afforded in connection with the fight which occurred about a year ago for the control of the Mexican Light & Power Co., of which Sir George was at that time president. Sir George took the stand that the English interests who were trying to force the bringing about of the lease of the Mexican Light & Power to the Mexico Tramways Co. were acting rather in the interests of the shareholders of the Tramways Co., and that on this account the lease would never be allowed to go through if he could possibly help it.



Sir Geo. A. Drummond.

At the special meeting of the Mexican Light & Power Co., called to consider the lease, old Sir George showed that he was very much ruffled over the developments that had occurred, and made it very clear in his own short, concise way that he would never stand for the lease. Even when it was shown that the English interests were in control, Sir George was not to be outwitted, and ruled that he and the other directors of the Mexican Light were first of all to have sufficient time to clean up all the business they had undertaken in connection with the company by deciding that there should not be any change in the Board of Directors till the annual meeting of the company. Showing an entirely opposite side of Sir George's nature and the thoughtfulness he always had for the large number of employees at the sugar refinery, it may be mentioned that in his will he made a special request that on the day of his funeral the refineries should be shut down absolutely in order that all his employees, whom he considered his best friends, should have an opportunity of accompanying his remains to their last resting-place.

\* \* \*

### The Merger Craze is all the Rage.

THE merger craze is very much like the black rust one hears about up in the western wheat fields, when some of the milling companies begin spreading the report that there is going to be a big falling off in the total crop yield owing to the rapid manner in which the black rust is spreading through the fields; that is, it spreads very fast.

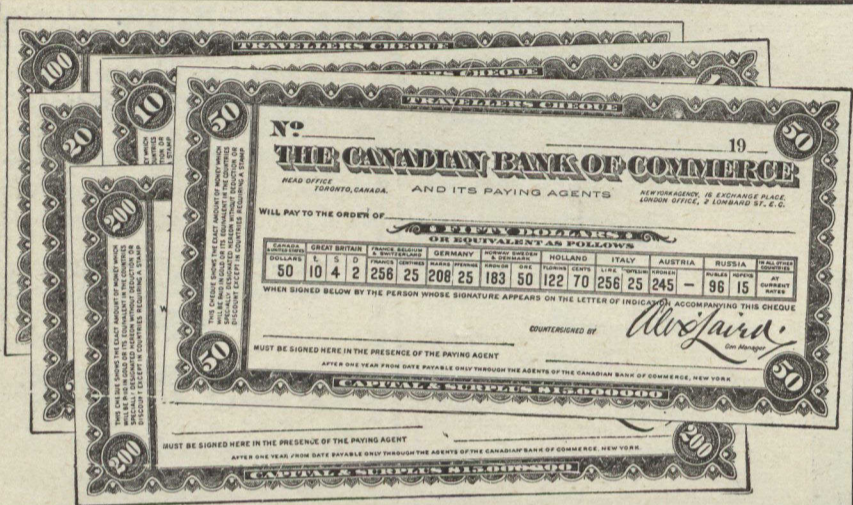
Hardly a day passes now but some man or group of men in different parts of the country who are interested in different lines of business, come into the city and try and get capitalists interested in the formation of a merger of the companies operating in their own particular line of business. The other day I was in an office and some six or seven men were sitting around waiting to obtain admission to the sanctum sanctorum of the big gun who swings the deals, and I was informed that they were small millers from different parts of the country who had made up their minds that so many other kinds of industries had found it advantageous to get together that great benefits must accrue from the savings that could be possible were all these smaller concerns operating as one concern.

This question of the consolidation of a number of the smaller milling companies has been up on and off for the last ten years, but somehow milling experts were never terribly enthusiastic about it, mainly because they considered consolidation would not result in the same economies that are possible in other lines of industries. By this they meant that no matter how many mills might be brought together it would always be necessary to keep one miller at each plant, and the operating cost would be pretty near the same as before the consolidation was brought about.

It is perhaps this fact more than anything else that has kept capitalists from giving any very serious attention to the proposal, and while undoubtedly it may be brought about at some future date it would rather seem that it should be necessary that conditions should become somewhat different to what they are at the present time.

A few days later, in bobbed a number of representatives of the different cereal companies operating at different points throughout Ontario, and one bright chap among them had the whole scheme worked out very cleverly, showing the great benefits that would accrue from an investment standpoint, if all the various concerns were brought under one management, and their products placed on the Canadian market through one giant and alert selling force. One has not to be gifted with a very great memory to recall the very short life that is enjoyed by the average cereal food. It is placed on the market with a great hurrah. Its name is in every home and everybody likes it for a while, and then along comes advertisements regarding some other particular line and the attractive advertisements make everybody anxious to make a trial of it with the discovery that it is very little, if at all, different from the previous one they had under a different name. But it is all a part of the game, and the main thing is to sell the goods, and so it rather looks as though there would be a cereal merger in the near future, and at least seven of the different concerns throughout Ontario will be brought together into the one concern.

Then there are the canneries, some sixty of which are situated mainly in Ontario and in the West. Some of the smaller concerns made up their minds that it was not very good business for them all to have a different staff of travellers on the road, vieing against one another in cutting prices in order to get some merchants to stock up with their particular line of goods. Cut



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out the competition, and divide up the territory and get a fair price for your goods, was what they wanted, and this started the movement for the amalgamation of some fifty-seven of the various plants situated throughout the country and producing as many varieties of stuff as the advertisement we are all familiar with in the street cars of the different cities. And so we are to have a canneries merger as well. As it has been the manufacturers themselves who have been very keen on bringing this about, it should not take a great deal of cash to enable the promoters to pull it off, practically all the various companies being willing to take stock in the new company in payment for their individual concerns.

As soon as this is cleaned up, the same interests now acting in the canneries merger will for a time devote their undivided attention to the consummation of a bolt and nut merger. Toronto will naturally be the head of this particular one, as the different companies are situated in the various towns within a comparatively short distance of this city. As evidence of just how far this merger craze can go, it can be stated positively that these same interests when they are through with the Canneries and the Bolt and Nut, have everything ready to go ahead with a Coffin merger. This will also have its headquarters in Toronto, although the particular reason why it should does not seem quite as apparent as in the last instance, but the main interests identified with it are located in that city and in London, and it is even said that from an investment standpoint, it would have a good deal that is attractive about it. So it really looks as though the consumer was going to get it going and coming and some day we will all get together and form some merger not to have anything to do with any merger.

\* \* \*

**Picking up Industrial Concerns and Extending Them.**

THERE is something very interesting about the way big capitalists are going about the country looking about for various concerns in the industrial line that have come along from very small beginnings and have been extended and developed largely out of the profits that have been taken out of the business and put back into plant. So it happened that Mr. E. R. Wood of Toronto, Mr. Clarence J. McCuaig of Montreal, and Mr. M. R. Harmer of Toronto came across the Sawyer-Massey Company of Hamilton, and at once decided that here was an opportunity for additional capital which if judiciously expended would mean very much larger profits than had been possible with the smaller output the company had been showing up to the present time.

So the company will be re-organised by the new interests, and Hamilton will have still another industry that will be by far the largest of its kind in the Dominion. It would have been difficult for any concern to have sprung from more humble beginnings than this company, having been founded away back in 1836 by one of the members of the Sawyer family, and was afterwards operated by L. D. Sawyer & Co. for a great many years, till in 1889 it was purchased by Hart A. Massey & Sons and operated since that time under the name of the Sawyer-Massey Co.

Ever since that time the Massey family have had the financial control and it is by purchasing this that the new interests take over the concern.

This seems a particular line of business that Canadians always should maintain the control of, the company being the largest manufacturers of threshing machines and farm engines in the country, and considering the very large number of them that will be used as the number of wheat fields increase across the western prairies, it would seem only right that Canadian implements should be used on these Canadian farms, and another Canadian city should benefit by the larger Canadian industry that will be located within its limits.

It rather looks as though it would not be long before the official announcement is made of the absorption of another company that has come along from very small beginnings, but of an entirely different character from the one that is already mentioned. The one referred to is the Playfair Steamship Co. of Midland, Ont., a concern that has come right along keeping pace with the development of trade on the upper lakes, till now it has what is regarded as one of the finest fleets of steamers operating in Ontario points and the gateway of the western wheat fields.

The proposal is to amalgamate this company with the Inland Navigation Company, which has both a lake and river fleet. This steamship business, especially in prosperous times, seems to be a very profitable one, and the present will seem rather an opportune time to effect the consolidation as it rather looks as though Canadian companies were in for quite a few seasons in which trade conditions would be all that they can desire.

While there have been numerous additions to the various fleets operating on the Great Lakes, it is said that the big railway companies are far from having enough vessels to handle the amount of business at their disposal during certain months of the season, and that this makes it possible for a very satisfactory arrangement between them and the independent companies.

While there has not been any official announcement regarding the latter deal, I have it on the very best of information that it is practically consummated and that further developments in connection with it will be made just as soon as general stock market conditions will become more satisfactory than they are at the present time.

\* \* \*

**Canadians in Pennsylvania.**

CANADIAN capitalists in control of a coal-mining proposition in Pennsylvania is something quite new. Yet such is the Sterling Coal Company, the bonds of which have been successfully floated in Toronto and Montreal during the past fortnight. The flotation was handled by A. E. Ames & Co., Toronto, and Mr. Rodolphe Forget in Montreal, Mr. Ames and Mr. Forget being also directors. There are two Americans and six Canadians on the board.

The company was formed to buy the Hileman group of properties, having four operating mines situated on the Pennsylvania and Erie railroads, about 70 miles south-east of Cleveland; the Beckwith group, being the Cecil and Malta mining properties, located 7 and 30 miles, respectively, south of Grafton, West Virginia, and being on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and the Acadia property (subject to approval on six months' test), located in Athens and Washington counties, Ohio, on the main line of the Baltimore & Ohio South-Western system, and about one-half mile south of the main line of the Toledo & Ohio Central Railroad. Mr. Charles Fergie, the eminent consulting engineer on coal properties, estimates the tonnage which may be economically developed in these properties as 117,000,000 tons, which is equal to an output of 1,500,000 tons per annum for a period of 78 years.

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wrote during 1909 new business (all Canadian) amounting to **\$8,125,578** making total insurance in force December 31, 1909, **\$59,261,959**. Its net surplus earning for 1909, over all liabilities was **\$508,921.25**, while the ratio of expense to income was less than for the previous year.

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We know that you will be delighted with its elegance and refinement.

We know that you will revel in its glorious tone—its tender touch—its magnificent action.

This is why we will select a

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—and ship it to you direct from the factory—subject to your approval.

If, for any reason, the piano which we select does not give satisfaction, return it and we will pay the freight charges both ways.

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## FOR THE CHILDREN

TO MY VALENTINE.

DEAR, will you be mine,  
My little Valentine?  
I'll meet you, and greet you,  
And dress you up so fine!  
A cookie for your hat,  
And a pancake for your coat;  
We'll hollow out a pumpkin shell  
And use it for a boat.

Dear, will you be mine,  
My little Valentine?  
I'll meet you, and treat you,  
And take you out to dine.  
We'll have gold and silver fish  
In a gold and silver dish.  
We'll serve them up with diamonds  
And then how they will shine!

—Ladies' Home Journal.

\* \* \*

DR. MARY.

By SALLY CAMPBELL.

IT was raining hard. In her journey through the long grey day Molly Dunn had come to a place which all boys and girls visit now and then, especially on rainy Saturdays. The place is named "I-Wonder-What-To-Do-Next."

Molly stood up and looked about her.

Grandmother was sitting by the fire. Her knitting was in her lap; she was gazing into the coals.

"She is remembering," Molly whispered to herself. "She is thinking of all the things that used to be long ago. Lots of them are over, and she misses them. And she feels sorry."

Molly waited only a moment. Then she went downstairs.

Presently grandmother heard a loud knock at the door.

"Come in," she said.

The door opened, and there was Molly, wearing Charley's coat, which came down to her heels; and her father's hat, which almost gave her a crick in her neck, it was so wobbly and hard to balance, and she was carrying a big umbrella. She set the umbrella against the wall and took off her hat—she was glad it is not polite to wear your hat in the house when you are a man.

"Good morning, ma'am," she said to grandmother. "I am a doctor; not just a plain one, but a special doctor that's very important, and my visits cost a lot of dollars apiece."

By this time Molly and grandmother were shaking hands.

"What is your name, Doctor?" inquired grandmother.

"M'm," meditated Molly. "My name is Dr. Mary. I can't stay long. There's a great deal of measles and croup and other diseases waiting for me in a hurry. But your son asked me to step in, so I obliged him. Please let me see your tongue."

Dr. Mary looked at grandmother's tongue, then she felt her pulse, then she laid the palm of her hand on grandmother's forehead and put the back of her hand against the end of grandmother's nose.

Dr. Mary shook her head.

"You are a very, very sick lady," she said gravely. "I've got just three cures to give you. If they don't cure you I don't know what I'll do."

"Three!" cried grandmother. "It must be a bad case! What is the first?"

"The first," answered Molly, trying to keep her dimples from showing (for who ever heard of a great special doctor that had dimples?) "the first is to kiss me!"

Grandmother was not slow to obey,

which is a great point with a patient. "I feel better already," she said.

"The second," continued Dr. Mary, when she had smoothed her hair back again out of her eyes, "is to take all these different things that I am going to tell you about, and stir them up together and put them right over your heart in a plaster, to draw."

Molly got that last expression from Julie, the laundress. She waited to see whether grandmother would appreciate it. Grandmother did.

"Very well, I will," she promised. "Tell me what the things are."

"Why," said Molly, "this is one: Charley told the other boys that he felt pretty shy of grandmothers before you came, but now he liked them; they were 'all right,' he said. And mother said it made a change in a family when an angel came and lived with it—she meant you. Julie and Katy think you are splendid! I heard them tell the butcher there wasn't another old lady in town could 'hold a candle to' you. That was very slangy, but they meant to be nice. And father is crazy about you. All of us are. Now!" ended Dr. Mary, "stir all these up and put them over your heart—the heat will be good for you."

"Oh, very good!" said grandmother softly, her eyes shining. Then she tried the first "cure" over again several times without stopping.

"Wait! Wait!" said Dr. Mary. "There is one more medicine for you to take."

"I don't need it!" said grandmother.

But Dr. Mary frowned at her. Then she laughed and frisked about the room in a way that was very undignified for a famous physician.

"If you knew what it was!" she cried delightedly. "If you just knew what it was, you never would say that! There!"

She snatched something out of her pocket, that is to say, Charley's pocket—and dropped it into grandmother's lap. It was small and oblong, and had many foreign postmarks. It was a letter from grandmother's youngest son, her "baby," who was writing a remarkably learned book in Japan.

"How do you feel now?" asked Molly, when grandmother was turning the first page.

"As if I had never had an ill day in my life," answered grandmother.

And indeed she looked it! — St. Nicholas.

\* \* \*

A DOGGY PATIENT.

I'M truly grieved to tell you, Nurse, The patient is distinctly worse. His paw is hot, his pulse is high, His tongue extremely red and dry.

"I think, sir, I will sound you now; Please take a breath and say 'bow-wow.'"

Nurse, did he cough much in the night? It seems to me his chest is tight.

"He will jump out of bed, you say, To chase the old grey cat away? I 'spect it's that that keeps him ill! You might just give him one bread pill."

"No bones for dinner, Mr. Brown, Until your temperature goes down. But don't you fear; we'll cure your pain, And put you on your legs again."

—Little Folks.

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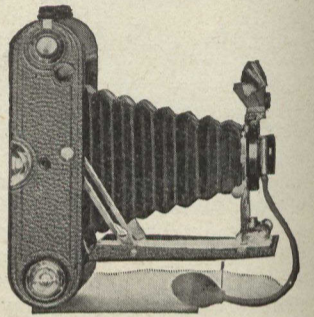
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Manufacturers of High Grade Bank & Office Fixtures, School, Library & Commercial Furniture, Opera & Assembly Chairs, Interior Hardwood Finish Generally.



Canada's Great Choir  
CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 14.

work a fresh glimpse of the meaning of life and the joy of life as well as its deep, simple sorrows and its far-off religious meaning brought close and intimate to the soul — must be quite too blase and trifling to have much hope in this world or the next either. It was a time to forget the restrictions of common life; to revel in the pure and perfect appreciations of childhood; the time when in the words of the great child's poet, Wordsworth, "meadow, grove and stream, the earth and every common sight, to me did seem appalled in celestial light, the glory and the freshness of a dream." For the perfect achievement of that and without and reference whatever to the colossal character of the music of the modern French master, the clientele of the Mendelssohn Choir do feel profoundly grateful to Dr. Vogt and the choir. It has been in most respects a labour of love. On the part of the choir it has meant such self-sacrifice as might almost have prompted a crusade in itself; on the part of the conductor a work of drilling and of interpretation and of reading and of fine whole-souled conducting such as he has never before achieved.

In this respect the "Children's Crusade" marks a distinct epoch in the work of the great choir. Its production on so stupendous a scale reaccentuates the remarkable genius of A. S. Vogt for organisation and the controlling of forces. As a conductor he never appeared to so good advantage. The work is highly complicated, so that no man who has not a faculty for immense detail, coupled with the most rigorous preparation of the work in rehearsal could



Mr. Frederick Stock.  
Whose Symphony in C Minor was given its first performance in Canada last week.

subdued parts of the work where the genius of the modern Frenchman found full expression in the most enchanting harmonic effects, particularly in the men's sections. It must be admitted that in this respect the glory was bound to be divided mainly between the men and the children. The women's parts were largely an accessory which at times seemed almost ungrateful. But the children and the men and the orchestra had things much their own way. The solo parts are well scored and were for the most part well done; though Mr. George Hamlin is too light for the tenor part.

Taken altogether the work made just as much of a sensation as could have been either hoped or endured. The impression on most was rather baffling. The net result was a sense of great humanising beauty such as has never been compacted into a choral work in any performance in Canada. It was possible to have left a far different impression. The Choir had its own reputation to maintain. It also had to blaze a new trail in both performance and interpretation. They did both. The weakest part of the performance was perhaps the octette of women who sang two passages under great disadvantage.

The other outstanding feature of the festival was the afternoon concert which was given by the orchestra assisted by Mr. Ferruccio Busoni, a really remarkable pianist. Busoni played with wonderful technical accuracy and a good deal of poetry; but with much less fire than might have been expected from one of his race; for he is a Latin — but he never smiled or went into a frenzy. The Stock symphony must be taken with some tolerance. Perhaps the Englishman was a little extreme who went to the box office to buy

a ticket, thinking that the Symphony in C Minor was by Beethoven, and when he found it was composed by Mr. Stock, conductor of the orchestra, refused to buy the ticket. At any rate there were many people in the audience who rather forced themselves to believe that Mr. Stock had made any real contribution to the literature of symphonies. Apparently the composer has been deeply and irrevocably affected by Richard Strauss and the modern French school. In that respect the first two movements were strongly reminiscent and not very original. The third movement had some real melodic quality. On the whole the work was much what might have been expected from a man of Mr. Stock's temperament. Some said it was better than Elgar's. Eheu! Elgar should be notified. Others compared it with Paur's symphony given in Canada last year under his own baton. Well, so far as mere form is concerned, Mr. Stock has the legitimate advantage. In form his work is a symphony; but in musical meaning Mr. Paur's is worth more to the inch than Mr. Stock's is to the foot—and it is not a symphony at that. Mr. Stock is undoubtedly a capable composer. But he is a prose essayist in musical writing; by no means a poet; which means much.

hope to tackle it without danger of a fiasco. It is to the credit of Dr. Vogt that the big work swung off twice without an appreciable hitch; that the second performance was considerably better than the first, which in itself left little to be desired by even the most critical; that the enthusiasm which on the first night was at a high pitch, on the second became an ovation. It is to the credit of the choir that for months they have laboured on the most exacting and baffling work in their repertoire; that they have been ground small and polished and fagged and enthused — till at times even the most enthusiastic began to grow weary of the grind, hoping for the climax which came as a great reward to all. It is to the great satisfaction of the choir also that in this work they have got a profound acquaintance with a kind of music to which heretofore they had been strangers except in the hearing of such in the orchestra; that furthermore they have had the advantage of association with a choir of children in a work so beautifully scored in the ensemble. There were passages in that Crusade that were sensational in the highest degree; not merely because of dynamic effects which reached their height in the marvellous storm scene, but as much if not more in the quiet appeal made by the more

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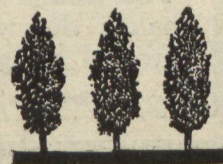
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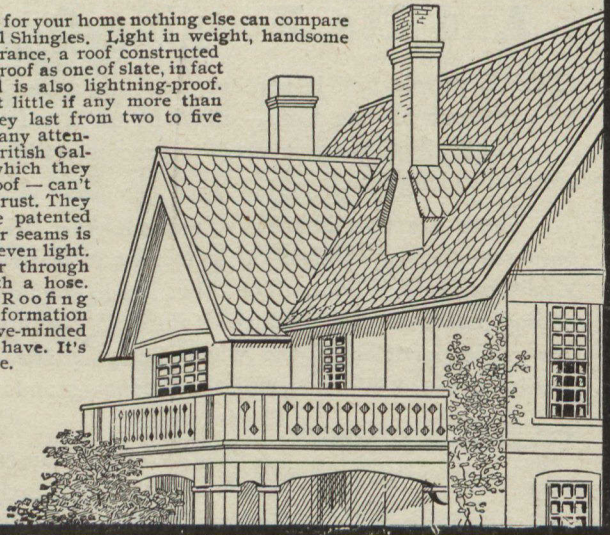
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## POINTS ABOUT PEERS

**D**URING his twenty odd years of military life, the Earl of Longford has seen a good deal of fighting. The Boer War broke out when the Earl was on his honeymoon. Responding to the call of duty, he found himself fighting side by side with Dunsay, his newly-acquired brother-in-law, for both of these had married daughters of the Earl of Jersey. Lord Longford took part in the extraordinary engagement at Lindley against De Wet's six thousand men, and had a very narrow escape from death. A bullet hit and seriously wounded him in the neck, the surgeons telling him afterwards that had it struck him half an inch higher, he would have been a dead man. On his return to Ireland, Lord Longford had an equally narrow escape at the Curragh, a stray shot from a machine-gun tearing off the shoulder-strap of his tunic.

Lord Longford is enormously wealthy and owns about fifteen thousand acres of land in Westmeath. Pakenham Hall, the family's seat, was once known by the old Irish name of Tullynally, but since the sixteenth century it has changed both name and ownership.

\* \* \*

### Viscount Powis.

**VISCOUNT POWIS**, who is to entertain the Prince and Princess of Wales at his Welsh seat shortly, comes of a family the members of which have played an important part in English politics and administration during the last hundred years. The first Baron Clive was not only a distinguished soldier in his day, but was the creator of our Indian Empire. It was he whom Pitt on one occasion referred to as a "heaven-born general." Of the many objects of historic interest in the possession of Viscount Powis not the least important is the famous diamond-hilted sword that was presented to Lord Clive on his first return from India and on the occasion of his marriage.

Viscount Powis' magnificent seat near Welshpool is one of the most remarkable mansions in the country. Built entirely of sandstone, it presents a unique appearance, and is known among the Welsh people as *Castell Coch* (Red Castle). It was founded in the twelfth century, and the fine gateway is still flanked by the two original towers. In olden days royalty were frequent visitors to Powis Castle. The state bedroom is still kept in the exact order as it was in the time when Queen Elizabeth, Charles II., and George IV. occupied it. The walls and galleries are lined with valuable portraits, and are hung with wonderful tapestries brought from India by the first Lord Clive.

\* \* \*

### Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar.

**THE** Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, one of the wealthiest of European widowers, has become affianced to Princess Karola, daughter of Prince Friedrich of Saxe-Meiningen, and cousin of that charming lady, the German Crown Princess. The Grand Duke's first wife was a Princess of Reuss, who died a year after marriage, and since her demise the Grand Duke has been irresponsibly engaged in black and white to quite a number of German princesses. Saxe-Weimar has been the rendezvous of artists and literary men since the days when Goethe was the pivot round which all the courtiers turned; since groups of fair ladies sipped their chocolate to the melodious reciting by Schiller, in his periwig, of his own poems, and Mozart played his sonatas on the

spinnet for their delight. English artists have ever been most hospitably received at Weimar, and during the last year or two they have made something of a god of Miss Ellen Terry's son, Gordon Craig, at the court, and shown a great appreciation of another artist from our midst, Mr. Will Rothenstein, of the New English Art Club.

\* \* \*

### Owner of 100,000 Acres.

**THE** Duke of Montrose, who has been speaking on the Budget, is one of the biggest landowners, possessing over 100,000 acres in Scotland. He is a good all-round sportsman, being one of the best shots in society, and he has done a good deal of big game shooting in Egypt and elsewhere. He is Lord Clerk Register of Scotland, and has charge of the arrangements for the election of Scottish representative peers. The Duchess of Montrose was one of the duchesses who held the canopy over the Queen at the Coronation. It is a curious fact that each of the first three Dukes of Montrose died in the same year in which their respective sons and heirs were married. The fourth duke, father of the present peer, however, broke the chain of coincidences.

## Unacquaintance Quite Mutual

**M. FRANKFORT MOORE**, the novelist, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and J. M. Barrie happened to be playing a cricket match together. With them was a sporting Englishman whose education was much more thorough in cricket than in books. But he knew that this team was nominally composed of authors and made up his mind to be sociable with them.

For his first essay he ran against the man who invented Sherlock Holmes.

"Would you mind telling me your name? I didn't quite catch it just now," he said.

"Conan Doyle," was the reply.

"Ah!" The sportsman pulled at his mustache. "Do you write?" he asked at last.

"A little?" said the author in some surprise.

The conversation ended and the next man the questioner happened against chanced to be J. M. Barrie, hiding from the sight of men in a quiet corner, as is his wont.

"Feeling fit?" the cricketer asked.

"Pretty fair," said Barrie.

"D'ye know, I didn't quite catch your name a minute or so ago. Would you mind?"

"My name's Barrie."

"Ah!" and a long silence, for Barrie is the most nervous of men in the presence of strangers.

"Do you write, Mr. Barrie?"

"I have written now and then, I am afraid," said Barrie, meekly.

Shortly afterward the sportsman moved on once more, feeling that men who wrote were about as unentertaining as last year's newspapers. He tugged at his mustache, and at that moment ran full tilt into Frankfort Moore. The same question followed in the praiseworthy effort to get on warmer terms with his fellow players. And when he learned the third stranger's name, his face brightened wonderfully.

"I needn't ask if you write, Mr. Moore," he cried with enthusiasm. "'Lalla Rookh' is a household word with us."



## More Real Comedy

PURE comedy as played by the most refined English players—such comedy as we used to have in Canada much oftener when cities were smaller—is getting a revival at one or two theatres of late. Sir Chas. Wyndham, supported by Miss Mary Moore, is just winding up a successful week's run at the Princess Theatre, Toronto, in "The Mollusc." Following him in the same theatre comes Miss Marie Tempest, who presents the same sort of refined English comedy, depending for its appreciation on the exercise of the mind—which is unhappily untrue of nine-tenths of the comedy imported into Canada. If reports are to be relied upon, "Penelope," the comedy by W. Somerset Maugham, in which she is announced to appear, ought to prove just as enjoyable as "The Mollusc" has been this week. The two plays, while entirely different in theme and treatment, are both examples of the best in modern comedy—the kind of comedy that appeals directly to the intelligence.

man to manipulate it and there aren't many such—perhaps.

Miss Tempest will be supported here by the same company of English actors that appeared with her in London so long.



Miss Marie Tempest, who is playing in "Penelope," direct from London

It is several years since Miss Tempest was seen on the local stage. Then she was an opera singer and one of the best. Her success in legitimate comedy, however, has been remarkable and in London where she is a tremendous favourite they regard her as their leading exponent of the art of comedy. "Penelope" was written especially for her and she delighted London in it for more than two years. In it she appears as a young wife struggling to rewin her husband, who has been lured away by a pretty grass widow. The method she employs is somewhat unique and it is doubtful if it would prove as effective in real life as it does in the play. It would require a Marie Tempest sort of a wo-

## In the days of the Play Party

By J. L. HARBOUR

### The Weevily Wheat.

ONCE upon a time there was the singing game called "The Weevily Wheat," in the playing of which the young men chose partners and arranged themselves in two long lines facing each other. While the couple at the head marched down between the lines the others sang:

"Oh, don't you see this pretty miss  
All dressed in riches of beauty,  
A-sailing down the flow'ry fields  
So faithful to her duty?  
Oh, don't you think she's a pretty miss,  
And don't you think she's clever,  
And don't you think that she and I  
Will make a match forever?"

"Oh, I won't have any of your weevily wheat,  
And I won't have any of your barley;  
But I must have the best of wheat  
To make a cake for Charley!  
For Charley he's a nice young lad,  
And Charley he's a dandy,  
And Charley he's the very lad  
Who stole his daddy's brandy!"

### The Game of Hiss Cat.

THEN there were games of forfeits in which one "kept postoffice," or "measured tape," or "picked grapes," or did other things involving more or less osculatory effort. It required some deliberation before a young fellow could "bow to the wittiest, kneel to the prettiest, and kiss the one he loved best." Then all the boys would be banished from the room and a little later two or three of them would be summoned back, and, through some occult process, divine if possible, the girls who had chosen them to sit by their sides. If they

made a mistake and sat by the wrong girl, violent hissing resulted, and they were again banished. This interesting game was called "Hiss Cat."

\* \* \*

### The Three Tinkers.

AGAIN three young fellows would lock arms and march up to some other fellow in the room, singing:

"Three tinkers, three tinkers,  
Three tinkers, are we,  
A-courting your daughters  
So rare and so fair!  
Can we get lodging  
Here, oh here?  
Can we get lodging here?"

To this the father of three daughters might reply, if he did not like the looks of the tinkers:

"Three tinkers, three tinkers,  
Three tinkers, you are,  
A-courting my daughters  
So rare and so fair,  
You can't get lodging  
Here, of here!  
You can't get lodging here!"

\* \* \*

### Give Her a Kiss and Let Her Go.

ANOTHER game was one in which a young fellow seated himself on one of two chairs in the centre of the room and sang this alluring invitation:

"Green grows the willow tree!  
Green grows the willow tree!  
Green grows the willow tree!  
Come, my love, and sit by me!"  
Then the young fellow pointed his finger at the object of his choice, and she was in duty bound to sit by him, after which the others sang:  
"On the banks the rushes grow!  
On the banks the rushes grow!  
On the banks the rushes grow!  
Give her a kiss and let her go!"

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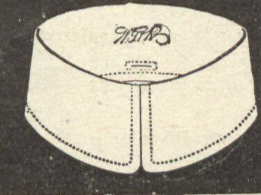
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## PARLIAMENTARY BOREDOM

A WRITER in *M. A. P.* cheerfully describes life in the British House of Commons in language which might aptly be applied to the ways and byways of Parliament Hill in Ottawa. He says:

"In my wrath I have described life in the House of Commons as boredom tempered by divisions. To the outside public and in the columns of descriptive chronicles, the House of Commons often appears to be one great thrilling drama, with every moment filled with some mighty speech, some vivid scene, some outburst of enthusiasm, a personal encounter of Titans. But it is with the House of Commons in the newspaper description as with life in all literature; that is to say, it is not life as a whole, but life taken at certain brief moments of excitement, of passion, of the dramatic, not life in its general grey dead level of the ordinary, the dull, the wearisome.

The real life of the Member of Parliament is spent in loafing in the lobby, in empty gossip over the most trivial and passing incidents, in seeing constituents, in reading over and over again one newspaper after another—in all the laborious processes, in fact, to which men resort in the dreary occupation of killing time.

Ministers in charge of some great department or of some important bill, who have their rooms for work in the House of Commons or whose minds are absorbed in doing things—men in that position have plenty to occupy them; but the ordinary member who does not take an active part in the House of Commons and who has been accustomed to make the most of his time, finds the House of Commons one of the bitterest of disillusiones.

### The Explorer in the House.

I have rarely seen a member of the House of Commons reveal so palpably

this *etat d'ame* as Stanley. He wandered about the lobbies with a curious lost air. He spoke to very few and seemed then, as perhaps he always was, a very lonely and a very detached individual. From the House he would wonder into the reading room, that favourite resort of the member of Parliament who finds time hanging heavy on his hands. For it is the room in which the newspapers from all parts of the country are kept, and newspaper reading is the modern method of killing time—the modern and one of the most deadly.

He also appeared to spend a great deal of his time in writing letters, an onerous duty, especially in the case of a man who, like Stanley, represented a huge constituency. His own feelings with regard to the House of Commons are best expressed in the following extract from his book:

"Long ago the House of Commons had lost its charm for me. It does not approach my conception of it. Its business is conducted in a shilly-shally manner which makes one groan at the waste of life. It is said to begin at 3 p.m. Prayers are over at 3.10, but for the following twenty minutes we twiddle our fingers; and then commence the questions.

These questions are mainly from the Irish party, and of no earthly interest to anyone except themselves, but even if they were, the answers might be printed just as the questions are, and that would save an hour for the business of debate. A member soon learns how wearying is debate. Out of 620 members some twenty of them have taken it upon themselves, with the encouragement and permission of the Speaker, to debate on every matter connected with the Empire, and after we have heard their voices some fifty times, however interesting their subjects may be, they naturally become very monotonous."

## CHATS ABOUT CITIES

### Rostand's Receipt.

WHEN Edmond Rostand is in Paris, one of the things he loves to do is to spend an hour or two in the old print shops on and near the left bank of the Seine.

The other morning he was turning over a portfolio of pictures, when a very pretty American girl burst into the shop. She chose her picture, paid for it, and asked the shopkeeper to give her a receipt as she was buying the picture for a friend. The man was rather embarrassed.

"I—I am afraid I can't," he said. "You see, I am not the owner of the shop. He has gone out to luncheon; I am only looking after it for him, and—and I don't know how to write." Then the man had a sudden inspiration. "But this gentleman is an old customer," he said, "he'll give you a receipt for me, I am sure."

And it was not until her return home that the American knew what a prize she had secured for her autograph album.

\* \* \*

### In Gay Berlin.

BERLIN is rapidly becoming the great centre of Continental gaiety, superseding Paris in this respect. The great public balls and fetes given in Berlin during the winter surpass, not only in magnificence, but also in good taste, anything of the kind known anywhere in Europe.

The Berlin Association of Journalists recently organised a great Egyptian fete in the enormous halls of the Exposition Building in Charlottenburg, and transformed this immense structure, which is larger than Olym-

pia, into African scenery. The desert, the pyramids, and the sphinx, the streets and bazaars of Cairo, the harems of wealthy Egyptian Moslems and many other characteristic features of Egyptian life were shown with remarkable realism.

The crowd was so great that dancing became impossible, and the guests had to content themselves with promenading throughout the building and drinking champagne at small tables, served by dark-eyed, Oriental-costumed beauties drawn mostly from the east end of Berlin.

\* \* \*

### English as She is Taught.

ENGLISH methods of education are much talked about in France and enthusiasts are constantly urging the authorities to introduce them, or some of them, into Paris.

The other afternoon one of these enthusiasts sought for and obtained an interview with Monsieur Briand, France's Socialist Premier.

"Have you ever thought, Monsieur, how useful it would be to send someone to England to study English public school life?"

"Yes," Monsieur Briand answered, "curiously enough, the same idea has been in my mind for some time past. I am thinking of sending Madame P—, a lady who speaks perfect English, over to Cambridge, where she will study English public school life on the spot."

Not the least funny part of the story is the fact that the enthusiast was delighted. He had no notion that one could not study the life of the public school at Caius or Trinity College.

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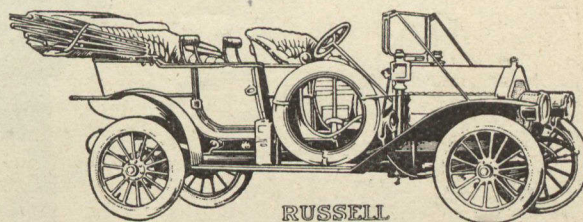
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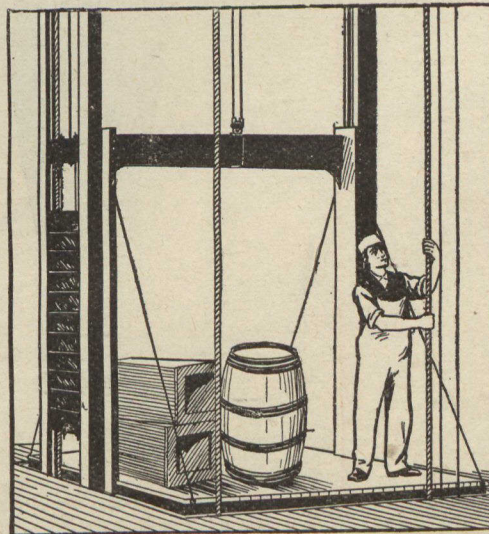
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