

THE CANADIAN



Courier



1608

1908

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER,
COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO.

Simpson's for Beautiful Cut Glass

¶ A brief talk of the four important features which will come up for criticism when examining a piece of cut glass may be of interest. The purity of color is essential. There are many different shades in any piece of glass—in some the green will predominate, in others the pink, and again the almost pure crystal color; there are other shades but these are most common. The design is next, it must be rich in cutting and yet when completed must not destroy the prismatic effects. So many otherwise excellent pieces, while being beautiful examples of the cutter's art have not the "fire" which, after all, is their chief beauty. Next the excellence of workmanship; the importance of this is apparent without further remark other than to say that if the angles and facets are not relatively perfect no amount of polishing will give you the necessary iridescence. Next the finish; the sparkling, scintillating facets are brought to their brilliancy by a long and laborious process after the finishing or smoothing cut which follows the roughing. The article or that portion of it which has not been cut is covered with a mask of wax, the piece is then immersed in a bath of acid which removes all roughness or frosting from the cuttings. Great care is necessary in this part of the manufacture on account of the powerful acids used. After coming out of the bath the article is "wooded," which means that a wood wheel with polishing compounds are used to bring back the original polish of the glass, the rouge and polishing being kept up until not a part but what is as brilliant as modern skill can make it.

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PUBLISHERS' TALK

THIS Champlain Number needs no apology for its being or its appearance. The cover design will, we believe, compare favourably with anything ever produced in Canada. The contents speak for themselves. Our only regret is that we had not more space at our disposal. Next week we hope to have a large number of interesting photographs portraying the chief scenes in connection with this memorable and brilliant occasion.

THE Hudson Bay country will receive attention in two numbers. We have secured some of the most interesting photographs that have come out of that country and these will be accompanied by illuminative text.

A CANADIAN barrister-author who has just returned home after three years' absence writes: "I had no idea that so good a weekly as yours could be made to pay here. The two numbers so far received by me have been sent, one to England and one to Edmonton, and I think they will mean two new subscribers." This is practical sympathy of a kind which appeals to us. We hope to prove worthy of such confidence. Another subscriber writing from Ottawa says: "I also wish to congratulate you on the excellence of your paper." Another kind word to cheer us on.



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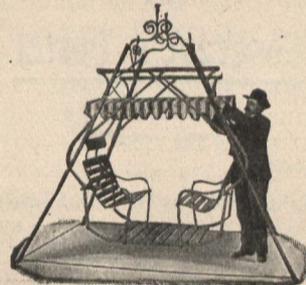
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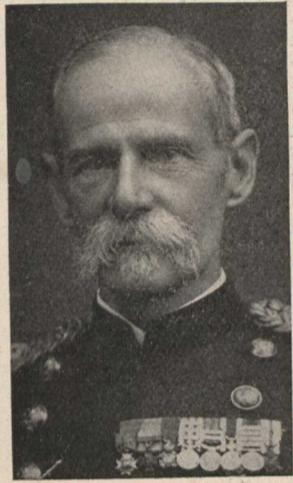
The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

Vol. IV.

Toronto, July 25th, 1908.

No. 8



Earl Roberts.



General Otter.



H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.



Sir Wilfrid Laurier.



Hon. Lomer Gouin.

IN THE PUBLIC VIEW

CANADA has had a large number and variety of commissions—most of them either to ferret out who was wrong or what might be done about a canal or a power scheme; but the National Battlefields Commission is the first body of the kind ever appointed to create a spectacle. It contains two French-Canadians, one Irish-Canadian, one Scotch-Canadian and one English-Canadian. Needless to specify which is which; they are all of one nationality when it comes to the Tercentenary and the preservation of the Plains of Abraham. Mayor Garneau, of Quebec, who is chairman of the Commission, comes of a long line of official heads in that province; Hon. Adelard Turgeon is well known in Quebec politics; Mr. Byron E. Walker is equally eminent as a financier and an art connoisseur; Colonel George Denison is one of the best-known military men and one of the most ardent Imperialists in the world; and Sir George Drummond is one of the kings in Canadian financial circles as well as being an extensive patron of art. It would have been difficult to select a more representative and efficient Commission. The work at which they have spent, but not lost many weeks of time and labour, will have come to a head by the time this issue of the "Canadian Courier" reaches its farthest Canadian subscriber.

Canadians have been tacitly accused of not being a dramatic people. In comparison with the prodigal displays across the border and the great pageants of England, it has been justly said up to the present that there never had been a great contrived spectacle in



His Excellency the Governor-General and Countess Grey.

Canada worthy of so great and glorious a country. Not many years ago the yawning school-boy in the country school learned by heart half a page of his shabby Canadian history, drier than the dust on the floor, and he wondered why on earth so discouraging a headache was ever included in the curriculum for patriotic boys. The battles were given, day and date; the treaties followed the battles, and the coalitions and Acts of Parliament came after the treaties, and in all the maze of facts and figures the boy was unable to find a gleam of the heroic till he took up his school reader and read the story of the capture of Quebec or the story of the Long Sault; then he began to wonder what ailed the historian when he made the history, that he had left out all the colour and the romance of which the land seemed to be as full as a day is of sunshine.

The Tercentenary has changed all that. The movement and the spectacle contrived by Earl Grey in cooperation with the Canadian Clubs has provided a spectacle that ought to make the story of Canada hereafter as fascinating as any romance ever penned. Even the grown-up people who had forgotten more than half the history that was nailed into their brains by the dry-as-dust method, have lately been studying the great living story that appeals not only to the imagination of Canadians and of the British Empire but even of the entire world. Thanks to the Governor-General and the Canadian Clubs and the Commission and the pageant expert, Mr. Lascelles, the Tercentenary has gone into the history of Canada as one of the greatest and most dramatic spectacles in the world—not even the British pageants or the Oriental Durbar or the Roman triumphs excepted.



Mayor Garneau.



Mr. Byron E. Walker.



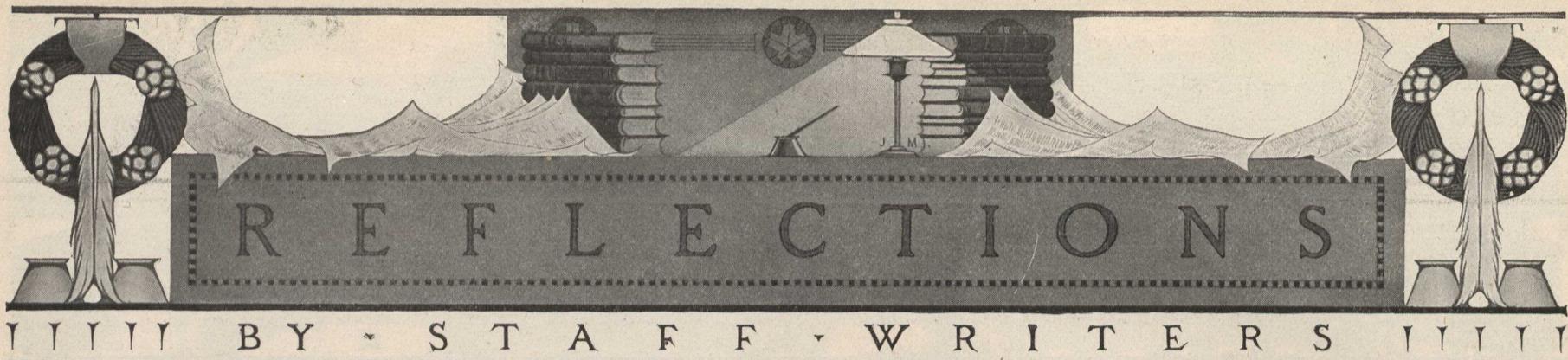
Sir George Drummond.



Lt.-Col. G. T. Dennison.



Hon. Adelard Turgeon.



OPENING THE THROTTLE

NO one will deny that Canada has opened wide the throttle. Under full steam, she is heading towards a completer development, towards a broader and deeper industrial life, a wider and more self-conscious nationality. It is just possible that Canada is too ambitious. It is just within the range of doubt that she may be crowding on too much sail, only to be wrecked in a typhoon. It may be that we are too confident, too willing to pledge the future and are loading ourselves with mortgages which may crush us. The governmental expenditures in 1908-09, including both federal and provincial, will be about one hundred millions more than in 1898-99. Even the municipalities and commercial institutions are spending double or treble as much as they did ten years ago.

A number of fairly wise and reasonable people are asking if it is wise to go so fast. If our expenditures have quadrupled in ten years, have our assets and possibilities and credit developed in the same proportion? This is a difficult question to answer. It is quite certain that our population has not quadrupled, nor even trebled, nor yet doubled. It has grown in a most encouraging way, but it has not shown any great anxiety to reach the hundred million mark which the political orators have prophesied for 1950, or thereabouts. Turning then to our assets and possibilities, it may be frankly admitted that these have probably increased in value nearly as fast as our expenditures. The assessed value of Canadian property, including the Crown demain, should be at least three times what it was ten years ago. In a forced sale, this estimate might be shown to be extravagant, but there will be no forced sale. Canada's solvency is beyond doubt.

At the same time, it is well that we have misgivings occasionally. A nation going the terrific pace that this one is exhibiting just now, will strike some sharp curves and some decidedly bumpy spots. The track is not going to be all level, with less than one per cent. grades. The wise engineer has his eye ahead watching for possible trouble. Canada's engineer has great interests committed to his charge; in his hand he holds the earthly happiness of millions of simple-minded persons who know little about governments and parliaments, and public expenditures and public debts. When the combined federal and provincial expenditures amount to more than \$100 per family, the engineer must be alert.

Governments are what people make them, and if Canadian governments are extravagant and reckless it is the people's fault. Who ever heard of a municipality refusing to accept a new post-office because it was uneconomical, or it believed that the Dominion Government could not afford it? Where is the record of a port town refusing a new wharf, because times were hard? Where is the firm that refused to accept a contract from a government of any kind because the governmental revenues were falling? Did any one ever hear of a member of Parliament standing up and protesting against expenditure in his own constituency? Was there a province which protested against the increased subsidy which it is now getting from the federal authorities?

The truth is that the people have forced the governments to open the throttle. No government, provincial or federal, can be popular unless it spends the people's money freely. When a member of parliament goes back to his constituency the keenest congratulations he receives are those thanking him for the appropriation for a new railway, or a new wharf or a new post-office. Is he ever congratulated for his grand opposition to reckless expenditures or for his calm and judicial attitude towards national investments? Not often. Let us, therefore, not blame the public men whom we place in office if they do that thing which pleases us best. There is no doubt that millions are being spent on public works and in other ways that are quite unnecessary; but some constituency has demanded every such expenditure, some set of local politicians have instigated the under-

taking. Perhaps we are giving too much towards railway expenditure, but it is hard to repress the district's enthusiasm when the legislation which interests them has been safely engineered through the House.

If the throttle is wide open, it is because Canadian optimism and determination have decreed that such shall be our course of conduct.

THE QUEBEC BRIDGE

THERE is much that is unfortunate in connection with the Quebec Bridge. The first mistake was made by the Dominion and Province of Quebec governments when they gave large bond guarantees and bonuses to a company with a small capital. Even a smaller accident than the one which occurred might have driven it into bankruptcy. The second mistake was made by the engineers. They planned and executed badly. Like the two governments, they should have exercised greater precaution.

Of course, it is easy to point out these mistakes now. Possibly if the Dominion Government had undertaken the work in the first place, the same accident might have occurred and a similar loss been made. The men who formed the company may have shown as much wisdom and as much forethought as the government would have exhibited. On this point, there is room for much argument and mental speculation.

The loss has occurred. There was but one thing to be done and that has been done. The government has taken over the bridge and the bond issues and the country must bear the loss of nearly four millions of dollars. The bridge must be rebuilt and no private company would be anxious to undertake the work after the experience which the Quebec Bridge Company and the Phoenix Company have had. For the future success of the undertaking, the Dominion is now responsible. If the present abutments, unused material and approaches are not available for the new bridge the loss will be increased by another three millions. It is a lamentable situation but one which apparently the country must face with such equanimity as it may be able to command.

OPENING THE WEST

A NEW Land Act has been passed by the Dominion Parliament which opens up a vast quantity for immediate settlement. Not more than ten per cent. of the lands of the two new provinces are in the hands of actual settlers. Perhaps the percentage is even lower. The remainder of the land is held by the Dominion Government, the railway companies, the Hudson's Bay Company and various land companies. All these bodies with the exception of the Dominion have been advertising and selling their lands at so much per acre. The Dominion will now not only facilitate further homesteading along the old lines of land free after three years' residence, but will assist settlement through "pre-emptions" and "purchased homesteads."

A pre-emption of a quarter-section may be obtained by any homesteader who has completed his homesteading obligations and has not parted with his property. He may ask for any available section lying along his homestead and on paying a fee of \$10 secures it. He must then reside on his homestead or his pre-emption for six months in each of six years. He must pay three dollars an acre, one-third on the expiration of three years and the balance in five equal annual instalments with interest. The pre-emptor has thus three years' use of his new farm before the first payment is made.

A purchased homestead is very similar. Pre-emption applies only to adjoining land; purchased homesteading applies to lands no matter how far they may lie from the original homestead. The person must show that pre-emption is not possible, must reside on the land for

six months in each of three years, must cultivate fifty acres, must erect a \$300 house, and must pay \$3 per acre. In this case one-third of the purchase price must be paid at time of entry and remainder in two equal annual instalments. The terms are thus somewhat more onerous than in the case of pre-emptions, though the patent issues in three years instead of in six.

It is estimated that this new Land Act will throw open about 30,000,000 acres for homesteading, pre-emption and purchase. It is from the revenues of the sales of pre-emptions and purchased homesteads that the Government proposes to get the funds with which to finance the Hudson Bay railway.

SCHOOL BOOKS IN THE WEST

THERE has been considerable discussion in the West over the contract made by the Alberta and Saskatchewan governments for school readers. The contract was made with the Morang Company of Toronto and, as the time was short for delivery, they were allowed to print the first edition in New York. The agreement was attacked because the work was not done in Canada and because it was thought to be extravagant.

As to the first charge, there is no doubt that it is well that Canada should print its own school-books. Nevertheless it is also true that these can be produced in New York or Boston more economically and more quickly than in Canada. There are firms there with special equipment and better machinery who can produce the books at a speed utterly impossible here. They have case-making machines, for example, which make cases faster than twenty-five case-makers can produce them by hand. The same is true of other details of manufacture. Canadian book binderies are poorly equipped and their work does not compare with those of the United States or Great Britain. Our school-books are, generally speaking, vastly inferior to those made in the other two countries.

As to the question of value, the two governments concerned seem to have made a good bargain. The books have been examined by the writer, who has also an intimate knowledge of nearly all the best readers, American and British, and he cannot but admit that they are in some respects the finest set of school readers yet produced. The cases are well made; each book is bound front and back with a linen hinge; the stitching, paper and type are first-class in every respect. Mechanically the books are splendid specimens of the book-maker's art. Their cost to the governments, who will supply them free, is as follows: Primer, 13.68 cents; first book, 16.53 cents; second book, 18.91 cents; third book, 23.75 cents; and fourth book, 27.36 cents. Considering the quality of the work and the number of pages in each, the price does not seem excessive. Moreover, the publisher must deliver the books free at the provincial capitals.

In passing it may be mentioned that the estimated annual cost of readers for the Province of Saskatchewan is \$4,000 a year. The outlay the first year will be large, but in the second, third and fourth years it should be small enough to bring the average down to this figure. On this basis, the annual cost of free school books to all city, town and rural schools in Ontario would not be more than \$30,000 a year. If the Government paid for the preparation of the readers and the making of the first set of plates, this cost should be reduced to \$25,000 a year. Toronto has long been supplying these books free at a cost of about eleven cents per pupil. It will thus be seen that free readers in all public schools is not such a terrible item as some conservative and time-worn educationists would have the public believe.

THE OLYMPIC GAMES

SO far the Olympic games in London do not appear to have been a gigantic success in themselves or especially for the representatives of Canada. The stadium in which the games have taken place was planned for the attendance of tremendous crowds, we are told, even as great as 70,000, but according to the cable reports the average attendance per day will not exceed so many hundreds, nor indeed reach even that number. The weather has not been entirely propitious and of course that has had some effect, but it cannot be doubted that somehow or other, in English-speaking countries there is tremendous difficulty in arousing enthusiasm in athletics pure and simple. The game is like everything else; if there is an exceptional star, people will come out to see him perform. If on the other hand it is a number

of men whose individual merits as compared with one another are doubtful, there is neither that anxiety nor desire to see the competition that there is in a case of somebody who has already achieved fame or at least performed in an out-of-the-common way. Nations are too far apart to make the presence of the handful of excursionists or the handful of visitors felt to any great extent.

In the stadium, built to seat 70,000 people, the discouraging effect of a few score here and a few score there can easily be appreciated. It would be like going into a banquet hall wherein covers were laid for two hundred and only ten or twelve turned up. Still the attendance has nothing to do with the achievements of the competitors. In these Olympic contests nation is pitted against nation, not town against town, city against city, county against county, but country against country, and, therefore, while they take on world-wide interest, the local interest in the absence of the aforesaid star or stars, as the case may be, is felt, because there is not any extraordinary curiosity to see the winner. When the great race of all comes on, the Marathon on Friday next, doubtless interest will be quickened, and public curiosity awakened to see the man who has been recently a tremendous deal in the limelight—perhaps a deal more than might be considered judicious or even creditable. Whether he win or lose, Longboat's preliminaries are mindful of those of Deerfoot. He, too, was made a mystery of. It is hardly to be suspected, or expected, that Thomas Flanagan will carry things so far as to dress his hero in gewgaws, as did the men who were behind Deerfoot, when he gave his campaign in England.

In the present case, however, Longboat is not like Deerfoot was, the only man who is to be reckoned with. There are others in their respective spheres of whom something is, or at least was, expected. It is to be regretted that they have hardly performed so well as there were hopes they would do. So far Canada does not appear to have accomplished a great deal, but it must be remembered that she is pitted against the entire world and when one comes to think that at the best we have but six million people from whom to choose, while other nations have anywhere from eight to fifteen times as many, it is not wonderful that we should not have come out first in more events than we have. On the whole we have reason to congratulate ourselves that our representatives have performed as well as they have. At any rate they have disgraced neither themselves nor their country, and in nearly every instance, while they may not have been within the score, they have usually been in the neighbourhood of the first division. So there is cause neither for regret nor lamentation. It is the first attempt that Canada has ever made at a worthy representation in a distant field of athletics, and if she comes out in a moderate sense decently well, her representatives will have performed creditably.

As a matter of fact, against the "stall-fed" Americans and the home-bred Englishmen, the Canadians may fairly be said to have done bravely. In the majority of events in which they have competed, they have at least been in the running; and as a whole have beaten their fellow colonials from Australia and the general representatives of Europe. Robert Kerr, in particular, has performed excellently and would be dangerous in any company in sprint races. He won the first heat in the hundred metres, doing the distance, about 109 yards 2 feet, in the exceedingly good time of 11 seconds, also winning the 200 metre race in 22 1-5 seconds, the fastest record made in the preliminary heats. Jack Tait, finishing fourth in the 1500 metre run, also performed well. Zimmerman figured creditably in the swimming competitions, and Meadows, Fitzgerald and Galbraith, each of whom ran second in the preliminary heats of the five-mile race, are certainly deserving of commendation. Lukeman and Watson Sebert also are worthy of mention for merit. Keith proved himself exceptionally able in the gymnastic competitions, while Con. Walsh, of Woodstock, covered himself with glory in getting third to so doughty a champion as John Flanagan in the hammer throw, and in covering 159 feet 1½ inches, a little more than 11 feet behind the victor, who threw 170 feet 4¾ inches.

In the bicycling events McCarthy and Andrews, notwithstanding that they fell short of winning, were sufficiently close to deserve recognition. If Canada did not come out ahead in the athletic events, she at any rate earned renown in the clay-bird shooting, capturing the individual competition and also the international shield. Thus, taking one thing with another, it can hardly be denied that our representatives have performed with a certain amount of credit both to themselves and to the country they represent. With the Marathon race yet to come and the rowing events and lacrosse to follow, we are still likely, when the final results are made up, to have made a very fair showing indeed.



WE are a sporting people. Whatever may be good or whatever may be bad in this designation may as well be accepted. All summer long, sport is uppermost in the minds of very many of us, and plays quite an important part in the recreation of the rest of us. We like to play games; and we like to see others play them. When we cannot go to the golf links for the afternoon or get out on the water in our various craft, we try to find time to get to a "ball game" or to drop in on a bowling green in the evening. If business presses so hard that we can do none of these things, we turn to the sporting columns of the papers to see how our more fortunate fellows have been enjoying themselves. When we send a promising runner or a rowing crew abroad, all our interest goes with them; and there is no reading in the papers which draws the eyes of more people than the all too meagre accounts of how they are getting on. Our world-beaters become national heroes. You may talk about your Rhodes scholars until you are black in the face; but when will one of them achieve the popularity of Ned Hanlan?

AND we are a picturesque people at our sports. Then is when we look best. You take a number of staid business men in their negligé rigs as they pace about a bowling lawn or stride over a golf course, and you would never imagine that they are the same dull grey and collar-bound individuals whom we had seen that morning bending over desks or sitting with wrinkled brows in private offices. Then there are the young athletes who play lacrosse or who paddle in canoes. Lithe, graceful, brown-skinned, clad with the lightness of a bathing beach, they are the most fascinating sight which the eye that loves strength and agility can possibly see. As for the Canadian girl, she never looks better than when she is engaged in sport. If she paddles, every pose is a picture. If she plays tennis, nothing is more delightful than to see her flying over the sward with light-winged feet and white-clad body. If she golfs, her saucy costume is the spice of the links. Even in winter, when she probably fancies herself most as she is elaborately gotten up for the theatre party or the ball, she really does not begin to look her best until she appears under her red or blue tuque with her snow-shoes on her back.

SOMETIMES we are criticised for our devotion to sports. But we generally comfort ourselves under such comment by reflecting that, in all probability, our critics "do not know what they are talking about." They have not come under the fascinating spell of sport. They do not know that play is one of the things which makes life worth living. Possibly they are money-grubbers. More probably they are elderly people who grew up at a period in our national development when there was little time for sport. We have a dozen

ways of putting them out of court. Yet some of us have misgivings at times. The younger generation do not seem to elevate sport into a position where we have been accustomed to place achievement, and to give their "spare hours" to business as we once gave ours to recreation. This is like beginning a dinner with the "sweets." One might like it with a youthful appetite, but one would not go very far on it.

LAST week, we were talking of a man who eschewed the "sport" of his age and went in for achievement. His name was Champlain. We remember it to-day. We are holding a celebration in his honour and statues to him rise on the scenes of his daring adventure. Now, come, how many names of the idlers who followed "sport" in the gardens and forests of Fontainebleau do you recall? Of course, it is easy to say that we do not care who remembers us after we are dead, so long as we have a good time while we are living. But that is hardly honest. The desire to leave a name is common to the human race. We dread dying "even as the flowers," and wasting away our lives "upon the chance wind, even as they." Then there is another side to it. The people who do not achieve, will not be able long to enjoy the leisure which permits "sport." At this time and in this country, it seems easy enough now; for we have a rich land where it is not difficult to make a living. But let us crowd up a bit, and competition will soon begin to push the laxer fingers from their hold on opportunity.

NOW, I did not intend to write these last two paragraphs when I began. I am not one of the critics of "sport." I believe in it. I am convinced that the health and good spirits which the joyous playing of games brings to the average man, young or old, makes him a better business man, more successful in his profession; a more wholesome force in the community. Sport is a humanising influence. It drags the recluse from his hut, and softens the iron exterior of the "machine" who thinks only of work. Then sporting races make good fighting races; and it is too soon yet in the history of man to ignore the necessity of defending one's country. But there are other things in life. That is all the last two paragraphs mean. If we do not make play subordinate to endeavour, we will lose its best gift to us, and will eventually be shouldered out of our rich domain by a more strenuous race which creates the things that mankind want to buy. The right to play must be purchased by work.

W. Van Loon

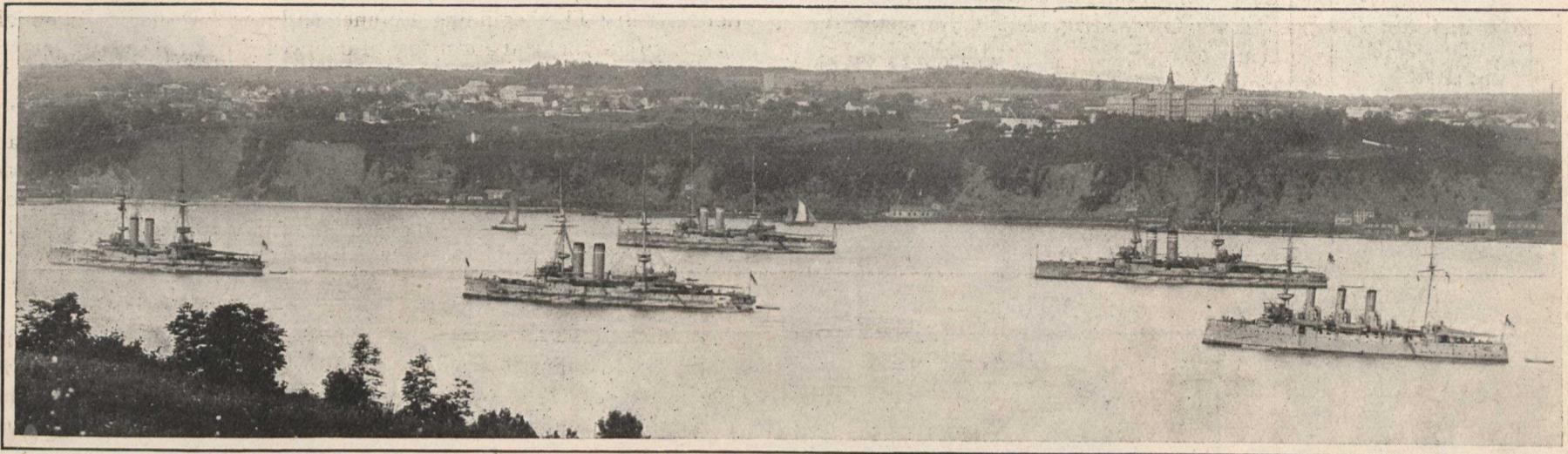
WALTON VAN LOON, a venerable resident of Catskill, New York, publishes a pamphlet undertaking to prove that his ancestor, Piet Van Loon, discovered the Hudson River in 1581, or eleven years before Henry Hudson's voyage in the *Half Moon*—Piet Van Loon having entered the continent by way of the St. Lawrence and thence proceeding southward into the Hudson River Valley. It is not probable, however, that the river's name will ever be changed from Hudson to Van Loon.—The Argonaut.



CANADA WINS THE BRITISH CHAMPIONSHIP.

R. Kerr on the extreme right, winning the 100 yards in the British Championship. Kerr also won the 220 yards and holds the British Championship of these events for the next year.

PAGEANT SCENES IN QUEBEC



View of Levis Shore—First class Battleships in the Harbour.



Streets in Gala Attire. City Hall on left, with Basilica in background.



One of the main Avenues in the Tented City, where 4,000 visitors may be entertained.



Champlain visits the Court of Henry IV.



Mr. Frank Lascelles, Director of Pageant, with his Secretary.



A Court Scene of the Sixteenth Century



Indians burying the dead after an attack.



Indian Chief



The Gardens of Fontainebleau. The King and Queen lead the dance and revels.



Indian Chief



Historic Scene of Indians at Long Sault holding a war dance before attacking Dollard's fort.



Dancing the Pavane at Court of Henry IV.



Madame de Champlain comes to Quebec



Champlain receiving an Iroquois deputation.



Arrival of the Hospitalieres and Ursuline Nuns, welcomed by Governor Montmagny.



Garden Scene at Fontainebleau. Jacques Cartier at Court of Francis I.

REVIVAL OF OLD FRENCH SCENES



A Lady of the Court of Francis I.



Halberdier of Francis I. Regime.



Lady of the Court of Henry IV.



Nobleman of Frontenac's Day.

WOMEN OF OLD QUEBEC



Lady of the Court of Francis I.

THE Seventeenth Century was one of political stress in Europe. The Stuarts fought their long and losing battle in England and the Bourbon kings of France were sowing the wind, from which unfortunate Louis XVI. was to reap the whirlwind. In the early years of this troubled century, away across the Atlantic from Stuart and Bourbon new dominions were being

built on the banks of great rivers. St. Lawrence, Mississippi and Hudson saw the birth of nations in the years following the discovery of "a new heavens and a new earth." The great Queen Elizabeth died just a year before the exploits of Champlain and De Monts in Acadia and King James was awaiting the long-anticipated version of the English Bible in the year that Champlain founded the city which is now the capital of a British province.

In those early days of Quebec, what part was played by the women of the colony, who came from the fertile and smiling land of France and made their homes among the savages of an unknown land? France was then the most civilised country in Europe, containing all that the Seventeenth Century knew of luxury and refinement. Quebec was but an ice-girt cliff in the eyes of these pioneer settlers whose vineyards must have looked green and purple, indeed, in the idealising haze of memory.

Foremost among the dames who cheered and strengthened the early colonists was Dame Hebert, who sailed with her husband from Honfleur, just nine years after Champlain had made the first permanent settlement in Quebec. The weary voyage lasted for three months, during which the voyagers encountered storms, fog and icebergs ere they reached the city of Quebec in the middle of June. Sieur Hebert was an apothecary by trade but, like all other settlers, he was obliged to turn farmer and, with commendable caution, he built his rude home and planted his primitive garden hard by the fort of the great explorer. In the year of their arrival the first marriage of the colony took place, that of their daughter, Anne Hebert, to Stephen Jonquest.

In 1627 Sieur Hebert died, leaving his indomitable wife to carry on the affairs of his homestead. Already she had proved herself a thrifty housewife, showing the proverbial French capacity for management and proving a very refuge for the suffering or lonely in those days of stress. Several Recollect friars had come to Canada with the early settlers and these preachers of a new faith to the Indians found a staunch helper and supporter in Dame Hebert.

In 1629, when famine and sickness had reduced the white residents of Quebec to terrible straits, three English ships under Kirke sailed up the river

and found that there was no fortress to offer resistance. Most of the French colonists were in such a condition of poverty and distress that they went willingly on board the ships, to be taken back to France; but the intrepid Dame Hebert was one of the few to remain in the ruined colony, to watch over her home and to continue ministrations to the native converts. For three years, the flag of England was the symbol of European power at Quebec and then the Treaty of St. Germain gave the colony back to France. A ship was fitted out by the great Cardinal Richelieu and set out with two Jesuit priests among the fresh supply of settlers. As it

twenty years of age, she crossed the ocean to the New World, bringing with her three French maids. The consternation of these latter at the rude conditions they found in their western home may be readily imagined, and they were loud in lamentations for the comforts they had left behind them. Madame Helen was of much more exalted rank than any other member of the colony and must have faced her new existence with sinking heart. Paris of 1620 and Quebec of 1620 were centuries apart, but the beautiful French girl showed a serene courage in the midst of squalor and devoted herself to the Indian converts with an earnestness which won their profound veneration. But four years' residence in the rude settlement broke the health and spirits of the young wife who pleaded to return to her beautiful France. So, in 1624 Helen de Champlain said farewell to stern Quebec but an island near Montreal still keeps her name in remembrance. She became a *religieuse* and founded an Ursuline convent at Meaux where she died in 1654, being known in convent life as Helene de Saint-Augustin. To Champlain, his life of adventure seemed dearer than the happiness of the gentle girl whose heart was first won by his tales of the "dangers he had passed" but her memory is one of the fairest in the chronicles of Old Quebec.

The romance called *With Sword and Crucifix* describes fitly the methods frequently adopted by the early explorers. Champlain at an early date showed an eagerness for the Christianising of the Indian tribes and the pioneer work of the Jesuit missionaries forms one of the most heroic chapters in Canadian history. But the problem of educating the Indian girls pressed heavily on the church authorities of Quebec and an appeal was made to the gentlewomen of France for aid in this work. The call reached the heart of a woman whose ambition and philanthropy went beyond the borders of her native land and Madame de la Peltrie, a nobler "Joan of Arc," who heard voices calling her to a loftier mission than to lead a king to Rheims, resolved to sail across the seas as a missionary to the savage women. However, although Madame de la Peltrie was a wealthy widow, she was surrounded by relatives who interfered and tyrannised in every possible fashion. In her perplexity, the lady resorted to an expedient worthy of an advanced modern dramatist. She wrote to a distinguished and pious gentleman, Monsieur de Bernieres, proposing that he should ask her hand in marriage, merely that she might thus shake off her obnoxious friends and be free to sail on her mission. The gentleman, like a courteous son of France, placed his name at her disposal, the relatives retired in defeat and the victorious bride sailed from France, accompanied by a band of devoted women who were to found a school for Indian girls at Quebec, while Monsieur de Bernieres gravely wished their mission all success.

Madame de la Peltrie did not become a member of any religious order, although for more than thirty years she was associated with religious labours



Madame de Champlain.

There is no portrait extant of the wife of Champlain but this is the pageant figure.

approached the promontory, dear to Champlain, a flag was waved from the Hebert homestead and the worthy Dame herself welcomed her countrymen with tears of joy. Such was the record of a humble, pious and toiling life, one which seems in its simple yet stirring story, an epitome of pioneer virtues.

Entirely different was the career of Helen de Boulle, who, at the age of twelve, entered into contract of marriage with Samuel de Champlain, who forthwith received her dowry of forty-five thousand francs, which that masterful adventurer sadly needed for the support of his beloved colony. In the year 1620, when Madame de Champlain was over

in the New World and gave all her wealth towards the new establishment of which a woman of marvellous courage and organising genius, Mother Marie Guyard, became the Superior. This has developed into the great Ursuline Seminary of Quebec, now an extensive institution, which has grown, throughout nearly two-hundred-and-seventy years, to be one of the leading educational institutions for the girls of Quebec province. Before the death of Madame de la Peltrie, however, it was seen that the school had hardly achieved its original purpose of inducing the Indian girls to adopt the Christian faith and the customs of civilised life. For a few months the dusky pupils would cultivate the dainty manners and imitate the graceful bearing of their teachers and then would come the winter when the tribes would take to the woods. By the return of spring the lessons of restraint and decorum would all be forgotten. But the French colonists, who came to Quebec in increasing numbers, realised the value of the instruction and the school thrived amazingly. Mother Marie was one of the greatest

of these indomitable Frenchwomen and left literary works of peculiar historic value.

The Canadian nurse of to-day is known to be in the front rank of her profession; but few know that the pioneers of this calling were three *hospitalieres* who came out with Madame de la Peltrie and Mother Marie, practically laying the foundation of what is now Hotel-Dieu in Quebec, Canada's first general hospital. The toils of the modern nurse are light in comparison with the privations and sordid labour undertaken patiently by these women, most of whom had come from the noble families of France.

In the later days of Old Quebec, when the strife between France and Great Britain which was to agitate three continents was presaged by distant rumblings, there were luxury-loving women of New France who hastened their country's downfall. Madame de Pean, beautiful and unscrupulous, known as La Pompadour of Quebec, used her power over Intendant Bigot for the oppression and degradation of her people and viewed with the cynical amusement

of her type the disaster and ruin she had wrought. Like her more resplendent sisters in Paris, she rioted for years on the wealth extorted from honest toilers and cared little for the deluge which followed.

The women of France have played a more notable part in their country's affairs, whether for good or evil, than those of other nations. Brilliant, versatile, diplomatic, they have changed the fashions and the governments of many a state. In tracing the ancient records of the New France of which De Monts and Champlain dreamed mighty things, we can but admire with a degree of awe the courage, fortitude and sublime faith of the grand dames of the Seventeenth Century who made a place of rest and beauty in the midst of the wilderness and who gave assurance to the Ancient City of foundations of learning and charity which "broad and deep continueth." No longer do the golden lilies of France float above the fortress of the City of Champlain; but the fragrance of ancient sacrifice still renders sweet the memory of many a Marie, Helene and Madeleine.

Quebec and the Americans

By EMILY P. WEAVER



Sir William Phips.

From Fiske's "Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America," Vol. II.

interest was not altogether unfriendly. A trade treaty was suggested and an alliance for defence against the savages, but these projects came to nothing and henceforth for a century and a half the Americans (to give the colonists the name which their descendants have adopted for themselves) cast covetous and vindictive glances on the French stronghold.

They had indeed good excuse for unfriendliness, for during the latter part of the seventeenth century the French governors of Canada and Acadia had committed themselves to the policy of aiding, abetting and sometimes inspiring the raids of their Indians upon the New England borders. The English retaliated by protecting the Iroquois, who had become the scourge of the French settlements, and thus it chanced that during this period most of the Americans who passed within the walls of Quebec were prisoners dragged there by the redmen in hope of ransom.

At intervals, however, New Englanders went

thither voluntarily, with arms in their hands and a grim purpose of vengeance or conquest in their hearts. In three of the five sieges of Quebec, Americans have taken part. They took part also in other abortive expeditions, which never reached their objective.

In 1690, when Frontenac ruled New France, there arrived before Quebec a fleet of fishing boats and sailing vessels (thirty-two in all) manned by New Englanders and commanded by a rough son of Maine, whose previous career reads like a romance. Once a shepherd-lad, then a ship's carpenter, William Phips had married a wealthy widow, older than himself, had fished up from the ocean a fortune in the shape of treasure sunk for fifty years in the hold of a wrecked Spanish galleon, and to crown all had been decorated with the title of knight. Dazzled by his prosperity, his countrymen entrusted to this favourite of fortune the leadership of two successive expeditions against the French. He captured Port Royal by a mere show of force, but at that point his good luck failed him. When he sailed into the Basin of Quebec he found Frontenac prepared to answer his summons by the mouths of his cannon. Phips did his best, however. While his ammunition lasted and his ships would keep afloat, he pounded away at the face of the cliff, doing little damage and receiving much. At length he sailed homeward, losing on the way several of his injured vessels, and the French, attributing his discomfiture to miraculous intervention, dedicated to "Notre Dame de la Victoire," the little church which still stands in the Lower Town.

In the next siege of Quebec, that which ended with Wolfe's victory on the Plains of Abraham, representatives of the English colonies did good service both in fleet and army. A detachment of the Royal American Regiment guarded the line of communication on the day of battle between the army on the Heights and the boats in the Anse-au-Foulon, but on this occasion the part played by Americans was subordinate.

It was otherwise in the fifth and last siege. Then the Americans of British descent measured swords

with their brethren from the Old World, whilst the French, with few exceptions, stood aside to see how the game would go.

Montgomery and Arnold, the leaders of the invading forces, were skilful and daring, and, on the last day of December, 1775, when they had all Canada within their grip except the little spot

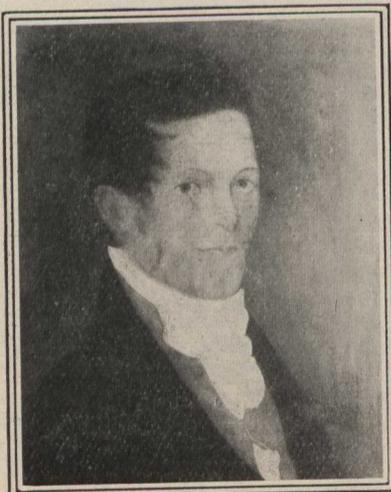


Captain Richard Montgomery.

encircled by the ramparts of Quebec, there were many who deemed the cause of England hopeless. Not so, Carleton. His vigilance was unceasing and the short, sharp contest of that stormy morning robbed the Americans of both their leaders. With Montgomery dead and Arnold wounded, the invading army was no longer formidable, but throughout the fierce frosts of the Quebec winter it kept the field, only to decamp in haste when spring brought reinforcements from England.

The heads of the Revolutionary party had hoped great things from the Canadians. The way of the "Liberty Army" had been diligently prepared by certain "old subjects" of the British Crown, who had settled in Canada upon its cession to England, but cherished a grudge against the military governors on account of their supposed partiality for the French.

One of the most zealous of these sowers of sedition was Thomas Walker, a merchant, of Montreal. We hear of him at Chambly looking out for the approaching Bostonians and trying to bribe a Canadian into taking up arms. Later we catch a glimpse of him in the camp before Quebec. Fortunately for Canada he was so tactless, imprudent and hot-tempered that he injured the cause he intended to serve. Benjamin Franklin, who was his guest in 1776, when he went to Montreal to try to beguile the Canadians into rebellion, said that both Walker and his wife had "an excellent talent for making enemies." They ventured to taunt the philosopher over



Mr. Thomas Walker.

From old portraits in Chateau de Ramezay.



Mrs. Thomas Walker.



Benedict Arnold.

Frontispiece in the "Life" by Isaac N. Arnold.

the failure of the American expedition till his patience was all but exhausted. It is not wonderful, therefore, that with such tongues and tempers the Walkers were a failure as organisers of a revolutionary party in Canada.

In later years, after the Americans had made an alliance with France, the plan of another invasion of Canada was suggested more than once, and early

in 1778 the young Marquis de la Fayette was sent to Albany to take command of an expedition to make a winter incursion into the country. But Washington and others, fearing that the French might wish to retain Canada for their services and dreading them for neighbours, discouraged the project.

Since 1776 Quebec has had many American

visitors, but they have come in peace to tread with reverent feet the streets of the city, which has been called "the store-house of American history," and one amongst them—an invalid not less courageous than Wolfe himself—the historian, Francis Parkman, has done more perhaps than any other writer to make known the fame of old Quebec throughout the world.

CHAMPLAIN AND ACADIA

By J. W. LONGLEY



IN the midst of the great celebrations about to take place in Quebec, it is perhaps not unfitting to call attention to one or two things that seem generally to be overlooked. We are not celebrating the Tercentenary of the founding of Canada, nor the three-hundredth birthday of the Dominion. These were celebrated at Port Royal (Annapolis Royal) with appropriate ceremonies four years ago. The place of Champlain was not the same in the two expeditions, but a place he had in both. In the first expedition, fitted out in 1604, the command was in Sieur de Monts, but Champlain was on board and became its historian. Port Royal is not as large a city as Quebec, but I cannot see this is quite enough to account for the enormous difference made in respect of the proportions of the celebrations. A settlement was founded at Port Royal in 1604 under French auspices which has lasted ever since, and the old town has a record of sieges, captures and recaptures as prolific and as interesting as that of Quebec. Yet when the real tercentenary of the founding of the first settlement in Canada was celebrated in 1904, the Nova Scotia Historical Society had at its disposal \$500 granted by the Provincial Government of Nova Scotia, and a smaller sum granted by the town of Annapolis Royal. Far from having the enormous weight of the Governor-General's zealous co-operation, Lord Minto, after being repeatedly invited to be present and holding out many hopes, finally decided that the matter was not of sufficient importance to justify his presence. Yet the affair was well celebrated and judging by the predominance of mere spectacular display in the approaching tercentenary of the founding of Quebec—not of Canada—it is not improbable that in future ages there will be more of historical interest in the records that survive of the celebration at Annapolis than in the pyrotechnics for which hundreds of thousands of dollars are to be expended in Quebec.

The celebration in Annapolis was intellectual in its character. The great historical societies of North America were invited to send representatives, and some interesting and valuable orations were delivered in commemoration of the event. The governments of Great Britain, France, the United States and Canada sent warships, and the presidents of presence of battalions of militia and naval mariners.

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Champlain, while holding a subordinate place in France and the United States each sent duly accredited agents. The old fort looked its best in June, decorated with flags and enlivened by the



Tablet which was unveiled in Public Library, St. John, New Brunswick, June, 1904, during the De Monts-Champlain Tercentenary Celebration

De Monts' expedition, has left behind a most valuable narrative of its exploits, and some maps and plans of Port Royal. He was getting inspiration for his later expedition to Quebec. He was a man of great ability and strength of character and to him French Canada owes much. Few could have so

patiently and successfully surmounted the immense difficulties that confronted the first efforts at colonisation at Quebec. Taking a swift glance at the intervening space 1608-1908, it is scarcely possible to realise the vast progress which has been made—how a nation has been created where the forest then stood. The year 1908 gives promise now of a greater growth in the next one hundred years than the marvellous achievements of the three hundred years which have already elapsed. What a vista does North America open up for those who have been so fortunate as to be born in it, and linked their destinies therewith!

Fleur-de-Lys

By HELEN M. MERRILL.

In olden gardens in golden France,
Where amber waters gleam and dance,
Old gardens murmurous with streams
Whose music sootheth like sweet dreams,
And spiced breezes singing low
Like vague love-hauntings come and go,
The strolling yellow lilies blow.
In gardens where the moon and sun
Their circling courses idly run,
Dream gardens of my sires of old,
They rove in winding lines of gold.
To-day I wonder if there be
Such olden gardens o'er the sea,
And amber fountains in whose song
A minor, rhythmic, lapsing long,
Hath been and sad—yet not so sad
But that mine exiled heart be glad
Of vain oppression's strife. To-day
Do yellow, stream-side lilies stray,
And shadows on carved marbles fall,
Leaf-checked, and on stream and wall;
And sun-dials mark the dream-held hours
Full sweet with bright, old-fashioned flowers?
Oh, if these gardens be but dreams—
Of yesterday—nor by the streams
Do roving yellow lilies blow,
A new-world garden well I know
Wherein they bloom so wondrous fair,
Their fragrant glory lendeth there
An old-world glamour of romance—
O golden lilies of olden France!

Champlain—Patriot and Explorer

WHERE Champlain's bones lie and what personal appearance he presented are quite unknown. He was buried in a memorial chapel in Quebec which he himself had erected, but this was subsequently destroyed and the place which it occupied forgotten. There is no information as to the place to which his body was transferred. As to a portrait, none is known to exist. A man by the name of Louis Cesar Joseph Ducornet, a Paris portrait painter, issued a folio lithographed portrait of him in 1854 and this is the basis of all present day pictures of Champlain. There is no ground for believing that this man had any original for his work. It is claimed by some that he followed a portrait by a man named Moncornet, which is said to be in the Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris. No such original now exists, nor is there any proof that it ever did exist. A Canadian artist, Theophile Hamel, painted a portrait of Champlain for the Ottawa authorities, but it is based on Durcornet's lithograph, not on the alleged Moncornet original. All the pictures of Champlain in various publications are similarly based on Durcornet's portrait.**

** A fuller description of this question may be found in *Acadiensis*, St. John, N.B., Volume IV, Nos. 3 and 4.

Nor have we any distinct record of his parents or his childhood. He was born at the little town of Brouage, near La Rochelle, France, where there is a monument to him erected in 1878. It is a rather plain column mounted on a pedestal and surmounted by a globe. The following is the inscription on the monument:

(Upon the column)

"A la Memoire
de
Samuel Champlain,
la conseil general
de la
Charante inferieur
1878."

(Upon the pedestal.)

"Samuel Champlain
Ne' a Brouage vers 1570
Fondation de Quebec 1608
Relation de voyage 1632
Mort en 1635."

The monument was evidently erected by "le conseil general" and they regarded the foundation of Quebec and the publication of the history of his voyages as the two great events in his career.

Brouage was once an excellent shipping port, but salt is now its only export. The sea has retreated and Brouage is now some distance from the shore.*

Champlain's account of his first voyages to America was published in 1613. It bore the following title:

LES VOYAGES

de Sieur de Champlain
Xaintongeois, capitaine
ordinaire pour le Roy
en la marine.

The records of his voyages were published in 1604, 1613, 1619 and 1632. They were reprinted in French in 1870, at Quebec, under the patronage of Laval University. They were translated by Otis and published by the Prince Society of Boston in 1880-2. They were also reprinted in French at Paris in 1830 with the information, "Imprime aux Frais (expense) du Gouvernement." His commission as geographer, given to him by Henry IV. in 1603, led him to keep full notes of his voyages and travels. This explains the fullness and number of his journals.

Champlain's earliest experiences were of war by land and sea. Brouage was a bone of contention between the two parties who were then deluging France with blood. About 1570 it was taken by the

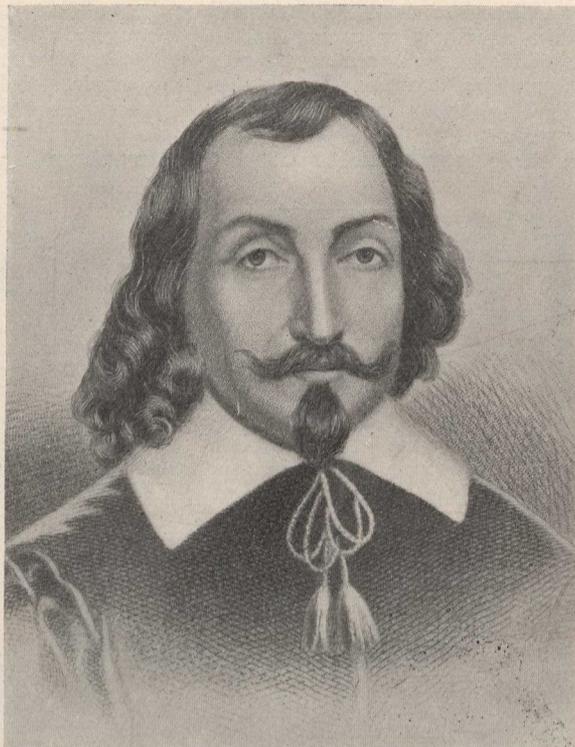
* A full description of Brouage with illustrations may be found in the Volume of *Acadiensis* already referred to.

Huguenots and held for six years. Then Henry of Navarre captured it and held it against assaults by land and sea for thirteen years. These events and his natural disposition inclined him to the sea and to adventure.

Mr. Narcisse E. Dionne, who wrote the volume on Champlain in the "Makers of Canada" Series, thus summarizes the details of his career:

"Before becoming the founder of colonies, Champlain entered the French army, where he devoted himself to the religion of his ancestors. This was the first important event in his long and eventful career. A martial life, however, does not seem to have held out the same inducements as that of a mariner. An opportunity was presented which enabled him to gratify his tastes, when the Spanish government sent out an armada to encounter the English in the Gulf of Mexico. Champlain was given the command of a ship in this expedition, but his experience during the war served rather as an occasion to develop his genius as a mariner and cosmographer, than to add to his renown as a warrior.

"God, who in His providence disposes of the lives of men according to His divine wisdom, directed the steps of Champlain towards the shores of the future New France. If the mother country had not completely forgotten this land of ours, discovered by one of the greatest captains, she had, at least, neglected it. The honour of bringing the king's attention to this vast country, which was French by the right of discovery, was reserved for the modest son of Brouage.



Samuel de Champlain.

"When Pierre du Gua, Sieur de Monts, was wasting his years and expending large sums of money in his fruitless efforts to colonise the island of Ste. Croix and Port Royal, Champlain's voyage to Acadia and his discovery of the New England coast were practically useful, and in consequence Champlain endeavoured to assure de Monts that his own efforts would be more advantageously directed to the shores of the St. Lawrence, for here it was obvious that the development of the country must commence.

"Champlain's next step was to found Quebec. With this act began our colonial history, the foundation of a Canadian people with its long line of heroic characters distinguished by their simplicity and by their adherence to the faith of their fathers. Quebec was founded, but nothing more was accomplished at the moment owing to the lack of means. The trials of Champlain now commenced. Day by day he had to contend against his own countrymen. The attractions of fur trading were too great for the merchants to induce them to settle down and develop the country around them, and they were unwilling to fulfil their promises, or to act in accordance with the terms of their patents.

"During the next twenty years, Champlain crossed the ocean eighteen times. Each voyage was made in the interest of the colony, and he sought by every means in his power, by prayers and petitions, to obtain the control of the commerce of the country so as to make it beneficial to all. In spite of his extraordinary exertions and the force of his will, he foresaw the fatal issue of his labours."

SHIPS OF CAPE DIAMOND

QUEBEC knows a little more about ships, in point of history, at least, than any other port in Canada. Almost every sort of craft ever built, except the ancient triremes, have sailed or steamed, or been rowed and paddled under Cape Diamond. Bark canoes have paddled in there; barges and rafts and old wooden hulks almost as fantastic as the ship that carried Jonah when he went into the whale—ancient and mediaeval and modern sailing vessels, and the iron-clad cruisers that plow the Atlantic in the twentieth century, up and up to the fleet of warships that the other day steamed into Quebec harbour, followed a few days later by the *Indomitable*, carrying the Prince of Wales.

The warship fleet contained eight ships:—*Minotaur*, armoured cruiser—Captain, William O. Boothby; Commander, Walter E. Woodward; Engi-

protected cruiser—Captain Ralph Hudleston. *Venus*, protected cruiser—Captain Cuthbert G. Chapman. Last and greatest, carrying the Prince of Wales, H.M.S. *Indomitable*, armoured cruiser—Captain and Commodore Herbert G. King Hale, C.B., D.S.O.

Four of these vessels are of fourteen thousand tons each; the *Indomitable*, of eighteen thousand tons; with the most highly and recently improved enginery intended to make fighting by means of ships as deadly and destructive as possible. The *Indomitable*, for instance—twin of the *Dreadnought* for fighting properties—has eight-inch guns, is the first warship to be driven by turbines, with power up to 41,000 horse-power and trial-trip speed up to twenty-eight knots, which is three miles faster than any other warship is able to run under any flag, and seven miles an hour swifter than the average of speed. She rode into Quebec with her bow as far above the water-line as the topmast of the old wooden ship *Don de Dieu* in which Samuel de Champlain glided out of the fogs of Newfoundland and cast anchor under Cape Diamond in 1608.

So much has the history of Quebec had to do with ships. Quebec was discovered and founded and conquered out of ships. To-day the ships are helping to celebrate the event. Quebec has always been a home of ships. For a long time it was thought by the old navigators that the city founded by Champlain was as far up the St. Lawrence as one of those old wooden tubs would presume to go. The Indians told Champlain that Quebec was the place where the river was blocked; and it is certain that for a long while the French had no idea that British ships would dare sail up under the citadel; hence the neglect to fortify the Isle of Orleans and Point Levis.

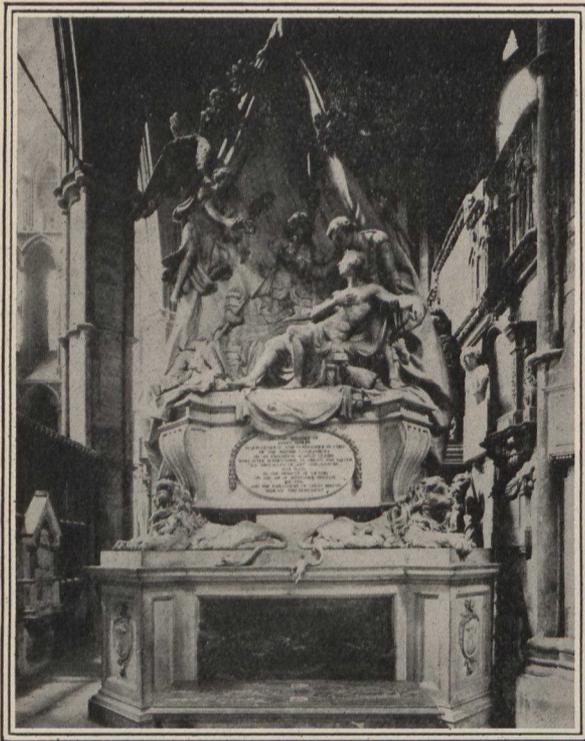
The St. Lawrence was to blame for this. It was a winding, treacherous river and there was no scientific pilotage and no system of buoys or lighting of the channel; and as the biggest craft that ever came down the river was a batteau or a bark canoe the French mariners with all their knowledge of the possibilities of wooden ships on the deep blue sea, were scarcely to be blamed for imagining that these leviathans had no business above Quebec. They had no dream that leviathans would carry a large part of the world's tonnage clear up to Montreal, making a sea port hundreds of miles farther west than Quebec; neither were they supposed to know that in three hundred years after Champlain founded Quebec, seven of the biggest warships and the speediest warship in the world would steam into the harbour there.

Such is the history of navigation in Canada, beginning with the wooden ship. Some of the curiosities of the wooden-vessel fighting era in Canadian maritime history were the French fire-ships which were frightful devils of destruction. Very ingenious were these ships of fire; troughs of wood

being run clear about the deck and connected by cross-wise troughs with the port-holes; up in the rigging barrels of pitch; in the troughs melted rosin and a death-dealing compound made of gunpowder, rosin, saltpetre and sulphur.

Ever since its foundation Quebec has been a shipbuilding port, but for a long while progress in shipbuilding was very slow. A bounty of two hundred francs failed to produce any vessel in Quebec as large as two hundred tons. Not till 1787 were vessels of one thousand tons built in Quebec. In 1823 on the Island of Orleans the *Columbus* was built—4,690 tons—and the *Baron de Renfrew*, 5,294 tons. In the whole period between that year and 1807 the number of sailing vessels built at Quebec was 2,462.

But the cost of the eight warships that are helping to celebrate the Quebec Tercentenary this



Wolfe's Memorial in Westminster Abbey.

near Commander, George C. Bath. Flagship *Exmouth*—Vice-Admiral Hon. Sir Ashtown G. Curzon-Howe, K.C.B., C.V.O., Commander-in-Chief. The *Duncan*—battleship; Captain Arthur W. Ewart. *Albemarle*, battleship—Rear-Admiral Sir John R. Jellicoe, K.C.V.O., C.B. *Russell*, battleship—Captain Arthur D. Ricardo. *Arrogant*,



General Wolfe.

week is more than the combined cost of all the ships built at Quebec previous to the conquest of 1759.

The wooden fleet by means of which General Wolfe captured Quebec was a very small circumstance compared to the aggregation of monsters anchored this week off Quebec. In that fleet which anchored under Admiral Saunders all winter in

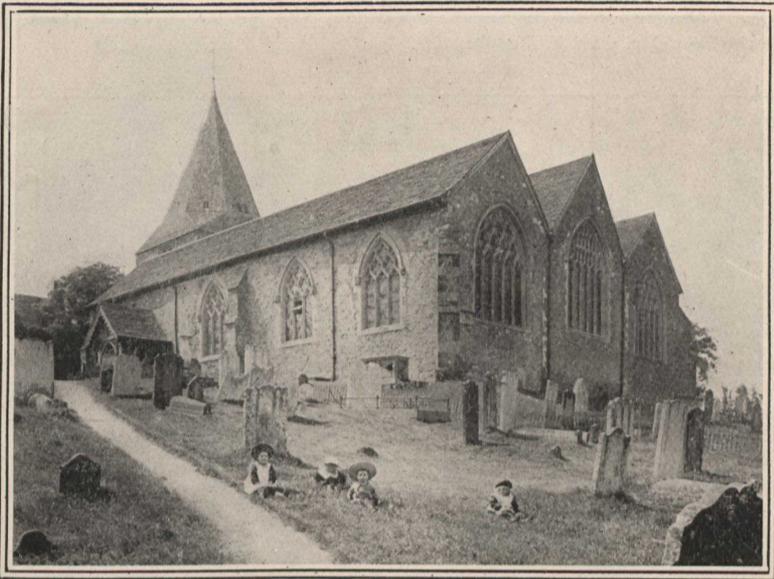
Halifax harbour and up to June 1st, 1759, were twenty-two ships of the line, five frigates, nineteen smaller vessels and a large number of transports. This was the flotilla of old oak that put in nearly a month between Halifax and the Island of Orleans, retracing with the interest of discoverers the route taken by Champlain a century and a half earlier. It was the 26th of June when the fleet landed at Orleans from which, and later at Point Levis opposite Quebec, the capture of the height was planned and carried out in September.

The capture of Quebec by Wolfe in conjunction with the good ships of Admiral Saunders was a victory, first of seamanship. The battle-height held by Montcalm was almost surrounded by water; and it would have been a small matter for the men-of-war now anchored in the St. Lawrence to have shelled the entire French camp from the river with-

out landing a man. But with three rivers racing round that rock, Wolfe was not able to get his ships within firing distance of the French. The St. Lawrence yawned away into reaches of sand and pasture land under the cliff; the Montmorency to the right was impassable with a falls and a rapids; and the St. Charles in the rear of the heights was inaccessible. Hence the three months' strategy and fever and dramatic landings of Wolfe's men from the ships of Saunders and the encounters with the deadly fire-ships of the French. In July, having camped part of the force to the east of the Montmorency, came the theatrical attack on the French redoubt at the base of the cliff near the mouth of the Montmorency—three ships grounded and gunned; and this redoubt was taken by Wolfe when he was exposed not only to the French rake of fire from

above, but also beaten back by a terrific storm—result, comparative failure and a fall-back on the camp at both the island and the north shore. And it was September before Wolfe, racked by fever and disease, was able by means of his ships and his brigadiers to reconnoiter the rock and find the path by which the army descended on that night so familiar to the schoolboy's imagination.

And as every school-boy knows, it was first in the ships, and then in the boats of the English that the movement was made by night and a falling tide down the river; the landing from the boats in the dark; the ascent of the height, leaving the ships of Saunders to take care of themselves; altogether one of the most dramatic conspiracies of seamanship and landsmanship ever known in the history of British warfare.



Church at Greenwich, where Wolfe was Buried.



A Quaint old Market in Quebec.

From Fort Churchill to Winnipeg

The Story of a Remarkable Journey by the Beech Family.

MANY marvellous feats have been performed by travellers in the northern regions of America. Explorers have suffered hardships and performed great deeds of daring and endurance, in trying to solve the mysteries of the North. Most of these daring adventurers have been men and it was not until last year that any white woman braved the perils of the north and made a considerable journey through the trackless wilderness. Last winter two women crossed from Hudson Bay to Winnipeg, a distance of some seven hundred miles. Mrs. Ray and her three children, accompanied by a corps of guides and half a dozen dog trains, crossed from York Factory to Lake Winnipeg. A much greater performance was that of Mrs. Beech, who, accompanied only by her husband and son, with two dog trains, crossed from Fort Churchill to Winnipeg. Fort Churchill is farther north, the distance to Winnipeg greater and there was no corps of trained guides to insure the party's safety. This ninety-day trip made by the Beech family must ever be memorable in the annals of Canadian travel.

This performance, by the first white family to travel by dog train from Fort Churchill to Winnipeg through eleven hundred miles of wilderness, is made all the more remarkable when the ages of two members are considered. Mrs. Beech is fifty-five years of age and her husband is sixty. For a couple so far advanced in years to attempt so great a journey was certainly a hazardous experiment. The Hudson Bay officials believed that the successful accomplishment of the enterprise was exceedingly doubtful and could provide them with guides only as far as the Nelson River.

The Beech family left their home on the east side of the Churchill River on December 10th, 1907. It took them seven days to accomplish the journey along the coast from the mouth of the Churchill to the mouth of the Nelson. When they arrived at the latter river they found it free of ice and as no boats were available they were forced to wait until ice had formed. The Nelson River is a wonderful river, draining as it does almost the whole

of the vast district between Hudson Bay and the Rocky Mountains. Its current is strong and the volume of water passing down is enormous. At its mouth it is fourteen miles wide.

During this wait at the Nelson River, which lasted twenty-three days, the Beech family were located in a rough shanty on the bank of the river, which they shared with five Indian families. They had only such provisions as they brought with them and the food for the dogs had become exhausted. During the whole of this tedious three weeks the dogs had not a bite to eat. When at last the river froze and a crossing was effected, the dogs were scarcely able to draw the loads over the ice. After the crossing, an Indian chanced along with scant provisions and relieved the situation for a few days. He and Mr. Beech started off on a hunting trip which lasted nine days, but not a deer, rabbit or game of any kind was sighted. Eventually, however, the party managed to reach York Factory. Here they fared a little better, but it was not possible to obtain a candle, a can of condensed milk or a bit of butter. All supplies at Fort Churchill and York Factory are controlled by the Hudson's Bay Company and it is not the policy of that great company to encourage the invasion of its territory by independent persons.

In an interview Mr. Beech gave the following details:

"We had good weather all the way, but found many waters open. The Steele and Hill Rivers and part of Knee Lake were open and forced tedious detours. We went almost into God's Lake, where we met Rev. Mr. Stevens, the Methodist missionary. One of the finest missionaries on the road is Mr. Ferris at York Factory, who was of invaluable assistance to myself and Mrs. Beech, and had it not been for him we would never have got out of the country in safety.

"The four dogs that brought Mrs. Beech out are four of the finest dogs in the country, and three of them started travelling on September 23rd, from Repulse Bay, 200 miles on the other side of Fort Fullerton. They are the first dogs to come to Winnipeg from the Arctic Circle, and Mrs. Beech

would not part with them under any circumstances. The people at Norway House were anxious to buy the animals on account of their exceptional strength and utility, but Mrs. Beech was obdurate and brought them home as a reminder of her long and remarkable journey.

"At Gimli we met J. B. Tyrrell, who has been on a survey in the north, and he came along to Winnipeg ahead of us. We first came across him at Duncan Point. We made forty miles per day, and owing to the snow had to use snow-shoes for long distances. For forty-five days we were continuously on snow-shoes and had to wear them even to feed the dogs. For the ice we had to shoe the dogs, and for this purpose carried forty pairs of dog moccasins. Oxford Lake was like a sheet of glass, but we made the distance from Oxford House to Norway House in four days. The summer of 1907 was very cold in the north and the Churchill River did not open until June 22nd, while it closed on November 17th. The coldest weather we experienced on our trip was from January 24th to 27th, while we were crossing the Chimetawa River. The mercury went below sixty and my thermometer froze. In trying to thaw it over a candle it broke and I could not record the temperature further, but this was far the coldest day we struck. Game and dog feed were scarce on the road, and we had no easy time of it, but Mrs. Beech and my son stood it well and bore up bravely. The biggest bag of the season was reported from a post 175 miles on the other side of Oxford House where seven hundred moose were killed. There were no caribou at Churchill this winter, and we had to go into the interior for them, where we spent two weeks. Usually these can be obtained on our own homestead. The polar bears were very thick, coming down on the drift ice, and in November I shot a bear from the house at 12.15 midnight. We took snapshots of it and Mrs. Beech went out and sat on the monster as soon as it was obtained. It measured eight feet from tip to tip and the skin brought thirty dollars at Churchill. I brought the head with me."

FROM FORT CHURCHILL TO WINNIPEG

RARE PHOTOGRAPHS OF A WONDERFUL OVERLAND TRIP BY A WHITE FAMILY



How Mr. and Mrs. Beech, with their Son and a Guide, travelled from Fort Churchill to Winnipeg. The speck in the distance is the Guide, then Mr. Beech's Dog Team and finally Mrs. Beech in a caroler Photographs by the Son, Mr. Carl E. Beech.



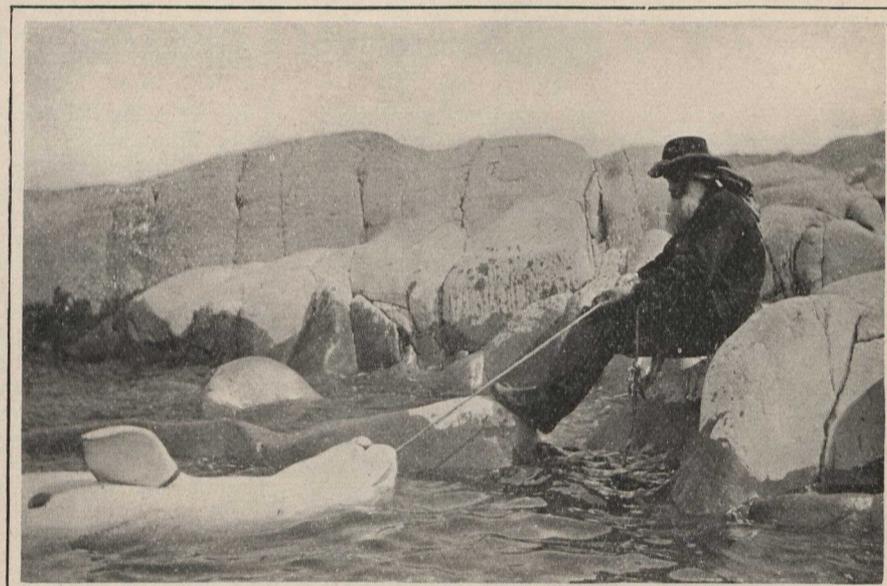
Grave of Eskimo Tom who accompanied Mr. Beech to civilization and back, but was soon afterwards taken ill. The body is covered with stones, and the man's gun and other weapons are left beside him



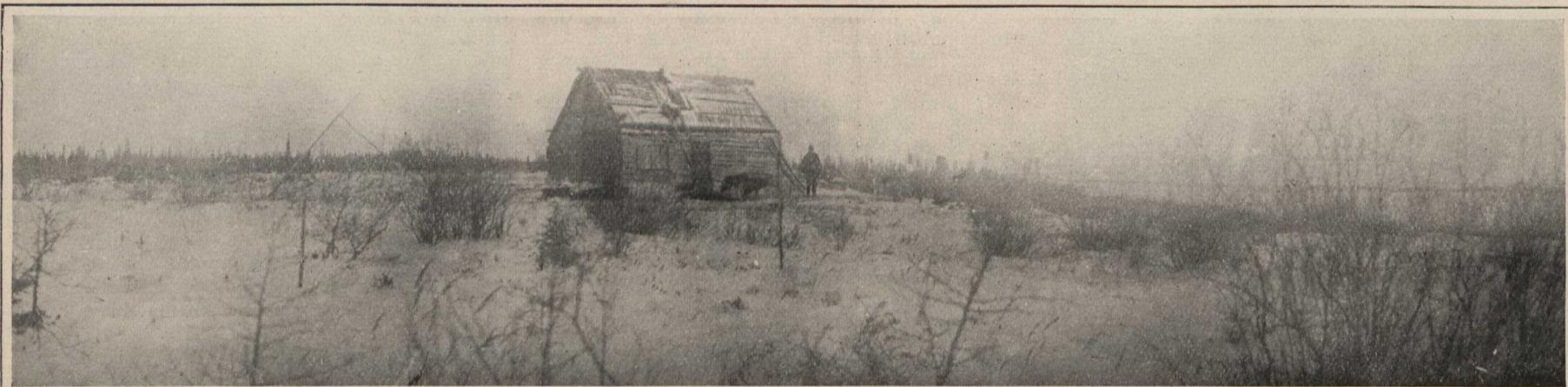
This bear was shot at 12.15 a.m. Nov. 9, 1907 twenty yards from the shack shown in the background. The photograph was taken immediately, Mrs. Beech dressing and coming out to pose with the two Eskimos



Eskimo Women Moving Camp. They bear loads which a white man can scarcely lift



Mr. Beech holding white whale, which he had shot, on sealskin line. The bullet hole shows in the throat



This is the House on the Great Nelson River where Mr. and Mrs. Beech were delayed 23 days waiting for the River to Freeze over, December 18th to January 10th.



THE VOICE AND THE SHADOW

A Story of Fair Rosamond in New France

By MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL



As the customer left the little dusky store, carrying a tarnished silver candlestick tenderly in both hands, old Nicolas made a stealthy sign with his fingers. "He has the evil eye, ce m'sieur la," he murmured simply. "I take precautions."

At the laughter which followed he smiled indulgently. "You are young men," he said, "you have not my experience, nor that of my family. Nor did you notice his eyes, perhaps, which gave a tightness to my neck, they were of such a horror. My faith, yes. We are wise, we L'Orfevres, wise in the things of all other worlds, but simple in the things of this. Is it not so? Or else we should be rich by now. But here am I, after many generations, poorer than they were in old France. Eh, well!

"Eh, well, my children! It is said that we have won no new prosperity since my great-great-grandfather came to this country with great hope and a merry heart, and that is near two hundred years ago. What do I know? Only that here am I, very poor, very old, and the last of my name.

"A good name, my dears, an honest one, but humble. Not peasants, not roturiers, but keepers of little shops, little stalls, in little dark towns. So it was in Old France. But when Jacques L'Orfevre, Jacques the Silversmith, sought the little blood-stained settlements of New France, he came as a soldier. And in a little while, by virtue of his bravery and his appearance—for he was a very splendid young man, fine and noble as any grand seigneur of them all—he rose to be some sort of sous-officier. But what had he to do with the like of this Rosamonde?

"An old-time love-story, my dears? There is a story of a sort, but there is much beside love in it. There is Le Grand Pompon, for example.

"Just around the corner of the street there is little Annette, who loves big Pierre, and is loved in her turn by Constantin. So it goes. So it went then, two hundred years ago, in those little blockhouses, those tragic outposts, which were France in the New World.

"This Rosamonde was the niece of the commandant of the fort where Jacques was. She was a very fine lady, very beautiful, very gentle, very proud. She was so proud she never thought of being other than gentle and courteous to all. So it was, when she passed Jacques upon their narrow ramparts, fluttering in her French silks, or wrapped in her silver fox-furs with little fur-topped boots of satin—so it was 'A good day to you, monsieur the officer,' and from him it was 'Your servant, mademoiselle.' In his heart maybe it was 'God have you in his keeping, fair Rose of France, for another radiant day—un jour rayonnant.' I also have been young, and hearts beat warmly then as now. But what had he to hope of his Rose of France?

"In the story as I have made it for myself, he, the poor fool, hoped everything. He dreamed of great wars, wherein he might rise to any rank; and there came nothing but Indian skirmishes. Dreams, dreams; and at length something that ended alike dreaming and hoping.

"Their little fort was a post flung far into the wilderness. And there came word to send an expedition up the river that gave them water. The Indians were quiet, it was spring of the year. And maybe one of Jacques' radiant days when Gaspard de Laon, his captain, took to his boats amid a great flutter of banners, swaying of censers, barking of little cannon, voice of muskets. They must needs give de Laon a fair send-off, though powder was precious. So the punctilious salutes were fired, the

punctilious answer given, and the clumsy flotilla wound slowly up the dark, smooth stream. The sun took the last point of steel, the last ripple died among the young lily-leaves. And again there was nothing but the dark water and the beauty of the birches over it; despair in one heart, faint fear in another. Jacques had seen his Rose's face when de Laon waved farewell with his gauntlet; the lady had found Le Grand Pompon laughing to himself at the gate.

"Who was Le Grand Pompon? The devil, messieurs. Outwardly, a crazy old Indian, one of the many who hung about the fort, trading a little, hunting a little, watching, watching, with their terrible patient eyes—Le Grand Pompon neither traded nor hunted, for he never had to ask twice for a meal. He was so feared among his own; but the white men laughed; as you laughed just now.

"The spring passed, the summer came and went; ice bound the smooth, dark river water, and close under their palisades howled the wolves. Rosamonde watched long from the ramparts, and the commandant watched her; but not with so keen a sight as Jacques, for love gives understanding. But there was no sign of de Laon and his men.

"There were no attacks, no forays, no war-cries. Into a great quiet de Laon had gone, and the quiet had swallowed up him and his. As the long, long winter wore on, there were many watchers beside Rosamonde. The commandant at last took it philosophically, sent a letter by a priest asking for more men, whom he might hope to receive by the following fall. And Rosamonde, a little shaken by fear and loneliness and cold, took to calling Gaspard de Laon of nights.

"Every night, storm or fair, she slipped to the earthworks and called Gaspard, softly, very softly. Only two followed her. Jacques, because of his love; Le Grand Pompon because he was what he was. Every night her voice went over the river to the woods, very softly: 'O mon Gaspard, O Gaspard, a moi!'

"Night after night she called, each time a little louder, a little wilder. One clear night of desolate snows and a great multitude of stars, Le Grand Pompon rose from the shadows beside her, a tall old man in his furs and blankets, with terrible, waiting eyes.

"'If you call like that,' he said in good guttural French, 'he will come.'

"Rosamonde looked at him wildly. 'If I thought that,' she cried, 'I would call forever.' For she was shaken by the waiting and the quiet, and scarce knew what she said.

"Le Grand Pompon nodded to her in the shimmer of the stars. 'You are very bold,' said he. 'If you call him again with that voice, he will come to you, so great is the power of the spirit over the spirit.'

"My great-great-grandfather was priest-trained in his boyhood, and took kindly enough to the more heathenish parts of their learning. He left it all on record, written in a little yellow book. He said that a cold sharper than any frost nipped him by the throat as his Rosamonde leaned out towards the gray woods creaking in the cold. Her voice was like the voice of all love since the world began, a wonderful, tender thing. 'Gaspard, Gaspard, a moi!' she cried, and waited again, her white hands above her heart, her face whiter than they.

"Far off a wolf howled, and the thin sound came travelling over the level to break in a thousand whining echoes upon the walls of the fort. 'There are none of them will trouble him,' said Le Grand Pompon. 'Call again.'

"Once more she called, 'Gaspard, a moi, Gaspard!' Le Grand Pompon's eyes were bright now as any hungry wolf's, and wolfishly watching the forest. His nostrils worked like a wolf's when he sniffs a tainted air.

"A third time Rosamonde called, holding out the hands of prayer to the empty snows, her wild eyes bright as the cold stars. And then—why, then the snows were empty no longer. For Gaspard de Laon came out from the edge of the woods, and towards them. All my great-great-grandfather's strength was beating in his throat like bird's wings, and of Rosamonde there seemed nothing alive but the eyes. Through some brilliance of starshine and frost or some witchery of the senses, they could see the gleam upon his gallant velvets, the hard flicker of steel, the gauntlet a-swing in his hand.

"'Ha, Dieu!' panted the lady. But there was little of God in that wonder, as my grandfather's little book attests. For an instant Gaspard de Laon stood beneath them, looking up and smiling, his great boots stained with much riding, a scarf about the left arm showing a little mark of old blood; and Jacques' hand flew up to salute his officer. And then—why, then again there was nothing but the starshine and the snow, and his Rose of France like a dead flower in Jacques' shaking arms.

"He was a devout lad, Jacques. He wrote it down in his little book. 'On the seventh day of the second month of this year of grace of the Saviour and Our Lady, the power of the devil was partly made manifest to me.' He wrote down also that the lady Rosamonde's hair was bound with a ribbon-net of amber velvet set with tiny golden studs. So he made use of his eyes, poor lad, that one time he had her in his arms. More than ever de Laon had, that!

"'Is he dead, thou dog?' asked Jacques.

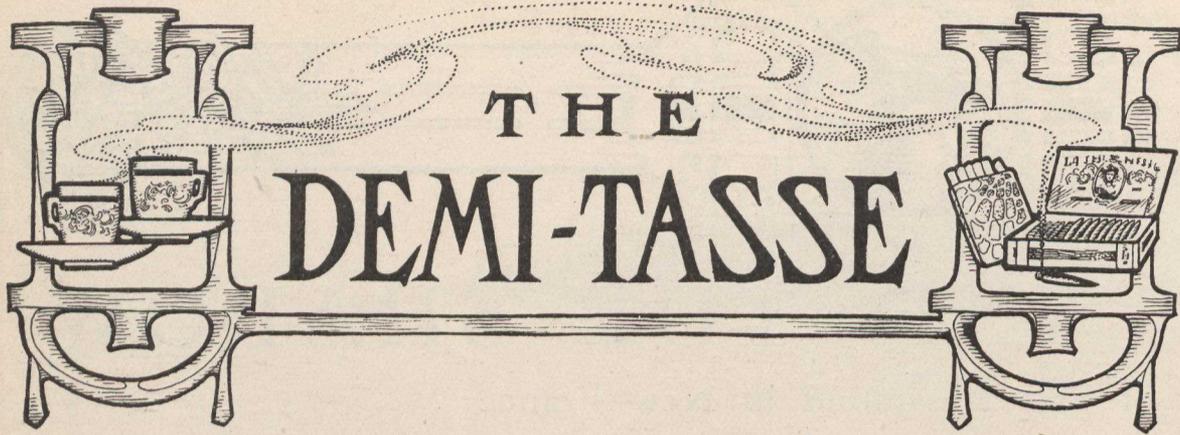
"'Are the living so faithful?' answered Le Grand Pompon, and Jacques' angry eyes failed before his.

"'Killed?' cried the lad again, fingering his sword. But, 'My people are quiet,' said the tall savage, 'quiet as the frozen water or the dead leaves. Very quiet in little lodges of bark among the quiet boughs. There was a call and he came. That is all.' But his eyes made a mockery of his words.

"Jacques wrote, as I have said, that on the seventh day of the second month, the power of the devil was partly made manifest to him. The full revelation did not come till later, much later. And then it is a short entry in the old book, thus: 'Raoul de Marhan, returning in command of the expedition, reported that while they were wintering with a friendly tribe of the savages, they lost by death Pierre Leblanc, Pere Josef and Gaspard de Laon, their commandant. Monsieur de Laon died strangely. He was resting in the chief lodge by the fire, having a little hurt his left arm with a fishing spear. When of a sudden he sprang to his feet, cried upon the name of a lady, and fell into Raoul's arms, quite dead. This was upon the seventh day of February in the present year. And hurriedly underneath: 'I, asking of Raoul, learned that they supposed some sudden poison of the wound touched Gaspard. But the wise man or sachem of those savages, listening at the heart and looking at the eyes of the dead, said only, 'He was called.' Which R. could in no wise understand.

"What is there to be thought, messieurs? It is all so long ago that Gaspard de Laon came at the call of his love. It is all dust and ashes, dust and ashes. What matters one poor shadow the more?

"The old book ends here with Jacques' fond hopes, save for one entry, written in the same hand but after a lapse of years. 'There died to-day,' wrote Jacques in his wild fashion, 'in her convent, Soeur Agathe, in the world Rosamonde, and my Rose of it. This time it is her Gaspard who has done the calling and she who has obeyed the voice of love. Pity not the dead; but rather the living, who find earth desolate and the ways of it strange because one face is gone from it forever, one voice stilled, one shadow fallen. Quomodo sedet sola civitas plena populo!'



THE DEMI-TASSE

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

HERE is living in a Canadian city an old Scotsman who has nearly reached the century limit and who remembers quite vividly the scenes of his boyhood. A recent visitor was talking of the Tercentenary to this veteran and dwelt with enthusiasm on the coming of the Prince and Lord Roberts.

"Yes," said the old man patiently, "I daresay the Prince is a fine young chap. But you should have seen the King at Portobello Sands in 1827. He was the fine figure of a man and I mind well the grey horse he was riding."

"What king was that?" asked the visitor, vainly trying to recall the list of English sovereigns.

"George the Fourth," was the prompt and surprised reply. "I think he would be this lad's great-great-uncle and he knew how to sit a horse."

"And I suppose you saw Queen Victoria?"

"That I did," was the reply; "she was a fine, rosy slip of a girl along about 1838. I came to Goderich just a few years after she was married and it was a wild enough place then."

"But you haven't seen Roberts, Mr. L—," ventured the caller.

"No, I've never seen *him* but it was a good stroke of work he did out there in India. It's been hard for me to keep track of the younger men. But you should have seen the Duke of Wellington when he'd ride out in London. I saw him in the days after his house was attacked by the London mob and he was straighter than ever. I've no doubt it will be a great sight at Quebec—but I remember the King at Portobello in 1827."

The visitor departed, feeling that the American Civil War and the Fenian Raid were paltry modern affairs to the sturdy old chap, who, in his nineties, discourses of the old days and of his father's friendship with Sir Walter Scott.

* * *

THE WAY OF DUTY.

Some ladies go to Ogdensburg
To do a little shopping;
They come from Brockville's pleasant town
And keep the clerks all hopping.
They bring such lovely things away,
Their hearts are glad and high,
Such gloves and shoes and lingerie
Those Brockville shoppers buy.

But when they reach the homeland shore
A keen detective person
Explores their little purchases
And almost sets them cursin'.
The officer at Customs House
At once to *duty* rouses.
Alas, alas for gloves and shoes
And lovely lacy blouses!

* * *

NEWSLETS.

Tercentenary is not the pronunciation according to Hoyle, though it may be the Governor-General's choice.

Lord Dundonald is *so* sorry that he cannot come. He was quite looking forward to meeting his old friend, Hon. Sydney Fisher, and discussing with that gentleman the terms of the Civil Service Reform Bill but a severe cold prevents the former G. O. C. from crossing, this summer.

General Hutton is also unavoidably detained but sends his love to Colonel Sam Hughes.

Mr. Kipling is looking after naval affairs in the Channel, otherwise he certainly would come over and see whether that small boy of Quebec is thawed out yet. He promises to write a Tercent Ode later on and a New York firm has already secured exclusive rights of publication.

So far, *Le Soleil* has been the only dark spot in the pageant firmament but it may cheer up when it beholds Jacques Cartier, Champlain, La Salle and

the rest of 'em. Anyway, it's golden lilies, not tri-colour, that *Le Soleil* should be shouting for and there are lilies to burn this month. The Maple Leaf is scorched with envy, the Rose looks pale and wan, the Thistle is bristling with mortification, and the Shamrock murmurs: "What's the use?"

* * *
HORRIBLE!

"YOU'VE been sent to gaol so often," said the Ontario magistrate, as he sternly eyed the Old Offender, "that I believe a change of scene would do you good. Ah!" he exclaimed, his eyes gleaming with the light of a sudden inspiration, "I have it. You will be sent to Ottawa to referee a game of lacrosse."

The prisoner turned pale and protested against the horrifying sentence. "Your Honour, I'll never touch it again. I swear I won't. I'll go and live in a local option town or marry Carrie Nation or do anything else the court allows. But don't inflict *Capital* punishment on a man that don't know anything about the game."

* * *

ANOTHER CANADIAN IN CONFLICT.

It is stated that Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill and Dr. William Osler are competitors for the Lord Rectorship of Edinburgh University. Here's hoping that the Canadian M. D. will chloroform the other candidate and send Winston to sleep!

* * *

HAPPY JONAH.

"Well, old chap," said a member of the club to Jonah, "how did you enjoy the week-end?"
"It was very decent, altogether," replied the gentleman slowly; "the suite was rather damp and a trifle crowded. But one can't get everything at these summer resorts."

* * *

ADAPTABLE LITERATURE.

THE book agent had spent a discouraging morning and when he had an opportunity to scan the face of Eli Hobb at close range he felt that there was small chance of making a sale. However, he

had more than one method of suggestion.

"Sitting out here on the piazza afternoons with your wife, this would be the very book to read aloud," he said, ingratiatingly, to Mr. Hobbs, taking the other rocking-chair and opening the large, red-covered volume.

"I don't read and I haven't any wife," replied Mr. Hobbs, drily.

"Dear me!" said the book agent. "Well, if your wife is dead, perhaps there are children. Now, children find this book—"

"There are no children," interrupted Mr. Hobbs. "There's nobody but myself and my cat."

"Well," said the book agent, "don't you ever want a good heavy book to throw at her, just to ease your feelings?"—*Youth's Companion*.

* * *

PERVERTED PROVERB.

It's the early bird that gets the influenza.
Spare the rod and make the reformatory.

* * *

THE NAME ANNOUNCED.

"Mrs. Wright says that her husband is doing wonders in the West."
"Poor Wonders."

* * *

THE MISSING WORD.

A sporty young man from Mont.,
Did the waltz on a peel of Ban.,
Said he as he fell
In a mudpuddle—well,
It didn't quite sound like "Hos.!"
—*Harvard Lampoon*.

* * *

A FINE PAIR.

"What do you think of the two candidates?" asked one elector of another during a recent contest.
"What do I think of them?" was the reply. "Well, when I look at them I'm thankful only one of them can get in."—*London Telegraph*.

* * *

A SERIOUS PREDICAMENT.

HIS Grace, the Archbishop of York, tells an amusing story of a railway journey he once took in a third-class carriage. Seated opposite to him were a couple of rough workingmen, who had evidently dined not wisely, but too well. Presently one of them began to complain that he had been robbed of a £5 note, and expressed his determination to ask his fellow-passengers to turn out their pockets. Dr. Maclagan then began to feel very uncomfortable; for, as it happened, he himself had a £5 note in his pocket. "However," says His Grace when he relates the story, "I sat quietly, and pretended to be asleep." Presently the man who had lost the note touched him on the arm, but still Dr. Maclagan feigned to be in the arms of Morpheus. Just as he was beginning to wonder what would happen next, the other workman called out lustily to his mate: "Come on, Bill, leave 'im alone. Can't you see 'e's drunker than yerself?"—M. A. P.



MORE FLOWERS OF SPEECH

New Arrival: "I say, old man, stiffish nymphery. What?"—Punch.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

THE family of Premier Hazen of New Brunswick have just had one of the most exciting experiences of the Premier's career since he upset the Liberal craft at the recent elections. Hon. Mr. Hazen and Surveyor-General Grimmer and the daughters of each, and a general family party went out for a rummaging trip on the Tobique, which runs through the great moose lands of the province. What the Premier and the Surveyor-General saw is very interesting, but what they did not see was for a brief while much more so. One night on Lake Nictau the Surveyor-General and the rest of the party except the Premier went out with a jack-lantern in a canoe to look for moose. Now a jack-lantern is the sort of light with which to look for Grits nowadays down in New Brunswick; a sort of analogy to a dark-lantern—by means of which the party got sight of several moose taking their evening wade to keep away from the flies. None of the moose, however, were able to see the canoe. Passing one large bull the light was suddenly switched on the animal; throwing some huge shadows on the moose which startled him so that he made a grand leap for shore, thinking that the bottom of the lake was coming up in an earthquake. The result was that in his plunge he landed with his forefeet fair in the canoe; gently pushing it out of sight and the occupants into the water—which, however, was only four feet deep.

THE man that turned the first furrow in Alberta has been telling all about it in Winnipeg. His name is Colonel Clyde, now commanding the second cavalry brigade of Eastern Ontario, but formerly of the Fourth Hussars. Thirty years ago exactly the Colonel, who was then in plains service under Major French, rode east from Calgary through the ploughless cow country where as yet not a ploughshare had been seen by anyone. Some time on that trip he got hold of a plough—where or how is not stated; but the Colonel alleged in Winnipeg that in 1878 he turned the first furrow in that province. We are left to conjecture that he used a Blackfoot travoy or a sharp stick. The site of the first furrow has not been recorded, but if it is ever discovered a monument should be erected to the man who had so much faith in the land that he dared to plough a furrow on a buffalo range.

SASKATOONERS are out searching for timber. Two prospectors with a five-month grubstake and outfit have gone north of the Saskatchewan into the great timbered region north of the Pas, which is the terminus of the Canadian Northern in that part of the West.

AN adventurous Indian in New Westminster has been holding up a couple of Swedes. He stood on Front Street and coolly commanded the tawny foreigners to hold up their hands, after which he took all they had and decamped. This is one of the rare cases where a red man has gone into the methods of the white man in respect to the getting of plunder.

THE noble horse is not to be neglected in Canada if the national Bureau of Breeding can prevent it. This enterprising bureau was organised only a few months ago in Montreal by Mr. John F. Ryan, and before the end of the year the Bureau expects to have extended its operations clear westward across Canada, for the purpose of breeding, not only horses for the Canadian market, but cavalry

remounts for the army as well as for the Canadian militia. It is pointed out by members of the Bureau that there is pasture room enough in Canada to produce enough cavalry horses to supply the whole world; so that if any of the great powers may be able to scare up a war the Bureau may expect to become very busy.

WINTER port business in St. John is exceedingly flourishing. The amount of receipts at St. John for the year closing June 30th of this year was more than twelve thousand dollars in excess of the business done the previous twelve months. St. John has been a winter port for thirteen years. The development of wharves and dockage and terminal facilities for both passengers and freight has been prosecuted by St. John very earnestly for years; the properties are in the very best of shape—but the citizens of St. John naturally feel that the great all-the-year-round front door of the Dominion ought to be kept open by deeper waterways and more wharves somewhat at the expense of the Government.

TALK now of a million dollar pulp mill at Edmonton if power can be developed from the Saskatchewan. The nearest pulp mill to Edmonton now is at the Soo. There is abundance of pulpwood in the upper reaches of the Saskatchewan which can be floated down without cost. The power question will be the most difficult feature; the Saskatchewan being in that awkward condition halfway between a real power stream and a pleasure river.

NOW Vancouver Island is to go into the steel business. British capital has been looking over the island in the person of Mr. J. L. Shadford, a British ironmaster, who has become aware that large deposits of iron ore exist on the west coast of the island. He says that before the end of the year a plant will be in course of erection at either Nootka or San Juan. Fifteen millions will be invested; seven millions of contracts are booked ahead—so the report says, though this seems exceedingly rosy for a plant that has not yet drilled a hole. Steel rails will be the first product; intended to supply the prospective great demand for rails west of the Rockies without shipping them over the heavy grades.

THE first steel ship ever built in Nova Scotia was launched last week—the *James William*, which is the most prosaic and useful name ever bestowed on a craft anywhere. The vessel was named after the late Senator Carmichael. Dimensions of this schooner are: Keel 131 feet, beam 37 feet, hold 14.6 feet, with 146 feet length over all. She will be used in coastal trade between Canada and United States in summer, and in winter will carry pine from the eastern ports to the West Indies.

ARMED with Winchester rifles and Colt revolvers a band of religious fanatics led by a bewhiskered and grizzly veteran of three score and ten, wandered into the little town of Pierson, a small centre in Southern Manitoba, on Sunday, July 5th, and since then they have been resisting persuasion from outside quarters and defying the authorities at the point of their guns. A year ago the leader, James Sharpe, whose fanaticism is well known in the west, drifted into Lethbridge, Alberta, in search

of a free grant of land for a religious community of which he was the representative. He turned out to be the very character that the immigration officials had been warned by American representatives to be on guard against and he was promptly deported. This year he comes from Missouri and, like the man from Missouri, has to be shown that he is not the rightful leader of the Doukhobors. Mounted police were ordered from Regina in numbers sufficient to squelch the little band of fifteen men, women and children; but the question arose as to jurisdiction and the attack was deferred until the wanderers crossed the provincial boundary line into Saskatchewan. But the foxy fanatics refused to get beyond the pales of Manitoba. Thereupon two governments, one provincial and the other federal, play the Alphonse-Gaston act, each waiting for the other to do something. Meanwhile this same James Sharpe, who claims that he himself is Jesus Christ, uses the fences of the neighbouring farmers for firewood, despatches his lazy lieutenants to collect edibles for his gang, holds an officer of the law as a hostage, and threatens the life of people by levelling his rifle in their faces.

THE nickel king of Ontario has been in Victoria. Colonel Robert Thompson, who is not a Canadian, dropped in on the western capital out of a yacht that weighed nearly five thousand tons and carried three masts; nearly four hundred feet long, she had been floating over a good share of the earth's surface since last September at a cost of twenty thousand dollars a month. The yacht was not built for Colonel Thompson, but was once a liner of the North Atlantic Steamship Company, and was whimsically refitted by the Colonel at a cost which would have built a real yacht and have left a few nickels for the orphans. In nine months this palatial leviathan has cost about two hundred thousand dollars, which would be four million nickels, if the nickel king should take the trouble to count it.

WHY most towns in the west grow with almost uncomfortable rapidity, while here and there one just ambles along at an even gait and doesn't seem to care whether she gets there or not, is convincingly told by a writer in one of the Prince Albert papers. He says:

"Why have inferior towns, with unfavourable locations and little or nothing to offer the home-builder or business man, made such progress and our city slumbered away? The answer is easy. The people of these places worked in harmony for their towns' upbuilding and forgot all differences. Then they were new towns and time had not crusted them with the years of age and indolence and indifference. They knew the meaning of making good and they made good. In 1906 this city made splendid strides. Real estate boomed, for people came and money was spent but the push forward it received was the result of a great trade wave which had gone round the world and reached its height in that year. Prince Albert itself did not attract these people. They came on their own accord, to have a look at the place, and they were pleased and stayed here. Having cast their fortunes with the place they have become proud of their new home and wish it success."

No doubt that good town in a most charming and fertile country, as beautiful a town as any on the Saskatchewan, will take these words to heart and begin to forge ahead. Prince Albert ought to be one of the very best towns in the West.



Mr. James Sharpe, the Leader of the Band who claims to be Messiah.

Armed Religious Fanatics now causing commotion in neighbourhood of Pierson, Manitoba.

Mrs. James Sharpe, a prominent member of Band.

The Heart of the Voyageur

By SAMUEL A. WHITE



LABORIOUSLY the voyageur picked his way over the boulder carpet and through the hemlock halls of the portage, grunting under the burden of his canoe and dunnage. Half-way across the sound of toiling reached him and in a thick, scarred tamarac reach he came face

to face with two men, packing over from the opposite end.

"Holla!" said Beteric, the voyageur.

"Hello, half-breed!" said the two.

"Where you mans go?" asked Beteric, ignoring the slurring appellation the others had cast.

"Away north, up Snake River, Maucasqueen Lake, maybe farther—cabin up there; stay two months."

"What do?" inquired the French half-breed—it is woodsman's etiquette always to inquire a traveller's business.

"Hunt and fish," was the answer. "Ever been there?"

"Ben dare many taim," responded the voyageur, slipping his load to earth and seating himself on one of the bags, while slowly proceeding to fill a short, black pipe. The two relieved themselves in like manner and pulled out pipes and pouches.

"Here," said the elder, when he saw the plug of ill-looking weed from which the half-breed was cutting a smoke—"here, try this," and tossed him his pouch full of best Virginian.

Beteric filled his bowl and returned the pouch. Then he lit up and sank back in the green shade with a sigh of content.

"Bon tabac," he commented through the fragrant haze; "you lak heem?"

"Sick of it," said the donor, puffing indifferently, "sick of everything down south; want to get away from it all; Alix here the same—thought we'd try Maucasqueen Lake—you've been there?"

"Many taim Ah ben dere, bon for mak' chasse, bon for mak' feesh—oui, bon as dis tabac—nais you no mak' chasse, now!"

"How's that?"

"De saison clos'."

"Oh! damn the season."

Beteric chuckled. "Dat what mans say by moi h'on Lac Doxant dis las' fall. Hee say, 'Dam de season,' an' hee keel deer, cook on de spot. 'Long com' game varden. Tak' deer, tak' feefy tollars. Den mans say, 'Dam de varden'—but hee mak' chasse no more."

"Any wardens up around the Lake?"

"Deux, mais gon' h'way nord dis taim."

"Where are you going?"

"Ah goin' h'anywhere; Ah voyageur."

"Come back with us. You know the places best for fish and game. We'll pay you a dollar a day for guiding."

"Deux," said the half-breed, scenting a bargain.

"Two, then," assented the other. "Come! the afternoon's shortening. We have plenty of supplies."

"Bon," shouted Beteric, turning face about, and shouldering his load again.

"Ah carry one bag for toi," and, seizing a heavy leather gun and tackle case, he shifted it onto his own dunnage-pack. But as he turned it to bind it to the other luggage the side with the owner's name came in view. The half-breed, who could read, saw the words "Richard Whitmore" marked in plain black letters.

Beteric dropped the case into the underbrush at the side of the path as if a rock-snake had bitten him. His nostrils went wide, like a beast's, in anger and a swelling choking ran up the muscles of his chest and throat where his shirt lay open at the neck. The dark eyes gleamed with a fire kindred to that of camp coals.

"Vich—you mans—is Whitmore?" His tones were irregular with some strange emotion.

"Why, I am," Whitmore said. "My friend is Alix Stair. What's wrong?"

Beteric's face contorted with wild fury. He flung himself in front of Whitmore, his great hunting-knife flashing in his uplifted hand.

"Diable," he cried, "Ah keel you mais Ah keel in fair fight."

"What the devil do you mean? Lay down that knife!"

"Non, by diable; mak' feex—" Beteric's voice rose in thundering passion and the awful rage of his countenance sent a chill through Whitmore's limbs.

"Fight, you fool," he said, but his voice trembled. "for what?"

"Hah! you ask for vhat; you diable, you ruen leet' Marie Jeunvas, de girrl Ah loove. Las' printemps, vhen Ah h'way nord, you com' holiday. You mak' loove for pass de taim. You win heart, you break heart. Ol' Jeunvas hee goin' keel you fore hee dead—hee no feend! Ah goin' keel you—Ah no feend onlee hav' nam' of toi. Dis taim Ah feend. Mak' feex, mak' feex for fight." Beteric's fury screamed shrilly in his words and the flush of guilt that overspread the other's white face only increased it.

"Mak'," he commanded—"dam queeck."

Both the travellers were unarmed, all their weapons being in the packs inside the canoe. Whitmore made a slight sign to Alix and the latter suddenly jumped for the canoe. Beteric, however, was on his guard. One bound and he was astride it where it lay in the path. His great knife, high in the air, ready to strike certain death, forced Stair back.

"Queeck," he called, "here knife," and threw Whitmore a weapon similar to his own. The southerner took it mechanically.

"Back," said Beteric to Stair, threatening with his blade, and Alix had to retreat behind Whitmore on the narrow path.

"Pret?" asked the half-breed, about to rush. His enemy in defence put up his guard.

Quicker than a hawk the half-breed rushed. Whitmore struck viciously at an apparent opening. Beteric caught his descending wrist and closed in. The white man had the muscles of a trained athlete but he was as a child in the grasp of the revenge-inspired voyageur.

Whitmore's body bent sideways in the force of Beteric's grip and he saw the gigantic arm with its glittering blade above his eyes. With a cry of fear he strove for a low grapple. Their bodies leaning into the branches at the side of the track gave Stair the chance he had been looking for and he sprang over the stamping feet, locking a strangle-hold round the half-breed's neck to pull him from his companion.

On the instant, Beteric caught his heel in the crook of Whitmore's leg and the three crashed in a heap. His glittering weapon struck downward, sinking to the haft between Whitmore's neck and shoulder. The red blood spurted, covering all three.

"Ha, bon," gasped Beteric, wrenching at the knife to use on his second assailant. Then his voice died in the strangle hold. An iron vice seemed on his throat. He twisted to left, to right, with no release. He was slowly choking. If he could not break the hold he was done.

Suddenly drawing on his muscles for every ounce of their strength, Beteric cast his head down and out. Both figures twisted a foot. The voyageur's shoulder now rested against a small rock and using it as a fulcrum he cast his legs upward, bearing sideways with his last fighting power.

It told! Slowly the form of Stair slipped over him, fighting, fighting to keep back, his foe struggling like a demon too. Another heave!—Crash! they both rolled through the underbrush fringing the ledge and struck with a sickening thud on the rocky shore below. Stair's body swung underneath and the force of the impact with the voyageur's great weight above drove out all consciousness. Beteric, badly scraped and shaken, arose.

"Bien," he murmured, and the smile on his face through its blood was good. It was the smile of justice.

Examining Stair's recumbent form, Beteric saw the former was only stunned. Climbing up to the canoe, he loosened some tump lines and bound Alix Stair's limbs. He carried him to the other end of the portage. Then he wrapped a rude bandage round Whitmore's wound. The man was plainly dying. From time to time a groan came from the pallid lips and Beteric moistened them with brandy from his flask.

Lifting him, the voyageur bore him as gently as he could over with Stair. Next he placed the travellers' canoe with its camp outfit and weapons in the bushes, concealing them by bending the boughs of growing shrubs as a screen. Taking his own canoe and the fallen knives the victor reached the end of the passage, lifted the two in and embarked.

The sun had died. Dim vapors pirouetted this way and that through the lower air levels and the warm summer hum of evening things rose a shrill crescendo. Straight across the water-plane of Lac du Core his paddle-blade drove. A light breeze cooled his heated frame and dried the blood from the scratches. By moon-rise Beteric reached the outlet. Moving now more swiftly, the light craft was guided down the river on whose banks lay the settlement, a half-day's journey below.

Midnight found him almost there. Tremulous star-gleams smote through the fir-branches and arrowed the plastic way. The wounded man in the bow and the bound man in the stern groaned at intervals. Beteric often gave them a sip of brandy each.

His heart had softened. Justice in his thinking had been satisfied. He was carrying Whitmore to breathe his last breath at the feet of the French girl he had trifled with as pastime for a holiday trip. Beteric loved her still and she would thank him. He had been in the north woods all the early summer. This was his home-coming and he thanked the saints for the good fortune which had thrown Whitmore in his path.

On with rhythmic sweep he glided, his paddle casting dark hollows between the diamond ridges, mingling moonlight and wave, mixing river mist and balsam scent in sweet, odorous delight. Oh! the night was beautiful. Drinking air and night at once, the voyageur swung round the last bend. There lay the settlement as he left it months ago, but not in moonlit sleep as he had expected. From several windows twinkling lights spoiled the moon-rays. Beteric edged his canoe in to the landing-place.

"Holla!" he called.

"Holla!" answered a voice from a near-by house. The voyageur recognised it as Randa Scurelle's.

"Holla, Randa!" he cried again.

"Beteric, n'est-ce pas?" asked Randa, running down.

"Oui, com' home!" said the voyageur.

"Com' in taim," said Randa.

"Vat you tell to moi?"

"Marie, elle dead!"

"Bon Dieu!" screamed Beteric. "Randa, you mak' de lie."

"Non, non, elle dead," the other asserted. "Dat girrl tak' carboleck yesterday."

A numbness crept over the voyageur's nerves. His voice was dead and cold when he spoke.

"Pourquoi?" he asked.

"Whitmore," was the one-word answer.

"Randa," Beteric said, reaching a hand which his friend clasped, "Randa—" then his voice broke, for the blinding tears smarted in his eyes and feeling choked him at the comrade's hand-grip.

"Randa," he began again, pointing to the bow—"dere Whitmore!"

"Mon Dieu," Randa breathed, peering down at what he had till now taken for a dunnage bag and seeing it was a body, "mon Dieu, you keel heem?"

"Oui, mak' fight weed knife h'on portage. Deux to moi," pointing to Stair's form in the stern.

"Dam," said his friend in admiration.

"For Marie," Beteric said.

"Et pour ol' Jeunvas," added his friend.

Without another word the voyageur raised the hardly breathing body of Whitmore to Randa, who laid it gently down before carrying it to someone's house. Beteric loosed the tump-lines from Stair's legs and helped him out, for he could walk, though badly bruised, having come back to his senses. Then shifting the dunnage, the voyageur seated himself on the thwart.

"Adieu," he said to Randa.

"Marie go bury to-morrow," the companion said. "You no leevie dis night?"

"Adieu, Randa," came the voice from midstream.

"Par Dieu! Arretez," called his comrade, but Beteric did not pause. Randa ventured softly: "Au revoir."

"Non," Beteric called back—"Adieu!"

The canoe swept the bend, throwing up a swirl of ripples and splitting moonlight and wave at once. The voyageur pointed his bow for the silent North.

EVENING.

The gloaming o'er the sleepy country steals,

As through the woodland scenes serenely fine

We drive one evening, laughing as our wheels

Disturb the lazy sheep and thoughtful kine.

'Tis sunset time and in the glorious west

The golden clouds announce approaching night,

But dimmer grow their rays as to his rest

The blazing light-god sinks down out of sight.

The tortuous sky-line's indistinctly blue,

Above it, flame-like, bright celestial fire

Is haloing the landscape which we view,

And gilding far St. Agatha's church spire.

The colours change and now instead of gold,

Blood-red's the tint which dominates the sky,

And then we see a carmine haze enfold

The fleecy banks of clouds piled up on high.

Then in a flash the stars their faces show,

A thousand more each moment are revealed;

And as subdued we wond'ring homeward go,

We call the twinkling sky God's daisy field.

S. Rupert Broadfoot.

Guelph.

WHAT CANADIAN EDITORS THINK

ONE TOWN AND ANOTHER. (Victoria Colonist.)

SIX years ago the population of Saskatoon was 200; now it is over 6,000. There is no particular reason in nature why Saskatoon should grow. The reason lies in the energy of the people. If you should meet a Saskatoon man in Timbuctoo you would not long remain in doubt as to his habitat, for he would hasten to assure you that of all the many excellent places in Canada, Saskatoon is just a little the most excellent. We venture to suggest that a select committee of citizens of Victoria should be appointed and sent to Saskatoon to see if the spirit of that little town is procurable in the form of a microbe or a lymph, or an illusion that can be injected into other people. The way we do here is quite different from the way they do in Saskatoon. Here when a man has the hardihood to propose anything that he thinks is of public importance, self-constituted committees of one go round the town telling people that he is trying to work some kind of a graft. "We'll have to stop So-and-So," said one of these committees once, "or the first thing we know he will be doing something." It is bad form in Victoria to be optimistic, and the fellow that is rash enough to betray that he is enthusiastic, is only just a little less dangerous than a Nihilist.

PENNY CABLES IMPROBABLE. (Montreal Gazette.)

MR. HENNIKER HEATON thinks there will soon be a rate of a penny a word for sending telegraph messages across the Atlantic. It would be a good thing in many ways if Mr. Heaton's desire could be fulfilled. It will not surprise people, though, if they are told that they will have to wait for some new invention before they see it. A cable is a long and costly thing, and besides the expenses of operation and maintenance those who own one have to provide for interest on a big first outlay and for the possible wearing out of their property, and this with only a limited power of sending dispatches. The fixed charges are what makes cabling dear, and it is not yet quite sure that Mr. Marconi's invention has made them unnecessary.

HOT WEATHER QUIZZES. (St. John Globe.)

THERE are men who tenaciously cling to old beliefs, and whose faithfulness to preconceived ideas is pathetic. There are yet a few left who believe that the earth is a flat surface; and they plausibly state their beliefs. All of those who hold to the theory that the earth is hollow are not yet extinguished. It is only a year or so ago that a writer—Mr. William Reed—in a well-known journal stated his adherence to this belief. Mr. Reed, in stating his case, adopted largely the somewhat easy practice of asking questions which it was no part of his plan to answer, as, for example: "Why did Nansen sail fifteen days through clear waters and only advance one degree unless he was sailing round and round inside? Where do the seals and musk-ox go for their feeding grounds? Where do the fresh-water icebergs come from? Why do scientists treat the earth as if it were a solid and have to make out that it's three times as heavy as nickel steel in order to make their calculations fit? Why is the sun invisible so long at the north and south in winter, unless there's a depression which shuts out its light? What is the Aurora Borealis? Electric lights? Then why don't we meet it all over the earth? It is fires reflected from inside the

earth." So far none of the universities have created a professor's chair to teach this form of natural philosophy.

"FOR THIS RELIEF, MUCH THANKS."

(Manitoba Free Press.)

WITH an area in excess of 250,000 square miles and a wide frontage upon the sea Manitoba can no longer make a grievance of its size; the phrases about the "postage stamp upon the Dominion map," and "the Cinderella among the provinces," much used in past days must be retired now that Manitoba becomes perhaps the fourth largest among the nine provinces. The new province will be considerably more than twice as large as the United Kingdom; it will be as large as the State of Texas, the largest of the American Union; larger than France, Sweden or Spain; more than twice the size of Italy; larger than Chile. We have area enough in which to build up a great commonwealth with large cities on the coast and in the inland, and a population running into the millions. Manitoba wanted an area which would put it on a parity with Alberta and Saskatchewan, with access to the sea and possession of Fort Churchill, and having got these will be, we think, fairly content.

GOVERNMENT FIRE BRIGADES. (St. John Sun.)

NEW BRUNSWICK is suffering heavily from the forest fires which the prolonged drought together with the lack of any effective system of fire protection have encouraged throughout the timber lands of the province, and it is dangerously probable that, lacking a rainstorm soon, the destruction will rapidly increase. But all the loss incurred will be ultimate gain if it wakes the government to a sense of the necessity for immediate action to cope effectively, with modern methods and appliances, with this grave menace to our greatest source of wealth. It needs only reasonable care for the conservation of our forests, for their protection against reckless cutting and the terrible scourge of fire, to place New Brunswick in an enviable position within the next decade or so. As things are now Canada has the whip hand in the lumber business of America and the world. Thriftless lumbering and lack of fire protection have depleted American timber resources until to-day the pulp and paper mills of that country are largely dependent upon the Canadian supply. And Quebec and New Brunswick hold the richest of that supply. Their only real rival among the American states is Maine, and the Maine forests, containing one-third of the spruce wood of the United States, are becoming exhausted.

MORE AND MOREOVER. (Mail and Empire.)

SOME of the features of the proposition for the extension of the limits of Quebec, Manitoba and Ontario will be viewed as satisfactory. Others will scarcely be so regarded. Among the favourable points is the enlargement of Quebec by the addition to it of the district of Ungava. It is when the additions to Manitoba and Ontario are looked into that the difficulties arise. Manitoba desired all the territory north of that province, and north of Ontario. In the Manitoba of to-day the Federal Government controls the lands, the timber and the mines. But it was felt that, if the unorganised territory were joined to Manitoba, the province should have the

same rights as appertain to Quebec and to Ontario in relation to the Crown property. Ontario was quite willing that Manitoba should be fairly treated, but this province looked for a western boundary which would give us a port on Hudson Bay. In settling the matter the Ottawa politicians have taken care to make the terms disagreeable to both provinces. Ontario is given but a limited portion of the district lying immediately north of the province, with the result that she has no port on Hudson Bay. She is really cut off from navigation, and if she desires to build a railway to the shore, she will find no harbour there for a terminus. Manitoba, while given all the territory west of Ontario, is not permitted to possess a single acre, a single stick of timber, or a single mineral deposit. All that Manitoba gets is the enlarged limits, and the right to govern in that district.

KEEP AWAY FROM THE CLOUDS.

(Victoria Times.)

WE have never believed that many people could be persuaded to trust their bodies in air ships. The majority of mankind distrust the new-fangled things as being uncertain in their movements, lateral, horizontal or perpendicular. They prefer something more substantial under them when on a journey than mere atmosphere. The earth and the waters upon it can generally be depended upon to remain in a reasonably tranquil state for a reasonable period of time. If a railway train flies off the track, some one is sure to be bumped and buffeted, but he does not experience the terribly sickening sensation which is a consequence of a sudden descent through space. It is seldom indeed that a well-found passenger ship is left helplessly floundering in a troubled sea. On the other hand, if one takes passage in an air ship, there are many contingencies likely to occur. There is the great gulf beneath, which a slight accident may compel the luckless passenger to sound at any time. And there is the sudden stoppage, which no buffer can soften in any appreciable degree. A storm may arise and sweep an air ship swiftly no one knows whither—possibly to the north pole, into the burning deserts of Africa, or out upon the great waters which compose the major portion of the earth's surface.

UP WITH THE BIRDS.

(Victoria Colonist.)

ANYTHING which Dr. Alexander Graham Bell says in regard to the future of inventions will be received with the attention due to the opinion of the man who invented the telephone, which some of us sometimes wish he hadn't. He says that we have already entered the age of aerial navigation, and when we read that Count Zeppelin has traversed the greater part of northern Switzerland in a dirigible balloon, the learned doctor's view seemed to have been corroborated. Apparently it is now possible to navigate the air with machines lighter than the atmosphere. As most readers will recall, there have been several successful efforts at flight with machines heavier than air. It is towards this that the experiments of Dr. Bell are directed. The successes have not been very brilliant; but the fact that inventors have made machines that can keep up in the air without the supporting agency of a gas-bag, warrants the belief that possibly we may be on the eve of a discovery that can be turned to practical advantage.

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THE DIRECTOIRE GOWN.

THE French dress-maker who prepared the diretoire gown for the market is a genius in the matter of advertisement. The first gowns were made the subject of police scrutiny and consequently a public sensation. Since that day of the Paris races the diretoire gown has been discussed with bated breath, as if it were something inimical to society. Now that the diretoire manufacture has appeared in actual substance, the public fears are allayed and in fact many observers of its lines appear to be grievously disappointed. The gown is ugly and serpentine, but there is nothing about its structure to alarm the modern church-goer.

The original flutter of interest regarding this prosaic and uncomfortable garment was doubtless made by special request or arrangement of the designer, who knew that since the days of the Eden apple it is only necessary to condemn book, fruit or gown, in order to have the descendants of silly Eve and tell-tale Adam develop an immense interest in the forbidden object. The diretoire gown is not likely to become popular unless the masculine section of the community protests against the fashion and the modern father, husband or brother is too well trained to dream of issuing orders to the women of the household.

* * * FOREIGN ALLIANCES.

WRITERS in the United States are beginning to protest against the remarks made by certain journals when a fair United Stateser weds a titled foreigner. Certainly it would seem to be the young woman's own business and no matter for public sneers. While there are cases in which there seems to be an exchange of title for good, substantial dollars, there is a host of instances in which Europe and America have lived happily ever after. The fools and unfortunates get into the papers and are featured until one would easily imagine that blue ruin confronts any daughter of the Republic who puts her trust in a prince or a duke. It is a personal matter, after all, and the yellow journals are doing the ochre act, indeed, when they perpetrate malicious remarks about the fair daughters of the Western Hemisphere who elect to become the bride of a foreign nobleman. A prince may be a thoroughly good sort, a duke is not of necessity a degenerate, while a baron may be a perfect gentleman. By all means let the titled stranger be given a fair chance and let the maidens of New York, Baltimore and Chicago be safe from impertinent speculation, as to whether hearts or coronets be trumps.

* * * THE ABATEMENT OF BRIDGE.

THERE comes the announcement that bridge is no longer insanely pursued and may even follow ping-pong and other parlour tricks into ignoble oblivion. This ought to be pleasing news to those who have been preaching moderation to frisky matrons who have wasted their husband's earnings in riotous gambling. There was nothing really horrible about bridge and the percentage of the population which is bent on making a fool of itself will doubtless adopt a new game before the summer is over and proceed to burn banknotes in pursuit of the pastime. Preaching and paragraphing about

the evils of excess in bridge or any other game have comparatively little effect on the devotees. The burnt child, if he is wise, keeps at a respectful distance from the blaze, but some incorrigibles have to be burnt to a crisp without learning the dangers of fire. Bridge has become a burden although it lent a pleasing variety to whist when it first began its course. Certainly, *Sarah Battle's* game is good enough without variations.

* * * A SENSIBLE LUNCHEON.

A BUSINESS man recently made the remark: "Woman will never do much in the industrial world until she learns to eat a sensible luncheon. Why, I have noticed dozens of girls as they ordered their noon-day meal. What do you suppose I heard the other day, and it's typical of the sex?"

"I can't imagine," I replied, thinking of the salad and chocolate ice cream I had consumed to my subsequent regret.

"A cucumber sandwich and an orange water ice" was the disgusted answer, and the man looked fairly tragic. "The girl had been doing nearly three hours of fairly strenuous work. Now, if she'd only order an omelette or a decent sort of sandwich—but a cucumber sandwich with an orange water ice! Is that any sort of fare for a healthy young woman who is to go back to an office for the afternoon?"

"Perhaps it was a hot day luncheon."

"I don't care what the temperature was," he retorted positively, "that was no luncheon for a grown-up or for a youngster either. Women talk of competing with men in the business world and think they can do it on silly stuff like that. How do you suppose a woman can become manager of a bank or director of an insurance company on such a diet?"

"But I know a business man who is in control of large concerns who says his luncheon consists of a biscuit and a glass of milk."

"Well, that's a great deal more sensible than cucumbers and orange ice. The last is nothing more than flavoured water."

"And what about city milk?" I queried, having in mind certain alarming articles which gave in stern figures the number of those disgusting little bacilli, or whatever they may be called, which tuck themselves by the hundred thousand into a spoonful of milk.

"Oh, if you are going to be frivolous—" said the critic in disapproval.

CANADIENNE.

BLACK-HEART POPPY.

Flowers o' the violet and blossom o' the peach,
Neither of them am I.

I'm a yellow poppy flower that grows along the beach,
Spray-sprinkled when the tide is high.

You say that I'm heartless and a traitor and a flirt.
So much the worse it is for you.

You wanted to believe me, and my magic could not trust—
Why ever did you think me true?

Crimson is the peach bloom's heart,
The rose's heart is gold—
Look, then, and see it's as I say!

Poppies just have centres which are raven black and cold,
Salt with the savour of the spray.

—Appleton's Magazine.



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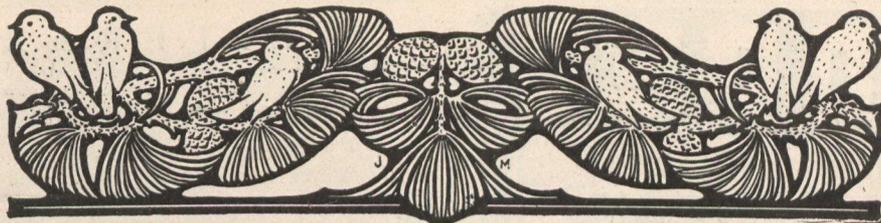
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MENNEN'S BORATED SKIN SOAP, (blue wrapper)
Specially prepared for the Nursery. No Samples.



FOR THE CHILDREN

THE FUNSHINE CLOSET.

By MARION BEATTIE.

When all the world seems gloomy, and all the sky is gray, And all we children fret because it is a rainy day, The funshine closet's opened wide, and games and toys brought out, And right away we start to laugh and quite forget to pout. The funshine closet's always locked, except on rainy days, Or when some one of us is sick and needs diverting plays. And there are things for pleasant work, and games and knives and twine; Not having them on every day, they do seem extra fine! You surely must try funshine, a substitute for sunshine; You soon forget a stormy day while busy with the funshine! But though you have no closet, and your mother can't amuse, All children have funshiny days whenever they may choose; For being good and happy when forced to play indoors, Will always make a funshine day, no matter how it pours.

—Youth's Companion.

* * *

THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

A SECOND night fell, and over the eastern fort the moon rose like a silver disc, and the boy Hebert had not returned. The village had been searched and his comrades at the mission school questioned, but no, Hebert was lost and the night had come again. Now, down by the warehouse a little group of colonists had gathered, a search party, torches alight, departing to search for the missing child. It was as the Governor had said, he must be found and God's grace to the man who brought him safe. With his words of courage in their ears and hope in their brave hearts they set forth into the woods, the torches flashing here and there like great fire-flies 'mid the shadows of the night.

The Indian lad, Ouagimon, had seen them depart. To-day in the village he had heard that a little pale-face was lost, and just now, lying motionless in the long grass near where the men had gathered, he had listened to their words. "Hebert." That was the name he had heard; the name of the lost one, the little white brother who had befriended him, had taught him the wonderful games of another world, had played his games, had swam with him and fished with him—the little pale-face who had trusted him. Bah! what did the white fathers know of a trail? He, the little white chief's brother, would travel by the forest paths he knew so well and bring him back to them.

In the lonely cabin knelt the mother of Hebert, her heart brave with the thought that the good God would guide the footsteps of the seekers as she prayed that it might be. Outside the breeze shivered in the tree-tops, and from afar off came the echo of a wolf-dog's bark. Suddenly, mingled with these sounds there came to her another, that of someone moving stealthily beneath her window. Standing in the doorway she called into the darkness, and darting from the shadows there stood the Indian lad, Ouagimon. By broken words of

French and gestures he made known to her his purpose. He would seek the lost white brother, search the paths they had strayed together, he, Ouagimon, would return. Gratefully the mother spoke her thanks, and entering the house soon returned with a moccasin belonging to her boy, and gave it to the lad as he had asked. Then silently and swiftly as he had come, he disappeared among the trees. For hours he glided onward, following the trail of the pad-like imprint, often bending low to see more clearly if it matched the moccasin he carried. Then again he would speed onward with the lightness of a deer, never resting, never slacking till the first grey shades of morning tinged the eastern sky and filtered through the forest gloom. Here he could see by the dawning light the weary footsteps had wavered and a beaten spot in the long grass marked the place where the little wanderer had sat to rest. Then onward again, and Ouagimon knew the race was nearly run. A little farther and he came upon an old tree, huge and gaunt, hollowed out by storm and tempest, and there, curled like a baby bear in his winter quarters, a bunch of the withered wood-flowers he had come to gather clasped tight in his sun-browned hand, slept the missing boy. "Ouagimon!" he cried, opening his dark eyes and smiling on the lad, "Ouagimon, I have waited here for you to come."

* * *

It happened in old Quebec nearly three hundred years ago, and the story is told of how the brave Ouagimon, spent with his long journeying, returned with the colonist boy after seeking him all through the long night. And the Governor heard and he sent for the lad and spoke to him words of praise. Departing, Ouagimon had hung upon his girdle a beautiful keen-bladed knife with a hilt that glittered like a rainbow in the sun. But best of all he had gained the great white father's trust, and Ouagimon went away with sunshine in his heart.

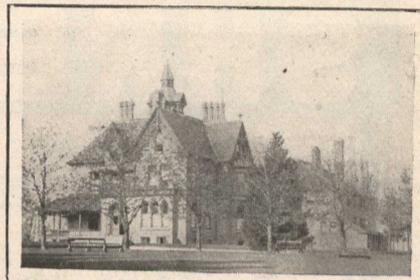
M. H. C.

* * *

THE CANDY SCHOOL.

By ELIZABETH HILL.

I'd like to go to candy school, For it would be such fun! We'd have good things to study with, And eat when we were done. "How many pieces in a pound?" Teacher would ask of me, And handing me a paper bag, She'd bid me count and see. Each chocolate drop I would subtract, When I had counted all; Then she would say to multiply With sugared almonds small. And then divide, and dividend And quotient I might eat. I never liked arithmetic, But then I'd think it sweet. And then she'd say, "Spell jujube paste"; And if I got it right, Or pipestem stick or walnut fudge, She'd let me have a bite. And when our lessons all were learned, Oh, then we'd sing with glee: "Dear candy school! Sweet candy school! You are the school for me!" —Youth's Companion.



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LITERARY NOTES

SOME BOOKS ABOUT QUEBEC.

THERE is no other city in Canada which has such a literature of romance and history as that which makes Quebec one of the storied places of the world. Whatever may be the annals of those buried cities of the southwestern desert, it must be admitted that most of the cities of this half of the North American continent have largely a commercial interest. Their wonderful growth and the statistics of their industrial development are constantly forced on our attention but of their ancient story nothing is told. "The poetry of earth is never dead," so Keats tells us; but to many it seems as if the places of brick and mortar had lost the power to suggest and inspire. When Mr. Upton Sinclair writes *The Jungle* in exposure of the methods of meat packing, one may admit with a sigh that the story is "strong" but one does not call it literature.

Quebec has had a variety of French chroniclers whose vivacious and picturesque fancy has sought to give the pioneer history a background of vivid contrast between the France of Europe and the new territory across the seas. Well as the French historians have explored the ground, it cannot be questioned that the New England historian, Francis Parkman, has written the most brilliant and graphic account of the early settlements and of the *Half-Century of Conflict* which closed in 1763. To a New Englander also is due the credit of the most popular poem of Acadian days. *Evangeline* may be sadly distorted as to history, but it remains the most widely-read narrative poem by a New England writer and Grand Pre is the most widely advertised village in the Maritime Provinces. The inward truth about the expulsion of the Acadians may be told again and again but the Longfellow version has passed into popular tradition.

Concerning Champlain himself there has been a multitude of pamphlets and lectures. His own account of the voyages, translated by Annie Nettleton Bourne, is the most interesting work on a lifetime of exploration. Dix and Sedgwick have devoted volumes to the doings of the intrepid Frenchman while N. E. Dionne has made the most valuable contribution to Champlain literature in a French work written with the grace and crispness of style for which the best Gallic prose is famous.

Quebec itself has found many a devoted student of its history. Parkman's work is monumental, covering the New France of Acadia as well as the St. Lawrence. Arnold's ill-fated expedition has lately won increased attention from United States' historians, Codman's work being one of the latest productions dealing with the march. Fiske, Bradley, Alloway, Hart and Miles are among the historic writers who have found the ancient city of abounding interest. Dawson, in his history of the St. Lawrence, tells of the early development from savage-surrounded fort to a citadel town with a society in which Old France was faithfully imitated. Hawkins' *Picture of Quebec* is a work of rare historic value, which is found in the libraries of those devoted to *Canadiana*.

Among the romances of the old city, *Le Chien d'Or*, by the late William Kirby, is that most penetrated with the historic imagination which revives and yet idealises the past. The story belongs to the few Canadian productions of that class which may be called literature. Sir Gilbert Parker's talent has found its most congenial field in

French-Canadian scenes and history. While his novelette, *When Valmond Came to Pontiac*, is pre-eminent in artistic qualities, his romance of Quebec, *The Seats of the Mighty*, is unquestionably one of the most picturesque narratives of love and war. As frequently happens, the villain of the story makes a deeper impression on the reader than either virtuous hero or charming heroine and in his unscrupulous gratification of every passing whim, in his ruthless sacrifice of the rights of others to his own light pleasure we see the type which, working in the Old World, brought the days of the Terror.

The Tercentenary of 1908 has aroused not only Canada, but the Empire, to a realisation of what Quebec has meant in the history of the Dominion and of the brilliant and varied part she has played in the conflict of nations. But, long after the "captains and the kings depart" the chronicles and romances of the ancient capital will hold their place in the world of the imagination; and, in days to come, a greater genius than any which this age has known may be inspired to leave an abiding memorial in poem or picture of the City of Champlain.

* * *

SONGS OF THE STREET.

IT is a far cry from the romance of Old Quebec to the modern songs of the street, given us in the volume, *Sour Sonnets of a Sorehead*, by James P. Haverson. The sonneteer is a "sorrowful cuss" who knows the rules of several games and adds a delightful flavour of lemon to his unconventional fare. The old-fashioned reader may be startled into wondering what a "phoney" may be and speculating as to the true inwardness of a "dopey glow." This soured young wailer of the sonnets has a grin behind his "grouch" and a manly philosophy withal, though he has a healthy hatred for the cheerful little texts which bromidic optimists hang on every available hook. Altogether, the sixty pages of this out-of-the-way volume both amuse and stimulate, while one may admit that both subject and vocabulary, with less humorous and skilful treatment, would be dreadfully noisy. It takes a literary training and taste, far removed from the street to know where the boredom line is drawn in such composition, and this discrimination the author possesses. The illustrations by Mr. Fergus Kyle are decidedly ingenious and artistic, with that touch of *grotesquerie* which gently illumines the lamentations of the young Jeremiah. The volume is published in Canada by McLeod and Allen, Toronto; in the United States by H. M. Caldwell, Boston, and is already making its way with the public.

This song of the street called "A Glimpse" is a pleasant bit of realism: "A frowsy cap on his tousled curls, A ragged coat on his lithe young back,

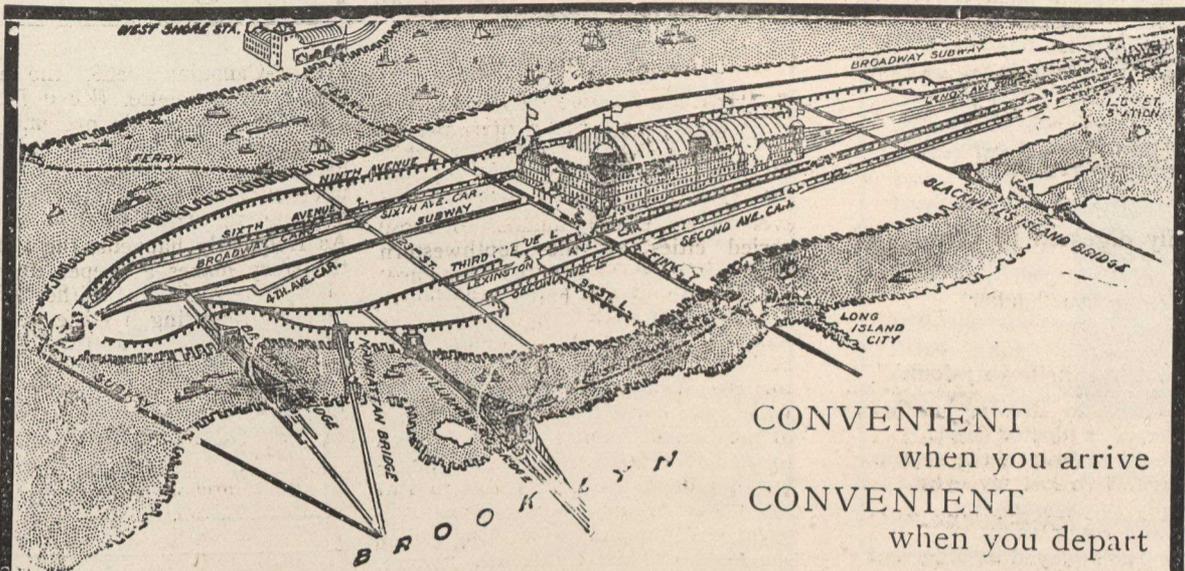
Worn old shoes that flit about, Dodging trolley and passing hack— These are the things that you do not see;

These are the things that are not worth while, Once you have caught in the sordid street

All of the wealth of his glad young smile.

Daily he peddles his papers there Set in the heart of the city's strife, Gayly smiling and debonaire, Selling the sordid tales of life, Calling the news that will sell the sheet,

All I know is his morning smile Brightens my day in the dingy street."



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THE CITY OF QUEBEC

By J. A. SANGSTER

IF you are a traveller, sailing up the St. Lawrence, what a picture Quebec presents with her gilded domes, her sunlit steeples and the beauty and solidity of her varied architectural structures founded indeed upon a lofty and majestic rock! If it be a Sunday morning, the clear, bracing air seems to intensify the welcome strains of the sweet music of her many church bells. Looking over the Dufferin Terrace, from Quebec, you have a broad range of beautifully diversified views surpassed by no other spot in the world. See her antiques and curiosities. Mark well the many places gray with age and rich in historical interest. Take a ramble to see the landscape back of Quebec in view of the Laurentian Hills and it will be to you "A thing of beauty and a joy forever." Mingle with her broadminded people and at her feet you will launch forth from her shores upon the restless bosom of the noblest river on earth and with eye upturned towards her stately summits your inmost soul will exclaim:

"Beautiful Quebec! Charming spot that has no peer, you will be the wonder and the admiration of countless millions yet unborn."

Sparkling in the distance, as though she were the jewelled gates of a city of gold, Quebec stands out in all her effulgence, as the entrance to a lovely, wealthy and healthful country. Within her portals are cities, towns and manufacturing centres which promise fair to rival Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, Sheffield, Worcester and Kidderminster. A Dominion, which although almost limitless in area, has several continuous stretches of navigable water-ways each extending over two thousand miles, and two trans-continental railroads as long, with a call for others, and a network of rail-ways throughout the more settled parts. Beside the ordinary farms in the more thickly populated provinces there are outside these boundaries many extensive farms, it may be, with heavily loaded orchards of the most luscious fruits or perhaps covered with vegetables or made up of fields

dancing with corn and grain, or yet again, huge ranches able to pasture millions of cattle. Over her wide expanse are exhaustless hunting grounds and vast water-areas teeming with fish and seal. Many thousand square miles of forests that have not yet heard the woodman's axe and millions of acres of rich soil which have never felt the ploughman's blade. A country possessing the richest metals and most useful minerals of the world. A smiling garden-land of flowers, everywhere. Canada enjoys a clear, bright atmosphere of sweet, pure air; a varied and matchless climate creating healthy and happy men and women. Who would not fight for such a land?

Quebec is pre-eminently "A city set on a hill." Before the advent of the red man, was there no human life on this prominence? No succession of fierce contention for mastery? Each tribe of Indians, here, in turn, had its day, until finally the fiercest and most warlike tribe of these dusky denizens of the forest very reluctantly was forced to yield up this proud vantage ground to the destructive fire-arm of the French invaders. Next the British longed for a foothold in this fortress of American waters and send-

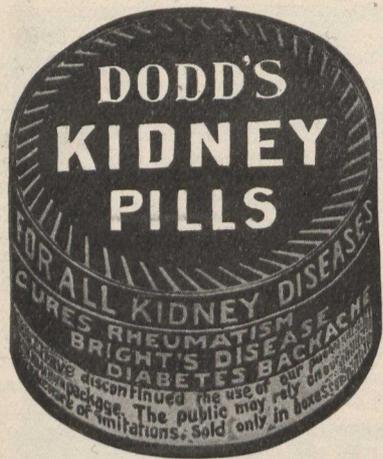
ing Phips demanded the surrender of Quebec, but Frontenac, as brave a general as adorns the pages of any country's history, sent back from his unassailable position on this height the haughty and defiant reply: "Go and say to your master, I shall answer him by the mouth of the cannon." Later from Quebec's towering steeples, Montcalm, eagle-like, ceaselessly watched every manoeuvre of Wolfe in that intrepid general's indomitable determination to get possession of and rest secure in the eyrie himself. I shall not here speak of Wolfe's many attempts to weaken or out-general his tireless foe. How for instance, from the high ground at Levis, across the river, he pointed his merciless artillery towards Quebec and hammering away literally demolished "Lower Town," and yet how fruitless of good results such a prolonged cannonading was, as it left Montcalm unscathed and virtually unaffected in nature's acropolis. Suffice it to say that by the shrewdest stratagem that "dauntless hero" at last succeeded in scaling the cliff near Quebec and the two armies were soon locked in deadly combat for the domination of America's Gibraltar and very unwillingly the French were forced to give up this "rock-bound citadel" to the British victors. In that dreadful contest the British and the French, each alike, lost not only a gallant general, but death claimed for her own the greatest generals of a great age. We drop hot tears to their glorious and immortal memory and we wreath their names if not their brows with laurel and myrtle.

Oh, wondrous outcome! that the two most dominant and resourceful nations on earth, each of which, at that time, seemed bent upon thwarting, disabling, yes upon the very annihilation of the other, should in this fair Canada of ours, have learned, through due respect for one another's traits, to live in such peace and concord that when later the Americans cast an envious eye on this "keystone of the St. Lawrence," these two peoples, still speaking different languages, were able to repel the insolent invasion of a resourceful and haughty nation.

Quebec is truly the cradle of Canadian history. Here were the earliest as well as the most famous battles fought and then as ever since she has nurtured her sons and daughters on her bosom of exhilarating breezes and sunshine, protection and liberty of thought and action, deeply rooted patriotism and vigilance for a foreign aggressor. May that innate spirit never be quenched. Cruel indeed would be the mind that would conceive to sever; heartless the hand that would untie those priceless cords of friendship.

Of course, Quebec does not yet close the epoch of her present history. Who can foretell her destiny? Certain it is that, as in the past so in the future, it will remain for her two distinctive races, each maintaining its own while respecting the other's characteristics and each imbued with a common love for dear old Canada, to say how long the adopted land of our forefathers for which our ancestors toiled, fought, bled and gave their lives, will be our birthright, and who would not boast of such a glorious heritage?

There are two things of which we Quebecers feel justly proud—that we are Canadians and that as such we make up a part of the greatest Empire that the world has ever seen—an Empire the centre of which is graced by no less exalted a personage than his most excellent majesty King Edward VII., towards whom the eyes of his countless subjects are ever turned in admiring love. May God shower on him His richest blessings and spare him long to guide the destinies of a faithful and loyal people.



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GOLF TALK.

Brown heard four men conversing
Not many weeks ago,
Men of high position, all
Professional, and so
He thought it fit and proper
To listen and may be
Exalted words of wisdom
Might fall eventually.
He heard one say, distinctly,
"I took my 'brassie' then,
And handed out a 'screamer'
Two hundred yards and ten;
It landed in the 'bunker'
The one behind the 'gore';
It put me off my game, but I
Came home in 'eighty-four.'"
'Twas Greek to Brown, but patient,
He heard a doctor sigh:
"I don't know what's the reason
But fear I've lost my eye;
It's really most annoying,
I cannot hit a thing.
To one who's played as long as I,
It's simply damaging."

Poor Brown got quite excited
When next the bishop spoke,
And on that face benevolent
He fondly placed his hope,
So eagerly he listened,
His very best, to try
And find his lordship's reason
For that disgusting "lie."
For just two hours precisely
He heard them all declaim
On "hanging lies" and "hazards,"
And thought them all insane;
Then reaching for his hat and coat
Said Brown, as out he flung:
"It must be golf they're talking—
Well, that's where Willie's stung!"
W. H. WEBLING.

THE LATEST COLLIER'S.

THE New York publication, known as *Collier's Weekly*, has recently made a handsome concession to its readers in this country by issuing a Canadian edition, of which Mr. H. F. Gadsby, formerly of the staff of the *Toronto Star*, has been appointed editor. Mr. Gadsby is a native of the town of Stratford, is a graduate of the University of Toronto and has been recognised for some years as a brilliant and capable journalist. Mr. Gadsby's work, as a writer of special features for the *Star*, has been even more remarkable than his unique editorial paragraphs and his



Mr. H. F. Gadsby.

gift for discerning the unusual in the commonplace is more Gallic than Saxon when it finds inevitable phrase for expression.

Collier's Weekly is a national (or should we say international?) publication of high merit, from the literary, journalistic or artistic point of view. Its fiction contests have attracted the attention of all readers and writers on this continent and it has excelled all other journals in the financial rewards offered to the "teller of tales." Under the new editorial management, the Canadian edition will probably be-

come so thoroughly of the Dominion that its readers will believe that it is of native origin and that P. F. Collier was a Maker-of-Montreal or a Moulder-of-Winnipeg.

PITT THE EMPIRE-BUILDER.

UNDER the above title, in the July issue of the *Canadian Magazine*, Dr. A. H. U. Colquhoun considers the career and achievements of the Great Commoner. In his opening paragraphs the writer remarks: "The mind naturally connects the name of the first Pitt with the Quebec celebration. The scientific historians, always accurate and usually dull, may correctly trace the origin of the British Empire to a period and to men more remote than he. Popular opinion, however, assigns to Pitt more than to any other statesman the great position attained by England in the middle of the eighteenth century. From that high point her fortunes were soon to recede owing to the blunders of his successors. But never so far as to obliterate the bold outlines of the structure raised by his far-seeing and commanding genius. The results of the capture of Canada alone were to prove a monument to his foresight. Its importance has been increased by the subsequent loss of the United States, and this result was hidden from him. The fusion of French and English under one rule has produced a situation milder and better, perhaps, than any he conceived. But in recalling Quebec's historic past it is impossible to avoid associating Pitt with Wolfe, just as the French rightly honour the illustrious Champlain, the founder of the city, and Montcalm, its gallant defender.

"The career of Pitt awaits full and adequate treatment. Lives of him there are, but none quite equal to the man and his work. It is not the fashion now to glorify a great War minister. To soothe the modern ear you must talk of peace. The nations stagger under vast armaments, but these, we are assured, exist for defence, not for defiance. To-day a Pitt and his grand designs would be voted down by philanthropists, economists and philosophers. *Autres temps, autres moeurs.* The French, almost alone of the nations, frankly avow their admiration of a conqueror like Napoleon. Should another such arise, to him likewise they would pay tribute. When the French admirals visited London not long ago they saluted the statue of Nelson as they passed through Trafalgar Square. The candor and courage of such homage is refreshing. The British are a trifle apologetic of their empire-builders, and are apt to regard Clive and Hastings and Chatham with mournful admiration. They were great, but they were ruthless. Happily the British Empire is a concrete fact which the mild sentimentalist must accept, and we can no more celebrate Quebec without thinking of Pitt than we can preserve freedom without force or expect prowess without physical vigour."

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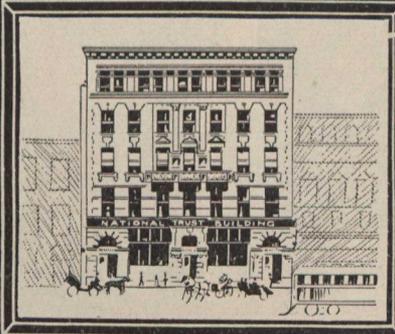
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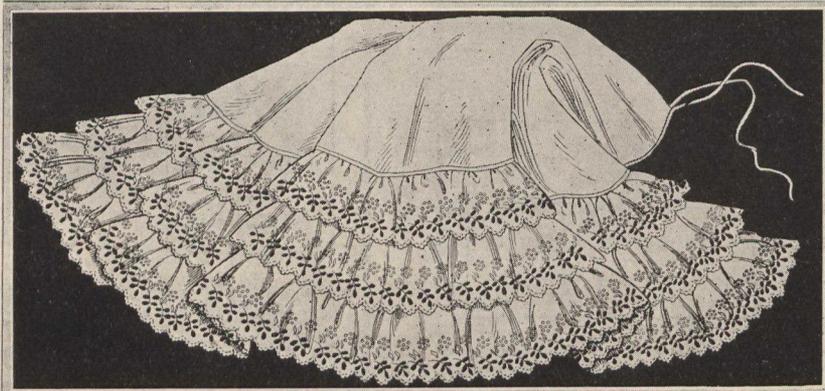
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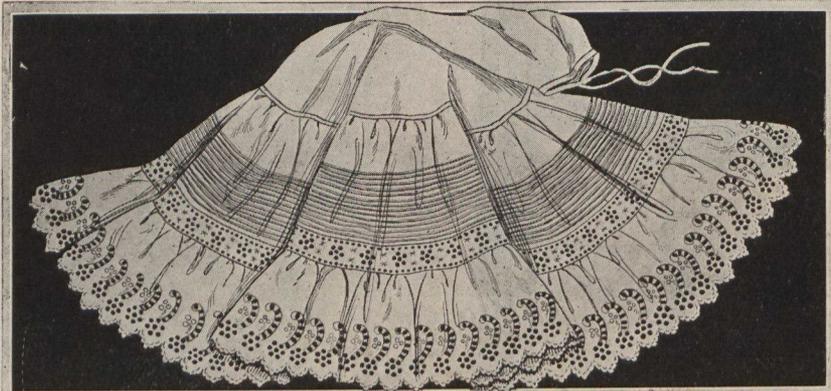
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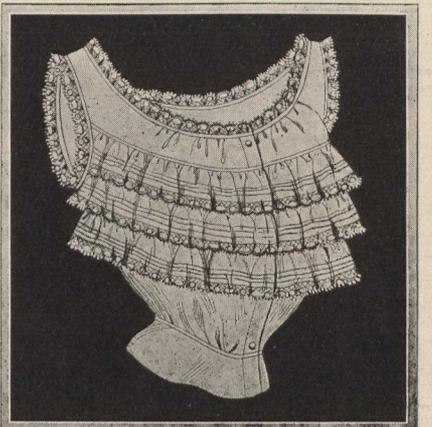
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