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July 20th, 1907

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The Canadian Courier



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

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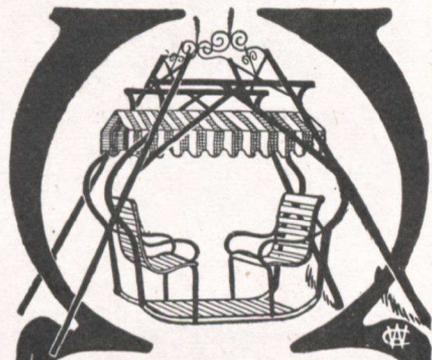
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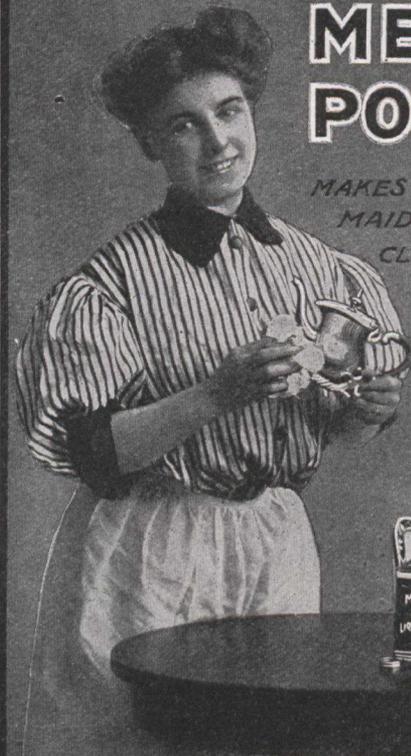
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Editor's Talk

THERE is no country on earth which has a finer outdoor life in summer than that which Canada enjoys. THE CANADIAN COURIER of this issue gives its readers some idea of the sport and scenery of Niagara-on-the-Lake where mighty bowlers gathered last week. A glimpse is also afforded of the verdant western spot where the 5th B. C. Regiment Garrison Artillery went into camp. It's a far cry from Niagara to Juan de Fuca but a few thousand miles are a circumstance which a national weekly must regard lightly.

Then there is yachting to be considered—the finest summer sport if you have time and dollars to spare and don't object to an occasional ducking. Canada hopes to bring back that cup from Rochester this Summer and THE CANADIAN COURIER readers will be kept informed of yachting news and racing events. Stories of yachts and sailing are of interest to the Editor, who is anxious to send out a week's cargo of seasonable stuff.

This week we have one of Mrs. Blewett's essentially humorous and likable stories of city children on a "fresh air" farm. Next week we shall publish a good Newfoundland yarn, "His Extra Voyage," by Théodore Roberts, author of "Brothers of Peril" and much delightful verse.

Our covers of "summer girl" charm have been much admired but we are reserving for August 3rd, our sportsmen's number, a most realistic presentation of outdoor and riverside joys which indicates the breezy and invigorating nature of the contents.

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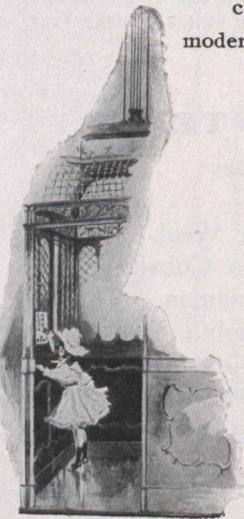
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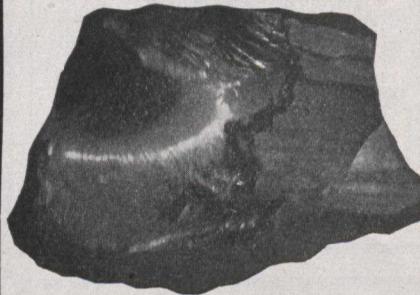
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

NEWS CO. EDITION

Subscription : \$2.50 a Year.

Vol. II

Toronto, July 20th, 1907

No. 8

Topics of the Day

MONTREAL was seriously disturbed last week by a minor event. An inspector of the S.P.C.A., in the course of his work on behalf of the dumb animals of that city, brought a carter before Recorder Dupins. It was proved that this man struck his horse twenty-five times in succession. The Recorder decided that as he had not drawn blood he could not be punished. His Honour had dismissed a similar case the day before, when a man had beaten his team with a steel rod. These two decisions made Montreal's thinking people rather wrathful.

* * *

Sir Wilfrid Laurier is almost home, and when he arrives he will receive a hearty welcome. The Premier has done well abroad, though he has not satisfied the Navy League and though he has connected himself with a will-o'-the-wisp called the "All-Red Line." Even those who intend to vote against him and his candidates at the next general elections, will not regret having him back at Ottawa with the reins of government in his hands. He is premier of the country and still intellectually chief of the country's present set of governors. He will find affairs at Ottawa in a somewhat backward state.

* * *

The pilgrimages of Ste. Anne de Beaupre are even heavier than ever. Special trains are quite numerous and the business is very profitable to the railways.

* * *

The general tourist business of the country will not show much expansion this year. The cool weather, the stress of business, the tightness of money and a depressed stock market are among the causes. The Thousand Islands are not nearly so well populated this year, on either side of the line. The Canadian side seriously lacks two or three large hotels. The Lower St. Lawrence traffic is fairly heavy, but the R. & O. report that few Canadians are using their fleet of steamers. The hotels along the Lakes and Georgian Bay are reported well filled.

* * *

Toronto and Montreal are awakening to the fact that the lack of water meters is costing each municipality a large sum annually. In a Toronto factory a notice was posted the other day:

"Be careful of the water
As we pay by meter."

Human nature being what it is, what other reason could there be? Are we honest and fair when there is no compulsion?

* * *

Last week about \$1,000,000 worth of contracts for locomotives and rolling stock for the Intercolonial Railway was passed by the Ottawa authorities. Like the western roads, the government line feels the scarcity of cars as a most awkward lack and it is stated that the difficulty now in the way of a good supply is that all of the works are too busy to fill a rush order.

* * *

The Western Miners' Federation has taken possession

of Cobalt and a strike is on. Poor Cobalt! It is having a sultry July.

Though the present government in Ontario came into power on the 25th of January, 1905, it was not till the 30th of May following that Hon. Frank Cochrane was appointed Minister of Lands and Mines. The delay was due to a rearrangement of some of the departments of the service, and later on, the forests were included within the Minister's jurisdiction.

Mr. Cochrane's rise above the horizon was somewhat meteoric. Before his selection as Cabinet timber he had never been in parliament, and was known as a successful hardware merchant at Sudbury. He must have been a good Conservative, however, as his appointment was severely criticised by the "Globe." His fellow citizens in East Nipissing, of both parties, thought enough of him nevertheless to return him to the House by acclamation, so that he must have enjoyed their confidence even if they did not all see eye with him in political affairs.

Since entering upon his duties, Mr. Cochrane has become known as a hard worker and careful administrator, who pays more than ordinary personal attention to the details of his department. He is prompt to act, and follows pretty rigidly what he conceives to be his proper course at any time, which explains why he is sometimes bitterly assailed by those who do not agree with him.

As Minister of Mines he took the somewhat unusual course of summoning a convention of delegates from the mining districts of Ontario which met in Toronto in December, 1905. This convention was followed by a general revision of the mining laws during the session of 1906.

The Minister has been much criticised on account of what is known as the "water power policy" of the government. Under this policy which became effective last year, water powers are no longer given away or sold, but are leased upon conditions of development within a given time and certain other restrictions.

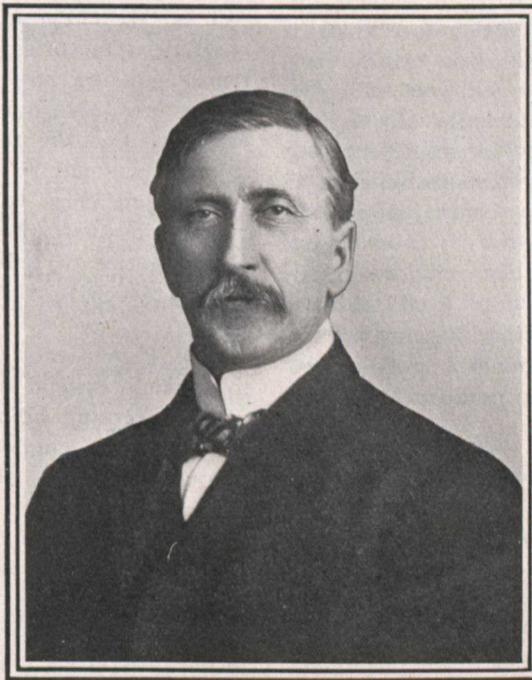
Lately, Mr. Cochrane has been in the Rainy River district, investigating what has been termed the "secession" movement. The miners' strike in Cobalt will also keep him from finding July a holiday month.

* * *

Last week was a disappointing week in sporting circles. Mr. Lyon and Mr. Martin were beaten in the golf tournament at Cleveland and the Canadian rifle shots failed to land either the McKinnon or Kolapore Cups. Perhaps Canada will have better luck when the yacht races arrive.

* * *

Hamilton and Toronto sympathise with each other for the first time in many years. The Privy Council gave a judgment against the city of Toronto and in favour of the Street Railway Co., while the Ontario Railway and Municipal Board has given a judgment against the City of Hamilton and in favour of the Street Railway Co. The municipal authorities in each town are now able to shed tears in unison. Of course, Col. Gibson and Mr. Hawkins are smiling.



Hon. F. C. Cochrane,
Minister of Lands, Forest and Mines for Ontario.

REFLECTIONS

IIII BY STAFF WRITERS IIII

READING the Montreal papers every day reminds one that there is always one topic which is alive in that city—municipal reform. Was there ever a time when Montreal was not being reformed? Haven't dozens of men won reputations in this great undertaking? And yet, ex-Mayor Laporte, Editor Brierley and a number of others are still hard at it. They are now trying to solve the problem of separating the legislature from the executive functions and the fixing of responsibility. This is a problem which has to be faced by municipal reformers everywhere.

It seems curious how constantly that word "reform" comes up in our conversation. Somebody or something is continually being reformed. This is the endless human task, the one which will last so long as the world and the race lie under the curse of Adam. As soon as one evil is eradicated, two new ones spring up to take its place. While the new ones are being attended to, some wicked individual comes along and replants the one that had been torn up by the roots.

The history of young Canada, little more than a century in length, is full of proof that this task is endless. Make a study of any period, and you will discover a band of reformers with a definite object and some measure of success. The cry for representative government was followed by that for responsible government, to be followed again by those for the separation of church and state, for representation by population, for federation, for a national policy, for religious equality and the score of less noted or more local reforms. It would seem as if this continuous seeking for reform is necessary to municipal and national development. When this ambition to improve fails, municipal and national progress will cease.

JUDGE KILLAM is a wonder, and the results of his work on the Railway Commission are marvellous. The shibboleths of railway managers are torn to shreds and the practices of fifty years reversed seemingly without compensation. It is startling really. And through it all the chairman of this important body seems to have retained the respect of the very men whom he is so radically reforming.

For years the people of Canada have been taught that it was cheaper for the railways to haul freight a thousand miles than five hundred. Just why, nobody could understand except the railway men themselves. However, the doctrine was so well sustained in practice that the shippers came to believe that it was true. Shippers in London, Stratford, St. Thomas and Sarnia did not expect to get as cheap rates to Montreal or Halifax as those living in the State of Michigan. This doctrine of the long haul came in, and the railways could not afford a cheap short haul.

It was, therefore, a terrible shock to the community when last week the Commission stood the bogey man up in a vacant lot and set fire to him. As the smoke of his straw-stuffed body ascended to the blue heavens the shippers of Ontario looked aloft with eyes and mouths wide open. All they could say was "Marvellous Killam! Wonderful Killam."

Another shackle has been broken. Hereafter, freight

rates are to correspond with the distance over which the freight is carried. At present the reform applies only to Ontario, but no doubt it will be extended to cover the whole country. Common sense has triumphed at last. "Marvellous Killam!"

ALL employers are not careful of their work-people and hence the growth of the doctrine of compensation for injuries. It is a modern idea since the dangers of industrial life were not great before the advent of complicated machinery and electricity. A bruised finger or a fractured limb was no doubt common before the days of steam and electricity, but no one thought of collecting damages for such injuries. In Sheffield to-day, in certain cutlery establishments, the knife-blades are made in little rooms, each of which contains one workman and one small hand forge. In the days when the looms and forges were in the homes instead of in large factories, there could be little thought of compensation. The first Workmen's Compensation Act in Great Britain did not come in until 1897.

Modern factories have brought with them new doctrines and new responsibilities. The employer no longer comes into personal contact with the men who labour for him, and the relation between them has changed from a personal to an impersonal one. It is the relation of one class to another class, rather than of one man to another. Because of this, it is becoming a common practice to reduce that relation to legal terms and to enact such legislation as will define the rights of each class.

The Province of Quebec has appointed a commission to make a special study of the laws of different countries concerning labour accidents, labour insurance, responsibility of employers and so on. This body will recommend what to them seem necessary changes in the present laws of that province. The chairman is a prominent lawyer and one of the other two members represents organised labour and one the interests of the employers. The results of their investigations will no doubt have a profound influence upon the legislation in all the provinces.

THERE is no doubt a general movement in the Liberal party for cleaner politics. Speaking at Napanee the other day, Mr. H. M. Mowat, of Toronto, a prominent Liberal, stated that all Ministers should be prepared to observe the code demanded by the Canadian people for domestic conduct; and further, he maintained that the Liberal party would not take up the defence of private follies on the part of those entrusted with high office. If Mr. Mowat correctly represents the Liberal feeling, this means that two or three ex-Ministers cannot get back to office on any consideration, and at least one more member of the cabinet must seek for other occupation. It would be well for the Liberal party and for public life if this were to occur.

A prominent Liberal remarked to a Conservative the other day: "We are trying to clean up our party; what is your party doing towards giving itself a polish?" This question is another indication of the spirit of the

Liberals. A discussion of the interrogatory part of the statement would be out of place here, because this journal concerns itself with impressions and results rather than advice.

Mr. Bourassa spoke at Montmagny the other day and declared that there is more corruption at Ottawa to-day than during the Conservative regime. If this be true, then it is well that leading Liberals speak out. In so doing, they may give the Conservative press the text for many editorials, but that should not deter them. They must do right regardless of what the other side will say. It is the only policy which right-minded men can pursue, and it is the policy which will entitle them to the national confidence and esteem. At a time when cabinet reorganisation is in the air, such utterances are as timely as they are beneficial. The most effective criticism of any party is that which comes from within and which comes in the period when that party is girding its loins for a great battle.

THE Dominion Educational Association meeting at Toronto was not distinguished by a large attendance, but it brought forth a number of excellent ideas. If the report of its meeting and the papers presented are to find their way later into the hands of leading educationists throughout the country, much good may result. Throughout the proceedings the national ideals and the national problems seem to have been kept well to the fore. The suggestion that there should be a national set of readers for use in the public schools of the nine provinces is not wholly new, but has never before been so strongly supported. This is an idea which deserves the cordial support of all classes of citizens.

A Dominion Educational Association is another sign of the developing national feeling. Canada is slowly but surely learning to think nationally. We must think nationally before we can think imperially, though attempting to do the latter may help us to attain the former. Though the Dominion is forty years of age, national thinking is a virtue of slow development with us. The different provinces have been inclined to work out their own salvation independent of each other. This provincialism must eventually merge in nationalism or at least become somewhat subservient to it. When the desires and needs of a particular province run counter to the desires or needs of the country as a whole, the broader need must have precedence.

It is well that the educational aims and ideals of all the provinces should be periodically compared and unified. The youth educated in Nova Scotia should receive much the same impressions and ideas as would be given him in British Columbia. The history taught him should be national rather than provincial. The duties which he will be required as a citizen to assume should be depicted with their national as well as their local significance. It is exceedingly pleasant to note that our leading educationists recognise this and are endeavouring to lead their fellow-workers to take this broad view of their opportunities and responsibilities.

THERE is a supposition that July is the month of holidays and general picnic life, when the high collar is a burden and the laundry bill for the week makes a large fracture in a five-dollar bill. But the seventh month of this year has been already marked by conventions of more than usual interest and the speakers at these glad gatherings have addressed earnest, if perspiring hearers. It is difficult for Canadians to refrain from conventions and exhibitions, even when the mercury indicates that ideas of any sort are too serious for human consideration. Chemical authorities have met in international council at Toronto and enjoyed such social joys as their technical discussions

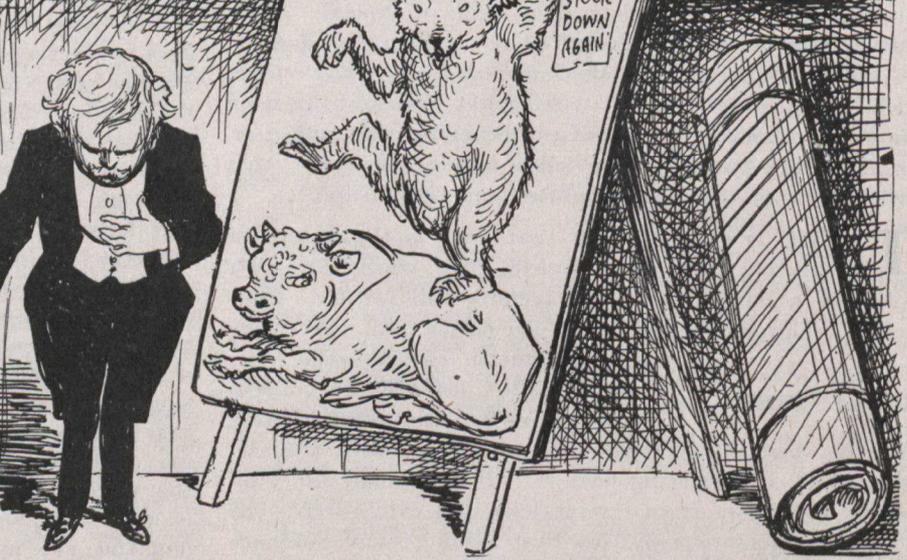
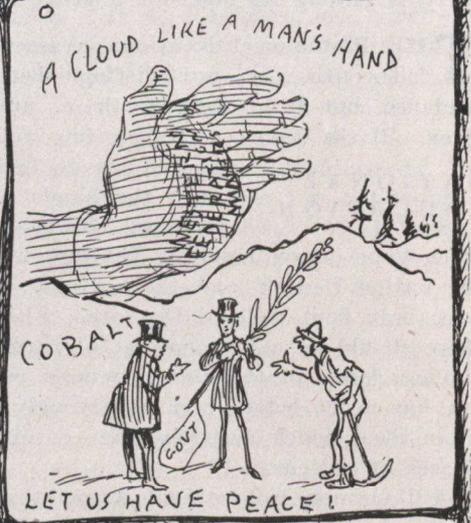
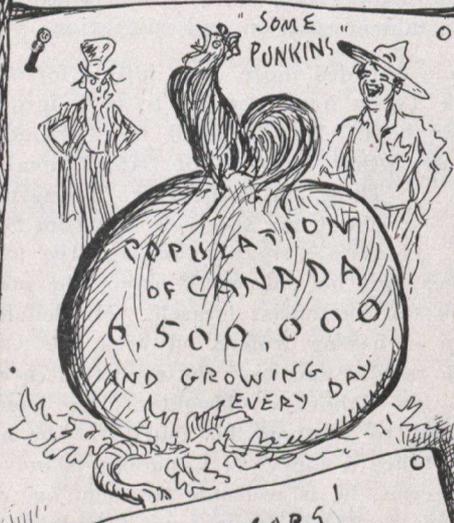
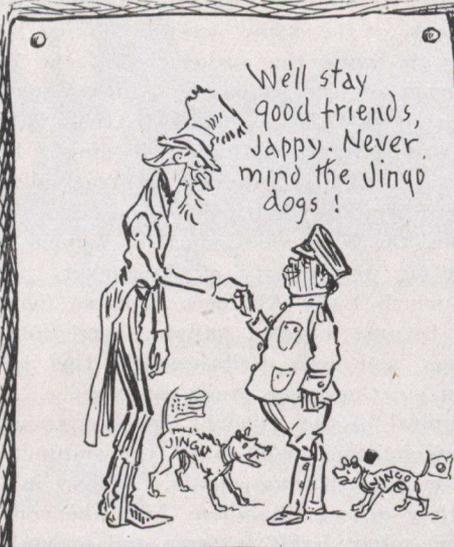
allowed. Then the Dominion Educational Association made Queen's Park of the same assembly-loving city look quite pedagogic while the authorities of the East and West discoursed on the shape in which Canadian twiglets should be bent. The central districts have taken to exhibitions, Portage la Prairie holding a highly successful fair and Winnipeg making a great advance this week on her former exhibitions. And also, way out by the Pacific, the National Council of Women hold their annual meeting in the City of Vancouver. This organisation, in which Lady Aberdeen took so fosterly an interest, has become a great unifying force for all women's societies and will doubtless find this year's work more extensive than any previous record. Next week also the capital of the country opens a scene of carnival and reunion which will make the summer of 1907 memorable in the Ottawa annals. Thus, in the sultry summer time do we Canadians keep the convention and the home-comer habit in force and prove that we are able to combine vacation and edification.

FEW men have crowded more fun into a fortnight than Mark Twain has managed to pack into his recent visit to England. He has made more friends in less time than any other recipient of Oxford honours.

A MAKER OF MIRTH There is something incongruous about the spectacle of "Tom Sawyer's" creator among the pageantry on the Cher, but no one would enjoy the incongruity more than the humourist himself. He delighted in the accusation of having walked off with the Ascot cup and the Irish regalia and kept the reporters cheered by references to his elaborate obsequies. No wonder that he has decided to postpone his funeral. The next time Uncle Sam takes a fancy to Canadian islands or Newfoundland fisheries, he is welcome to them on condition that he lends us Mark Twain for a fortnight. He beats a Hague conference to a finish as a maker of peace and dispenser of good-will. The man's serious depth and genuine heroism of endeavour are likely to be lost in the ripple of mirth that his lightest epigram creates. But he has shown a dogged earnestness equal to that of Sir Walter Scott in meeting financial adversity and keeping an honourable record. Mark himself is even better than his books. May it be many years before the report of his death will be anything but a gross exaggeration!

WHILE Mr. Stead is trying to bring peace on earth by a megaphone, General Booth continues his militant preaching of the gospel in a fashion that arouses the wonder of the globe which he travels about so briskly. Here is, indeed, a wonderful old soldier, whose activities make the busiest young man of affairs seem a rather sluggish chap. Since June of last year, General Booth has addressed about 300 indoor gatherings and unnumbered open-air assemblies. He has written and published in the year, according to the London "Daily Mail," something like 200,000 words, and has travelled over 35,500 miles by land and sea, including a motor tour of 1500 miles within the year. Through all his travel and talk, he is the same simple and fiery-hearted apostle whose message is his whole concern. Unlike the editorial peace agent, he does not advertise but spends his strength in the cause which he has made known in all parts of the earth. We may talk of modern legislation being framed by committees, of modern philanthropy being carried on by organisation. But all the machinery in the world will not yet take the place of one man's brain and heart. Carlyle was right in the main in his hero-worship theory, for the world will do much for the man who is sincere enough to make himself believed. Men who look with a doubtful eye upon many peripatetic evangelists salute the General as one of the great forces making for better citizenship and that sane federation of the world, of which the English laureate dreamed.

JULY CONVENTIONS



J. W. Brown

LIGHTNING SKETCHES OF UPPERMOST TOPICS.



The First Meeting of the Strikers



Everyday Scene Among the Strikers.

Photographs by Bogart.

GLIMPSES OF COBALT DURING THE STRIKE.

Interviewing an Englishman

ENGLISHMEN are the most difficult men in the world to interview," says a journalist who has had experience with prominent men of many nations. Naturally reticent, they seem to become doubly so when face to face with the interviewer, and actually take pride in the—vice, one is almost tempted to call it, for it is little less from the interviewer's point of view. Prominent men have no right to be taciturn, and when fame overtakes them they should all be taught the rapidly disappearing art of agreeable conversation. The taciturn man is probably the most unsatisfactory of all men to interview—unless it be the man who is prolix. There is this great difference between the types, however, that the taciturn man is usually the man that the public wants to hear from, while they wouldn't give two cents for an acre of talk from the garrulous individual.

As for the average prominent Englishman on his travels, he will seldom allow more than two words to escape from him at a time, and then only in answer to a question. If as many as five or six should ever get away at once, he will shut his jaws together with a snap lest the ancient national reputation for taciturnity be cracked or damaged.

On a certain occasion, a few weeks ago, a prominent Englishman of title arrived in Toronto, and registered at the Queen's Hotel, without the slightest warning having been given that he was coming. That is another way famous Englishmen have. They delight to drop in on the inhabitants unheralded. This may be good form in social circles, but it is very bad form in newspaper circles.

This particular Englishman happened to be seated in the hotel rotunda when the interviewer called, seeking whom he might devour. The Englishman was pointed

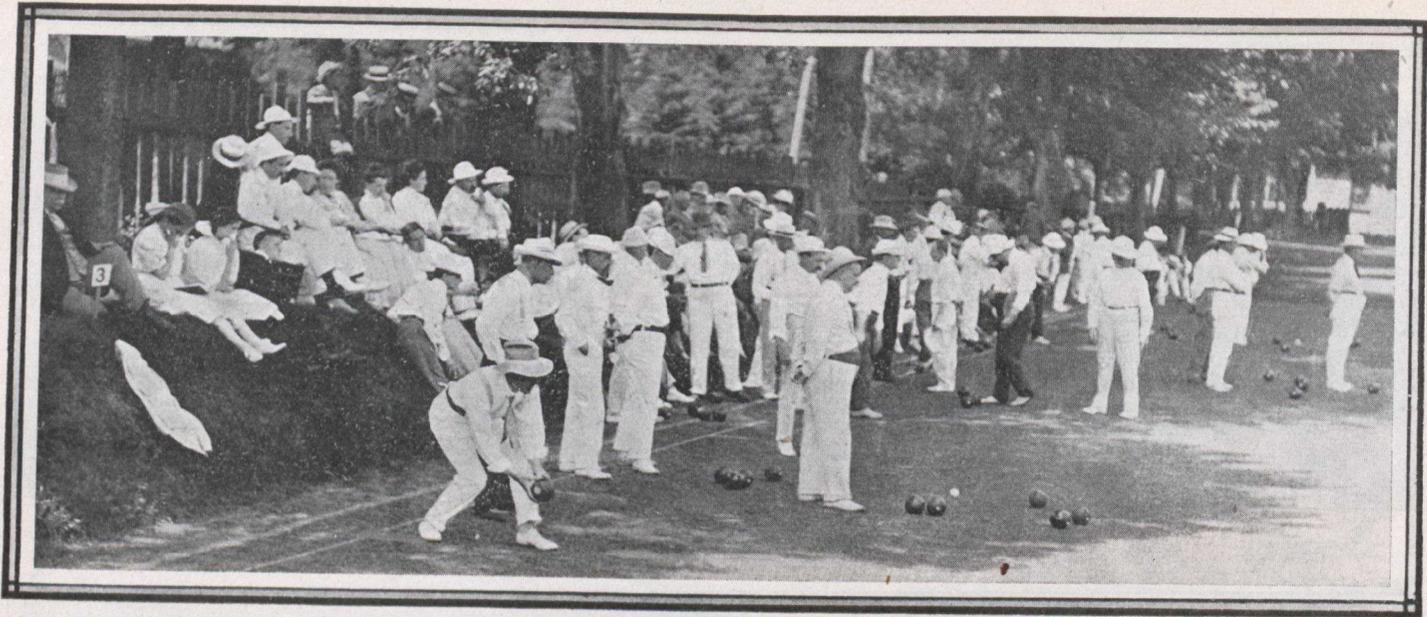
out to him by the clerk as a man who had just arrived.

"Sir Coningsby Cattermole! Sir Coningsby Cattermole!" mused the reporter thoughtfully. "Name seems familiar and yet I can't place him." Oh, for a memory that would not be off on a holiday when most needed!

Would Sir Coningsby be in town long? No, going away that night, said the clerk. So it was a case for prompt action, and the reporter decided to wade right in without ammunition or preparation of any kind—a fatal move. In his youthful optimism he thought a man could scarcely engage in conversation for five or ten minutes without letting out something about himself—enough to give the questioner a clue to his career—but he didn't know famous Englishmen and this Englishman in particular.

There was no conversation! All that the reporter heard was himself asking laboriously compiled questions, and then, after a pause, what sounded like a short bark, sometimes two barks. It never got any farther, and the encounter, from first to last, was about as exciting as making overtures to an iceberg.

After awhile the barking ceased and the reporter withdrew from the scene of action. The prospect looked bad for him. To let a titled Englishman get past without a "story" was something that would require careful explanation. Fortunately the reporter was a man of resource as all newspaper men need to be, so when he reached the office late at night, he withdrew to a quiet corner with a certain red-covered book bearing the curious title of "Who's Who," from which he learned that the Englishman was a soldier who had made a great record and won all sorts of medals in Egypt and India a decade before. With the aid of the book and a vivid memory of the encounter, the reporter expanded about fifteen barks into a half-column descriptive story—with the interview feature conspicuous by its absence.



Opening Day, Bowling Tournament, Niagara-on-the-Lake.



Bowling at Niagara-on-the-Lake



TO understand the fascination of a game of bowls, one must be a bowler. It is impossible to understand it from the outside. As well try to enter into the delights of a pipeful of fragrant tobacco while watching another man smoke it. The bowling fever, like that of golf and curling, seldom overtakes a man before he is thirty, but when it does catch him, it is with a whirlwind rush. Thereafter he lives in a perpetual atmosphere of cool, green sward, white linen suit and nice round bowls with everything else subsidiary thereto. Business and social obligations become so many irksome duties that have got to be disposed of between successive games of bowls, once the season is on.

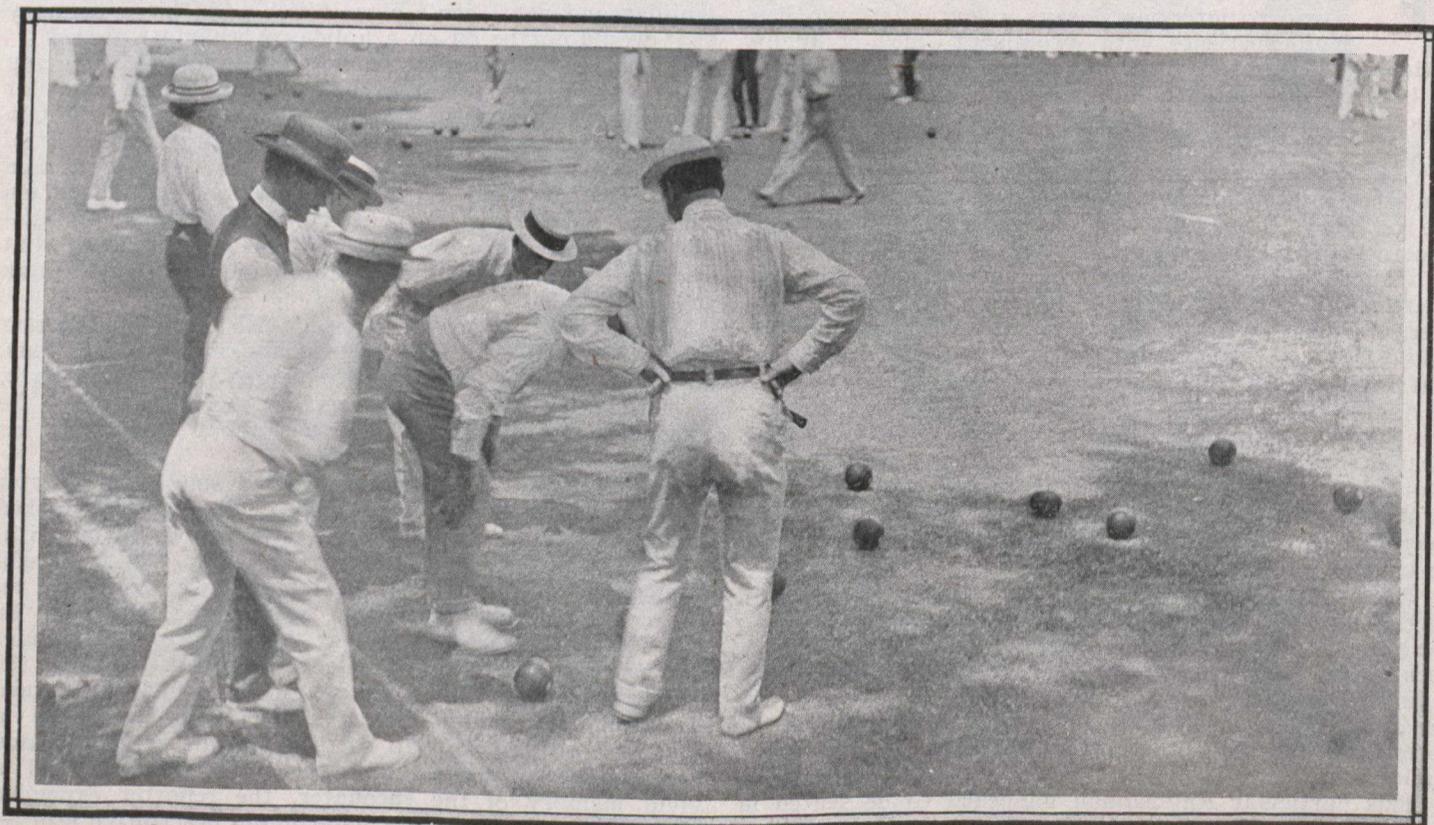
Staid business men who were never known to do anything more ferocious than dictate commercial correspondence or add up long columns of figures, have been converted in a night into riotous, rampaging citizens whose shouts and antics on the green become positively alarming. Try to talk to a bowler who has smelt the scent of battle, about half past four on a fine afternoon during the season, and you will be fortunate if you can hold on to a button to talk to.

Lovers of the royal game in Ontario had their fill

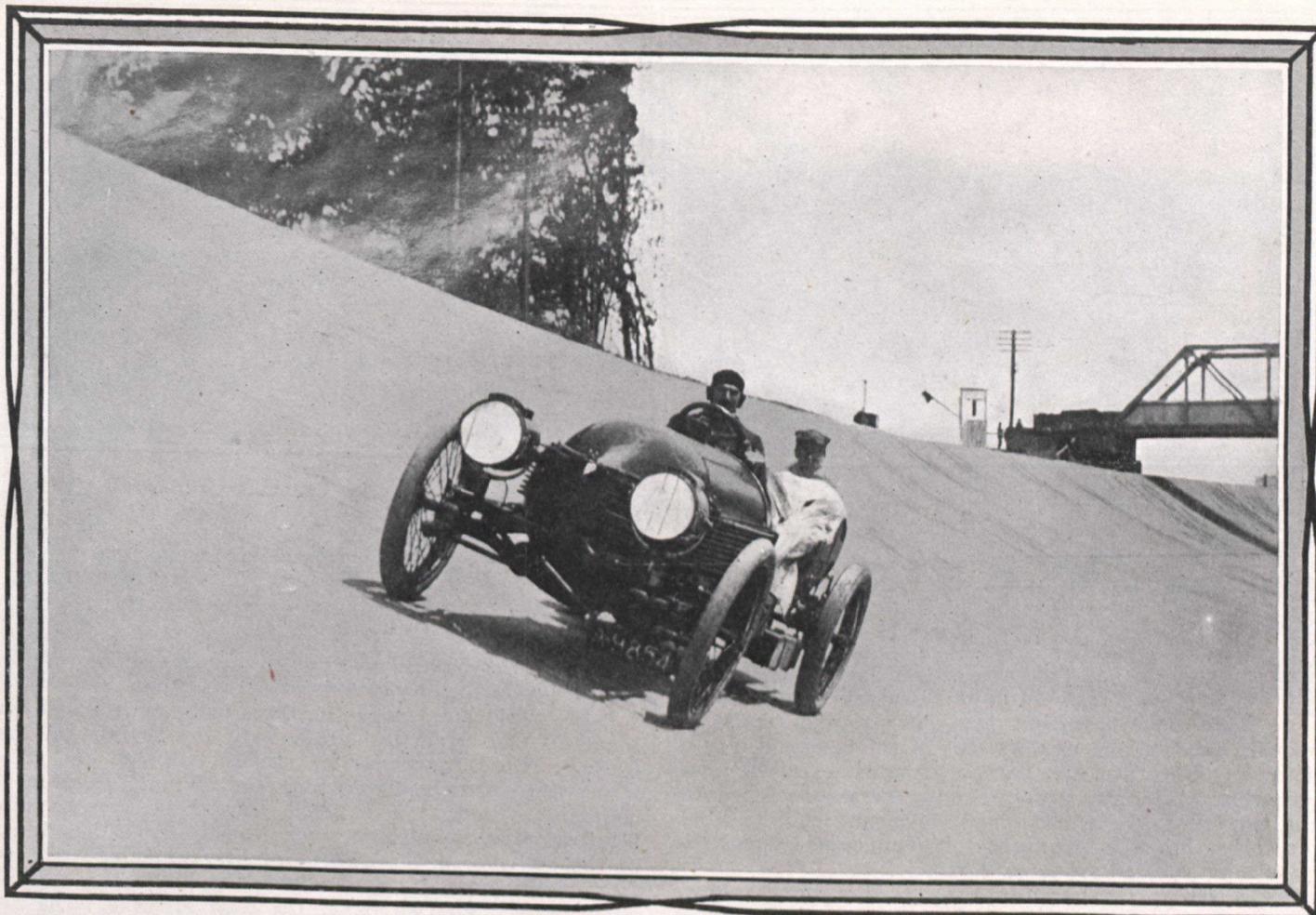
at Niagara last week. It was the nineteenth annual tournament of the Ontario Bowling Association, and for three or four days the historic sward presented a picturesque scene, with a small army of white attired individuals industriously dancing in and out among the polished spheres. Rain interfered somewhat with the play towards the close of the tournament, but it could not drive off the lawn the more enthusiastic players who scoff at the elements.

The remarkable feature of the week was the success of the players from the Canada Club, Toronto. Mr. J. S. Willison of the Canadas won the trophy competition after a hard game with Mr. J. J. Warren of Parkdale. Mr. Thomas Reid of the Canadas won the association by defeating Mr. McNee of the London Rowing Club. Mr. Pole of the Canadas won the Consolation. Thus all three leading competitions were won by this club.

A good sized gallery watched the progress of the tournament in the early days when the weather was fine, and quite a few enthusiasts who were unable to participate in the matches, crossed the lake to witness a few of the exciting games, and to encourage their favourite rinks.



A Close End, Bowling Tournament, Niagara-on-the-Lake.



Selwyn F. Edge, of London, in his Six Cylinder Napier Car on the Brooklands Track, Weybridge, England. On this track, Mr. Edge on June 28th and 29th. broke all records for sustained speed, by covering the phenomenal distance of 1581 miles 1310 yards in 24 hours, an average of 66 miles an hour.

A Great Automobile Performance

THE history of automobile racing contains no record to be compared to that of Selwyn F. Edge of London, England, who, on June 28-29 accomplished the marvellous performance of covering 1581 miles, 1310 yards in 24 hours. The ride was made in a six cylinder Napier car on the new Brooklands track at Weybridge, England. A better idea of his performance will be gained when it is known that he averaged no less than 66 miles an hour for the entire distance! Think of it! Better than a mile a minute for 24 hours! Just how stupendous was the accomplishment may also be gathered from the fact that no machine driven on earth, in air or water has ever maintained a speed like this for 24 hours. Edge himself figured on covering 1440 miles or a mile a minute, but beat his own figures by over 141 miles—and all the auto world marvels.

The track at Brooklands had a good deal to do with this performance—indeed, it is conceded that the record would have been impossible on any ordinary track. The notable features of this track are that it is banked at the turns to accommodate cars at speeds up to 90 miles an hour, and presents a surface with the solidity of steel—an important factor when one considers the quantity of dirt that is dislodged by the flying auto on an ordinary track, obliging a racing machine to gradually reduce its speed as the race progresses. As it was in Edge's performance, a flying particle of cement smashed the lens in one of his goggles, but strange to say none of the fragments of glass entered his eye.

The idea for the Brooklands track was conceived only last August by Lock King, on whose property the course is laid. It was a bold scheme for it was a departure from all previous methods of track construction, and it was as stupendous from an engineering point as it was bold, for it meant the reclamation of a virgin tract of 270 acres—nevertheless the enterprise was courageously entered upon at once. The scheme included the diverting of the tortuous river Wey, the laying out of the track, which is oval in shape and $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles in circumference, the construction of four tunnels beneath the track and one bridge over it, not to mention the erection of a huge grandstand, club-house, garage, pavilion and restaurant within the oval.

The track is of a uniform width of 100 feet allowing room for ten cars to race abreast if necessary. The average slope of the track at the shorter bend is no less than one in two, and a car of 4 feet 6 inches tread coursing the upper side, has its outer wheels raised 2 feet 3 inches above the inner ones.

Although as many as 2,000 men have been employed upon the work at one time, still, after ten months continuous labor, certain finishing touches remain to be given. The track itself, however, is completed, and was officially opened on June 17th. Edge's remarkable performance has demonstrated the safety and scientific construction of this track and it is likely that for some years to come all world's motor records will be made on the Brooklands course.

Until Edge made his run at Brooklands, the performance of Frank Kulick at Detroit, one week previous, was the world's 24-hour record. Kulick accomplished 1135 miles, 446 yards on a one-mile unbanked dirt track, which was not a bad performance considering the conditions under which it was made.

What is considered almost, if not quite, as wonderful as the speed with which Edge travelled, is the fact that he drove the car the entire distance himself, although accompanied by a mechanic named Burnside. Until Edge accomplished this almost superhuman feat, it was thought that physical endurance would not have been equal to such a strain—no matter what the car might have been capable of. But Edge's endurance is well known. Previous to taking up automobilism, he held several long-distance British bicycle records. He first made his mark as an automobilist by winning the Bennet Cup race in 1902, and is now easily one of the world's best drivers.

While making his record, Edge took nourishment in the form of tablets fed to him by Burnside. The stops were taken advantage of to drink black coffee to ward off drowsiness. Not the least interesting part of the performance to the spectators was said to be the remarkable agility displayed by Burnside in climbing about the car while it was travelling at the rate of 70 miles an hour.



Call Parade for Divine Service.



Forming for Church Parade.

A Western Militia Camp

By BONNYCASTLE DALE

THE 5th British Columbia Regiment, Garrison Artillery, went into camp at Macaulay Point, a long, fairly level field that juts out into the straits of Juan de Fuca on the western side of the beautiful city of Victoria. Here are fine parade grounds, excellent open waters for heavy gun practice, adjacent woods for drum head service, fairly warm days, pleasant cool nights—everything that goes to make this Vancouver Island one of the most blessed spots on earth.

Organised as far back as 1883, this regiment shows the effect of careful handling. Satisfied men—that most necessary thing in the army—fill the companies. In conversation with many of them I learned of the pride they have in their companies, the generous rivalry between them. Nowhere have I seen a more representative class of young Canadians than in these ranks. They come from all classes of the citizens. Loyal they must be, for where is there a more loyal city in the Empire than this which guards the western coast of our wide Dominion?

It was on a Sunday that I accepted the invitation of Major Hibben to visit the camp. The night before the gunners had their first trials with the big guns in this sixteen days' camp. These 6-in. disappearing guns, using a hundred-pound shell containing 14 pounds 12 ounces of cordite, made the city shake perceptibly as they sent their missiles at the floating target. The results obtained were first class, as the moving targets in tow of a tug swept by at two miles distance. For the field guns, this distance was reduced to one mile at a stationary target. Here, again, these thirteen pounders made good scores. There are six of these in the battery, also six Maxims are attached. Remember many of these men work during the day and hasten out to this honorary militia work every evening.

From a commanding red rocky hill, so typical of the svenite formation at this end of Vancouver Island, we

could see the buglers in line, a moment more and the call "Parade for Divine service" swept out on the clear salt-flavoured air. Soon the three companies, under command of Col. Hall and staff, with the regimental band leading, were marching in perfect time to the grove, where the drum-head service, Rev. W. W. Boulton as chaplain attached, was held. Where is there a more beautiful sight in all this wide world than a detachment of the soldiers of the sword intently listening to a soldier of the cross? Here where the giant firs and the wind twisted gnarled oaks, the high growing ferns and ever present wild roses grew, the ancient service of the Church of England sounded sweet indeed—so would the service of any church that owns the same Captain as a leader, for this country of ours is very wide and tolerant in her religious beliefs. Back through the verdurous alleys the regiment marched, typical western men in a typical western scene.

Then came the annual muster parade, with 256 men in the ranks, Captain Williams of the regular force stationed at Esquimault, inspecting. The companies marched in good time and step, their bearing was soldierly—as indeed it should be of men that have made the showing these men have in the Dominion competitions.

Later in the day a full guard of honour was furnished to receive His Imperial Highness, Prince Fushimi. Here, again, the excellent bearing of this western troop was seen. Do not fear, fellow Canadians, under such officers, with such manly big chaps in the ranks, with the full tide of loyalty bearing us on, with true Scotch and Irish and English parents, with an emigration of the same people pouring in here, people that in many cases have made their money in other parts of Canada and are coming to the best part to settle finally, but that these western military districts will turn out bodies of men that will be an ornament to us in these times of peace.



Drumhead Service.



Back through Verdurous Alleys.



Keeping the Crowd Back, Doukhobor Lands Rush, Yorkton.



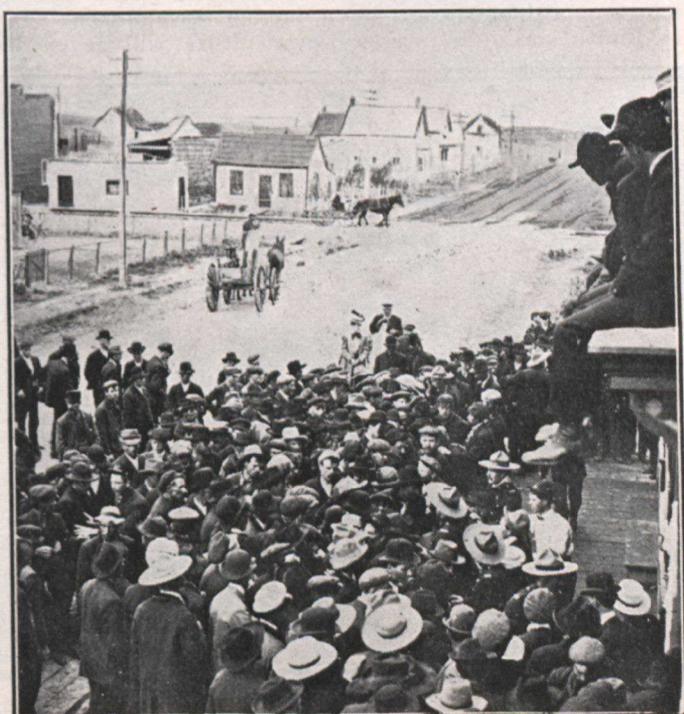
The Mayor's Speech during the Doukhobor Land Rush, Yorkton.

The Rush For The Doukhobor Lands.

ONLY in the West could such scenes be witnessed as attended the rush for homesteads on a section of the Doukhobor reserve thrown open for settlement at Yorkton, Sask., a few weeks ago. On June 1st the lands were offered to the public, and for two or three weeks the government land office was the scene of a seething, tumultuous crowd of people, each anxious to secure a place as high up as possible in the line which would ensure for them the earliest selection of the choice lots.

The line was the centre of interest daily. Sometimes there were as many as two hundred men struggling for positions when but ten homesteads were offered. As was natural, physical encounters were of frequent occurrence, and a detachment of the Mounted Police had their hands full to preserve order.

All night long for several nights, the line stood on duty, the units obtaining such sleep and refreshment as they could while standing. There were a few women in the line too, at times, and the men generally gave them good positions and sometimes saw that their places were kept while they absented themselves for rest.



Police Handling the Crowd.



Strawberries Grown Between Rows of Young Trees.

Fruit-Growing on Vancouver Island

By H. F. PULLEN

IT is always difficult to get authentic information about the resources and industries in a new country, and prospective values of each, where real estate agents, immigration bureaus and company promoters are always ready to boom a district, property or industry for their own financial benefit. The principal industries of British Columbia are fruit growing, mining, lumbering, fishing, and of course general agriculture. In this list I have put fruit growing first because the mine so often proves a hole in the ground in which to bury one's gold; the quantity of available lumber must of necessity become less every year; the fishing industry, although capable of further development has its limitations; and general agriculture will never be-

come the great industry of the province. Fruit trees are however only just beginning to be planted. The few million trees in isolated orchards are but the nucleus of an industry that is almost boundless. As the lumberman clears off the forest giants for the millman he will be, and is being in a small way, followed by the stumping engine that will prepare the rich valleys for the apple and pear tree, the plum and the prune.

I fancy I can hear someone say: "Here's another booster, with a land company up his sleeve." Nothing of the kind. My information is authentic for it comes from one of the best known and most highly respected growers in the country, a man whose word is his bond, and my statistics are copied by myself from his own shipping books which I have been allowed to inspect. The gentleman I refer to is Mr. R. M. Palmer of Rockside Orchard, Victoria, whose business is now being managed by his son, Mr. W. R. Palmer.

Last year they have had at Rockside a three-quarters crop, which means that the output has been only three-quarters of the average, yet they have been able to ship from fifteen acres of land no less than 321 boxes of apples at an average price of \$1.25 per box; 630 crates of plums and prunes at an average price of 76 cents per crate; 195 crates of cherries, each weighing 24 lbs., at 12½ cents a pound; 69 boxes of pears at from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per box; 313 24-lb crates of strawberries at 12½ cents a pound; 196 crates of raspberries, the same weight, at 10 cents a pound; 174 crates weighing 24 lbs. each, of loganberries at 8 and 10 cents per pound; 149 boxes of rhubarb at from \$1.25 to \$1.50 a box; as well as forced rhubarb, currants, gooseberries, potatoes and numerous other small fruits. Anyone who will take the trouble to work this out will find that the gross income from the orchard has been over four thousand dollars, or a gross return of three hundred dollars per acre, yet this has been only a three-quarter season.

While these returns are fairly good, they are not by any means the maximum that might be obtained under the best conditions. Much of Mr. Palmer's work has been of an experimental nature and therefore he has



Grand Duke Plums, a favourite variety on Vancouver Island.

many trees in his orchard which, had he the planting to do over again, he would not have there. Of the fifteen acres, five is planted to young trees which are not yet in bearing, and it is only from between these rows that the crop of small fruits has been taken this season. In the older part of the orchard a number of trees that were not of suitable varieties, have lately been rerafted, and they, too, are not yet in bearing. In any calculation of profits, allowance must be made for these things and they will materially affect the result.

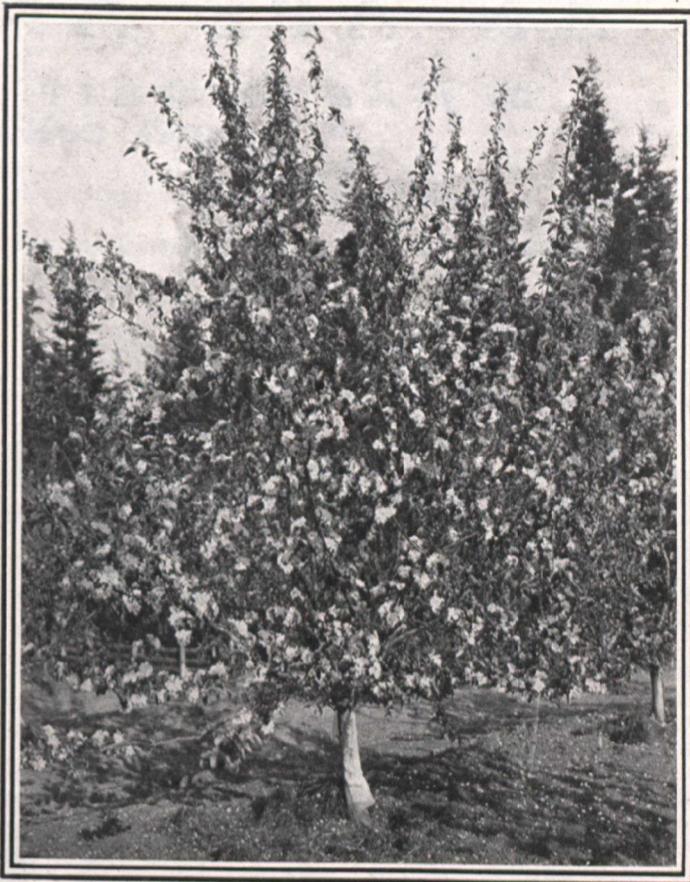
In this connection, it is most instructive to notice the crop borne by the various apple trees this season. Of the six leading varieties there are 329 trees in bearing from which 816 boxes were obtained as follows:—

92 Wealthy trees, 370 boxes, average 4 boxes per tree.
 71 Duchess trees, 116 boxes, average 1.6 per tree; 50
 Blenheim oranges, 112 boxes, average 2.2 boxes per tree;
 38 Keswick Codlin trees, 93 boxes, average 2.5 boxes per
 tree; 35 Yellow Transparent, 64 boxes, average 1.8
 boxes per tree; 43 Hyslop crab, 64 boxes, average 1.4
 boxes per tree.

From the above it will be seen that the Wealthy has this year outstripped all rivals by almost two to one. While there is not usually so marked a difference, the Wealthy is undoubtedly the commercial variety from which the largest returns are obtained. Except in that one variety the apple crop has this year been a poor one but not so bad as the pears. Of the latter there were practically none, and the price has been correspondingly high. Cherries were a two-thirds crop, plums and prunes very light, strawberries fair, raspberries good, loganberries fair and rhubarb a good crop as usual.

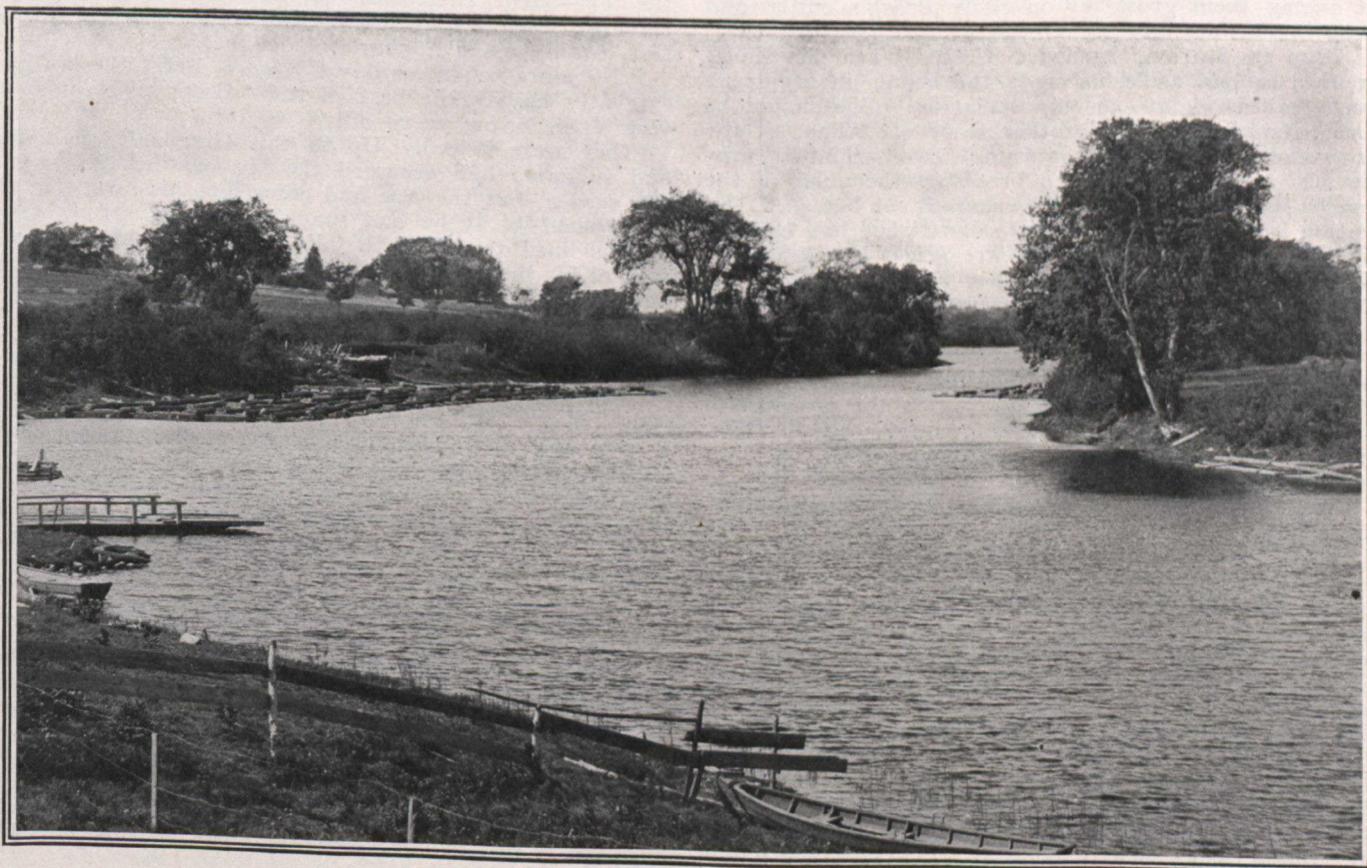
It will perhaps be noticed that winter apples are omitted from the list given above. The fact is that winter apples are not an unqualified success in the Victoria district. While summer and early fall varieties come to perfection and always command a good price, the lack of rain towards the end of summer makes the winter apple small compared with those grown on the irrigated lands of upper British Columbia. For this reason the growers on the Island are turning their attention almost wholly to early apples the which, when grown here, cannot be beaten in any part of the world.

From his experience at Rockside, Mr. Palmer recommends the following commercial varieties of fruits: Engelbert and Grand Duke plums; Italian prunes; Bartlett, Louise Bonne and Boussock pears; Olivet and Morello preserving cherries, and for those who wish a sweet variety, the Bing is a good one. The Maroon strawberry is the only one that has been proved of value for the Winnipeg market; the fillbasket raspberry is a good one and the Victoria variety of rhubarb is



Apple Tree in Bloom at Rockside Orchard.

good for all general purposes and is a good cropper. It is not meant by this that no other varieties of the different fruits are suitable for this country but only that these have been all proven and have stood the test, while many others have not. Experimenting is an expensive business, especially in fruit growing. It might be well to say here that prospective fruit growers should be careful not to allow agents handling outside nursery stock to persuade them into buying trees that are successful in the East or in the states to the south of us, because the conditions, climate, soil, and distance from market all affect the choice when planting. Trees grown at home are equally as good as those imported, and usually the prices are more reasonable.



Oromocto River—A Typical River Scene in the Province of New Brunswick.—Note the Primitive Boat Landing and the Log Booms on either side. Lumbering is one of the chief industries of the Province.

AN APE AND AN IDYL

By JEAN BLEWETT, Author of "Heart Songs,"
"The Cornflower," etc.

"THE best laid schemes o' mice and (married) men
gang aft a-gley.

"For a whole year Jack has planned to take
you on this canoe trip, and
now—"

"You needn't whack the in-
stitution of matrimony with my
sprained ankle," interrupted
Marion from the lounge.

"And now he will proceed to
put canoeing out of his mind to
haunt verandah chairs, and ham-
mocks swung in the shade, to
read magazines and story books.
Not exactly the holiday a young
lawyer hankers after—eh, sis?"
West leaned back in his chair and
smiled pityingly.

"Nor the holiday my young
lawyer is to have," said Marion,
rising to the occasion. "Jack is
under bonds to take fun enough
out of the trip for both of us.
Yes, you are," in answer to an
exclamation, half protest, half
relief, from the delighted Jack.
"As for me I am going to try
an experiment."

"A lonely summer at the
homestead," Jack's tone of com-
miseration was real. "It's
tough luck, Marion."

"Oh, I'll not be alone," with
a gay smile.

"Sit up and take notice, young
man," admonished West.

"No, the city mission has
found two children for me, nice
little things whose world up to
this has been the grounds of the
worthy institution which spells
home to them. I'll give them
the old garden and the orchard,
the lane and the wood for a
playground. Won't I have a
time watching their antics,
and seeing them grow fat on Sally Beach's curds and
cream!"

"Drop it, Marion," growled West. When she shook
her head he laid aside his cigar and began an argument
which trailed off into an expostulation. She should be
more considerate of the brother, poor old Allan, at the
homestead. The idea of turning two whining mis-
chievous youngsters loose to break up the quiet of the
place! Marion ought to be ashamed of herself. Op-
position from this well-groomed self-satisfied half brother
being the one thing needed to strengthen her determi-
nation, she continued to shake her head, and, on West
subsiding with an air of sullenness, proceeded to draw
pictures of two wails watching flowers grow, and birds
nest, plucking ripe red fruit in God's own sunshine for
the first time in their lonely little lives, until Jack, who,
between his pride in her and his joy in the prospect of
his long, lone holiday, was over-elated, cried, "Hip,
hurrah!" and patted the convalescing ankle with an
ardour which made the owner of it wince.

"At Allan's age—" began West, but Marion inter-
rupted him.

"There you go harping on the usual line. Allan is
no Methusaleh even if he did and does act a father's
part to the rest of us. We're all selfish pigs where he's
concerned, letting him be the stand-by, shifting all
sorts of responsibilities on him, instead of trying to
pull him out of his shell. We could make him realize
that there's a lot of life ahead of him. He had me to
look after when mother married the second time, and
after her early death he added you to the household.
The two of us kept him too occupied to allow of his
falling in love and marrying. But there's no reason in
the world he shouldn't do it now. Fifty isn't old for a
man, I don't care what you say, and he's the hand-
somes of the bunch."

"Don't be a fool," said West, sourly, and walked
away.

Marion sat up among the cushions and laughed.
"He's afraid of his life Allan will make any chance. A
rich bachelor brother is a nice thing to have when one
likes the good things of life but
is too lazy to work for them.
West thinks he knows it all. I
detest a cocksure person, don't
you?"

Jack was in no mood to argue
the question. "Right you are,"
he assented meekly.

Marion and her experiment, or
rather the materials for her ex-
periment, left Union Station one
glad summer day, arriving with-
out mishap at her destination,
after a two hours' ride by train
and fifty minutes by trolley
through some of the loveliest
country in Ontario.

In the twilight of the second
day Mary Beach, the old house-
keeper, sat with Marion and
Allan on the porch and aired her
views. "I hope fruit's as healthy
as the faddists make out," she
said, "for the way they do gorge
it is a caution. Ain't they
queer? Bet's a regular lamb,
fat, white, frisky an' scared of
everything. As for the boy—" glancing over her shoulder and
dropping her voice—"what with
his weazened face, long arms, an'
his tree an' roof climbin', he
minds me of an ape, in fact he's
the apiest human I've come
across."

"We've started quite a Zoo,"
volunteered Allan, and while they
laughed Mary held up a hand and
cried, "Hark to that!"

No need to listen. A person
would have to be very deaf in-
deed not to hear the clam-
our which of a sudden filled
the air—shrill entreaties to be let alone, protests,
threats; then a long drawn wail followed by a rasp of
fear, ending up in a gurgle of delight.

"No more yelpin' or down you go, Bet," the boy was
evidently having the best of it. "Hang tight an' shut
your eyes. Now we're off!"

They were indeed. Up to this time only the birds
and squirrels had occupied the big oak at the foot of
the garden, but the Ape had come into his own. In the
very heart of it he had made a nest of strong green
boughs lined thickly with foliage, a nest which the mo-
tion of his bare feet sent swaying and swinging straight
over the low growing quinces. Into it he had per-
suaded—over-persuaded—Bet to enter. He knew she
would enjoy the novelty of it once she was launched, so
was deaf to all she cried out in her first fear of things.

"I'll put you asleep," they heard him say; "hang
tight, Bet!"

"To her last sleep," ejaculated Sally, "those limbs
won't stand it, they're creakin' now."

Allan rose in haste, but Marion detained him.
"They've had so little risky fun in their lives," she
urged. Isn't that a gay little vesper they're
chanting?

"Rock-a-by baby in the tree top,

When the wind blows the cradle will rock—
rock—rock."

Twilight deepened. The homestead was a world shut
in by hill and wood, a world of warm shadows and
delicious scents which nestled down under a gorgeous
coverlet of grey and purple, cross-barred with rose and
gold and saffron, like the robe of a Persian princess. To
and fro swung the nest of boughs, to and fro with
swishings and surrings and ominous creakings, to the
disturbance of a whole colony of birds waiting to settle
down for the night.

"When the wind blows the cradle will rock—
rock—rock."



"Where's Bet's Bed," asked the Ape.

Allan beat time with his foot. "Where's Bet's bed?" asked the Ape, appearing suddenly on the porch with Bet's tousled flaxen head on his arm, and the rest of her very plump person disposed conveniently. "She's snoring like a house afire."

"You an' your swings an' your monkey shines!" scolded Sally as she gathered Bet to her bosom. "You'll break her blessed neck yet."

He swung himself to the edge of the porch. "Women is scare cats," he remarked to Allan with a chuckle.

"They mean well," Allan spoke apologetically.

"Dunno what they mean. Spoilin' fun, that's their long suit. But," cheerfully, "sakes alive! who cares?"

An hour later Sally bustled out and broke up an interesting conversation between the two on the porch, and ordered the boy to bed.

"It's an Ape all right," said Allan, as he watched the bare feet capering nimbly up the bannister, "but a quaint and merry one. Says he hasn't cried a tear since he first found out that crying didn't get him the thing he cried for. How's that for philosophy?"

Sally gave it as her opinion that he'd wear her to a "shadder." "A new interest in life, says Miss Marion. Well," with something between a sigh and a snarl, "I'm past the time o' day for new interests, an' so be you, Mr. Allan."

"I like that queer little beggar." An unwonted spice of youth twinkled in Allan's kindly eyes and made ripples of mirth in his kindly voice. "Take my word for it, there'll be something doing."

There was. A real love affair sprang up between Sally and Sally's little lamb. Bet, with joyous friskings, followed the housekeeper everywhere. The Ape followed nothing but his own sweet will. From his airy perch in the oak he surveyed the world by day and was vaguely glad that it was beautiful. At night he talked with Allan.

"Ever been in the country before," asked the latter, as he filled his pipe. "Once, eh? What did you do?"

"I sot a pigeon on a banty hen's egg. She hatched out a chicken all neck and nakedness. It was fun to watch her feed it. Say," with a chuckle of real joy, "it was great. She'd open its mouth an' stuff the feed in, same as pigeons are used to, an' when the banty chick'd spit it out, an' fall to scratchin' with his toes, an' helpin' hisself in little pecks she'd tackle the job over again. He kept her so busy she couldn't coo for sour apples."

"'Twas hardly a square deal," said Allan when he had finished laughing.

"She'd always hatched pigeons. I thought a change'd do her good."

Through the open window floated the mellow laugh of Allan and the shrill one of the Ape. Sally shook her head wonderingly. "I never expected to see him take to one so full of deviltry," she sighed.

"Seems a bond of sympathy between the big quiet man and the little garrulous lad," said Marion. "I don't know when I've heard Allan laugh like that."

"The Ape's as nimble with his tongue as with his toes; he is uncanny with both. I'm glad there's no more 'new interests' coming our way." But there were. Five miles away the summer cottage of the Beals towered loftily on the river's bank. Mrs. Beal, kindest of women, fired by Marion's example, had opened her doors to two pale-faced mites who had lately lost their mother. Not content, she had gone to a crowded room in the ward and borne from it a black-eyed Italian baby. The last named had no sooner arrived at the cottage than he sickened with measles. Because of all these happenings came a frantic note of appeal to Marion. Could she—would she—let the well pair play in her back yard for a fortnight? It seemed hard to send them back to the dust and heat just as their cheeks were getting a hint of colour. Besides, strong plea this, Miss Thornhill, best of trained nurses, sweetest of women, would accompany the children and take full charge.

"Two kids and a grown-up—we can't do it," said Marion.

"It wouldn't be for long," volunteered Sally.

"The more the merrier," said Allan with a recklessness which was brand new, and very funny.

So four children had the homestead for a playground, four children laughed and sang, caught glimpses of a real home, a real happiness, and, yes, a real heaven as the days went by.

So pleasant did the genial master of the place find the new order of things, and the new presence, a slim fair woman in nurse's garb, that when the lady who had loaned the babies, so to speak, announced after long delay that all danger of contagion was over and that

she would resume charge, he flatly refused to listen.

"Just when things are going swimmingly," he grumbled. "Not a bit of it. Write to Mrs. Beals, Marion, and tell her to invest in a new lot. Packed plenty of lunch have you, Miss Thornhill? Let's see, one, two, three, four, you and I make six. We're all here. Betty's been hunting bait all morning. Drowned! Why we're taking the scow, Marion, you couldn't tip her with a team of horses. Don't forget to notify your friend that we refuse, positively refuse to deliver the goods."

Marion looked after the party and smiled. "I owe West one," was her enigmatic comment.

"The children have had a glorious month," Miss Thornhill was saying as they took the path through the wood, "but I feel that we are imposing on good nature."

"Listen," came the eager response, "I'm the gainer. This place is going to be home to these kids every summer that comes."

"You are very kind," the words weren't much in themselves, but the glance which went with them was one of admiration, shy but genuine.

"Oh," grandly, "I could do a lot if I knew how to go about it. It would be easy sailing so long as they all kept well."

"I know how you feel. A sick child has a way of giving one heartache."

Silence for awhile. The ripening barley went swiss-ss, swiss-ss in the wind. The rushes by the mill-stream tried to do the same, but their notes were not so sweet or sibilant. The clang of a reaper came from the veritable hills of gold across the stream, and with it the faint perfume of ripening fruit.

"It is a beautiful world," said the nurse, and her eyes were full of tears.

Allan had seen it all before. "Beautiful," he assented without removing his gaze from her face. "I wish—" here Sally's little lamb fell in the stream and had to be taken out, and coaxed and bribed to stop bleating.

They had reached the little dock by this time, and between getting the flock on board the scow and putting the lunch basket beyond the reach of temptation, there was no time for sentiment. It was the Ape who helped the matter along. He lay stretched out at Allan's feet looking up at him with eyes out of all proportion to the weazened face they lighted.

"Say," he broke out at length, "did you mean it when you told her," pointing a brown fore finger at the nurse, "we was goin' to keep right on comin'?"

Allan nodded.

"Will she," again the finger did execution, "keep right on comin'? In the Home the matron stays right along."

Allan looked at the woman beside him. Her cheeks were rosy, her eyes cast down. "I'm in hopes Miss Thornhill will do the same," he said, and fell to rowing furiously.

They came home at sunset and found Marion entertaining her husband and brother, home from their long holiday, with an account of the founding of a new country home for waifs and strays. West was looking anything but pleased.

"I'll put a stop to this nonsense," he snarred: "Allan's in his dotage."

"Allan's in love," corrected Marion, "so is the girl. Here they come hand in hand now for congratulations."

"This is your doings, but I must make the best of it, I suppose."

"You certainly must," she took Jack's arm and limped forward to meet the happy pair. Then she turned to West.

"The best laid schemes o' mice and (unmarried men) go aft a-gley."

"It is my turn to quote Bobby," she said, with a saucy shake of her brown head.

Ancient Hostelries

The village inn at Addington, England, has been tenanted by the members of one family since the reign of Henry VII. On the death of the mother of the present hostess she left no son, but only three daughters survived her. The three sisters in turn took possession, and the present hostess is the last of them. The Jolly Millers' inn at Newnham, Cambridgeshire, has been kept by a family named Musk for the last 400 years. It is recorded in Cambridge annals that Queen Elizabeth once stopped here and drank a quart of "ye olde English ayle" without getting down from her horse.

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. They tell Grinnell of the harm of too rapid increase in gold supply. The latter refuses to become either alarmed or confidential. Mr. Mellen and Mr. Dawson resolve to sell bonds and buy stocks.

"**H**OW do we stand, Richard?" asked Mr. Mellen, as he walked into the president's office.

"Almost there," answered Dawson, "I have sold most of your semi-speculative issues, and we are working off the last better than I expected. You got the memorandum of stocks bought to-day."

Mellen nodded. Then he walked to the busy ticker in the corner, and regarded the tape.

"The newspapers have warned the public against buying inflated stocks, or selling bonds at unreasonably low prices. A free press, Richard, is the best safeguard of the liberties of a nation. We should be grateful for this boon." There was a trace of nervousness about his manner; but it was a nervousness as of relief rather than uneasiness.

Mr. Dawson laughed admiringly, and approached his friend.

"Yes. I've sold them impartially all over New England, here, and in London and Berlin. But the governments—"

"Never mind those. The government will make good, somehow. We'll keep them to give us the right to arbitrate the matter later on. I am going to tell my brother George. I told him to come here to-day at— How do you do, George; I was just talking about you."

George B. Mellen, who had entered, was a strongly-built man, white-haired and clean-shaven. His eyes were of a clean, turquoise blue, that contrasted pleasantly with the white of his eyebrows. He was the vice-president of the International Distributing Syndicate, and at least the sixth richest man in the world. He nodded to his brother, and shook hands with Dawson, who managed to convey the impression that he had risen in order to greet affectionately the newcomer. That having been done, the president returned to his desk.

"George," said Mellen looking up from the ticker, "I've sold every bond I owned; or will have sold the last this afternoon." He resumed his scrutiny of the tape, very calmly.

"Wh-a-at?" said his brother.

"No obligations payable in gold will be worth anything in a short time. There's a man who has discovered the secret of making gold. And he's making it." He said it in an utterly unexcited voice.

"What are you talking about?" said George with an indecisive smile. His brother was bent over the glass dome of the ticker, and George, still smiling indecisively, looked at Dawson.

An office-boy entered with a note which he gave to the president. Dawson, as he saw the lad coming, instinctively picked up a dagger-like paper-cutter from his desk. But when he glanced at the handwriting, tore open

the envelope with his fingers hurriedly, and read the slip it contained. He rose and gave the paper to William Mellen, saying:

"That is the last of the bonds. They slaughtered prices, didn't they? But," with a jovially apologetic smile, "it was the best that could be done."

Mellen read the memorandum of the bond sales and the prices received.

"Why, Richard," he said it with a sort of polite regret that ended with a gentle sigh, "I should say they did slaughter them. It's a loss of about two millions on this lot, from last week's prices." He shook his head several times as in sorrow over a fellow-Christian gone wrong: The stock market had sinned. Then he studied the busy ticker once more.

"William, will you kindly explain this farce?" There was no sigh to George Mellen's voice as he asked this. His frown was deep.

"George, I'm not a fool, am I?" asked the richest man in the world, very earnestly. He must be patient. It was his duty; and duty should be everything to a man who, his friends thought, believed that the eyes of Providence were fixed unblinkingly on the centre of his soul.

"Just now, I should say—"

"Well, just now, I certainly am not one. I've sold out all my bonds and bought stocks. Yes, George. That," gently, "is what I have done."

"And I've done nothing all week but buy bonds and sell stocks!" George's eyes took on a curious expression—the blue in them seemed to grow strangely darker as he half-closed his eyelids. Often the brothers disagreed. William was the abler. But George was the older; and he could not forget the days when he lorded it over his slender brother by physical might.

"You probably bought my bonds, and I bought your stocks," said William, nodding as if solving a puzzle the solution of which called for no exultation. "I am sorry, George. But you must at once sell the bonds and buy stocks."

"Explain, hang you; explain!" shouted George Mellen angrily.

"George, keep cool. Richard, will you kindly tell brother George all about Grinnell?" He looked at the ticker with an exaggerated air of attention, to save further explanations.

George looked from his brother to the bank president, and back to his brother.

"William," he said at length, quietly. William did not look up from the ticker. It made George Mellen angry and he said imperiously: "William, listen to me! There may be a good reason why you have sold out all your bonds. But there is none why you should not have told me before. Why didn't you?"

"I never thought about it," answered William simply. There was a mild astonishment on his face, as if at his own forgetfulness of his brother's interest.

"You didn't, either, Dawson, did you?" said George coldly.

"My dear George, I certainly thought William was selling for both of you. He always does, you know," said Dawson.

"Oh, have it that way, George; have it that way if it will please you." Then to Dawson: "Sell George's bonds, lump results and strike an average," said William Mellen resignedly. Then, with sudden irritation: "It's a case of life and death, not of a few dollars." He began to walk up and down the office, lost in thought. Mechanically he took a small pad from the elaborately carved mahogany table in the centre of the room, walked to an arm-chair by the farthest window, sat down and presently began to jot down figures with a lead pencil, while Dawson told to George B. Mellen the story of Grinnell.

"But the thing is impossible," said George angrily.

"Absolutely!" assented the bank president, almost amiably. "You are right, George." He looked at George with a subtle felicitation in his eyes—at George's intellect. "But," he went on gently, "everything you think we've already thought. We didn't go off at half-cock, George. It took facts to convince us. We know that the man can and probably will flood the world with gold. I have no doubt of it. Neither has William. Now, give me the list of your bonds and—"

"And I thought I was getting bargains," said George Mellen bitterly. "I might have known William's hand was in it. I thought people had gone crazy, and were being prepared for a grand boom, manufactured on the premises! I tell you," he exploded suddenly, "there's a trick somewhere!"

William Mellen looked up suddenly, and stared incomprehendingly at his brother, his mind still on his figures and calculations.

"No," went on George, "I don't mean you. I mean in this Grinnell affair."

"He has on deposit in this bank some forty millions, and about eight or ten more with other banks."

"That's the mystery," said George musingly. His eyes, as he thought, took on a straining look, as you see near-sighted people look when they try, without their glasses, to read printed characters twenty feet distant, in an optician's shop.

"I'd make haste, George," interrupted William Mellen. "When you have sold out all your bonds I will tell you a plan. The world will be told of the Grinnell affair, and—"

"You mean?" said Dawson, with a quick start.

"After we have nothing to lose we have everything to gain."

"But it will—" began Dawson excitedly.

"Don't guess, Richard," gently. "You don't know the details of my plan."

George knew his brother. He said grimly: "The public doesn't love the International Distributing Syndicate; nor us."

"They'll love Grinnell less. We are his victims, too; don't you see? That will comfort the public. Bloated bondholder will be a synonym for pauper. They'll pity us." He said this with gentle dolefulness.

"William, but our friends? They'll be ruined," said George Mellen doubtfully. He knew his brother.

"You can tell yours to sell out—after you have sold out, not before; and give no reasons to them, or—" His eyes, for the fraction of a second, were menacing; he did not finish the threat orally. George frowned; but he also checked the words that he would have uttered.

"You'll have my list in fifteen minutes," George told Dawson. "Willie will bring it over. Good-bye," and without another look at either of the two men he left the room.

"George is—ah—" began Dawson, with a conciliatory smile.

"He always was," interrupted William Mellen, not unpleasantly; "from his boyhood up."

"The public will have more bargains in bonds," said Dawson.

"Yes." The richest man in the world smiled and went on musingly: "The public is very wise. It is selling out its stocks because they are too high, and buying bonds because they pay in gold. Now, my plan—"

Williams entered. The president frowned, and stabbed the assistant cashier through the heart with a stiletto made of a vocal icicle: "I am engaged, sir."

"It's—it's Mr. Grinnell, sir. He insisted upon seeing you. And, I think, sir, you told me that if he—"

"Why didn't you show him in at once?" The vocal stiletto was of steel, and white hot. The timorous assistant cashier left as though a stupendous draught of air had sucked him out of the room through the door. The president arose and greeted Grinnell.

"Walk in, Mr. Grinnell," he said, and held out his hand.

"Good-morning, Mr. Dawson. How do you do, Mr. Mellen?" said Grinnell cheerfully. Mr. Mellen waved his hand in amicable salutation. It was the first time that ever Mr. Dawson had seen Mellen indulge in such jovial friendliness.

"Quite exciting times lately in Wall Street?" said Grinnell interrogatively, but obviously to make talk. "The people are going stock-mad. I suppose there will be a smash."

"It is more than likely," assented Mellen gravely. Had not Mr. Dawson been a bank president, with a professional lack of the sense of humour, he would have winked surreptitiously at his friend.

"Well, if it is only the stock gamblers who suffer, I

won't worry. But, possibly, small investors may become frightened by the decline in bonds and sell out. They would be foolish, of course. But I have sympathy for foolish people; a fellow-feeling, I suppose." He smiled. Then, seriously: "Why, do you suppose, there's been such a slump in bonds?"

"More sellers than buyers," said Dawson, with a tentative grin.

"Ah!" The young man smiled at the time-worn Wall Street phrase; he had not heard it before. "But I think bonds are pretty cheap," he persisted.

"They certainly look so," assented Dawson.

"They certainly do," echoed Mellen gravely.

"That means you are buying them," said the young man with a sort of naive astuteness. Whereupon Dawson and Mellen congratulated themselves with glances. Grinnell went on: "I feel like doing the same thing. However, what I came to see you about is this: I promised not to deposit any more gold for a month in any bank in New York, didn't I?"

"In the United States," said Mellen quickly.

"I don't think I promised that, but I'll let it go at that. My promise certainly did not extend to banks in Europe."

"As to Europe," said Dawson with a shake of his head, "I took it for granted that—"

"Never mind Europe," interrupted Mr. Mellen with a benevolent air. "Are you going to ship any gold across the ocean, Mr. Grinnell?"

"I've suspended my gold operations entirely, as I promised. That is, I won't ship any new gold. But you wouldn't object to my drawing out some of the gold I have here and in other New York banks, I suppose?"

"Why—" began Dawson dubiously. He could not tell what this new move meant.

"Certainly not," said William Mellen decisively. He sided with Grinnell, of whom, Grinnell must see, he thought highly.

"Of course not," echoed Dawson cordially, with an air of primal authority. To show it was his own decision, he added: "We should be delighted."

"I may draw on you soon," said Grinnell.

"We can sell you drafts on any part of Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, South America, and the Philippines," Dawson told him, smiling.

"I'll think it over," Grinnell said seriously. "It won't prevent me from depositing more gold when my time is up?"

"Not at all," said Dawson jovially.

"How much will you deposit?" asked Mellen casually.

"Not much;" the young man smiled.

"No," said Dawson, with playful sarcasm, "not much; about a million a minute."

"You'd object to a million a day," Grinnell shook his head dolefully.

"He would not object to that," interjected the richest man in the world, "if he knew how many days you would keep it up." There was no playfulness in his voice, though he tried to speak in an easy, conversational tone.

"Well," began Grinnell doubtfully. He went on quickly: "Oh, yes, he'd object before the end of the first week. I know him." He nodded toward the bank president with a boyish mischievous air. Dawson tried to smile back; he said:

"I'm getting to know you, too. I am going to be more generous in the future."

"Good!" said Grinnell; he would take the president at his word when his month was up. "Now, if I should want drafts on London and Paris in a day or two—"

"Mr. Williams will be at your service, at any time," the president assured him, as though Mr. Grinnell were an ordinary depositor transacting ordinary business. "No notice is required in this bank," with a curious suggestion of bravado. He pushed one of a row of electric buttons on his desk. The assistant cashier, his fat face distorted dismally into an anticipatory excuse, appeared.

"Mr. Williams, Mr. Grinnell may call on us for drafts on Europe. You will place yourself at his disposal, and give him your very best efforts at all times."

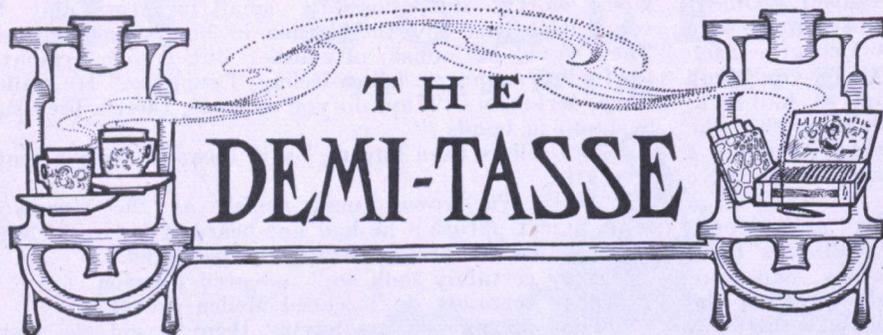
"Certainly, sir," said the assistant cashier, with a hasty deference. "Very glad to do what I can, Mr. Grinnell," he said, in a grateful voice, to the young man.

"That is all," said the president. The assistant cashier apologised facially, and left the room.

Grinnell rose to go. "Good-morning, Mr. Dawson. I'll be around when my month is up."

"You are not doing time, Mr. Grinnell," smiled the president.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



THE LETTER OF THE LAW.

DEAN HARRIS is one of the best known clergymen of the Roman Catholic Church in Canada, and is as remarkable for his literary productions as for his ecclesiastical virtues. In the city of St. Catharines he was so popular with citizens of all denominations that he found it comparatively easy to collect subscriptions from Anglicans, Baptists, Presbyterians and Methodists. But a time came when the last-named brethren were desirous of erecting a new church, and they ventured to call on the Dean in the course of their financial canvass. The latter expressed his deep regret over not being in a position to contribute towards the new tabernacle. He was reminded that members of Protestant churches had assisted him in the church-raising industry.

"I know, I know," replied the genial priest, plaintively. "I'd be glad to help you, but the rules of my church positively forbid the faithful to contribute towards building a Protestant church." The conversation then took a less painful turn, and finally the Dean asked: "And what are you doing with the old church?"

"We're going to pull it down," replied one of the heretic callers.

A great light dawned upon the Dean's countenance. "And will that cost you anything?"

"A matter of several hundred dollars."

"That's a fine situation. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. The Mother Church has nothing to say against pulling down what the Protestants have set up, and it'll be a good deed to destroy the works of the enemy. I'll help you tear it down."

And the Methodist brethren went on their way rejoicing, with a substantial sum towards the levelling of their place of worship. The Dean had made good.

* *

MARY'S LITTLE WAIST.

Mary had a little waist,
Where waists were meant to grow,
And everywhere the fashions went
Her waist was sure to go.
—New York Sun.

* *

AN ENGLISH OPINION.

"Young women," says the London "By-stander," in a sweetly cynical way, "are becoming very venturesome nowadays. We trust that Fraulein Wilhelmina Rasmussen, aged twenty, who is about to undertake an Arctic exploration with her brother, in order to find a tribe of Eskimo who are said never to have had communication with the civilised world, will succeed in her quest. The Eskimo will be so interested to hear about Miss Pankhurst and Women's Votes and the House of Lords and Mr. Bernard Shaw."

* *

A NEW LEGAL STORY.

The list of good legal stories has been increased by one that is creating a good deal of amusement among judges and lawyers. At it goes, Chief Justice Falconbridge, of Ontario, Mr. Justice Britton and Mr. Justice Riddell, a newly appointed judge, were sitting together as a court in Toronto not long since. According to some legalists who were present, the presentation of argument on behalf of one of the clients was rather prolix, and not very much to the point, to put it mildly. Mr. Justice Riddell, who, by the way, was not to the same extent inured against the tediousness of the proceedings as were his colleagues,

was observed to pass one of them a slip of paper, on which, presumably, were written some notes on the case. Immediately the "notes" were read, however, by his colleagues, there was a subdued suggestion of mirth apparent on their part. It turned out that the "notes" read after this fashion:

THE "NOTES."

(With apologies to Mr. Rudyard Kipling.)

"'Oo is it makes that bloomin' noise?"

Asked Files-on-Parade.

"It's counsel's openin' argument,"

The colour-sergeant said.

"'Oo 'as to 'ear the bally stuff?"

Asked Files-on-Parade.

"The chief and his two hired men,"

The colour-sergeant said.

"For he doesn't know his law, he misrepresents the facts;

His logic is so rotten you can see through all the cracks,

And he's pretty sure to get it where the chicken got the axe,

When the Court delivers judgment in the morning."

—Montreal Star.

* *



When their Wives are Away.

"Thompson, you wash the dishes and I'll wipe them."

"All right; you wipe them first."—Life.

* *

ANOTHER MARY.

Mary had a little car—
'Twas run by gasoline;
But since it went up in the air,
Our Mary's not ben-zin.

J. G.

* *

A SUMMER RESORT.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand
And a wide veranda
Make hotel bills grand.

J. G.

* *

SLOW RECOVERY.

Daughter—"She seems to have got over the death of her first husband."
Father—"Yes, but her second husband hasn't."—Pick-Me-Up.

* *

WAS SHE IRISH?

Mrs. Brown—"Isn't it dreadful the number of street car accidents there have been

lately? I'm almost afraid to have Mr. Brown go down town."

Mrs. Briggs—"Yes, indeed. My husband's so careless, and he's always in such a rush that I wonder he hasn't been killed several times."

* *

FINAL EVIDENCE.

They were quarrelling, as Adam and Eve probably contended, over the relative folly of man and woman. He said by way of triumphant illustration:

"When I read the page for women in the papers I think they must all be utter idiots."

Her eyes flashed, but she responded sweetly: "And when I read the headings of the baseball page I am sure that most men are maniacs."

* *

HEARD ON THE CAR.

First Canadian—"I wish the papers would stop this coloured supplement business. It has added a new horror to city life."

Second Canadian—"My dear chap, be thankful that your evening paper isn't running a beauty contest. It is the most painful form of strife I have seen."

* *

AT THE RAINBOW'S END.

At a recent dinner in Philadelphia, Archbishop Ryan and Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf were seated side by side. In front of them was one of those celebrated Virginia hams which make the mouths of men water.

Turning to his neighbour, the Archbishop inquired graciously:

"My dear Rabbi, when may I help you to some of this delicious ham?"

With ever-ready wit the Rabbi smilingly replied: "At your wedding, Your Grace."

—Saturday Evening Post.

* *



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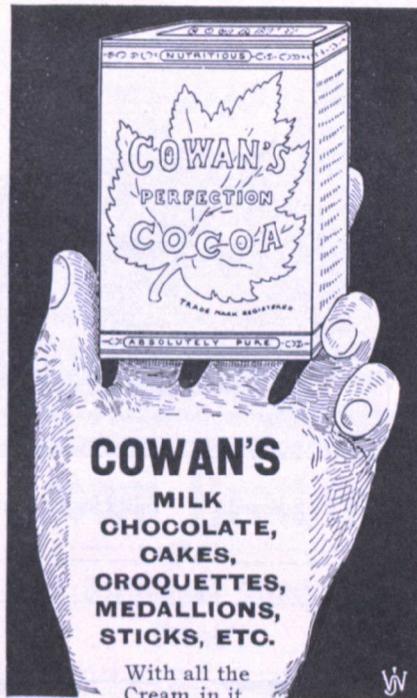
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LAWRENCE A. WILSON CO., Ltd.
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THE EISTEDDFOD

A Winnipeg Man Selected as Judge
For the Great Welsh Festival.

Wales clings with fervor to the Eisteddfod, the great musical and patriotic celebration. The choral work at these festivals is generally of the highest order, and therefore it is not surprising that the men chosen as judges in the choir competition should be among the best known and most competent of musicians. This year, Dr. Cowan, Dr. Davies, Dr. Protheroe and Mr. Hays Thomas will pass on the merits of the singers. The first three are Englishmen of eminence. The fourth is a resident of Winnipeg, whose work on behalf of music in the western city has had splendid results. Mr. Thomas may be regarded as an authority on music and musical topics. His taste is undeniable, his experience varied and his knowledge almost encyclopaedic. Because of this, it is a matter of considerable pride to the firm of Gourlay, Winter & Leeming that since he has been in Winnipeg Mr. Thomas has been a firm friend to the Gourlay piano. A letter from him to the firm is as follows:—"When I wanted a piano sometime ago for my studio, I examined a number of Instruments by various manufacturers and finally selected a Gourlay, solely on its merits. Its tone is remarkably rich, the touch very responsive and the mechanism perfect. After using it for several months I am more than ever convinced that it is the finest piano made in Canada." Many other musicians of eminence in this country will endorse the opinion of Mr. Thomas.



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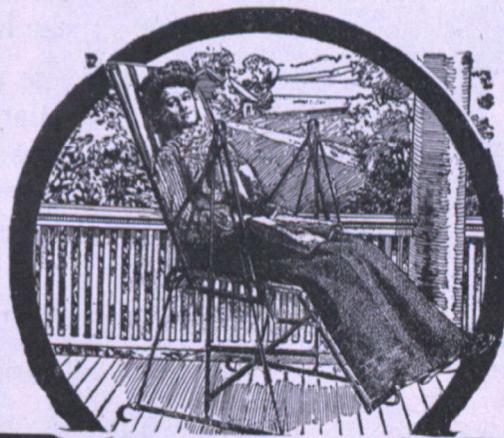
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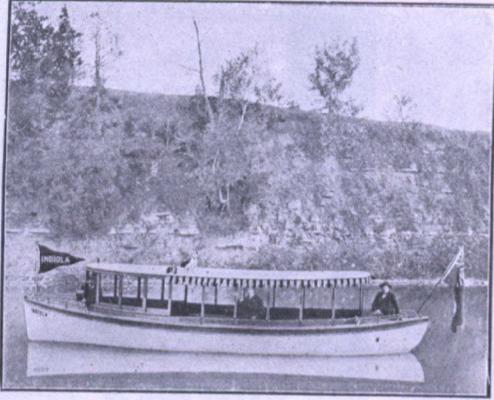
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446

Peculiarities

NOW times have changed! The "Victoria Times" tells of a rough-and-tumble fight in that city between two sailors, which came to the attention of the police, and says that two officers ran to the scene "lest the fight would be over before they got there."

The "Kingston Whig" of recent date has the following notice: "Prof. Ferguson will feel much obliged if the parties to whom he lent the tenth volume of Kingsford's History of Canada, and also the fourth volume of Creighton's History of the Papacy, will return them to him at 207 William Street." If the Kingston book-keepers are anything like the book-keepers around here, the Professor has said good-bye to his books forever.

Those sections of the country which have suffered from lack of rain lately may derive some relief from the suggestion of a Middlesex farmer, who says he has been able to raise a large crop in spite of drought by planting alternate rows of onions and potatoes in the same field. The onions, he says, will bring tears to the eyes of the potatoes, which will serve to keep the roots moist and ensure a good crop.

At the Edmonton Fair the other day a miner known as "Windy Bill" made a remarkable leap into a net, which, unfortunately for Bill, was not tight, and he hit the ground with some force. Probably Bill thought if one of them was tight, that was enough.

The "Canadian Cigar and Tobacco Journal" gives some hints to those who smoke pipes, in the course of which it says: "Everybody thinks he knows how to smoke a pipe, but to do it perfectly is not easy. . . . Take it easy. Keep cool and keep your pipe cool." All very well as far

as it goes, but there is nothing said as to how to prevent the sidewalk from rising up in long, rolling waves and whacking one after he has tried his first pipe behind the barn.

A Muskoka constable captured the clothes of some small boys that were swimming in Duck Lake, and it is said that the boys barely escaped. Of course. How else could they escape when he had their clothes?

A committee of London letter carriers recently waited upon one of their number and presented him with a handsome gold-headed cane. Provided the head is heavy enough, the recipient will now be able to administer the gold cure to all the hungry bulldogs on his beat.

A despatch from Cobalt says that an air compressor plant to supply power to the Cobalt region is to be installed on the Montreal River, nine miles distant. It will provide five thousand horsepower. Why not engage one of those Socialist agitators that are addressing the striking miners, to do the work. The cost would be less.

A Halifax paper tells of a man who was walking home through a clump of bushes at an early hour in the morning when he was horrified to feel the ground move beneath his feet. Looking down, he discovered that he was standing on a large snake. One would have thought that he would have been glad to stand on a nice, soft, springy snake after walking, probably all day, over the rough, hard macadam roads.

A Western Jewess who deserted her fiancée at the altar, has declared that she loves him, but that she does not love his income. This should not have been an insuperable obstacle to their union. No doubt he would rather be loved for himself alone,

ENNIS & STOPPANI

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RELIABILITY AND ECONOMY



3-pound Flat Iron for Sewing Room or Nursery

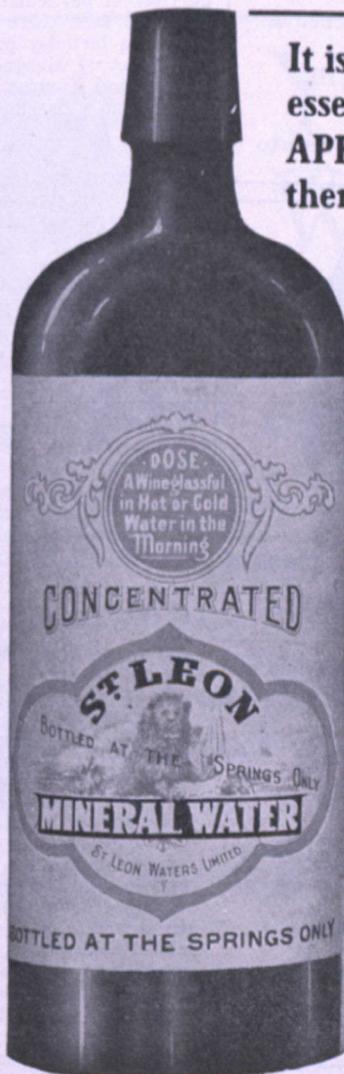
The heating and cooking appliances designed and manufactured by the Canadian General Electric Company mark a new epoch in domestic science in that they employ electricity to generate heat with absolute reliability and (when properly used) with excellent economy. They are SAFE even in the hands of the unskillful, and are practically INDESTRUCTIBLE.

Serviceability has been a SINE QUA NON in the design of these appliances, and they may be expected to withstand about the same treatment that ordinary household utensils receive. They will not "burn out" when the current is thoughtlessly left "on," although such practise is, of course, not recommended. The dishes are made without solder, and the heating unit has remarkably LONG LIFE.



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Observe the word Santé on each bottle and package. It means "bottled at the springs only."

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and to make sure of it, they could easily have muzzled the income and chained it up in the dog-house.

Whatever one may think of Henri Bourassa's political views, he seems to have solved the problem of how to keep in the glare of the limelight seven days in the week, about as well as any politician in the business.

Not many Canadian firemen have the experience of George D. Drake, of St. John, N.B., who has been fifty years in the employ of the fire department, and who was recently presented on his completing a half century of service with a purse of gold by his chief and comrades.

St. Anne's Church, in French Village, N.B., has been presented with a new bell by Miss Susan Goodine, a former resident of the province. The old bell was indeed historic, having been given to the ancient church by King Louis XIV. of France in the eighteenth century.

The largest unclaimed balance in any Canadian bank is reported by the Bank of Montreal. The sum is \$4,000, and stands to the credit of Mr. D. Watson. The last transaction in connection with the account was on July 4th, 1865.

This is a world in which it is difficult to be both safe and happy. Now, a correspondent who is anxious for the public welfare has written to the Montreal "Star," complaining that the straws which we get at soda water fountains are used three or four times before being thrown away, and therefore may bring on all manner of dire disease. Moral: Carry away your straw.

According to the "London Advertiser," the decorations at a birthday party in that city were pinks and marguerites. Marguerites in particular make a fine decoration. In fact, there is no finer decoration at a birthday party or anywhere else than a lot of Marguerites and Ethels and Bessies and Evelyns and Graces and Florences and Charlottes. The more the merrier.

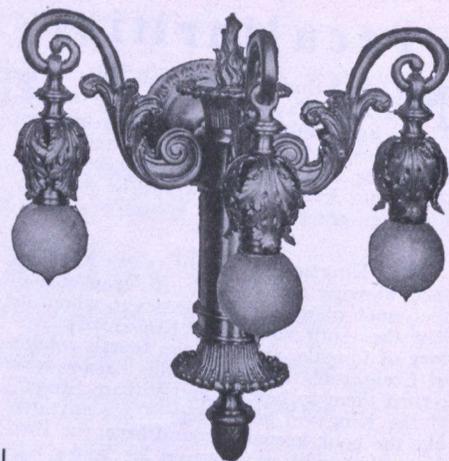
A sailor who deserted from the "Mouth" at Victoria a week ago effected his escape in the disguise of a preacher. It is said that he was given away by the fact that his hands were as hard as iron. That doesn't prove anything. Using one's hand as a gavel to keep lazy sinners awake during service might produce the effect.

A noted hygienist has declared that eating large, luscious strawberries has the effect of making one sulky and irritable, and that ladies suffer more in this respect than men. So far as we could see, they have generally concealed their sufferings pretty well, but perhaps it is as well to be guided by the opinion of one who knows, and not add further to their tortures.

AUTOMATIC COLLECTION.

A negro preacher, whose supply of hominy and bacon was running low, decided to take radical steps to impress upon his flock the necessity for contributing liberally to the church exchequer. Accordingly, at the close of the sermon he made an impressive pause, and then proceeded as follows:

"I hab found it necessary, on account ob de stringency ob de hard times an' de general deficiency of de circulatin' mejum in connection wid dis chu'ch, t' interduce me new ottermatic c'lection box. It is so arranged dat a half dollah or quahtah fells on a red plush cushion widout noise; a nickel will ring a small bell distinctually heard by de congregation, an' a suspendah-button, my fellow mawtels, will fish off a pistol; so you will gov'n yo'selves accordingly. Let de c'lection now p'ceed, wile I takes off ma hat an' gibbs out a hymn."—Independent.



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The Glidden Tour

THE Glidden auto touring contest for 1907 is now being run off. The start was made on July 10th, and the route as finally adopted is as follows: July 10th, Cleveland to Toledo; 11th, to South Bend, Ind.; 12th, to Chicago; 13th-14th, in Chicago; 15th, to South Bend, Ind.; 16th, to Indianapolis; 17th, to Columbus, O.; 18th, to Canton, O.; 19th, to Pittsburg, Pa., 20th, to Bedford Springs, Pa.; 21st, at Bedford Springs; 22nd, to Baltimore, Md.; 23rd, to Philadelphia; 24th, to New York.

George M. Davis, who recently went over the course in a Thomas flyer, advises tourists who are rusty on their Civil War history to brush up in preparation for the run through the battlefields. He also says that the people of Maryland, particularly the farmers, are very friendly to automobilists, and that at other points receptions are being planned for the tourists.

One Indian's Income

MR. HEMING, the author of "Spirit Lake," according to New York "Life," has made a curious compilation. It occurred to Mr. Heming that an accurate record of the various kinds of game killed by one Indian during his hunting career would be interesting and suggestive. To obtain it, he consulted with an old fur trader, who had known a certain Indian from boyhood, and who for a long time had bought his annual stock of furs. This Indian, known in Northwestern Canada as one of the best fur hunters in the country of the "Strong Woods," spent several days with the trader last summer, and together they went carefully over the records of the Indian's hunting during a period of thirty-nine years.

The Indian has been a rover over many regions wide apart, and this explains the great variety of game in the list that follows:

Wood buffalo, 49; moose, 390; wapiti, 156; caribou, 195, small deer, 78; bears, 585; mountain sheep, 60; mountain goats, 29; timber wolves, 112; lynx, 390; wolverines, 25; red foxes, 390; cross foxes, 78; silver foxes, 4; black foxes, 2; otter, 195; beaver, 1,080; fisher, 195; marten, 1,080; mink, 390; muskrats, 3,900; porcupines, 19. Total, 9,502.

To these may be added 16,000 hares, 24,000 feathered creatures and 36,000 fish of various kinds—in the killing of which he was helped by his family. During these years his annual income from the sale of his furs to the traders fluctuated from \$500 to \$2,000 per annum.

The Work of the Canadian Clubs

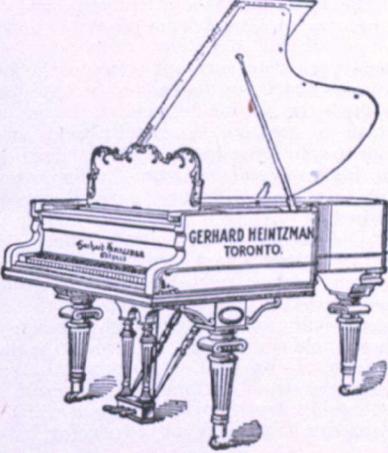
THE Edmonton "Saturday News" has sounded a forward note with regard to the work which the Canadian Clubs are doing in this country. In a recent issue it says:

"Canadian Clubs have become quite numerous throughout Canada, and are an untold benefit to this Dominion. By song and speech and banquet, by the meeting of man with man for the confessed purpose of fostering a national spirit, by the frank and oft-times critical discussion of Canadian problems, by the publication of the addresses of the distinguished Canadians and Britons who have spoken under the auspices of the clubs, by the inauguration of national ceremonies, the collection of historical material, and in other ways, the Canadian Clubs of the cities of Canada have done a work in the few years of their existence which has not been put in the balance and weighed, but which is great and worthy of warmest praise.

"A magnificent opportunity lies ahead of these clubs. Along with the opportunity goes a duty. That Canadian Club but poorly bears its name, and should not be permitted to hold it, which exists only that its members may meet at luncheon and dinners and listen to some silver-tongued orator who tells of the potentialities of the Dominion.

"Come out of your cloisters, members of Canadian Clubs all over the country, and let what has been whispered in the ear be

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Gerhard Heintzman Pianos

hold the place of honor as Canada's most artistic piano.

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will pump water, saw wood, shell corn, run cream separator, in fact furnish power for any purpose.

Every Farmer Should Have One

Cut out this advertisement and send it to

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26-28 Front Street West, TORONTO Limited

Please send me (without cost to me) your catalogue with full information regarding your Gasoline Engine for farm use

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Wilson's Invalids' Port

Enriches the blood and imparts lasting energy.

All Druggists—everywhere.

revealed upon the housetop. Let the youth of the land, the school children, and the daughters of Canada—the classes who are not privileged to become members of the club—have the benefit of some of the orations to which you listen, and breathe forth to them the spirit of Canadian nationalism which is growing so rapidly and surely within your own hearts! Thus alone will the highest good be done, the opportunity full met, and the duty perfectly accomplished.

"The women of our country influence the opinions thereof in a measure we men very seldom realise and almost never confess. Let there be public meetings of the club occasionally, of the same high character as those held in private, at which the loyal women of the land may gather. Warm sympathy would certainly be the result, and a tenfold intensifying of the good which the Canadian Clubs are already doing."

* *

Passing of an Historic Home

THE perishable nature of all things "here below" was well illustrated by the fate which overtook a once historic home in St. John, N.B., a few days ago. Incidentally, it proves that they built houses out of good materials in St. John one hundred and twenty years ago.

In 1787 Judge Ward Chipman built what was at the time the finest residence in St. John. In 1860, when the present King of England visited that city, he stayed at the Chipman home, which was even then a very handsome and well-furnished house. During recent years the building has been used as a seamen's mission, and quite lately the land upon which it stands was purchased as a site for a new Y. M. C. A. building. The house was offered to the city for \$1,000, but the offer was not accepted, and a few weeks ago the residence and all its furnishings went to a junk dealer for \$28.

Meantime the gnawing tooth of time was at work, and a few days ago, when the owner of the house was absent from the city, a lot of men, women and children gathered in the building and undertook to assist the gnawing process. So successful were they, that when the owner returned he found little but the shell of the once famous structure. Everything detachable, including several marble mantels, was removed bodily, and the finishing touch was given when the fittings of the room in which King Edward slept were used for fuel in the kitchen fire.

* *

Citizens That are Not Needed

NO doubt it takes all kinds of people to make a nation, but one of the kinds that this country could best dispense with is the man who makes an unprovoked attack on a peaceable, unoffending foreigner just to show off before the crowd and reap a little cheap glory. A gang of loafers of this type were amusing themselves in a St. Thomas park the other day by annoying a Chinaman, when one of them—a very brave man—in order to show his proficiency, offered to "paste" the Chinaman in the "mug," provided the crowd stood by him. Note the proviso. The gang of loafers gladly agreed to stand by and lend a hand if necessary, whereupon this brave specimen struck the Chinaman a blow on the mouth severe enough to cause it to swell considerably. There is only one thing this fellow forgot to do. He should have had the gang hold the Chinaman first.

From attacks like this on peaceable foreigners to brutal assaults on women and little children is an easy step, and the sort of man who is brave enough to attempt the first is not likely to be alarmed by the formidable defence of a nine-year-old child. No one ever heard of one of these fellows attacking a man who is known to be able to defend himself, an Italian navy, for instance, or some other husky individual who is able to take care of himself.

Canada does not need men of this kind in her midst. A peaceful country is no place for them. They should be where there is fighting going on—and about three miles in the rear with their choice companions from which they get their "courage"—the beer and whiskey bottle.

O'KEEFE'S PILSENER



So Light is it and So Good is it that it Stands by Itself.

Brewed Right? Yes, indeed.
Bottled Right? Yes, Positively.
Acts Right?
No one ever said it didn't.

"The Light Beer in the Light Bottle"

The O'Keefe Brewery Co. of Toronto, Limited

A Splendid Sermon

on health, is the label on every bottle of

Abbey's Effer-Salt

Just follow the directions—take a morning glass—and you will find yourself growing stronger and feeling better every day. 148



GOES LIKE SIXTY
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No matter whether it was

Cosgrave's Pale Ale Half and Half or Porter

that you have been trying, you found each of them up to the mark, didn't you?

That's because they are brewed right, matured properly, and wholesome.

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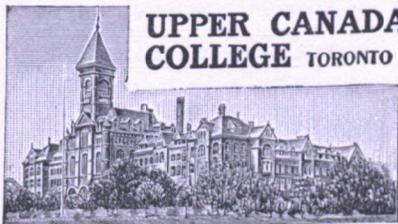
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Next Term Begins September 12th.

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Rev. Oswald Rigby, M.A. (Cambridge), LL.D.

For the Children

WATER- LOVING CAT.

A TABBY tom cat which I have reared from a kitten and which is now nearly three years old, possesses more amicable characteristics and paradoxical peculiarities than I have ever known a cat to have before, and I loved cats all my life. He bathes like a seal, having taught himself in a sponge bath when about three months old, and thoroughly enjoys a romp with my big Labrador dog afterward to get dry.

He is a perfect demon for fledgling birds, walking all over the front of the ivy-clad house and hooking them from their nests, very often pouching fourteen a day. Yet he lies in the dining-room where a goldfinch, a siskin and a linnnet fly backward and forward continuously, often brushing close past his head, and of them he never takes the slightest notice.

As I write he is mothering a belated chick which was extracted from its shell by ourselves this morning, the hen having left the nest with twelve others. It is snuggling between the cat's hind legs and peeping out between them most comically. I must add that this cat has never been beaten, or trained in any way, except by a quiet word.

—F. J. Bullen, in London Spectator.

* * *



Easeful Death.

"What did she die of?"
"Why, they said it was eatin' of ices on the top of 'ot pudden."
"What a lovely death!"—Windsor Magazine.

* * *

GOING BOARDING.

Aunt Marion had been staying with Dick and Marjorie's mamma, previous to moving to a boarding-house, where she intended to live. During the whole length of her visit the children had heard very little else talked about other than the important question of Aunt Marion's going boarding.

On the day of her departure their mamma was greatly surprised on going into the garden to find Dick and Marjorie sitting perfectly still, one on either end of a long plank dragged into the centre of the lawn.

"Why children," she exclaimed, "what are you doing?"

Marjorie held up her hand, imploringly. "Please, mamma, don't 'sturb us; we've gone boarding like Aunt Marion."

* * *

HONEST ETHEL.

Little Ethel—"Mamma, don't people ever get punished for telling the truth?"

Mamma—"No, dear. Why do you ask?"

Little Ethel—"Cause I just tooked the last three tarts in the pantry, and I thought I'd better tell you."

Mothers, Listen!

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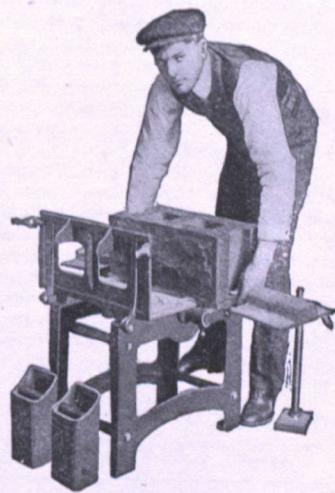


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Connecting at Deseronto with steamers operating on the Bay of Quinte and Lake Ontario.

Trains leave Napanee for the north at 7.50 a.m., 12.10 p.m., 1.25 p.m., and 4.25 p.m.

Trains leave Tweed for the south at 7.00 a.m., 7.20 a.m., and 2.55 p.m., and for the north leaving Tweed at 11.30 a.m. and 4.50 p.m.

Trains run between Deseronto and Napanee as follows:—

Leave Deseronto at 1.00 a.m., 1.40 a.m., 5.55 a.m., 7.00 a.m., 7.20 a.m., 9.50 a.m., 11.30 a.m., 12.40 p.m., 12.55 p.m., 3.45 p.m., 6.10 p.m., 7.40 p.m.

Leave Napanee at 2.20 a.m., 3.30 a.m., 6.30 a.m., 6.35 p.m., 7.55 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 12.05 p.m., 1.20 p.m., 11.00 a.m., 1.30 p.m., 6.50 p.m., 8.15 p.m.

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Literary Notes

A TALE OF TALBOTVILLE.

JUST at this outdoor season, appears a book for boys, which introduces the reader to a Canadian village which most of us have known. We recognise the post-office, at once, and are aware of having met a magnate somewhat resembling Jacey Creation, the supercilious postmaster. "Gaff Linkum," by Archie P. McKishnie, is an account of the adventures of two boys, rejoicing in the names of Buz and Gaff. The scene of their boyish exploits is Talbotville, on Lake Erie, which is interpreted as Morpeth by some who know Kent County, Ontario. Bridgetown also sounds like Ridgetown, while the region described in the colourful chapter, "Twixt the Blue and the Gold," must surely be Rond Eau, where the duck hunters lie low in the autumn, and where the wind sends strange whispers through the reeds. It is surely Kent County where Gaff Linkum has most eventful experiences for a Canadian small boy and finally comes into a good old-fashioned story-book fortune.

It must be remembered that Mr. McKishnie is writing of events supposed to have taken place many years ago. Hence the gypsy band and the murders along the coast are safely introduced. In modern Ontario we are hardly equal to such excitement. Canadians who wish to murder on a really magnificent scale, go away and live in Idaho, where they are happy ever after. Gaff and Buz lead somewhat too strenuous an existence, but they are a diverting young couple, whose doings deserve to be read. An evangelist, who had led a perfectly shocking career prior to his conversion, enters into the story for some mysterious reason, and delivers a sermon or two, winding up his revival meetings by making love to the most charming girl in the town. Evangelists with a lurid past are all very well in a "Pansy" book, but they have no place among Gaff's sturdy young friends.

However, in spite of the evangelist and the hymn his mother sang (it was "Darling, I am Growing Old"), this book about Talbotville has many entertaining chapters, and there are not a few readers who will echo the author's farewell words: "Good-bye, laddies. We know the fields through which you walk. We know those quiet pools beneath the willows. The winding creeks, with their pond-lily beds and brown cat-tails, even the old, flat-bottomed boat we know." Toronto: William Briggs.

* *

Why are there not more Canadian books for girls? There is no Canadian woman who has written a companion for "Little Women" or for "The Would-be-goods." Most small girls in this country are given most unhealthful feeding in the form known as "Elsie" books, trash of the poorest sort, which is likely to retard the development of a taste for better things. The most bewitching book ever written for small maidens was the work of a man, and a mathematical professor at that. Whatever stories may come and go, "Alice in Wonderland" remains to charm succeeding generations of bright-eyed girls who find the doing of that upside-down land "curiouser and curiouser."

* *

Mr. Charles F. Lummis, of the Los Angeles Public Library, has compiled some interesting statistics regarding the proportion of fiction to total circulation in various city libraries. According to the report, Grand Rapids reads less fiction than any other American community, its novels making only 39 per cent. of its circulation, while Reading has a proportion of 87 per cent. What does the disparity mean? As New York "Life" reflects: "Does it mean that Grand Rapids has less imagination than the rest of us, or that the Grand Rapidsers are more serious and more solid?" An interesting revelation might be made of Canadian cities, when it might be found that Toronto is not so good in its literary predilections as Halifax or Victoria.

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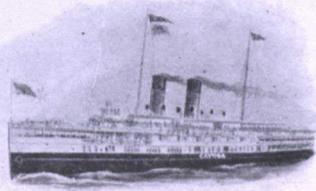
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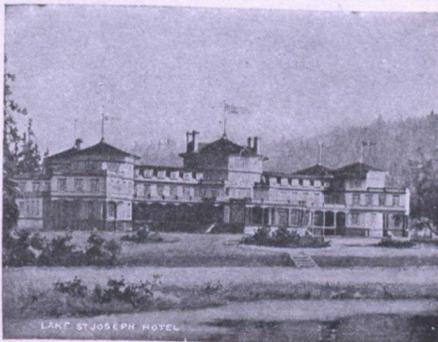
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