

The Canadian Courier



EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER.
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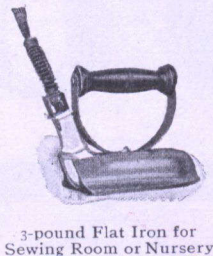
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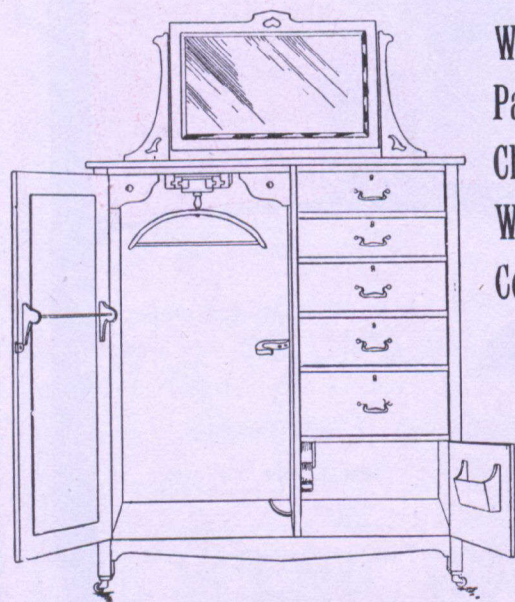
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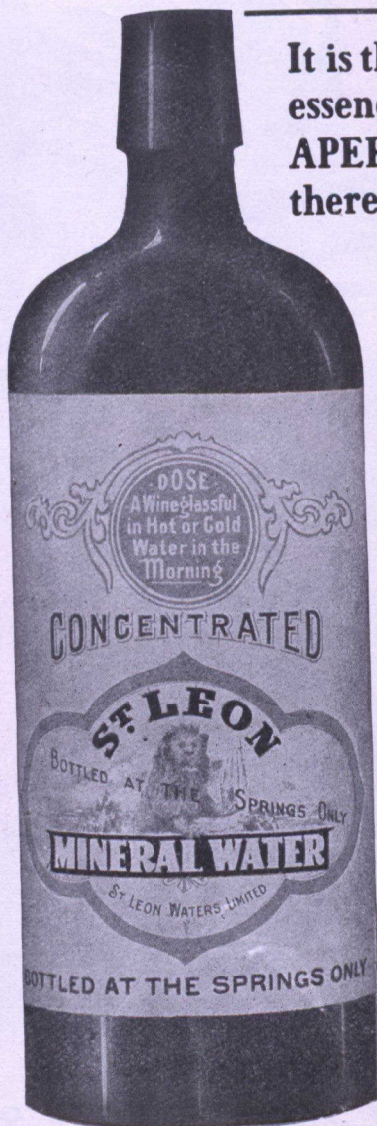
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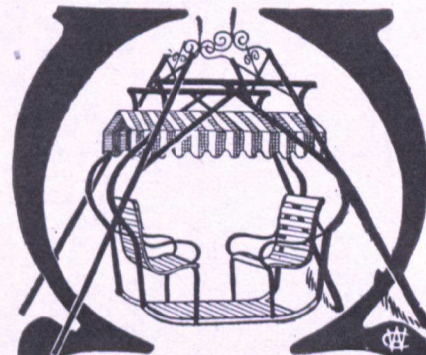
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Editor's Talk

THIS Dominion Day issue presents the Canadian Courier's compliments to the nation that has reached its fortieth birthday. The youthful reader will like the cover, while his parents will find many interesting items regarding the Canada of the past both in article and anecdote.

In this issue is published under the heading, "At the Sign of the Maple" a new page in which it is believed the women of the country will be especially interested. It is desired that any information regarding success that Canadian girls and women are achieving should be sent to this department which is to appear fortnightly.

The most striking feature in next week's issue will be an illustrated story, "Dance of the Dead Men" by Arthur Heming, whose literary and high artistic ability has won recognition in metropolitan journals and who is to contribute several attractive and realistic sketches to our summer numbers.

Fiction is always a prominent feature of July and August reading and the Canadian Courier has a supply of light and sparkling stories which ought to provide seasonable refreshment.

The subscription list continues to lengthen in such a fashion, that the mail sheets prove a formidable undertaking.

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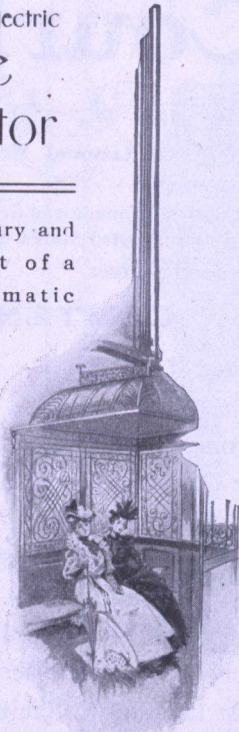
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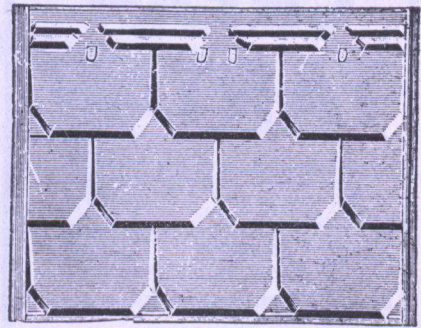
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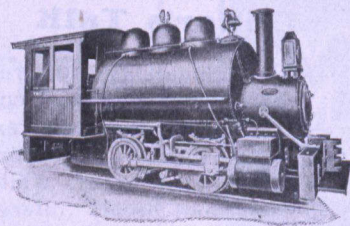
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

NEWS CO. EDITION

Subscription: \$2.50 a Year.

Vol. II

Toronto, June 29th, 1907

No. 5

Topics of the Day

It is rather a feather in the cap of the Railway Commission that they decided upon a uniform passenger rate of three cents a mile on all Canadian railways before the present agitation in the United States had fully developed. Otherwise it might be said that they were influenced by events in the United States.

The decision of the United States railways to experiment with a universal two-cent rate will be watched with interest on this side of the line. If it is economically successful, then our more progressive railway managers will be likely to advise the Commission to introduce the two-cent rate into the more thickly settled portions of this country. This period of experiment is likely to extend over two or three years however, and the question is not likely to come before the Commission in the immediate future.

How far the lower rate in the United States is the result of public agitation and how far it is the result of common sense and investigation on the part of railway managers, it would be difficult to say. The anti-railway legislation, as it is called over there, has certainly reached considerable proportions. That the railway managers have decided that it is best in the interests of peaceful business to inaugurate the reform on a large scale, speaks volumes for either the agitation or the managers. If the reduction should result in a general increase in receipts from passenger traffic, the effect will be far-reaching.

The Hon. Walter Scott, premier of Saskatchewan, has returned home after spending six months in the south. He looks strong and hearty and is full of ambition for his public work. When passing through Toronto, he spent an hour in the Canadian Courier office enthusing the staff concerning the greatness and the possibilities of his province. Being a trained journalist, Mr. Scott realises the value of the modern illustration as an advertising medium. The illustrated periodical and the picture post-card have taken over much of the work of the descriptive writer.

Canadians were specially favoured at the King's garden party at Windsor, the other day. Forty-seven persons from this country were present, including Senators Macdonald, Gibson and Ellis; Premiers McBride and Rutherford; Colonels J. M. Gibson, Lessard and Ryerson; the Grain Commissioners, Miller, McNair, Goldie and Nield; and a number of others. The Canadian agriculturist was thus represented at a function usually confined to officials and members of professions.

On Sunday and Monday last the French-Canadians celebrated the national festival of St. Jean Baptiste.

Church services, patriotic speeches, processions and bonfires were features of the programme. June 24th is St. John the Baptist day.

The farmers of the West are divided in their affections. They are trying to prove that more acres have been sown this year than ever before; and at the same time they are trying to hold up the wheat market so as to get a high price for the wheat now on hand. This contradictory attitude must be rather trying.

There is much of last year's wheat moving to the sea-board. A despatch from Rosthern to the Winnipeg "Free Press" says that 150,000 bushels were marketed there during the week ending June 20th. As Rosthern is only a small town, in a comparatively new district, these figures may be taken as an index of the enormous movement now proceeding. In this same district, according to this report, the wheat was twelve inches high last week, and the increase in acreage sown amounts to ten per cent.

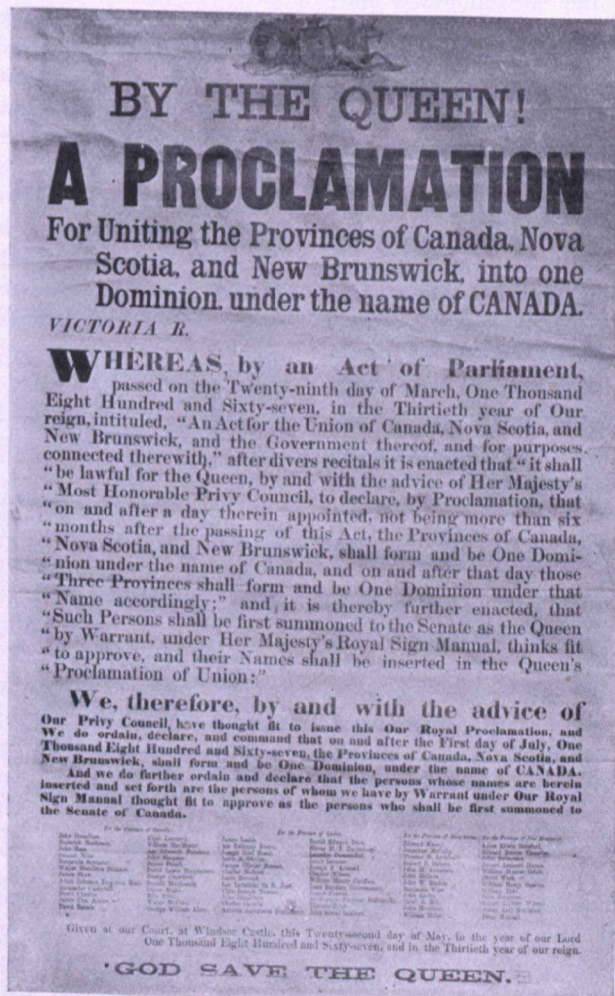
Lloydminster reports 250 homestead entries during May which is another indication that new settlers are pouring in at a tremendous rate.

The bank clearings in Winnipeg for the week ending June 20th were over twelve millions of dollars, a gain of 41 per cent. over the same week in 1905. Such progress is exhilarating.

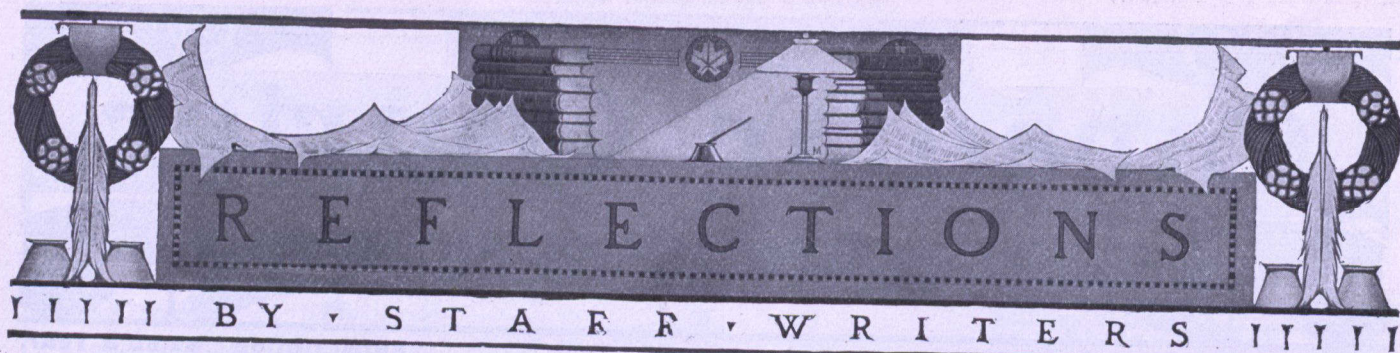
Cobalt and other mining shares continue to command lower prices on the stock exchanges. People with mines, real mines not paper certificates, are working away getting out their ore, driving shafts, tunnels and drifts, bringing in machinery and doing other necessary work. The stock market slump only bothers those who expected to sell shares and use the money for prospecting.

The Postmaster-General has brought an action against a postmaster in Quebec to recover a missing \$1,000 deposit and \$1,000 penalty. Postmasters' salaries may not be high, but apparently they run some risks and need a degree of protection.

The usual number of Homecomers' Festivals is announced for this summer. In spite of the jokes at the expense of these occasions made by the newspaper humourist, they conduce to peace in the Dominion and good-will to men. For some mysterious reason, Toronto has not succeeded with either a carnival or a Homecomers' event, while Hamilton has made such an occasion a brilliant success, whether regarded from the standpoint of finance or friendship. The greatest of these events next month will be the gathering at Ottawa, which has every prospect of such enjoyment as an ideal summer city and the renewal of youthful ties can afford.



The Proclamation which was distributed through this country forty years ago this week.



REFLECTIONS

IIII BY STAFF WRITERS IIII

AFTER forty years of storm and stress as a nation, it is interesting to glance back and see under what conditions the first Dominion Day was ushered in. Hon. James Young tells us in "Public Men and Public

THE FIRST DOMINION DAY

Life in Canada," that the day was greeted with somewhat mingled feelings. While the general sentiment was that Confederation would prove a blessing, the four provinces in the federation were not a unit in their view of the event. Ontario, says Mr. Young, was jubilant, Quebec satisfied, New Brunswick divided and Nova Scotia hostile and bitter. The day was generally observed as a public holiday and in many cases with public rejoicings.

In Toronto, long known as a storm centre for patriotic celebrations, the event was honoured in the most demonstrative manner. Not since the visit of the Prince of Wales seven years before, had such festivities been indulged in. Thousands of citizens from various parts of the province came to the city to witness or take part in the entertainment provided. The celebration took the form of military and aquatic displays, excursions, bonfires, fireworks, illuminations and musical and other entertainments. Visitors and citizens vied with each other as to who should most fittingly observe the event.

The feature of the day, however, was a banquet given in the Music Hall, now the reading room over the Public Library, at which Sir John A. Macdonald and Hon. George Brown were the principal guests, their efforts having contributed so largely to make confederation possible. In the light of previous memorable differences between these statesmen, it is interesting to learn that, on this occasion, each hailed the other as the greatest patriot the country had produced.

Amid scenes and rejoicings such as this in various parts of the country, the Dominion had its birth.

THE tide of disapproval against the spoils system is rising all over Canada; and notably in Ontario. On Tuesday of this week, the Toronto "Globe" comes out boldly against the putting one civil servant out of

RISING TIDE OF DISAPPROVAL

office, to put in a party worker or political favourite. Just one step more and the "Globe" will be advocating civil service reform. When that event happens, one of the greatest forces in this country will be added to those now making for the higher political life.

There is no politics in this movement. The main object is cleaner government. Even were all the civil services in Canada put under control of independent civil service commissions, politics would not necessarily be clean. It would, however, be a forward step. There may still be dishonest contractors, subservient deputy ministers and engineers, cabinet ministers who think oftener of the campaign fund than of the highest interests of the State—in short there may still be dishonest men. To remove a "demoralising system," as the "Globe" describes it, is to remove from the field of politics an element which now makes for trickery, jobbery and underhand methods. It will remove from the lives of members of parliament and cabinet ministers elements which tend to lead them from the path of higher duty and to turn them into contemptible dispensers of a

nation's bounties. It will more nearly ensure that the permanent officials employed in the administration of affairs will forget party interests and work and think only for the general public advantage.

A DETECTIVE must rank above a policeman, may be placed side by side with a sheriff. He acknowledges only the authority of the Crown Attorney and the judge. He should be a man of considerable tact

STATUS OF DETECTIVES

and judgment, cool and calm, absolute master of himself under the most trying circumstances. He should be resourceful, with an intelligence above the ordinary. He should be educated and broadly read. He should have considerable powers of scientific and methodical investigation. If he is such, he is a man whom the community should respect. His calling may not always be an enviable one, but in densely populated communities and complex civilisation, his services are absolutely essential to public safety and a proper enforcement of the laws.

The other day a government detective was asked in a Windsor court-room if he were not a "government spy." If these were the words used, the presiding magistrate should have at once reprimanded the person who used them. If the magistrate listened to these words without rebuking the speaker, he signally failed in his duty to maintain the dignity of the law. That a detective should be called a spy in the place where, above all others, he should be entitled to respect and protection, is almost beyond credence.

The detective's answer, if correctly reported, shows that he was not a good detective. It had been better if he had refused to answer at all. If he was compelled to reply, he should have resented the word "spy." Instead, he is said to have admitted the accusation and declared he was proud of it. A detective is not a spy, and it is in the interest of the whole community that these two classes should be kept separate. If this man believes he is a spy, he had better be replaced by some one with more appreciation of the dignity of his calling.

The crowd present in the court-room is said to have hissed the detective. This is an evidence of lawlessness which the magistrate probably discountenanced. It seems strange that the people will approve of the enforcement of all laws except those against liquor-selling and gambling. The general public will aid in catching a thief or will go out with fire-arms to hunt a criminal of a worse type. It will then turn around and go into a hotel after hours and assist the liquor-seller in breaking the law. If the liquor-seller is brought up in court, these assistants-of-justice will go into the box and swear that they do not know whether the stuff they drank was intoxicating or not. Such swearing was quite common in Scott Act days. Such an attitude on the part of the public is unreasonable, unjust and even criminal.

The detective appointed by a government to see that the regulations concerning licenses are observed is entitled to our respect and our support. He should be protected by every police magistrate and by those in high authority who are responsible for the enforcement of all laws. The license-holders themselves should regard him as a friend of their business, because the movement

against liquor-selling to-day is mainly due to the troubles caused by those who refuse to comply with the governmental regulations. There would be less cry for "local option" if the bar-tenders refused to sell to men who are drunk, chased minors out of their establishments, took the curtains off their windows, and absolutely refused to sell liquor during proscribed hours.

HOME rule has never won a more notable victory than it did the other day in the Oxford Union. John Redmond carried a motion declaring the right of the Irish people to govern themselves by a majority of 133 votes. Fortune was with him from the outset. A grandson of Mr. Gladstone presided over the meeting, the undergraduates, who were his colleagues in the debate, made a convincing case. But he really secured his success not so much by his clear statement of the Irish claim as resting on the history of the Irish parliament before the union, and the English failure, as by his masterful use of the reports of the Governor from Canada, on the eve of the rebellion in 1837. The Governor assured the home authorities that the granting of the Canadian requests would mean separation and the setting up of a republic. The country was seething with disloyalty; only a minority held for England, but this minority represented all the intelligence, wealth and progress in the community. Political offenders could not be convicted, so that juries had to be selected for their trial, and Mr. Redmond went on to quote similar passages resembling in such a striking manner the current language in regard to Ireland. He made it plain that England could only make an Ireland, frankly disloyal, loyal and contented by such perfect trust as she has placed in Canada and South Africa. And for the first time the younger generation of an Oxford conservative and unionist answered his appeal with a strong and unmistakable affirmative.

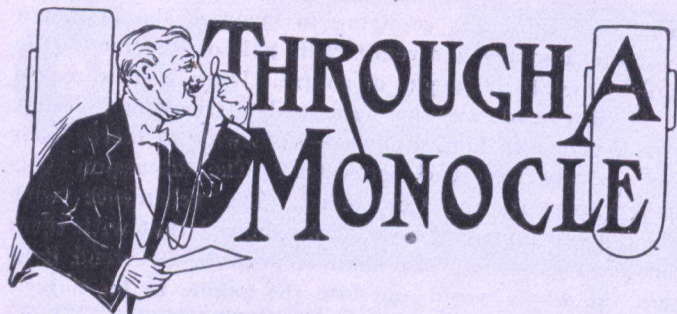
THE Toronto Methodist Conference finds that camels get harder to swallow every day. And when they're swallowed it finds them as hard to keep down as the whale did Jonah. One of the camels that caused the greatest straining and which was not swallowed in the end was the practice, daily becoming more common among clergymen of abandoning their sacred profession for more lucrative secular employment. Although few clergymen hesitate to accept a call to a larger field at a larger salary, the Toronto Conference is perhaps right in assuming that a sudden change to a totally different kind of field is not advisable. The call theory, as the Conference sees it, does not contemplate the removal of the labourers from the Lord's vineyard to somebody else's.

The matter seems to have been brought to a point by the Rev. Dr. Chambers' course in accepting the governorship of the Toronto jail. Dr. Chambers has for some years been pastor of the Parliament Street Methodist Church and being within easy sight of the jail, he seems to have cherished a longing, one way or another, to get there. The reverend doctor succeeded in his ambition. Quietly circulating where it would do most good, he eventually landed in jail—a position, in his case, worth about three thousand dollars a year, not to mention the opportunities he will have of meeting persons under conviction and striving with them to save their souls. Now whether it was that his reverend brethren were jealous of his good luck, or whether they hated to see him leaving the pulpit for a worldly occupation or whether they didn't approve of one of their cloth hustling for a political job or whether they contemned all politics in which they didn't have a finger—at all events the Conference seemed to regard Dr. Chambers' conduct as highly indigestible, and proceeded to pass resolutions, if not about it, at least with it in mind. The resolution was to the

effect that ministers engaging in business should resign from the ministry and remit their title of Reverend. The scoffers had their laugh, of course. When a man ceased to be Reverend was he necessarily Irreverend? What would you call him, anyway—Somewhat Reverend, or Suspensively Reverend, or what? The discussion was very warm at the Conference. The vehemence with which some expressed their views showed that with them the question was, What shall it profit a Reverend if he gain the whole world and lose the handle to his name? Others looked upon it as too useful an asset in getting business and seemed to regret that it did not have a specified money value which would make it transferable like a saloon license. Still another asked how Christ's ambassador could keep his conscience and remain in the life insurance business. Another objected that no man could serve God and Mammon, but as another member of the Conference had previously defended the matter of taking a little flyer in stocks his objection was not sustained. The wise ones stood out against the prevailing sentiment. They saw where it led. To resign from the ministry because there was a chance to get into something better! Why burn one's bridges behind one that way? What would happen if a minister wanted to hit the back trail, finding the far pastures not as green as they looked? But these doubts did not find a voice. Indeed, they could not be put into words. Impulse carried the day. The resolution passed. But did the Rev. Dr. Chambers resign? Not he. Dr. Chambers knows that to kill a dog easily you should choke him with butter. Dr. Chambers is a reasonable being and the chief advantage of being a reasonable being is in being able to make or find a reason for what one has a mind to do. The Doctor took the ground that he was not engaging in a business, and that his special work of saving souls would go on at the jail under even better conditions—he might have added, because his congregation couldn't get away. If the Conference finds it hard to swallow a camel the Rev. Dr. Chambers doesn't.

BOOTH English and United States journals have become wise after the event, in the matter of the Sothern-Marlowe dramatic engagement in England. It seems that the London appearance of these two stars has not been a financial success and conservative journalists are now engaged in pointing out that the press-agent advertised not wisely but too much. One novelty consisted in the provision of motor-cars for the sandwich-men who ordinarily carry the advertisements in a procession along the street. Other striking features were displayed for the edification of West Enders who failed to appreciate the eccentricities for their allurements. Theatrical press agents have about reached the limit, in volume and absurdity, with their articles intended to exploit the beauty and wit of those who employ them. The views of Mr. Barnstormer on the tariff and the new theology are advanced with all seriousness, while Miss Dolly Fluttery's opinions on all matters, from Browning to chafing-dish concoctions, are thickly strewn in the columns of the Sunday papers. Sweetly simple stories are told of their childhood days and their first appearance as youthful elocutionists. Every editor knows the sort of trash that he receives by the yard, until the theatrical anecdote becomes a burden.

This sort of stuff is not so unbecoming a vaudeville performer or a heroine of cheap melodrama. But when it is associated with an artist of the Julia Marlowe standing, it is painfully incongruous. Such an actress does not need to have in circulation yarns about the jewels of which she has been robbed, and the lobster a la Neuberger which she has enjoyed. The better class of theatre-goers will be disgusted by spot-light methods and will be deterred from attending a good performance by the crude vulgarity of the street advertising, which, as Boston arises to remark, helps to degrade alike the drama and its exponents.



It is a common enough remark with us that the "Fathers of Confederation" were public men of a far superior calibre to the political leaders who are now guiding the destiny of this country. From as far back as the written records of the human race go, we have always suffered from a tendency to look even farther back to a "golden age," and tell our wondering children that "there were giants in those days." Mediaeval England looked back to the age of Edward the Confessor, though a more impartial research into the realities of that time would have taught them they were far better off in their own day. Manners were so rough in the time of the Confessor that when a knight was stabbed under the arm at table one day and the blood flowed from his gaping wound, his fellow diners thought at first that it was merely the blood from the piece of half-cooked beef he had just torn with his fingers from the joint. But it is easy to exaggerate the excellences of the past, or to see nothing but lofty heights in the distance. As we go out of Rome on the Campagna, the dome of St. Peter's and the other soaring structures alone can be seen; and we forget the narrow streets that wind at their feet.

* * *

When we look at a photograph of a statesman of the Confederation era, we cannot fail to be impressed. The style of collar he wore—the way he combed his hair—the obviously serious view he took of himself when he was having his picture "took"—all over-awe us. We do not permit our public men to put on such airs now. We like them to be more of the unconventional business man and less of the austere and supernaturally serious "statesman." Let any man-jack of us get out the old family album and look at an early picture of his grandfather, and he will begin to shrink up in his own esteem and feel so exceedingly small that he marvels that so mighty a grandfather could have had so diminutive and commonplace a grandson. But when he remembers the dear old gentleman, as he was in every-day life and not when he was sitting for his portrait, and thinks of his achievements and his failures, he realises that we are all much of the same breed; but that the stern air of our ancestors went out of style about the same time as their astonishing clothes.

* * *

Some of the Confederation Fathers came pretty well down to our own time, so that we had a chance to judge them—though it must be remembered that we always saw them surrounded by the halo of long service to the State and seated upon a throne of at least one great achievement. Sir John Macdonald was easily king of the company, though many there be who will regard George Brown as a rival sovereign. George Brown died, however, before this generation could become well aware of him. About my earliest political recollection is going home from an errand down town one day, and asking my mother: "Is there such a man as Hon. George Brown?" "Why, yes," she said. "Well, he's shot," was my succinct announcement. But Sir John Macdonald we all knew. He was an astute politician and a successful leader; but was he any better on these lines than Sir Wilfrid Laurier? Sir John was a nation-builder, and he came at an opportune moment.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier is a nation-cement, and his coming was quite as opportune.

* * *

Sir Charles Tupper was another of the "giants that lived in those days." He was and is a man of unlimited pluck, of tremendous energy, of mighty driving-power; but we have seen him in action and we have measured him with men of a later day, and it would be the purest hypocrisy to pretend that we think him vastly superior to these men who overcame him at his life-long game. Some of the lesser "giants" we knew, too; as, for instance, Hon. William Macdougall, Sir Hector Langevin, Hon. Peter Mitchell. Were they not at least quite as human as the men who have succeeded them? Then as you read the list of the "Fathers" printed in this number, you will notice names whose subsequent careers you will find it hard to trace from memory. What became of these marvels? Or were they precisely like the lesser timber which gets into every cabinet in our time and finally finds its way into the wood-box? The truth is that we have always had some genuinely big men in Canada; and that any glance back over a long period seems to show a great many more of them than are visible in the contemporary field at any given moment. But it is doubtful whether we had more big men at Confederation than we have to-day.

* * *

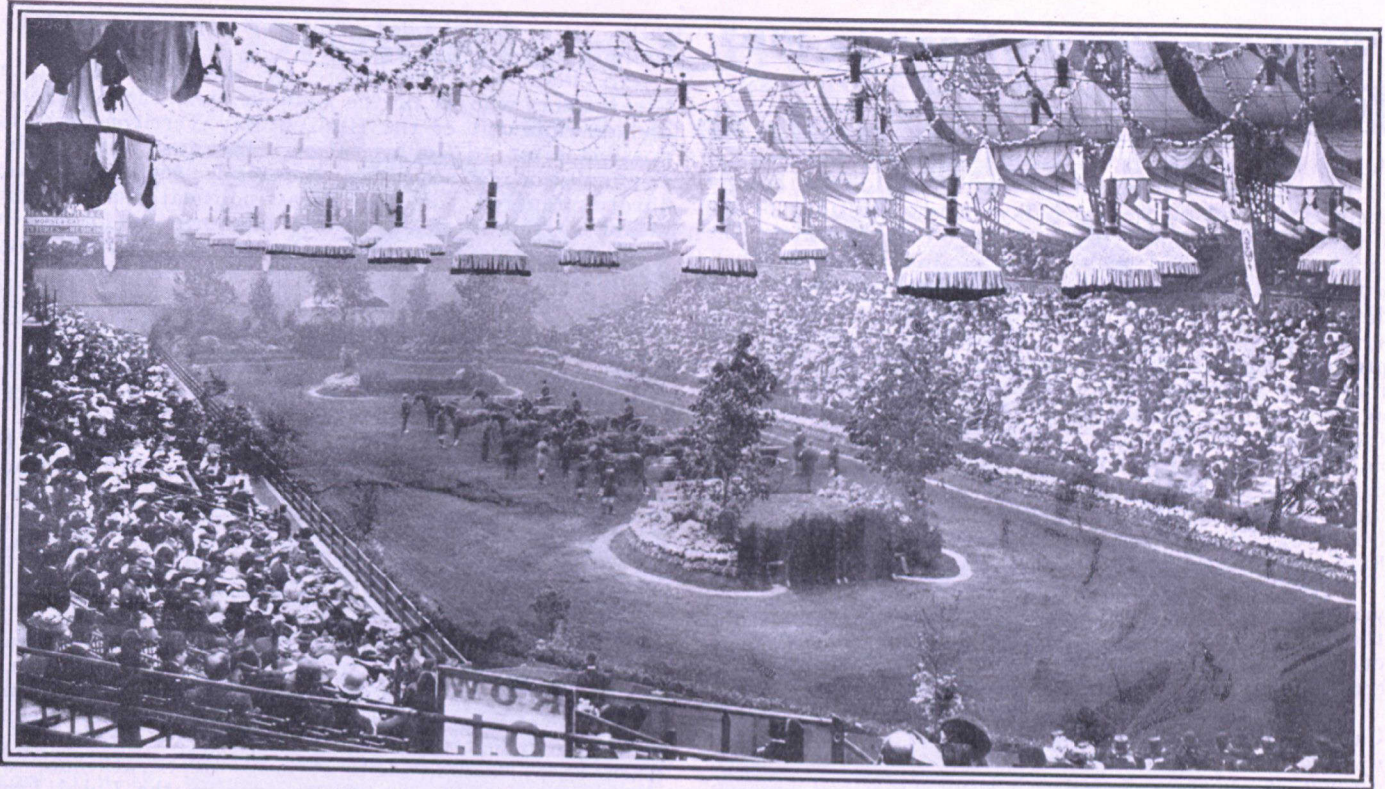
Still Confederation was a splendid achievement—a constitutional miracle before its time. Mr. Goldwin Smith says that it was the child of "deadlock," which is only another way of saying that "necessity is the mother of invention." Necessity spurs the human race to most of its great efforts; and lucky is that section of the race which has at the needed moment the men capable of conceiving and directing the effort. Canada moved toward union at a time when the American Republic was torn with a passion for disunion, when the British public had not yet begun to even think of the necessity of Imperial union, when Australian union was too far in the future to cast the slightest shadow on the path. The great achievement of the Fathers of Confederation was that they, when confronted by "deadlock," did not take counsel of despair but rather of courage and hope, and firmly held the prow of the national ship up-stream. In statesmanship, as in most things, nothing succeeds like—Courage.

Whatever may be the fate of Russia's reigning family when the revolutionists get through with that country, one member of it will be beyond the reach of want. She is the Grand Duchess Olga, eldest of the Czar's daughters. Although still a child, she has \$10,000,000 in her own right, and by the time she attains her majority her fortune is likely to be twice as large. Moreover, her millions are invested abroad, where the terrorists can't get them, even if they establish the red republic.



Militia Training.

Spartan Mother. "Well, I'm thankful our Bill ain't a-wastin' 'is time like that."
—Punch



Interior of the Great Horse Show at Olympia Theatre, London.

This was one of the greatest horse shows ever held. There were 2000 entries, of which 350 were from the United States and Canada and as many from the other countries of Europe. The course was embowered with trees and flowers and the decorations were on a magnificent scale. There were 24,000 seats, around an arena measuring 130 by 80 yards, and the prize money amounted to nearly \$40,000. The leading exhibitor was Mr. Winans, with 46 horses. Stabling for 450 was provided on the premises.

The Confessional

By JOHN MacKAY

WILL you allow me space to plead for what may be called a Protestant Confessional. I do not believe in the Confessional as it exists in the Roman Catholic Church to-day, nor do I believe that any man should stand between God and his fellow-men by any other right than that which character and experience give him. But I do believe that the Protestant Church ought to have much more of that which the Confessional gives, viz., direct personal contact between the pastor and individual members of his congregation.

Any man who is fit to be the pastor of a large congregation, by his preliminary training and the varied experiences of his office, becomes a specialist in the phenomena of spiritual experience. But our ordinary church services do not give him the best chance of using his special knowledge. These must be general in character and suited to the average mind and the ordinary experience. In this transition period, however, large numbers of thoughtful men and women are sorely perplexed on many fundamental questions. Not being able to find satisfactory solutions for themselves, and not hearing these questions fully discussed in the pulpit, they too often lapse into indifference to all religious life.

Then, too, very many believe that clergymen resent being approached on such questions, counting themselves infallible dispensers of truth whose opinions ought to be accepted without hesitation. There may be such men, but the pastor who is worthy of the name will treat with respect any opinion which is seriously held and will rejoice to help seek a solution for any real, human problem.

The true pastor is no infallible dogmatist, but knows himself to be only one of a great company of seekers after truth. By virtue of his training and his special opportunities, he should be in closer touch with the best thought of his age and the deepest spiritual realities of all ages than other men, but he welcomes truth from whatever source it comes, and sees in the problems and difficulties of others, one of the richest fields of opportunity for his own education. He claims no pre-eminence other than that of a specialist in his own department and asks only to be treated, in the realm of spiritual things, as specialists in other departments are treated.

The Christian religion has nothing to fear from the keenest and closest study. It is the man who rests content with a half investigation who doubts its reasonableness and loses its power. The ministrations of the pulpit, to be most effective must be practical and largely devotional in character. The deeper intellectual difficulties can only be dealt with in face to face conversation. The real pastor, who has an intelligible and intelligent

basis for his own faith, knows no deeper joy than that of helping other thoughtful men to find for themselves a reasonable basis for that faith without which life is a poor business.

So also with the numberless practical problems which confront men from the cradle to the grave. They are all spiritual in their ultimate bearings and are all related to the pastoral office. The man of trained intellect, of wide experience, and of deep spirituality who is every day coming into contact with such problems, soon becomes fitted to be of immense service to the men and women who are facing them.

The doubts and the questionings of our day can only result in good, if men will but take them seriously, and the best men in our pulpits are doing all they can to fit themselves to be of the highest service to those whose busy lives make it hard for them to investigate in their fulness all the great questions of faith and morals. For all these reasons men and women ought to be encouraged to look for guidance and sympathy from their pastors in a vastly greater degree than is at present the case. This does not require that pastors exact confessions or command confidence, but only that their office as counsellors and confidants be greatly magnified. I care not what you call this phase of our work, so long as it is recognised and accepted more widely.

Bogus Baronets

The British government has appointed a committee to look into the whole question of bogus baronets of whom there seem to be a considerable number on the market, social and matrimonial. It is quite an easy thing in the old country to assume a baronetcy, and it is not easy to understand the laxity with which these usurpations have been treated. The man who pretends to be a policeman, or a soldier, or a lord, will find that his game is decidedly a dangerous one, but almost any one may attach the mystic "Sir" to his name and go unrebuked of God or man. There are a great many men whose families once contained a baronetcy, now extinct, and who jump at the opportunity of a cheap title, with its attendant credit that can be wrung from obsequious tradesmen. There are eccentricities enough among the genuine Simon Pures without enlisting the spurious. There are baronet cab-drivers, bar-tenders, and barbers, whose title is unquestionable. These men are usually harmless, but the usurper presumably has contemptible and often sinister motives. The report of the investigating committee will soon be due, and its disclosures are awaited with some heart-burnings and apprehensions. — The Argonaut.

What the People Read in 1867

FORTY years ago the reading public had to be satisfied mainly with a weekly repast, as far as Canadian newspapers were concerned. The era of the dailies had not set in to an extent worth mentioning. In the absence of sufficient native publications to occupy their time, and before the bulky Sunday editions of the United States papers began to flood the country, the people read a good many novels, standard and otherwise. It is probable, indeed, that the reading in those days was of a solid character than it is to-day—not so much because the people were more thoughtful and preferred this class of reading, but because they had not the same opportunity to read trashy, ephemeral books and newspapers as they have to-day. Many of the novels they read then were by authors who are seldom read now—and yet they were considered standard in their day—so much does the popular taste change. Then, forty years ago, the British reviews circulated pretty freely in Canada and constituted not a little of the literature of the time.

With regard to magazines published in Canada forty years ago, it is like walking through a cemetery to read the record of these enterprises. One feels like taking off one's hat in the presence of the many venerable and crumbling remains.

Beginning in the east and with the newspapers, the Canadians of 1867 had "The Halifax Chronicle," a paper with a history. Founded in 1824, it still flourishes, and its roll of editors includes such famous names as George R. Young, the founder, Joseph Howe, John S. Thompson, William Annand, William Garvie, Judge McCully, Jared Troop, James Foley, William Walsh, Hon. J. W. Longley and Hon. Wm. S. Fielding. Other Halifax papers of that date were "The Acadian Recorder," "The Presbyterian Witness," "The Royal Gazette," the oldest newspaper in Canada, founded in 1752, "The Wesleyan," and "The Dalhousie Gazette." In St. John, N.B., there were "The Globe," "The Telegraph," and "The Messenger and Visitor," a Baptist weekly.

Coming to the city of Quebec, the citizens had their choice of "The Chronicle," "The Mercury," "Le Canadien," "Le Courier du Canada," "Le Journal des Campagnes," "Le Journal de Quebec," and "L'Evenement." Montrealers had a fair list to choose from, viz., "The Gazette," "The Herald," "La Minerve," "Le Monde," "The Witness," "L'Aurore," "True Witness" and "Northern Messenger."

Ottawa people had to be satisfied with "The Citizen," which goes as far back as 1844. In Toronto they had "The Globe," "The Irish Canadian," "The Canadian Baptist," "The Christian Guardian," "The Monetary Times" and "The Canadian Craftsman."

The people of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories had to get along with "The Nor-Wester," published at Winnipeg, which was the only newspaper issued between Lake Superior and the Pacific coast in those days. British Columbians had "The Colonist" in Victoria, and "The British Columbian" and "The Guardian" in New Westminster.

The great majority of the magazines have been short-lived. According to the records, Ontario was without a literary magazine in 1867, though there were probably a dozen worth the name published before that date, and many since. Those who wished to read something besides the newspapers had, however, "The Canadian Law Journal."

The province of Quebec could boast of three literary magazines forty years ago, viz., "Revue Canadienne," "L'Écho de la France," and "The New Dominion Monthly," all published in Montreal. People who were not satisfied with these could read "The International Railway and Steamboat Guide" or "The Lower Canada Jurist."

The people in the Maritime provinces were restricted to "Stewart's Quarterly," published in St. John, but it was a magazine of merit.

The West in 1867

THE story of the Dominion since Confederation is "writ large" in the fields of the West. Startling as have been the changes in Ontario, Quebec and the Atlantic provinces, the transformation from Lake Superior to the Pacific is such a spectacle as only the North American continent can afford. We sometimes accuse the West of talking and writing in superlatives; but the Canadian who can look back to the conditions of 1867 and survey without a glow of pride the changed conditions of to-day and the men who have produced

them, is a cold-blooded creature, unworthy of such a smiling and spacious home.

No man has done more for the West than Lord Strathcona, who is of the opinion that the acquisition and development of the Hudson Bay Territory was impossible prior to Confederation. The new territory had a population of some ten thousand people, who were hardly prepared for the great political change which meant so much for an almost unknown land. Agricultural conditions seemed as primitive as in Longfellow's Grand Pre. A writer concerning those days says: "In the matter of hay-hauling we used to get up in the night and going out to the yard, where the oxen had been tied to the carts, grope round in the darkness to get them hitched up, now and then pausing to listen whether we could hear the music that betokened the departure of our neighbour's cart-train to the hay swamps."

Rev. R. G. MacBeth tells of how the news of the rebellion of 1869 was received. "The church-yard was the modern representative of the Athenian market-place, so far as the giving and receiving of news was concerned. The settlement had no telegraphic communication with the outside world; the solitary post-office was miles away, and mails, in any case, were few and far apart."

In the far west there were few settlements, those on Vancouver Island being the most advanced. When Manitoba was organized in 1870, it claimed a population of 11,963 of whom less than 2,000 were whites. There was a strong element of Scotch in this population which made for industry and sturdiness. It is interesting to learn that Donald Smith, now Lord Strathcona, was the first representative of Winnipeg in the Local Legislature.

When we reflect on the immense development of transportation facilities between Winnipeg and the Pacific coast, we can hardly believe that in 1867 and for a decade later the old steamboat, flat-bottomed and stern-wheeled, was one of the prized institutions of the time. "It ran from near the head waters in the Western States down the Red River to Fort Garry, and on rare occasions down past the lower settlement. These latter occasions were red-letter days for the community; schools were dismissed while the boat was passing and grown-up people gathered on the banks, greeting her with shotgun salutes."

The thriving capitals of the new provinces were mere forts or outposts when the Dominion was born. Where the Indian's canoe glided in 1867, the palatial steamer now goes on her shining way. Where the trail wound through the forest, the great Continental Express now rushes along its path of steel. Lord Dufferin's prophecy of 1873 has come true and Winnipeg is the Half-Way House of the Dominion.

Stories of our Statesmen

IT is said that ten manufacturers who neglected to send in returns concerning their progress to the Ottawa Census Bureau will be prosecuted. This recalls a story about Mr. Paterson, biscuit manufacturer, and now Hon. Mr. Paterson, Minister of Customs, which illustrates to what extremes manufacturers who are politicians will go. During the progress of the general election campaign previous to 1896, the Toronto "Mail and Empire" was showing how prosperous the country was under Conservative rule. In doing so, it published a small paragraph showing how Paterson's biscuit factory at Brantford had grown. The editor of "The Canadian Grocer," thinking to compliment the Patersons for their successful enterprise, copied the item. Alas and alack, the Patersons were Liberals and were busily engaged in proving that the country was fast going to destruction! When their own prosperity was used to answer their own arguments they didn't like it. So angry were they, that they withdrew their advertising from that estimable grocery journal, and kept it out until the proprietor was thoroughly humble.

* * *

THE movement to erect a monument to Nicholas Flood Davin in Regina brings to mind his triumphant encounter with Senator McMullen ten years ago or so. McMullen was making a speech when Davin interrupted with an inquiry that was quite pertinent. McMullen rasped out with some asperity:

"The honourable gentleman, as everybody knows, has rooms to let in his upper storey!"

Up jumped Davin. "True," said he. "I have rooms to rent, but mine differ from the honourable gentleman's. Mine are furnished."

And in the roar of laughter Laurier's chuckle could be seen, even if it could not be heard.

First Dominion Governor-General

By E. J. GRAHAM

IN the days when Louis XIV. was sowing the seeds of the French Revolution, there came to New France as representative of Le Grand Monarque a gallant young governor of Norman blood, Chas. Le Moyne. In 1861, Charles Stanley Monck, fourth viscount of that name, descended from Guillaume Le Moyne, also of Norman blood, came to Canada to represent Queen Victoria. He was born at Templemore in the pleasant county of Tipperary, Ireland, in the year 1819, was educated



Lord Monck.

(Photo by Topley)



Lady Monck.

and the unfortunate Governor must have felt the delicacy of his position as it was seen that no ministry could control the House.

The Parliament of 1864 met on February 19 and the ministry resigned on March 21. The Ex-Provincial Secretary, Mr. Ferguson-Blair, was asked to form a ministry but failed. An attempt on Mr. Cartier's part had a like result. Then the Governor, seeing that the deadlock was desperate, appealed to Sir Etienne Tache, who was held in the highest esteem,

at Trinity College, Dublin, and in 1841 was called to the Irish bar. In 1844 he married Lady Elizabeth, daughter of the first Earl of Rathdown, and five years later he succeeded his father as fourth viscount. He entered Parliament in 1852 as member for Portsmouth but he had experienced already the uncertainties of election favour, having been an unsuccessful candidate for Wicklow in 1848. He was Lord of the Treasury in the Palmerston Administration in 1855.

In 1861 he became Governor-General of Canada, the country at that time meaning the united provinces of Upper and Lower Canada. Sir Edmund Head had just retired, having found his position no couch of roses. Political feeling ran high in those days and to hold office in comfort it was necessary to be thick-skinned. This is a sentence from the cheerful farewell which was given by the "Globe" to the departing governor: "Sir Edmund Head departs, leaving a worse character behind him than any of his predecessors, not excepting even his worthy cousin, the other baronet." The modern editorial is dull reading in comparison with the strenuous paragraphs of the sixties. Imagine the present editor of a city daily saying such unkind things about the First Gentleman of the Dominion!

Only a month after Lord Monck had arrived in Canada, the difficulty known as "the Trent affair" arose between the United States and Great Britain and it looked as if war were imminent. The great Civil War was in progress and there is little question that Canadian feeling was with the Southern Confederacy, in consequence of much irritation against the government at Washington. Canada became highly excited over the taking of the two Confederate representatives from the British vessel and the unamiable feeling towards the Northern combatants was intensified. However, the dispute was fortunately settled and Canadians returned to a contemplation of their own affairs.

The political situation was decidedly awkward, inasmuch as neither party was able to secure a working majority. There was no possibility of peace while the party temporarily in power could boast only two members above the Opposition numbers. Mr. J. S. Macdonald, Mr. Cartier, Mr. George Brown, and Mr. John A. Macdonald were among the leading men in public life

to form a ministry and on March 30 there was once more the form of government. But a question deeper and wider than any party difference was stirring Reformer and Conservative alike and before long the announcement was made that Mr. John A. Macdonald and Mr. George Brown would unite to bring about the confederation of the four provinces. At first, the country was incredulous, but on June 22 the Coalition Government went into power and the people felt that patriotic aims of nation-making import must have drawn the two leaders together.

Surmise became certainty when Lord Monck in the session of 1865 spoke in favour of the federation movement. Long and fervent was the discussion, for there were giant debaters in those days. Mr. Dunkin, who opposed the measure, spoke for two days and two nights in defence and explanation of his views and other speakers were quite as much in earnest, if not so long-winded.

The war in the United States was over, and in 1866 the Fenian Raid threw Canada once more into patriotic excitement, for the extent of the invasion was difficult to determine. This occurrence served to make still deeper the resentment against the neighbouring government.

Lord Monck made two expeditions to England and exerted himself in behalf of Canadian interests with the Imperial Government, acting with our own statesmen. At last, the British North America Act was passed, giving the Dominion of Canada her name and constitution and on July 1, 1867, as all school-children know, the first Dominion Day was celebrated and Lord Monck was declared Governor-General of the four united provinces. It was felt that it was mere justice that the man who had been at the head of affairs during the years of strife should have the honour of representing Her Majesty under the new regime. For more than a year the first Governor-General held his position and then in 1868 gave place to Lord Lisgar, who arrived in the country on November 14.

Lord Monck was not a man of brilliant gifts or striking personality, but he presided over Canadian affairs with considerable tact and discretion. Both in home politics and in foreign relations he had to face difficulties and even dangers.

Songs for Dominion Day

HON. JAMES BRYCE has recently lamented the fact that there are few poets on the continent of America. The modern American (the term embraces the Dominion) is so busy finding sonnets in copper and listening to the lyric of the ticker that he is not likely to produce or appreciate literature. Yet there are singers in the dusty world of to-day who remind us that life is more than meat or wheat or Cobalt. Patriotic verse is not always poetry. But when the poet born sings of his country's past and prophecies of her future, the citizen is stirred by a realisation of his birthright of freedom and ambition. Dr. John Reade, upon whom Ottawa College has lately bestowed the degree of LL.D., has written sturdy stanzas for Dominion Day.

Canada, Canada, land of the maple,
Queen of the forest and river and lake,
Open thy soul to the voice of thy people,
Close not thy heart to the music they make.
Bells, chime out merrily,
Trumpets, call cheerily,
Silence is vocal, and sleep is awake.

Canada, Canada, land of the bravest,
Sons of the war-path, and sons of the sea,
Land of no slave-lash, to-day thou ensiavest
Millions of hearts with affection for thee.
Bells, chime out merrily,
Trumpets call cheerily,
Let the sky ring with the shout of the free.

The late Sir James Edgar belonged to that small band of Canadian politicians who added unto their statecraft, literary culture. In his well-known poem, "This Canada of Ours," he expressed joyously our buoyant patriotism.

Let other tongues in older lands
Loud vaunt their claims to glory,
And chaunt in triumph of the past,
Content to live in story.
Tho' boasting no baronial halls,
Nor ivy-crested towers,
What past can match thy glorious youth,
Fair Canada of ours?
Fair Canada
Dear Canada
This Canada of ours!

"A Song of Canada," by Robert Reid, of Montreal, voices the national glory in stream and prairie which the young Canadian feels.

Sing me the pride of her stately rivers,
Cleaving their way to the far-off sea;
Glory of strength in their deep-mouth'd music—
Glory of mirth in their tameless glee.
Hark! 'tis the roar of the tumbling rapids;
Deep unto deep through the dead night calls;
Truly, I hear but the voice of Freedom
Shouting her name from her fortress walls!

Sing me the joy of her fertile prairies,
League upon league of the golden grain;
Comfort, housed in the smiling homestead—
Plenty, throned on the lumbering wain.
Land of Contentment! May no strife vex you,
Never war's flag on your plains unfurl'd;
Only the blessings of mankind reach you—
Finding the food for a hungry world!

Mr. C. G. D. Roberts, who belongs to a poetic clan but who deserted picturesque Acadia for lucrative New York, has written much that is inspiring about his native land. "Canadian Streams" is a poem of high refrain.

O rivers rolling to the sea
From lands that bear the maple tree,
How swell your voices with the strain
Of loyalty and liberty!
A holy music, heard in vain
By coward heart and sordid brain,
To whom this strenuous being seems
Naught but a greedy race for gain.

The strength of Confederacy was not apparent at first

to the uniting provinces. But the years proved the bond and it is fitting that this son of a maritime province should sing "An Ode for the Canadian Confederacy."

Awake, my country, the hour is great with change!
Under this gloom which yet obscures the land,
From ice-blue strait and stern Laurentian range
To where giant peaks our western bounds command,
A deep voice stirs, vibrating in men's ears
As if their own hearts throbb'd that thunder forth,
A sound wherein who hearkens wisely hears
The voice of the desire of this strong North—
This North whose heart of fire
Yet knows not its desire
Clearly, but dreams, and murmurs in the dream.
The hour of dreams is done. Lo, on the hills the gleam!

The women writers of Canada have not been less fervent than their brothers in poetic appreciation of the land of their birth. Miss Machar (Fidelis) whose home is in the picturesque city of Kingston, has written a "Dominion Day" poem which has much of romantic charm:

With feu-de-joie and merry bells, and cannon's thundering peal,
And pennons fluttering on the breeze, and serried rows of steel,
We greet, again, the birthday morn of our young giant's land,
From the Atlantic stretching wide to far Pacific strand;
With flashing rivers, ocean lakes, and prairies wide and free,
And waterfalls, and forests dim, and mountains by the sea;
A country on whose birth-hour smiled the genius of romance,
Above whose cradle brave hands waved the lily-cross of France;
Whose infancy was grimly nursed in peril, pain and woe;
Whose gallant hearts found early graves beneath Canadian snow;
When savage raid and ambuscade and famine's sore distress,
Combined their strength, in vain, to crush the dauntless French noblesse;
When her dim, trackless forest lured, again and yet again
From silken courts of sunny France, her flower, the brave Champlain.

Mr. Wilfred Campbell has written a sadly-needed poem calling upon his countrymen to cleanse the land of the political impurity that has been a national reproach. Affection and rebuke unite in this appeal:

O dream in vain your future power,
And build in vain your heart's high tower;
O Canada, my own, my own.
When you have sold the olden truth,
That greatness which inspired thy youth,
And bartered for a sordid gleam
The light of all your highest dream.

O splendid dream of plain and lake,
When will you from this curse awake,
And with new-kindled honour take
Your place with those who guide the helm
Of Britain's mighty people realm?
When will you, raised to that regard
Of self, above the market yard
Of life's low levels, hold your share
In Britain's mighty world-wide care?
O Canada, my own, my own!

O wide thy lands and wide thy sky,
Canada, my own, my own,
But wider yet the living lie
That we have lived, my own, my own;
Let us arise from our old graves
Of self and ill, as o'er the waves
God's dawn from night, to that which saves
Canada, my own, my own.
Rise and strike the shackles free,
That bind us lip and heart and knee,
And be what God dreamed we should be,
Canada, my own, my own;
Loved Canada, my own.



Sir Wilfrid Laurier in 1888.

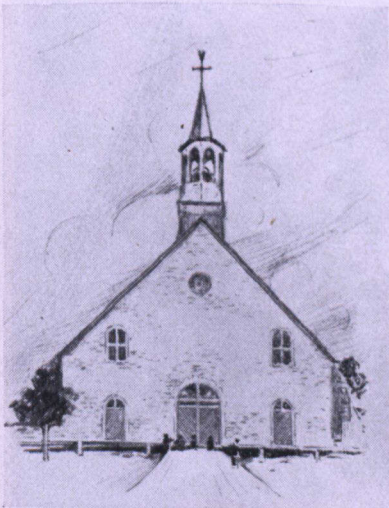
The Beginning of Sir Wilfrid Laurier

LIKE most men who have left their mark upon the public life of their country, Sir Wilfrid Laurier early gave promise of his distinguished future. As a young man he was known as a brilliant student, an orator even then of unusual attainments and a profound reader of the very best English as well as French literature. His fellow students and early associates, however, readily forgave him his superiority, for he bore his talents well and modestly, with the grace and charm that have captivated Canadians everywhere and have challenged even the admiration of his political opponents wherever he has been heard.

The possession of talents, however, even to an unusual degree, does not necessarily qualify one for leadership of a great party, and had he not been endowed with qualities of a somewhat different type, Sir Wilfrid might never have reached the distinguished position he holds to-day.

If one were to state in a word, to what quality Sir Wilfrid Laurier principally owes his present prominence, it would be—breadth of view. He thinks and acts first and always as a Canadian. This attitude of mind was early manifested in the young student, and it is doubtful if he has ever appealed to sectarian or racial prejudice even to the extent of one word. What more fitting qualification could a man have for leadership in a country of diversified races as Canada?

Born at St. Lin in the province of Quebec on November 20th, 1841, he was sent by his father, Carolus Laurier, to L'Assomption college at the early age of thirteen years. His studious nature soon asserted itself, and it is not surprising to learn that he made an excellent pupil. Notwithstanding his diligence and application, we are told by Senator David that he got into trouble on more than one occasion "by going without permission to listen to the argument of cases in the village court house, or to applaud some political orator; his natural vocation thus proclaiming itself in



Church at St. Lin, where Sir Wilfrid Laurier was baptised.

defiance of all rules of discipline."

He was very popular among the students of the college, and it is said that on one of these occasions when punishment was going to be meted out to him, his colleagues gathered in a body prepared to manifest their disapproval. With a wave of the hand, however, the embryo statesman motioned to them to make no demonstration, and the incident is typical of the pacific attitude which he has always adopted—and which has enabled him so successfully to weld races of different ideals and traditions into one united citizenship.

After a course of law at McGill University, the young student was called to the Bar in 1864. For the next two years he practised his profession in Montreal in partnership with Mederic Lanctot, an agitator who mixed politics and journalism with his profession to the serious injury of the latter. Here the future Premier exhibited the same assiduous attention to his duties as had marked his earlier career as a student.

Louis Frechette relates that on one occasion during this period, Wilfrid Laurier was introduced to him by Lanctot in these words: "Let me introduce M. Laurier, my partner in this struggling firm of lawyers. A future Minister!"

Laurier, he says, being busy, passed on with a smile and after he was gone, Lanctot said: "There is a head for you! Did you notice it? The young man who has it on his shoulders is sure to make himself heard of yet in the world. Why, sir, he is a poet, an orator, a philosopher, a jurist—I cannot pretend to enumerate all his talents—but mark my words, he is a coming man. Don't forget that face!"

Accounts differ as to why the young lawyer moved from Montreal to Arthabaskaville in 1866—one writer stating that it was with a view to improving his health which was then poor, while another equally well informed states that he had become fascinated by the progress and prosperity of the Eastern Townships. At any rate his assets then

were said to consist of a scanty wardrobe and a few law books, but with these he entered boldly upon his career and proclaimed to the world that he was prepared to do business as "Wilfrid Laurier, Avocat."

In 1871 he was elected a member of the Quebec Legislature and his maiden speech is said to have produced a sensation, so eloquent was it, so profound in the knowledge of political affairs and withal so bold and authoritative. His entry to the House of Commons in 1874 was marked by a similar triumph. His famous speech in defence of Louis Riel during that session singled him out as a future party leader, and in 1876 he became a member of the Mackenzie administration as Minister of Inland Marine.

It is not the purpose of this article to follow his subsequent political career which is well known, but it is interesting, in closing, to note the singular accuracy of Louis Frechette's estimate of Laurier as a leader, written in 1890 when the Premier was in the cold shades of Opposition.

"For Laurier is no ordinary leader," said Frechette. "Thoroughly equipped with information on every subject, always ready at repartee, never to be caught off his guard, displaying matchless prudence at every step, leaving nothing to chance; charming his friends by his self-confidence and boldness—disarming his opponents by his courteous fairness, no less than he confounds them by his sudden and brilliant attacks; he is never guilty of a false move, never permits himself to be taken by surprise, and though he may not inflict a crushing defeat upon the enemy at every encounter, it is rarely indeed that he is driven from the field."



Sir Wilfrid at 17 years of age.

The First Dominion Cabinet

SOME REMINISCENCES OF THE MEN OF 1867.

FORTY years ago the first Dominion Cabinet was formed under the leadership of Sir John A. Macdonald. The Hon. George Brown had resigned from the coalition government more than a year before, and while there were Liberals in the new cabinet he was not one of them. Brown felt that the coalition of 1864 should only be temporary and that it should not be continued under the new constitution. According to the Reform Convention of 1867, coalitions were bound to lead to corruption and the abandonment of principle. Howland and Macdougall maintained the opposite view and remained in. Brown, according to his biographer Mr. Lewis, was further prevented from joining the new cabinet because of his control of the "Globe," the leading Liberal organ in Upper Canada. Nevertheless, the first cabinet was a coalition cabinet, at least in name. Moreover, the seventy-two new senators were equally divided in their party nomenclature.

The new cabinet consisted of thirteen men, five from Ontario, four from Quebec, two each from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Of these, six were Conservatives—Macdonald, Cartier, Campbell, Galt, Chapais, and Langevin. Six were Liberals—Fergusson-Blair, Howland, McDougall, Tilley, Mitchell and Archibald. The seventh member should have been Sir Charles Tupper, or it might have been D'Arcy McGee. Nova Scotia needed one more representative; the Irish Catholics were without recognition. Tupper and McGee stood aside and the Hon. Edward Kenny, an Irish Roman Catholic from Nova Scotia, received the appointment. Kenny had been a Liberal, but shortly before this had gone over to the other side. Thus the cabinet was composed of six Conservatives, six Liberals and one who was both.

The two leaders in the cabinet were Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir George E. Cartier, and it is a strange play of fate that on this day when they should have been drawn together more closely than ever, their friendship was irreparably broken. When the "Honour" list came out, Macdonald received a "K.C.B." and Cartier a "C.B." The latter at once refused to accept lower rank than his brother-in-arms. A year later he was offered

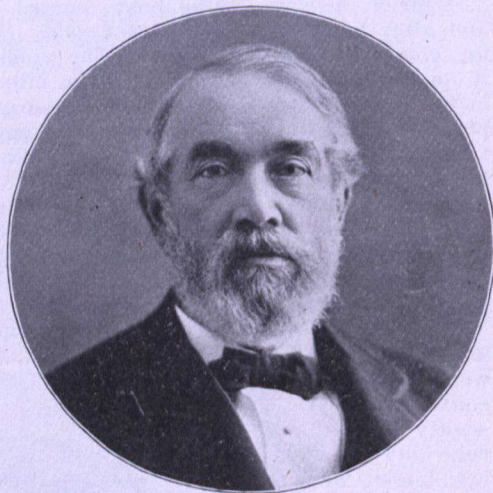
and accepted a baronetcy, a higher dignity than had been conferred on Sir John. This was reparation on Sir John's part, but it came too late. Their friendship could never again be the same.

The Hon. Adam John Fergusson, afterwards Fergusson-Blair, came from Scotland to Canada in 1833. He represented the county of Waterloo in the Canadian Assembly for some years and was known as a prominent lawyer. He was made President of the Council in the new cabinet, but bore his honours only a few months, dying before the year was out.

Mr. (afterwards Sir) Alexander Tilloch Galt was one of the "big" men of the ministry. He was the youngest son of John Galt, the famous Scotch novelist who came to Canada in 1824 as a commissioner of the Canada Company. At seventeen, the son came to Canada and was soon head of a land company in the Eastern Townships. He was a moderate Liberal, a man of high principle, and possessed of great financial ability. Curiously enough he introduced the first really Protective Tariff, that of 1859. He attended the confederation conferences at Charlottetown and Quebec, and shares much of the glory of a united Dominion with Sir John Macdonald and the Hon. Geo. Brown.

Mr. (afterwards Sir) Samuel Leonard Tilley of New Brunswick came into prominence with the Quebec Conference, but his succeeding career quite justified his selection as a member of the new cabinet. When Mr. Galt shortly afterwards resigned his position as Finance Minister, because of the Commercial Bank trouble, Sir Leonard succeeded him. Sir John reposed great confidence in him, and again made him finance minister when he returned to power in 1878. Sir Leonard died in June, 1896.

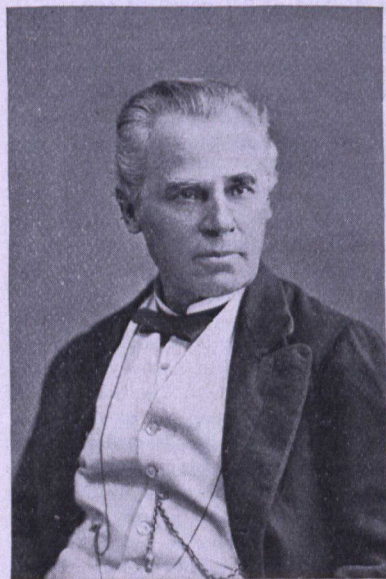
Mr. A. G. Archibald represented Nova Scotia at the Quebec Conference and was named by Sir Charles Tupper as his colleague from that province. Like Sir Leonard Tilley, he was also a member of the London Conference. He had the misfortune to be defeated at the succeeding election and desired to retire at once. Sir John pressed him to remain and he did so for nearly a year. Early



Hon. A. G. Archibald.



Hon. Peter Mitchell.



Sir George E. Cartier.



Sir Hector Langevin.



Sir Leonard Tilley.

in 1870 he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, where he arrived on September 2nd, taking over affairs from Mr. Donald A. Smith (Lord Strathcona) and Colonel Wolseley (now Lord Wolseley). He passed away in July, 1892.

Mr. (afterwards Sir) Alexander Campbell was a law partner with Sir John Macdonald and was one of those who attended both confederation conferences. He was the Dominion's first postmaster-general, and was afterwards lieutenant-governor of Ontario. He died in May, 1892.

Mr. William McDougall was a "clear-Grit," a journalist, and a member of both conferences. He was roundly denounced for deserting Brown and retaining office in the new ministry. He was one of the leading advocates of the acquisition of the Northwest, of which he was afterwards lieutenant-governor. He died only two years ago.

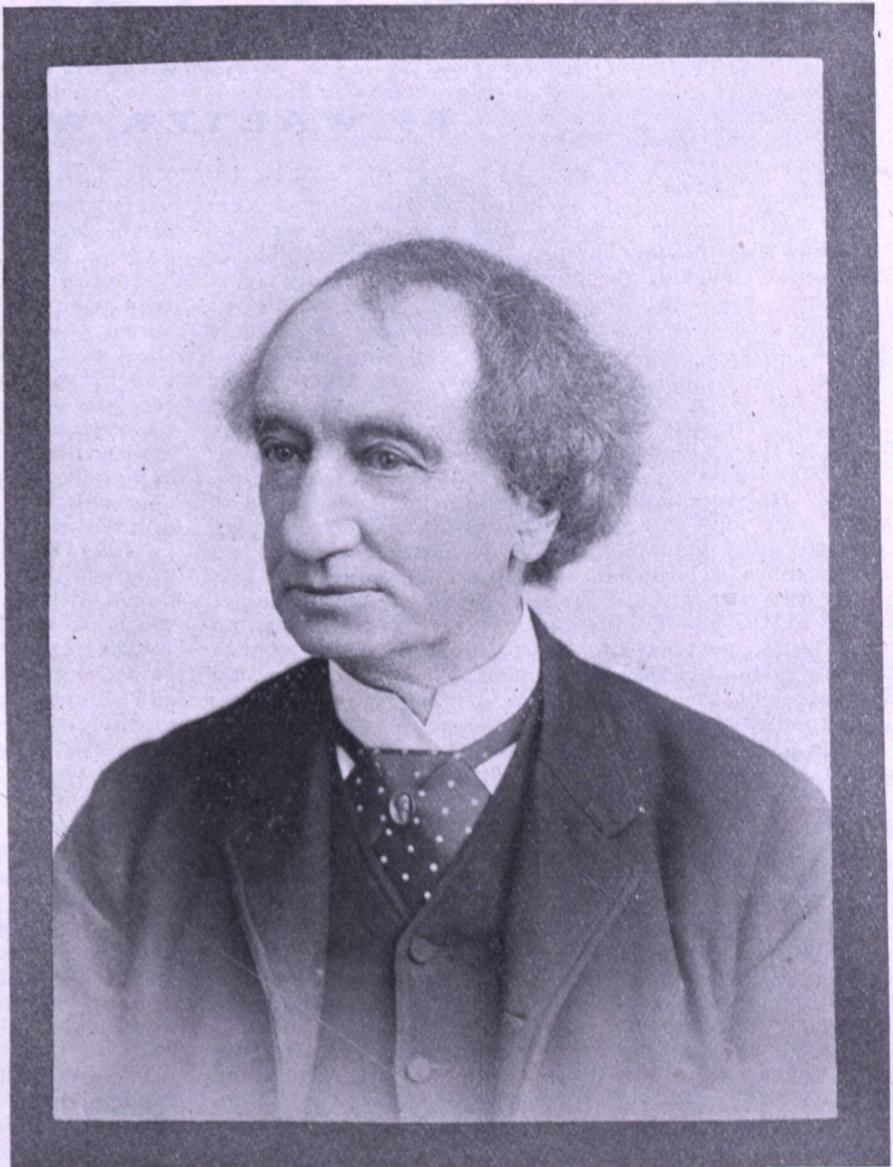
Mr. (afterwards Sir) W. P. Howland, was like his friend McDougall, roundly denounced by Mr. Brown and the "Globe" for joining the new government. Such action was called "political treason." McDougall and Howland attended the Reform Convention in 1867, and defended themselves. They were out-voted and subsequently they merged into the Conservative ranks. Later Sir William got back to the Liberal party to some extent. He died on the first day of the present year, the last survivor of this historic administration.

The Hon. Peter Mitchell was a Father of Confederation, and had been a member of the Assembly of New Brunswick. He was a member of the Canadian Senate 1867 to 1874 and of the Commons from 1882 to 1891. He owned and conducted the Montreal "Herald" for some years. He died in 1800.

Mr. Jean Charles Chapais was the Dominion's first Minister of Agriculture. He retired in January, 1873, and died July, 1885. Like Mr. Archibald he was defeated in 1867, in the general election which followed the inauguration of confederation. He, however, retained his portfolio and was called to the Senate. In his early days, he was a merchant living in St. Denis and won a notable victory over Mr. Letellier in Kamouraska in 1851.

Mr. (afterwards Sir) Hector L. Langevin, like Sir George Cartier, was a leading French Canadian. He was a lawyer and litterateur, was mayor of Quebec and editor of the "Courrier du Canada." In 1864 he became solicitor-general for Lower Canada in the Tache-Macdonald ministry and afterwards postmaster-general. He was a member of all the confederation conferences. He had a long and somewhat stormy administrative career.

Under circumstances already mentioned, Mr. Edward



The First Dominion Premier.

Kenny became receiver-general in this first Dominion cabinet. He was appointed a senator and later became President of the Council. In 1870 he became Administrator of Nova Scotia and thus left a vacancy for Sir Charles Tupper to enter the cabinet. He died in 1891.

To the Canadian Patriot

This is the land of the rugged North ; these wide,
Life-yielding fields, these inland oceans ; these
Vast rivers moving seaward their wide floods,
Majestic music : these sky-bounded plains
And heaven-topping mountains ; these iron shores,
Facing toward either ocean ; fit home, alone,
For the indomitable and nobly strong.



Sir A. T. Galt.



Sir John A. Macdonald.



Sir Charles Tupper.

THE MAN IN THE GALLERY

A STORY OF TREACHERY AND TRAGEDY IN A MEDITERRANEAN FORTRESS

By WALTER WOOD

THE levanter was blowing when the homeward-bound mail boat anchored off Gibraltar. Rain was falling in a deluge, and there was a swirl of sea which twisted and bumped the little tender sorely as she ranged alongside the liner to take off the passengers and their baggage. Only those who were ending or breaking their journey that day, troubled to land. There were a score of them, including a man who shook and shivered in a big waterproof coat, and from whose bowler hat large drops of water trickled down his face and neck. He was a man of five feet six, of average build; so far as looks were a guide—clean-shaven, brown-haired, grey-eyed, square-jawed, and with a hard, firm mouth. He wore gold-rimmed spectacles, the glasses of which were dull with moisture. The traveller's luggage consisted of a hand-bag, which he carried, allowing no one to touch it. He had come from Marseilles.

The traveller was the first of all the passengers to get ashore at the new landing-pier. He declined to listen to hotel touts, porters, or "scorps"—which is what they call the Spaniards who are indigenous to the Rock—and went straight ahead through the driving rain and swimming roadway, until he reached the police-station.

Then a policeman—an Anglicised Spaniard, who spoke perfect English, like all the constables at Gibraltar—stepped forth and intercepted him, note-book and pencil in hand.

"Your name, please," said the policeman.

"John King," replied the traveller.

"Why have you come here?"

"For my health—and my pleasure," was the answer.

"How long are you staying?" inquired the constable.

"Oh—a week—a fortnight, perhaps a month. Not more than a month—but it all depends. I cannot say. It depends on my health—and on my pleasure."

"Have you any tobacco or cigars, or spirits, or anything liable to duty?" the policeman asked. He closed his book and pocketed his pencil as he asked the stereotyped question.

"Nothing whatever," John King assured him. "Shall I open my bag?"

"Oh, no," replied the constable. Then he shivered, shrugged his shoulders, smiled pityingly—for who but fools would come to such a place for health and pleasure, in such weather?—and returned to the office, to be ready to come forth to interview the other travellers.

John King walked quickly past the covered market where the Moors from Tangier make money out of the infidel, whom they despise, and up Waterport Street, which is the one artery from which, at the Rock, all other streets branch. He turned to the right, and in a few seconds entered Irish Town, the street that runs parallel with the main thoroughfare, side by side with the bastions. There he disappeared into a doorway giving access to some storage cellars, and for the present vanished from the view of those who live and move and have their being at the fortress.

It was March, and the weather was already getting hot. The sun was brilliant, and whatever photographs the visitor took must, it was assumed, be successful so far as light went. Soldiers, sailors, "scorps," policemen, shopkeepers—all looked at him indulgently and with approval, for was he not buying at the Rock film which would never develop anything but fog, and chemicals which were sure to spoil the best exposures that were ever made? And did he not also purchase Indian silver goods for their weight in English silver coins, believing what the sellers said—that they charged nothing for the workmanship, and forgetful of the fact that silver coins are worth only about half their face value? Truly, John King was a simple tourist, whose presence at the Rock was much to be desired. He encouraged the conviction.

John King swarmed up and about the Rock. He made intelligent inquiries of wandering soldiers and sailors—and particularly gunners and engineers amongst the former; he intercepted workmen going to and from their labours in the early morning and evening—the thousands of men who come from Spain, across the neutral ground and go back—and asked seemingly foolish questions about all sorts of apparently foolish things. And he asked in first-rate Spanish, too. As John King, a British subject, he applied for and received permission to visit the Signal Station, and when nearly all people knew him by sight, at any rate, he presented himself with a

pass entitling him to view the "galleries," which, long years after they were made, are still the lions of the lion of the Mediterranean.

Now the galleries, as everyone who has not forgotten history knows—but most people do not remember history, which is good for the compilers of it—are the most famed of all military excavations in the world. During the Great Siege they were hewn out of the solid rock—two tunnels, one above the other; and with openings in the face of the Rock itself, embrasures for guns, so that the defenders could bring a flanking fire to bear on the approaches to the fortress. Convict labour built them, and to-day you may enter them and see in what sort of places British gunners of the past fought and lived, and endured and died.

John King presented himself to the sergeant at the Moorish Castle Guard, and the sergeant, as in duty bound, desired him to enter his name and nationality in the book which is kept for that excellent purpose.

The sergeant of the Guard sent for a guide, and the guide, a gunner, presented himself. He was an agreeable and communicative young man, in so far as giving information which was of no value was concerned; and he discoursed cheerfully with the seeming tourist as he opened the gate leading to the wondrous gloomy tunnel giving admission to the lower and larger gallery.

John King was the only member of the party. He apologised for being so small a party, but the guide laughed and said that he was often called upon to conduct personally a single individual. "Don't let that worry you," he observed. "I'm here to show the place—and I've had harder work since I came to Gib. four years ago." Then he explained what the galleries were.

"And surely," remarked John King, "they are so wonderful that they must communicate with the very heart of the fortress? Eh?"

"I don't think so—I should say not," answered the gunner. He was rather taken aback by the remark, which was not the sort that ordinary visitors made.

"You say it is impregnable," continued John King. "What would you answer if I said that I could take it?"

"Why," replied the gunner, "I should say that you were barmy, and that's a fact. Now, you've seen the old guns, which are no good, come and look at one or two quick-firers, which we use for saluting. No, not there, please. That isn't on show to-day. It's private." He hurried up and placed a hand on John King's shoulder, for John King had stepped over a rope barrier, and was in a great cave-like embrasure overlooking the neutral ground.

John King laughed. "I am sorry," he said, quickly stepping back over the rope. "I did not see."

"Try the next, it's just the same," advised the gunner. "You seem to be of an inquiring turn of mind."

"And what is it that is so very private, my good friend?" John King asked.

"As to that, sir," answered the gunner, "I'm not at liberty to tell."

John King did not press the point. He had already seen for himself, and knew that in the forbidden embrasure were the data and some apparatus of a secret experiment which was being carried out in connection with the defence of the Rock. Are they not at all times seeking to prove its impregnability by land as well as sea?

The gunner and John King were together in the neighbouring embrasure, and the heart of the man in the gallery was set on learning more exactly what the secret apparatus was. He would have offered money; but he saw no hope of success from the face of his companion, the guide. Then he planned and plotted, and as a result of a sudden and overmastering impulse he asked the gunner to point out to him the chief objects within view which were likely to appeal to the civilian and non-technical mind.

"Of course I will!" responded the gunner cheerily. "Now straight ahead there, just below us, is the cemetery. Two or three of our chaps are planted there. It's quiet and not in anybody's way—which is saying a lot for Gib., where everybody falls over each other. Come and look."

"Don't go too near the edge!" begged John King. "It makes me giddy to see you!"

The gunner laughed. "Why," he said, "I'm so used to

it that I never turn a hair. Yet it's a fall of five hundred feet—and a sure ticket-of-leave for the faller, eh? Come and have a peep. It's a glorious view. You can see the Queen of Spain's Chair, and the Bull Ring at San Roque, and a score of romantic spots. Don't be afraid. I'll see you don't fall."

John King stepped forward, tremblingly, as it seemed, until he was at the embrasure.

The gunner watched him with amusement. "I shouldn't have thought you'd be one to be taken like this," he observed. "Ladies sometimes are, but as a rule men don't turn a hair. And why should they?"

"Why, indeed?" asked John King. "Except that we are built as we are built, and cannot help ourselves."

"Steady there!" cried the gunner in sudden anger. "What the devil are you doing! You'll have us both over if you fool like that! Stand back!"

He became rigid with rage and disgust as he spoke, and for just one awful moment an overwhelming fear possessed him.

"I—I am so sorry!" stammered John King. He was trembling violently and his face was livid. "It—it—was my nerves!"

"Damn your nerves!" snapped the gunner. "A man of your age oughtn't to have 'em. An' nerves don't make a man cannon into another like that. If I'd lost my head or balance I should have been planted in the boneyard there to-morrow. Come, let's get out of this! I've had one lunatic in this place—an' I don't want another. By the left, quick march—double if you like—for the sooner I get you on the level the better it'll be for both of us. Now then, no arguing. I don't want it. To tell the truth, I don't like the look of you."

"I—I—I really—I—" John King stammered humbly.

"Come," interrupted the gunner gruffly. "No apology's needed, provided no harm was meant. I suppose you didn't mean anything; but your performance was as much like a shove on purpose as anything I ever want to feel. I've knocked many a man down for less. Are you ready? Shall we go?"

"Ready! Yes! And you at least shall go!"

The words were uttered in a subdued shout of frenzy, and even as he spoke them John King hurled himself towards the opening in the rock which was five hundred feet above the ground where the white, far-stretching cemetery looked like a vast collection of toy tombstones in the blazing brilliant sunshine.

John King had described himself on landing as an invalid and had smiled when he said it. Invalid he called himself, and yet he was a man of amazing and unexpected strength. The gunner, too, was a powerful man, but his very bones seemed to crunch as his assailant gripped him, and he could not get his breath. For two or three long-drawn seconds he regarded himself as lost, for the man who held him was forcing him towards the opening—to the very edge of that terrific fall of sheer five hundred feet.

Then the gunner found himself, and with a convulsive jerk and wrench and kick—a combination of spasmodic movements such as a despairing man in his extremity will make—he freed his pinned arms, gripped his companion's throat, and with a mighty effort dashed him on the ground.

John King was up again like a lithe wild animal.

"Come near me!" shouted the gunner warningly, "and as sure as I live I'll hurl you down and smash you—mad or sane! Mark that!"

John King did not answer. With the frenzy of madness he sprang forward, making as he did so a sound which was a mingled curse and moan.

The gunner stepped aside, his back placed flat against the wall of rock, his feet firmly planted on the limestone floor.

John King hurled himself against him, and there and then the gunner kept his word. He seized the man before the momentum of his dash was exhausted, dashed him towards the opening, then, with a gasp of horror, fell back, for the figure had disappeared and the gunner was alone in the embrasure. He heard an appalling cry, then a dull thud came up from the ground five hundred feet below.

For some awful minutes the gunner remained standing against the wall of rock, stunned by what had happened, unable to grasp the tragedy. For the present he did not try to give a motive. He assumed that the visitor, in a fit of madness—such a fit as sometimes seizes people who ascend to a great height and then look down—had attempted to destroy him; then he looked behind him and saw that in the struggle a pocket-book had fallen from the coat of the visitor. He picked it up, opened it, and found that the only contents were a close-

ly written, much handled paper, and a detailed plan of the Rock. It was a plan from a guide-book, a good clear print; and upon it were a number of additions made with a fine pen—marking certain places particularly and explaining what they were. But the writing was in characters which the gunner did not understand. A great light, however, flashed upon his intelligence, and he carefully put the book under his khaki jacket. "If what I think is true," he murmured, "then I'm glad he went. It saves trouble."

The gunner advanced to the edge of the embrasure and looked over. He saw that soldiers were hurrying up, and that already one or two were standing by an object which was huddled on the ground. One or two more had their heads averted, as if there was something visible which they could not bear to behold. The gunner hastened out of the galleries and joined the sergeant of the guard.

"Hello!" said the sergeant. "Where's your man? What have you done? Cold-pigged him?"

"He's done that for himself," replied the gunner. "Come, and I'll show you."

And the sergeant, wondering, accompanied him back to the gallery.

"Yours is a queer yarn," observed the sergeant, when he had heard the gunner's story. "I wonder how other people'll look at it, eh? Well, it's word against word, and in a case like that a living man's goes farther than a corpse's. Come and see what the major thinks of it."

He was congratulated on his pluck and escape, and John King, who had gone to Gibraltar for his health and pleasure, remained there a good deal longer than the probable limit-time of a month which he had mentioned to the police on landing. The gunner had kept the pocket-book concealed, and being a thoughtful gunner, who had plenty of time to think, and had his own theories as to the meaning of many things, he did not produce it for inspection until he had got to a very high personage, which was the Governor himself.

"You have done quite the right thing, I imagine," said the Governor; "certainly you have if what you fancy proves to be the truth. It is better in these peculiarly complicated times that certain things should be hushed up. Come here at this time a week hence—that will be three o'clock next Thursday afternoon—and I will tell you what you are to do."

The gunner obeyed, and a week later he was again in the presence of the Governor.

"So you think," said the Governor, "that this man was a secret agent employed by an unfriendly power, and that his purpose in visiting us was to—well, to blow us up?"

"I'm judging by the plans, sir, and the book, and the way of the man in asking questions. As to the writing, of course I can't say, because I don't understand it."

"The man's object," explained the Governor briefly, "was to explode the new secret naval magazine which has been constructed, and other magazines, in the hope, apparently, that the Rock itself would be shattered. It was a big ambition, and I do not think he would have been satisfied. Still, modern explosives are modern explosives, and when they once begin their work it is impossible to tell where they will end. He fancied that in the galleries he would find a means of getting at the magazines if he could be left alone for even a few moments. But his instructions were wrong; the way to the newest magazine is not from the galleries at all. Where the proper place is, is our own secret." He advanced and put a hand kindly and admiringly on the gunner's shoulder. "You look as if you could keep your own counsel, my lad," he said. "Keep it now. There are special reasons why you should. Besides, I order you."

The gunner saluted. "I shall never breathe a word about the affair, sir," he said. "It was weighing on my mind a bit."

"It need not do that," the Governor assured him. "Far from it. Now, good-day."

The gunner saluted and departed.

A week later he was promoted sergeant. Within a year he was a subaltern, under orders for India. The night before he sailed from Gibraltar he walked out to the great cemetery which lies on the flat stretch of neutral ground, and glanced at a grave which bore a headstone, stating that below there rested John King, who was killed by a fall from the Rock.

He smiled grimly as he turned his head and looked up at the embrasure in the vast grey precipice from which John King had fallen.

"And only two of us know the real secret!" he murmured. "I'm proud to have such a distinguished share of it!"



THE GOLDEN FLOOD

By EDWIN LEFEVRE

Resume: Mr. Richard Dawson, president of the Metropolitan Bank, New York, is visited on a Thursday, by Mr. George Kitchell Grinnell, who wishes to deposit \$100,000, and presents an Assay Office check on the Sub-Treasury. One week from then he deposits \$151,000, a fortnight later, \$250,000, and three weeks later \$500,000. He makes no revelation of his business, and on his desiring to make a deposit of \$1,000,000, the pompous president becomes excited. A deposit of \$2,500,000 follows, then \$5,000,000, and the following Thursday, \$10,000,000. Mr. Dawson employs Costello, a detective, who reports that Mr. Grinnell lives quietly, but has a load of bullion bars taken to the Assay Office every Monday. The flood continues until Mr. Grinnell has nearly thirty millions in the bank. The President in desperation seeks again to discover the source of the fortune. He is baffled once more and Mr. Grinnell increases his deposits to \$35,000,000, and informs Mr. Dawson that Miss Grinnell, his sister, shares the secret of his wealth. The President then warns the plutocrat, Mellen, of the gold calamity.

PART TWO: THE GOLD.

ON Thursday—the president, a keen psychologist, to reassure the richest man in the world, had jocularly called it Consternation Day—Mr. Mellen and Mr. Dawson entered the bank. They had ridden from Mr. Mellen's house in Mr. Mellen's brougham. They had discussed Mr. Grinnell at great and painful length many times in that week. In the carriage, on the way downtown, they had talked of nothing else. The president was certain that the mystery was no longer a mystery. The burden of his argument had become that a condition, not a theory, confronted them. The time for idle speculation had passed. It behooved them to act. The lingering indecision of Mr. Mellen did not come from inability to change his lifetime's plans in the twinkling of an eye, but from unwillingness to accept at second-hand the inevitableness of something unspeakably disagreeable. All great business generals are opportunists. But at times the greatest minds work femininely.

"The question of whether he makes his gold or not, or how he gets it, now has merely an academic interest, William. The thing is, that he has the gold." Dawson said it in a playfully exaggerated pedagogical air, yet ready to become deadly earnest in a twinkling.

"I don't see it," said Mellen seriously. "We must find the explanation. What he can do, we can do."

"We have tried."

"We must succeed."

"Your coachman says to himself: 'If Mr. Mellen has made five hundred millions of dollars in thirty years, what he can do, I can do.' Do you see him doing it? I tell you the man has the gold. He isn't trying to sell us any secret. All he asks is to be let alone. That is the alarming thing."

"It must be a mine. Where else could so much gold come from?" Mellen's thoughts were on the source of the gold.

"My dear William, we can account for every ounce of gold produced in the world. There is no mine capable of producing such a quantity secretly."

"He may have hoarded it; accumulated it for months."

"If a mine produced a thousand ounces a month we'd know it; and Grinnell has deposited in our bank and others, as far as I have been able to trace, at the rate of a million ounces a month. He is too young to have hoarded it for years. He has no accomplices. That is certain. He visits nobody, but stays home. His father did not leave it to him. He has not unearthed any secret treasure, and, moreover, there never was or could be a hidden treasure of such magnitude. Why, his gold must weigh something like seventy-five tons! Nobody could have given it to him, for nobody had it to give except our bank or the Commercial, and we certainly didn't. The Assay Office says Grinnell's is not quite like any of the other bullion that goes to the Assay Office.

Its only impurity is a little platinum, and it isn't always present. We know, within a negligible quantity, where almost every ounce of gold in the world is, and who holds it. There is not a bank or a bullion dealer anywhere whose supply is not known, approximately, to us. It's my business to know. There's no mystery about that. The mystery is Grinnell's gold supply. He cannot store vast quantities in his house. Our men have been in every room in it. Costello, disguised as a driver from the dealers from whom Grinnell buys his chemical supplies, says there is no place for vaults. The only alterations made in the house since Grinnell bought it, that he can see, were to transform the basement into a metallurgical laboratory. We can say almost certainly that the gold is melted in his electric furnace. But all that we know positively is this: NOTHING GOES IN, AND GOLD COMES OUT! Grinnell is making it, I tell you."

The president turned to his morning mail. Mellen stopped him.

"But that is impossible. You know it is."

"It is a scientific impossibility; but it is also an actual fact. Maybe it isn't gold at all. But the Assay Office and chemists who have analysed samples I secured from the Assay Office say it is. Where can he get it? Not from a mine outside of New York, for we could easily trace it, no matter how long ago it came. Not from a mine in Thirty-eighth Street, or we'd know it. Not from sea-water. I even had the street torn up in front of Grinnell's house under pretence of fixing the gas-main. He can't get it from the air. The whole thing is impossible. That's why I'm afraid."

"If he makes it he must make it out of something," said Mellen controversially.

"Wilkins & Gross, the chemical people, say that last year Grinnell bought large quantities of iridium, osmium, ruthenium, and other metals of the platinum group. They understood that he had been experimenting with an electrical furnace. Costello saw a gas engine and a dynamo in the laboratory, and a lot of electrical apparatus. That's his specialty, it seems. And the Columbia people say he is quite an authority on radium. I tell you the man makes it; at least, to all intents and purposes he does. Perhaps its radium rays applied to some base metal in some way which he has discovered accidentally. Wait till you see him," and Mr. Dawson began composedly to rip the edges of the envelopes with a long, sharp paper-cutter.

The richest man in the world walked up and down the office. Once his lips moved. Dawson, who happened to look up from his work at that very moment, asked him: "What did you say, William?"

"The government would be justified in stopping him."

"If the world knew the secret of making gold what would be gained? He has us in his power. No sense to blind your eyes to it."

The face of the richest man in the world flushed. He said, with an impressive, because calm, determination: "He must be stopped!" He paused. Looking at his friend steadily, he repeated, very quietly—too quietly: "At any cost!"

"If we can stop him by fair words, all right. No use to try anything else. He has provided against everything!"

The richest man in the world stared at his friend; his head was bent forward as if to listen better. At Dawson's last words he resumed his pacing. The pattern of the big Oriental rug consisted of ornate squares surrounded by a profusion of arabesques. Mellen, his gaze fixed on the rug, stepped on alternate squares as he walked up and down the room. The president began to read his mail. From time to time he looked up and saw the richest man in the world striding up and down the

room, carefully stepping on alternate squares in the rug. An office boy entered.

"Mr. Grinnell is here, sir," he announced.

The richest man in the world halted abruptly and waited, his eyes on the door.

"Show him in at once. Ah, good morning, Mr. Grinnell." The president rose and walked toward the young man with outstretched hand.

"Good morning, Mr. Dawson," said Grinnell cheerfully. He became aware of Mr. Mellen, who was staring at him unblinkingly, and hesitated.

"Mr. Grinnell, let me introduce my friend, Mr. William Mellen."

"How do you do, Mr. Mellen?" said Grinnell. Mr. Mellen shook hands and Grinnell gazed attentively at the richest man in the world. After a slight pause, he added deprecatingly, as if to explain his scrutiny: "I have read so much about you, Mr. Mellen. I hope you will pardon my rudeness."

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Grinnell. I have heard a great deal about you, lately." Mellen said this almost impatiently. He was a man whose business soul was dark and tortuous, like his methods. His speech was habitually non-committal, and he had won more battles and more millions by patience than by aggression. But now he was eager to plunge into a cross-examination of the young man before him. Yet, he looked ill at ease. Perhaps he feared to find that Dawson was not mistaken in his wild surmises.

"Yes," put in the bank president, with an ingratiating smile at the young man, "I have taken the liberty of speaking to Mr. Mellen about you." A slight frown appeared on Grinnell's face. The president hastened to add: "He is the only soul on earth to whom I have spoken. You see, Mr. Grinnell, I was very anxious to bring you two together. Yours is an extraordinary case; and Mr. Mellen is not only a director of this bank, but I consider him, as a business man and financier, one of the—"

"Never mind all that, Dawson," interrupted Mellen, with a curious mixture of habitual smoothness and an unwonted sharpness, as if deprecating flattery, and at the same time resenting the president's apologetic attitude. "Mr. Grinnell, I am sure you must realise that you have created a condition which may become of national importance, since it contains a dire menace to this country's business. He assumed, toward the end of his speech, or his voice and manner did, that Mr. Grinnell and he were in accord on that point.

Grinnell looked distinctly surprised. When he spoke, both his hearers felt absolutely assured that he wished to gain time, to plan a defence.

"I certainly do not realise anything of the kind, Mr. Mellen."

"Then, sir, it is high time you did," returned Mellen. His face was composed, but in the composure there was menace. Mr. Dawson made haste to offset the effect which he feared Mr. Mellen's words might have on Mr. George K. Grinnell. He said, with flattering deference:

"As I explained to you, Mr. Grinnell, the money market is a delicate piece of mechanism. Unusual shocks produce unusual disturbances; and all disturbances are highly detrimental to business." He smiled deprecatingly but forgivingly: the money market was a pampered child; no need to be too harsh.

"Yes, I know that. But what unusual shock have I given to the delicate mechanism of the money market?" Grinnell's effort to conceal his annoyance was apparent to the two capitalists.

"You have not yet, sir; but what assurance have I, have all business men, that you will not?" The richest man in the world asked this with a frown, as if Mr. Grinnell had not met him half-way and might as well now throw off his mask and reveal himself frankly, as the criminal disturber of the world's peace, to be dealt with accordingly.

"Assurance that I will not? Why should I disturb the money market? The money market does not disturb me." Grinnell said it not at all jocularly, but very calmly, as if he meant it literally.

"But you will disturb it if you keep on," said Mellen, drumming with his finger-tips on the top of the president's desk. He perceived this and ceased with an abruptness that betokened remorse over the absence of self-control. He was an introspective man.

"There is nothing unusual going on, is there? No stringency anywhere; in fact, I gather from the news-

papers that money rates are very low," Grinnell went on.

"Your deposits are, in some measure, responsible for it," said Dawson, with a placating smile.

"I am glad of it," said the young man simply. "It is a good thing that people should be able to borrow money cheaply, isn't it?"

"Not too cheaply." Mr. Dawson shook his head and smiled, as at a favourite son who is in error, but is young.

"Oh, I know what you mean. It isn't profitable for the banks with money to lend; it makes the supply greater than the demand, and you get lower interest rates on your loans; and then it is apt to be a sign that business is slack, and people have no need to borrow. But just now, unless all the newspapers lie, business is quite active in all lines and—" Grinnell's speech savoured slightly of the pedagogical, like a school-boy enunciating obvious truths, but using his teacher's professional solemnity.

"That is not the point," interrupted the richest man in the world.

"What is the point, then?" asked Grinnell, with an air of forgiving Mellen's impoliteness.

"Do you propose to flood the world with gold?" Mr. Mellen's voice rang out rather unpleasantly.

"That," said the young man slowly, "is a very remarkable question, Mr. Mellen."

"Mr. Grinnell"—Mr. Dawson spoke with a half-jocular voice—"I have told Mr. Mellen of your extraordinary deposits, and he naturally wishes to know if you are ever going to stop."

"Yes, Mr. Dawson, I am going to stop at once. I shall transfer my account to another bank. Will you be good enough to—"

"No, no, no! You misunderstand me."

"Mr. Dawson, I have told you several times that if the fact that I was one of your depositors disturbed you, you could rid yourself of your suffering by telling me to seek some other bank. The reason why I selected this one was because it was the richest and, I supposed, the most ably managed in the country. Nothing but the fear of arousing a curiosity I could not gratify made me deposit my gold gradually. If a man deposited fifty or a hundred millions at once, and everybody knew it, he could not live in peace in this country. The sensational newspapers would hound him to death. You know what my views are, and that I hope to do some good to my fellow-men in this world. But I see that I was mistaken in my assumption that I could deposit some of my funds with you. To prevent further—"

"Mr. Grinnell, I beg that you will not close your account with us. Your money is yours to do with as you see fit; but don't withdraw it because of a misunderstanding. We are very glad indeed to have your account. But really, my dear Mr. Grinnell, you must see how natural it is that we should wish to know, not so much the source of your gold, but the quantity controlled by you."

"And the source, too," said the richest man in the world, in a tone that showed there should be no argument about a purely family matter. "Where does it come from?"

"Mr. Dawson," said Grinnell, distinctly ignoring Mellen, "Mr. Mellen is one of your largest depositors, is he not?"

"Yes; he—"

"Do you insist upon his telling you where he gets the money that he deposits here?"

"Mr. Grinnell—"

"Is my gold any different from his gold? Is an Assay Office check not as good as an International Distributing Syndicate check? I don't mean ethically, but financially."

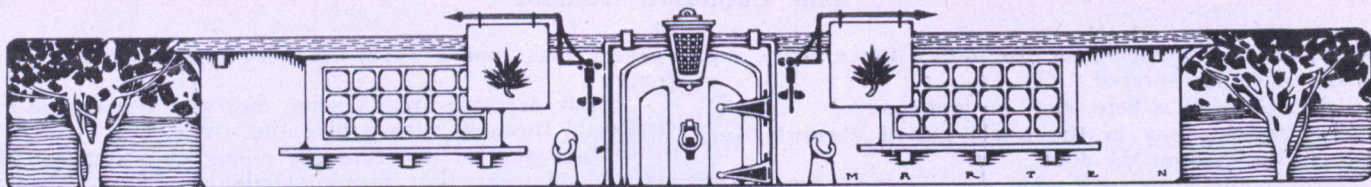
Mr. Mellen flushed. Mr. Dawson said with the dignity of suppressed anger: "It is not that; but if gold is to become as cheap as pig-iron—"

"Why should it?" interrupted Grinnell icily. "Does Mr. Mellen intend to give all his money to the poor?"

"This is—" began Mellen, in a rebuking voice.

"Mr. Grinnell," said the president, still with much dignity, "we have no desire to pry into your private affairs. But great wealth means great responsibilities, and what is permissible to a pauper is not permissible to you. You must admit that there is no limit to the harm that can be done from a too rapid increase in the gold supply of the world."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

The Canadian

IT is a comfort that we are not asked to define certain expressions which we glibly use. Everyone of us refers to a typical Canadian in an airy fashion, but if we were asked to describe this character, there would be confusion. Mr. Hamar Greenwood, one of the Canadians in the British House of Commons, was recently described in P. T. O. in this fashion: "He is a typical Canadian. What is the typical Canadian? It is not quite an easy definition to make, but I should roughly describe him as a blend of the modernity, quickness, keen and ready humour of the American, with the underlying steadiness, love of order and strong resolution to maintain discipline which are characteristically English."

These are pleasant words written by Mr. T. P. O'Connor who found his Canadian journey thickly strewn with friendships. But his definition gives rise to some speculation. Is there a typical Canadian girl? We have a more-than-vague idea of the typical English girl. She is a reposeful blonde, a gentle contrast to the vivacious French brunette. We also have well-established notions about the Irish girl and the lassie from Scotland. The American girl is, perhaps, the most pervasive type of all, thanks to the art of Mr. Charles Dana Gibson and the advertising of the industrious United States press.

But if you were asked to describe a typical Canadian girl, what would you say? Is she fair or dark, tall or short, lively or dull, reticent or gushing, romantic or practical? Is she a domestic treasure or a social success? Is she fonder of bridge than of biscuits and is she athletic or clinging-viney? These are a few of the considerations which arise in contemplating this elusive creature.

When Man Advises

ONE of the popular magazines has recently been considering the exceedingly ancient question whether woman possesses a sense of humour. Adam was the first man to declare that she has not—probably because she scolded him for being a wretched



Mrs. Robert Thompson, of St. John, N.B., an efficient officer in the National Council of Women.

While it is taken for granted that the women readers of the Canadian Courier are interested in the news of the Dominion, as presented in article and illustration, it is also realised that there are subjects which naturally make a stronger appeal to feminine taste than the growth of the new provinces or the prospects of Cobalt. "At the Sign of the Maple" the women who desire to express their views regarding affairs, domestic or foreign, will be unfailingly welcome.

CANADIENNE.

the part of adviser. When an editor wishes to show how the country is going to the bow-wows, he points to the awful extravagance of woman, to the way in which she neglects her home and dear little ones and prophesies horrible things because she plays bridge and pretends to understand Browning. But does he ever dream of scolding Adam for tarrying long at the cocktail and spending his wife's pin-money at poker? Does he ever advise him to stay home in the evening and greet his tired wife with a smile? It is woman who receives these bits of priceless advice and she proves her sense of humour by reading them with a smile and mentally dubbing the editor a "stupid old thing."

Even her dress is not free from hostile masculine criticism. If she wears a long skirt, it is unhealthy and disseminates germs. Should the skirt be of rainy-day length, the editor-man is shocked and writes in sadness of the decrease of feminine modesty and blushes as he writes. If she wears a high collar, learned articles are written of the evil effects of such a style on the circulation and the heart. If she wears a nice cool shirt waist with a yoke of embroidery, the said garment is called by vulgar names and the editor-man spends the last drop of his fountain pen or the last gasp of his "dictating" voice in an expression of horror at this final proof of woman's depravity.

In the meantime, the object of all this journalistic solicitude does very much as it pleases her.

Lavender Leaves

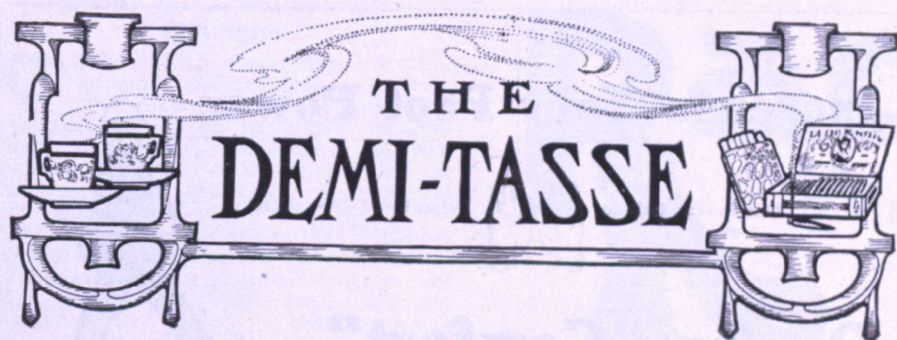
The waving corn was green and gold
The damask roses blown,
The bees and busy spinning-wheel
Kept up a drowsy drone,
When Mistress Standish, folding down
Her linen, white as snow,
Between it laid the lavender
One summer long ago.

The slender spikes of greyish green
Still moist with morning dew,
Recalled a garden sweet with box
Beyond the ocean's blue,
An English garden, quaint and old,
She nevermore might know;
And so she dropped a homesick tear
That summer long ago.

The yellow sheets grew worn and thin,
And fell in many a shred;
Some went to bind a soldier's wounds,
And some to shroud the dead,
And Mistress Standish rests her soul
Where graves their shadows throw
And violets blossom, planted there
In summers long ago.

But still between the royal rose
And lady lily tall
Springs up the modest lavender
Beside the cottage wall.
The spider spreads her gossamer
Across it to and fro—
The ghost of linen laid to bleach
One summer long ago.

—The Record.



THE DEMI-TASSE

AN ILL BIRD.

THE ex-Canadian, calling himself W. R. Givens, who recently wrote an article on his native land for a New York Weekly, has told some marvellous tales about the Land of the Maple. He declares in one and the same breath that Canadians are honest, industrious and law-abiding and that they are not good people to live amongst. He asserts that we live in craven fear of Great Britain, and yet we are too boldly confident of our own strength. But, worst of all, this is a country of no opportunities, and the young man must move away to the land of the free-and-easy. It is quite true that Canada affords a limited field for such artists as Orchard and Cassie Chadwick. They must be o'er the border if they would carry on graft or murder on a truly magnificent scale. We are an unenterprising lot when it comes to confidence games and other crimes demanding imagination; and those Canadians capable of really superb conspiracies find their way to a country which rewards initiative and enhaloes the anarchist. Poor dear Canada! She is fair, fat and forty, next Monday, but she is a cruel stepmother who drives away to Uncle Sam those of her household who wish to toy with dynamite and blow up the miscreants who commit the crime of trying to govern a western State.

OMINOUS ADVICE.

A doctor who was called in to see a sick Irishman at once advised Pat to go to bed, and was surprised when his patient strongly objected to such procedure. "Faith an' I'll not go," said the sufferer. "But why not?" asked the physician. "Because, doctor dear, it's the divil of an unhealthy place. Look at the hundreds that have died there."—Short Stories.

VERY ANCIENT.

"These animal stories that Roosevelt has been criticising are just a modern fad," said a minister to a member of his congregation. "Nothing of the sort. The snake story is the very oldest in the world," was the irreverent reply.

A SUMMER CYCLE.

A boat and a beach and a summer resort,
A man and a maid and a moon;
Soft and sweet nothings and then at the real
Psychological moment a spoon.
A whisper, a promise, and summer is o'er,
And they part in hysteric despair
(But neither returns in the following June,
For fear that the other is there).
—Lippincott's Magazine.

MUTUAL WISHES.

"If you'd only have pies like mother used to make," sighed the man.
"If you'd only make dough like father used to," echoed the wife.—Puck.

ON APPROVAL.

Two Englishmen, having resolved to better their fortunes by mining in Mexico, one of them came to the land of "tortillas, frijoles and manana" to prospect, while the other remained in the tight little island. Some months later the latter received

some samples of ore weighing about a ton and a half and assaying very high in precious metals.

With such a showing, the necessary capital to work the mine was easily secured. The miner in Mexico received the following cablegram: "Stock all subscribed. Start development work on mine at once." His answer was: "Congratulations. Please return the mine."

NOT REVEREND.

"If you would run Toronto gaol,"
The Conference sternly said,
"You must give up your good 'D.D.'
And be a 'Gov.' instead."

VANISHING.

"All the good old institutions are going," philosophised Mr. Brown. "The Peace Conference at The Hague wants to do away with war, and the next thing it'll attack matrimony. There's be no excitement on the earth if we all get to agreeing with one another."

TRIBULATIONS OF A CONSUL.

The following ingenuous epistle is submitted in evidence by a writer in Harper's Weekly, who tells, in a most amusing article, what it means for a United States Consul to uphold her prestige at the world's ends:

"Dear Mr. Consul: My son is of a roving disposition, and leans toward the East. I don't know where he got it; not from his father, a dry goods man in Paris (Tex.). Can I apprentice him to you for two years? The pay is regular, and Government and he could shift from place to place, getting nearer and nearer home. I inclose three stamps, hoping for a favourable reply.

"I reply," says the writer, "but not favourably. The fondest mother would turn shuddering from the 'trade' of consul when she read my letter. Her darling should be hangman, first; it was occupation for a

pariah; its duties of a kind that broke up the strongest; that led to language varied, indeed—even tinted and heated as Vesuvian lava.

"I still have those three green stamps."

NOT TO BE CAUGHT.

Recently a very suspicious countryman went to New York to see the sights. Coming to the Metropolitan Museum, he was amazed to find that admission to this splendid building cost nothing. He mounted the steps and entered. "Your umbrella, sir," said a uniformed official, extending his hand. The countryman jerked back his umbrella, laughed scornfully, and turned on his heel. "I knowed there was some cheat about it when ye got in free," he said.

NOT THE SAME.

Citizen—"Yes, she's married to a real estate agent and a good, honest fellow, too."
Subbubs: "Good gracious! Bigamy, eh!"

NO EASY MARK.

The great American humourist, Mark Twain, was the guest of the Pilgrims at the Savoy Hotel, London, England, last Tuesday, and stories concerning the author of "Tom Sawyer" have lately strewn the English periodicals. One of the best of these declares that Mark Twain has a great dislike to what is known as "side," and is never so happy as when taking down conceit in anyone. While dining in a restaurant, he once sat at the next table to two exceedingly self-possessed young men who were putting on a great many airs and graces, and giving the waiters an immense amount of trouble. One of them gave an order, and then in a commanding voice asked the waiter to tell the cook who it was for.

"Yes," said the other, "better tell him my name, too, so as to make certain of having it all right."

Presently came Mark Twain's chance, for when the waiter came to his table, he said, loud enough for everyone to hear:

"Bring me a dozen oyster, and whisper my name to each of them, to make sure it's all right."

In Mr. Kipling's "From Sea to Sea" there is a highly interesting account of how the young correspondent for the Allahabad "Pioneer" visited Mark Twain at Elmira, New York. He tells with positive veneration of how the latter's hand rested carelessly on his shoulder as the genial humourist bent forward to take a volume from the book case. Little did either dream of the future that awaited the young caller and of the dinners they would enjoy together in England's capital.



Election of our Local Magnate.

Candidate.—"Yus, as I've already told you, Gentlemen, you see before you a self-made man."
Voice (from the back)—"Better ha' put the job out, Mister!"—Punch.

Sporting Comment

WITH the Ontario Bowling Association tournament at Niagara-on-the-Lake, the "business" bowling season will be duly opened on July 8. And that tournament promises to be even more successful than in previous years. Poor greens has always been its drawback, but last year special attention was given to the grass, and the satisfaction of the bowlers was general. The result is that a larger attendance is promised this year from Ontario points in addition to six rinks from the famous Westmount Bowling Club, of Montreal. It will be a great week for the bowlers.

* *

The annual meeting of the Royal Canadian Golfing Association at Lambton next week promises some rare sport. Though it is generally held that the Canadian Amateur Championship will be between Geo. S. Lyon, of Toronto, and R. Martin, of Hamilton, little is known of the prowess of the Eastern golfers, and some surprises may be in store. T. B. Reath, of Montreal, the acknowledged champion of the East, will, unfortunately, be an absentee this year, as he is off to try the links of Bonnie Scotland. But there are other good men in the East, such as Gerald Lees, Outremont G. C., and J. P. Taylor, and the MacDoulahs, of the Royal Montreal. And who can tell what a year may have done for some of these?

* *

During the meet at Lambton the two players to accompany G. S. Lyon and F. R. Martin to Cleveland to compete in the Olympic Cup contest will be chosen. In this competition they will meet strong teams from all parts of the United States, but with good running mates for the two already chosen there is little doubt but that the Canadians will make an excellent showing.

* *

And now the eyes of all sailormen are fixed on the three Canada Cup boats now being got ready for the trial races. The actual trial races are fixed for July 18th, 19th and 20th, but weekly races will be held before that time, and the chances are that the challenger will be pretty well selected before the trial races begin. For it is necessary, you know, to get the boat best suited to August breezes, when the average wind is about eight miles an hour.

* *

In this connection many yachtsmen are of the opinion that the wrong boat was picked when the Temeraire tried to lift the cup. The trial races that year were between the Temeraire and Zoraya, and were won by the former, but the lightest wind secured for any of those trial races was twelve miles an hour. The Zoraya afterwards proved that she was undoubtedly the Temeraire's superior in light winds.

* *

But there is another and a rather curious explanation of this fact, and it is vouched for by other yachting authorities. This explanation is that in towing the Temeraire to Rochester behind a steamer her nose was jerked up out of the water, and her shape so changed that her speed was lessened. The Zoraya's shape was also changed a bit, but with her results were infinitely better, as it gave her more speed. Anyway, it is pointed out that in ten or a dozen races sailed prior to the trial races the Zoraya only won two.

* *

The great Longboat may be hard to manage, but he has done more for track athletics than any other man in Canada. Time was when this form of sport was practically neglected. Now hundreds, yes, thousands of young Canadians are taking nightly spins of ten miles or so in preparation for Marathon races. Naturally, the interest has spread to the public, and at the recent C. A. A. U. meet in Toronto the attendance was only measured by the capacity of the grounds.

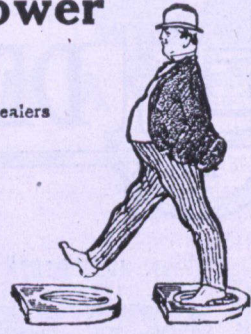
Increase Your Foot Power

This Trade Mark on every pair

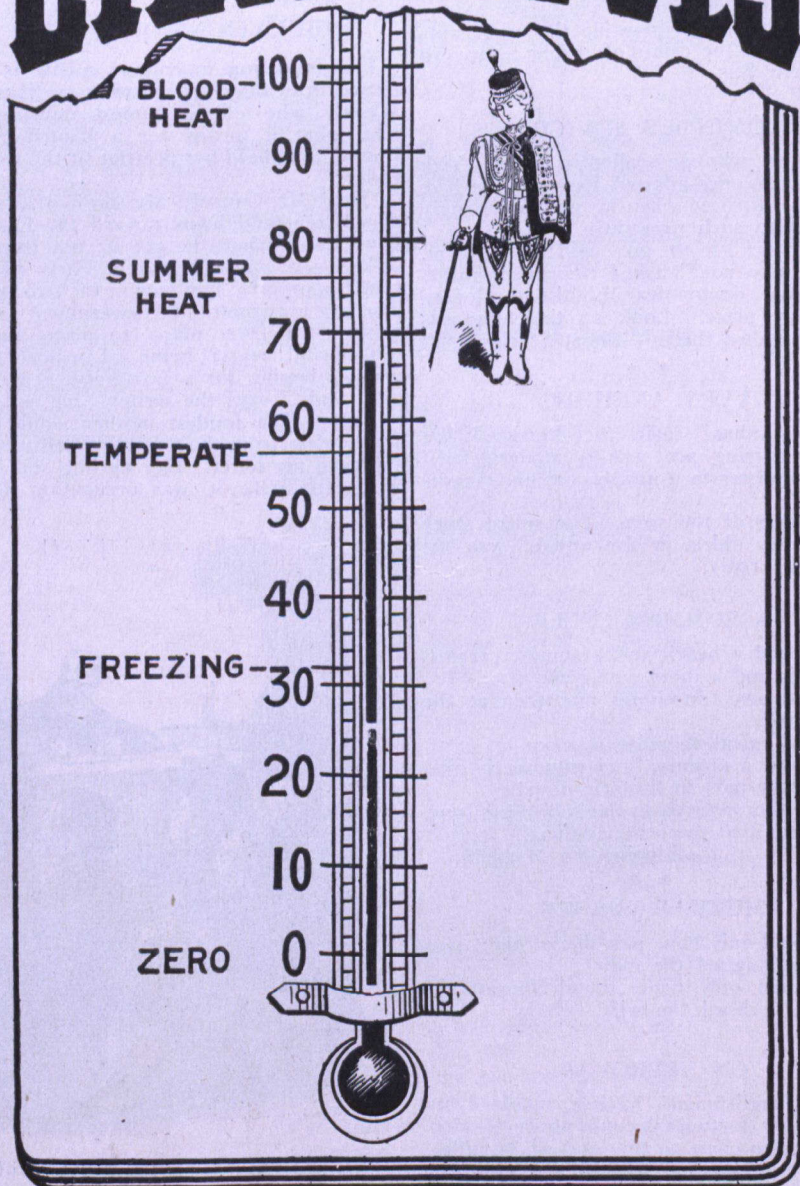


Put on by all shoe dealers soc. the pair

Dunlop "Comfort" Rubber Heels



SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES



Warmer weather has prevailed throughout the Dominion during the week past, the average thermometer reading being 80, as indicated by the sword point of the famous SWEET CAPORAL girl.

Honour for Canadian Chess Champion.

CANADIANS who follow the game of chess and the doings of Canadian chess players, have noticed the remarkable manner in which Magnus Smith, of Winnipeg, has come to the front as an expert player of the game within the last few years. He is now the Canadian champion, and the honour has been deservedly won, for he has had to beat a number of first-class men to earn the title.

A greater honour than that, however, has lately come to Mr. Smith, for he has been invited by Dr. Lasker, the champion chess player of the world, to join his staff of experts in New York City. Mr. Smith has accepted the invitation, and will leave for New York about the end of this month. The offer came to him as the result of a visit by Dr. Lasker to Winnipeg early this month, when the world's champion was so much impressed with Mr. Smith's skill at the game that he invited him to assist in editing his publications in New York. Dr. Lasker will also use Mr. Smith as a practising partner in preparation for tournaments or for championship matches in defence of his title.

In referring to this latest honour which has come to Mr. Smith, the "Manitoba Free Press" says: "This certainly is a recognition of Mr. Smith's ability which his friends will be delighted to learn of, even though his departure from Winnipeg will be a distinct loss to the followers of the royal game of which he has been such a capable and ardent exponent here for a number of years. He has also edited the chess column of the "Free Press" ever since he inaugurated it several years ago, and students of the game, both in Canada and elsewhere, have characterised it as the equal of anything of its kind published anywhere. It is probable that Mr. Smith will continue to act in this capacity from his headquarters in New York, and readers of the "Free Press" may still have the benefit of his knowledge of the game. Mr. Smith's associations with the masters of chess surrounding Dr. Lasker, will give him the long-sought opportunity to develop his playing talents, and his friends in Canada will follow his future career with interest in anticipation of his taking a foremost place in the world of chess."

English Singers in Canada

COMMENTING on the lack of appreciation for vocal artists in their native land, a writer in that sprightly English weekly, "M. A. P.," has a few comments on the manner in which Canadians treat Anglo-Saxon singers:

"Canada got rid of its prejudice for foreign singers years and years ago—and it never had foreignitis very badly at any time. Miss Alys Bateman, the clever soprano, who has come home from a 24,000-mile Canadian tour—and who, by the way, would have made a welcome addition to the soprano list at Covent Garden—says that the spelling of the name and the combing of the hair have no effect whatever, one way or the other, upon the music lovers of the cities and towns she visited. If anything, Miss Bateman says, the Canadians show a preference for English musicians—and for English music, too. A certain Polish violinist, who not so very long ago was taking a fee of fifty guineas for 'at-home' work in London, was voted below second-rate in Canada, and has returned to England a loser of about £1,000. Of course, he'll soon pick it up again in Mayfair—but there's no wiping out the record of his Canadian visit, however wildly he allows his hair to grow."

Polygamy in Alberta

ACCORDING to Senator Reed Smoot, of Utah, who has been attending a Mormon conference in Alberta lately, there is not the least danger of polygamy being introduced into the Mormon settlements of that province. In view of the assertions that are sometimes made, and particularly at the General Assembly the other day, that polygamy is secretly practised in these settlements, it is

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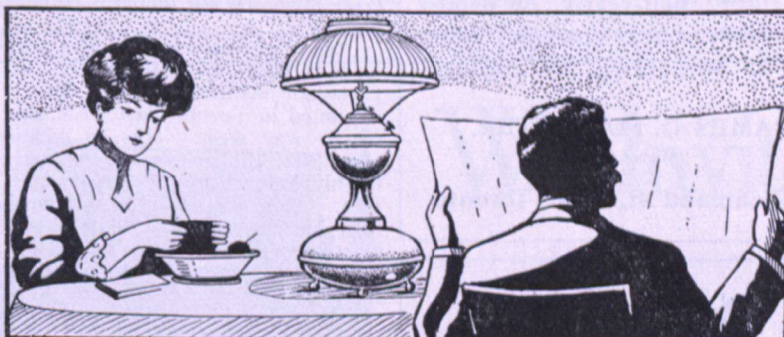
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interesting to read what the Senator himself says about it, as published in the Edmonton "Saturday News":

"The church," he said, "has ceased the practice of polygamy. It is not endorsed or sanctioned by the leaders. It is not preached or advocated any more. We must be honest with the Government, with our God and with our neighbour. To do this we must act as we preach, and we preach that polygamy has ceased, and we approve of a Manifesto that makes it a binding rule of the church. Thus we are not true to God or to our fellows if we engage in the same. The recent proclamation of the church is very plain on the matter. It does not seem to me that anything could be plainer. We are here to teach our people to be honest and true; to be law abiding and loyal; to lead clean, pure and upright lives; to get out of debt and liquidate their honest obligations; to be good citizens and practical Christians. It has been a hard fight, but we have won because we have been honest and true. I like Alberta, and it may be possible that I shall spend my summer vacation in your province, when I hope to get better acquainted with the same, visiting it from Edmonton to the international boundary. I have a special interest in this new country and in the people that are struggling to make it blossom as the rose. The opportunities are great and the privileges not a few. I can see a great future for this immense grain producing and cattle raising country."

Automobiling Prospects

Vancouver will soon have in operation a gasoline-driven ambulance and police patrol. A vehicle with an engine in it would be used as an ambulance only in emergencies where speed and haste are required. As a police patrol it could be used at all times. The idea seems a good one, because even in Montreal and Toronto the patrol wagon is often used for ambulance purposes, for which it is quite unsuitable.

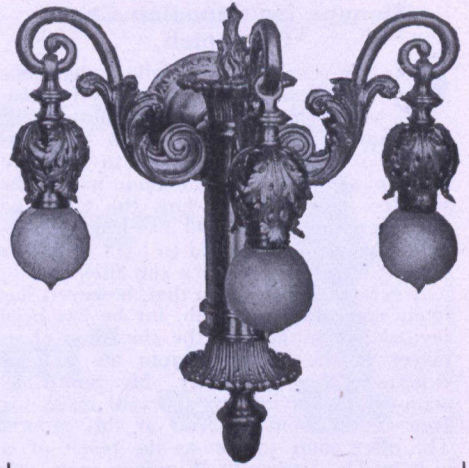
This Vancouver wagon was made by the Canada Cycle and Motor Co., the pioneer Canadian institution of its kind. It was exhibited in Toronto last week, and is now on its way west. This is mentioned to show that the people of Vancouver thoroughly believe in the "made in Canada" idea. This particular manufacturing concern has come through "deep waters," as most pioneers do, but it is blazing a path-way which will be followed soon by other concerns of a like character. Already two or three branches of United States factories are located here, notably the "Olds," at St. Catharines, and the "Ford," at Walkerville. At least one Canadian manufacturer of vehicles in a large way has decided to establish a motor-car factory. Several firms are already manufacturing gasoline engines; at least two firms are making rubber tires; and the rest of the vehicle should be an easy matter for men with years of experience in the making of carriages, such as coupes, landaus and drags.

The future of the motor-car industry is full of hope. Mr. Thomas, of Detroit, who is now spending his summer in Canada, frankly avows his belief that the horse-cab will disappear, and that the farmer will yet draw his hay to market with a gasoline-driven wagon. He looks to the gasoline passenger car to be a formidable competitor with the trolley car, and believes that both will have a tremendous effect in relieving the congestion of the cities, enabling people to live in the suburbs, and yet be within easy reach of their places of business.

The Youthful Star-Gazer

Sir Robert Ball, the famous British scientist, is fond of imparting information to the young. Once he was showing a little boy how to study the heavens through the telescope. "That star," said Sir Robert, "goes around the other."

Anxious to please such a great man, the youngster made this staggering reply: "Yes, I saw it." As a matter of fact, the star to which the scientist referred takes 900 years to make the circuit.



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Peculiarities

SOME amateur actors who put on a performance at the Theatre Royal in Montreal the other day are feeling hurt because a shower of lemons greeted their efforts. Cheer up, fellows! It's a good thing it wasn't a shower of mangel-wurzels.

* *

It is learned from an Irish correspondent that the "Dublin Ex" is being better patronised. Now, if it had been "Dublin XXX" there would never have been any difficulty about it!

* *

How thoughtless of that Glencoe druggist whose house was robbed the other night, to have left out nothing for the robber to drink but a bottle of peptonised milk for baby. Why, the shock may have taken ten years off the burglar's life.

* *

Near Ashcroft, in British Columbia, there are several small lakes whose shores and bottoms are covered with a crust containing borax and soda in such proportions that when cut out, the product makes an excellent washing compound. Now, if some one will just cut some strong, healthy washer-women out of the crust also, we may beat the laundries yet.

* *

No wonder foreigners who study English from the text-books have difficulty in understanding it as "she is spoke," as, for example: "Herman's work in the fifth was classy, and he fought all over the place. He stabbed the Dinge in the food-hopper three times, and all but got his goat, then missed a right swing to the butler's pantry by an inch. If he had coupled, it would have been the sunset glow for Dahomey, but Gans didn't fall for the gag, not hardly. He ripped an upper through the Yiddish lad and put him on the hop for a right cross."

* *

One shudders to contemplate what might happen all over this country if the cub reporters were to be deprived of the use of the word "solemnised" for the entire month of June.

* *

Fire broke out in a shed on the Indian Reserve near Victoria, B.C., a week or two ago, and, finding that the water from the hose would not quite reach the fire, the Indians carried the fire to the water and extinguished it in this way. Indians who can think of things like that are wasting their time on the reserve.

* *

That must have been awful poor bait the bartender sold that New Brunswick man who committed suicide on a fishing expedition up the St. John River last week.

* *

A Montreal man, Mr. W. H. Chennery, has invented a pair of water skis, which, he says, will enable one to walk on the surface of the water almost as easily as on land. The method has its advantages certainly, particularly for actors who would not have to bother counting the ties on long tours, and for timid old people, who would not have to be dodging butcher carts and bicycles whenever they wanted to cross the street.

* *

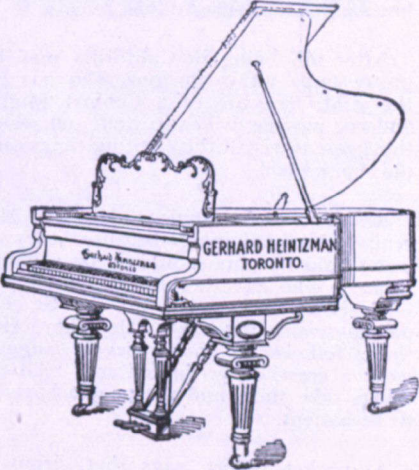
Well, perhaps one should not expect too much, and it is a great comfort to those of us who are left to know that those carving operations for appendicitis are "successful," even if the one who was carved never finds it out.

* *

This is indeed a fine climate and soil we have in Canada. Even the Thousand Islands are adding to their number. Now, if we could only grow a crop of hardy annual railroad passes to take us there, all would be forgiven.

* *

A man who was arrested for fighting in the street at Galt last week gave as a reason that he had just come from Scotland. Strange that it should affect him that way. One would have thought that he would have felt so glad to get away that he would



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have reformed—or perhaps he was celebrating his pleasure at his release.

After all, living in California may be a pretty tame affair for one who has lived the wild, free life of a Cabinet Minister, and one may be driven to write out resignations just to recall the exciting times on the old homestead.

Residents of St. Louis, a suburb of Montreal, are complaining because they are being held up almost nightly by a gang of robbers, who have become fat, wealthy and exclusive. Well, what do the St. Louis people want, anyway? Do they expect these fellows to speak seven languages, wear a crest, or go in for art? All these things take time, and the people have only to be patient.

A market report says that beans are quiet, with hand-picked at \$1.50, but what this country needs most is something that will keep the crop of one-fifty hand-picked "has-beens" from turning over on the shelf after they have been laid away to rest.

Among the curious industries of the East is one by which the people of the Maritime Provinces convert dogfish into oil and glue. All very well as long as the dogfish behave themselves, but wouldn't it be dreadful if one of the bottles was to bark or growl at a person as he was pouring the stuff over his pancakes!

While the Inland Revenue Department is analysing various food products for adulterants, could they not enlarge the field of their investigations and include also the fat, dark brown, prize cigars that one gets at the summer resorts when they ring the cane? Judging from the taste, they appear to be composed largely of rags, felt or cotton waste, with a dash of machine oil to give a flavour.

Smash goes another gilded dream. In the camp at London, it is said there is one whole company of the 28th (Perth) Regiment composed of total abstainers. This may be all right for the camp, but think what it means to the dime-novel-consuming small boy, who is thus deprived, at one blow, of his roystering, swashbuckling, jamboree-loving hero who would rather fight than eat!

Judging from the frequency with which these things are happening these fine days, it looks as if the most popular game this summer was that of separating immigrants and foreigners up dark alleyways from their money and their teeth.

Vancouverites are to have a baby show among other sports on Dominion Day, and a number of eligible gentlemen are now busy thinking up excuses for dodging the job of judge. If it is not too late to make the suggestion, we would like to advise the man who undertakes this contract to go on the field clad in a deep sea diver's outfit. They're tough, and will stand a lot of mauling.

A Busy Bell

On the watch tower of the Vela, at the Alhambra, Spain, there is a silver-toned bell which the Moslems rang as a signal to let on the water in the gardens and the fountain in the city below. Its sound can be heard at Liga, thirty miles away. The maiden who strikes it on a certain day is sure of a husband before the year is out, and of a good one if she rings loud enough. On fete days it is lively for the bell.

Newest Canadian Club

Amid considerable enthusiasm, and with an initial membership of fifty-six, a new Canadian Club was launched at Woodstock, Ont., last week. The officers are: President, Malcolm Douglas; First Vice-President, Dr. A. B. Welford; Second Vice-President, B. Blair; Secretary, A. M. Overholt; Treasurer, Dr. A. M. Clark; Literary Correspondent, John Markey.

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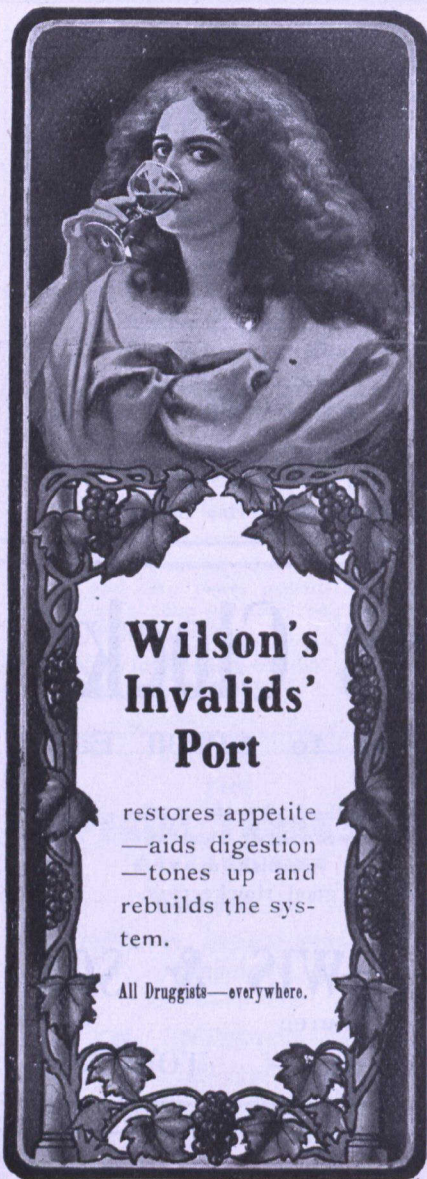
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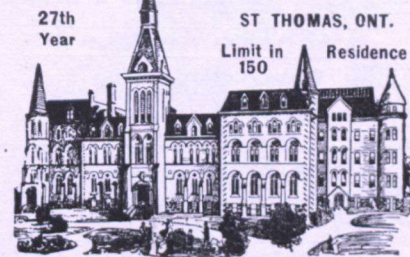
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When Dr. Vogt was tendered a banquet by the Clef Club of Toronto, one of the speakers pointed out that the success of the Mendelssohn Choir had been remarkable from the very fact that it had no traditions. The great Bach Choir of Leipsig and other organizations of similar type in Europe have had a long and glorious history. Some of the greatest composers have been proud to wield the baton for them, and, in fact, they have had a vital and always interesting part in the musical development of the world. Such noble traditions undoubtedly should inspire enthusiasm and devotion to the society. But the Mendelssohn Choir, without any traditions, has won a standing equal to that of these notable choruses of Europe. And all this proves that the good results need not be old and stricken in years. For example, the Gourlay Piano is not over four years old, yet already it has taken the deserved place as the leading piano of Canada. It is constructed with the greatest care by expert workmen. Only the finest material is used, and the result is an instrument which will compare favorably with the most notable pianos of the world. Musicians all over Canada, in South Africa and even in China, unite in approval of its rich and luscious tone, its staying-in-tune abilities, and its durable construction. The Gourlay has been able to win recognition without the aid of traditions; therefore, it is worthy to be bracketed with the Mendelssohn Choir.

For the Children

DOGS GUARD LITTLE MASTER.

A SHEPHERD dog, faithful to death to its master, almost as intelligent as a human in ordinary matters, and more intelligent to scent danger, is petted and almost loved to death by Mr. and Mrs. John Lauber, of Oelwein, whose two-and-a-half-year-old son wandered away from the home farm near Oelwein on Tuesday, and was not found until late in the evening.

The little lad had toddled four miles, and the dog tagged along behind, watching him and guarding him. When the sheriff, who had been summoned to take part in the search, found the little boy he was unconscious from the cold. Over him stood the faithful shepherd, lifting up his voice in mournful howls.

The dog, to awaken the child and coax him to walk on, had pulled at his little garments until they were tattered and torn. The parents were rejoiced to recover the child, and the dog vied with them in showing its gratitude at the providential approach of the rescuing party.—St. Paul Dispatch.

* *

A ROYAL LESSON.

Being the pet of the family, Prince Eitel was more or less spoiled as a child, and some interesting stories have been told concerning his wilfulness. In common with many other little boys, His Imperial Highness had a rooted aversion to soap and water, and often refused pointblank to allow his nurses to wash his hands and face. One morning, to his unbounded delight, he was allowed to go out unwashed, and for a time revelled in his freedom. Happening to pass the sentinel at the palace gates, he was surprised to find that the man did not salute. In high dudgeon, the young prince sought the Emperor and poured out his tale of woe, expecting to have the guard reprimanded. But, to his astonishment, the Kaiser merely said: "The soldier did quite right. Surely you do not expect him to salute a dirty boy." The lesson had its effect, and henceforth the nurses experienced no trouble.—M. A. P.

* *

THE BOY THAT LAUGHS.

I know a funny little boy—
The happiest ever born;
His face is like a beam of joy,
Although his clothes are torn.
I saw him tumble on his nose,
And waited for a groan—
But how he laughed! Do you suppose
He struck his funny-bone?
There's sunshine in each word he speaks,
His laugh is something grand;
Its ripples overrun his cheeks
Like waves on snowy sand.
He smiles the moment he awakes,
And till the day is done;
The schoolroom for a joke he takes—
His lessons are but fun.
No matter how the day may go,
You cannot make him cry;
He's worth a dozen boys I know
Who pout and mope and sigh.
—Harper's Bazar.

* *

WHAT THE BIRDIES THOUGHT.

Four little birdies went sound asleep,
On the end of a telegraph wire.
When sunrise came, the buzz of the pole
Made them dream the world was afire!
So they hurried, and scurried away to a pond,
Then, fast as their feathers could fly,
They sputtered, and spattered, so high and so hard,
They thought it was reaching the sky.
When they were through, the world was still there,
So they thought, with no shadow of doubt,
The fire they had dreamed was burning the world,
By their efforts alone was put out.
—Charlotte Chittenden.

Mothers, Listen!

Do not spend your nights walking the floor with Baby, but put your child in one of our **LITTLE BEAUTY HAMMOCK COTS**, where children never cry. Swings itself to and fro, up and down, with every movement.

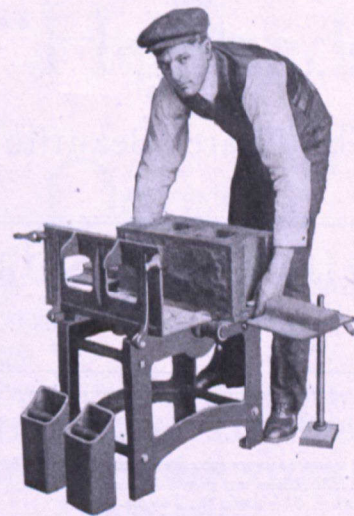


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Literary Notes

WILD ANIMALS THEY HAVE KNOWN.

A DISCUSSION of a highly edifying nature has lately been going on in the press and periodicals of the United States. President Roosevelt, the indefatigable and megaphonic, has declared himself on the subject of certain animal stories. "Everybody's Magazine," which is the stormy petrel of monthly journalism, published in the June number an interview with the President, recorded by Mr. Edward B. Clark, in which the former asserts: "I don't believe for a minute that some of these men who are writing nature stories and putting the word 'truth' prominently in their prefaces know the heart of the wild things. Neither do I believe that certain men who, while they may say nothing specifically about truth, do claim attention as realists because of their animal stories, have succeeded in learning the real secrets of the life of the wilderness. They don't know, or, if they do know, they indulge in the wildest exaggeration under the mistaken notion that they are strengthening their stories."

Mr. Roosevelt is especially censorious of Mr. William J. Long, inasmuch as the latter's animal yarns have been put into many of the public schools of the country as supplementary reading.

"As a matter of fact, the story of Wayeases is filled with the wildest improbabilities and a few mathematical impossibilities. If Mr. Long wants us to believe his story of the killing of the caribou fawn by the wolf in the way that he says it was done, he must produce eye-witnesses and affidavits. I don't believe the thing occurred. Nothing except a shark or an alligator will attempt to kill by a bite behind the shoulder. There is no less vulnerable point of attack; an animal might be bitten there in a confused scuffle, of course, or seized in his jump so as to throw him; but no man who knows anything of the habits of wolves or even of fighting dogs would dream of describing this as the place to kill with one bite.

"If Mr. Long's wolf killed the caribou fawn by a bite through the heart, as the writer asserts, the wolf either turned a somersault—or pretty near it—or else got his head upside down under the fore legs of the fawn, a sufficiently difficult performance."

Mr. Jack London is also treated to a few unfavourable criticisms. But Mr. London is having such a bad quarter-of-an-hour in explaining resemblances between his books and those of Frank Norris, Stanley Waterloo and the author of "My Dogs in the Northland," that he has no time to worry over what the President thinks of his account of the impossible fight between White Fang and a bulldog.

Mr. Thompson Seton, according to Mr. Roosevelt, has written some valuable animal fiction, but Mr. Seton should label his fiction, so that it may not be taken for fact by those who are all unversed in the ways of wolves. A lynx story, "On the Night Trail," by Mr. C. G. D. Roberts, comes in for some strenuous comment, and the critic sorrowfully remarks that the poet of the Maritime Provinces occasionally fails to consult possibilities.

Mr. John Burroughs appears to be Mr. Roosevelt's pet nature-writer, but Mr. Stewart Edward White is a close second. Although the latter may know "the forest and the mountains and the desert" in a fashion to win the admiration of the White House critic, the said exploiter of the northern wilds wrote a story, published during the summer of 1902, which shows his deplorable ignorance of that domestic creature, a wily woman. His "Barbara" is the weirdest bit of human impossibility yet described. The quarrel of the tellers of animal tales goes merrily on, while those who know little of the wild and woofy regions are wisely mute.

William Briggs announces that the first issue of "Songs of a Sourdough" was exhausted on the day of issue and that a new edition is now ready. Mrs. Blewett's, "The Cornflower", is also in the second edition.

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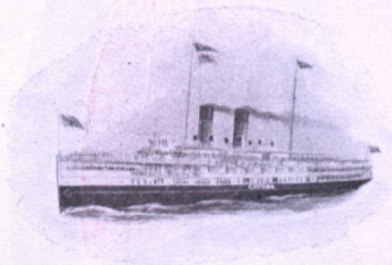
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