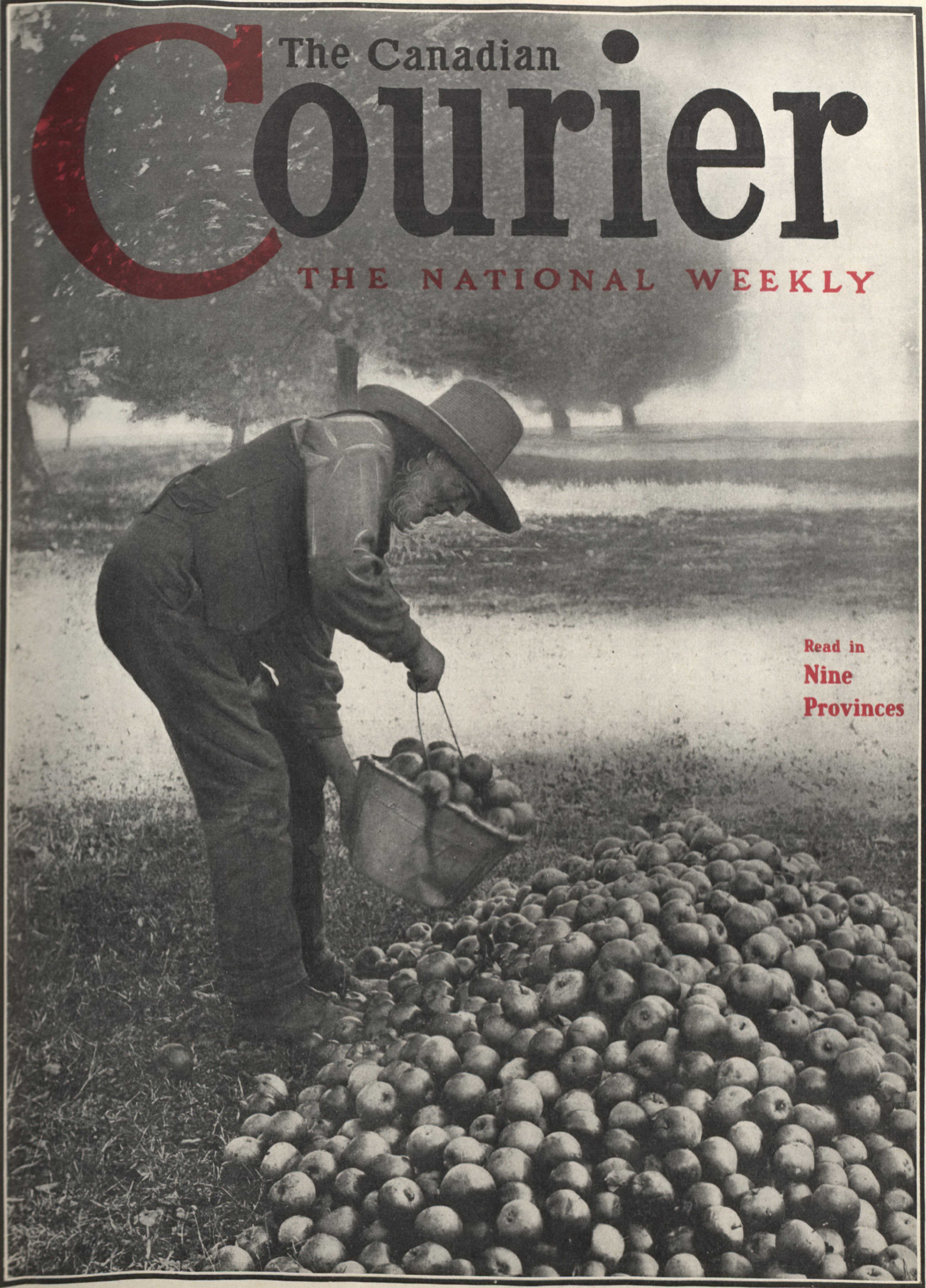


The Canadian **Courier**

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Read in
Nine
Provinces

Autumn Display of Blouses, Underskirts, and Young Women's Suits

Fall Openings in the Waists and Young Women's Costumes
Sections will be held on Monday, Sept. 12th



THE accession of Autumn in the realm of clothes will be on Monday accorded formal recognition in the sections devoted respectively to Women's Blouses and Petticoats, and to Misses Suits and Coats. The occasion will be marked by a general display of the season's new and novel offerings in the various phases of feminine attire represented in those departments.

Paisley, Dresden, Persian and Metallic Effects are strong

As will be seen by the array of models from Paris and other places of authority Fashion has touched the fancy blouse with a gentle hand. No radical changes has been wrought in its previous form: it has only been softened in substance, simplified in line and—which seems a paradox—livened by a greater strength of color and a tendency toward heavier embroidering and odd metallic effects in the nets and bandings used by way of ornamentation. The veiling of silk, net and lace with chiffon and other transparent fabrics continues in vogue, and Paisley, Dresden and Persian are still expressions to conjure with, their bright tintings reaching a climax in a unique Peacock feather design which appears in both silk and crepe. The seamless shoulder and the two-piece sleeve—which consists of one sleeve capped by another to the elbow are prominent features.

In **Silk and Satin Underskirts** the introduction of silk fringe, lace edging, and ribbon rosettes as a medium of trimming is the most notable innovation, not forgetting of course, the presence of the regulation petticoat for the hobble skirt. The stock of taffeta, satin, and English moire underskirts is the largest we have ever carried.

The Vogue in Young Women's Coats and Skirts

As Exemplified in our Initial Fall Display

All that is natty, trim, and deftly tailored is represented in the interesting provision of Fall raiment for the young miss who demands what is newest, best approved, and best in accord with the needs of her home, school or business life. The showing is a comprehensive one, covering the whole broad field of coat and skirt suits, full length jackets, separate skirts and house dresses.

In the latter the weight of attention has been given to the useful one piece cloth frock, many of the most attractive of which are smartly brightened with a touch of Parisian trimming with yoke and undersleeves of the new metallic net.

The Combination of Good Quality and Low Price

Two suits demonstrate the moderation of price that accompanies the prevailing good style and employment of correct materials:

One design is developed in fine all-wool serge in brown, green, grey, navy or black, the coat cut in the popular three button, single-breasted style, and the skirt exploiting the desirable straight line effect by means of a stitched band confining the series of pleats at the foot. The sizes obtainable are bust 32, 34 and 36; skirt lengths 35 to 38.

Very Low-Priced as an "Opening Day"
Special at - - - - \$12.75

A suit of strictly plain tailored order, carried out in a two-toned all-wool hopsucking—a material eminently new and pleasing—the cuffs and skirt finished with band smartly piped with black satin and ornamented with handsome buttons, and the coat being lined with good quality silk. In a wide range of the season's best shades, the suit presents all the elements of up-to-date attractiveness at moderate price. It is procurable in sizes bust 32, 34 and 36, and skirt lengths 35 to 38. Monday special price - - - - **\$18.50.**

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
TORONTO CANADA



Ask The Housewife

She will tell you that Windsor Salt does not get "lumpy"—nor "cake" in glass or silver.

In homes of refinement,

Windsor Table Salt

has long been the universal favorite for table and culinary use.

17

CORRUGATED
WRITE FOR PRICES
METALLIC ROOFING CO.
LIMITED,
TORONTO, CANADA.
IRON

By Royal Warrant



to His Majesty the King

G. H. MUMM & CO.

EXTRA DRY

The most exquisite dry Champagne imported

Selected Brut

A superb Brut Wine of unsurpassed style and flavor.

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

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

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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Editor's Talk

THE pastoral picture on the cover of this week's issue reminds us that the vagrant days are over. The summer resorts are beginning to put up shutters and the sand drifts over the lawns. The winds get a semi-lonesome sound as they swish through leaves that will soon be a vari-coloured carpet in country and town.

IT is the coming-home time, not only of most people, but also of such as labour to make periodicals. So far there has been no vacation of 1910 in this office. While other editors paid out their salaries to steamboat companies and went fishing, the men who make this paper stayed at home to keep things interesting for those who didn't happen to have any holiday except reading the Canadian Courier.

WITH the beginning of the fall season we are naturally still more indifferent to the claims of vacation. Our contributors who have been cultivating the muses are drifting back to their customary haunts. They are hitching up Pegasus. Soon we shall be overwhelmed with manuscripts and pictures from which we expect to make the pages of the Canadian Courier even more interesting than we have done this summer.

Why let that headache spoil your day's work or pleasure? Take

NA-DRU-CO HEADACHE WAFERS

25c. a Box at your druggist's.

Guaranteed to contain no morphine, opium or other poisonous drugs, by the National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

Take Your Choice of the **PURITY FLOUR**



196 POUNDS

98 POUNDS

49 POUNDS

24 POUNDS

14 POUNDS

7 POUNDS

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THE "CANADIAN COURIER."

The Ross Rifle



Hunters of Big Game

want a rifle with flat trajectory, good stopping power, quick and reliable action.

ROSS Sporting Rifles STAND EVERY TEST

The barrels are of the same steel and bored by the same machinery as the famous "Ross" Military Target Rifles. The action is the quickest and surest ever offered and the general style is a treat to lovers of well balanced arms. Dealers throughout the Empire are selling Ross Rifles.

Prices from \$25.00 and upwards.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue

The Ross Rifle Co. QUEBEC, P.Q. 1-9-0

KELSEY WARM AIR GENERATOR

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

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

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

No matter what you pay, sir—there is nothing better than

Cosgrave's Pale Ale

It is not only the best but it delights the taste and puts an edge on the appetite.

Here is our
New
Fall & Winter
Catalogue



We Pay Delivery Charges to any Destination in Canada

Free Delivery of Goods Throughout the Dominion

The aim of this store has been to reach a point in its development where it can serve on equal terms all the citizens of this great Dominion, and offer to every resident of Canada the advantage of Simpson Quality, Simpson Variety and Simpson Economy, right at your own door without extra cost and without trouble or risk.

The enormous increase of our Mail Order Business now enables us to respond to your good will by being the first store in Canada to extend FREE DELIVERY TO ALL CUSTOMERS.

You need no longer figure out postage, express or freight rates, because the prices quoted in our catalogue are what the goods will cost you at your nearest station, except heavy or bulky goods, as stated in the catalogue.

OUR PART

The Simpson Store—the best constructed and best equipped mercantile building in the Dominion—is now practically your nearest store.

Its immense stocks bought direct from the manufacturers for cash mean economy to you.

The worthy, honest goods, made for service, and the prompt response to your request for return or exchange, mean comfort and satisfaction to you.

The latest, most stylish and up-to-date merchandise in every department means pleasure to you.

YOUR PART

If your name is not already on our mailing list send post card at once for catalogue.

Our new free delivery system makes it profitable for you to order your entire needs from this store.

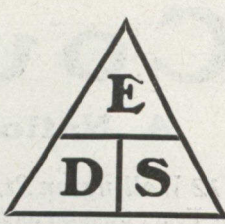
You can order any single article at any price, large or small, and we will send it cheerfully and promptly; but we suggest that you try to make each order as large as possible.

Follow carefully the instructions printed in the catalogue.

N.B.—To get our new Fall and Winter Catalogue promptly send post card addressed to Dept. No. 31.

The Robert **SIMPSON** Company Limited
TORONTO

Wherever There's
a Post Office, an Express
Office or a Railroad
SIMPSON'S
Will deliver your
Purchases *FREE*

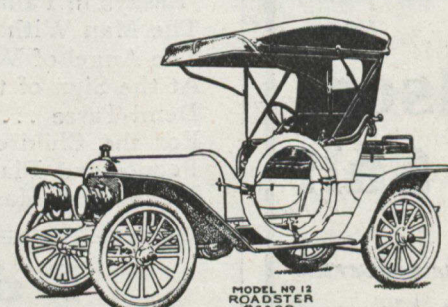



E. D. Smith's
Grape Juice

Smith's Grape Juice contains all the health-giving properties of fresh, ripe grapes, being the pure juice of ripe Concord grapes pressed in season, with sugar added—bottled and sealed air-tightly. Like all others of E. D. Smith's products, it is pure and free from preservatives or chemicals. *A 25c bottle of Smith's Grape Juice will make twelve to fifteen drinks.*

SOLD BY ALL HIGH CLASS GROCERS IN CANADA

E. D. SMITH - - WINONA, ONT.



MODEL NO 12
ROADSTER
\$2200

Why are Electrics getting so popular for business and pleasure all over the country?

Because they carry passengers or deliver goods quicker, better and for less money than horses. Often the Electric Delivery Wagon takes the place of 3 horse-drawn wagons.

The Electric Power is stored or compressed, you might say, in a storage battery. It's charged late at night when you are not using the vehicle and saves you the care and bother of making your own power. You turn on as you need—not a cent's worth more—as easily as you light an Electric lamp. We charge it, or you can. ASK US!

The Toronto Electric Light Co'y, Limited
12 Adelaide St. E. "Electric Building," Phone Main 3975

LACQUERET
HOUSEHOLD LACQUER

What About Your Sleeping Room?

There should be a quiet, reposeful beauty about your bedroom—a refined and soothing elegance that woos sleep. You may feel like buying a new suite for one or more of your bedrooms, but you don't need to.

Send for our free booklet, entitled "Dainty Decorator," and learn how "LACQUERET" will make the old suite shine with all the beautiful lustre of new life. A coat of colored "Lacqueret" (any shade to suit the furniture, or your fancy) will make every article look brighter and better than on the day you bought it.

Most prominent Hardware and Paint Dealers sell "Lacqueret."

International Varnish Co. LIMITED
Toronto - Winnipeg 2365




After A Day's Sport

There is nothing quite so good as SNAP to clean and soften the hands. Try it.

Blue and White Cans—
S N A P

\$30,000 remains ←

Out of a \$500,000 issue of Capital Stock for allotment.

Par value \$100 per share
Selling at \$110 per share
Pays 6 per cent, payable half-yearly
Reserve increasing yearly

Subscriptions will be received for blocks of five or more shares.

For full particulars and 17th Balance Sheet write.

THE PEOPLES LOAN & SAVINGS COR'N,
LONDON, - - ONTARIO.

NOTE—"LACQUERET" is sold in full imperial measure packages only

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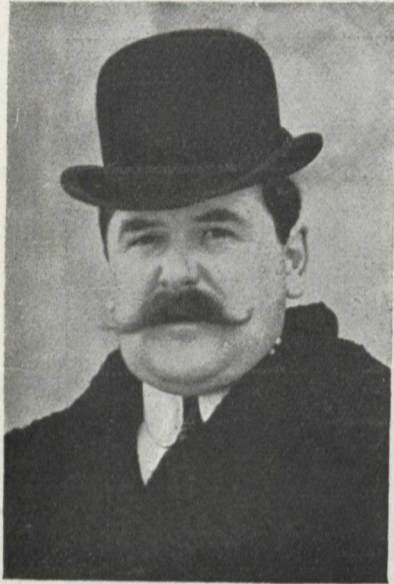
HYMNS OF PRAISE UPON THE SEA

The Queen's Own Rifles, of Toronto, had a pleasant passage to England on the steamer Megantic. They sailed from Quebec on a Saturday, and Sunday was far gone before they reached the Gulf. Chaplain Llwyd is here seen leading the Sunday music, surrounded by the officers. Col. Sir Henry Pellatt is third from the left in the front row. On Monday last at Balmoral, the King conferred the Royal Victorian Order on Colonel Pellatt, Lt.-Col. Mason, Major Rennie and Captain Higginbotham.

REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

A RATHER curious state of feeling has been created in older Canada by the great development of the West. The people in the older provinces are beginning to wonder if the pioneer achievements of the last century are to be forgotten. In a recent address made in Toronto, Mr. O. S. Perrault, president of the Chambre de Commerce



Mr. O. S. Perrault.

of Montreal, laid distinct emphasis on the fact that "the judicial, municipal, military and constitutional organisation of Canada" was the creation of the people of Ontario and Quebec, with some assistance from the Maritime Provinces. There would have been no Western Canada had not the great men of Ontario and Quebec recognised the value of that part of this continent, and secured its purchase from Great Britain. Furthermore, there would have been no Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, had not the people of Eastern Canada guaranteed the cost of the canals and railways which were necessary to open up the West, to carry settlers in and bring produce out. Mr. Perrault was quite justified in calling upon the West to "remember that Ontario and Quebec, the sons of the two greatest races of the world, the sons of

Britain and of France, have been the founders and builders of this country." Their works do live after them, and we of later generations in all the provinces are reaping richly by reason of their industry, their courage and their foresight.

Furthermore, the transformation of the West from a wilderness to a garden has been mainly the work of the sons of Eastern Canada. Probably seventy-five per cent of the leading men of the West come from Ontario, Quebec or the Maritime Provinces. In sending these men to the newer parts of Canada the older provinces have made a sacrifice which the newer should never fail to forget.

ON the other hand, Eastern Canada should not forget that in sending its best sons and daughters to the West it has only been performing its manifest duty to Canada and to civilisation. The greatness of the British and French races lies in their ability to carry their civilisation into the newer parts of the earth. The sons of England and of France in older Canada were therefore under obligation to transmit that which they had received when opportunity offered. As Great Britain and France gave freely and generously to older Canada, so older Canada should give freely and generously to newer Canada.

A few weeks ago some Ontario publishers got together and decided that they would cease to boom the West. They felt that the West received so much advertising in the East that the magnet was proving too strong. For years they had been booming Western Canada and telling people of its unlimited possibilities and their only reward had been to find that their friends and customers were slipping away from them. They are now to confine their boasting to their own province.

The West is now so well-known that the land is rapidly being taken up by new-comers. If the people of older Canada do not get their share they will simply be leaving a large percentage of this district to people from the United States and Europe. It would seem both impossible and inadvisable for Eastern Canada to change its policy. The movement of population from East to West must continue. It may delay the progress of the East for a time, but eventually it will bring the largest reward. A thoroughly Canadian West will make for unity and concord and progress.

REFERRING again to a recent discussion in these columns regarding the attitude of the public towards goods which are "made in Canada," a British Columbia paper raises a new point. It charges that certain manufacturers give their best goods a name which does not indicate where they are produced, and then mark their inferior grades "Canadian" "Maple Leaf" "Union Jack" or "Empire." When these inferior grades are unsatisfactory the public gets a prejudice against goods so labelled. In other words, some of the purchasing public have found that goods which bear the most patriotic trade-marks are sometimes the most unsatisfactory.

It is hard to believe that this practice obtains to any extent in this country. There are, no doubt, a number of manufacturers in every country who take advantage of the patriotism of the public

to sell them something which does not level up in quality with goods made by other more reputable manufacturers. This is not a practice confined to Canada, or even to the United States, therefore, it is hardly fair to charge all Canadian manufacturers with using patriotic trade-marks to cover up the defects in their goods. No matter what the trade-mark the public must learn to distinguish between first-class wares and those which are "just as good." No matter how great may be the perfection obtained by Canadian manufacturers generally, there will always be some lines of goods which are not quite what they seem.

In advocating that Canadians should give a preference to goods which are "made in Canada" no one would go so far as to ask them to accept inferior grades at equal prices. All the Canadian public are asked to do is to give Canadian goods fair treatment and to buy them when they are assured that they can get as good value for their money as when they purchase United States, German or British goods of a similar class. The public should not even be asked to pay a higher price. The prices and the quality should be equal to those of foreign grades. This is the only basis on which Canada can build up a permanent manufacturing industry.

While this should be the attitude of the Canadian public there is a corresponding obligation on the Canadian manufacturer. He must advertise his goods intelligently. He must tell the public why his productions are superior and why they should be bought. In other words, his advertisements must be equal to the advertisements of his competitors in foreign countries. The people cannot be expected to buy even superior goods which are made in Canada unless the manufacturer has taken the utmost pains to inform the public of the fact that these goods are for sale and that his guarantee as to their reliability stands behind them. The manufacturer who fails to produce superior goods or fails to tell the public about them is not likely to achieve success for himself, or to add to the reputation of Canadian manufacturers generally.

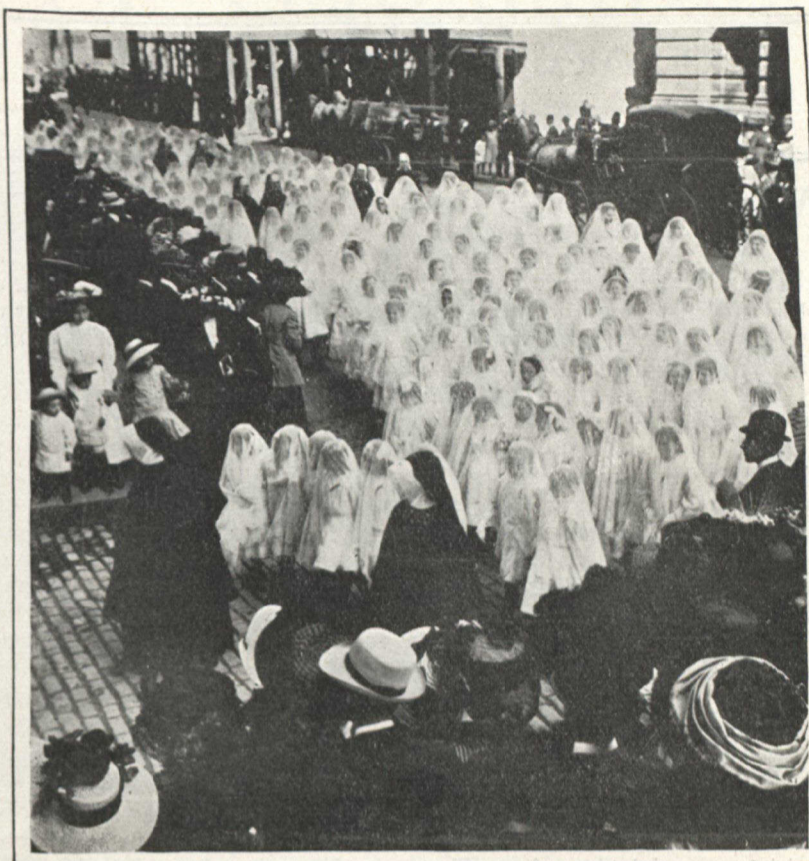
EVERY person who is appealing to the public for support must keep that public continually educated. Each of the great railways of Canada employ a clever man who is known as their advertising agent. His business is to keep the public fully informed as to the progress of the road, the opening up of new districts and the general improvements being made from time to time. This advertising agent is in close touch with every newspaper in Canada and is continually sending them information, articles and photographs. If any writer on the Canadian press, the British press or any foreign press desires information about that particular road or the country through which it runs, the advertising agent springs to attention at once. It is here that the Canadian manufacturers have fallen down. They have no advertising agent. If any student of public affairs or any journalist desires information about the growth of Canadian manufacturing he can only get it by a laborious study of Governmental Blue Books, and even then he can get very little.

This was well illustrated in a case of an address delivered in Toronto last week. The speaker who was trying to show how important was the agricultural interests of Canada as compared with other interests, quoted the latest available figures. He said that while there were eight-hundred and forty millions of dollars invested in manufacturing and while the banks have eleven-hundred millions of dollars of assets, the agricultural industry have assets of eighteen-hundred millions. He made it appear that the agricultural industry was more than twice as important as the manufacturing, and that even the banking interests were greater than those of manufacturing. The comparison was unfair, though the speaker was probably unaware of the unfairness. The figures quoted for banking and agriculture were those of 1910, while the figures quoted for manufacturing were those of 1901. The banking and agricultural interests see that the public are informed from year to year of the progress of their industry but the manufacturers have done nothing to bring their figures up to date since the census of 1901. If the head officers of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association were doing their duty they would be publishing each year a summary of the number of factories in every province, the number of hands employed, the value of the products sent out and the total of the capital invested. The railways do this; the banking interests do this; the agricultural interests do this. Only the manufacturers neglect this form of public education.

MAYOR SANFORD EVANS of Winnipeg is the new president of the Association of Canadian Clubs, an organisation which is likely to exercise a considerable social influence in this country. Mr. Evans was the first president of the Hamilton Club, the first president of the Toronto Club and the first president of the Winnipeg organisation. This is a unique record, even though it required more than ten years and residence in three cities to accomplish it. It shows that Mr. Evans has been always foremost in Canadian Club work. The object of the Association, which was formed last year in Montreal, is to provide aid and advice for all Canadian Clubs throughout the country, to assist in the formation of new clubs, and to provide a clearing-house for Canadian Club opinion. This is an ambitious and difficult programme but one which should be productive of important results provided that those who have undertaken it are in earnest and are not side-tracked by political considerations.



As the Legate looked when one hundred thousand children passed before him. On his left is Cardinal Logue and on his right Monseigneur Bruchesi.



Forty thousand children walked from Champ de Mars to St. James Cathedral. The procession took three hours to pass this spot, corner of St. James and St. Peter.



The Repository on Fletcher's Field, where the Host was exposed at the conclusion of Sunday's procession.

A Marvellous Religious Congress

The twenty-first International Eucharist Congress of the Roman Catholic Church was held in Montreal. It finished a most successful and spectacular week with a procession on Sunday last in the presence of half a million spectators. A hundred thousand people formed the procession, which preceded the Papal Legate carrying the Host in a golden monstrance. Fifty archbishops, seventy bishops, fifteen hundred Knights of Columbus, numerous religious organisations and a score of prominent political officials, added to the splendour of the occasion. It was perhaps the most notable religious demonstration in history, certainly the most notable in the history of North America. The procession ended when the Host reached the Repository in Fletcher's Field, on Mount Royal. The benediction of the Eucharist was given and the Host elevated.



Cardinal Logue leaving St. Patrick's Church at the conclusion of the Mass on Saturday morning.



Part of the crowd of one hundred thousand people who attended the Open-air Mass on Fletcher's Field, Saturday morning.

REFORM THE COLLEGIATES

By NORMAN PATTERSON

WILL the Collegiate Institute, or High School, be reformed? Here is a question which is agitating far-sighted people. Some even go so far as to claim that this old-fashioned educational establishment has served its purpose and should be relegated to the rubbish-heap. It is out of date, a relic of an age in which there were no colleges of any account, and quite unsuited to modern civilisation.

The proposition may startle some of the ancient college masters who consider that they have helped to build up Canadian character by their labours. It is quite true that the high school teacher was and still is a power in the smaller community. Every boy who conceived the ambition to be a doctor, lawyer, dentist or teacher passed through his hands. He has pupils on the bench, leaders at the bar, prominent medical men, members of parliament and university professors, and he is proud of these "boys." Some of them are in Canada, some in the United States, and a few scattered throughout the newer countries of the world. Every United States city of importance has a score of professional men who have attained prominence because of the intellectual up-lift supplied by the high school teachers of Ontario and the Maritime Provinces.

THE chief count in the charge against the High Schools or Collegiates is that they take the best boys from the town and townships and send them on to the cities. They rob the rural communities to enrich the urban. They take from the places in which they are situated the best product of the district and give it nothing in return. Any ambitious youth who gets a high school education of the kind that has been common in Canada seldom goes back to the farm and not very often returns to the local shop or factory.

New York state has had a similar experience with its County Academies, and New York is taking steps to abolish them. They practically ruined the farming interests of that state and turned many fine towns into deserted villages. As in Ontario, the smartest youths passed through these Academies and passed on to become professional men in the larger cities of the East and the multiplying towns of the West.

NO one will charge these high school masters with unfaithfulness to duty. They were interested in the welfare of their students and in their intellectual development. They tried to convert the boys of the community into gentlemen and put them in the way of playing a larger part in the world. And they succeeded in what they

attempted. It is their very success which has aroused public opinion against them.

In a recent address in Toronto, Rev. J. O. Miller, principal of Ridley College, St. Catharines, pointed out that the beautiful fruit farms of the Niagara Peninsula are occupied by families who have moved there recently. All the old families are gone. Some of them died out naturally, but most of them disappeared because the boys were educated out of the district. The high school teacher could see nothing in fruit-farming and he sent the boys into the professions. Yet the newer settlers who have come in have turned the district into a great garden, quadrupled the price of land, and are making yearly profits that exceed those of the average doctor, lawyer or dentist of the town and city.

* * *

WHAT will be the substitute? Agricultural High Schools and Technical Collegiates. The Ontario agricultural college has done something to train the young farmers of Ontario, but its work has been necessarily limited. An agricultural high school in every county in Ontario, working in harmony with the O. A. C., would do much to solve the problem of keeping the people on the land. The electric railway, the rural telephone and the automobile are all helping to make rural life more attractive. The Agricultural High School would train the young men to be farmers and teach them how to make as profitable and as pleasant a living on a farm as in a dingy, smoke-begrimed office in a large city. Further, it would increase the product of the Ontario farms and have a profound effect upon the cost of living.

Down in Norfolk county there is a farm which a few years ago sold for \$2,500. Later it was resold for \$4,500. Recently, because of the scientific fruit-growing methods which have been introduced into that district, this same farm was sold for \$17,000. This is but a sample of what could be done in every county in Ontario if the old-fashioned, profession-loving High School were displaced by a school devoted exclusively to educating farmers.

* * *

AGAIN, the High Schools of manufacturing towns should be turned into Technical High Schools, such as that at Berlin and elsewhere. Technical education is a new requirement. Until thirty years ago, manufacturing in Canada was a very simple and primitive business. It was also quite limited. To-day manufacturing is a highly technical occupation. The young men who are to become mechanics, foremen, designers, and master manufacturers, must have a special education. The training which is suitable for the embryo doctor, lawyer and university professor is quite unsuitable for them.

Technical education is as absolutely necessary to Ontario's future development as agricultural education. It is safe to predict that within ten years, twenty-five per cent of the high schools of Ontario will be labelled "technical."

BOY SCOUTS IN MONTREAL AND BRITISH COLUMBIA



Lieut.-Gen. Sir Robert Baden-Powell giving the Montreal Boy Scouts a talk after the Inspection in Fletcher's Field.

B.C. Scouts Inspected by their Chieftain in the Woods

THE QUEEN'S OWN AT ALDERSHOT



Much has been heard of the long route marches taken by the Canadians in England; here is a picture of the regiment leaving camp, clicking off the miles and liking the job.



A Pioneer acting as postman and collecting letters. A private is putting on a "penny" stamp.



Teaching Tommy Atkins to play baseball.

Canada is proud of the record of her citizen soldiers in England, and also greatly pleased at the kindly reception extended to them, from His Majesty, King George, to the man in the street. But this we know—they will all come back.



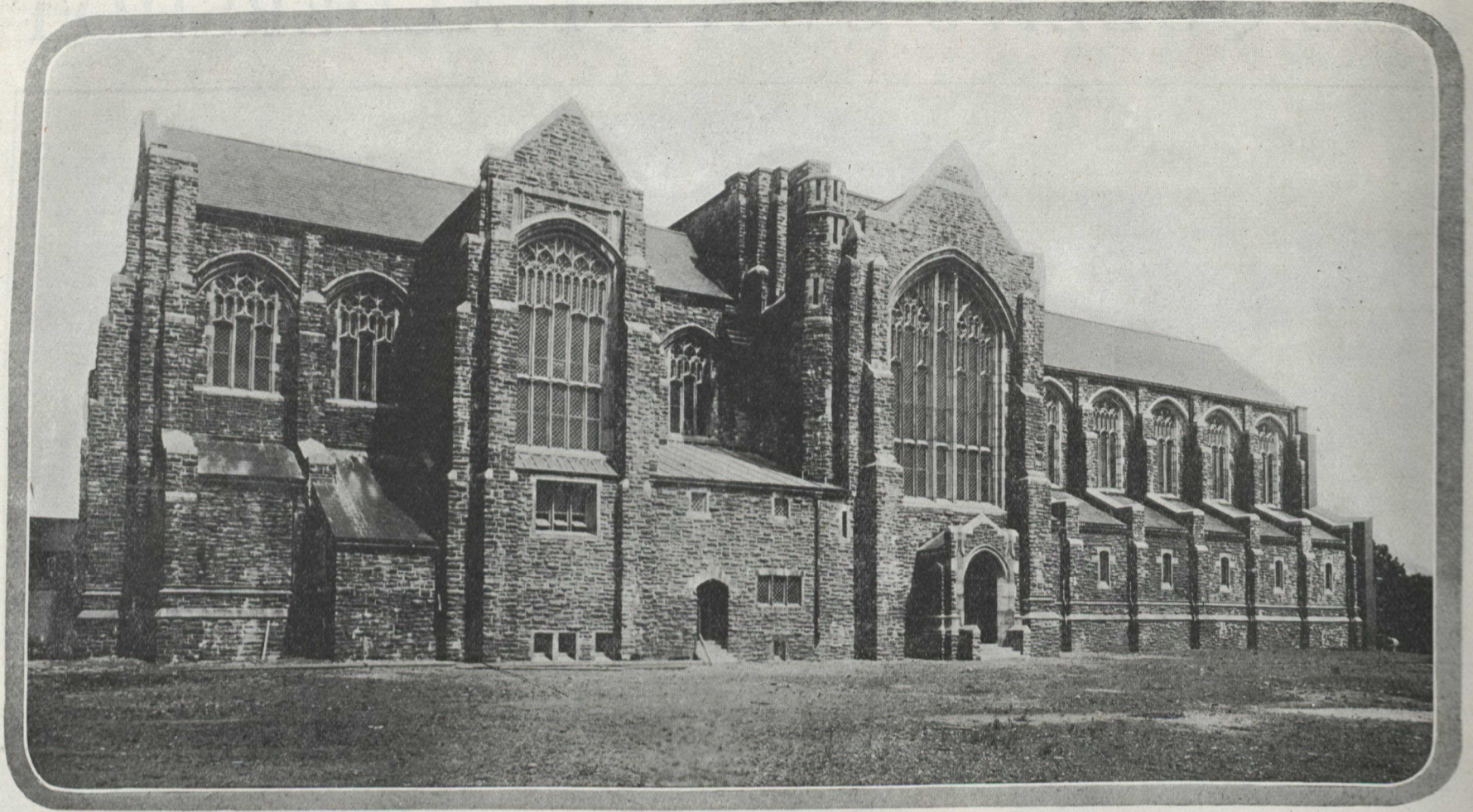
Every man his own barber; but no man allowed to put a razor edge on his Q.O.R. moustache.



A firing line awaiting orders.



A firing line advancing.



All Saints' Cathedral, Halifax, erected by the Anglicans of Nova Scotia. When completed it will be one of the finest pieces of Church Architecture in Canada. The dedication ceremonies took place on Sunday, September 5th, during the Bicentenary Celebration, in the presence of Archbishop Matheson, Primate of all Canada, and many other dignitaries of the church. Among these were Rt. Rev. A. F. W. Ingram, Bishop of London; Bishop Brent, of the Philippines; the Bishops of Massachusetts, Duluth and Glasgow, and Bishop Worrell, of Nova Scotia.

Photograph by Gauvin & Gentzel.

The Bicentenary Celebration at Halifax

The Opening of a New Cathedral in Nova Scotia

By DONALD B. SINCLAIR

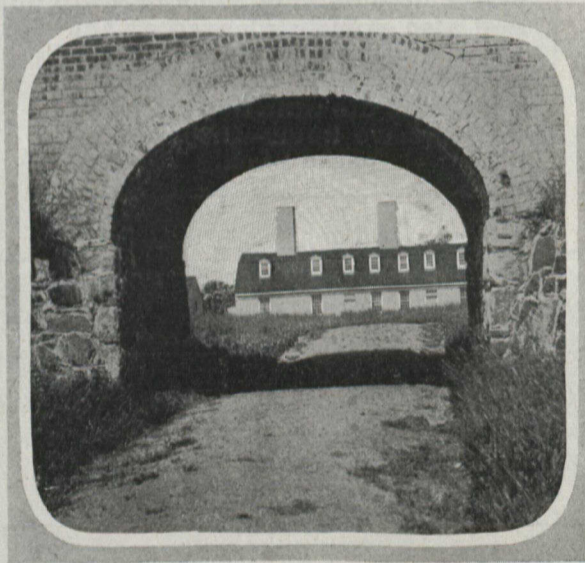
THE past month has been conspicuous because of the number of great church conventions which have been held in Canada. When you consider that the Conference of the Methodists has just come to a close out in the steamship city of Victoria on the Pacific Coast, where they elected officers and modified some notions about card playing and dancing; that back east, down in the metropolis of Montreal, princes of the Church of Rome have been joining with the Canadian priesthood in a stately and ceremonial celebration of the Eucharist; and that in Halifax, down by the sea, a notable gathering of the Church of England has been in session all last week—possibly you will agree that the church militant has pretty well covered the country.

The Bicentenary Celebration of the Church of England at Halifax is interesting because of its historical importance. In the year 1710, during the reign of good Queen Anne, was held the first recorded service of the Protestant Church on Canadian soil, according to Anglican ritual—praise and thanksgiving of a war-torn people for the victory at Port Royal. To-day at Annapolis Royal, as the place is known on modern maps, there are remains of the ancient fortifications as well as later barrack structures. Over all towers the modest monument to DeMonts, erected in 1904.

The Anglicans of Nova Scotia have long desired to perpetuate the memory of the pioneers of their faith. When an Anglican wants to glorify his church he thinks of a Cathedral. For years the members of the Church of England in Nova Scotia have had visions of such a temple. The late Bishop Binney, some time ago, lectured parishioners on the Cathedral Dream. Other church leaders did the same. Once, the project got as far as the corner stone—but the price was not forthcoming. Three years ago, St. Luke's Cathedral went up in smoke. The loss stirred the people. Rev. Dr. Clare L. Worrell, Bishop of Nova Scotia, went on the stump. The Anglicans of Nova Scotia responded to the appeal; they went down nobly into their pockets. The other day, at Halifax, as the main feature of the Bicentenary Celebration, was the dedication of All Saints' Cathedral, one of the

finest specimens of church architecture in Canada.

The dedication ceremonies were quite imposing. Eminent church notables were present. Rev. Dr. Ingram, Bishop of London, who is quite well known in Canada, crossed the Atlantic as the representative of the Mother Church; Most Rev. S. P. Matheson, Prince Rupert's Land, came down from the top of the world—Primate of all Canada; Right Rev. C. L. Worrell, Bishop of Nova Scotia was there; as was Dr. Courtney, ex-Bishop, now of New York,



Old Wall and Barracks at Annapolis, (Port Royal)

and dozens of the lesser clergy. The offering of the day amounted to ten thousand dollars—a record to be kept up!

The architects of All Saints have preserved excellent good taste in designing the Cathedral. They have attempted no imitation of the sombreness expressed in the carving and metal of the Cathedral at Seville, or affected the glitter of St. Mark's at Venice. That would be out of place in grey, rug-

ged Halifax. All Saints is not a platitude; it is a type. Its striking characteristic is its simplicity. The material of construction is good hard Nova Scotia trap rock—impregnable to the salt winds of the Atlantic. Eleven hundred people may sit down comfortably. There is not much fuss about the interior. There are a few two-thousand dollar columns, a rather expansive organ, and a few little things like that; but the general expression of All Saints' Cathedral is that of simplicity and permanence—like Nova Scotia character.

Though the opening of the Cathedral was the prominent feature of the Bicentenary Celebration, there were some other things of interest. The rest of the Celebration resolved itself into an International Conference on Church problems. Speakers from England, Scotland, United States and Canada, all had something to say. For example, Archdeacon Madden of Liverpool told the assembled how moral he considered Canada—one of the purest countries in the world. N. W. Hoyles, K.C., Toronto, and other delegates interchanged accounts of their experiences in dealing with the drink evil. Considerable discussion on the White Slave traffic took place. The Church's attitude toward socialism was an interesting subject thrashed out; Professor Adam Shortt said a pertinent thing on that: "Don't attempt to discuss questions with socialists unless you know something about their principles, as the last state may be worse than the first."

Of course, the most conspicuous figure at the Conference was the Lord Bishop of London. Cardinal Vannutelli down in Montreal, and Dr. Ingram at Halifax—two world great Church Statesmen representing the opposite poles of theological views have spoken to Canadians. The Lord Bishop is in great humour these days. He is holidaying; getting his second wind for his strenuous labours among the submerged tenth over in London. What does he think of Canada? Well, he has been here before. He has family ties which chain him to Canada—his brother farms in Ontario. Chatting to a group of beardless curates the Lord Bishop remarked: "Canada is a land of big rivers, big lakes and very big hearts."

The Bishop of London is said to have been first a slum bishop; afterwards a society bishop; which does not mean that he has ever lost a jot of his great interest in the submerged tenth—but that the tenth who are on the top of the social fabric have been courting his attentions rather more of late than he is inclined to relish. He knows society as well as the slum does the Bishop; though he has seen much less of either in Canada than in England. But of course society is always interested in the slum—if the bishop is live.



The *Prince George* carrying the Premier and his party, was met in the Harbour of Prince Rupert by a small but very enthusiastic Canadian Navy.



Three Grit Graces at the Methodist Conference in Victoria
Sir Wilfrid who might have passed for a Methodist Minister; Hon. George Graham and Mr. E. M. Macdonald.



Earl Grey Guards escorting the party in Prince Rupert

LAST POLITICAL POW - WOWS

Touring Big Chiefs from Ottawa return from Prince Rupert

By KEN C. DRURY



At the City Hall Forum of Prince Rupert,

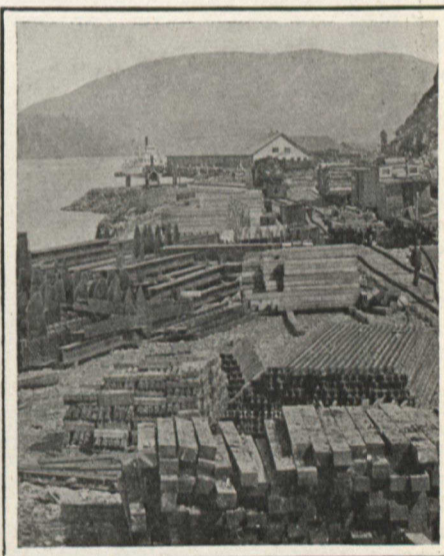
IT was the first occasion that Prince Rupert ever had to welcome to its portals a Premier of the Dominion, when she gave a royal welcome to Sir Wilfrid Laurier during his stay in the new city of the north from the time he arrived Saturday afternoon, August 20th, until he sailed out of the harbour the following Monday evening. Public holiday was declared for the three days of the Premier's visit, and for one night the city that was supposed to be "dry" turned "wet."

During the progress of the citizens' banquet, Mayor Stork very seriously rose from his seat and informed the banqueters that he had an announcement of great import to make. Through unfortunate circumstances over which he had no control, the

city water supply had been closed off in the afternoon, and thus they were entirely lacking water. So, of course, the Mayor announced that the only remedy which he could propose, if they drink to the toasts on the programme, was to make the best they could of the liquid which is stronger than water, and of which they had an unlimited supply. All did their best.

The main streets of the city were lined with evergreens and large arches at regular intervals. All that was missing was an electrical display, due to the fact that ten days previously the city electric station was burned down. A vast concourse of Indians came from all over the northern country to pay their homage to the great white chief. Five bands garbed in dashing coloured uniforms, each comprised of thirty members—in all, one hundred and fifty accomplished players—came and filled the city with music. Ten miles before he reached the city Sir Wilfrid was met by three of them and when he landed he encountered two more. One of these aggregations had journeyed over two hundred miles from the Naas River.

When the Grand Trunk steamer *Prince George* was ploughing her way through the northern seas some ten miles from Prince Rupert she was accosted by the D.G.S. *Kestrel* along with three other large steamers. All were decorated with flags and streamers and each bore a band. Led by the *Kestrel*, the other ships fell in line and proceeded into the harbour, with a continuous stream of music from the three Indian bands. It is safe to say that one never heard so many national airs crowded into half an hour as the passengers on the *Prince George* did that Saturday afternoon.



Raw materials of a transcontinental road

At the mouth of the harbour the mosquito fleet joined in. The *Prince George* landed. In the only cab in the city Sir Wilfrid was driven up to the Government Buildings, while behind the carriage through the crowded thoroughfares followed the two dozen reporters. Prince Rupert boasts of a lonely automobile. This was to have transported the Premier, but the machine broke down.

Six thousand people took part in the welcoming ceremonies. Prince Rupert counting all possible suburbs can only boast as her highest total, five thousand souls. Indians came to the number of over one thousand from the nearby canneries and reserves to see the "great white chief," and like the white man, they, too, had their addresses to present.

The first address was presented by



The arch at Vernon—Okanagan does not consider Sir Wilfrid a barren fig tree

Mayor Stork, who accorded the freedom of Prince Rupert to its founder. The address itself was a beautiful example of the pyrographic art. It was on a full sized mooseskin, ten by six feet in size, tanned by the Indians of the north. It is not an exaggeration to say that the Premier will keep this as one of the most cherished souvenirs of his tour. Then two of the Indian chiefs came up and with a pure English accent which surprised all present, read an address, the wording of which was skilfully carved on a large canoe paddle.

Next came the representatives of the French-Canadian Society, which has some two hundred members. Besides presenting an address to Sir Wilfrid and a gift to Lady Laurier, they had erected a large arch across Centre St., on which were the words in flaming colours: "Vive Laurier; vive la marine Canadienne." The address in part was as follows:

A TEMPERANCE PARADISE

Newfoundland the Soberest Country in the World

By P. T. McGRATH

THE Newfoundland Legislature, at its last session, has taken another step towards making the Island a Temperance Paradise, by an amendment to the existing liquor laws, which allows saloons to do business only between 9 a.m. and 9 p.m. on week days; closes them absolutely on Sundays; forbids the sale of any liquor on credit to tipplers; prohibits the sending of liquor C.O.D. into "local option" districts; and provides that in future no licenses shall be granted to any saloon which has more than one entrance or more than a single room for the sale or consumption of intoxicants.

That Newfoundland deserves the reputation of being the most sober country in the world can hardly be gainsaid. Outside of St. John's, the capital, with 30,000 people, and the adjacent districts with 20,000 more, there is not a settlement in the Island wherein intoxicating liquors are legally sold. The whole population is settled round the Island's coast of 6,000 miles, within sight of the sea, whose finny denizens supply their livelihood, and of the 1546 hamlets, great and small, which exist along this ragged shore, only these within a radius of 50 miles of St. John's yet possess liquor stores.

This is due mainly to their proximity and intercourse with St. John's, which, being the chief seaport, is the centre of the most of the drinking done in the Island, being the resort of all the foreign shipping that comes to the Colony in the ordinary course of its commerce; of British and French warships, harbouring there each summer, and every one of Newfoundland's fleet of 1,400 fishing smacks, is found there twice annually, in the spring when outfitting for the fisheries, and again in the fall, when returning with the season's catch. Hence it is not surprising that St. John's should boast 60 saloons, or that hamlets near it should regard prohibition with disdain.

Nor Any Drop To Drink.

But the rest of the Island is virtually prohibition territory, and one can sail past hundreds of miles of seaboard without being able to purchase a drink. The coastal and in-bay mail steamers are not permitted to sell intoxicants, and only on the express trains is the vending of such allowed and then to no passengers but those travelling more than fifty miles. Newfoundland, as long ago as 1872, passed a permissive, or local option act enabling the people of any settlement, by a majority vote, to suppress the sale of liquors among them, and during the past 40 years the whole of the Island, save St. John's and the adjacent places, has come, voluntarily, under the operation of that measure. Of course, an individual may purchase liquor elsewhere for his own consumption, and the government licenses reputable persons in each of the leading hamlets to keep liquor in "bond stores," whence supplies can only be obtained for medical purposes, upon the orders of a registered physician. There may be, too, at some places, illicit selling, or "sheebening" as it is locally known, from an Irish term used in conjunction with "potheen" in the days when the hillsides of Erin abounded with private "stills."

Speaking broadly, Newfoundland, except St. John's and the adjacent settlements, is prohibition, and in this colony, if nowhere else, prohibition certainly does prohibit. The temperance laws are enforced with exemplary strictness, and the penalties are severe enough to deter any but the most reck-

"Right Hon. Sir,—We are happy, as French-Canadians of Prince Rupert to join the municipal body to welcome you amongst us. It is with pleasure that we take this occasion of your visit to express to you in our mother tongue our most sincere sentiments of devotion and sympathy. Your brilliant career, and the success of your administration, are our pride, and as a testimony of our gratitude we offer you the assurance of our devotion to the patriotic ideals which you have always proclaimed. We avail ourselves of this circumstance to protest, in the presence of the Minister of the Crown, our loyalty to our Sovereign, George the Fifth, and when it will be our good fortune to welcome in our superb port the gallant cruisers of the Canadian navy there shall not be found wanting in our ranks, intrepid sailors, ready to fly to the defence of the Empire."

less from violating them. Thus, to sell liquor in a prohibited settlement involves a fine of \$100 for a first offence, while the convicting magistrate advertises the fact in the St. John's papers, and any dealer there who afterwards sells liquors in any quantity to such convicted person is himself liable to a fine of \$200. No liquor is sold in the clubs, no hotels are granted licenses, and it is impossible to obtain a drink one minute after closing hour or before opening time. This is no fanciful exaggeration, or an outcome of collusion between the police and the rum-sellers, but is an actual result of a whole-hearted enforcement of the liquor laws; and is the amazement and admiration of all visitors.

An Effective Police.

The police are a colonial, not a municipal force, a semi-military body, like the Royal Irish Constabulary, upon which they are modeled. They number 100 all told, half of them are in St. John's and the others stationed in ones and twos all round the Island. The fact that 100 men are sufficient for peace preservation purposes in a colony of 250,000 people is adequate proof of the law-abiding character of its people. There has been only one murder in Newfoundland in 15 years, and in the Colonial penitentiary at St. John's, which also serves as the city prison, the longest-sentenced person is for three years, his offence being the scuttling of a schooner, a heinous crime in a country where the majority of the inhabitants live by the sea, and an increase in the marine assurance rates is a national calamity. The activities of the Newfoundland constabulary are manifold and multiform and cover every form of colonial and civic work, from the detection of serious crime to the enforcement of municipal regulations, and all are marked by the same unyielding adherence to the letter of the law as characterises their dealing with the temperance ordinances.

Fifty years ago the temperance sentiment in Newfoundland was quite the reverse of what it is now. Then every prominent well-to-do fisherman brought from St. John's to his home each fall a puncheon of rum as regularly as he did a puncheon of molasses and the more affluent had two puncheons. The contents were used as liberally then as beer is now. Every man took his two or three horns (so called because horn-drinking vessels were used) regularly every day, at least. He started with his "morning" when he began his work; then took his "leavener" at 11 a.m., and his "afternoon" at 4 p.m. At these hours daily in large fishing places a girl servant made the rounds with a bucket of rum and a basket of bread, and every man helped himself to his "horn" and "grog-bit." Shiprights in their agreements stipulated for so many shillings a day and a quart of rum. Fishermen took jars of rum in their boats and not infrequently drank as much without apparent hurt to themselves. Sealmen took a gallon of rum and a pound of tobacco each, as indispensable requisites for the seal hunt, and the ship's shares contained an equally liberal store of these articles. Even a sealship owner suspected of temperance principles provided his steamers, as recently as 1899, with 20 gallons of rum, 2 cases of brandy, 2 cases of whisky, 2 cases of wine and 2 cases of champagne, and the master duplicated this stock.

Prior to the advent of steam into the seal fishery 400 to 500 sailing crafts prosecuted it, and the crews for these signed articles between Christmas and

New Year's, walking scores, if not hundreds of miles to the shipping ports to do so and holding a continuous revel for that period. They would go from harbour to harbour in gangs, seeking "berths" on the vessels, with the result that they all usually became drunk and quarrels ensued. But the "old-timers" maintain that it was the only period in the year that men became intoxicated and they attribute the comparative immunity from drunkenness, in the face of an almost universal consumption of spirituous liquors, to the purity and unadulterated character of the rum sold and so generally used in these times.

To-day in Newfoundland, the very reverse conditions prevail. In the first week of March, 1903, some 4,000 seamen went on strike in St. John's and tied up the fleet of twenty-five steamers at the wharves, yet though these men had come from all parts of the Island, were without shelter or any comforts, having to be housed for three nights in the police and fire stations, society halls and other large buildings, not a single arrest for drunkenness, disorderly conduct, theft or other breach of the law was made, nor a charge made by any resident that even a hen-roost had been robbed, though the strikers had no unions, no funds, and no food, save what the charitably disposed citizens provided for them. They gained their point and the incident closed without the least friction. Such an outcome, of course, would not have been possible in the good old days when "liquor flowed like water," but this struggle passed off without any instance of violence, though 60 saloons were doing business in St. John's.

These places, however, are not the gilded shams which American "gin-palaces" are, but are rather dismal and gloomy rooms, with opaque glass windows, no aspect of splendour or gaudiness whatever, and are mostly kept by widows, with barmaids as attendants frequently. Nor are the barmaids the attractive specimens of the female sex who are seen in English-drinking places, but spinsters of uncertain age and vinegary countenance, of one of whom it is said that when she asked a waggish toper if he would have "bitters" with his liquor, he replied: "No, Miss; just look into the glass yourself and that will make it bitter enough for me." St. John's was the only place in North America that boasted of barmaids and, sad to relate, an amendment of the temperance law enacted at the session of the Colonial Legislature four years ago, wiped them out of existence.

An Inverse Ratio.

Perhaps the best evidence, however, of the sobriety of the people of Newfoundland is afforded by the fact that forty years ago before local option was adopted, the annual imports of intoxicating liquors amounted to 210,000 gallons, whereas now they only total 160,000 gallons, although the population has increased from 170,000 to 240,000 in the same time. The consumption of rum has declined one-third and every "hard" drink shows a corresponding decrease except whisky, the fashionable "stimulant" of the present day. In ale, and beer, moreover, the Newfoundland law declares any beverage an intoxicant which contains 2 per cent. or more of the alcohol by volume, whereas other countries fix the limit at 4 or 5 per cent., so that in this Island the equivalent of the English table beer is penalised.

Nor do the figures for forty years ago accurately represent the annual consumption of liquor in those days, because then, smuggling with St. Pierre Miquelon was at its height, and along long stretches of the coast not enough duty was collected to pay the salaries of the custom officers. Virtually every fishing vessel in the Island obtained her own supplies of intoxicants there, and scores smuggled large quantities into different parts of the colony. To-day that traffic has been stamped out and smuggling has practically ceased; but competent authorities claim that fully 50 per cent. more liquor was consumed in the Island forty years ago than was imported, for even as late as ten years ago, whole schooner loads were smuggled into St. John's.

The temperance advocates, however, are not yet satisfied, and declare that within a year or two they will set on foot a movement for total prohibition of the import of intoxicants. If so, and it succeeds, Newfoundland will have an excellent opportunity to prove to the world the possibility of carrying out an effective scheme in favour of a general enforcement of a prohibition law.

Newfoundland, being an Island, situated off by itself in the ocean, there should be great difficulties in the way of evading such a law, and as there is no way to distill strong spirits here, the illicit providing of such would be impossible. The public sentiment of the colony is strongly in favour of a radical temperance law, and it may be that prohibition would carry.

FREIGHT-CARRIERS OF THE NORTHERN RIVERS



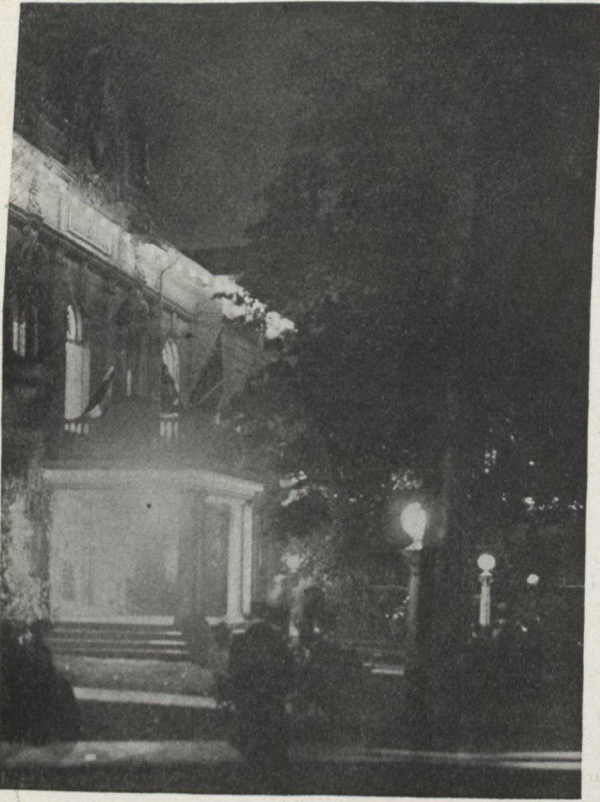
BY THE CREAKING OF THE SWEEP IN THE SOLITUDE OF SLEEP

They are talking now of the Railway to Hudson's Bay; but centuries ago the commerce of Rupert's Land began to be carried in the long lines of York Boats; by sail oar and sweep, from sunrise till dark. The regular crews of the York Boats were Indian and Halfbreed Voyageurs

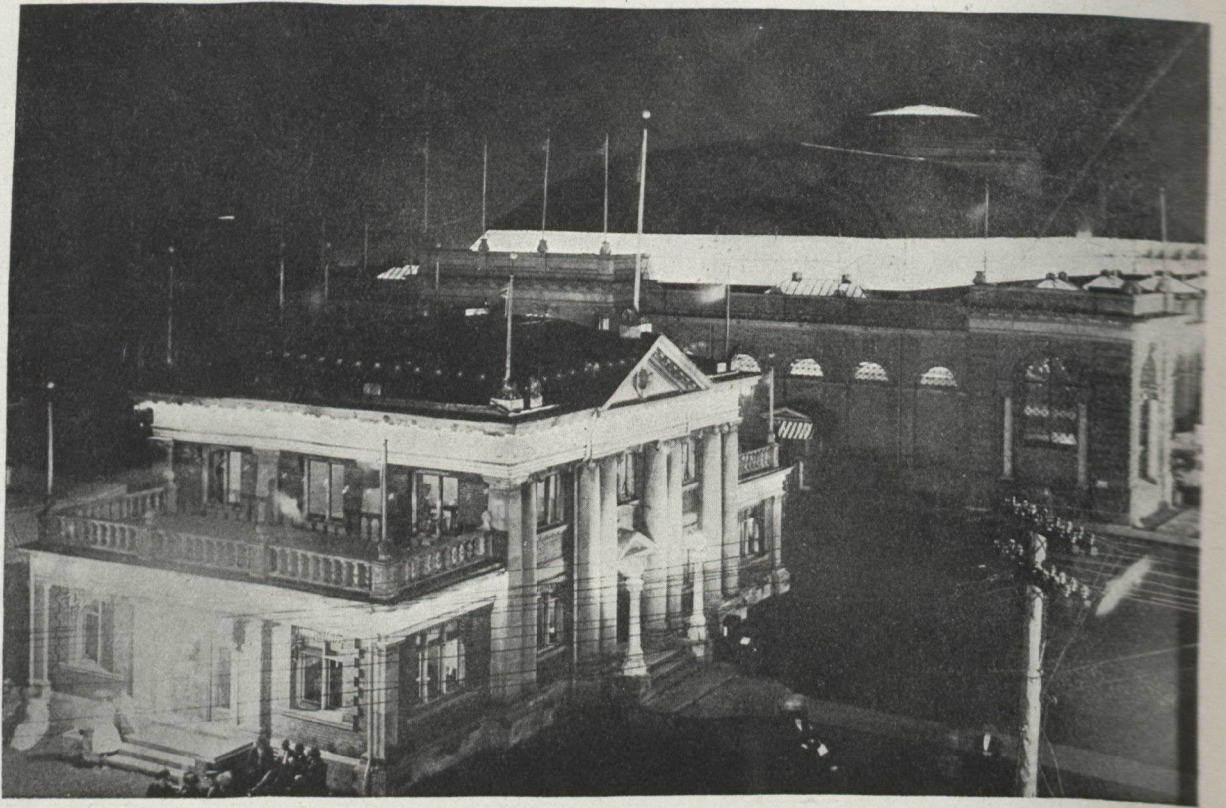
Drawn by Arthur Heming

AN ELECTRIC WHITE CITY

Millions of Kilowatts Illuminate the Streets, Walls and Lawns of the Canadian National Exhibition



By night, the incandescent; by day, the silver light of the surplus dollar; at the Administration Building



Naturally the Press Building stands out in a public blaze of glory; while the Manufacturers' Building looms up in a dome of white mystery, almost suggestive of Rome, the Eternal City



The Art Gallery also, with its elevation of the Grecian Temple, takes on the tremendous contrasts of black and white



And the Railway Building under its huge harps of electric wires, has all the mysteries of an undiscovered country

“ESSAYS IN FALLACY”

A Review of Dr. MacPhail's New Book

By MARJORY MACMURCHY

MORE than a year ago Dr. Andrew MacPhail wrote for *The Spectator* two or three articles on “The American Woman,” which, being of a nature to excite comment, were made use of immediately for cable despatches. In due time what the author had in mind to say when he wrote the articles in question has taken form in an essay that holds first place in a book called “Essays in Fallacy,” which is Dr. MacPhail's latest contribution to English literature.

“Essays in Fallacy” are addressed to three parts of the world. The author speaks to women, professors and theologians, persons who have been regarded more or less generally as non-combatants. To the first class the author says that as far as woman changes from the picture made of her at a hearth-fire long ago by a poet, by so much she is bringing on herself the consequences of becoming an entirely unsuccessful man. What has been addressed to professors is really a discussion of education in plain terms, which can be followed by readers of average intelligence. Education being a matter of making character and not of teaching skill of hand merely, to discharge the office of a tech-

nical school is not the main service required of a university. The case of theologians is not wholly unlike that of women. They are reminded that they also may cease to exist if they are not already passing from existence. Still, religion requires to be taught and theologians teach religion. The author concedes apparently that there is a necessity for theologians.

Even with a careful reading of the first and second essays, it seems impossible wholly to understand them. What can be made of the following paragraph which sounds carefully reasoned and is meant apparently to be conclusive?

“The most oppressive burden which a woman is called upon to endure is that anomaly amongst created beings, the wearing of clothes. In the state of nature it is ordained that the female shall go quietly. The male is the gaudy, strutting creature. But in the race to which we belong, it is the woman who is glorious, and this burden of splendour falling upon an organism which is unqualified for the task breaks it down hopelessly, and renders it unfit for the performance of its proper functions. The possession of splendid apparel involves the neces-

sity for its display, and out of that arises vanity, jealousy, rivalry and all uncharitableness. This is the genesis of the thing which is known as Society.”

Several conclusions may be drawn by Dr. MacPhail's readers as to what the future conduct of the race ought to be with regard to clothes. But with all the conclusions drawn and acted upon, will the race be better off? Then women will dress quietly and men will be in gay apparel.

This, however, is not the spirit in which to enjoy any of Dr. MacPhail's books. Certainly it is not the way to enjoy “Essays in Fallacy.” While he discourages to women, professors and theologians, his readers should regard themselves as being on the outside of anyone of these classes and may then spend their time in admiring the skill with which Dr. MacPhail conducts his controversy. Why should we be concerned about the dangerous future of some parts of the world as long as there is ground for hope like this?

“Religion, in truth, is an affair of the whole man, and the difference between the religious and the irreligious man is that the one thinks of God, the other is concerned with this world alone. The essence of religion is the conscious adjustment of conduct to the divine will. The identification of that will with morality is the foundation of ethics. In this lies the distinction between the two. The one is the business of the individual in his own life; the other the business of a professor in his chair.”

THE MAN WITH THE HALTER

A Strong Story of Fortunes on the Turf

By W. A. FRASER

ERIN RILEY and Richard Streeter played this little game of chess, with thoroughbreds as pawns, on the Maple City race-course one pleasant week in June. The first move had been made one year before when Riley took Streeter's horse, Seminole, out of a selling race. While this was quite in accordance with racing rules, it was a violation of turf etiquette, and Streeter swore he would get even, stigmatising Riley as "The Man with the Halter," a term that is applied to one who makes a practice of acquiring cheap horses through the medium of the selling race.

Streeter had come to the Maple City spring meeting rather well equipped for a successful betting coup. In his own name he had Dewdrop and two others, while entered in the name of Peter Blake was a horse named Sponsor with which Streeter hoped to win the Maple City Cup. Sponsor's true form had been medicated by a couple of losing races, and Streeter looked forward to a sure thing at most lucrative odds.

Together with Peter Blake he had gone carefully over the form of every horse at the track entered in the Cup, and was sure that Sponsor could win; then the very day before the races were to begin he read in his paper that Erin Riley had arrived, in his string of horses being Creole. This simple paragraph roused a fury in Streeter, for he saw his carefully planned coup doomed to failure. Creole was in the Cup, and Creole was a high-class horse—a Derby winner.

With the paper clenched in his hand Streeter passed down the hotel corridor to Peter Blake's room, thrusting angrily through the door in answer to Blake's "Come in."

"Read that!" he commanded, thrusting the paper under Blake's nose.

The latter complied, then he blew through his lips a whistling note of surprise.

"What the devil has that undertaker brought a horse like Creole here for—the Cup is only two thousand, and he'll be a hot favourite."

"Perhaps Creole's gone back," Blake suggested; "he's had two or three hard races and may be off colour. Riley may have thought this a soft spot to pick up a couple of thousand, thinking it wouldn't be more than an exercise gallop for the big horse."

"You're just guessing, Peter," Streeter retorted angrily, "and that's no good in racing; a man's got to know—and then he goes wrong three times out of four."

"Well, I've yet to see the man that could do more than guess about Riley's horses; he wouldn't tell his own father if he had a winner up his sleeve. I can improve on the guess a little, though," Blake continued: "Riley and me are pretty good friends—he doesn't know we've hooked up together, and I could get a look at his horses. I can tell if Creole is good—I saw him win the Memphis Derby."

An hour later Blake greeted a tall, solemn-faced man that stood watching a coloured boy rubbing down a big chestnut in his stall at the race-course.

"How are you, Riley—how're the horses?" Blake asked, holding out his hand cordially.

There was a suggestion of despondency in the lethargic grip of Riley's big hand as he answered: "Sure, my stable's all on the bum entirely. Creole's coughin'; yesterday Tommy was canterin' him when the horse stopped, gave one bark, and shook the boy so that I'm feared one of his ribs is loose. He's a big-lunged horse, is Creole—all the Pirate of Penzance's get is big in the bellows. And this is Advocate. He's the first mornin' glory I've owned for a long time. Half-a-mile fast enough to beat the telegraph, and then blows up like a busted tire on one of them gasolene go-devils."

"Why don't you get rid of him then?" queried Blake. "What'll you take for him?"

"I wouldn't give him to you—I wouldn't give him to any friend; he'd break him. I brought him along to make the runnin' for Creole in the stake—he's the best skate in the world for that business; just kills off half the horses in the race chasin' him up, and then old Creole comes on and wins. Sure if it wasn't for Advocate with his wild dash, Creole wouldn't have won his last start. I'm goin' to start Advocate in that sellin' race to-morrow—but he hasn't a chance; he's thrown a splint. See that lump under the bandage on his nigh fore? Run your hand down it, Peter, and feel."

Blake complied, lingering for a tight squeeze with finger and thumb on the egg-shaped enlargement of the bandage.

"Too bad!" he said, sympathetically; "you'll have to fire that leg."

"When he breaks down I'll fire him—it won't be long. I've a notion not to start anything at the meeting—not even Creole in the stake. The public here follows my horses—backs them off the boards when they haven't a chance to win, and then whispers that I wasn't tryin'. There's Creole—look at him; he's had too much of it—his eye is as dull as a glass allie. He hasn't much to beat in the Cup and might win, but he's got not within twenty pounds of himself."

AS Riley talked Blake had been searching the form of Creole for condition. He fancied that he saw corroborative evidence of the owner's words in a certain listlessness apparent in the tired droop of the head, and the horse's coat appeared dry and staring.

Blake presently took his departure, and in half an hour was giving Streeter an account of his inspection. He began:

"Riley had a wad of cotton on a horse's leg kidding me it was a splint—me, that was a vet before I was fool enough to switch to the racing. Riley rooted too strong against himself. I could believe the yarn about Creole being off colour, but that cotton-wad splint!—not for mine. Advocate'll cop that selling race to-morrow; he's a big up-standing chestnut, and Riley's stable isn't a hospital for broken-down skates." Then Blake broke off in a chuckle.

"What the devil are you laughing at?" Streeter asked angrily.

"I was thinking how you had doped that selling race out as a good thing for Dewdrop."

"Well, isn't it—isn't it the greatest thing a man ever had in his life?"

Blake stared, sobered by the fierce earnestness of his friend.

"Don't I cut in here on the chance that I've waited two years for—don't I wipe out the score against that shark-toothed Mick to-morrow? Can't Dewdrop beat everything else that's entered, and run second to Advocate? I'll boost Riley's horse two thousand over his entered price, and his owl-eyes will be full of tears when he has to pay, knowing that I take half of it for running second."

"Perhaps Riley might let you take the horse at that price."

"Don't you believe it—he doesn't tote around any cheap horses. And, besides, I'll have a plunge on Advocate to win. By God! I'll make Riley pay through the nose for taking Seminole away from me."

Blake puffed at a cigar silently for a little; then he said: "It might be all right if you did get Advocate."

"I don't want any more horses. I'd rather let other men pay feed bills, and have my bet down when I knew they were out to win, like this time."

"I'll tell you why," Blake added, ignoring Streeter's objection; "Riley's got this Advocate horse in the Cup to make the running for Creole."

"Did Riley tell you that—and did you believe him?"

"I believed my own common sense; I know Creole is a sluggish horse and has got to be carried along by something that can make the pace. If he's stale—and I believe he is—Sponsor will beat him if Advocate isn't there to make the running."

Streeter paced the room a dozen times; when he ceased his rapid stride in front of Blake there was a lurid light in his black, snake-like eyes as he said: "You're right, Peter; I'll take that horse away from Riley. We'll start him in the Cup. I'll put Pat up, and Creole will get the roughest journey he ever struck. I'll make the pace for him. Now, Mr. Riley—clever Riley."

Once again Streeter was pacing the room, driven by the rapid surge of thought that made hot his blood, and muttering: "We can cut out the pace with Advocate if he is fast, trail him with Sponsor, and at the turn Advocate can pull out, let Sponsor through, and see that Creole doesn't get

through. Pat knows—it's about all he is fit for; he can't ride a finish, but he'll do what he's told."

"What'll the stewards say—they might catch on?"

"I don't care what they say," Streeter snapped his fingers. "What can they do—that's the whole thing—nothing! Sponsor is Peter Blake's horse, and if he wins they can't disqualify him for what my horse does. Riley has said that Advocate is a quitter; and Advocate will be my horse. All they can do is fine Pat for rough riding, and I'll pay the boy's fine; if they set him down for a month two hundred dollars will pay him well for the lost time—he doesn't get many mounts."

"Well, it looks possible, but Riley's a hard man to beat at this game," Blake commented thoughtfully.

"I've waited a year for a chance like this. All you've got to do, Blake, is see that Sponsor comes to the post for the Cup fit to run the race of his life; the rest of it is up to me."

"I'll do my part, Dick, and you've got a strong hand; but look out for that sad-faced Irishman—he's got the judges, stewards and every one else skinned to the bone on this horse game."

Next day, just before the selling race, a curious mob of men, standing in front of stall No. 3 in the paddock, saw Riley take from his pocket a small syringe and squirt a pungent liquid on the tendon of Advocate's leg; then the bandage was carefully rewound and the horse led out to join the others that were circling the grassed paddock in a leisure walk.

A stout man edged his way into the stall and held his race card so that Riley could read the betting odds penciled on it. A frown drew the owner's heavy eyebrows down, and moving back in the stall he said in a low voice: "My horse even money! They must be crazy; who in the name of Hivin's backin' him?"

"There's a strong play on him—the public's followin' somebody's lead—they think it's your money; but you told me to wait till the horses went to the post before I bet. Dewdrop was a split favourite with Advocate the first betting at 2 to 1, but she's gone back and is now 3 to 1."

"Who owns her?" Riley asked, running his eye down the race programme. Before the other could answer, a muttered imprecation issued from Erin's lips. "Streeter's Dewdrop—by Hivin's! That's what's the matter with the bettin'; and me not knowin' I was up agin that swine."

Then he strode angrily down to where the horses were being led in a circle and stood moodily gazing at a bay mare that carried dangling from the snaffle-bit a badge marked No. 5. On the race card No. 5 stood opposite Dewdrop. Riley noted that the mare was in the pink of condition; and in appearance she seemed to outclass all the others except his own big powerful chestnut. He remembered Dewdrop now; he had seen her win in California; she was fast for three-quarters of a mile, and that was the distance to be run in the present race.

AS he turned away he almost ran into a man who stood just behind. A rough apology rose to Riley's lips, but hung there unuttered when his eyes looked into the sneering, vicious face of Streeter. He continued on to his stall, carrying to its farther end the betting agent who was waiting.

"Look up Dewdrop in your dope book, Jake," Riley commanded in a low voice.

Jake drew a small book from his pocket and read at hyphened intervals as he turned the pages:

"Dewdrop was unplaced in her last race at Latonia—was 4 to 5 in the betting. There's a footnote saying she got a bad ride. She won the time before—ran three-quarters in 1.13—beat a good horse, Goldeye. She was 5 to 1 in the betting."

"That'll do, Jake; go and bet two hundred on Advocate to win. Make a fight for better odds—rub up agin four or five books, so they'll see I'm backin' the horse."

A bell clanged warningly over by the stand; the racers broke their circling walk and came to the stalls for the finish to the toilet, a retinue of courtiers following the favourite, Advocate.

"I don't like that leg," one wise in horse lore remarked, pointing at the nigh fore with the evident bulge. "A gallop on this hard course will

start the fever, sure; and if he's tender on it he'll quit like as though he's been shot; none of the favourite for me."

While Advocate's boy stripped the clothing, lifted the horse's fore-legs one at a time, giving each a loosening stretch upward, and with a hook dug the clogging sand from the frogs, Riley stood beside a little green-jacketed man in the back end of the stall. The broad quarters of Advocate almost hid the two from the eager throng in front.

Riley's voice was strong as he began: "Get away from the post with him, Tommy—get to the front; keep a good hold on his head." Then the voice sunk to a low, muffled tone as he spoke until it reached only the big thin ears that stood out so grotesquely from the small round head of the boy; he was saying: "I'm feared Advocate will stop in this heavy goin' to-day, Tommy."

The jockey looked out across the course and blinked his old-looking eyes spasmodically. It hadn't rained in Maple City for two weeks, and the track was like a boulevard.

"The goin' 's cuppy and Advocate's got notions. That little mare, Dewdrop, 'll carry him out at a fast clip, and the big horse might stop dead, beaten, fifty yards from home, and let her win. I'm feared of that, so I'm bettin' on him to-day—4 to 5 when he ought to be 10 to 1. If Dewdrop has him beat, don't knock him about—the place money's nothin'. But get away and carry the mare along—kill the others off. Dick Streeter's a friend of mine, as you know, and I'd like to see him win if I can't."

The little man in green blinked his eyes again; he jabbed the handle of his riding whip in his mouth to stifle some uncontrollable emotion. He knew all about his employer's feelings toward Streeter.

OUT in the paddock an official was commanding peremptorily, "Get up, get up! mount your horses!" There was a bustle among the investigators as if they were bees about to swarm. Already some of them were passing swiftly through the gate in the picket fence on their way to the betting ring.

Riley stooped his long back, caught the jockey's foot in his huge palm, and as he lifted him to the saddle, whispered: "Ride just as I've told you or I'll break your back!" The words came gratefully through the large yellow teeth that were bared in an ominous snarl, so strangely like an animal's."

The boy shivered; not in apprehension, for he knew what the ambiguous orders meant, and had

no intention of doing anything but obey. It was Riley who had first backed him to a horse, and he was bound in strong documents to him for another three years.

The gaunt owner stood gazing after the six thoroughbreds as they passed through the opened paddock gate to the course, his eye following, not the big chestnut, but the bay mare, Dewdrop. "She's at her best, faith!" he muttered to himself. "There's nothin' in that cheap lot but the chestnut could make her gallop for three-quarters."

Then he turned sharply to the left and along a narrow passage that lay between the grandstand and a high board fence. In the passage a large, red-faced man stood idly rolling a pebble with the toe of his boot. He did not raise his head as Riley, checking at his side, whispered: "Here's a thousand, Dennis; go down the line on Dewdrop—bet it in fifties."

"Dewdrop?"

"Yes; Streeter's got her. I'm on to that sweep. He means to run second and boost Advocate if he wins. When I see my horse at 4 to 5, and Streeter in the paddock with the next best, I know what's doin'."

There was the crunch of feet on the gravel behind them, and Riley turned through a door to the right.

The big man continued on, and across the stand lawn. He could see the horses going over to the start and lengthened his stride. He shoved heavily through the people, forcing his way like a snow plough through a drift. Into the clamorous betting ring, thronged to suffocation, he crushed, brushing ruthlessly to one side the smaller bettors with their five-dollar wagers. Down one row of bookmakers and up the other he savaged his way, and then, the money all on, lumbered massively across the lawn, his twinkling pig-eyes searching the throng for the tall figure of Riley. Just behind the judges' stand he stopped casually at Riley's side. There was no greeting—the owner shot a comprehensive look into the face of Dennis, and knew that the money was up. Three fat fingers extended from the agent's hand told Erin that he stood to win three thousand on the little bay mare that now, over at the post, was standing quietly in meek complacency.

"They're off!" somebody shouted at that instant, and the emerald jacket fluttered in front.

Lapped on the chestnut was Dewdrop; the white-and-black striped jacket of Streeter almost merging into the green. The pace was terrific, the mad

scurry of horses behind the two leaders spoke of the fierce rush. At the quarter chestnut and bay were a length in front; at the half it was two lengths; with Advocate on the rail.

Somebody just behind the two friends growled petulantly: "It's all up! Riley's horse 'll win in a walk—he's trying!" That 4 to 5 kept me off—I don't play his horses when they're favourite. I went to Dewdrop, and I got dumped."

Now they were at the turn into the straight. Rounding it the chestnut horse seemed a part of the wooden rail, as though he were an automatic toy carried by a wire in some hidden groove. The mare was on the outside, her head just clear of Advocate's rump. As they swung into the straight the wire cable that carried the chestnut toy-horse broke, throwing him half across the course; through the opening, as if entering a gate, the little bay mare slipped, and before Advocate had straightened out again she was a length in front.

On they came, the little man in green riding with ill-judged force; his right arm rose and fell incessantly. Under the whip Advocate swerved to the rail—he was behind the mare.

The man who had lamented his bet on Dewdrop, now cried exultantly, "The favourite's beat! Dewdrop wins in a walk!"

A dozen strides and again the same man clamoured: "What's Carney doing? He's gone to sleep on the mare. They're all closing up!"

"Here comes Advocate!" another voice claimed. "Watch him make his run now!"

The chestnut had pulled out from behind the mare and was gradually closing up. Half a length and there he hung at the bay's girth. But his rush had cut off a black horse; it had been almost a foul. And now the black, carried wide, had dropped back, for his boy had gone to the whip.

"If Advocate does win he'll be disqualified. I saw that foul—the worst ever!" It was the backer of Dewdrop that argued thus.

The racers were at the stand lawn and voices were yelling: "Go on, you, Carney—you sweep! Advocate wins!"

The jockey on Dewdrop seemed to be riding with his head on one shoulder. He was watching the chestnut.

Streeter, leaning over the rail, was cursing inwardly. He knew it was too late, knew that Riley had won the move. His boy would not dare pull the mare in front of the stand; he had been carried

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The Angel of the White Feet

A Romance with a Far-off Love Affair

WHEN the long-lost brother of Mrs. Sims suddenly took it into his head to die and so in a fashion proclaim himself to the world at last, he remembered that he had a sister, and that he had a very considerable fortune; on an impulse he united the two of them. Mrs. Sims, on receiving the news, instantly determined to be a lady, and to make her son, in direct consequence, a gentleman. Which determination showed that she had not reckoned with Nature.

As it might be possible that in London, wherein she had occupied a very humble position indeed, people might point the finger of knowledge at her, she determined to blaze forth in all her new glory in the simpler region of the country. The good lady quite forgot that she might have moved from one district to another in London, and blazed to her heart's content, after leaving the old life behind her; she did not reckon on the fact that the country, of which she knew nothing, would either exclude her altogether, or pick her to pieces mercilessly. However, the idea obtained possession of her, and she rented, with the assistance of her son, a substantial house in a pretty neighbourhood in Sussex, and began to dream of cows and pigs and other necessary adjuncts to her new existence.

The son—Mr. Albert Sims—was of a different order from his mother. He had had leanings towards some sort of culture; had even, in the midst of a mean occupation, been able to attend evening classes and to improve himself generally in a vague and indefinite fashion. True, the mark of the Cockney was upon him, and would not be entirely eradicated; and the country did not appeal to him.

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To begin with, the sight of Mrs. Sims, in a black silk mantle, and with a little ivory-

topped umbrella, and with a black bonnet mysteriously trimmed with "bugles," which she insisted upon thrusting very far back on her head, wandering in a country lane, seemed incongruous. However hard Albert endeavoured to live up to his part of the business, by dressing in knickerbockers and a Norfolk jacket, he yet felt that both he and his mother were oddities and altogether out of place. Again, there was nothing to do—no shops to be seen—no gallery of a theatre (although, of course, it would not have been the gallery now, under these improved conditions of finance) to which he could go. Fond though he was of the old lady, he yet discovered that an evening alone with her, in the dead silence of the country, was not an unmixed blessing.

One or two people called upon them—and then called no more. For Mrs. Sims openly avowed to the kindly vicar of the parish that she "preferred chapel, and a tin one at that"; and the ladies who called did not find in Mrs. Sims a responsive spirit. Albert Sims endeavoured to heal the breach by going to church; but he made the mistake of appearing there—the better to seem at his ease—in that knickerbocker suit; and determined never again to face the glare of angry eyes that greeted him on that one occasion.

So it came about that he wandered unhappily in by-lanes, striving hard to understand the inward beauty of the country—of its trees and its flowers, and its streams and its skies; while Mrs. Sims cheerfully fed the chickens she had purchased, with the wrong kind of food, and wondered petulantly why they were so obstinate in the matter of eggs.

And Albert fell in love. Let it not be supposed for a moment that he began to worship the buxom proportions of some dairymaid, or that he lingered alone in the twilight of autumn evenings with some country wench who was captivated by his London appearance. That was where his dim strivings after culture taught Albert Sims what he should do; rather beautifully, and very pathetically, he worshipped from afar, and worshipped someone he could never under any circumstances approach. Which was characteristic, in a sense, of Albert Sims.

I must apologise at this point for that unkindly reference to Nature at the beginning of my story. Nature had been wiser than it would appear; for she had made Albert Sims that finest and gentlest of all things—a gentleman of her own. Cockney he might be—but he had the real instinct of fineness that nothing can smother. When he met his divinity in a country lane, he knew enough to stand aside and to let her pass, or to open a gate for her, and take off his cap as she went through; but he never spoke. Once or twice he got as his reward a little, frank smile and an inclination of the girlish head; but that was all. But that was enough.

She was but a girl—apparently some eighteen or twenty years of age. He met her first cantering along a dusty road; he met her again driving, with a firm, free hand on the reins, a somewhat spirited mare. And he went home on each occasion to dream about her; to sit through a long, silent evening opposite his unsuspecting mother, and to wonder how that mother would get on with his divinity. For although it was all hopeless, he had brought his dreams so far as that.

He had, of course, found out who she was and where she lived. There was a great house standing in a great park on the top of a hill some three or four miles from where he lived; and it was occupied by a certain white-haired, fierce-moustached man, known as General Hartigan. The young lady was Miss Olivia Hartigan, his only child; and

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AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

Two Canadian Artistes Abroad.

LONDONERS have been testifying to the attractiveness of an unusual combination of Canadian talent. Miss Edith Smaill, who belongs to Montreal, and who made a reputation beyond Canada in her interpretation of Drummond's poetry, appeared in a recital at Steinway Hall. She read "Johnnie Courteau" and other selections from the works of Dr. Drummond. After hearing Miss Smaill, *The Morning Post* says English people will understand that Canadians have not over estimated the delightful qualities of Drummond's poetry. The living voice was needed to reveal to them the actual intention of the writer. Miss Smaill was assisted by Miss Edith Miller, another Canadian artist, who is much thought of in her own country. She sang with much acceptance a number of French-Canadian chansons, "A la Claire Fontaine," and "Ah qui me passera le bois." Miss Smaill introduced her audience as well to the work of Mr. Robert Service of Canada. "The Cremation of Sam McGee" is mentioned by *The Post* as having made a vivid impression on those who heard it.



Miss Edith Smaill
A talented Canadian Elocutionist.

—is surely exemplified when we read such a book as "Margarita's Soul," a very eloquent, warm, fascinating piece of work emanating from Josephine Dodge Daskam Bacon, otherwise "Ingraham Lobell." This book was published under the latter nom de plume some time ago when the critics attributed it to Mr. Locke. It has indeed, much in common with the "Morals of Marcus," especially as regards the personality of the heroine; Italian name, unconventionality and the rest of it. But it is one thing to imitate boldly and another to worship so wisely at chosen shrines that the original stimulating impulse remains undiscovered, or at least, inconspicuous. However, trace of Locke, Da Maurier on occasional pages of Ingraham Lobell's book do not constitute a stumbling block to the average reader who does not trouble to dissect his daily novel. "Margarita's Soul" is free from the objectionable features found in so many present-day volumes, yet it is wonderfully intimate, even passionate in subject and colouring. Does anybody nowadays ever read sensible novels? A successful writer of these is Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick of London, Eng., who is the author of a dozen bright, simple, well-expressed tales. A few years ago appeared a most amusing and witty book called "Belinda and Some Others," by Ethel Maude. Unfortunately the author's name has not been encountered a second time. The brilliant Mrs. Atherton, whose dashing forays into the precincts of aristocratic society have made for her an enviable place on the shelves of libraries does not, nevertheless, occupy quite the same niche in the affections as Bessie Hoover, whose wholly admirable work in delineating the common people, leaves no room for criticism. The heavier pen of Lucas Malet (Mrs. St. Leger Harrison), may never lose its charm for those who lend an ear to the legend that this powerful writer has joined the Church of Rome. As novelist—n'importe! But as the daughter of Chas. Kingsley, such a change of heart means very much. Among Canadian women we frequently notice the names of Miss Dougall, Mrs. Cotes and others who do not necessarily or from choice, write very much about Canada. Is there any possibility of a clever novel being produced in the near future with Toronto, Montreal, or Winnipeg as the locale? Something out of the ordinary, dealing not with cowboys and miners and gamblers, but with the educated and responsible citizens of our cultured centres. Conditions at Ottawa might inspire a new "Democracy" or "Through One Administration." Analytical novels or bright coloured romances might be woven around our complexity of population and our matchless northern scenery. No doubt these will come, the difficulty will be to convince publishers that people will care to read about Ottawa, Vancouver, Quebec, Guelph or Halifax when they have read so long about Simla, Port Said, Capetown, Rio Janeiro or Baltimore. It will need courage to create these new localities, courage and patience, but above all, faith. Therefore, get to work, dear ladies of the pen (for chiefly ladies are addressed in this column) and remember to make the work very good, because on the face of it, the recognised *mise en scene* of fiction in Ceylon or Peru or New England or Colorado or the Northwest of your own country is ever so much more attractive than the quiet towns and growing cities of Ontario and New Brunswick.

Books By Women. "Seranus."

THE old saying, that a woman can accomplish "most anything" as our American friends say when she puts her hand to it—in this case her mind



A Canadian Girl Weds Abroad

Mr. James M. Glover, the well-known Musical Conductor of Drury Lane Pantomimes, was married at Westminster Cathedral, on Saturday, to Miss Kathleen Collins, of Montreal. By the express wish of the bridegroom there was no music of any kind. Our photo shows the bride and bridegroom leaving the Cathedral.

sitated a complete alteration in the selection of the personal suites for Their Majesties, which are situated at the western end, for Queen Mary insisted that the nursery should adjoin her private apartments. There are several alterations to be made in the State apartments. One is the abolition of the Green Drawing Room, which will probably be converted into a morning-room for the equerries in attendance. This apartment is upholstered and furnished entirely in green, but fine though the furniture is, the general effect is inartistic, and it has always been regarded as the least beautiful room in the Palace. An additional waiting-room for callers on members of the household on business will be provided at the equerries' entrance, for whom at present there is only one room, too small altogether for its purpose.

Who's To Blame?

WELL, well! Of all the impudence! says the San Francisco *Argonaut*. Just because the hobble skirt has not made a hit, but has evoked instead the merriment of the world and provided the comic artist with the opportunity of his life, the perfidious Parisians are charging the invention of that monstrosity to the account of America! M. Bonnain, one of the despots of fashion in the gay city, has the effrontery to declare that the hobble never really existed, and that in any case it is "an exotic fashion which came from the other side of the Atlantic, and one which the Parisians have always combated." The word has evidently been passed round that this view shall be aired on all occasions, for another firm emits this audacious opinion: "The Americans, who have tried to acclimatise this fashion in Paris, have themselves abandoned it. They will no longer hear of it. Besides, it has now become common property. An attempt is being made to make it 'catch on' in the provinces. That alone will suffice to make the Parisians reject it with horror." We shall next hear that the Empire gown was a Yankee invention.



Queen Mary

The King and Queen recently inspected the Quarters of the 19th Hussars at Aldershot, where this picture of Her Majesty was taken.

Changes At Buckingham Palace.

AN account is given in a recent issue of *M. A. P.* of some of the changes that are taking place at Buckingham Palace before Their Majesties take up their residence there in the early spring. The writer tells us that King George and Queen Mary will have the same rooms for their personal apartments as had King Edward and Queen Alexandra, which consist of ten rooms for the Sovereign and nine for his Consort. They will, however, both give up two rooms, and the four rooms will be converted into the nursery, which will thus immediately adjoin Queen Mary's personal apartments. The Princess Mary, with her governess, will occupy the rooms used by the Princess Victoria, which consist of five apartments.

Queen Mary went very carefully into these arrangements before the Court moved to Balmoral. It was originally intended to have the nursery in the rooms at the eastern end of the Palace, which had been used as such in the reign of Queen Victoria; but had this been done, it would have neces-

DEMI - TASSE

Newslets.

DR. CRIPPEN'S photograph is once more reproduced by the newspapers of two continents. It is dollars to doughnuts that he did not take a prize at a baby show in the days of his infantile innocence.

The Toronto *Telegram* arouses from the pleasant dreams of summer vacation to demand in stern tones: "When will Ontario be as wise in the polling booth as Ontario is at the plough?" This is an easy one—when editors are brave enough to defy the advertising manager.

What no one can understand is why Hon. W. J. Hanna is saying sweet things about Mr. J. P. Downey. We should not be at all surprised to discover in the next place that the Provincial Secretary for Ontario has a sneaking regard for Colonel Hugh Clark and would not allow the *Globe* to say one word against him.

The Directors of the Canadian National Exhibition wish it to be understood that their presiding deity is not Jupiter Fluvius.

The fool who rocks the boat will soon be put away in moth camphor.

A girl who was wearing a hobble skirt had a serious fall and is now suffering from concussion of the brain. You would wonder how a girl who would wear such a costume got the material to "concuss."

Sir Wilfrid went to a bronco-busting contest by local cow-boys when he was at Medicine Hat. Wouldn't it be dreadful if he were to come back in a Rough Rider suit.

Eve's Daughters.

"IT is curious how seldom a woman is really popular with members of her own sex," said the masculine philosopher.

"Not at all curious," said the ardent suffragette. "When you consider the mean trick that the first woman of us all played on her sex. Eve was the most unpopular woman that ever lived, and I am sure that none of her daughters has ever said a good word for her."

"She wouldn't care A-dam(n) for that," was the horrifying reply, which reduced the suffragette to a fainting condition.

A Trifle Incoherent.

THE English acquired by foreign immigrants is not always such as Dr. John Seath would consider pure

and undefiled, and the school teachers sometimes come across some queer specimens of composition. In one district there had been a bad storm which kept many pupils at home. The following was the "excuse" sent by "William's" parent on the day following:

"William was allowed to went. But the goings was so bad that he could not came."

After the Show.

The Exhibition's over,
The band has gone away,
No longer does "O Canada"
Refresh us every day.

The beauteous gowns and needlework
Last week they turned to pack
And all the lovely pictures
Have just been freighted back.

The Exhibition's over,
The wondrous things have flown,
And now we think at leisure
Of how our country's grown.

Now that our vanished glories
Are one with Greece and Rome,
We deeply thank our lucky stars
Our friends are going home.

The Wrong Bag.

A YOUNG Eskimo loved a beautiful maiden, whose father's hut was near his own, but, as is so often the case, her parents would not hear of the match. One night a great storm ripped up a crevasse in the ice, and between the two huts there yawned an abyss bridged only by a slender strip of ice. Here was the chance which the young lover sought. He crossed the frail bridge in the dead of night and crept to the home of his sweetheart to steal her from her cruel father.

The Eskimos sleep in bags of seal-skin; and with bated breath and loudly-beating heart; and, hoisted on his back the one in which his lady love slumbered. With his precious burden he recrossed the strip of ice, and safe on the other side broke it down with a blow of his axe so that no one could pursue him save by the aid of a boat. Regaining his hut he opened the bag to gaze upon the fair one, when he staggered back, dumfounded—he had stolen her father!

Gloom.

"YOU seem very gloomy, Bridget."
"Yes, mum. Faith an' I'll niver be happy till I read me death notice in the papers."

Staff Humour.

The garment workers' strike at New York has been settled. We had an idea that they would patch things up.

"Kaiser Bill isn't the only one," muses Jack Johnson. "I also rule by divine right, not forgetting my handy left."

Ambassador James Bryce is studying botany in South America. Isn't it awful the risks some statesmen have to take?

The United States Government has ordered 600 more maxim silencers, but as yet nobody seems to be able to attach a soft pedal arrangement to one Ted Roosevelt.

Canadian postmen are asking for a bigger wage. This is the 746th time that request has been made since a howl for more pay was raised by the rural mail delivery men in the Garden of Eden.

Canadian humane societies have decided to establish a literary department, and there was great joy among writers till they learned that that did not mean that "S. P. C. A." would henceforth stand for "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Authors."



Photographer (who, for the first plate, has taken a great deal of trouble to get his sitter to relax the unnaturally stern expression which men assume under the ordeal, and now prepares for a second exposure). "I shall leave the expression to you this time, Sir."—*Punch*.

Mayor Evans of Winnipeg was elected president of the Association of Canadian Clubs, or, to put it plainly, has been made the clubs' "big stick."

The world is getting better. The fisheries dispute between Britain and the United States has been settled without embodying a provision that another slice of Canada must be given to Uncle Sam.

On his Western tour Sir Wilfrid Laurier addressed only three less than sixty meetings, and an unkind Opposition press is about to remark that the speeches were "57 varieties," according to locality.

Greater New York's census returns show her to be second only to London. Now watch New York hire a couple more pitchers and a fielder or two and put London out of first place.

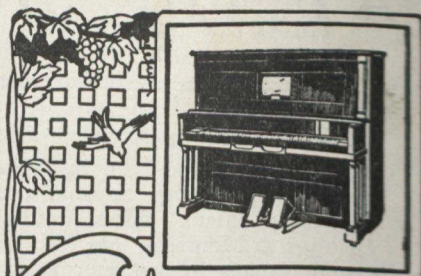
There's certainly a time for everything. A man recently tried to walk on the water at Detroit. He was nearly drowned, whereas he would have got along beautifully if he had waited four or five months.

Sweet woman wears a hobble skirt, and may know where she's at; now will woman, lovely woman, kindly wear a hobble hat?

The Test.

RANDALL: Did she urge you to stay to dinner?

Rogers: Oh, yes, indeed! She urged me as hard as if she'd been told I had another engagement.



The Piano Which Everyone Can Play

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Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 7th OCTOBER, 1910 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between EARNSCLIFFE and ROSEMONT from 1st January, next.

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

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch,
Ottawa, 19th August, 1910

G. C. Anderson
Superintendent

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier



Artist to Friend: "Yes, I use the palette-knife a good deal. Knocked a child's head off in the morning and sold it in the afternoon." (Nervous old gentleman gets out hurriedly at next stop.)—M.A.P.



For The Children



Here in this corner you'll always find
Stories and Rhymes of the Children's kind.

The Moon.

By MAY MORGAN.

I LIKE to sit on our door-sill,
And watch the place above the hill
Get lighter every minute till
The moon comes up all bright and still.

Sometimes he is so slow, I think
He'll never come, then, in a wink,
Almost behind the big oak tree,
He pops right up, and smiles at me.
—St. Nicholas.

Adventures of the Bats.

By FERNVIEW.

THE house was large, with a high arched roof, and only one room, and it was perfectly dark, for there were no windows. Along the walls were some irregular little ledges, but there were no chairs or tables, because the family did not need any. No beds, either, and yet the father and mother and two children were sound asleep; and what is more, they thought their home a very nice and comfortable one. Perhaps you think they lay on the floor, but, indeed, they did just the opposite; they hung from the roof with their heads down!

These queer creatures slept all day, and at night they went out to take the air, for they were a family of bats and lived in a cave. Their bodies were covered with a very short, soft fur, but their wings were quite bare, not feathered like a bird's.

One evening the bat family were skimming about in the air, catching gnats and mosquitoes for their supper, when they happened to fly in among some people who were having tea in a garden. The ladies jumped up and screamed and put pocket handkerchiefs over their hair, as if they thought the bats meant to hurt them. Then a boy ran around calling out, "Bat, bat, come under my hat!" but the little creatures did not care to do that.

"Don't let them catch you," said Mr. Bat to his children, "for they are cruel."

One of the little ones, however, got so confused that it flew into the house by mistake, and the boys rushed indoors to catch it. They could hear the swishing sound of its wings as it flew round and round near the ceiling, and they tried to hit the helpless creature with brooms and umbrellas. Faster and faster it circled in the dark until the boys grew dizzy, and one of them cried: "Oh, get a lamp; we can't see in the dark!"

It seemed as if the bat understood what was said, for as soon as the door was opened it swooped down right in the boy's face, and with a parting slap flew out over his head.

Oh, how glad the bat was to find itself free once more in the fresh



A HAPPY LITTLE PRINCE

The eldest Son of the King of Spain frolicking in the sand by the seaside.

air! It did not need any light, but went skimming about until it found its family again.

"Oh, my dear," said the mother, "I thought you were going to be killed and stuffed and put in a foolish collection! Boys never seem to

at the same time. After he had swallowed a choice morsel he said wisely: "My children, you will often hear one person call another 'as blind as a bat,' yet we can see in the dark while they have to wait for a light. How much better to be a bat. People tell all kinds of foolish tales about us. They say we try to fasten our claws to women's hair, and that large bats will even kill children and suck their blood."

"Oh, papa!" cried the baby bats, "why do they tell such stories? We will have nothing to do with them."

"That is the best plan," said the mother. "Don't trouble your little heads about them, but come and have another race before the day dawns and it is time to go to bed."

Then the whole family went chasing each other merrily over the lawns and sweet-scented flower beds, across the ponds where the frogs are croaking musically, while mosquitoes danced in the air; and before daybreak the bats were so tired that they stopped at the first hollow tree, went into the trunk, hooked themselves up by their hind legs, folded their wings, and in a few moments were fast asleep.—
Christian Guardian.



A HOME MADE TENT

Jolly little Canadians who have pitched a tent of their own making—inside it is cool and shady—the very spot for a summer tea-party.

think that animals like to live and enjoy themselves in their own way. We do not hurt people, and yet they want to kill us."

"That is because they know so little," said Mr. Bat, who was combing his fur with his long claws, and keeping his eyes open for mosquitoes



BROTHERS THREE

These little children are the Sons of the Crown Prince of Germany, and the most popular boys in their own land. They too, spend their holidays by the seaside.

The Reward.

BILLY HARDING had been promised a surprise when school opened if he ran messages all through the holidays without grumbling. It had been hard work, but he had won. Now had come the first day of school. Billie could hardly wait to know what the surprise would be. And what do you think it was? A new blue sailor suit, with a white cord and a whistle. And when he shoved his hands into his pant pockets he found a shining new quarter.

Song of the Old School Clock.

"MY, it's fine to see the children trudging back to school once more,

I am really never sorry when the holidays are o'er.

Here they come, the noisy truants, smiling gaily as they pass; I've been lonely for the sight of every little lad and lass.

There is Jimmy Malone, just look how he's grown,

Billie Snagg, with a new school-bag; And Lucy Lou, has come back too, Bringing her little sister, Sue.

Now what do you think, there is Willie Fink,

With his face more clean than I've ever seen,

And Betty Brown with her skirts let down, Looking as if she owned the town.

Dearie me! I must not linger watching faces old and new,

For you may be sure that there is plenty work for me to do,

Ticking off the precious moments, marking time for work and play,

Little lads, and little lasses, this old clock bids you 'good-day.'

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Three miles from Toronto.
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PEOPLE AND PLACES

A Problem in Salvage.

A FEW weeks ago the C. P. R. steamer *Princess May* ran on the rocks at Sentinel Pt., Alaska and foundered there. She is still on the rocks, as may be seen from the graphic picture below. Canadian and American salvage crews are working to get her off, but it looks as though she will pound to pieces with the low tides before the next high tide will give the workmen a chance to float her. She struck at high tide in a fog. Passengers, crew, baggage and a large consignment of Yukon gold were safely landed at Sentinel Pt. lighthouse and conveyed by coasting steamers to Juneau. As the *Princess May* foundered in the United States waters a Seattle salvage company have been trying to float her—so far unsuccessfully.

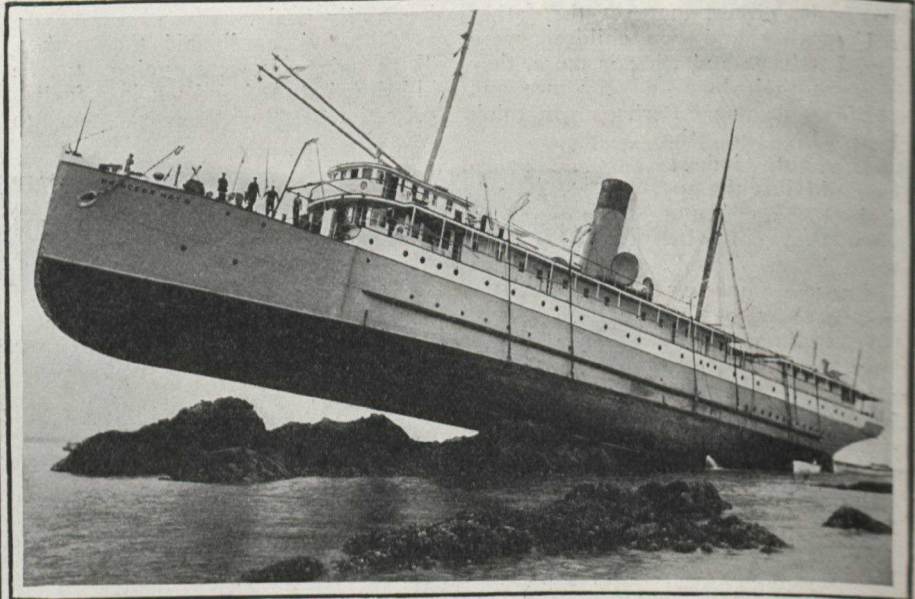
* * *

Live Wetaskiwin.

WETASKIWIN, Alberta, wants gas. Most everything has drifted in the way of Wetaskiwin, starting with the grain and the farmers dropping off the trail. The farmers put red

sanitation are two of the most acute questions before western municipalities to-day. In the feverish community on the prairie, people are not always inclined to take time to consider conditions which may vitally affect the municipality. Moose Jaw is a place where they are taking a dip into the future. Now there is no health problem in Moose Jaw; but there might be—that's the point! The clear stream which chases through the twelve-inch main to the city from Snowy Springs is as pure as the mountain water the poets talk about. But there isn't enough of it. This summer, for five hours every night, the pressure had to be turned off to save the supply.

Moose Jaw takes a longer drink since they put the main in. There must be more water. The citizens have got a project into their heads. The additional water is going to cost them a million and a quarter. Here is the proposition: To dam part of the Moose Jaw River. This walling up of water would form a lake forty miles long, the flood taking in the country eastward to Yellow



The steamer *Princess May* aground on the rocks at low tide.

elevators among the shacks—highly picturesque effect. Banks came along; then churches, schools, and population; civic problems next. Wetaskiwin threw away lamps and coal oil, erected a municipally owned electric power-house, opened a water-works and sewage system, decided to walk on cement, and five years ago got incorporated as a city—"The Elevator City."

Everything in town but gas; and why not gas? which is not all in the ground at Medicine Hat, as some people think. They will have gas at Wetaskiwin; it's only a question of how soon they can get the drill down. Two years ago the chaps who were boring for water tapped a little gas which gave a very mechanical flavour to the *agua vitae*. The citizens handed \$18,000 of their loose change over to the aldermen for a little more of the gas. The diggers are still on the job; the two-thousand-foot hole has not all been scraped out yet. Gas will mean new industries for Wetaskiwin.

* * *

Thirsty Moose Jaw.

WHILE they are "gasing" at Wetaskiwin, over at Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, people are talking about a new water supply. This "thirst" story is quite interesting. The problem of water supply, and

Grass. One hundred thousand people would be served with water.

Water sometimes boosts real estate. The government has some baked lands south of the city still left to it by the railroad companies as no good. The citizens gently asked Sir Wilfred for a half million grant. It is also thought that the C. P. R. will chip in.

* * *

WATROUS is a town with a side line. North of Regina on the G.T.P. is Lake Manitou or "Good Spirit" as the redskins call it. Four miles from the lake is Watrous, divisional railway point between Winnipeg and Edmonton. Thirty thousand fat acres about the town make good shipping. They have nick-named Watrous "Carlsbad," of course there's a reason. Ask Hon. Dr. Pugsley. The minister got up with the birds there one morning lately and took a long dive into the limpid waters of Manitou. He says that he felt a "pleasant glow." Great ad. for Watrous and Manitou. The lake is being boosted as full of medicinal water. Bath houses are shooting up; The Manitou Health and Recreation Resort Ltd., Capital \$250,000, have a Sanitarium in prospect. People are being told that they can walk on the waters at Manitou—Specific gravity 1.06 or .04 heavier than Carlsbad. Every little bit helps.

THE ANGEL OF THE WHITE FEET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.

she had but recently come from abroad to keep house for her father. That much Albert Sims had learned from his garrulous mother and from the gossip of the little village near at hand. She rode and she drove all over the countryside, and she came with some frequency upon the little, timid man in the knickerbocker suit, wandering aimlessly in the lanes. And always she gave him that frank look, and sometimes, when he stood aside for her in a narrow place or opened a gate for her, that frank smile.

Of course, it was all hopeless and impossible; Albert Sims told himself that, bitterly enough, again and again. He told himself so especially one night, when he sat alone before the fire and reviewed all the circumstances. It was a wild and blustering night with the wind and rain pounding at the shutters, and making that country into which he had been plunged seem more desolate and undesirable than usual.

Mrs. Sims had gone to bed; the servants had retired; Albert was left alone. He had been making a pretence of reading; but the book had fallen from his grasp, and he lay back in his chair, looking at the fire, and dreaming the unsatisfactory dreams that had been with him so long.

"On'y suppose at this present moment she was sittin' there—an' smilin' across at me in that way she smiles, with 'er eyes wrinkl'n' up, and the dimples showin'. Suppose she was to lean forward, an' look at me—an' speak; an' I was to know that she was goin' to sit 'ere every night of our lives—just 'er an' me an'— No—not mother. She don't fit in with mother, some'ow. Mother's all right in 'er little way—one o' the best; but she ain't quite there with Miss Olivia 'Artigan. Miss Olivia!"

HE sighed, and got up, and took a turn or two about the room; stood listening for a moment to the howling wind and the driving rain. Coming back to the fireplace again, he stood there, looking down at it with a smile upon his face, and shaking his head at it in a whimsical fashion.

"Not for you, Albert Sims; she ain't of your class. You know you love 'er, you silly fool; an' you'll never so much as touch 'er 'and or 'er voice. If you was to see 'er now, you wouldn't know what to say to 'er; you'd simply blush and stammer—you know you would. What's the good of all the money? She wouldn't look at you if you was made of gold. Ah, well—I'll get to bed."

He had turned round to extinguish the light, when he stopped suddenly, listening. He had a curious feeling that he had heard a faint cry and a knocking at the door—had heard it above the howling of the storm. A little startled, he passed from the room into the hall and listened again; this time he was certain that someone was at the door, beating softly upon it and calling to be let in.

Vague remembrances of stories of lonely houses at night, and of men who came to them for robbery or murder, came into his mind; he hesitated and looked towards the stairs. But the voice crying so insistently and the light knocking on the door were not to be ignored; he swiftly undid the bolts and bars and threw back the door. A figure darted in and leaned for a moment against the wall in the darkness, panting and striving for breath. It was a woman, but he could not see the face.

"You're got caught in the storm," he whispered weakly.

She seemed to nod; she could not speak yet. He threw open the door of the room from which he had come, and motioned towards it; she swayed a little in moving, and he caught her arm and guided her into the room. And then in a moment he saw who the visitor was.

It was Olivia Hartigan. She appeared to be almost wet through; she shuddered as she drew near to the fire and crouched over it. As for Mr. Albert Sims, he stood still, staring at her in perplexity and not saying a word. It was the girl who broke the silence; she began to laugh a little as she spoke.

"Really, I'm very sorry; I hope I didn't startle you. I saw a light—the first—the first I'd seen for an hour or more; and I think I was frightened of the darkness and the storm; I seemed to be all alone in the world. I'm so sorry."

"Not at all, miss," said Albert, in a voice scarcely above a whisper. "I'm sure you're very welcome; it ain't a nice night—is it?"

"It's awful!" she said, looking round at him for a moment. "I've had a terrible experience; smashed up my dog-cart miles from home, and nearly smashed up myself. Then I got assistance from an inn, and they wanted me to stop the night. But it was a low place, with coarse men drinking and smoking in the only room available—and I didn't like the look of the place at all. I got away and set out to walk—and then, of course, lost my way."

"And got round 'ere?" added Albert.

"Yes. What a cheerful room you've got here!" She looked round about with her bright eyes as she spoke. "I am glad I found the place. I was horribly frightened."

"I'm afraid you're 'orribly wet, miss," he said.

She looked down at her dragged skirts; she gave a glance at the windows that rattled under the fury of the storm; and she laughed a little ruefully. "I am wet," she replied.

Now, of course the proper thing for Mr. Albert Sims to have done would have been to rouse his mother and the servants: to have had the lady properly dried and looked after, and in all probability put to bed. But Mr. Albert Sims did nothing of the kind. True, for a moment he glanced upwards, as though remembering the stout, comfortable mother who slept above; but that was all. So far as the young lady was concerned, he might have been utterly alone in the house, for any suggestion he made as to feminine help.

"I think I know who you are," she said, looking at him steadily.

"Indeed, miss?"

"Yes. You're the—the gentleman I've seen so often walking about the lanes here—aren't you?"

"Yes, miss. You see, I ain't quite used to the country yet," went on Albert Sims, "an' I'm takin' 'er gradually. It's only what you might call a noddin' acquaintance at present, miss; but I shall get on better in time. The country takes a lot o' knowin'."

"Yes, indeed, I shouldn't have lost myself to-night, only it happens that I've been away from here since I was a little child. Do you know," she broke off, to add—with another rueful laugh—"I'm really dreadfully wet. Are you all alone here?"

Albert Sims gulped, and spoke. "Quite alone, miss," he said, lowering his voice.

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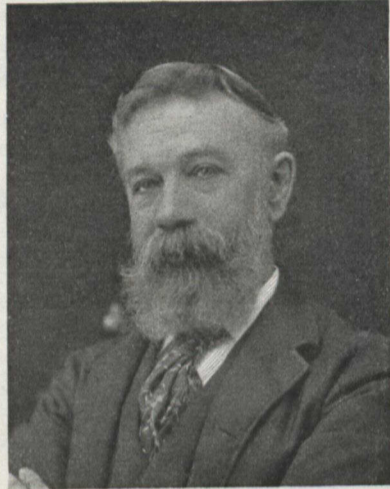
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In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

MONEY AND MAGNATES

Men Who Are Fighting for Shareholders of Montreal Street Railway Company.

THERE is always something of interest happening in the Financial World of Canada. Back a couple of years ago, there was the big fight between the leading capitalists interested in the Dominion Iron & Steel and Dominion Coal and now when things were going along very quietly and smoothly, up bobs the fight between some of the older interests in the Montreal Street



Mr. Robert Meighen

Railway and the younger crowd that are back of the Canadian Power Company. Recent developments rather seem to indicate that this young crowd in order to make it certain that the Canadian Power Company would be a very large customer, had secured either by purchase or by proxy controlling interest in the Montreal Street Railway.

As is almost only natural some of the older directors of the Montreal Street Railway Company feeling that they had some duties to perform in the interests of the shareholders, who have placed them in their present position, are very strongly opposed to the proposed deal by which it is intended to bring the Canadian Power Co., and the Montreal Street Railway Company together.

At the head of this fighting element, would be found Senator L. J. Forget, president of the Company, were it not that a severe illness makes it impossible for him to be actively identified with any undertaking of the kind at the present time. Luckily, however, for the shareholders, who may feel that the proposed deal is not one that they should be forced into against their will, there are two other directors who will do everything in their power to safeguard the interests of the shareholders of the Company. They are Mr. K. W. Blackwell, the vice-president of the Street Railway and Mr. Robt. Meighen, who since appointed as a director of the Company has given a great deal of his time and attention. One has not to be talking to either of these gentlemen very long, before finding out that as shareholders of the Street Railway Company, they are personally strongly opposed to the deal that has been outlined by the Canadian Power interests, and firmly believing, as they do, that it is not a good one for the Company, it is only natural to see them holding out such a view in their capacity of directors acting for the other shareholders.

Of course, if as they claim, the Canadian Power interests really have control of the Street, it would seem as though they would be able to carry their proposed plan through unless the minority interests, headed by Mr. Meighen and Mr. Blackwell, can find a way of showing to the Courts of the Country that such a deal would only result in the assets of the Street Railway Company being dissipated in a way that would make it impossible for the shareholders to derive all the benefits that they would if the proposed deal had not been put through.

What they maintain is that there is a great deal more in store for the shareholders of the Street Railway Company by that Company standing alone, and if necessary developing its own power, than could ever come from its being tied up with any outside Company. In addition, the directors of the Street Railway Company have already asked two very competent engineers to report on the Canadian Power proposition as it stands at the present time, and while at the time of writing, these reports have not been made public, as it is the intention of first submitting them to the board of directors, it is known that they differ to a very large extent with the optimistic reports that the Canadian Power Company have been making themselves about their proposed development.

Just at the present time, of course, it is very difficult to say just what turn things may take, but anybody who knows either Mr. Blackwell or Mr. Meighen can quickly make up their minds that they will stay right by the ship till they secure full right for those shareholders of Street Railway, who may think they have more to gain by their Company working out its own destiny alone than being forced into any deal by any group of capitalists.

* * *

Finding a Market for Undigested Securities.

LOOKING out on what is likely to prove the outstanding feature in the financial world of Canada during the coming Fall and Winter season, offhand I would say that it is likely to be the effort that will be made to find a market for the large amount of undigested Canadian securities, that are still in the hands of the different Canadian houses and capitalists.

Just as last year was a year of consolidations and the consequent creation of a large amount of securities, so now will different houses and corporations go ahead and try to distribute among the investors of the Country the securities of such new companies as they may have been identified with during the past nine or ten months.

Of course, a very considerable amount of these securities will be sold in different parts of Canada, but in addition it seems to me that it is quite likely that different groups of English and foreign interests will right along arrange to take at a price blocks of different securities with a view of distributing them among their own particular clientele.

The average banker who has had an opportunity of seeing the basis on which most of the recent consolidations have been effected, can state that in his opinion they have been worked out on fairly conservative lines for a Country that is showing such rapid development as Canada is, and that in

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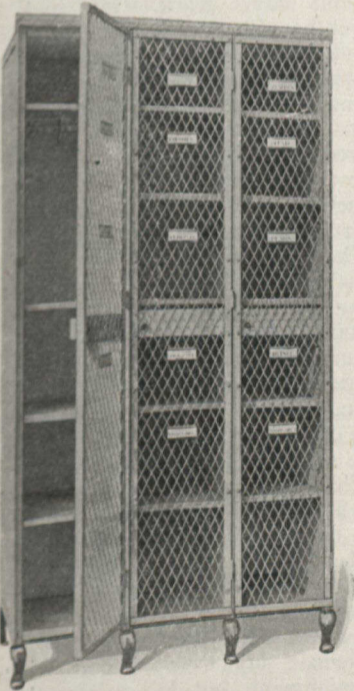
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almost every instance the concerns should not have any difficulty under normal conditions to show ample earning power on all the securities issued by them.

Of course, much of the money that is to be made by them will come from the saving that is to be effected in the general operating costs, and of course, it may be some weeks yet before the full benefit of such a development will show itself.

On the whole, however, there does not seem to be any reason at all why a good staff of salesmen and due attention being paid to letting the public know just what progress the companies are making, why a very large percentage of the securities still being carried by different issuing houses should not be sold to investors throughout the Country.

* * *

A Young Mergerist.

MR. MANNING W. DOHERTY is one of the youngest of Canada's growing family of mergerists. It is only thirty-five years since he was born in the City of Toronto, but he has made good use of his time. He is a graduate of the University of Toronto and also of Cornell. His first success in



Mr. Manning W. Doherty.

business came as manager of the Guelph Stove Co. Later he went to Sussex, N.B. and became manager of the Sussex Manufacturing Co. For about a year now he has been working on the organization of the Canadian Manufacturers' Corporation, under which are to be combined almost all the manufacturers of wood working machinery. The capital is placed at three million dollars and the head offices are to be at Galt. There are five plants, two at Galt, one at Preston, one at Hespeler and one at Sussex, N.B. In the successful organization of this corporation Mr. Doherty has been assisted by Mr. Garnet P. Grant of the Dominion Bond Co., another young man who seems to have found the secret of bringing large manufacturers to see the value of industrial mergers.

A clear distinction must be made between the man who merges and the man who merely talks about mergers. A great many men are quick to see the advantages of consolidation; but it takes a man of initiative and resources to take hold of any one scattered group of industries and put them on a basis of federative management, such as seems to be the tendency in these days.

* * *

Barometer That Shows That Trade Conditions in Canada Are Different Than in United States.

RATHER a peculiar development that the Canadian Pacific Railway should be able to show tremendous gains in both gross and net earnings just at a time when the big American railroads, like the New York Central, Pennsylvania, Union Pacific and Reading are showing a big decrease in net earnings, owing to the very large increase they have to contend against in operating cost.

Nothing could better indicate the very different conditions existing in Canada than in the States at the present time. A few years ago it would have looked like an impossibility that there should be good times in Canada while there should be somewhat of a depression on in the big country to the south of us, but the developments of the last few months in the railway and business world in Canada have gone a long way towards showing that in the main Canadian affairs are controlled from Canada and that it takes something more than a temporary setback in the United States to cause any great change in this country.

Of course, the unrest in the States has been due almost entirely to conditions that may well be considered as only applying to that one country, chief among them being the unrest due to agitations against corporations and political matters generally. Then again for some time, there was considerable doubt as to just what the outcome would be as regards the cotton and wheat crops, and all these things put together quite naturally has some unsettling effect. The big men of the States have been contending that the unsettlement has been far greater than was justified by the nature of the agitations that were on, and have almost to a man been talking good times for the Fall and for next year.

In Canada, on the other hand, with possibly the one setback received by the Grand Trunk strike, things have been fairly on the boom and the fact that the C.P.R. makes such a large increase in its weekly earnings shows that the amount of traffic that it has been called upon to handle over its lines has been very much greater than ever before. Such earnings may be regarded as one of the sure barometers of the trade that is being done by Canadian industrial and manufacturing concerns, which in turn indicate that the average retail man in all lines of business feels that the conditions in his particular community are of a character that justify his stocking up to some extent.

What would make the situation in Canada look all the more satisfactory, is that right through the Summer months, practically all the big Canadian banks have been following a very conservative policy and have been curtailing their loans just as much as they possibly could. Such a course naturally makes it very difficult to have such a thing as a boom in any line of industry, real estate or the stock market, but on the other hand shows that whatever progress or development is occurring must be along very natural lines.

That the Canadian Pacific can be taken as a sure barometer of the trade would seem to justify the statement that used to be made by old John Morrison, when after attending the annual meeting of the Bank of Montreal, he would remark, "The President's address occupied about fifteen minutes, and of this ten had been given up to a discussion of a review of the business that was being done by the C.P.R. and the remaining five to a casual glance at the business being done by the Bank itself."

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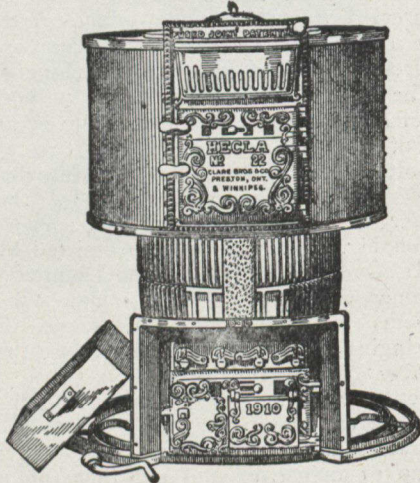
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Send us a rough diagram of your house—and we will plan the heating arrangements, giving you the cost of installing the right "Hecla" Furnace to heat your home right. We make no charge for this service. 102

Write us right now.

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

Man with the Halter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.

too far in his eagerness to be second. And Dewdrop herself, game to the core, brave as a lion, would fight it to the last stride.

Streeter watched his gallant little mare flash past the finish post a winner, in sullen silence. What a chance he had lost—if he had not been afraid of Riley's horse what a wager he might have won. And he had lost by over-reaching—by backing Advocate. He had one solace—he could take Riley's horse at its entered price, \$800. Even that was a doubtful revenge, for Advocate had apparently been doing his best and Dewdrop, half-trying, had beaten him.

Presently the judge was offering the winner for sale. There were no bids. The judge waved his hand at the boy who held Dewdrop's head and the little mare was led away.

Then a man was seen to dart from the throng through the little gate and into the steward's office. Riley saw it was Streeter, and he stood staring idly at the door that had swallowed up his enemy, in his face no sign of the suspense within. He felt convinced that Streeter had gone in to claim his horse. He had been dreading it. Advocate had been forced to show more speed and staying than Riley had intended in his effort to carry Dewdrop home and stall off the black. Riley had thought that perhaps Streeter would be afraid of getting a bad horse if Advocate had been beaten quite handily.

When Streeter came out from the secretary's office there was a grim look of satisfaction on his face. Soon a whisper went up that he had claimed Riley's horse. Some one laughed and said: "Streeter had the halter with him this trip—he's even now."

THE day's play seemed rather a sawoff. Riley looked upon it in that light. He had won over Dewdrop, but he had lost a good horse. But by waiting his chance he could take Advocate away from Streeter in the same way. Streeter had little more than a sweet taste of revenge for his day's work. He had lost rather heavily over backing Advocate and he was not sure that the horse was much of a prize. At any rate, he now had a chance to more than even up matters over the cup, for Advocate had shown in the selling race that he had plenty of speed and Streeter would use that to the utmost limit in helping Sponsor win.

The cup race was two days off, and the day following the selling race Riley hung in suspense until the acceptances for the cup would be handed out on typed sheets. When the printed slips, issued in the afternoon, showed that Advocate's name was carded as a starter, Riley's gaunt face softened with satisfaction.

That evening he made his way to the little hotel where his friend Dennis lived and in the latter's room said: "Here's two hundred, Denny. If Advocate's number is on the board to start in the cup, take the first bettin' about the horse."

Dennis' pig eyes opened wide in astonishment, but he answered simply: "Will I dribble it in tens, not to disturb the odds?"

"No; get one ticket for it; then hurry away to the stewards, say you're backin' Advocate, and you hear there's nothin' doin' with the horse. Give it to him straight that it's a plant to stop the favourite, Creole. You might whisper this same thing into as many ears as you can come at—a rumour of evil spreads like the very devil."

"Then what?" Dennis asked, for Riley had pulled a plug of black

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tobacco from his pocket and was quietly munching a large piece of it. "That's all, Denny."

"You're wantin' Streeter's crooked jock took off Advocate, Erin, for fear he'd out put Creole over the rail?"

Riley nodded.

"Who'll they put up in his place?"

"The best jock at the meetin' of course—the only good boy that hasn't a mount in the race. And that's my doin', too. I had Morley bespoke for Advocate, and I haven't released him. I've paid him a waddin' mount, d'ye mind. He knows the horse and he's a straight boy. I'll just give the stewards word that he's not ridin'—I hate crooked work."

"How did you get on to Carney's game—did Streeter tell you, Erin?" and Dennis laughed.

"A bad-timpered man like Streeter'll always have friends ready to give him away, but a lot of this is out of the back of me own head, but whither I'm right or whither I'm wrong in me sizin' up of it, I have me own reasons for wantin' Advocate to run straight."

"Will you be needin' me to put the wad down on Creole for you?" Dennis asked anxiously.

"Connolly's goin' to bet for me in the poolrooms over the river. I sint him the key in a letter to-day, and whin I wire him one word to-morrow he'll get busy. And you're in on my bet, Denny, so don't be worryin' over what's goin' to win—lave it to me, just."

The Maple City Cup was to be run at 4 o'clock the next day, and fifteen minutes before that hour Riley stood on the stand lawn, his solemn grey eyes fixed on the upper floor of the judge's stand. Presently the burly figure of Dennis came down the steps, and as he brushed past Riley he whispered, "They're on!"

Riley waited a moment; then he ascended to where the stewards sat discussing something of import.

"What can we do for you, Mr. Riley?" the Judge asked.

"There's a rumour all over the paddock that there's somethin' doin' in this race, gentlemen," Erin answered quietly.

"What is it?" one of the stewards asked sharply.

"My horse, Creole, is favourite, and the public's backin' him; I'm backin' him meself—here's my ticket on him for 600 to 500, but he's travelin' out in the bettin'. There's a strong play on Sponsor, and I've got it straight that Advocate's bein' started to put Creole out of business—interfere with him."

"Advocate isn't in the same stable with Sponsor," the steward objected.

"That's right, gentlemn, but he's in the same money bag—Dick Streeter is runnin' that Peter Blake stable, and he's startin' Advocate. He's put up Jockey Carney, him that has been suspended for foul ridin' more times than I have fingers on two hands—that boy'll stop at nothin'."

"What do you wish us to do, Mr. Riley?" one of the stewards asked.

"Protect the public—give them a run for their money. Creole's not at his best, and if he gets interfered with he can't win. Take that crooked boy off Advocate and put a good jockey up. It's no use to warn him, gentlemn; if warnin' would've done any good he wouldn't have had to be set down before. Put a good straight boy on Advocate and tell him to make the runnin' for no man; win if he can; that's the way to give the public a good race."

The steward turned his head and ran his eye over the jockey board across the track. "The good boys are all ridin'," he said.

"Morley's not got a mount, sir,"

Riley suggested; "and he's the straightest boy in America—there never was a whisper agin him. I was goin' to ride him on Advocate, but I lost the horse. And if Streeter was out to win with Advocate why didn't he put Morley up? He only rides Carney when he's lookin' for 'strong arm.' He tried to pull Dewdrop the first day, but he had to win."

"We'll consider it, Mr. Riley—thank you. We're here to protect the public," the steward said.

Riley went down the steps to the lawn, where he stood like a sentinel, the quiet grey eyes keenly alert.

Presently a messenger hurried from the judges' stand to the betting ring, returning almost immediately with a sheaf of bookmaker's betting sheets. Then the messenger darted toward the paddock and returned with Streeter.

Riley turned hurriedly away, muttering, "Faith, they mean business," and at the course telegraph office wrote on a yellow form, "Unbuckle." The telegram was addressed to John Connolly in a city two hundred miles away, and as Riley handed it through the wicket, he said: "Rush that, Billy—it means something to you, too."

"It'll be there in two minutes," the operator answered, his finger clicking the key as he spoke.

The paddock vibrated with the restless questioning mood of its people as Riley passed to the stalls in which Creole was being saddled.

The paddock judge called to Jockey Carney, who stood in Streeter's colours by Advocate's stall, and the boy walked sullenly into the jockey's dressing room. When the black-and-white-barred jacket reappeared it was on the figure of Jockey Morley, and beside him walked the paddock official.

As Morley was lifted to the back of Advocate, Streeter turned to the official and said, sneeringly: "You'd better give him his riding orders—you seem to be running my stable."

The man smiled, and looking up at the jockey, said: "Get away well, Morley, and ride to win." Then he added, with the same quiet smile on his lips: "I guess if the boys had orders like that always we'd have better racing."

"It'll do me, sir," the jockey answered. "I've ridden this fellow before—he just wants leaving alone in a race."

Three stalls away Riley was giving his jockey his final orders. "Sponsor's the horse you've got to beat, Tommy," he said. "Don't let him head you once after you've turned into the stretch. Advocate is in light, a hundred pounds up, and he'll be out in front, but don't go after him and kill your own horse off. Just lie as handy to Sponsor as you can without hustling Creole too much. There, get up now—they're goin' out."

Down at the head of the stretch, a quarter of a mile away, the starting barrier hung like a veil from rail to rail, and soon the eight thoroughbreds were lined up behind its holding mesh. The starter, standing on his platform just within the inner rail, was sending his bull-like voice into the ears of the little men in gaudy silks who looked strangely like decorated imps sitting upon restless demons that plunged, and raced backward, and reared and kicked in an abandon of villainy.

"Now he's got them!" somebody on the stand lawn yelled. The rubber barrier shot into the air, tripped by the foot of the starter; there was a charge as if Bashi-Bazouks had swept into sight over a sandy desert; there was the thundering pound of hoofs onward.

Sweeping past the stand Sponsor was on the rail half a length in front of Creole, and on the outside galloped

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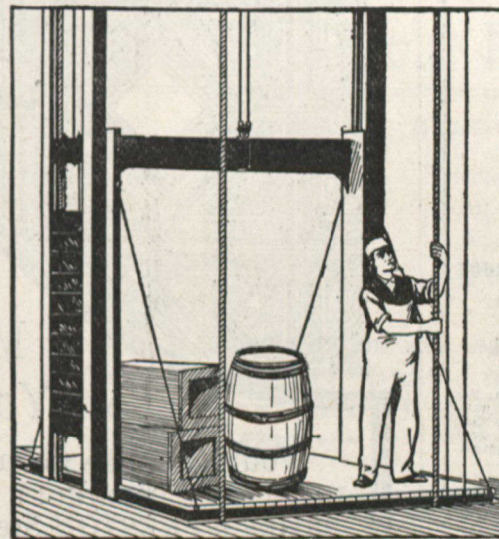
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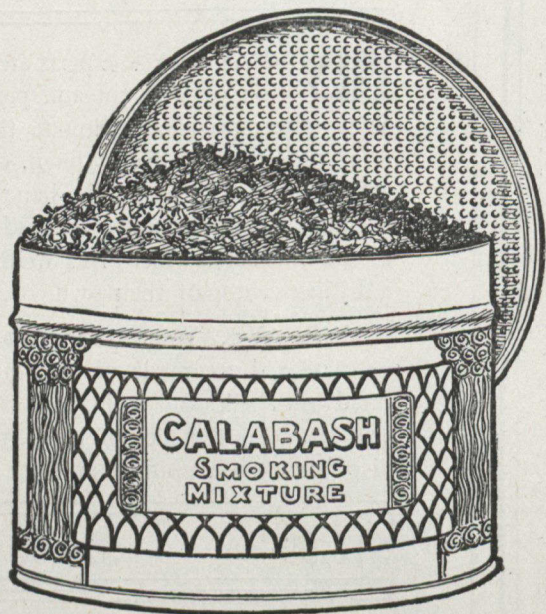
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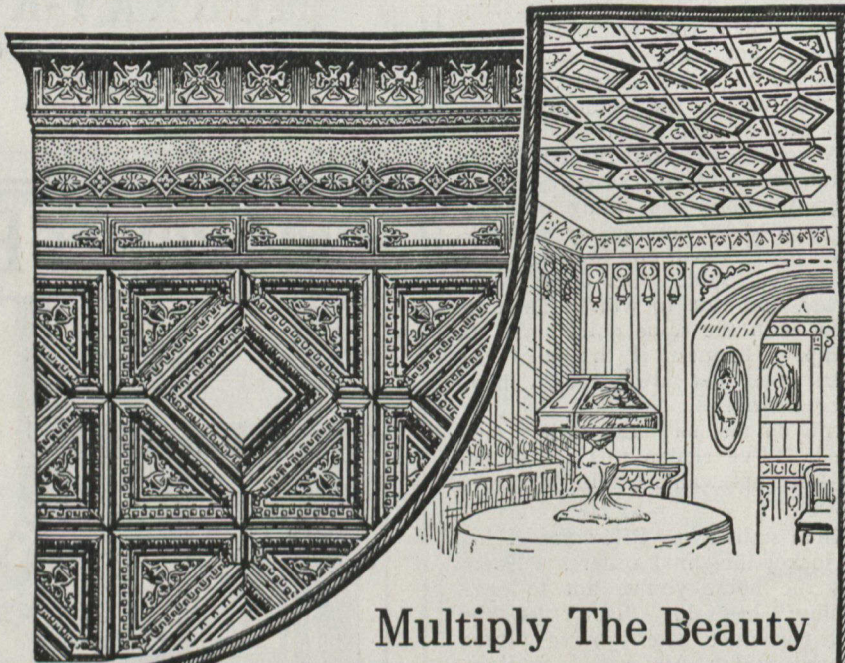


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the big chestnut, Advocate. His stride was terrific. At the upper turn he shot across into the lead, and in fifty yards had taken the rail from Sponsor. At the latter's girth still nodded the brown head of Creole.

"That's great work," Riley muttered; "hold him there, b'ys, and you'll break his heart."

An elbow nudged Riley in the ribs, and the voice of Dennis whispered in his ear: "Streeter looks weary."

"That pocket is the kind he intended for me—it's break him," Riley answered.

All down the backstretch Advocate led, the white-and-black bars rounded into a ball over his withers, and a length away Sponsor galloped, still lapped by Creole.

Riley could see that the little man in green was urging Creole. "That's the b'y, Tommy!" he muttered; "keep him there—keep him there if you're wise. Tickle him, Tommy, he'll stand it; the old horse is game!" He was riding the race at his jockey's ear.

As they galloped on the turn Riley saw the bay head of Sponsor swing out, and he held his breath, waiting. It was a test. Had the horse speed in reserve to race around Advocate and beat him into the straight? It seemed foolish—why didn't Sponsor's boy wait for the opening next the rail as they swung at the last turn?

Sponsor was creeping up on Advocate—he was lapped a neck on the chestnut, but he was outside. Creole was slipping back—the pace seemed too strong for him. Somebody cried out gleefully: "Creole's beat—the favourite's done!"

Sponsor was clear of Creole now—daylight shone between the bay and the brown, and Advocate was but half a length in front of the bay. They were at the turn, and green silk and black-and-white and the crimson on Sponsor merged into a blurred splash of intermingling colour. Then the colours seemed to shoot across the portal of the stretch opening. The crimson on Sponsor fluttered far out—almost to the outer rail—the bay blotted out by the chestnut, Advocate; and against the inner rail was the green jacket on Creole. The big brown, guided by the wise hand and brain of Tommy, had waited for the opening.

Again Sponsor was in a pocket—an outside pocket, for, carried wide by his foolish rush, he had lost a length, and some other horse had slipped in between him and Advocate.

In the centre of the course galloped the big chestnut and along his neck a pair of black-and-white striped arms lay in quiescent confidence. "The b'y's not moved on him yet," Riley muttered. "Advocate will win in a walk."

Just at the stand Creole thrust forward till his head rose and fell at the chestnut's quarter. There was a quick, loose thrust forward of the white-and-black striped arms, and Advocate answering, drew clear.

AS they swept by the judges' stand the clamour of the mob ceased; there was no cheers; the outsider had won; the public's money had been burnt up by the beaten favourite, Creole.

Streeter stood on the step with blanched face. Again he had made a losing win.

A man standing just below Riley was saying: "That was a pretty cheap horse at eight hundred. I guess Dick Streeter's even with Riley now."

And the next day when the papers told of the huge killing that had been made on Advocate in the poolrooms, the public thought it was Streeter's money, but he knew it was Riley's.



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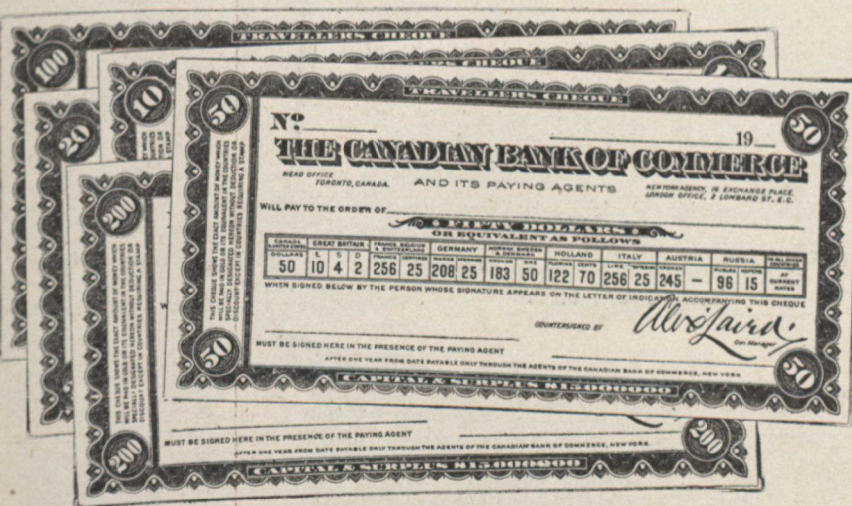
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