

# The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Calgary City

*Past and Present*

By D. C. NIXON

The Rebuilders

*How Porcupine Came Back*

By J. T. STIRRETT

Plus and Minus

*Short Story*

By ALAN SULLIVAN



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BERTHA  
INGLE

Read in  
Nine  
Provinces



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the rising tide of Western Prosperity; locate yourself where you will profit by it. Don't wait until the West achieves its destiny; be in right at the start.

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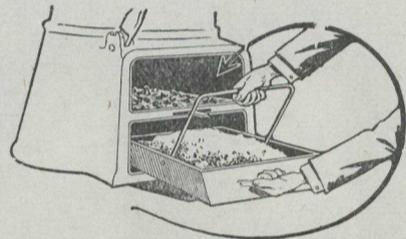
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**KING BOILER & RADIATORS**

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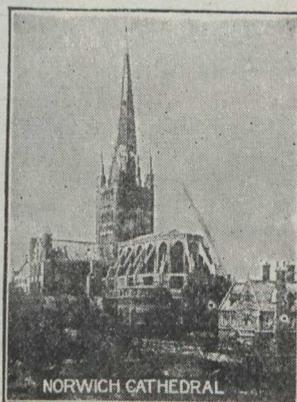
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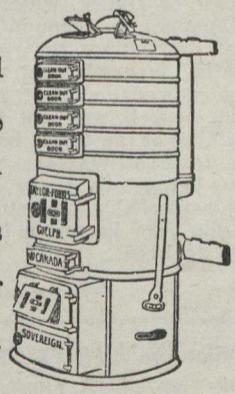
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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

Published at 12 Wellington St. East, by the Courier Press, Limited.

VOL. X.

TORONTO

NO. 15

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## Editor's Talk

THE cartoon in this issue entitled “Canada's National Game,” is mutely dedicated to the welfare of both political parties in the present struggle. It has nothing to do with a revival of classic interest in lacrosse; although we believe that too needs attention, perhaps as much as does our politics. There was a time—so the sporting authorities tell us—when Canada's national game was a dignified struggle. There was also a time—so we are told by those looking backward—when the game of politics was independent of the professional player, known as the simon-pure politician. Be that as it may, it must be inferred that the game depicted in the cartoon is absolutely clean lacrosse in the field of politics.

Another story in this issue, by Alan Sullivan, making the third from his pen published by The Courier. So far we have said nothing about Sullivan, preferring to let his stories speak for themselves, as they do in Harper's and Scribner's along with choice bits of verse from a man who makes a serious study of the art of writing, does not dish up mere vernacular or write colloquially, or pander to a mere desire for sensation; but with the object of his story clearly in mind, sets out to convince the reader that the object is well worth his while to discover. At least it may be said that Sullivan is one of the brightest Canadians ever, a son of the late Bishop Sullivan, of Toronto, and an engineer who knows the Canadian North.

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Let me tell you how you can purchase a five-acre farm for only \$200 cash, paying the balance in five years. Price only \$150 to \$350 per acre.

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# How YOU Can Profit

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## Canada's Increasing Population

Increasing population the past few years has augmented the valuation of Canada's new cities by millions of dollars. This valuation will continue to increase at the same or even greater rate for years to come. These millions of dollars—all created by the demands and requirements for land and business property of the increasing population—represent the profits paid to the early holders of real estate.

**Buy Lots in**

# Watrous

**NOW**

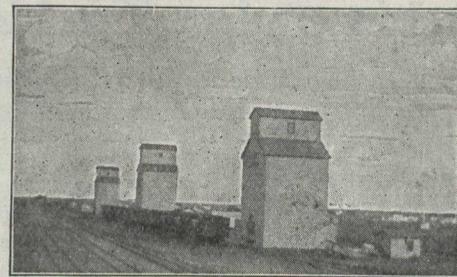
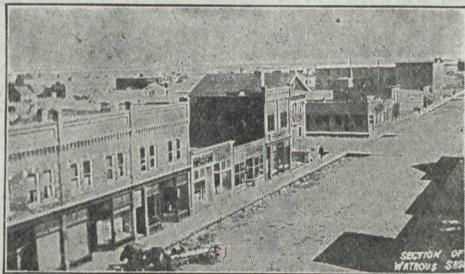
SEND THIS COUPON FOR DESCRIPTIVE LITERATURE

SEND THIS COUPON WITH YOUR FIRST PAYMENT

You cannot participate in profits already earned, but here is a sure way by which you may share, and share big, in the profits yet to be earned by Canada's continued increasing population. Here is a way to make a little money grow and earn big interest for you.

The rapid development of Western Canada, during the last five years, and her wonderful growth in wealth, has been chiefly due to the splendid railway systems that have been and are now being built. These great systems of transportation open up new territory and new towns, and make continued rapid increases of population a certainty. Watrous is the most favoured city on one of the most favoured Railways in Western Canada—The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. It is located near the banks of Little Manitou Lake, the most wonderful body of mineral water on the American Continent—a veritable Mecca for health and pleasure seekers. Proximity to this Lake would of itself alone in a few years make of Watrous a thriving, bustling metropolis. But add to this Natural Sanitarium of International importance a surrounding community of prosperous, progressive farmers with modern, highly cultivated farms—a large population of railroad wage-earners and a class of live, up-to-date, go-ahead business men and citizens who do things, and you have a hint of the irresistible influences and forces that are at work building up Watrous.

The requisites of a flourishing prairie city are first of all railway facilities. It must be an easy point to reach and ship from. Beyond this it must be either a centre of manufacture or of a highly productive farming country. Again, it should be a pleasant place



to live in, have good drainage, good water and some attractions.

See how perfectly Watrous fulfills these requirements. This is the Central Divisional Point of a large, important and growing Canadian railway. The Railway alone will employ a number of people whose homes will naturally be at Watrous.

Manufacturing industries will be needed, and Watrous is the natural place for them to locate. And lastly, Watrous has Little Manitou Lake, a veritable Mecca for health and pleasure-seekers. Thus is Watrous doubly sure of constant and permanent growth.

Watrous has all the advantages of Moose Jaw and Saskatoon, and it has Little Manitou Lake into the bargain, which is as valuable as all its other assets combined. Not only that, but this wonderful mineral lake cannot be duplicated, and no other feature of competing cities can take its place.

### Little Manitou Lake---"The Carlsbad of Canada."

The Winnipeg Telegram, speaking editorially of Watrous and its wonderful mineral lake has the following:

Little Lake Manitou, on the G.T.P., is beginning to receive the attention which the wonderful medicinal properties of the water of the lake so well entitle it. The Indians called the lake Manitou, which means "Good Spirit," owing to the healing qualities they found the waters possessed. It is said that Indians came to this lake from hundreds of miles round, and on the shores are still to be seen circles of stones, which mark Indian encampments. Though it is probable that the Indians for years have availed themselves of the curative powers of the waters of this lake, it was not until the building of the G.T.P. had caused the town of Watrous to spring into being two years ago that the remarkable medicinal value of the lake begun to be generally realized.

### BUY LOTS IN WATROUS--YOU CAN'T MAKE A MISTAKE

The more lots you buy in Watrous, the more money you will make. Judging the future by the past, it might be reasonably said that it would be almost impossible to purchase lots in a live and growing young city of Western Canada and not make money. Lots in Moose Jaw that sold a few years ago at \$100 each are to-day worth from \$1,000 to \$3,000. Lots which sold in Saskatoon ten years ago for \$100 are to-day worth ten to fifty times that amount. You could have purchased lots in Edmonton ten years ago for \$100 each, which are to-day worth \$1,000 to \$10,000.

Those who purchased lots in Edmonton ten years ago are now the possessors of property worth 1,000 per cent. more than the price at which it was originally purchased—an average increase in value of 100 per cent. each year.

In Fort William, the same rapid advance in values has taken place. Lots which sold for \$100 to \$200 each, even five years ago, have since sold for \$1,000 to \$2,000.

It is almost impossible to chronicle the rapid advance in property in Calgary, Regina, Winnipeg, Vancouver and other cities of Western Canada.

Buy lots in Watrous now while they are selling at the ground floor price.

On account of the rapidity with which lots are selling we advise that you let us make the selection for you, and we promise that we will give you the best available remaining lots of the time your order is received.

Make remittances payable to the order of and send direct to the Land Commissioner of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, Winnipeg. Receipts for payments made will be issued direct by the Land Commissioner of the Railway Company, and when you have completed your payments, title will be issued to you direct from the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

No interest charged on deferred payments in case you purchase on the installment plan, and no taxes to pay until 1912. Lots 50 feet frontage, price \$100 and \$125.

The more lots you buy in Watrous, the more money you will make. Reserve the number of lots you wish to purchase at once, and send all remittances to

In case you wish any further particulars before buying, address—

**Land Commissioner, Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA**

In case you wish any further particulars before buying, address—  
**International Securities Company, Limited**  
C.C. Somerset Building, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

### INFORMATION COUPON

International Securities Co., Ltd., 649 Somerset Bldg., Winnipeg, Man.

Please forward to me by return mail full particulars regarding the sale of town lots in the subdivision to the original townsite of Watrous, which is just being placed on the market.

Name .....

C.C. Address .....

### Application Blank for Purchase of Lots

Land Commissioner, Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, Winnipeg, Man.

I hereby make application to purchase ..... lots at the price of \$..... each, and enclose herewith remittance for \$..... being one-tenth the total purchase price. I agree to remit the same amount each month for nine consecutive months.

I desire your representative to select for me at Watrous what he regards as the best lots remaining unsold at this price. Title to lots to be clear and indefensible. No interest to be charged on deferred payments, and no taxes until the year 1912.

Name .....

C.C. Address .....

# The CANADIAN COURIER

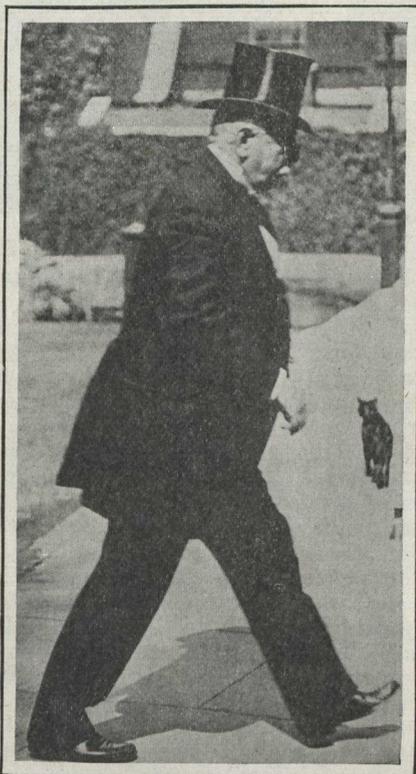
*A National Weekly.*

Vol. X.

September 9, 1911

No. 15

## MEN WHO SETTLED THE GREAT BRITISH STRIKE



MR. ALEXANDER SIEMENS

Twice President Institute of Electrical Engineers, represented engineering interests.

THE greatest strike in the history of the British Empire was settled on Saturday, August 19, when conditions almost equivalent to a civil war made it necessary for the Government to act promptly and decisively, as no government ever did on behalf of a labour dispute. It was a national crisis. A quarter of a million railway employees were out. Troops were firing upon strike rioters. At a riot in Wales the day before the settlement two men were shot down and others wounded. The Chancellor of the Exchequer came into the breach. The Liberal Government was largely elected by labour interests. The conference at the Board of Trade offices was the result.

By midnight messages had been sent to 1,800 labour unions ordering off the strike. The men claimed to have scored a victory—in the recognition of the unions. Most of the credit was accorded to Lloyd-George. The Premier was in personal attendance at the conference; when both he and the Finance Minister acted in the capacity of Labour Minister.

But the combined efforts of both Premier and Chancellor might have been ineffective but for the offices of one man. He is George Rankin Askwith, K.C., whose official position is Comptroller General of the Commercial Labour and Statistical Departments of the Board of Trade. Single-handed Mr. Askwith had brought to a settlement the first strike of the London dock labourers and carters, which looked as if it was going to ruin London's business. The principal part of Mr. Askwith's job,



ASQUITH AND ASKWITH—STRIKE SETTLERS

British Premier and Official Conciliator arriving at Board of Trade Offices.

Photographs by Topical Press



THE MAN WHO SETTLES ENGLISH STRIKES

Mr. G. R. Askwith, lawyer and Board of Trade official, is a genius at conciliation.



MR. SHADWORTH WATTS

Appeared on behalf of shipping interests in a crisis of transportation.

in spite of its high-sounding title, is to try, as a representative of the government, to settle labour disputes, and he has displayed such genius in his calling that the masters and men in nearly every big strike in the last two years have sent for him to conduct their negotiations.

His management of the last big strike in London is an excellent illustration of his methods. He got both sides to meet after they had told each other they wouldn't. Under his chairmanship they sat continuously for nearly 48 hours, till soon after midnight of the second day the arrangement was announced that stopped the strike and saved London.

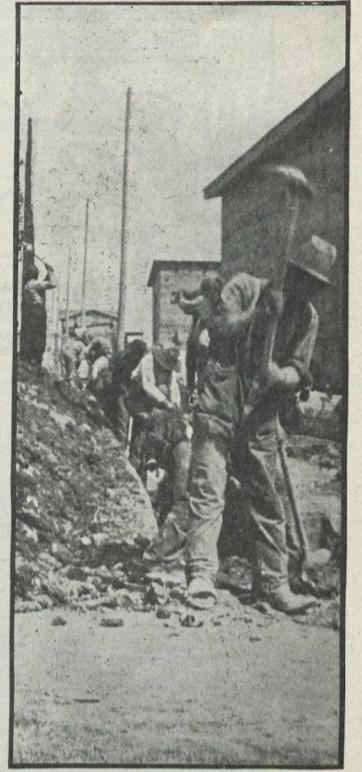
Practically the same thing happened at Hull, where the sailors came out a few weeks ago. When that strike spread to Cardiff and South Wales, Askwith travelled there, and in a couple of days restored peace. Last winter it is a certainty that the whole cotton industry, which employs so many millions throughout the northern counties, would have come to a standstill had not Askwith traveled north and stayed there until he saw every one of the causes of friction removed. When rapine and bloodshed were afoot in the mining district of South Wales last winter it was Askwith who sent for the men's leaders to confer with him. Askwith is tall and lank and grey-eyed. At the bar his career was distinguished. During the Parnell Commission he acted on behalf of the *Times*, and he represented Great Britain during the Venezuelan imbroglio.



COCHRANE'S WATERWORKS  
Calamity teaching a modern way.



WHAT THE REBUILDERS OF COCHRANE HAD TO GO UP AGAINST.  
Somewhere near this scene was the Mayor's hardware store.



A SEWERAGE SYSTEM  
New Cochrane will have city facilities.

## THE REBUILDERS OF COCHRANE

*Whom Fire, Flood and Famine Can't Stop*

By J. T. STIRRETT

Photographs by the Author.

**D**ID you ever see a man knocked out in a boxing match? If he is a weak man constitutionally, if his heart is affected, or if he is not in perfect physical condition the temporary unconsciousness produced by a violent blow in a vital spot may lapse into a long sleep of death. But, if he is a sound man, and has been carefully trained, he will sit up in a few minutes and smile.

In the latter part of July, fire swept through the forests of Northern Ontario, burned nearly a hundred people to death, reduced the thriving towns of Cochrane and Porcupine to ruins and destroyed millions of dollars worth of property. Fate administered her knock-out blow. It was a critical moment. If there had been any inherent weaknesses in the country, her people, her system of transportation, or her government, they would have become immediately apparent. The great heart of the North would have stopped and the frontier would have been reduced to the chronic state of torpor usually attributed to the door nail.

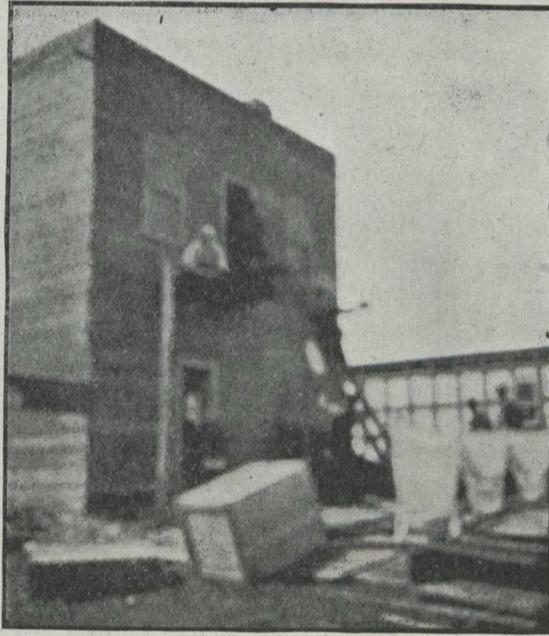
### Building Prestissimo.

Within twenty-four hours from the time Cochrane was left a smouldering heap of debris, Alderman Palangio, of the town council, built a new shop. The enterprising Italian, who was in politics by the aid of his countrymen in the construction camps, believed in his town. Four weeks after the conflagration one hundred new buildings were standing in Cochrane. Now there are a hundred and fifty. Every man is his own carpenter, and the song-of-the-hammer is heard in the land from sunrise till sunset. The whole community is a hill of human ants working desperately to get under cover before the frost locks them in its iron grip. A hundred labourers are employed under the direction of able engineers, putting in sewerage and waterworks systems, which will be completed this fall. Then the town will have a supply of excellent water, available for fire fighting, with a sewage outlet far removed from it.

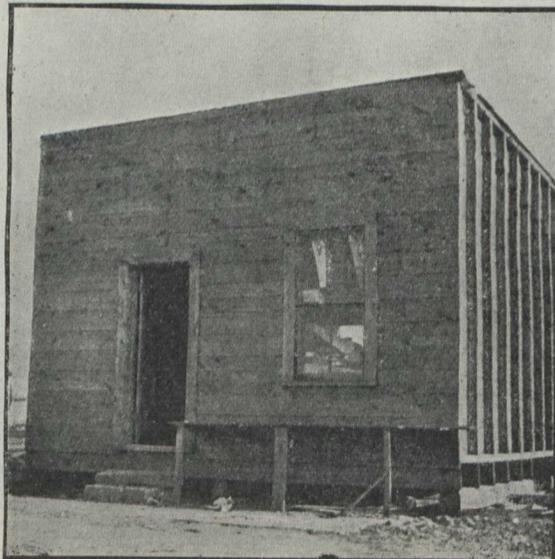
The buildings of this frontier community represent the architecture of utility, not of beauty. Some of the houses look like box-cars standing on end. Others have the appearance of having been twisted out of a monster tree, with the aid of a monkey wrench. But all of them will shelter their inhabitants during the approaching winter; and next spring there will be a new building boom, with stone and brick for materials instead of rough lumber. The attitude of the citizens is that nothing will stop Cochrane. Because it is the junction point of the Grand Trunk Pacific and Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railways, it must be a city some day.

Some one said that prospectors would be afraid to go back to Porcupine lest they should be devoured by a second conflagration. A miner, who came out the other day, stated that there are now fully five thousand men in the woods around Porcupine looking for gold as feverishly as though the recent tragedy had occurred in the middle ages. About two hundred new buildings have been erected since the fire, and progress is showing her how by

agitating in regard to the wisdom of preventing a typhoid epidemic. Stand on the platform at Kelso, when the northbound train arrives, and watch the prospectors, real estate men, curiosity-hunters and brokers tumbling off and gazing down the spur that leads to Porcupine. Look at the piles of lumber and machinery waiting for re-shipment. These are the answers to doubts as to the welfare of the



FIRST BUILDING IN COCHRANE AFTER THE FIRE.  
Erected in 24 hours by Alderman Palangio.



Every man his own carpenter in New Cochrane.

gold camp. Whether there is a permanent supply of gold there or not is a matter for time and the experts to decide, but thousands of men believe that it is there, and in great abundance. They support their theory by their presence, and hundreds of town builders are following them to assist of resurrecting a greater camp. The fire-swept area is already sitting up and smiling.

What saved the situation at the time of the fire and is aiding the wonderful recovery of the afflicted districts is the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway. It connects with Toronto via the Grand Trunk, and with Montreal via the Canadian Pacific. Trains can run from North Bay to Cochrane in ten hours, carrying the best of the two largest cities in Canada can provide. At present they are loaded with building materials, food, clothing and merchandise, to stack the new stores of Cochrane and Porcupine.

### The Great Clay Belt.

Another helper is the Clay Belt, which is a veritable life belt for the barren mining district. Most people have heard of it in a vague way, but they do not understand that it is an extensive table land containing 20,000,000 acres of fertile soil, capable of producing excellent crops of hay, oats, wheat and vegetables. New Liskeard, which is 112 miles above North Bay, and 141 miles south of Cochrane, marks the southern boundary of the Clay Belt, and it is interesting to notice that its northern boundary is south of a line drawn straight east from Winnipeg. This means that the 200,000 hundred-acre farms of the Belt lie nearer the equator than the bulk of the lands in the great wheat-producing provinces of Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan. Temiskaming wheat has run 64 pounds to the bushel, 80 bushels of oats have come from one acre, and two crops of hay can be gathered in one season. Of what tremendous importance it is that great mining and lumbering districts should have their food supply, vegetables and cereals for the men and hay and oats for the horses, within a few miles of their camps. Contrast this happy proximity between supply and demand in Northern Ontario with the conditions which existed in such mining camps as Klondyke, where supplies had to be carried for miles through a barren country. When the farmers have gathered in their crops the government railway is within sight of their barns, ready to convey it to the waiting market. At Kelso there is a branch running to Porcupine—and four miles from Kelso is the experimental farm at Monteith.

But the greatest restorative of the North is the spirit of her people. It flows up like fire in a dry jack pine and consumes all difficulties. The frontier man never quits. Fire, storm and flood, these are the forces of Nature which are apparently bent upon his destruction. But he is not afraid, and in the end he triumphs. Fire levels his shanty. He builds another. Floods wash away his crops. He plants more. His mine peters out. He finds another. Storms destroy his railways. He builds more. He is an economically sound specimen and nothing can knock him or his country out.

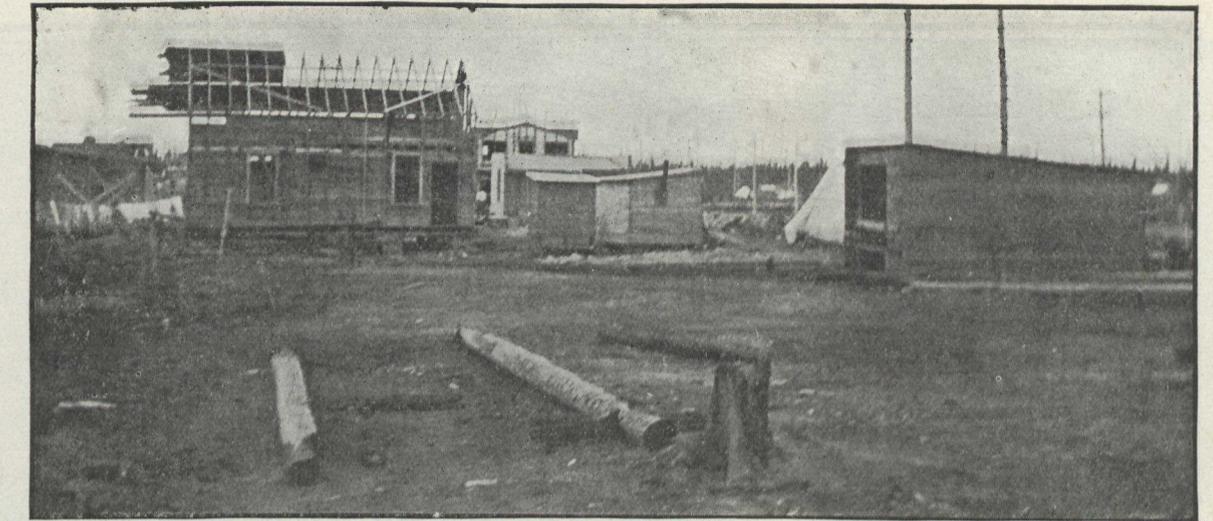
This is a miniature bold relief of the picture that may be seen clear across the top half of Canada. From the days of the earliest explorers and fur-traders until now, the rude north has bred strong men whose attachment to their great hinterland has become a passion far different from the quieter, perhaps more rational sentiment of men further south for the land their fathers won. These outposts are the first generation of builders in the name of modern civilization, as the fur-traders were the pioneers of the mediaeval era. They are of the strong, unrestrained type. It is their singular madness that has made it possible to recreate in the Porcupine area, a better picture of progress than was before the greatest fire of 1911.

**The Doukhobors at Verigin.**

A WRITER in the *Manitoba Free Press* has some interesting observations on the Doukhobor colony at Verigin. The Doukhobors, on their entrance to Canada, made themselves notorious by religious pilgrimages so extreme that Canadians took them for fanatics and were doubtful of them as an addition to the citizenship of the country. But judging from the record at Verigin, the Doukhobors are among the most industrious and thrifty of our new Canadians. To quote the *Manitoba Free Press*:

"This year the colony at Verigin has ten thousand acres in crop, seven thousand in oats, and three thousand in wheat. Flax is also grown to some extent. Horse ranching as an industry has also grown to considerable proportions. A few years ago cattle and sheep farming was an important factor, but the Doukhobors felt that such a practice was inconsistent with their religion, which forbids the taking of life. Now only enough cattle and sheep are kept to supply milk and wool to the colony. This spring Mr. Verigin intimated that all the men between the ages of 18 and 60, except those needed for the manning of the brickyard, etc., should go out among 'the English' and bring back this fall each two hundred dollars to his own village. Of course they went. 'Theirs not to make reply.'

"The brick yard employs 14 men, and this season will export 1,000,000 bricks, into the great mixing bins the clay is dumped where the power of the great engines mixes it freely. Then into the moulds



To the left is the only old building left by the fire. All the others are new.



Variegated styles in New Cochrane architecture, rushed up since the great fire.

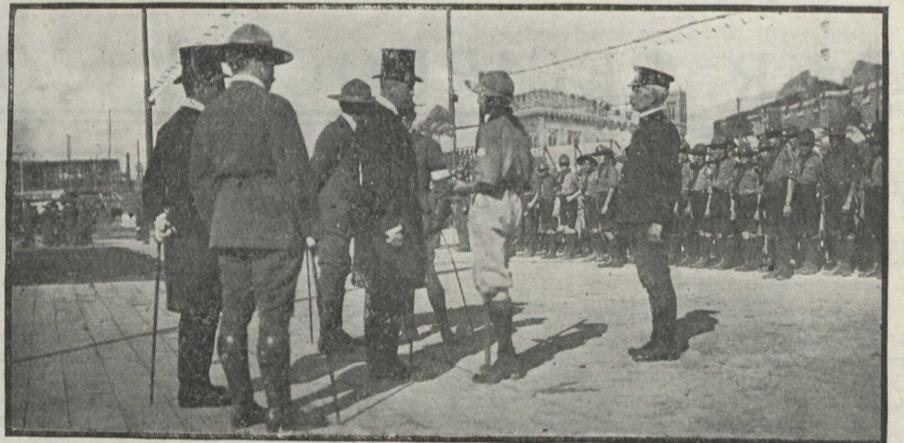
and on to the trays it goes, after which the formed bricks are slipped along the trolleys to the drying sheds. After so many days there, according

'as the sun she is,' they are carried to the immense kilns where for nine days and nights 235,000 are at one time kept under steady fire."

**SCENES FROM CANADA'S GREAT ANNUAL FAIR**



EARL AND LADY GREY ARRIVE AT THE EXHIBITION. Greeted by the President, Mr. Geo. Gooderham, and accompanied by Mr. W. K. McNaught.



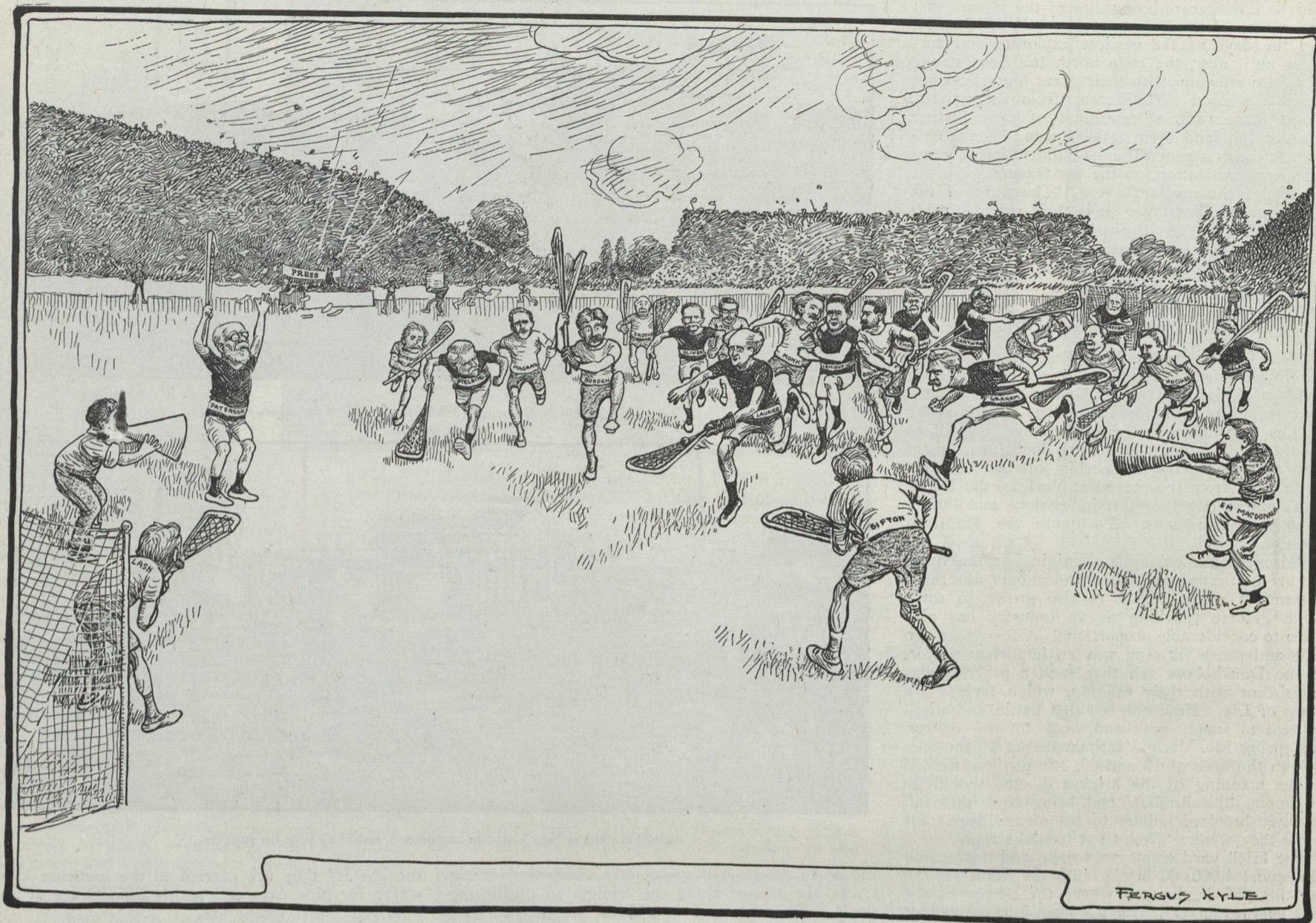
Earl Grey presents a life-saving medal to a Chatham member of the Boy Scouts.



Winner of the medal chaired and cheered by his comrades.



PRESENTATION OF THE NEW GOODERHAM FOUNTAIN. Mayor Geary, President Gooderham, Earl Grey, Lieut.-Governor Col. J. M. Gibson and Bishop Reeve, of Toronto.



**CANADA'S NATIONAL GAME**

Lacrosse was played in Canada before even the game of politics was invented. The cartoon above shows the leading figures on both sides of politics playing the national game of lacrosse in the present elections.

Drawn by Fergus Kyle.

**OUR RECIPROCITY CONTEST**

A FLOOD of letters have been received in our competition for the best 100-word letter from a reader beginning, "I shall vote Conservative" or "I shall vote Liberal." Some have been published and herewith are a few more:

I shall vote Liberal because all the sound argument is in favor of reciprocity. The Conservatives practically admit this in their letters to The Courier. They find little or no fault with the reciprocity agreement, but direct their attention chiefly to denouncing the Laurier administration and crying, "It is time for a change." I am waiting patiently to see the Conservatives advance some valid reason against the principle of freer trade in natural products, which, to my mind, cannot help but be beneficial to the producing and consuming classes on both sides of the line.

Orillia.

BETTER TIMES.

\* \* \*

I shall vote Conservative because the past record of the Laurier Government calls for quick reform.

I also believe reciprocity a fallacious policy that would export many of our raw products of forest and mines, which should be manufactured by skilled labour in Canada. Also our wheat and stock will in time be shipped north and south instead of east and west, thus limiting our winter port trade, which has taken years, money and labour to attain our present prosperity.

We want a Government that will not draw us away from the Mother Country by a commercial policy, but cement Canada closer in every way to Great Britain.

MARITIME LOYALIST.

St. John, N. B.

\* \* \*

I shall vote Liberal because the present Government's administration is, and always has been, for the best interests of Canada as a whole. Reciprocity, the vital point at issue in the coming election, should appeal very strongly to the working classes of the Dominion, as well as to the producer. All the products are bought up by dealers and manufacturers, and it is these people who get the benefit

from the so-called protective tariff, at the expense of the producer and consumer.

With the tariff wall torn down, as it surely will be, before many years, it will give the producer a wider market, and the consumer a cheaper living.

Maple Creek, Sask. \* \* \* TOM CRICHTON.

I shall vote Conservative, because I fear that this measure of reciprocity in food products with our neighbours to the south, will lead to a larger measure of reciprocity in other products, and eventually beget such a measure of good will that political union will become easy.

For many years we have had to seek distant markets for our surplus products, as our neighbours had plenty of their own, and did not want to buy from us; but their population has increased mightily, and their lands filled up, so much so that many of their sons and daughters have come north to this Canada of ours and pronounced it "very good." Instead of a sterile land of frost and snow, with a summer season too short to mature crops, they have found a rich and fertile land, with summer seasons of short nights and long sunshiny days in which the grain berry becomes as grains of gold, and where nature is doing wonders for mankind, our neighbours have realized that this land is going to fill up with a strong people, and—making much more than they can use—they say, "Let us go over and sell to them, taking in exchange the good things with which nature has blessed them! and, as they are our neighbours, let us come and go freely amongst them and be at peace." Now, this all spells prosperity to us, but what I fear is that I couldn't maintain such relations with our big neighbour, and retain my love for Canadian nationality and loyalty to the British flag. At least, I am no stronger in that respect than the leaders of the Conservative party, who clearly dread the issue—if we are to believe what they say—therefore, as a loyal Conservative I will have to refuse the neighbourly hand across the boundary and vote Conservative.

A. R. E. FRAZE.

Vancouver, B. C.

I shall vote Conservative because I'm a Loyalist Canadian, and believe in protecting home industries, of which farming is the chief. Take away protection from the farmers and the whole system of protection must fall and Canada lapse back to the stagnant conditions of 1878. Farmers won't support protection if there is none for them. The Americans tried twice to conquer Canada, and later they let loose the Fenians upon us. There is no parallel between the conditions now and under the reciprocity of 1854-66. Then each Province stood alone. No two Provinces, except Ontario and Quebec, were connected by rail. We had to sell where we could, and the war of the rebellion in the States, 1861-5, had created high prices in the States.

Charlottetown, P.E.I. ABEGWEIHT.

\* \* \*

I shall vote Liberal because reciprocity means the removal of food taxes and reduction of taxation on a limited number of manufactures which affect the cost of living; such removal and reduction must increase the volume of trade between the two countries, and trade makes wealth. As the prices of natural products in America are higher than in Canada, and the consumption of food increasing at a faster rate than its production as America evolves from an agricultural to a manufacturing nation, it follows that reciprocity will greatly develop Canadian farming, fishing and dairying industries and induce a flood of immigration to the cheap and fertile Western lands.

BRUCE.

Chesley, Ont. \* \* \*

I shall vote Conservative because it was under the National Policy, introduced by the Conservatives in 1888-9, that has made Canada the nation she is to-day. I shall vote against reciprocity because it looks like the point of the annexation wedge which, if driven home, will split Canada from the Mother Land. At the present time we do not supply our home market with farm produce. Nova Scotia imports millions of dollars worth of farm produce every year, so why look away from home for market? Hay shipped to Boston from here last fall did not pay costs and charges. It was No. 1 here, but not good enough for the Yankee market. I want to see Canada yoked to the Mother Land through an Imperial Union, and not to the United States through Reciprocity.

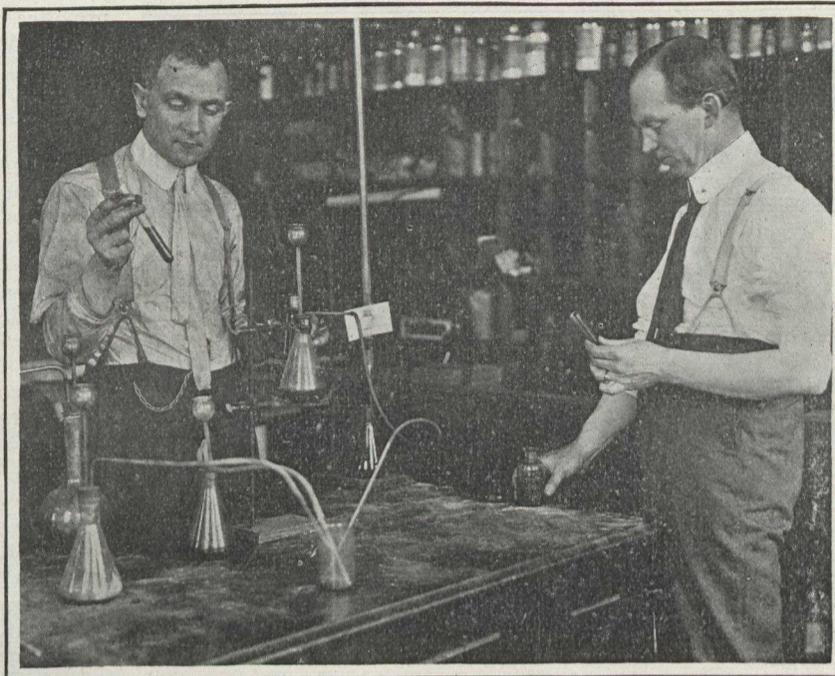
CUMBERLAND.

Parrsboro, N. S.



A DENTAL METALLURGIST

Dr. J. S. Island who discovered the new process for reducing low grade ores.



Dr. J. S. Island and his assistant, Dr. R. F. Forrest, testing Cobalt silver.

## SMELTING LOW GRADE ORES

*Canadian Makes Valuable Discovery*

By DONALD B. SINCLAIR

**I**N Toronto there is a dentist known as Dr. J. S. Island. At present he is not an active member of the tooth-pulling profession—which he deserted for a hobby. Dr. Island has become metallurgist and inventor; president of the Island Smelting and Refining Company, backed by Sir Donald Mann.

As a metallurgist the inventing dentist claims to have made a most valuable discovery. At least it is an interesting one and may some day put him in the category of millionaires. For years Dr. Island has been trying to solve one problem—the reduction of low grade ores. In Cobalt,

Porcupine, California and Alaska tons of mineral wealth are going to waste. Only a fraction of the precious metals stored there by nature has been utilized. Mining methods to-date are inadequate. The miner digs out rich veins and sends these ores, containing often 5,000 ounces of gold, silver or copper to the ton, to be smelted. Lower grade ores, which run about fifteen ounces to the ton, he throws on the dump, because the cost of reduction is too great. Now Dr. Island aims at making it worth while to salvage these low-grade ores.

How does he go about it? Seventy per cent. of low-grade ores are composed of insolubles. Dr. Island's method of refining these plebeian ores is to make soluble salts out of them. In this process he runs them through an ore crusher. Then he places them into specially constructed tanks. Mixed with water they are stirred by a propeller until a creamy lather arises. Then the mass is permeated by chlorine and sulphur dioxide gas, prepared in generators of Dr. Island's own design. The hard ores have now become soluble salts and it is no longer a difficult job to extract the principal metals

from the baser in the salt formation.

Hon. Wm. Templeman, speaking at Nelson, B.C., in July, stated that the Government were spending \$50,000 to discover a cheaper process for reducing zinc and lead, which form a large part of the mineral resources in British Columbia. Dr. Island says that his process will do the trick and that his company will establish a large smelter on the Coast.

Dr. Island is a young chap out of college only ten years. But he has grey hair and looks fifty. That's probably because he has been fussing with chemicals so long and so feverishly. In Toronto, behind the prosperous dental offices, where in the day time he attended to the teething of skittish college girls and elderly matrons, Dr. Island maintained a private apartment. This chamber was a horror of odours. Smells occasionally escaped which sent packing some of the dentist's clientele of patients; they aroused piquant curiosity among others. It was in this room, after office hours, far into the night, Dr. Island worked at his problem in metallurgy. His friends became interested—first for his health. Then they began to lend him money. He gave up dentistry, and his laboratory followed him to an old factory.

One day a promoter hit upon the Island building, and saw the dentist's operations. He had insomnia for a few days, and spent the time dogging the footsteps of Sir Donald Mann, with whom he had a bowing acquaintance. Sir Donald ran out to Island's place, which stands next door to a baby carriage factory. That was a year ago. Now Sir Donald has formed a ten-million-dollar company to boost Island's invention. There seems to be no doubt that Dr. Island can deliver the goods, but whether he or anybody else will make money out of his discovery will depend on how cheaply his refining process can be worked.

"I have every confidence," said Dr. Island, the other day. "We have got patents in nineteen countries and have seventeen applied for."

City dwellers who never saw a mine may now take an active interest in metallurgy; perhaps dig up low-grade ore from their back yards and make it pay for their cigars.

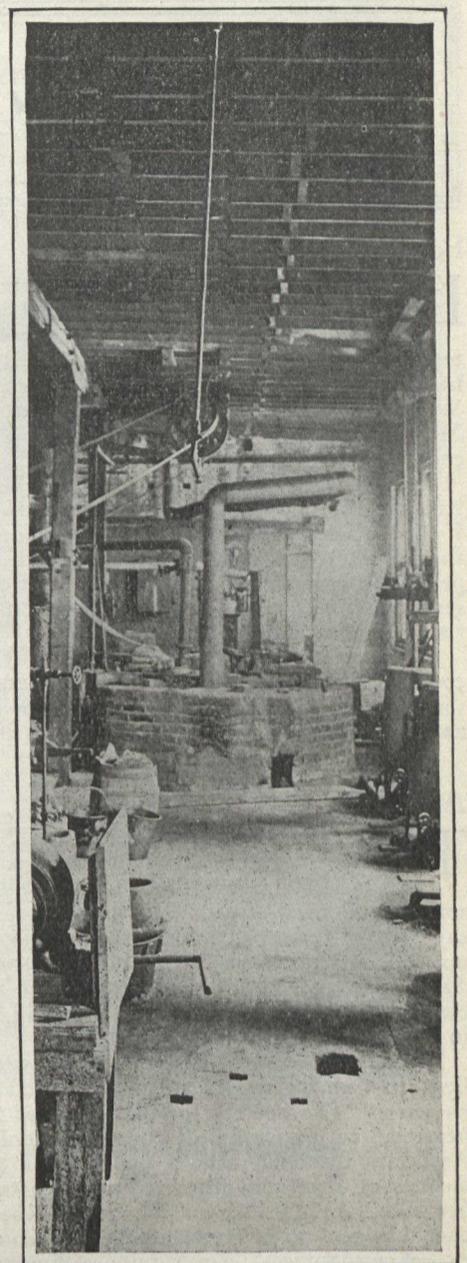
### An Odd Character.

**J**AMES COOK, janitor of the Medical Faculty, McGill University, Montreal, who was known to hundreds of doctors and students throughout the Dominion, died recently. He was eighty-five.

The Montreal *Star*, in a glowing tribute to the departed janitor, relates a peculiar yarn:

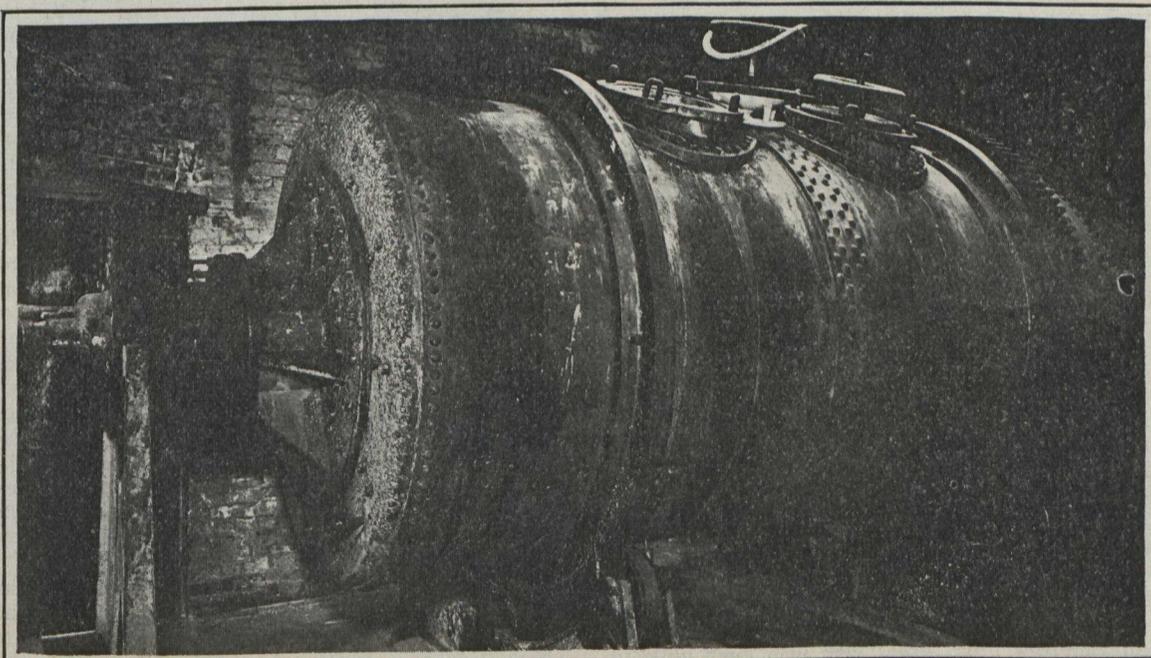
"He had one hobby—a gruesome hobby over which he chuckled, and over which deans and professors shivered. He collected the professional door plates of deceased doctors, and he looked on every doctor who became connected with the institution as a coming contributor to his collection.

One of the first things he would do when a new professor was appointed was to ask him to bestow his door-plate on him when he died—for he had lived so long and through so many evolutions of McGill that he had come to look on himself as being the only indispensable part of the institution."



THE ELECTRIC FURNACE

To the right is the beginning of a long line of electrolytic chlorine generators.



In this huge converter metals in low grade ores are reduced to soluble salts.

# REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

## Political Horizon Broadens.

LAST week, I mentioned that I thought both Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. R. L. Borden would have a majority at the polls on September 21st. During the past week, this conviction has been deepened. I am now quite sure that Sir Wilfrid will have an increased majority and that Mr. Borden and the Conservatives will sweep the country.

Being a journalist, I am a firm believer in the truthfulness and unerring judgment of the press. I must, therefore, believe the Liberal organs when they predict a sweep for Laurier, and I am compelled in honour to accept the statement of the Conservative press that there will be a "national uprising" in favour of Mr. Borden.

Of course, some foolish persons may make the commonplace remark that both sides cannot win, but these should remember that with the political journals, in their present mood, nothing is impossible.

\* \* \*

## A Word to the Down-Hearted.

THERE are a certain number of downhearted people just now to whom comfort should be extended. Some of these are Liberals and some are Conservatives. The downhearted Liberals say that if reciprocity doesn't pass, they will give up, sell out and leave the country to its fate. The down-hearted Conservatives claim that if reciprocity is accepted by Canada that ruin will stare them in the face.

My suggestion would be that those who still believe in Canada should form an association to be known as "The Society for the Relief of the Down-hearted," with a capital of one million dollars. This Association should make a public offer to buy the businesses of all down-hearted people after September 21st, at 50 cents on the dollar—the value of each business to be ascertained by a committee of expert accountants. I am quite willing to take the presidency of this company at \$25,000 and one-quarter of the profits. In the meantime, I shall be glad to hear from people who would like to buy stock in the organization.

\* \* \*

## Heroes of the War.

HEROES without number will be made by this great fight over reciprocity. Every Conservative who deserts his own side and joins the Liberal army will be a hero in the Liberal camp—for a while. Every Liberal who goes over to the Conservatives will also be a hero—for a time. Personally I admire these men who switch, providing that they are conscientious, as I believe most of them are. They are the salt of the political earth and keep it pure and wholesome.

But there are other heroes whom I do not like. One is the man who goes around peddling personal scandal against some public man, some member of Parliament, or some parliamentary candidate. The man who goes about stirring up a muddy pool may be a hero to himself, or to those who love mud and dirt, but I fancy some of the mud will splash back upon himself. There is a big difference between the man who denounces another's conduct in righteous anger, and the man who peddles gossip not because of principle, but because of personal spite.

Another hero whom I do not like is the newspaper editor who declares that So-and-so is not conscientious, though So-and-so has always borne a splendid reputation as a business man and has lived a blameless life. Of course he only does this against men who are acting in opposition to the cause which he, the editor, is supporting. Thus it is inconsistent as well as unfair.

For example. On Friday last, the *Toronto Globe* contained a virulent personal attack upon Mr. W. K. George and Mr. W. K. McNaught, because they have dared to oppose reciprocity. On the same day the *Toronto Star*, also a Liberal organ, published an "Honour Roll" containing the names of two score of Conservatives throughout Ontario who are putting "country before party," and are supporting reciprocity. In other words, if you are with us you are a hero, if you are against us you are a scoundrel.

Now, as to W. K. George and W. K. McNaught, there are not two finer men in the Dominion, and

the *Globe* comes down from its high pedestal when it makes a personal attack. They are public-spirited in the fullest sense; they are native Canadians who have done much for our national life; they are men who have received the highest honour at the hands of their fellow-men. Surely they have a right to vote as they wish on this public policy question without comment being made on the fact that their businesses are run on United States capital. The *Globe* struck a hard blow at the cause which it is supporting when it resorted to such tactics, and it also did much to lower journalism in the eyes of all fair-minded men. In all charity, one must hope that the *Globe*, hitherto the leading newspaper of Ontario, if not of Canada, has made a mistake which it already regrets.

\* \* \*

## Progress of the New Transcontinental.

BY this time next year, the Grand Trunk Pacific should be operating trains between Winnipeg and Cochrane, where the National Transcontinental meets the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway. For the first time there will then be two railway lines between Winnipeg and Montreal.

As far as the line east of Cochrane is concerned, no one seems anxious to push it to completion. The Grand Trunk people are not anxious and the National Transcontinental commissioners probably realize that it will not be required for some years to come, at least not until the Quebec Bridge is

## THE NEW SYSTEM

SOME time ago, owing to the steady growth of our subscription list, it became evident that THE CANADIAN COURIER'S mechanical department must be reorganised. The change was decided upon and made. The presses that now print this journal are larger, print more pages at a time, and run day and night. The paper goes to press earlier and the western edition is mailed twenty-four hours earlier.

All these changes were not made without encountering difficulties. For three months weekly adjustments were necessary. Now the new system is nearly perfect and every subscriber from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic should receive his paper on Friday or Saturday.

finished, some five or six years hence. Of course it will be built, but there is no use rushing it through and laying rails which would rust out for want of traffic. For the next five years the Grand Trunk will have quite enough to do to work out the management details on the line between Prince Rupert and Cochrane, and to create or secure enough traffic to keep that portion of the new transcontinental even fairly busy. It will be better for the G. T. P. to go slow and to work up its feeders, rather than to plunge quickly into the operation of a line which must be run at a loss for the first ten years at least.

If the politicians and the people will be patient and be content to make haste slowly, much money will be saved. The G. T. P. is doing fairly well, but to attempt to drive it too fast through unproductive territory would be to endanger its chances of making a success of what it has undertaken.

\* \* \*

## C. N. R. at Calgary.

WHEN Sir Donald Mann announced that the Canadian Northern would be in Calgary at the end of the year, probably few people in eastern Canada realized the significance of the announcement. But Western Canada realizes it. The second city in the West has had only one railway to advertise it, to develop it, and to give it transportation facilities. No great city was ever built up on one railway. It must have several railways. The same may be said of a province, or a portion of a

province. Southern Alberta rejoices with Calgary.

The West has three great railways, but heretofore each has been confined to its own particular territory, although all three meet in Winnipeg. When the main line of the C. N. R. reached Edmonton, that city began to boom because it was the only place west of Winnipeg with two railways. Now Saskatoon has three, Regina two, Brandon two, and Edmonton three. Calgary will shortly have three. The railways are beginning to cross each other and to share with each other the traffic of all the country. Soon the Western cities and the Western farming districts will have railway competition and railway service equal to anything in Ontario and Quebec.

The prosperity of every city is largely the result of its transportation facilities. There are other influences which go toward city-building, but transportation is chief.

\* \* \*

## The Danger of Picketing.

CANADA has always set her face against picketing, in time of lockouts or strikes. The judicial decisions are nearly all against it. The strikers may use moral suasion to prevent men going to work, but they must not use physical compulsion, nor must they undertake an organized or advertised boycott. The general experience and belief of impartial observers has supported the doctrine that workmen have a right to strike in unison and that their aims may be satisfactorily and fairly pursued without the exercise of compulsion over their fellows or their employers.

In Great Britain, on the other hand, the Trades Disputes Act of 1906 sanctioned "peaceful picketing," and under its protection the working people have gone to extremes. During the recent strikes, the police were powerless against the strikers. A Toronto man returning home tells how he disguised himself and drove a cab containing his luggage down to the boat. Otherwise, he could never have got his bags and trunks aboard. He tells of many passengers having their luggage taken off cabs and the contents distributed among the "peaceful picketers." Numerous persons were forced to go aboard their vessels without their baggage. Such conduct on the part of the strikers would not be tolerated in Canada.

An effort will now be made either to abolish or regulate picketing in England. The best opinion of trades unionists here is against it, but it is possible that there may be less common-sense and broad-mindedness among the labour people of Great Britain. Once admitted, picketing will be hard to eliminate. Nevertheless the British people owe it to themselves and their commercial position to make such amendments to their laws as will prevent such disgraceful and disorderly scenes as marked the recent struggle in that country. Furthermore such lawlessness impedes the steady progress which unionism is making throughout the world.

\* \* \*

## Gas Electric Cars.

WILL the trolley car on rural and interurban lines follow the horse into seclusion? This is a question which those interested in electric railways are now asking themselves. It is rumoured that several electric corporations in Ontario are studying the results of experiments which have been carried on in the United States with gas-electric cars. A railway between Rochester and Pittsburgh is using these cars and so are several other roads. The *Electric Traction Weekly*, of August 19th, describes the mechanics of six new cars of this type.

These cars make their own electricity. In the "cab" portion of the car is an eight-cylinder gas engine, similar to that used in an automobile. This engine drives an electric generator which is designed specially for heavy traffic work. The electricity thus generated is carried to ordinary motors on the axles of the cars, as in the regular type of trolley car. There is also an auxiliary gas engine, which produces electricity for lighting purposes, air pumps and a cooling system.

In popular language, this car is a combination of the ordinary automobile and the regular trolley car, only there is no trolley, no overhead wires, and the engine is not connected directly with the axles. Electricity is interposed between the engine and the axles.

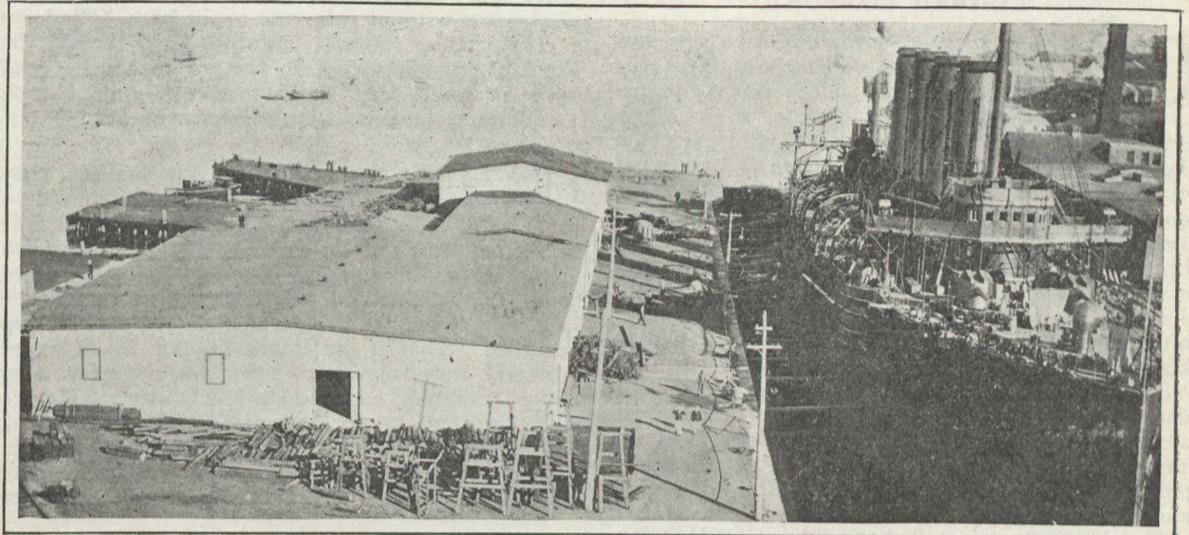
The system looks good. If it is as economical it will be almost universally adopted. Lightning can put only one car out of business at a time, instead of stopping all the cars on the particular road to which it takes a fancy. Each car, like each automobile, runs entirely independent of those which precede it and those which follow.

# WARSHIPS HOVERING ON OUR COAST

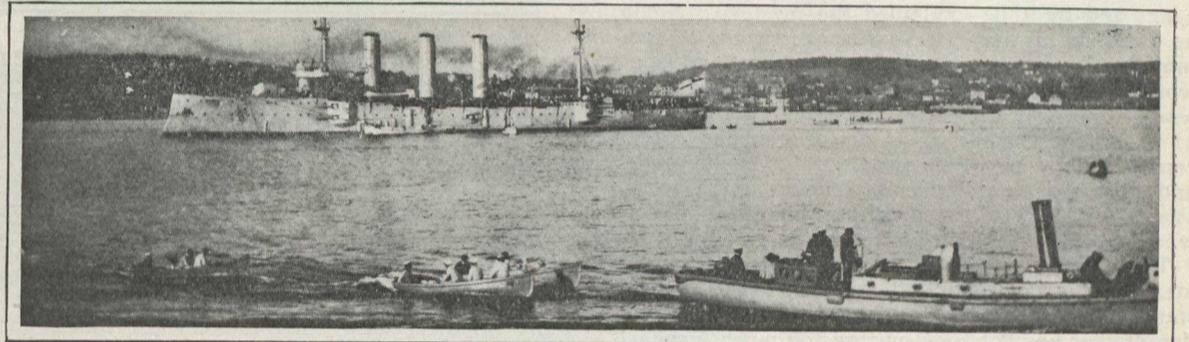
*Picturesque but Peaceful Story of the Men-of-War at Halifax*



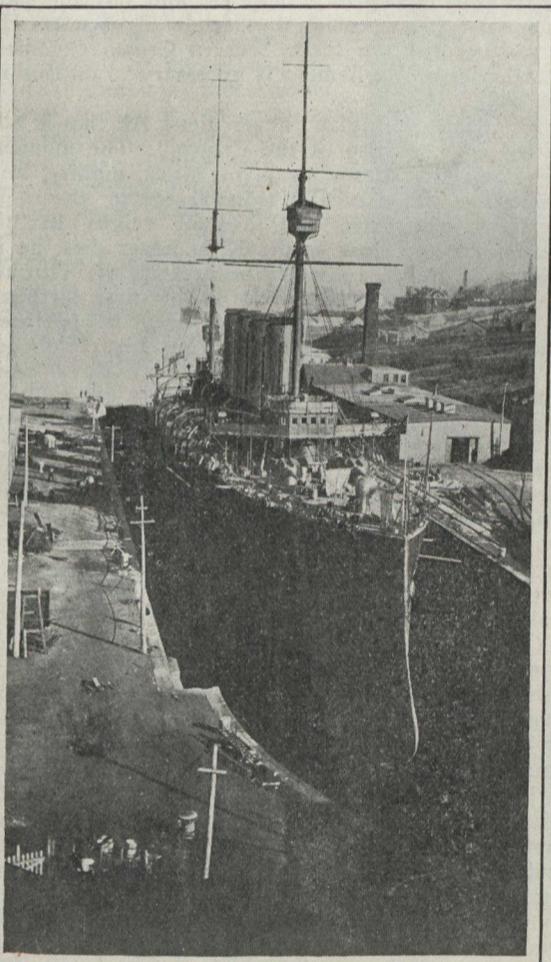
S.S. Niobe towed into Halifax by H.M.S. Cornwall.  
 Photograph by R. D. Cox.



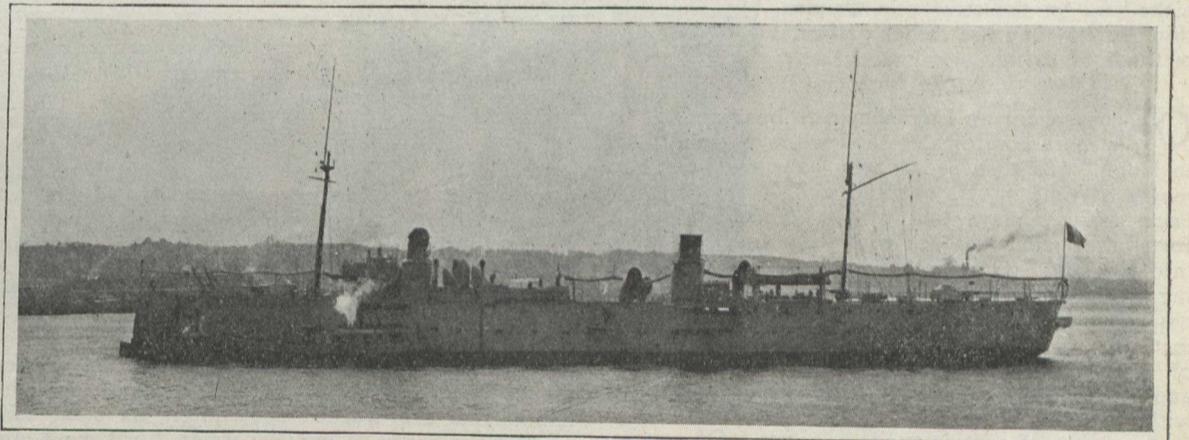
Dry Dock at Halifax, with the Niobe inside, ready to undergo repairs costing \$250,000.



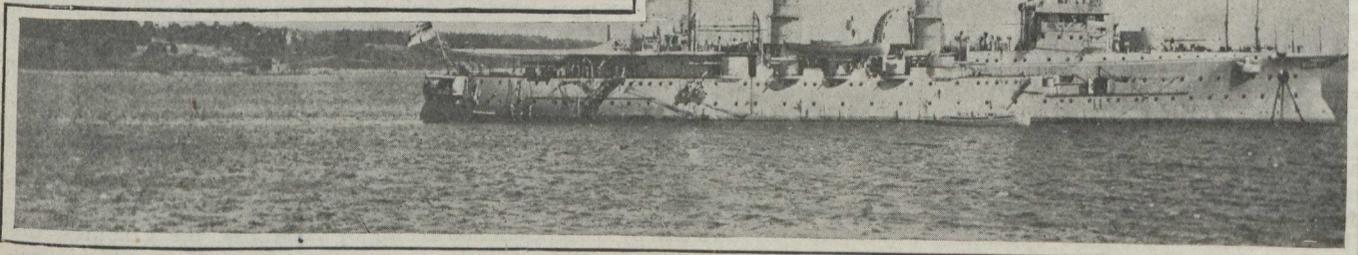
British steamer Cornwall, which went to the assistance of the Niobe and was damaged \$100,000 worth.



Niobe in the Halifax Dry Dock.



French cruiser D'Estrees, which ran ashore on George's Island, near Halifax.



The German cruiser Victoria Louise, a summer visitor at Halifax, left that port last Saturday.

Photograph by H. W. Hewitt.

WARSHIPS seem to be getting into trouble this season off the Maritime Coast. In Halifax at the present time are two disabled warships. Recently the H. M. C. S. Niobe and H. M. S. Cornwall tried conclusions with rocks about the same time. The Niobe got a real bad blow, but the Cornwall, though weak, could get along under her own steam. She sought to assist her sister warship from Canada, attaching herself by thick cables to the Niobe. As the Niobe's steering gear was awry, the trim cruiser "Lady Laurier," arriving on the scene, slipped under the Niobe's stern and acted as rudder for her. The two disabled leviathans and the buoyant Lady Laurier in unique procession headed for Halifax Harbour.

The French cruiser D'Estrees ran ashore on George's Island some time ago while entering Halifax harbour. Two German warships have visited Halifax this summer. Two American training ships have also been in port.

# THROUGH A MONOCLE

## CANADIAN COMFORT.

ONE of the British journalists, who are now touring the country under the guidance of Mr. J. Obed Smith, made a remark to me of which I did not at first catch the significance. He expressed surprise at finding so much "home comfort" in Canada. When I somewhat brusquely, I fear, asked him what he meant—it seeming to me that that was nothing to be surprised about—he went on to explain that, as he rode through the country, he saw farmers' houses with broad verandahs, and, on the verandahs, rocking chairs, "and that sort of thing, you know." I admitted that we had them; but his surprise at finding them was nothing to my surprise at his surprise. Why, of course, we had them. They were commonplace with us. And if he had gone into these houses, he would have found pianos and tasteful furniture and well-chosen pictures on the walls, and good magazines and books on the tables. In fact, I would have liked to have matched our farm houses against his for comfort; but we did not get that far.

\* \* \*

HOWEVER, he subsequently made a little after-dinner speech which I was happy enough to hear; and in it he explained the mystery. Again, he dwelt on his surprise at what we regard as commonplace; and he added that the people at home would be surprised, too, when they read what he would write. "I am afraid," he said, "that too many of us regard Canada as a sort of glorified mining camp—a place to which people go to make money and then get away from as quickly as they can. We do not think of it enough as a country of homes where people might choose to live."

That may have been no more than one man's idea—or the notion prevalent in a "set." But his statement started me wondering if our immigration department has not been putting too much emphasis on the money-making side of our legitimate attractions to the intending emigrant, and not enough on its promise to the home-seeker. Englishmen are apt to get an exaggerated notion that gold is to be picked up on the streets in Canada, but—come to think of it—they are rather patronizing toward our methods of living.

\* \* \*

OF course, for an Englishman to imagine that he is more comfortable than we are—well, "it is to laugh." English people who have lived for any length of time in this country, and dream of going back again, always talk of the "Canadian comforts" they will take back with them and "introduce into England." For instance, there is house-heating, to take an almost hackneyed example. English houses have begun of late to copy our heating methods; but it is not so very long since a system of even heating, by which the halls and staircases and bed-rooms are all kept at the same temperature with the living rooms, was almost unknown in England outside of certain modern hotels. Of course, there is much to be said for the good old-fashioned English fire-place. It is a fine ventilator, and it is a cheery companion. I had rather have a grate-fire to soothe my moods and keep me company than many human beings. It never bores you—it never contradicts—it never spoils the sweet solace of the silence.

\* \* \*

HEALTH, too, is another matter. I am not sure that the English method of heating is not the healthier—for such cold as they have in the British Isles. It would be a joke, of course, in mid-January in Canada. Still we certainly over-heat our houses. We make them as uncomfortable for a rugged Englishman or a full-blooded English woman as their houses are for us. I have heard most harrowing tales of English people taking turns at the little slits some Canadians put in their double-window sills in order to get a breath of out-door air in a room of torrid temperature. Yet, taking it all together, with the chilly English bed-room of a morning and the clammy English sheets of a night, I think we beat them for comfort. Then there are the English shoes. I cannot believe that they are as comfortable for ordinary human feet as our shoes. As for the English tall hat on ordinary occasions, it is passing with other instances of mild lunacy. Toronto goes in a good deal for it on a Sunday, when it thinks it rather a virtue to be uncomfortable. But they are giving it up in London. You see far fewer black cylinders in the business sections on a week-day now than you did even ten

years ago. But I cannot take leave of this subject of comfort without referring to the bath. We have a comfortable, rational bath-tub; and, though the English are borrowing it pretty freely, they did have an ankle-deep atrocity which—coupled with a cold room—made bathing a form of penance.

\* \* \*

HOWEVER, if we beat them for comfort, they beat us—in their villages and countryside—for beauty. The Canadian village has not had time yet to pay much attention to beauty. The English village is an idyll in ivy-clad cottages, thatched roofs, fat hedges, and old-fashioned gardens. The Englishman does not make his factory or his shop beautiful. That is, he leaves London in its naked ugliness, and does nothing for his manufacturing cities. But they can build a lovely city over there when they try—as, for example, Edinburgh, Oxford, York, and—in spite of its pathetic poverty—Cork. I do not wonder that the British Islanders cannot conceive of himself as leaving home for any other

reason than the making of money. But it is a question whether we should not put more emphasis in our appeals for immigrants on the fact that our people live in comfort out here—that we are not "a glorified mining camp." Many a man must feel that he is leaving the Home Land for good; and he would be not a little influenced by the fact that the standard of living was of a tempting character in the country to which he was thinking of going.

\* \* \*

PERHAPS, Englishmen, in their turn, can teach us to make more of village and "country" life. It is the ideal existence in the Motherland. The city man works and saves that he may afford to live in a village. Here our young villagers impatiently follow the line of rails to the clanging city. They lose the leisure; they lose the mental poise; they lose that element in life which makes John Bull so steady and solid an individual. They practically never think of going back. Their departure from the village is regarded as an escape—not as an exile. That is not the English point of view. The successful Englishman retires joyfully to the village and the "country"; and village and "country" life is the sweetest, soundest life in the United Kingdom. Can't they teach us the trick?

THE MONOCLE MAN.

## WHAT KING GEORGE CAN DO

### *Peculiar Privileges of Sovereignty*

By HORACE WYNDHAM

IT is almost easier to say what King George can do than to say what he can do. As Sovereign of England, His Majesty King George V. is in virtue of his position automatically enabled to exercise a number of special privileges—commonly termed "prerogatives"—which are shared within by his loyal subjects, nor by anybody else in the world. Many of them date from the earliest times, and their retention in the present year of grace must be regarded as a concession to sentiment rather than to any strictly utilitarian purpose. Yet, certain of these "prerogatives" are, nevertheless, of a substantial nature. First and foremost is the one that places the Sovereign above the law. "The King can do no wrong" is a legal axiom that still holds good. James I., it will be remembered, so firmly believed in this principle that he carried it to the extent of claiming divine right for everything he did. We have advanced somewhat since then, but even now his Majesty's person is absolutely exempt from arrest. He can never be sued in a court of law, nor is he required to attend and give evidence. As he is above the judges, he has the power of remitting any punishment imposed on a subject. A curious result of the King's legal position is that he is debarred from arresting or giving information that will lead to the arrest of a criminal, since nobody can be both judge and prosecutor, by theory the Sovereign is always present in court, and the indictments are worded accordingly as being and against the peace of our Sovereign Lord the King, his Crown and Dignity.

The King has a large and varied number of "personal" prerogatives. One of them enables him to issue a writ preventing any subject from leaving the realm, and, similarly, he can recall a subject from abroad. He also has the sole right of printing the Bible within the United Kingdom, of coining money, and fixing the standard of weights and measures throughout his dominions. Since all land discovered by a British subject in any part of the globe belongs to the Crown, it is possible that the South Pole may next become British territory. The King can also alter the Royal Standard and Great Seal, and make peers and coups titles of nobility at will. As supreme head of the naval and military forces of the country, he has the power of declaring war or concluding peace without reference to Parliament; and, finally as a father of his people, he is the nominal guardian of all infants and lunatics.

The Sovereign's "political" prerogatives enable him to refuse his assent to a Bill, even though it may have passed through both Houses. The last monarch to exercise such a prerogative was Queen Anne, who, in 1707, refused the Royal assent to a Bill dealing with the Scottish Militia. The King may issue proclamations, and these are binding if founded upon the existing laws. No Act of Parliament applies to himself if he is not specially named therein. He appoints all the principal officers of the Royal household; but he cannot create salaried appointments on his own initiative. Parliament may be prorogued or dissolved by him at pleasure,

for theoretically it is summoned by his writ and a member's vote is a franchise, and not a right. If the Sovereign wishes to form a corporation all he has to do is to issue a Royal grant to the inhabitants. As head of the Established Church, the occupant of the Throne is "Defender of the Faith," and the Supreme Court of Appeal in ecclesiastical cases. He can nominate to bishoprics, and has the patronage of incumbencies thus rendered vacant. He can also constitute fresh Sees in Crown Colonies, but an Act of Parliament is necessary to do this in England.

The King of England never dies. All that is admitted is a "demise of the Crown." The moment the Sovereign passes away, his titles, dignity, and power are automatically transferred to the heir apparent, who from that moment reigns in his stead. So, too, just as the King never dies, he is always of full age directly he ascends the Throne, whether he has reached his twenty-first birthday or not. In practice, however, a regent is appointed for administrative purposes during his childhood. A species of sanctuary attaches to all Royal residences, and no kind of judicial process can be lawfully executed in one, except against a criminal or Crown debtor. A Royal residence is also exempt from rates and taxes so long as the Sovereign occupies it. Thus Marlborough House is rated, but Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle are not. On a "demise of the Crown," members of Parliament, judges, and naval and military officers are required to take a fresh Oath of Allegiance; and Cabinet Ministers surrender their portfolios.

Certain prerogatives once enjoyed by the Crown have now lapsed; either through desuetude or through being replaced by others. Among these is that of compelling a subject to accept a knighthood or pay a fine as forfeit. The prerogative of "marine impressment" has also been abandoned. It is one that was shamefully abused by Charles I., who frequently exercised it as a means of exhorting money from unwilling lenders. The Magna Charta and the Habeas Corpus Act, together with other Statutes, divested the Crown of several prerogatives that formerly attached to it. In some instances compensation was granted in return; but this was not always the case. In the time of Charles II. military tenures were sanctioned, and excise duties accorded in their place. Queen Elizabeth abandoned the right hitherto claimed by the Throne to exclude a duly elected member from his seat in the House of Commons. The Sovereign is at liberty to either enjoy a prerogative in person, or else to delegate it to another party. This latter procedure is usually carried out by issuing a commission. Examples of such occur with reference to the Crown's judicial prerogative, when Commissions of Assize or Justices of the Peace are appointed. Appeals from the Dominion of Canada, the Commonwealth of Australia, the Colonies, the Channel Islands, and the Isle of Man, which were formerly dealt with by the King, are now referred to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

# PLUS AND MINUS

*Three Points of View Converging on One Angle*

By ALAN SULLIVAN

IT was at the close of a dreary winter day that three men sat in front of a great fire-place in a well-known city club—three men whose distinctive personalities were revealed by the yellow light of leaping flame. Around them was the subdued atmosphere which men of affairs look for and appreciate in their social haven, an array of deep yawning leather chairs and broad flat tables littered with periodicals, and expanse of sober-coloured carpet into which the foot sank noiselessly. Their talk had drifted unconsciously from the topics of the day to what might be termed individualities—they were expressing not so much their opinions as themselves, and—old cronies—all—each offering to friendly vivisection was made in sincerity and received with courteous respect.

Penrose, the artist, a tall, slight, delicate man, was speaking, slowly and thoughtfully. "It is curious," said he, "how very few things do really interest and hold us; we live in such a kaleidoscope that our attention is continually diverted to some new phase—colour scheme—to speak professionally, and as our minds grow agile in movement they seem to lose retention. Perhaps it's our interpretation of things that is at fault. Personally, I am deeply conscious of loss in this respect."

The others did not speak at once; they were wondering how Penrose could complain of a deadened sensibility—Penrose, who had mixed into his paints such a quintessence of delicate feeling and perception that his work was prized above that of any modern artist.

At last Stevenson, the iron-master, broke in: "My dear fellow, if Hulett or myself had entered that complaint there would be reason in it; but you—you see things that we are blind to and cannot realize till we get the chance of buying your paintings, and that doesn't come any too often."

"Perhaps I will be more clear if I put it another way. There are things which one may think are not worth the effort to obtain; some other one makes the effort and does obtain. Now, although we still question the value of that particular thing to ourselves, we begin to be just a trifle disgruntled, because some one else has decided otherwise, and acted upon that decision."

"Heavens, Penrose," put in Hulett, "that sounds remarkably commercial to come from such an untainted source as yourself!"

The others both laughed, and Hulett continued: "What do you feel the need of? You've got the world to paint, and the world wants you to paint it. Stevenson makes steel rails and is haunted by tariff reform, and I manufacture cloth and fight the labour unions. You don't want to change places with us, do you?"

"No, I don't. I suppose it's all due to that unrest which some good-natured poet has called divine, but honestly I am impressed by what you men are doing. You feed thousands; you create wealth; you strengthen the nation—and, curiously enough, my keenest impression is not about my own work, but Stevenson's."

The latter turned in his seat and looked at Penrose: "What is it, old man?"

"It's the trip I took with you two years ago. It seems to grow more vivid every day; I have forgotten much, but never that!"

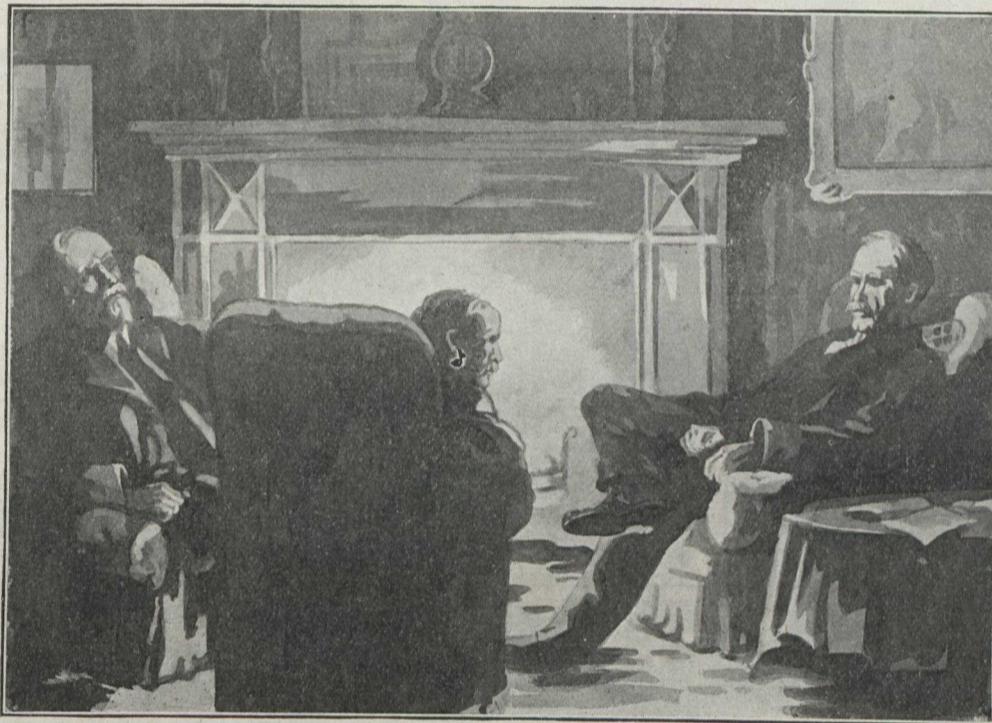
Inquisitive to see the picture of his own work in the artist's mind, Stevenson said: "Tell us, just as you see it now."

The slight figure in the big chair began to speak very quietly.

"I went on board a steel ship, one-eighth of a mile long, and took possession of as perfect a cabin as I ever had on the Cunard. I was borne across a great inland ocean to a place where another ocean plunges into it, was lifted up, and in twelve hours had gone another two hundred miles."

Stevenson chuckled—"We had her wide open for his benefit, Hulett," but Penrose continued:

"Then I came to great caverns that went down into the very bowels of Mother Earth. Here a regiment of huge machines were tearing and gnawing at mountains of iron ore, and dropping it by the ton into steel cars. The cars were hurried away to the water's edge, and were seized by some kind of mechanical monster, and their contents literally upset into gaping pockets. The pockets emptied themselves into the steamers that lay beside them, at the rate of ten thousand tons in six hours. Across the water they swept to long docks where machines with titan arms and hands plunged them into the holds of the ships, scooped out the ore and flung it into other cars. These bore the ore to other artificial mountains, from which the furnaces were fed with fuel and stone and iron. Night and day they roared and vomited molten metal, out of which the dross was blown by a cyclonic blast. Then came the rolls—monumental, resistless, inflexible—they received the steel billets, crushing, flattening, shaping, till out of heat and toil and power came the steel rails, miles and miles of them, as I watched. All this without the touch of a human hand. Now



"I wanted to get away from everything and everybody, so moved on west."

Drawn by S. S. Finlay.

that is something I can never forget, and I see it all more vividly than the greatest canvas of the greatest painter—and yet I call myself an artist," he added, half contemptuously.

Stevenson's gray eyes were riveted on the speaker. It was all true—just as Penrose had told it. It was his work—good work—and he knew it; and yet he had never looked on it in this way; he had been too much a part of the picture himself to appreciate its magnificent proportions. A curious idea came into his mind, and, anxious to prove it, he turned to Hulett.

"Impressions are in order, Hulett, tell us yours—the impression above all others."

The latter sat gazing studiously into the red coals. "Well," he said at length, "oddly enough, my memory goes back thirty years. I had just left Yale, and was having a fling before shouldering my burdens, and had drifted up into Canada, moose shooting. We, the guide and I, had been out all day, and when night came were miles from camp; it had been a hard day, too, on snow-shoes, and I was about all in. Dark found us on top of a ridge looking down into a spruce-covered hollow; pretty inhospitable, I thought, till the guide raised his hand and pointed.

"Look," he said—"Smoke—"

"Smoke sure enough it was, a thin wreath of it curling over the tree tops. We dived down the slopes and in a few minutes found the camp. It was a Hudson Bay trapper's—a big tepee made of skins and bark—about twenty feet in diameter, and pointed like a Pierrot's hat. We lifted the flap

and looked in. The trapper, a fine old chap, was mending snares, and his wife and daughter—the latter a perfect beauty—were sitting on rabbit-skin rugs and making snow-shoes. The place was spotless and a fire crackled in the middle of it all—I tell you I never saw anything so inviting in my life."

"Youth, youth, ever blessed youth," murmured Stevenson, but Hulett raised an insistent hand and went on:

"There was mighty little there, and I knew it, but what there was, was complete. There lay the beauty of it. The old fellow welcomed us with the manner of an aristocrat—asked not a single question, except were we hungry. The women got kettles and things, and he went outside, dug in the snow, and brought in some partridge and rabbits and fish, and put them all in the pot together; then they made dough-boys—delectable balls of flour and grease—and put those in. They had tea, and made that, and when all was ready waited on us with a grave solicitude that I have only seen equalled in the chief steward of this club. When we had finished, they gave us robes to sleep in, and as I rolled over, I noticed that the old woman had already started to mend my socks.

"It seemed only a few moments till I woke, but it was morning; our breakfast was ready, and it was as good as our supper. When I was leaving, I noticed a red sandstone pipe the old boy had been smoking, and offered to buy it. He took it out of his mouth and said: 'It is yours.'

"And now listen. He put us on our trail, and when I insisted on his taking money, he simply drew himself up like the gorgeous old pagan he was, and said:

"'No, no—you would have done the same for me,' and was off like a shot.

"Now, gentlemen, would I?—That's the question I have been asking myself periodically ever since. His interpretation puts mine to shame nine times out of ten; he had nothing, but he gave much, and gave it with grace and modest confidence, looking for nothing. He had the largeness of heart which the competition in our lives is choking to death. I tell you that terrapin and pommery have not killed the savor of that stew, and I don't intend that they ever shall. Stevenson suggests 'youth.' I am with him to a point, but that old fellow had youth and sweetness of spirit while we seem to be getting dried up before our time. Well, you have it, and I expect it's hardly the kind of impression you were anticipating—eh, Stevenson?"

The ironmaster had just lit a cigar and was intently watching the dwindling end of a match. "Well, I don't exactly know," he answered; "I almost did expect something like that, although my

knowledge of your tastes does not associate you with stews and dough-boys. I have some kind of an elemental idea in my head that we are all more or less pagans, or would like to be sometimes—just periodically. We profit by our civilization, of course, hugely, but there are some primitive joys we miss on account of it. We are apt to get so infernally refined that we become unnatural. Do you remember Bishop Blougram in Browning, how he

'Rolled him out a mind  
Long crumpled, till creased consciousness lay  
smooth.'

That's what most of us need—to get the wrinkles out of our mental compositions. I did once, completely and absolutely—it's my one great impression.

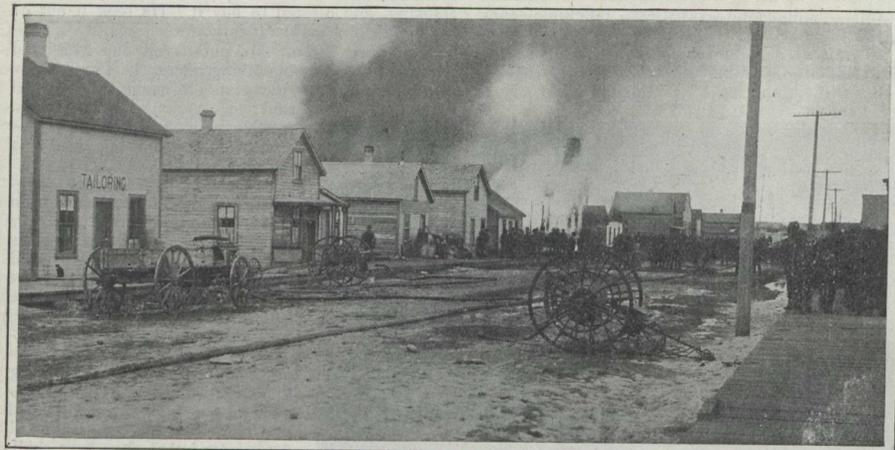
"After the Steel Trust took over our plant, I went abroad. It had been heavy work; you know perhaps that our people were the biggest independents outside the Carnegie lot, and when the smoke had cleared away and papers were signed, I went over and stayed in Algiers. I wanted to get away from everything and everybody, so moved on west till I came to a little town called Kroubs, a white-washed patch not far from the edge of the Sahara. The people were practically all natives, Moors, Nubians, and Arabs, with perhaps half a dozen French.

"All that part of Africa was under French military rule—it was a grazing country—and Kroubs was really the headquarters of the business for the province. I stayed in a small Arab hotel fronting

(Continued on page 24.)



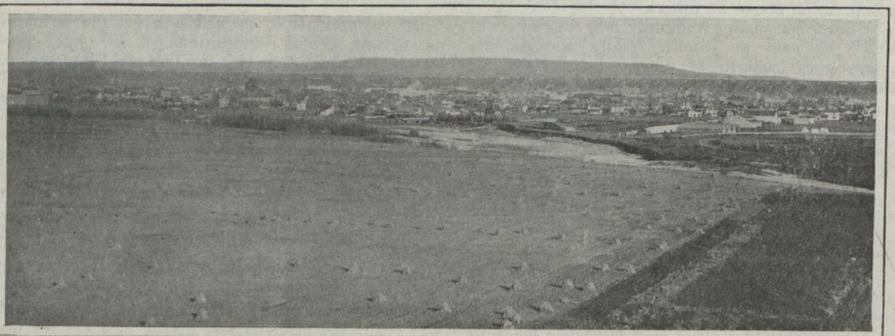
A train-load of goods on Ninth Avenue in 1886, near where the C.P.R. will build a million-dollar hotel.



Even in 1891 Calgary could afford a tailor. Eighth Avenue in the wagon-trail days.



The folk whose family vehicles are shown in this picture did not frequent the bookstore—in 1889.



By 1904, seen from the fertile flats of River Bow, Calgary was a prosperous young city of about 7000 population.



A hilltop glimpse of the city in the hollow of the hills. Calgary long ago crossed the Bow and climbed the adjacent heights.

# THE PAST AND PRESENT OF CALGARY

## Short Story of a City that Grew from a Cow-Camp.

By D. C. NIXON.

TEN years ago, in the report of a church concert given in the Anglican Church at Edmonton, a witty, but prophetic compositor paid Calgary a compliment. A sacred piece on the programme was entitled "The Procession to Calgary." The report read—"The Procession to Calgary," which may have been an accident, but was surely a prediction; for from that day until now the procession to Calgary has been at the rate of fifty thousand people in ten years.

Every hackneyed phrase has been used, turned and twisted, dished up in old and new ways by the hundreds of writers and near-writers who have seen the city to impress you that Calgary is the last word—the latest marvel—the additional wonder. I must ask the illustrations to assist me in telling how Calgary has come to be one of the great cities of this great Dominion. Not great alone in the rapidity with which it has grown, but in the character of the city—its people building for the future—the mushroom stage passed—certainty secure. Owing the public utilities, the people of Calgary have no corporations to fight. Fortunate Calgary! This leaves them time to watch Calgary grow. And though they have over half a hundred churches its growth has not been all due to prayer.

### Created by Circumstances.

Circumstances created Calgary. The first was the coming of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Very few were there to welcome it in 1883. In fact the C. P. R. had almost to shake hands with itself. The next was the immense irrigation scheme of a paternal corporation, making fertile a million acres at the gates of the city. Then came the discovery that Alberta's ranch lands could grow wheat equal to any in the world—and "Alberta Red" became famous. With its millions of open-armed acres Alberta called to the world. All the world answered back, "we're coming." They came, are coming, and will come. They came with wants and necessities. Calgary grew as grew their demands; grew from nothing in 1883 to 4,091 in 1901; jumped to 11,967 in 1905; leaped to 20,048 in 1907; swelled to 29,265 in 1909, and soared to around 50,000 in 1910. To-day its population is more than the census taker gives it credit for.

What made Calgary grow? The settling of the Province. How much is settled? Two per cent. Will Calgary grow? Answer it yourself.

Sunday night and Monday morning trains carry 600 drummers out of Calgary, representing over 100 wholesale and manufacturing houses, this being the distributing centre for Southern Alberta, Western Saskatchewan and Eastern British Columbia. The smoking stacks of East Calgary spell out in clouds of ombre the activity of a manufacturing metropolis. The far-famed "Pat" Burns, cattle king of the West, is headquartered there with immense abattoirs, while the Nelson Morris Co., the largest packing house in the United States, will spend \$3,000,000 in Calgary. A million-dollar sugar beet factory, backed by C. P. R. capital, is a certainty for Strathmore, Calgary's irrigated suburb. Quaker Oats will erect a large plant. The city has many other industrial plants, induced to choose Calgary for many reasons. Electric power, developed by the city in the mountains fifty miles away on the Bow River, can be delivered for \$23.40 per horse power. Natural gas is being brought in for fifteen cents per thousand feet. Timber is sawn in the city from the immense tracts served by the Bow River and its tributaries. Coal is only a few hours haul to the south and east. The C. P. R. radiates in several directions,

tapping rich distributing centres. The C. N. R. will be in town within a year from the West, and is forcing up from the south. The G. T. R. will soon connect Calgary with the main line, and a farmers' railway, operated by gas engines, is projected. Calgary will be among the great railroad centres of the country.

Though having many good hotels, accommodation is limited. By the time this article appears a 200-room hotel will be opened. The C. P. R. will erect a ten-story, million-dollar hotel. Hotels remind me that Calgary makes fine beer, and another brewery will be erected to assuage the Western thirst.

Foreseeing the future of the city as a manufacturing centre, the Municipal Government quietly bought up suitable manufacturing sites along the operated railway lines and the projected routes. These they offer to the manufacturer at a nominal price, with a fixed assessment on the land, and an exemption on the buildings and stock until 1918. It is predicted that within three years not one of these sites will be left, so eager are manufacturers to take them up.

Calgary is no prairie town. Far from it, situated at the confluence of the Bow and Elbow Rivers, both tortuous in their courses, high bluff, and verdantly clad. The panorama seen from one of its eminences repays one for having visited Calgary. Its public buildings, warehouses, factories, homes and stores all are substantial—the debt to futurity paid by permanency. Richly endowed by banks of building sand and quarries of grey stone within its bounds, the largest cement works in the Dominion, a few miles away in the mountains, places Calgary at a most economic advantage over other cities with growing pains.

### The Boon of Public Utilities.

The street railway, which is earning incredible dividends, is being rapidly extended and double-tracked to the farthest outlying districts, and the service of such a wide-spread city reflects credit on government ownership and the commission form of administration. The Mayor and two Commissioners run the city and its public utilities, just as a president, general manager and a secretary would direct a private corporation, giving good government, showing dividends and effective service. Just 3,000 people are on the city's payroll.

Calgary has none of the sordidness that craze for wealth creates in some western towns. Rather are they given to the esthetic side of things. Losing the Government university to Strathcona, and believing that the province can stand two educational centres, they have raised enough money locally to start a university of their own, and this will soon be under way. Pleasure loving, and with good roads, fine streets, parks, and boulevards, they have invested in 600 motor cars. For the week-end they run up to Banff, the nation's play-ground.

One cannot realize that the city is so young. It seems to have overcome the difficulties of cities centuries old. Its crudeness has worn off, its growth is vigorous. That it will become a great manufacturing centre is undoubted—its progress keeping pace with the filling up of the great west. In the words of the press agent, Calgary is: "The city of possibilities. The city of opportunities. The city of certainties. The city of destinies." With a bumper crop this year, I don't like to estimate its population next year. It will be worth while. But reading and seeing pictures is merely a prelude to beholding Calgary.



In 1910 land on Eighth Avenue was worth \$2000 a foot.



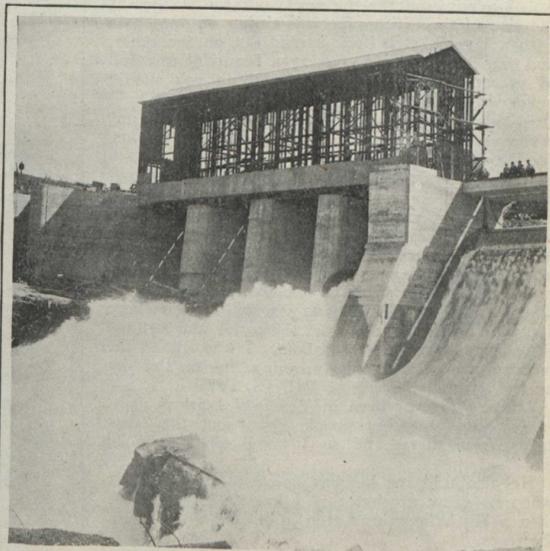
A house on the hills. One of the most modern residences.



Old Town Hall and new Calgary City Hall. Where past and present are combined.



Municipally-owned street-cars.



Street-cars run by Kananaskis Falls under the Rockies.



## A PAGE FOR JUNIORS



### In the Luxembourg Gardens.

DEAR Boys and Girls,—I am now far across the sea and I wish you were all here, so we could spend the afternoon together in one of the charming gardens of Paris. The old French kings were great lovers of beauty and spared no expense in constructing palaces and gardens, in furnishing them with pictures, statues and fountains, and that is why the Republic of France has so many wonderful possessions which, formerly, enjoyed only by the king and his courtiers, now belong to all the people.

There are many beautiful parks in Paris, but none can compare with the gardens of the Tuilleries on the right bank of the Seine, and those of the Luxembourg on the left. It is to the latter that I should like to take you, for there the children are more friendly. In the Tuilleries gardens you will find many of them dressed like dolls in silk and velvet and real lace, and then, of course, they must act like dolls for fear of spoiling their fine clothes, but in the Luxembourg you will see many of the boys, as well as the girls, in black sateen aprons that hang to their knees, and you will be surprised to see tall lads of fourteen wearing short socks.

The gardens are a great meeting-place for all the children in the neighbourhood, and here come the little children every morning, chattering French with what seems to me an astonishing volubility; some of them with nurses who wear long capes and caps, from which two wide strings of bright coloured ribbon hang down to their very feet; others talk German or English with their foreign governesses, while others—and these, of course, have much the best time—are unattended. There on the beautiful terraces—once only trod by the Royal Court—the children play with their whippetops, there they fly their toy aeroplanes, and below, where the fountain plays in the centre of a large basin of water—they sail their boats. Some of them bring the miniature craft with them—yachts, canoes, and even mechanical steam-boats, but toy sail-boats can be rented at a booth near by.

Part of the gardens are laid out with winding paths, trees and flower beds, all ablaze with colour, and amongst them you will find many beautiful statues. If you are a lover of art, you can visit the Luxembourg Museum and see the beautiful works of modern art, for no paintings can be hung in the national galleries of the Louvre until the artist has been dead ten years. Beside the Museum is the old Palace, built for Marie de Medici, once a queen of France, but now used as the Senate House, so you cannot go in, but outside in the sunshine you will see many artists painting, and it is fun to watch them, although their paintings are much less beautiful than nature.

\* \* \*

I CAME across one yesterday and paused, not out of admiration for the work, but for wonder at the size of the artist. He was sitting on one chair with a large sketch book spread out on the other, and was industriously copying a beautiful urn full of flowers. I spoke to him (a thing you should never do, for artists, as a rule, don't like it.) I even asked him how old he was, and he told me, seven years! I inquired whether he took lessons, for the sketch was not bad.

"Oh no, Madame," he said, "I have taught myself, like this. You see I have a great many ideas!" and he showed me the other drawings in his sketch book. Here was a policeman stopping an automobile, there an aeroplane, while on the opposite page a man in a balloon lowered a monstrous letter by means of a strong rope (he told me it was a letter.) There was an engine, ships at sea, and a page where fantastic buildings rose from the water and strange little boats were scattered about. I was spared the discomfiture of asking its meaning, for on the sky he had printed the words, VENIS, ITALI.

"Have you ever been in Venice?" I asked.

"No, Madame, but people have sent me post-cards from there, and so I know what it looks like!"

He also told me he was going to be an artist when he grew up, but that I knew already. Just then a big balloon was seen in the distance above the trees.

"Look, look, the beautiful balloon!" cried another small boy.

"Is it not beautiful?" said the little artist, and returned to his drawing.

\* \* \*

SO I left him and walked across to the tennis courts and ballgrounds, where the older children were playing, and there, too, was the "Petit Guignol," which you must be sure to see when you come to the gardens. This is a puppet theatre set up beneath an awning with very low benches in front for the tiny tots and larger ones behind. The whole is encircled by a rope, so you can see the show without paying if you are tall, or if someone holds you in his arms, but to enter within the rope you must pay a penny, and there you will see a drama in three acts, that bears some resemblance to our Punch and Judy show, played by puppets who talk in French. Beside the stage sits an old man who plays a harp when the curtain is down, and perhaps you will give him a penny, too, and then you must visit the booth where the man in white makes waffles and you may sprinkle them with sugar and eat them hot.

Seeing so many chairs about, perhaps you will sit down beneath the trees, especially if the band is playing that afternoon, but before you have been seated very long, a woman will come to you for a penny, for which she will give you a receipt, so you can sit there as long as you like.

But you mustn't forget the man who charms the birds. He always sits on a bench in the sun, and the sparrows flock around him and light on his hand. He calls them by name and they all obey him, and when he throws a crumb they will catch it in the air, so you must toss him a penny.

When you are leaving the gardens you will be

sure to pass a blind beggar at the corner, and a little girl selling roses, a whole bunch of big red ones for only five cents, but dear me! There are so many people to give pennies to in Paris that before you know it your purse will be empty.

AUNT HELEN.

### A Change.

(Written for The Courier by a young girl at Little Metis, Quebec.)

SOME years ago in a certain village (now a seaside resort), there lived some Scotch farmers. Some of these farmers made fisheries to catch fish for the winter because there was a scarcity of food. Every summer a few families came down to this little village to spend the holidays. One day one of the city gentlemen went out to see a fishery. When he arrived at the fishery he saw a great number of fish and amongst them there was a lobster. He walked back with the farmer to the farm and what was his surprise when the farmer threw the lobster into a pot of dirty water and told the farm boy to boil it for the pigs. He asked if he might have it and the farmer laughed when he said he wanted it to eat. It seems so strange that now in the very same place you have to pay fifty cents for a lobster, and you are very glad to get it, they are so scarce.

### COMPETITION.

For boys and girls under eighteen.  
Which is preferable—country life or city life?

For the best letters in answer to this question there will be three prizes: First prize—Any three books, the titles to be selected by the winner from our Library list. Second prize—Any two books. Third prize—One book.

All entries must bear the name and age of the contributor, and be certified as original by parent or guardian. Contest closes Oct. 30th.

### Sing a Song of Sicily.

BY ESTELLE M. KERR.

Sing a song of sunny Sicily  
Sing it sweetly, softly, prettily,  
Sing of starlit seranades,  
Mafia, bandits, masquerades,  
Fights and feuds for causes petty  
Macaroni and spaghetti  
With a shower of bright confetti.

Through an open window comes the sound of dancing feet  
'Tis the tarantella, with its music gay and sweet  
And a song they're singing is in praises of the vine,  
From Mount Etna's sunny slopes, that makes the sparkling wine.



Down beside the  
ocean shines the  
moonlight on the  
sands,  
There the brave young  
fishermen sit in happy  
bands,  
Hark! a song they're singing of  
the wild and stormy sea,  
Dashing on the rocky coast of dear  
old Sicily.

From upon the mountain tops comes a fiercer  
song  
Sung by burly bandits who have done their  
country wrong,  
Far from homes and families, exiled they  
must be,  
But they sing around the fire, songs of Sicily.

Underneath the balcony Tito sings of love  
Sweet Sisetta with her fan, listens from above,  
Sweeter than the dances or the songs about  
the sea  
Are the lilting love-songs that they sing in  
Sicily.

# DEMI-TASSE

## Courierettes.

The aviation bus is now the fashion in England. None but the brave observe the fare.

Of course, we shall be ever so pleased to meet the Duke—but Earl Grey will be hard to beat.

The letters of the Toronto News to Hon. W. L. M. King are as anxious as if the editor really expected answer.

"There's nothing in the papers these days," sighs the woman who is looking for fall fashions, and who wants to know about the kimono sleeve.

Bees swarmed in a grocery shop in Ottawa and caused much consternation. They had lost the address of the Parliament Buildings.

Morocco is still far from being an ideal rest cure. Colonel Sam Hughes is said to be considering an offer of the Sultan's position.

The political poetry which is being perpetrated from day to day is the saddest feature of the campaign.

The stoker on a Niagara boat rescued a drunken man from drowning, and was afterwards offered ten cents by the latter. Some men have an absurdly high estimate of themselves.

Belgium is now having a war cloud. Here's hoping that it has a silver lining!

The editorial columns of the party pages now present a prize puzzle in which the task is: Find Ananias.

Earl Grey will be the patron saint of Canadian school teachers forever and a day.

Nova Scotia Liberals call Hon. W. S. Fielding the father of reciprocity—and the Conservatives call him the grandfather of annexation.

It seemed like old times to have Sir Richard Cartwright calling Hon. G. E. Foster names in the hall of the Toronto Y. M. C. A. Sir Richard has not denounced anyone for so long that it was beginning to be lonesome.

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## The Historic Province.

They're having much talk in Quebec, With Monk and Bourassa on deck.

They don't know a bit Just who will be "It"— But they don't call that warm in Quebec.

\*\*\*

**Where They Come In.**—Dr. Forbes Godfrey, the light dragoon of West York in the Ontario Legislature, soaks reciprocity morning, noon and night. He tells his audiences a story which he claims illustrates the benefits the pact will confer upon Canadians. A Yankee foreman on a paving contract in the city of Toronto, hearing some of the workmen in a discussion on the question, undertook to show them how it would work out.

"If you fellows will get me a pipe, some tobacco and a couple of matches I'll show how this reciprocity business works out," he said. They did so. He filled the pipe, lit it, and proceeded to smoke.

"Where do we come in?" asked the waiting workmen who did not see the point of the illustration.

"Why, you just stand round and spit," replied the son of Uncle Sam. "That's where you come in."

\*\*\*

## Answers to Correspondents.

Mamie: I have always taken high marks in composition at the High School, and at college my literature papers were considered very good. So, I am thinking of a literary career

or journalism. What would you advise?

Dear girl, there is a sweet, trustfulness about your nature that would make you an extremely attractive ornament to a happy home. A literary career is strewn with mucilage and disappointments. Journalism is to be shunned by the young and talented. It is something which you "drift" into, but it would be terribly rash to enter deliberately on such a course. Do not offer a busy editor an article on Keats and Shelley, or on Wordsworth's attitude towards the French Revolution. Human interest is what editors desire, but no one knows exactly what that is.

Dorothy: How long should a girl of sixteen wear her gowns? Would it be right for me to thank a young man for seeing me home? Is a girl of my age old enough to correspond with a young man whom she has known all one summer? Do you read character from photographs?

A girl of your age should wear a gown as long as it will last. Do not thank the young man, as he may be nervous and given to fits of irritability. It depends on whether you can



EXHIBITION TIME.

"For land's sake, Zeke, don't stand round like that; folks 'll think we're from the country!"

spell and punctuate. We do not read character from photographs, from hand-writing nor from thumb-prints. Character cannot be read from anything but a tombstone.

Truthful James: Who is the greatest living Canadian poet? What is meant by the New Thought.

They are all dead ones. The New Thought is something you hear about every once in a while when there isn't an election or a ball game to keep people interested. We really don't know anything about it, as a few old thoughts are all we ever keep on hand. Write to Boston about it. It is rumoured to be a little like Christian Science—and then some.

\*\*\*

**Hardly Tactful.**—Baker is a Toronto citizen who has political aspirations, which, as yet, have not been realized. He was speaking recently of the coming election, and remarked: "Some of the boys wanted me to run, but I guess I'll wait till next time."

"You'd be sure of going in," said his neighbour, Rollins, genially.

"Think so?" asked Baker, with an appreciative grin.

"Sure. You're a Conservative—and in Toronto any dub can get in, if he's only a Tory."

\*\*\*

**A Ruse of R. J. Fleming.**—Now that R. J. Fleming, manager of the Toronto Street Railway, has become so prominent in the public eye as manager of the greatest electrical merger in Canada, newspapermen around

the City Hall are bringing out many reminiscences of the days when he was Assessment and Property Commissioner as well as a sort of general manager for a number of mayors. One story relates to the selection of the Carnegie Library site. R. J. always counted on a fight with a certain clique in the council, no matter what he might recommend, and when the library question came up, he had a plan ready for his opponents. He brought in, and Mayor Urquhart endorsed, a recommendation in favour of placing the library on Albert Street between the City Hall and the Armouries, and it was viciously attacked by the coterie of malcontents. John Shaw made a strong effort to have it located on University Avenue, and, after a very serious discussion, one of the quiet members slipped in a motion that the present site on College and St. George Street be chosen. This looked good to the opposition, and they plumped for it strong to beat out the mayor's scheme. To their surprise the proposition carried easily, and it was not until some time afterward that the smart fellows awakened to the fact that they had supported what the Fleming crowd had wanted all along, the Albert Street location having been only a blind.

\*\*\*

**A Lively Occasion.**—The devious ways and means of securing extra votes were being discussed lately, when a man of varied political experience remarked:

"There is no city like Montreal for reviving corpses on election day. Gabriel's trump is the only instrument which will rival a Montreal election as a resurrection medium."

\*\*\*

**Perspiration or Inspiration.**—An old lady has lately been visiting her grand-daughter in a Canadian city, and the latter, anxious to please her guest, who is a "critic" of sermons, has been taking her to hear some of the most prominent divines in the metropolis.

"How did you like Doctor MacPherson, grandmother? He's considered one of our ablest men," asked the grand-daughter's husband, as they sat at Sunday dinner.

"He's very fair—very fair. But he's not what I'd call a powerful preacher. Our Doctor Neil at home will wipe off his forehead three times as often as the body we heard this morning."

\*\*\*

**No Terminal Facilities.**—George R. Geary, K.C., Mayor of Toronto, has a rather neat and expressive way of putting things. One of his best phrases is now going the rounds at the City Hall.

The mayor and several aldermen were discussing certain railway matters, and incidentally the peculiarities of a certain civic departmental chief, noted for his verbosity, were dragged into the discussion.

As railway language was in order, the mayor made a hit by remarking that "the main trouble with Mr. — is that he has no terminal facilities."

The phrase bids fair to stick to that unfortunate civic chief.

\*\*\*

**"That's all Right, Mary."**—A missionary recently returned to Toronto on furlough from active service, has a daughter four years old, who has a poor opinion of the children among whom she had been accustomed to live. She was sent upstairs the other day to make amends for some childish fault, and on her return her mother asked, "Well, Mary, did you tell God you had been naughty and ask Him to forgive you?"

"Yes," she replied, "I did."

"And what did God say?" And Mary replied:

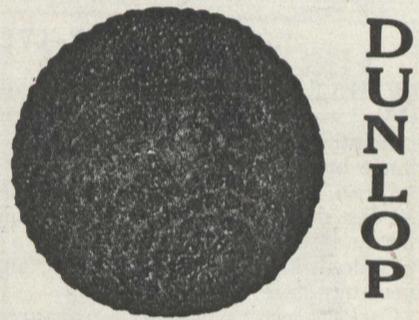
"God just said, 'That's all right, Mary, there's lots worse than you.'"



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# THE WILDCATTERS

A Tale of the Cobalt Country.

S. A. White

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## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

CARL GLOVER, "the Prince" of college football days, is called from a study of art to take charge of a Cobalt mine, owned by an uncle who has been injured in a railway accident.

He is initiated into mining and into Cobalt by Freeman, the foreman of the mine, and forthwith becomes entangled in certain mysteries. A store-keeper named Ridgeley suggests to Carl one day that possibly Freeman is not straight, and that the mine may be a "wildcat."

Carl also meets a young lady named Rita Theodore, daughter of Col. Theodore a promoter. She is an artist and a gambler. On the art side, she and her Oriental quarters appeal to Carl. Fortunately for him, his uncle gets back to Cobalt and sends him off to the country for a holiday with his friend, Olive Halcyon. Here he meets Jean Thurston, a young lady of quite a different type.

His meeting with Jean complicates the web. He has always loved her. Now, under the spell of a rustic charm he declares his passion, in spite of his rival, Whitmore. That declaration lives to cause him trouble, as the sequel will show.

## CHAPTER XVI.

WHAT followed during the remainder of that evening was unknown to Carl. He had to give Jean up to another partner soon and it was not long before the dance broke up.

"Jean," he whispered, when he had recovered her for the last dance. "When can I see you? When can I talk to you alone?"

"I don't know," she said. "Oh, any time." Her tones were nervous.

Carl got but a word and a pressure of the hand at parting, for she had come in the Clarkes' load. They were near neighbours. Carl himself had walked with Clive. A new, jealous pang stung him when he saw Whitmore take the seat beside her. He quelled it at once, for that one word of hers dispelled oceans of doubt.

Impatiently Carl awaited the evening of the next day and before the time could well be called evening he was at the Thurston farm. The men were busy at the barns and it was the mother, a buxom woman of forty, who answered his knock.

"Why," she cried, "it is you, Carl! Come in, come in. I am right in the midst of jam-making. You will have to talk to Jean or else sit in the hot kitchen. See my face!" and she laughed merrily, fanning her rosy countenance with a big white apron. "She went out into the orchard some place. I shall call her."

"No, no," Carl said eagerly, "I'll find her. Which way did she go?"

"Down the path. There!—my jam has boiled over." She disappeared with a rush into the kitchen whence came a hissing sound.

Carl turned down the path, under the bending boughs of snows, astrachans, duchesses and pippins, as they leaned earthward under their plenteous harvest fruit.

He knew where he would find her—in the hammock nook, down where the balsams bordered the orchard and where with them the mulberry trees made a quiet corner screened from all about. With silent steps Carl stole along the clover-fringed pathway. She was there, not in the hammock, but upon a long, rustic, willow-woven seat at its side. An open book lay on the cushions, but her gaze was far off where the setting sun turned all the western clouds to pools of flame. A sudden shyness which he had never known before seized upon him. The former hearty comradeship was gone. In its place arose something like divine reverence. This was not Jean Thurston, the schoolmate of his schooldays, the companion of his youth. It was the woman he loved.

She did not hear him coming, but sat unconscious of the tenderness and beauty of her attitude. Carl took a step towards her and then stopped for the great current of his love that took the sight from his eyes, making him almost reel. He put one hand against a branch. Its dead wood snapped. Jean turned with a quick cry.

The next moment Carl had her close to his heart and their lips met in a clinging bliss that seemed as if it would never end. Then she hid her burning face on his shoulder.

"Girl, girl," he murmured, smoothing each wave of sunny hair. "Is it true? Tell me I am not dreaming."

"Yes," she whispered brokenly, "it is true, Carl."

"You love me?"

"Carl, I—love you," she faltered. "I have said it for the first time in my life. I can say it often now."

Her eyes searched his in deep earnestness.

"Am I the first?" she asked softly. Carl kissed her finger-tips reverently.

"Jean," he said. "You are the first and only one in the world."

"I am glad," Jean cried. "Yet I am afraid I shall bring you unhappiness all through life."

"How?"

"We shall never suit each other. You are so clever and so far above me."

Carl smiled confidently. "On the contrary, you are a thousand times better than I am," was his answer. "Your heart is worthy of a king's love."

"And it has only a Prince's," she laughed.

"It has all my soul can give," he said earnestly.

Over in the west each ruby pool of sunset had darkened to a purple lake of night. The twilight's human touch was upon their faces and hearts. All the night singers of earth had gathered in a choir sending out its crescendo sound to the dew and stars.

"How did you ever come to love me?" Jean asked suddenly. "I am only a country girl. I don't believe that I can ever suit you."

"Never think that for a moment!" said Carl, with decision.

"But you are from 'Varsity. You are an author, with a genius for art. I cannot spoil your life. Carl, you must leave me."

Her vehemence told that she had just come to that painful realization.

"Little one, do you know what you are saying?" cried Carl, with equal vehemence.

His voice held a note of pain like the cry of some wounded wildwood thing.

"Forgive me, Carl!" she said, with contrition. "I didn't mean to hurt. Yet I feel so unworthy."

Up above the harvest hills the moon showed a pearly arc. The trembling rays of light crept through the interlacing boughs chequering the grass into little squares of moon and shadow. Like swift wraiths the nighthawks flapped to and fro.

"When did you first find out that you—cared?" Jean asked hesitatingly.

"That night we were thrown together at the Kearns home," Carl replied. "It came to me like a flash as we stood by the door watching the children romp. Do you remember?"

"Yes," she whispered.

On her face there was an unfathomable smile. Carl could see it even in the shadows.

"Why are you smiling?" he asked.

"I knew it then, too."

"You did?"

"Yes. I read your face and eyes."

"Did you care yourself?"

"Yes, Carl, I cared."

"If you knew, why did you make me tell you last night in all that throng? I did not want to. Why did you beg me to speak?"

"I thought it best."

"Why?"

Jean put her hand gently upon his.

"Carl," she said, "do not think I am trying to pain you. I had made up my mind to refuse you."

"Do you mean?"

"I was thinking of your life," she interrupted.

"You wished me to declare myself under handicapping circumstances so that it would be easier for you to refuse me?"

"Yes."

"I asked you if there was any hope. What then?"

"I couldn't pain you when I saw how much you cared. It meant everything to you. Your voice told it, and those words, 'for the love of God.' I couldn't wound you, Carl."

"What were you thinking when I came to-night?"

"I was planning what I would say and how I could convince you it was better. But you did not speak. You just—took me—"

"Girl," he said, "you are very, very beautiful."

She turned her head away saying: "Don't tell me that, Carl. Tell me you love me. Tell me how much."

"That can never be told," Carl declared.

Jean arose in sudden remembrance that it was getting late. Carl gathered up her cushions with the book and carried them in.

"When shall I speak to your father and mother? Tomorrow?" he asked, at parting.

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There was a tremulous note in her voice which bespoke the depth of this great new joy of hers when Jean answered, "As you wish." Then she fled into the house like a frightened bird.

Carl walked down the still, grey road beneath the flooding glory of the moon. To him the planet was a mirror and the white light in it was the crystal gleam of Jean Thurston's soul.

## CHAPTER XVII.

A SPACE of the most heavenly joy Carl Glover had ever known was rudely cut short by a message from his uncle. Jacob Graham was down with bronchitis in Cobalt. He would have to come.

Graham had been at last persuaded by his colleagues not to make the nephew a director or officer in the new company. They felt that it was far too risky. The uncle fought for his cherished plan, but their arguments finally overwhelmed him and he consented to leave him out. Then came his sickness and the fear that the shrewd rogues would, in case he did not recover, steal the claim from Carl. So he had sent for him again. Carl would have to take his place.

At that time, when he would have given the world to stay in the sweet Humber country, Carl felt the twinge which duty's hand sometimes gives with its call.

"Sweetheart," he said, when he had come to bid her good-bye in the nook by the balsams and mulberries, "it is hard to go, but he needs me."

"Yes, it is your duty, Carl. Still I hope it will not be for long. You have grown to be so much to me."

"Little one, you are all earth and life to me."

"You love me too well," Jean murmured. "I dread seeing you go. I have such forebodings at times that something will come between us."

Carl laughed her fears to flight.

"You know what it costs me to go," he said. "Yet my uncle needs me and I must hasten. He will soon recover from this temporary illness. Then I shall come for you. Will you be ready?"

"Yes," she whispered, the shy blushes crimsoning her face.

"What a strange thing Love is!" said Jean presently. "It is human yet heavenly, painful yet pleasing, hopeful yet fearful!"

"Yes," Carl agreed. "It is the gift of God's providence, the far-off breath of His grace."

They parted that night with vows re-pledged. Carl left in the morning for the city and Cobalt.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

THE first time Carl had travelled the line the disastrous wreck was the thought which committed all others to silence, but now he had an opportunity of seeing the demeanour of those bound for the silver centre where all their minds were concentrated. Everybody had the Cobalt fever. Before they reached North Bay it had developed into an acute attack and upon arriving at Cobalt Station, Carl was amazed at the train-load of people which poured out. Crowds of enthusiasts blackened the place. It was almost like a holiday night at the Union Station in Toronto. The hotel was the same. It was jammed and surrounded by a chattering, mingling, motely mass. There were millionaire mine-owners from the biggest cities of the continent, penniless miners from the Rand, sturdy brothers of the Klondike, brokers, operators, speculators, farmers, visitors, business men, sharps and grafters. All were mixed together, all with the fever, all incurable.

Carl felt the rush and thrill with them, but his family obligations checked his involuntary excitement. His uncle, though very sick, was not in serious danger, the doctor said.

The illness had displaced the wildcatters' plans again, and they waited a little, hoping it would be only a matter of a week or so. The doctor's opinion was that it would be a matter of months. Perhaps it might be spring or summer before Graham could take any hand in mining enterprises. On hearing this report, they had decided that they must go on with their project at once. Spring was their harvest-time, the outing for their wildcat. The stock must be floated immediately.

Their views were communicated to Graham. They urged him to trust them to form and also begged him not to bring in the nephew. This the uncle was at first inclined to do, for he had come to be of their opinion that it was extremely doubtful if Carl would have anything to do with the mine when he knew their plans. Still the fear haunted him that his sickness might prove fatal. He was long past middle age and there was no telling what unforeseen event the next few months might bring. The others had money in the enterprise. The only way out was to float the claim and hope for the best. In case of his death, the others would "squeeze" Carl, since he would not have the necessary cash to buy out the others. This was out of the question, for all Graham possessed was now at stake in those few acres. He knew, also, that the other men could not be bought off cheaply. There was a fortune for them in this wild-

cat scheme if they only worked it without a flaw. Again, and again, the old man cursed himself for having been drawn into a position from which he could not extricate himself. There was only one way out, but could Carl take it?

The Cobalt fever has many phases. It varies with the afflicted. One has but to analyze the different human characters to diagnose the disease. Among all the types from the mild surface fever to the life-deep one, no type is so dangerous and virulent as that which tempts a man to make his pile at any cost, regardless of honour or principle.

## CHAPTER XIX.

WHILE the main actors in this little drama of the north were rehearsing and perfecting all the points of their scheme for organization as a rich silver company of Cobalt, Carl was left with little to do. He chafed under the situation. His uncle had summoned him because he needed him. Now no one appeared to need him. They wished his presence at the organization. Carl was willing to be there, but he did not like this waiting game. The time hung heavily upon his hands for operations at the mines had been practically completed as far as the promoters intended to go without more capital.

Part of each day Carl spent with his uncle. Visits to many of the new mines occupied stray hours. Yet there remained much time still unaccounted for, and idling about the trail-streets of Cobalt was not the most diverting amusement in the world. His heart went back in fancy to the distant Humber country and the memories which flashed to mind served but to make the days seem longer.

Often in the evenings he would join the crowd of miners round the Clan. With silver on every tongue, the hours there were whiled away in animated conversation. From the views of experienced men Carl gleaned much valuable information on prospecting and mining which afterwards stood him in good stead.

One evening, as he sat on the steps of the Clan, Giles came out and said a lady wished to see him.

"Who is she?" Carl asked, stepping inside.

"Miss Theodore. She is playing in there. She asked me to find you."

Reluctantly Carl traversed the billiard-room and entered the gilded room of chance. He recalled their conversation on the lake. If she were playing again his words had been none too harsh.

His glance swept the room. Rita Theodore's tall figure stood by the gaming table as he approached. Her white hand was extended and she smiled the wondrous smile which turned so many men's heads.

"By accident I learned to-night that you had returned," she said. "I commissioned Mr. Giles to find you."

"I have been back two weeks," Carl observed.

"Two weeks!" The dark eyes reproached him. "And you never came to see us?"

"My uncle is unwell. I have been with him a great deal," Carl lamely answered.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, with a note of scorn. "You had no desire to renew acquaintances."

"Not that!" he protested. "I am never so ungrateful as to forget a friend. But I see you are playing still."

"Yes," Rita quietly admitted. There was none of the shrinking manner which he had observed that day upon the water.

"My words carried no weight?" he asked.

"Everybody bets in some form," she carelessly replied. "Is it different from betting on a race? Ha! Ha! Did you never bet on one of your college stars, a cross-country runner, hurdler or the like? Did you never bet on a boat race? Tell me!" she commanded.

"I have," Carl admitted, taken rather aback. "But that is different."

"How?" Rita challenged sharply.

"It is muscle and skill. This is chance."

"There is just as much of the chance element in a game or race. I have seen it. The best team doesn't always win. The finest athlete doesn't always take the colours. It's the very, very same."

She turned to the wheel again. "I've been winning," she observed. "Now your arguments may have changed the luck. No, they haven't. See! I win. You try." Rita held a coin before his eyes, smiling in mirthful beauty.

Carl felt again the subtle power that had drawn him to her as at first. It had a weird, thrilling clutch on his senses.

"No," he stammered, confused by her wonderful fairness, and the tapering fingers in front of his eyes. He felt like taking the coin for the sake of touching her white finger-tips.

"Take it," she pleaded. The impelling power of her glance was something against which Carl had to fight like a demon. It half persuaded him.

"No, no," he said, breathing quickly. "I cannot, I—"

"To please me. Just try this once with my coin. See! I'll wish it luck."

(Continued on page 24.)



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TORONTODEPOSITS RECEIVED  
AND DEBENTURES  
ISSUED**MONEY AND MAGNATES****Montreal Power Situation.**

THE turning on the other day of power at the plant of the Canadian Light and Power Company drew particular attention to the power situation in the commercial centre of Canada. Back a few years ago, when it became known that a new group of interests had concluded arrangements to bring opposition to the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Company, it was at that time regarded as quite a bear argument against the securities of the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Company. Since that time, however, the industrial development of the city and surrounding country has been so pronounced that people now consider that even the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Company and the Canadian Light and Power Company combined will not have enough power to keep pace with the demand that is occurring. There has been such a development in the class of business which requires a very large amount of power for a small period of the day that it is becoming more apparent that the late Mr. McLea Walbank, the former vice-president of Montreal Power, was right in the contention which he always made that the power problem in Montreal would be solved by the installation of steam plants rather than its dependence on electrical power secured from the various water-powers located within a reasonable distance of the city.

Great as has been the increase in power consumption in Montreal during the past few years, electrical engineers state that the consumption in proportion to population is less than it is in almost any other city of the same size on the continent, and figure that it cannot be a great many years before Montreal, instead of the eighty odd thousand of horse-power that it has at the present time, will be using upwards of two hundred thousand horse-power.

\* \* \*

**A Big Bill for Equipment.**

WHEN a railway gets to using \$16,000,000 in one year for its locomotives and cars some idea can be formed of the difficulty it must have in keeping up with the increase in traffic which it has to contend with. Yet the pamphlet report of Canadian Pacific, issued the other day, showed that during the past fiscal year the company had placed orders for equipment that would cost in excess of \$16,000,000, and that up to the end of the fiscal year on June 30th, delivery had been made of 103 locomotives, 204 passenger cars, and 3,808 freight cars, representing an outlay of \$9,000,000, while the orders still outstanding from last year calling for delivery before the coming autumn traffic represent a value of over \$7,000,000.

\* \* \*

**Must Be Good Money in Cotton Business.**

THE Directors of the Montreal Cotton Company have completed the proposed reorganization plans which will result in each shareholder of Montreal Cotton receiving in exchange for his present security one share of 7 per cent. Cumulative Preferred and one share of ordinary stock in the new Montreal Cottons, Limited. This will result in the capitalization of the old Montreal Cotton Company being doubled from \$3,000,000 to \$6,000,000, as its shareholders in place of the present stock will receive \$3,000,000 of Preferred and \$3,000,000 of Common. The Dominion Textile Company, which is a large holder of the stock of Montreal Cotton, will benefit to a great extent from the bonus, and it is understood that it is the intention of the Textile Company to use a portion of the proceeds which it will receive to liquidate its entire banking indebtedness.

\* \* \*

**Retires From Active Service.**

SIR WILLIAM WHYTE, who, for the past quarter of a century, has easily been the outstanding figure in the development of the business of the C. P. R. in the Canadian Northwest, will retire from active service at the end of September, but it is his intention, at the request of the heads of the big railway, to take a place on the Board of Directors.

While identified with the railway for over forty years, Sir William, as Western General Manager, has been right along closely in touch with the whole western situation, and what the C. P. R. to-day represents in the Western country must, to a great extent, be regarded as a monument to the life work of the big railroad man, who, during his whole career, has been beloved by everybody with whom he has come in contact.

\* \* \*

**First General Manager of New Big Bank.**

WHILE no official announcement has yet been made, it is understood that Mr. Godfrey Bird, the manager of the Montreal Board of Trade Branch of the Bank of Toronto, will be the first general manager of the new Banque Internationale du Canada, which has been so successfully organized by Mr. Rodolphe Forget, M.P. The official announcement will likely be made just as soon as the necessary license is accorded the bank from the Treasury Department at Ottawa.

Mr. Bird has been one of the most successful men in the Bank of Toronto, and there is no doubt but that his branch in the Board of Trade at Montreal has proved during the past eight or ten years one of the best money-makers that the Bank has had. Mr. Bird was recently offered the management of the chief office of the Bank of Toronto in Montreal, but his own particular branch had been so pre-eminently successful that he preferred to remain in it, as he was directly in touch with all the accounts of his own branch and knew all about them. It was through Mr. Bird's banking enterprise that the Bank of Toronto secured such large and attractive accounts as those of the Canadian Consolidated Rubber Company, the Canadian Consolidated Felt, and a large portion of the accounts of Grand Trunk and Grand Trunk Pacific Railways.

COUPON.

**PELLATT & PELLATT** Members Toronto Stock Exchange401 TRADERS BANK BUILDING  
TORONTOBONDS AND STOCKS  
also COBALT STOCKS  
BOUGHT AND SOLD  
ON COMMISSIONPrivate wire connections with  
W. H. GOADBY & CO.,  
Members New York Stock Exchange.Chief Office for Canada: TORONTO  
ALFRED WRIGHT, ManagerIRISH & MAULSON, Limited  
Chief Toronto Agents**The Title and Trust Company,** BAY & RICHMOND STS TORONTOExecutors, Administrators  
Assignees, Liquidators**The Merchants' Bank**

of Canada

HEAD OFFICE - - MONTREAL.

President, Sir H. Montagu Allan.  
Vice-President, Jonathan Hodgson.  
General Manager, E. F. Hebden.Paid-up Capital, - \$ 6,000,000  
Reserve Fund and  
Undivided Profits - 4,999,297  
Deposits, (Nov. 30) - 54,779,044  
Assets, " - 71,600,058

155 Branches in Canada.

General Banking Business transacted.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT at all branches  
Deposits of \$1.00 and upwards received  
and interest allowed at best current rates.

TORONTO OFFICES:

Wellington St. West; 1400 Queen St. West  
(Parkdale); 406-408 Parliament St.;  
Dundas St. and Roncesvalles Ave.**For Policyholders Only**

During the past five years the

**MUTUAL LIFE**

of Canada

Has earned in profits for its  
policyholders**\$2,262,158**Being 23.43 per cent. of the premiums  
received for that period

Profits Earned in

1906	1907	1908	1909	1910
\$333,325	\$381,146	\$428,682	\$501,922	\$615,083

Profits Earned in per cent. of Premiums Received

1906	1907	1908	1909	1910
20.9%	21.99%	22.36%	24.49%	27.39%

HEAD OFFICE :

WATERLOO, - - ONT.

## SPECIFICATIONS MODEL J.M.

AXLES: Front, I beam section; Rear, Semi-floating.  
 BRAKES: Two separate independent sets on rear wheels.  
 CARBURETOR: Schebler.  
 CLUTCH: Leather-faced cone.  
 COOLING: Centrifugal pump.  
 DRIVE: Propeller Shaft.  
 FUEL SUPPLY: Gasoline, 15 gallons.  
 IGNITION: Jump spark with magneto.  
 LUBRICATION: Plunger pump, Oil supply in crankcase, 2 gallons.  
 MOTOR: Horse Power, 45-50; Bore, 4½ inches; Stroke, 5 inches; Cast en bloc.  
 SPEED ON DIRECT DRIVE: 2.70 M.P.H.

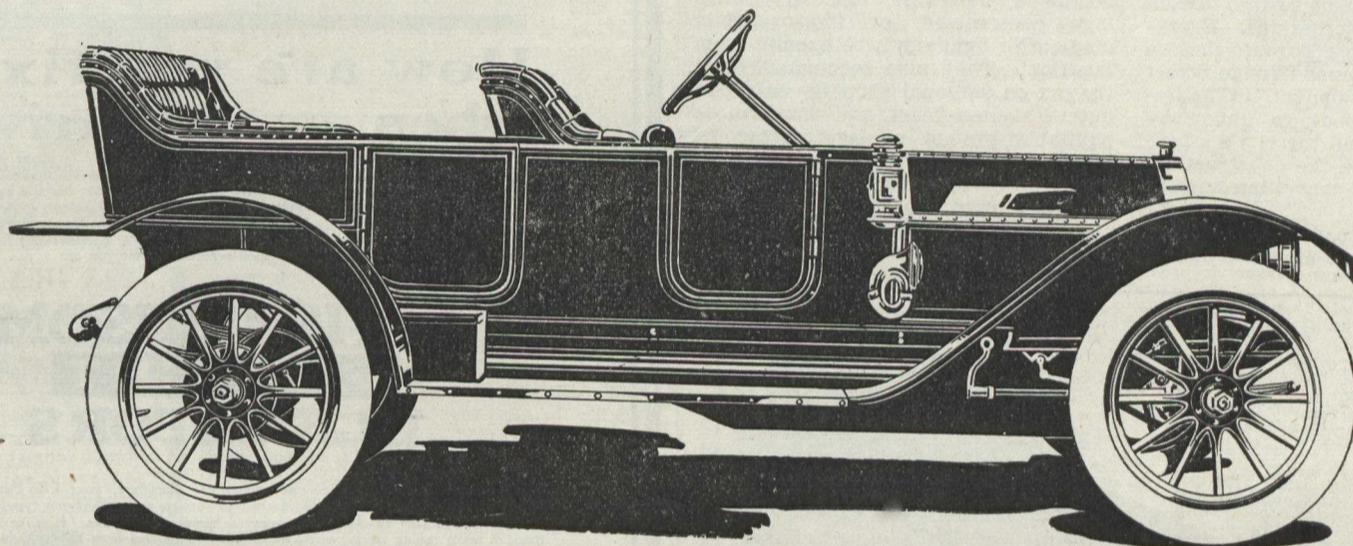
THE

Schacht

LINE FOR 1912

## SPECIFICATIONS MODEL J.M.

(Continued)  
 SPRINGS: Special alloy steel; Front, Semi-elliptic; Rear, Three-quarter elliptic.  
 STANDARD EQUIPMENT: Mea Magneto, two gas lamps, two oil side and one rear lamp, jack, horn, all tools, pump and tire repair outfit, top and windshield.  
 STEERING: Worm and sector, 18-inch wheel.  
 TIRES: 34 x 4 inches.  
 TRANSMISSION: Selective, 3 speeds forward and reverse; Reverse, 1 speed change.  
 WEIGHT: 2,750 lbs.  
 WHEEL BASE: 120 inches.  
 Left-hand Drive; Gear Control and Emergency Brake in centre of car on all pleasure models.



1912 MODEL J. M. TOURING CAR, 120 in. WHEEL BASE, 7-PASSENGER, 45-50 H. P., PRICE \$2,450

**I**n our introductory advertisements we did not dwell specifically upon any of the outstanding features of the Schacht Cars--We merely gave illustrations and let the specifications speak for the car.

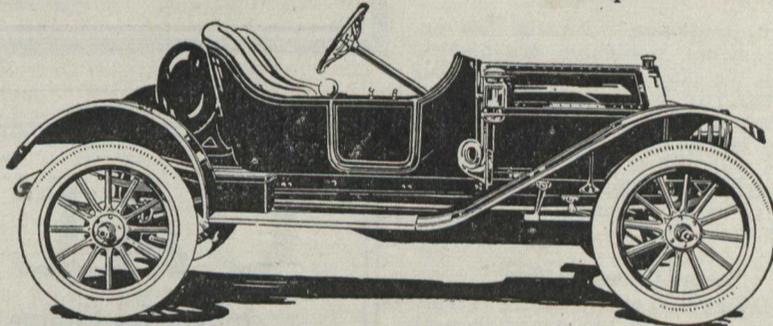
In placing our 1912 Cars on the market, we are offering for sale a line [manufactured by a Canadian Company, with exclusive Canadian Capital] of which every Canadian can be justly proud.

The Schacht car is not a low-priced car, and yet when everything is considered, it is the most inexpensive car on the market. With its powerful motor, [cast en-bloc] having a 4 1-2 in. bore and 5 in. stroke, generating 50 H.P., A. L. & A. M. rating--an engine so perfectly and beautifully balanced that the driver is enabled to throttle the car down to a speed on direct drive [high gear] as low as two miles an hour, and with the same car attain a maximum road speed of 70 miles an hour. The motor, equipped with the Peerless Mea Magneto has made the Schacht car famous as a hill-climber. No other car on the market can boast a better hill climbing record than the Schacht.

The Schacht, Model J. M. at \$2450, fully equipped combines in itself the specifications and qualities of cars ranging from \$3750 to 5000. The long wheel base, the large wheels, the roomy driving seat and five passenger tonneau has been hereto-

fore found only in the highest priced cars. In the Schacht for 1912 we have incorporated the left hand drive and centre control, enabling the driver to use the necessary right hand to operate his gear control and emergency levers.

Due to the perfection of the Mea Magneto we have been enabled to dispense with the dual ignition--Such a hot high tension spark being produced at the first movement of the Magneto, that only a quarter turn of the crank is necessary to start the motor.



1912 Model 112 F.L. Roadster--110 in. Wheel base--45-50 H.P.--Price \$2150. Same Spe. as model J-M.

have all bright parts nickel plated and our standard color is deep Royal blue.

We stand ready to verify all our statements, and demonstrations with either the pleasure or commercial models, will be gladly made upon request.

We are now ready to close dealership contracts for the season of 1912 and all communications in this connection should be addressed to the Salesmanager, Mr. J. S. Innes.

Intending purchasers and dealers will find our complete line on display at the Canadian National Exhibition, in the Transportation Annex.

## The Schacht Motor Car Company of Canada, Limited

General Offices and Works : SANFORD AVE. S., HAMILTON, ONT.

Toronto Salesrooms.

Pending the completion of our Show Rooms and Garage we have temporary Show Rooms at 315 Yonge Street.

## PEOPLE AND PLACES

### Improving Their Lines.

TORONTO has been always more or less bothered with transportation problems. One of the most interesting is that of the regulation of the railroads entering the city.

In the early days, when the railroad companies headed for Toronto, they took the shortest cut, and were rather disregardless of the inconvenience their routes might inflict on Torontonians as the city grew up.

With the expansion of the city the cry went up for a check on the railroads. It was found that their lines, mapped out with no foresight, interfered with traffic on prominent city business streets. Occasionally, Torontonians were run down and butchered at unguarded street crossings. Aldermen advocated the building of bridges and other schemes to lessen the danger of level crossings. Everyone who has been to a Toronto theatre has heard of the famous "Yonge Street Bridge" and "The Viaduct." The refusal of the railroads to undertake these safeguards, and the city's strenuous efforts to force the construction, became the joke of travelling comedians.

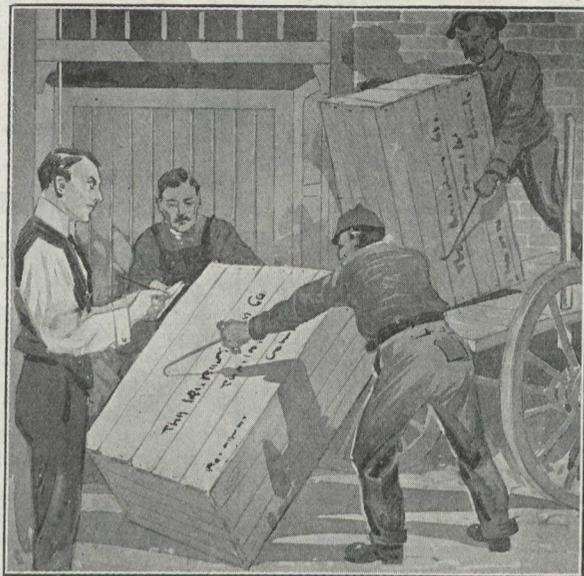
At last, the railroads and the city of Toronto came to an amicable agree-

was sure that the Duke of Connaught, our new Governor, would recognize the historical occasion of the prospective Kamloops celebration, and honour the coast by a visit.

\* \* \*

### St. John's Taxation Scheme.

THE St. John City Council is considering a radical series of recommendations on taxation. A strong committee, after communication with many other cities, especially in the west, brought in a report recommending that after January 1 next year the assessment on all buildings and improvements be reduced 25 per cent., and that there be a further reduction of 25 per cent. every two years, until buildings and improvements were entirely free from taxation. They recommend, moreover, that any buildings constructed, or improvements made after January 1, be exempt from taxation. They also recommend that the tax on personal property be wiped out within ten years, and that a more equitable system of levying income taxes be adopted. In order to overcome difficulties arising between tenants and owners of leased land, they recommend that a permanent Royal Commission be appointed to settle



## How are you fixed when goods arrive?

DOES your shipping room present a scene of noisy, bustling disorder? Are you compelled to clog or temporarily paralyse the running of your business by shorthanding your various departments in order to accommodate fresh shipments as they arrive? Or, is it possible for any or two men to take hold and expeditiously, economically and safely---without waste of time or energy---dispose of the goods systematically and in proper arrangement. Your answer depends upon whether or not you use

## OTIS FENSOM FREIGHT ELEVATORS

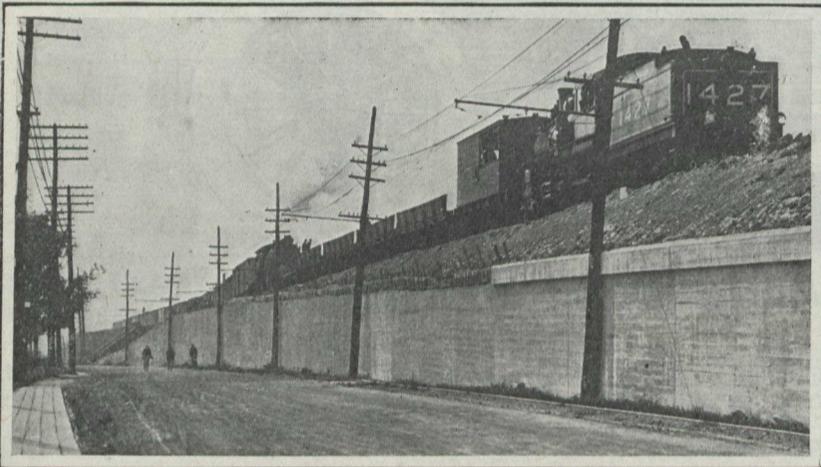
In point of utility, convenience and economical efficiency, your Otis-Fensom Elevator bears the same indispensable relation to modern business as the telephone, typewriter and electric light. It makes for decidedly improved business conditions. It saves labor---it saves time---it saves calling clerks, salesmen or other employees from their regular duties in the store or office. It enables you to keep your ground floor clean and inviting, and to use all of the ground floor space for salesmanship and display. It does away with expensive hand labor and substitutes mechanical facilities that keep pace with the increasing demands of your business.

[Send for "Freight Elevators and their Uses."]

## The Otis-Fensom Elevator

Co., Limited

Traders Bank Bldg., : : Toronto.



Scene on the Lake Shore Road just west of Toronto. The G.T.R. have undertaken extensive improvements on their lines entering Toronto.

ment. The Yonge Street Bridge and the Viaduct have both been ordered. The Grand Trunk has under way extensive improvements on their Lake Shore Line to Hamilton. Out of consideration for the scenic possibilities of this route, and to do away with level crossings, they have in places near the city depressed the tracks, and in other places raised their rails. The cost of this work, a specimen of which is seen on this page, will total millions.

\* \* \*

### Kamloops to Celebrate.

MAYOR ROBINSON, of Kamloops, B. C., has a dream. He suddenly awoke to the fact the other day that the settlement of Kamloops is ninety-nine years old. The mayor pondered on this fact a long while. Then he went down to the council chamber, gathered the rest of the patres of Kamloops about him, and quietly offered a suggestion.

Why should not Kamloops hold a centenary celebration next year? The council sat up. The mayor grew bolder. If there were to be a fete, it should possess two characteristics: The celebration must not be done "on the cheap"; and it should be in keeping with the picturesquely historical record of Kamloops.

Mayor Robinson drafted out a rough programme in which largely figured citizens, soldiers, Indians, children, historical pageants, a street fair, bands, processions, sports, etc., etc. He thought that there should be little difficulty in raising the first \$50,000 if leading citizens caught the spirit of the thing.

His Worship, in his enthusiasm,

matters in dispute. As the tax on improvements would be diminished, that on the land would, of course, be increased. In a word, the committee recommends that the city move as rapidly as the local and peculiar conditions will permit in the direction of the single tax. The Council is giving very careful consideration to the report.

\* \* \*

### Record Globe Trotting.

THE romantic writer, Jules Verne, once wrote an imaginary account of a trip around the world in eighty days, which impressed his readers very much.

In face of recent world tours it is unlikely that the author would have got away with this yarn. Not long ago M. Steigled, of that well-known newspaper, the Paris Matin, circled the globe in 63 days.

Lately, another Frenchman, Andre Jager-Schmidt, smashed this record when he alighted from a motor car on the Avenue Champs Elysee after having circled the world in 39 days, 19 hours, 43 minutes and 37 4-5 seconds.

This globe trotter left Paris at 1.45 p.m. on July 17. He struck out for Vladivostock and there boarded a steamer for Yokohama. He arrived a week or so later in Vancouver, and crossed Canada to Montreal, pulling into the metropolis on August 17. He entrained immediately for New York, and sailed for Cherbourg. His average speed was 25 miles an hour, and total expenses \$2,500.

By this feat of special annihilation, what to Jules Verne was unreal has been translated to the world of actuality.

# CALGARY

Industrial Centre of Middle Canadian West

**Offers** Cheapest Hydro-Electric power in Western Canada. Industrial sites with trackage facilities at cost. Exemption from **Manufacturers** taxation upon plant and building until 1918. Cheap natural gas. Water and light at cost. Good labor at reasonable wage.

**Attracts** Because it is local distributing point for an area of 500 miles from East to West, and 300 miles from North to South, destined to be **Wholesalers** most densely populated portion of the Canadian West. With all three transcontinental railway systems operating into the city this fall, Calgary will have unexcelled transportation facilities.

Investigate and be convinced that Calgary is the city in which you should locate. Write to-day to

**Andrew Miller**

Industrial Commissioner, Calgary, Alberta.

# BOVRIL

FOR WORKERS

We work at high pressure and digestion is frequently faulty. All the valuable proteids of beef are concentrated in BOVRIL. It is therefore highly nourishing, and it is at the same time a valuable aid to indigestion.

# ALL WOOL OVERCOAT

TO MEASURE \$9.25

CARRIAGE AND DUTY PAID.

Most Wonderful Tailoring  
Creation of the Century.  
Perfect Style, Perfect Cut,  
Perfect Finish. Perfectly Trimmed.

Curzon Bros, the famous London tailors, are making the above wonderful offer as a special inducement to those resident in Canada who have not been in the habit of purchasing their clothing from the Old Country, the only sensible method of purchase available to those resident in Britain's Colonies. The Mother Country specialises in clothes production, and we specialise in the home country's speciality. Curzon Bros. know what tailoring is. Why not avail yourself of our knowledge.



"There's Comfort in the Curzon Cut."

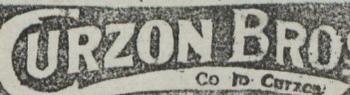
SEND POST CARD FOR FREE PATTERNS which will be forwarded free from our distributing Agents in Canada, as below. Together with patterns we send you fashion-plates and complete instructions for accurate self-measurement and tape measure. We fit you, no matter where you live, or refund the full amount of your purchase money.

ONE SILVER AND TWO GOLD MEDAL AWARDS.

Read our unique list of unsolicited testimonials: \$20,000 forfeited if not absolutely genuine.

ALL WOOL OVERCOAT TO MEASURE \$9.25.

Address for Patterns: CURZON BROS., c/o The CLOUGHER SYND/CATE (Dept. ), 449 Spadina Av., Toronto, Ontario.



The World's Measure Tailors,  
60/62 CITY ROAD,  
also Pembroke House,  
133 & 135 Oxford St., London, Eng.  
Please mention this paper

# SPORT IN GENERAL

## The D. R. A.

THIS year's meeting of the Dominion Rifle Association at the Rockcliffe Range, Ottawa, was both satisfactory and unsatisfactory. The number of competitors was larger than in any previous year, and the shooting showed the usual improvement. The new Ross rifle, with which most of the competitors were supplied, proved more satisfactory than any rifle yet issued. The ammunition was more satisfactory, and the weather was excellent. The wind, of course, was treacherous, but that is a permanent fault of the Rockcliffe Range.

The meet was somewhat unsatisfactory for two reasons. First, because it was not too well run, and, secondly, because it developed a great deal of hard feeling in connection with the "Mortimer" position.

In regard to the first trouble, one cannot express much hope. The D. R. A. is practically a part of the Militia Department, and the men of the Civil Service who have to do with this piece of work are not always efficient, and are seldom sympathetic. It would be almost better to have this national rifle association meeting entirely divorced from the civil service and from the petty patronage which hangs on to the coat-tails of every semi-official undertaking. Of course, not every undertaking has coat-tails. But let that pass.

With regard to the second trouble there will soon be a settlement. That settlement, however, must come from Bisley, and not from Rockcliffe. The National Rifle Association of Great Britain has decided that a man may lie on the ground in any position that he desires, and may hold the butt of the rifle in any position, so long as it does not touch the ground. The War Office would go even farther and allow the men to rest the butt on the ground. It is probable that the N. R. A. will be forced to accept the War Office view. If it does, all the fat men who have been potting prizes for years at the national meets in Canada and Great Britain will have to take to golf or checkers. Hereafter, the honours will go to thin, cadaverous riflemen who can lie on the ground with their backbones parallel to and not more than five inches from mother earth. This will give the young men a chance, and will prevent many individuals from having a record of twenty-five years of prize winning.

The majority of the competitors at Ottawa seem to be opposed to the low or "Mortimer" position, but it is doubtful if a full poll had been taken that the same result would have been arrived at. The opposition was led by a few "kickers," who were determined to have their way. And they had it. One of these made himself so unpopular that when he won a splendid prize in connection with the meet he received very few congratulations.

The Ottawa Citizen discusses the matter editorially, and one paragraph is worth quoting:

"The action of a majority of the competitors in voting to declare the shooting position used by Pte. Clifford, the King's gold medallist, as unfair, went beyond all limits. Not only was this decision a grievous wrong to the splendid young rifle shot, who made the best showing this year that has ever been accomplished by an individual at Bisley, but it was a retrograde step as regards military rifle shooting, which the D. R. A. is so heavily subsidized to encourage. It was a direct case of the target shooting, sporting element versus the bona fide military rifle shot. The Clifford, or Mortimer position in shooting is one of the most valuable discoveries that has been made, from a military standpoint. Even the layman can recognize that it affords two vital military advantages in that it enables the soldier to take a more deadly aim, and at the same time to

expose himself as little as possible to the enemy's fire. It is a position that should be taught to every recruit in the Canadian militia, and in the British army.

The Bisley Team for 1912, and the scores they made in competing for a place on next year's team, are as follows:

Lieut. Steele, C.A.S.C., 453; Sergt. Battershill, 90th, 451; Corp. Rutherford, Q.O.R., 442; Capt. C. R. Crowe, 30th, 442; Pte. Auld, 90th, 439; Capt. Mitchell, R.R., 437; Lieut. Blackburn, 90th, 434; Capt. Sclatler, 6th D.C.O.R., 434; Pte. Mitchell, 48th, 434; Sergt. McInnes, P.E.I., L.H., 434; Sergt. Armstrong, 60th, 432; Corp. Regan, 101st, 431; Col.-Sergt. Stoddard, 91st, 431; Pte. Storer, 48th, 431; Sergt.-Major Dymond, R.C.R., 430; Sergt. Smith, G.G.F.G., 430; R. S. MacDougall, 5th C.A., 430; Corp. Mortimer, 8th R.R., 430; Major Blair, 76th, 430; Lieut. Maggs, 74th, 430; S.-Sergt. Richardson, 5th C.A., 429; Lieut. Kennedy 78th, 429; Lieut. Forster, 3rd Vics., 429; Lieut.-Col. Rennie, Q.O.R., 427; Pte. Macpherson, 78th, 427; Staff-Sergt. Marsden, 30th, 426; Sergt. Davidson, 90th, 426; Corp. Copping, 3rd Vics., 426; Staff-Sergt. Snook, 76th, 426.

The results in the leading match, which is the second stage of the Governor-General's, were as follows:

D. R. A. medal and \$200—Capt. Crowe, 30th, 191.  
\$150—Sergt. Battershill, 90th, 191.  
100—Pte. Mitchell, 48th, 190.  
\$50—Corp. Rutherford, Q.O.R., 190.  
\$30—Sergt.-Major Dymond, R.C.R., 189.  
\$25—Major Blair, 76th, 188.  
\$20—Pte. Auld, 90th, 188.  
\$15—Capt. Mitchell, R.R., 187.  
\$10 each—Staff-Sergt. Armstrong, 13th, 187; Mr. Molesey, W.C.R.A., 187; Lieut. Forster, 3rd F.C.E., 187; Capt. Sclatler, 6th D.C.O.R., 187.  
\$8 each—Sergt. Martin, 103rd, 187; Lieut. Steele, C.A.S.C., 187; Lieut.-Col. Davidson, 8th R.R., 186; Corp. Regan, 101st, 186; Sergt. Russell, G.G.F.G., 184; Sergt. McInnes, P.E.I., L.H., 184.  
Bronze medal for best tyro score in first and second stages—Sergt. Parren, 6th D.C.O.R., 183.

## The A. A. U. Championships.

THE twenty-eighth annual Canadian track and field championships will be held under the auspices of the Quebec Association of the A. A. U of C., on the M. A. A. grounds, Montreal, on September 23. The programme of championship events:

100 yards run.  
200 yards run.  
440 yards run.  
880 yards run.  
120 yards hurdles (10 hurdles, 3 feet 6 inches high.)  
1 mile run.  
3 mile run.  
2 mile walk.  
Running high jump.  
Running broad jump.  
Pole vault, (for height).  
Throwing the discus.  
Throwing 16-pound hammer.  
Throwing 56-pound weight (for distance).  
Relay race (1 mile, 4 men).

A gold medal emblematic of the championship of Canada will be given to the winner in each event, a silver medal to the second, and a bronze medal to the third. An entrance fee of \$1 per man will be charged in each event. No entry will be accepted unless accompanied by the fee. Entries close with John Davidson, 250 Peel Street, Montreal, on Monday, September 18th. Open to all registered athletes. Rules of the A. A. U of Canada to govern.

Well Defined.—Little Willie—"Say, pa, what is a diplomat?"

Pa—"A diplomat, my son, is a person who can prove a man a liar without calling him one."—Tit-Bits.

# EUROPE

Tours for the late Summer and Fall, the most delightful seasons abroad. Complete range of routes, prices, etc.

PASSAGE TICKETS by all ocean lines, and for rail travel to all parts of Europe, with or without hotels, etc.

ROUND THE WORLD tours leave August to January. Send for program desired.

**THOS. COOK & SON**  
65 Yonge Street  
Traders Bank Building, Toronto  
530 St. Catherine Street, Montreal  
Cook's Travellers' Cheques are good all over the world

## AGENTS WANTED.

Representative wanted at once for work in your locality. Will guarantee \$2.00 to \$3.00 per day. Opportunity to advance rapidly. Will pay liberally for spare time. Work not difficult. Experience not required.

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE PRESS, Toronto, Ont.

## TENDERS



## MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster-General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, 13th October, 1911, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed contract for four years, three times per week each way, between ARTHUR and METZ (Rural Delivery), from the Postmaster-General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Arthur and Metz, and at the office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,  
Mail Service Branch,  
G. C. Anderson, Superintendent.  
Ottawa, 25th August, 1911.



## MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster-General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 29th September, 1911, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week each way, between HAMPTON, SOLINA and HAMPTON (round route)—Rural Mail Delivery—from the Postmaster-General's pleasure.

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

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,  
Mail Service Branch,  
G. C. Anderson, Superintendent.  
Ottawa, 15th August, 1911.



## Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster-General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 22nd September, 1911, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week, between ERIN and ERIN (round route), GUELPH and GUELPH (round route), PUSLINC and PUSLINC (round route), ROCKWOOD and ROCKWOOD (round route)—Rural Mail Delivery—from the Postmaster-General's pleasure.

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

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,  
Mail Service Branch,  
G. C. Anderson, Superintendent.  
Ottawa, 11th August, 1911.



## Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster-General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, 13th October, 1911, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed contract for four years, six times per week each way, between ARISS and ARISS (Rural Delivery), from the Postmaster-General's pleasure.

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

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,  
Mail Service Branch,  
G. C. Anderson, Superintendent.  
Ottawa, 25th August, 1911.

## PLUS AND MINUS

(Continued from page 13.)

the main street, and lived on coffee, dates, eggs, and black bread, and spent most of the time picking up languages and poking my nose into other people's business. One morning I got up early and sat at the window before sunrise. The sky had been purple all night and was just showing a little pink, and across the road was a big sheep-pen, with high stone walls around it and a heavy, narrow wooden gate. I could look right into it, and see hundreds of sheep packed like sardines in a case, and presently an Arab chief came up all dressed in white with a couple of Nubians behind him. The two were like ebony statues, big, tall, and beautifully built; all they wore was a loin cloth, and they carried gourds for water bottles. I noticed the chief had a big iron key hanging from his girdle, and with this opened the gates. You could hear the old wrought-iron hinges creak a mile away in the stillness, and the Nubians stood one on each side as the sheep came out. There was just room for one at a time, and, as I live, the Nubians had a name for each sheep, and they knew it as they were called, and turned right or left one after the other. Now, mind you, there was not a sound, except the shuffle of their trotters and the queer words these big black men were saying in a curious, guttural chuckle of a voice, and yet the sheep knew their shepherd.

"Pretty soon the yard was empty—that white-clad Arab relocked the gate, and his flocks stood waiting behind the Nubians. Then they turned off into the plains—long, low ridges, just like ground swells covered with short grass. The Arab disappeared, and I watched the others, one going south and the other east. They dwindled as they went, those black pillars with their white

patches following after, until they dropped out of sight behind a lift of the desert. I rubbed my eyes and stared. It seemed somehow that a corner of a curtain had been thrown back and I had had a glimpse into days when Abraham's herdsmen watched their sheep. It seemed as if those same Nubians had been guarding those same flocks in just that way every day since the world was young, and all the time I kept saying to myself: 'The sheep knew their shepherd.' Now that was the most impressive thing I ever saw."

There was a long silence around the fireplace as Stevenson finished. Something of the mystery and beauty of the scene was in the minds of the three and they were loath to part with it, when a door opened and two men entered—one of them was speaking rapidly.

"The whole thing might have been avoided with a fractional loss. It was pure carelessness—alarm system out of order—engines did not arrive till too late. It was a mistake in wiring; got their positives and negatives confused, and there was no current."

Stevenson smiled contentedly across the hearth at the others. "That's it—that's what I was after—for electricity substitute life; we don't know what it is, but we can produce it; and it has, in every case, these elements, apparently conflicting, but, as a matter of fact, absolutely necessary for the performance of work. Otherwise you get a dead wire. If we happen to be positives, we must have our negatives—somewhere, somehow. And in our own cases there seems to be no doubt about it."

"The artist and the blast furnace," put in Hulett.

"The ironmaster and the sheep," chuckled Penrose.

"The manufacturer and the dough-boys," concluded Stevenson.

## THE WILDCATTERS

(Continued from page 19.)

With a merry gesture she pressed it upon her ruby lips.

Carl gave an articulated cry, and made a movement as if to prevent her. "There!" she cried, her features all aglow. "Will you take the lucky coin?" It was held to his face.

Ye Gods! how beautiful she was! How passionate! And she had kissed the coin. He could almost catch its fragrance, it was stretched so near him.

"Don't, my God, don't!" came between his tight lips. They were at the end of the room. A palm screen shut them off from the rest, for they had drawn a step or two from the table's edge. The nearest man at the wheel was too busy to notice, or else this tableau had been the curiosity of those present. Carl, conscious of all her power, put out a hand to make her take the fascinating thing back, the forbidden thing that was half-coin and half kiss. His fingers struck it, and the piece dropped to the floor. Carl seized it quickly, and held it tight in his palms. The thing seemed to burn. The hot touch of her lips seemed on it still.

"Let me keep it!" he said in a hoarse, tense voice. Then like a flash Jean Thurston's face came to him blue-eyed and pure.

"No, no, take it!" Carl groaned. "Take it, for God's sake!" The coin was held to her.

Instead, something happened that paralyzed him. Her warm fingers closed round his wrist with a rapturous sensation, which conquered every fibre mental and physical. The flaming light of victory was in Rita's eyes.

"Try the lucky coin for me!" her voice sighed. Her white fingers pressed upwards the wrist that was steel a moment ago. Like a nerveless man he stepped with her to the table, and the next instant he had staked the coin she had kissed.

"Red?" the man asked.

Carl nodded as if in some nightmare.

The wheel turned and he won. Again he staked and won. A third time! The quick passion that had sent his father to a dishonored grave was alight. The hereditary gambling instinct ran like wine through his veins. The touch of white fingers had undone the self-denial of a lifetime. He won! He won! He won! With unsated desire he threw the gold over again and again. Such a run of luck had never been known in the Clan. The whole assembly ceased their own play and gathered round. He won and won! He was staking blindly and unthinkingly. Yet it made no difference. He won! With steady, fiery eyes he played and played. His lips were baked and his cheeks feverish. The chance god was in him. By his side the woman trembled for what she had done.

A burst of applause told the end. He had broken the bank.

"Sir, I congratulate you!" the head manager, smiling savagely, said to him. Carl stared at the man as if demented. Then he turned from the table.

"Your winnings!" the manager said, touching his shoulder and pointing to the pile of bank-notes. "They will be easier carried than gold."

Mechanically Carl took them. O for a fireplace to sink them forever from sight! Rita's chatelaine hung from her arm, and he seized it. To get them out of sight, to hide these awful, accusing notes was his thought. They bulged the bag to its full capacity, and he snapped it viciously shut.

Then he wondered why another burst of applause went round.

The look in Rita's eyes was unfathomable.

"You have done it," she murmured, meaning the breaking of the bank.

"Yes, I have," Carl said in tones which were like those of a swimmer suddenly choked by the rushing surf.

"But, my God, what have you done?"

(To be continued.)

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**Trial Marriage.**—"T'anky, sah; t'anky!" gratefully said a ramshackle-looking coloured citizen who had percolated into the office of a prominent attorney of Polkville, Arkansas. "And dis yuh am what yo' kin do for muh, cuhnel, if yo' please: I wants to git dis trial marriage dat I's into busted up so's I kin git out'n it ag'in."

"Trial marriage—?" echoed the legal luminary.  
"Yassah! Dat's what it's done been—a trial—fum de beginnin' twell plumb yit! Trial, sah—trial and tribblyation!—all de time! And I knowed how' twould be befo' I got into de trap. Didn't want to marry, nohow; allus was uh-skeered o' de marr'yin' notion, and now—"

"Well, then, why did you marry if you didn't want to?"

"Who?—me? Uh-kaze I hatter, sah! Hatter do it; dat's why! Dar wa'n't no way 'round it; 'twuz de law! When dat 'ar yaller lady fell into de creek at de picnic an' I plunged in an' drug her out at de risk o' muh life, right dar, sah, I got up a'gin de law—de marry-law! De young white men told me 'bout it, soon's dey found out what I'd done; hadn't u-told me I'd u-gone 'bout muh bidness like a fool twell I landed in de penitency for muh ignuce. Dey done told me what I was 'bleeged to do—man saves a 'oman fum drownin' he's sho' gotter marry her. Fo'ced to do it, sah, an' I done did it. An' now, cuhnel, for goodness' sake won't yo' please tell muh how to git out'n de scrape? Kin I git a divo'ce, or suppin', or must I take de lady down to de creek whuh I drug her out, an' th'ow her in ag'in?"—Puck.

**Silenced Him.**—At a well-known club in New York the other day one of those bores who are the bane of all clubs drew his chair up to Robert W. Chambers' and said genially: "Chambers, you are writing at the rate of two, and somet'mes three, novels every year, to say nothing of your annual sheaf of short stories. Aren't you afraid that a time will come when you will have written yourself out?"  
"My dear sir," Mr. Chambers replied, "I have no such fear. Just look at your own case. You have been talking for more than sixty years and yet you haven't talked yourself out, have you?"

**Something in That.**—Irish Doctor—  
"Well, I've knocked the fayver out o' him, anyhow."

Wife—"Oh, doctor, do you think there is any hope?"

Doctor—"Small chance, I'm afeard, madam; but you'll have the satisfaction of knowing that he died cured."  
—Detroit Saturday Night.

**A Knowing Child.**—"Mamma, I want some water to christen my doll," said Ethel.

"No, dear," answered her mother, reprovingly, "it's wrong to make sport of such things."

"Then I want some wax to waxinate her. She's old enough to have something done."

**Chance to Get Good One.**—"I've advertised for a reliable, careful chauffeur."

"Do you expect to get one?"

"Yes, indeed. All the reckless dare-devils seem to be employed."—Detroit Free Press.

**So He Didn't.**—"He told her that he would gladly die for her."

"The same old bluff. Did it catch her?"

"No. She told him she would gladly let him."—Houston Post.

**Church Coldness.**—To illustrate the "offishness" of some churches Rev. John Timothy Stone told a story of a man who sat through the service one Sunday morning wearing his hat. When requested to do so by an usher he removed the hat smilingly. The

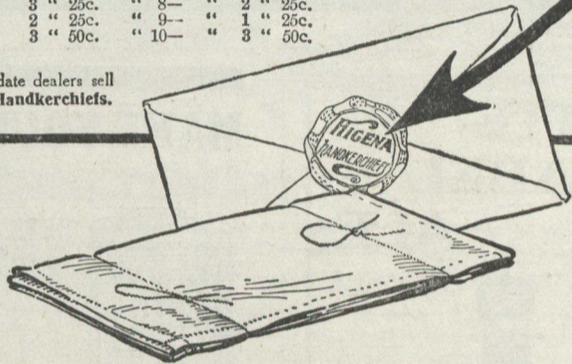
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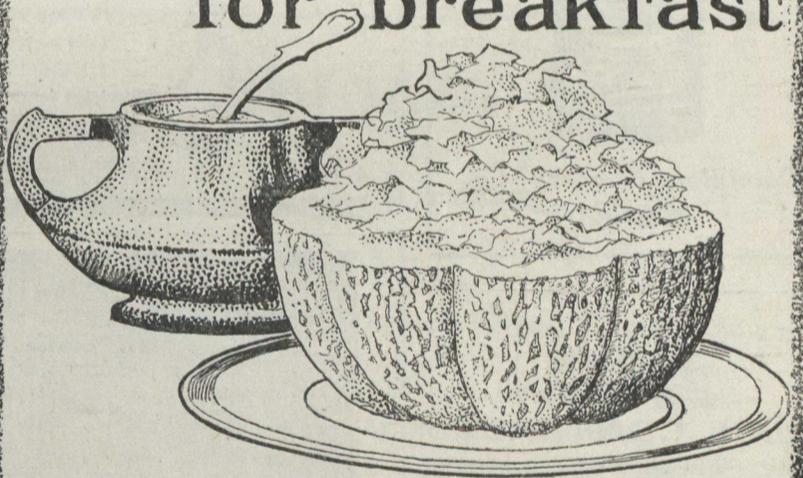
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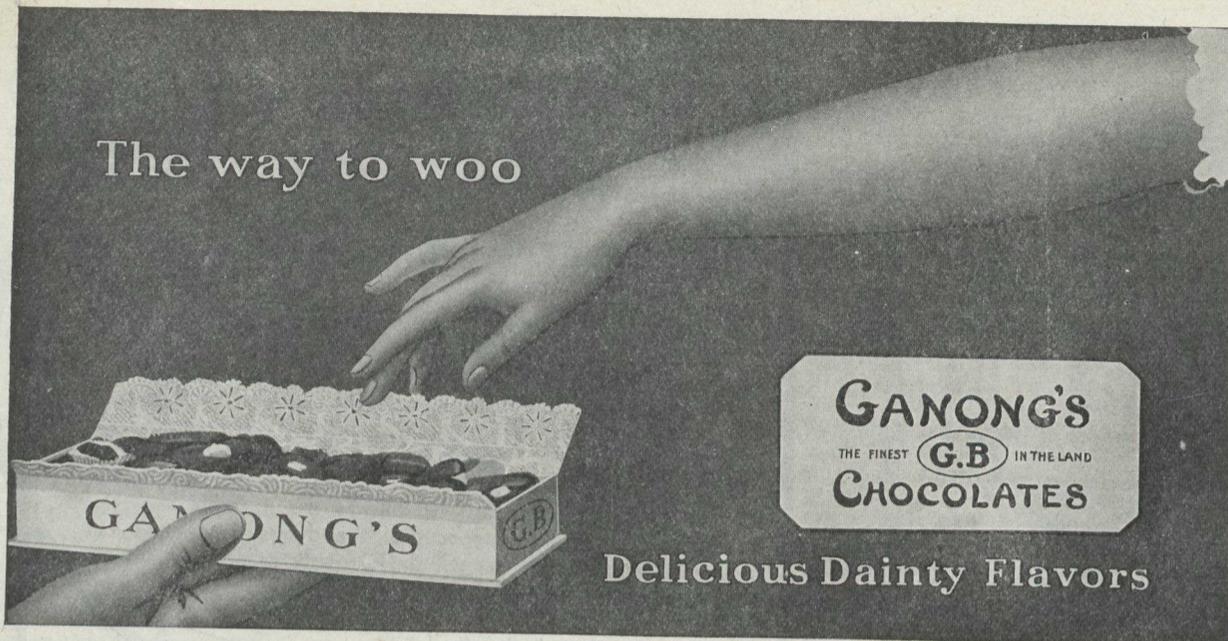
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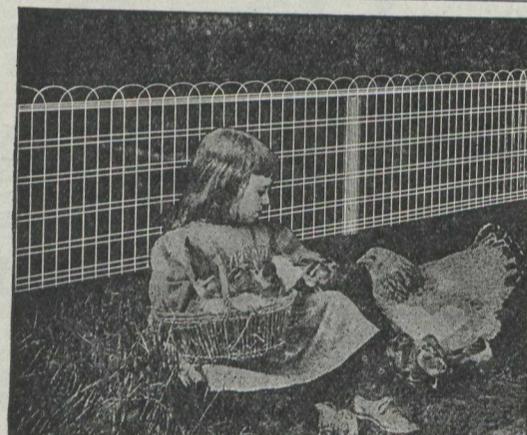
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usher afterward asked him if he had worn the hat purposely or, if it was merely absent-minded negligence.

"No," said the man. "I have been attending this church regularly for nearly two years, and no one has ever spoken to me in all that time. I just thought I would leave my hat on my head this morning to see if it would serve as an introduction to some one. I am glad to meet you."

**"Mostly Fools."**—A quack and a doctor of great learning once fell into conversation. The regular doctor said to the other, "How is it that you, without education, skill, or the least knowledge of medicine, are able to live in the style you do? You have your town house, your carriages, your motor car and your country house, while I can little more than pick up a bare subsistence."

The quack, so the story goes, laughed good-naturedly.

"Look here," said he. "How many people do you think have passed us on the street here since you asked that question?"

"Well," said the other, "about one hundred."

"And out of that hundred how many do you think possess good common sense?"

"Possibly one," was the reply.

"Well," said the quack, "that one comes to you, and I take care of the ninety-nine."

**Valuable Secret.**—Burglar—"Don't shoot me, sir."

Householder—"On one condition, that you tell me how you got in without waking my wife."—Pele Mele.

**Tommy Wasn't One.**—Teacher—"Now, Tommy, what is a hypocrite?"

Tommy—"A boy that comes to school with a smile on his face."—Lippincott's.

**Marriage is a Lottery.**

Oh, marriage is a lottery!  
That fact no one assails.  
Therefore love letters should not be Permitted in the mails.  
—Town Topics.

**The Brute.**

"See that measuring worm crawling up my skirt?" cried Mrs. Bjenks.

"That's a sign I'm going to have a new dress." "Well, let him make it for you," growled Mr. Bjenks. "And while he's about it, have him send a hookworm to do you up the back. I'm tired of the job."—Liverpool Mercury.

**A Confusing Glance.**—A bicyclist was so unfortunate as to knock down a pedestrian and was so uniquely humane as to remain to inquire about him. As he dusted off the shoulder of the victim, he noticed that the latter was cross-eyed.

"Why didn't you look where you were going?" asked the pedestrian angrily.

"Why didn't you go where you were looking?" was the reply.

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False Friends.  
The Fatal Letter.  
Another Fatal Letter.  
A Week Later.  
Two Years Later.  
The Prison Gates Open.  
Love Triumphant.

**Seeing Not Believing.**—Orville Wright, at a banquet in Dayton, told of an obstinate old Daytonian who, looking up one still afternoon at the Wright biplanes circling smoothly and steadily through the air, said: "When people first told me about this here flyin', I called 'em liars. Then, when I read about 'em in the papers, I said it was a fake." The old man, watching the biplanes moving in great curves like lazy birds, shook his head thoughtfully. "By crin-us!" he said, "I ain't what ye mout call convinced yet, nuther."

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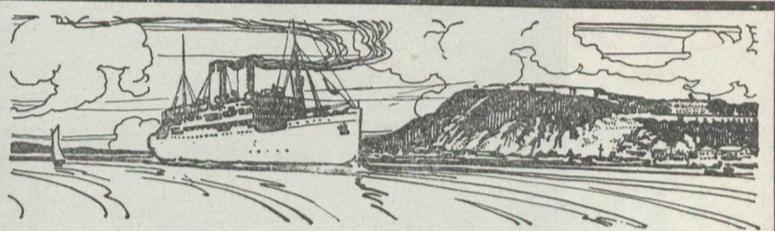
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HIGH GRADE

**S**moking **M**ixture

You at once feel the greatest enjoyment. This tobacco being packed in humidor tins is always fresh and moist. Sold in 2, 4, 8 and 16 oz. humidor tins, also in 2 oz. pocket tins.