

The Canadian

Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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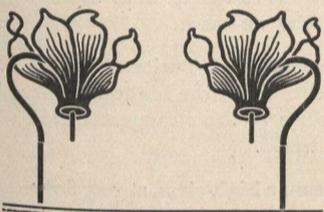
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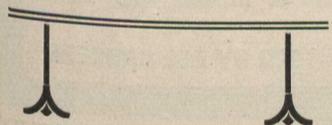
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THE **Canadian Courier**

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

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PUBLISHER'S TALK

LAST week's "Trapper Number" seems to have attracted more than the usual interest. This week, the issue has naturally a touch of the Valentine festival. Next week's cover will be decorated with a design emblematic of the musical season. The following week, the design will relate to Curling, the sport which leads this month. May we say again that every *Courier* cover design is made by a Canadian artist and executed by Canadian engravers. Each cover has also its own particular significance and bears a relation to the contents of the issue or the activities of the season.

ATTENTION is again drawn to the new "financial" department which will henceforth be a weekly feature. Perhaps before long it may develop into a "page," but always it will be general and supplementary to the financial columns of the daily press. It will also have a "personal" touch which will keep it interesting to general readers as well as to those who are vitally concerned with bonds and stocks.

CASH subscriptions are still being accepted at the Three Dollar rate. This bargain day will not last forever and every subscriber is duly warned to keep his subscription paid in advance. It will be profitable to him as well as helpful to the publisher.



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PROTECTION ! Wilson's Invalids' Port

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Will Protect Your Health at Any Season

BIG BOTTLE ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

What Canadian Editors Think

PUNISH THE WIFE-BEATER.

(St. Thomas Times.)

THE man who beats or abuses a woman is a coward, and the prospect of an application of the lash to his own bare back is more likely to appal him than the prospect of spending a month or so in jail. We are believers in woman's rights to the extent, at least, that her right to humane, decent treatment by her husband shall be strictly respected, and violation of that right swiftly and severely punished. It is useless to urge that if liquor was abolished, if prohibition was enforced, wife-beating would cease. The man who would beat his wife when he is drunk would do so when sober, and the wife-beater who never touches liquor is invariably a more brutal tyrant over his wife, and less likely to attract the attention of outsiders to the state of affairs existing in his household.

* * *

CONCILIATE!

(St. John Sun.)

THE industrial problems of the day are undoubtedly difficult of solution. Capital and labour have been and are strengthening their forces for the contest. No intelligent man would return to the days of enforced and unquestioning submission. But every sane man must fear for the future if the only power in the industrial world is to be the power of compulsion. Capital and labour are after all but terms to describe men. And these men can understand one another and can get together. And if so, it is their business so to do. We heartily agree that "the importance of these considerations cannot be too earnestly impressed upon employees and managers. At first glance the idea that an employee can be converted into a real wide-awake partner in the affairs and interests of his railroad, may appear to some to involve an undertaking of enormous proportions. As a matter of fact it is nothing of the kind. Railroad managers are to-day successfully coping with problems ten times as complicated."

* * *

OUR CANADIAN WINTER.

(St. Thomas Times.)

THERE seem to be some people in Canada who are ashamed of our glorious Canadian winters. The proposition to revive the building of an ice palace at Montreal, and holding one of the old-time delightful winter carnivals, has met with a storm of opposition from some sources, the main argument of which is that such things are detrimental to attracting immigrants to our country from the old lands. On the contrary we believe that the possibilities of our Canadian winters comprise a most valuable national asset, and instead of trying to hide and misrepresent the variety of our climate we should boast of the never-ending delightful changes of which it is capable. It is such bracing winters as made the erection of a monster palace, built of crystal blocks of solid ice, stable and enduring for months, that result in producing a race of sturdy men and healthy, handsome women excelled by no other country in the world.

* * *

THE SIZE OF HER!

(Sydney Record.)

CANADA is larger than the United States by about 178,000 square miles and has a population of only one-twelfth of the latter country.

Canada is as large as thirty United Kingdoms of Great Britain, and equal in size to eighteen Germanys. Canada is almost as large as Europe and twice the size of British India. Eighteen times the size of France. Twenty times the size of Spain and thirty-three times the size of Italy. Canada is one-third the area of the British Empire, and half of this area is as yet not surveyed into provinces. Only one-quarter of this vast area is occupied and less than one-eighth is under cultivation. Canada contains approximately 3,729,665 square miles—more than one-third of this territory is at present unexplored. The unsurveyed districts of Mackenzie, Ungava and Franklin are larger than China, the distance from Halifax to Vancouver is greater than from London, England, to Halifax. Canada extends over forty-eight degrees of latitude—a distance equal to that from Rome to the North Pole.

* * *

HUDSON'S BAY ROUTE IS ALL RIGHT.

(Prince Albert Herald.)

THE recent report of the wreck of the Hudson's Bay Company's barque the *Stork* was so worded as to give those unfamiliar with that vast inland sea, Hudson Bay, some cause for anxiety as to the safety of navigating the American Baltic with vessels of any considerable tonnage. The scene of the wreck of the ill-fated *Stork* is a good six hundred miles distant in a straight line from Fort Churchill, and equally far from any point on the proposed route from Churchill to Liverpool. However the shallows of James Bay may interfere with the proposed route to be opened by the Temiscaming and Northern Ontario Railway now being rapidly pushed to tidewater by the Province of Ontario, it has not the least bearing on the safety of navigation on the route from Western Canada to the markets of Europe. It would be well for our Eastern contemporaries to consult an up-to-date atlas before coming to any rash conclusion regarding the Hudson Bay route from our Western wheat-fields to the centres of European population.

* * *

A CANADIAN NAVY.

(Victoria Colonist.)

WHEN Mr. D. D. Mann stepped aside from the railway question yesterday to say something in regard to the responsibilities resting upon the Dominion because of its rapid development and certain commercial greatness, and laid stress upon our obligation as Canadians to take the initial steps towards defending our coasts and our ocean-borne traffic, he touched upon a theme, which has a warm place in the hearts of his hearers. Whether it is because we live here upon the ocean, where ships come and go, or because we have been accustomed to see the British flag flying above ships of war—albeit that they were only fit for police duty—there is a strong conviction in the minds of all Victorians that Canada is not doing her duty to herself, not to speak of her duty to the empire, when she delays taking the initial steps towards a naval establishment. It is interesting to hear views of this character expressed by a gentleman who is certainly not usually regarded as a sentimentalist, and who is a Canadian by birth and by virtue of great personal interests in the Dominion.

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A STRONG FLOUR can only be made from strong wheat. Manitoba hard wheat is acknowledged the strongest in the world—and that is the kind used for Purity Flour.

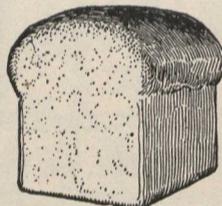
But that's not all. Every grain of this wheat contains both high-grade and low-grade properties. In separating the high-grade parts from the low-grade the Western Canada Flour Mills put the hard wheat through a process so exacting that not a single low-grade part has the remotest chance of getting in with the high-grade.

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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

Vol. V.

Toronto, February 13th, 1909.

No. 11

IN THE DAY'S WORK

Honest Tom

THE Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of Ontario had the largest majority in the local elections of last June. Hon. Thomas Crawford, who has been in the Speaker's throne since the death of Mr. J. W. St. John in 1907, has been member for West Toronto since 1894. Like Hon. W. J. Hanna and Dr. Pyne, he has Ulster blood in his veins, being a native of the historic county of Fermanagh, Ireland. It is hardly necessary to state that he has always been a Conservative and an Orangeman. He adds unto his political and religious convictions a strong membership in the Masonic Order. In the troubled year, 1865, he came to Canada, and after a short sojourn in Glengarry, he moved to Tory Toronto, where he has been a successful business man ever since, devoting his financial energy to the cattle market.

Mr. Crawford, locally known as "Honest Tom," was elected to the Toronto City Council in 1892 and two years later was West Toronto's choice for the Legislature. Mr. Crawford is shrewd and cautious in his business dealings and these qualities, exercised in the political sphere, have made his opinions respected as those of a man of good sense and cool judgment. He was not known as a "fighting" member in the strenuous sessions of 1903 and 1904, but he has always been a source of quiet strength to his party. His wholly amicable temper and frequent action as chairman when the House was in Committee made him an acceptable choice for the Speakership.

* * *

An Experimentalist

DR. EUGENE HAANEL is perennially in evidence when it comes to a matter of mining. He is the Director of Mines for the Dominion of Canada. Lately Dr. Haanel has returned from Sweden. Many men go to Sweden for scenery. Dr. Haanel went to study electric smelting. He found out that they do some things in smelting by electricity in Sweden that might well be duplicated in Canada. One thing has bothered Dr. Haanel for a long while now. He is worried over the fact that coal in Canada is very scarce at the points where it is required for the purposes of smelting. It is his business to find out how Canada can use her "white coal" for that purpose—as they are doing in Sweden by electric smelting. It used to be a very good scientific joke when Dr. Haanel was science professor in college—to show how that heat was used in the manufacture of artificial ice. It is now a commercial necessity to smelt iron ore at some thousands of degrees Fah. by the use of running water. Dr. Haanel found that in Sweden an electric furnace is much the same as a common blast furnace, except that they use "electrodes" instead of "tuyeres." Of course electric smelting has been done at the "Soo," handling ores with so much sulphur in them that the ordinary blast furnace refused to negotiate



Hon. Thomas Crawford!
Speaker Ontario Legislature

them. But with the furnace used in Sweden, ores with as high as two per cent. of sulphur may be smelted. So far so good. But there are places in Canada where ore exists without water power to generate electricity. Dr. Haanel proposes to demonstrate that the wizard Clergue was not the only man who knew how to co-relate the forces of nature on the rocks. He proposes to generate gas by fuel from a peat bog—and there are lots of peat bogs in Canada. Gas produced from peat may be used to generate electricity; so that a common peat bog may be used for the electric smelting of iron ore. Such is the wizardry of modern industrial science as exemplified by Dr. Haanel.

* * *

Silent no Longer

MR. D. D. MANN, vice-president of the Canadian Northern Railway, has not been known as a man given to speech-making.

On his recent visit to the West, he rather startled the public with two or three magnificent addresses. Before the Canadian Club at Vancouver, he answered Mr. J. J. Hill's arguments in favour of Reciprocity and at Victoria he talked of our naval policy. Apparently Mr. Mann has been doing some deep thinking in the midst of his pressing business activities. He advocates a naval training school, training ships on both ocean coasts, and a naval squadron of Canada's very own. He would have the latter officered and manned by thoroughly-trained Canadians "who, in the hour of stress, could go to the help of the mother country."

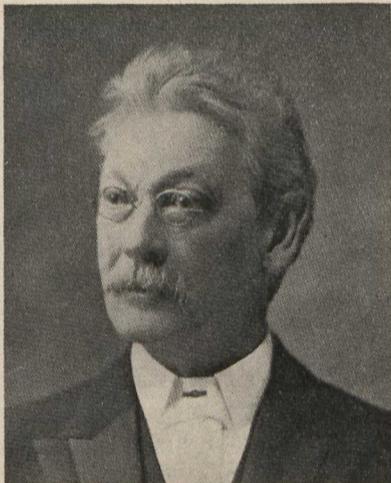
With regard to Reciprocity, Mr. Mann sees danger in United States industries being allowed to reach over the boundary to capture our trade and "crush the life out of our industries." Again, he argued that sixty per cent. of the cost of transportation is paid out in the country through which the traffic passes, and therefore Canada must do her own manufacturing so as to get the profit which comes from the carrying trade. The transportation charges help to build up the towns and cities through which the railways pass, and to which the steamboats come.

* * *

New Chief of the G.T.P.

ON the other hand Mr. E. J. Chamberlin, who succeeds Mr. Morse, is a novus homo. Mr. Chamberlin has never served the Grand Trunk. He is one of those men who rise suddenly from comparative obscurity into positions of eminence. Two weeks ago not one Canadian in a thousand outside of railway circles knew even the name of Mr. Chamberlin. He was for twenty years identified with the Canada Atlantic, being general manager of that pioneer road when Mr. Booth owned it. When Mr. Booth sold out to the Grand Trunk,

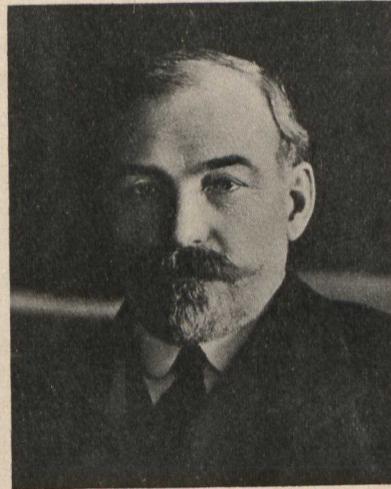
Mr. Chamberlin retired to private business. He is now among the coterie of big railway men in Canada. There will be for a long while no indolent ease for Mr. Chamberlin. All that Mr. Morse had and more, will be his to carry out. The average Canadian will perhaps be like the man from Missouri regarding Mr. Chamberlin; he will have to be shown what this new man can do. But Mr. Chamberlin is a hard worker.



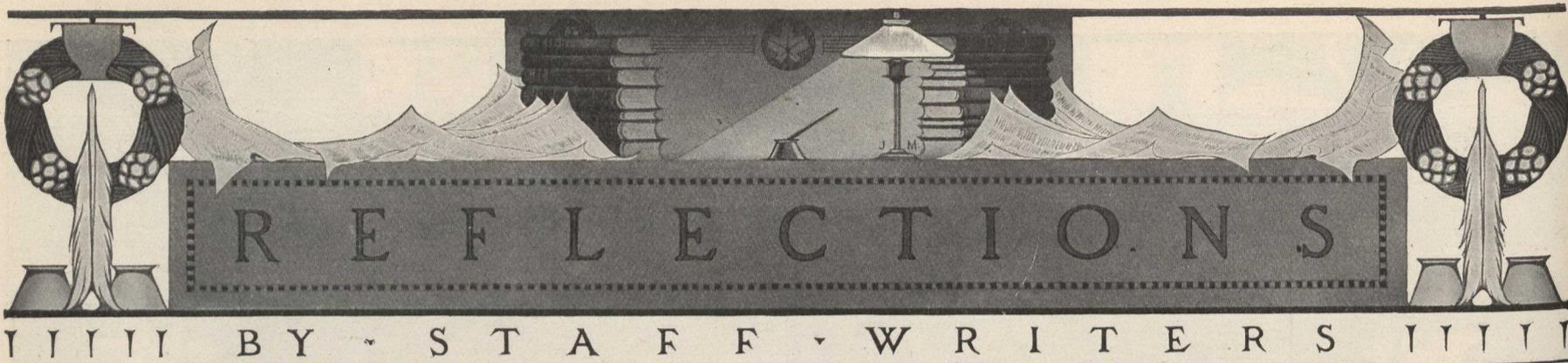
Dr. Eugene Haanel



Mr. E. J. Chamberlin



Mr. D. D. Mann



ANNUAL MILITIA CAMPS

THE Government has cut the appropriation for the annual militia training in two. If they would keep it cut in two, they would be wise. The most wasteful item of the militia department is the annual camps. The city corps drill at their headquarters twenty-four nights in the year. Two night drills count as one day, and thus they get in their twelve days of service. They cost the Government nothing for transportation, and nothing for maintenance. Hence they are much cheaper than rural corps.

The Rural corps could be trained at their company headquarters at small expense. If each captain were to get his company together "on the village green" for twenty-four nights, the rural soldier would get as much drill as he gets at an annual camp. A body of drill sergeants might be maintained and sent around to the various companies to give instruction for three or four consecutive nights. The colonel of each regiment could visit each of the companies and do the inspecting. Much would be gained by the natural public interest of the community in the public drills and the rural militia would then attract much better recruits.

The Militia Department is very much alive in some directions; in others it is very much behind the times. The annual camp is out of date and should be abandoned. A man's ability to hit a target at five hundred yards is now the test of a soldier, not his ability to form fours and present arms. In ability to shoot, the Canadian militia is not as good as it was ten years ago. The school cadet corps is perhaps the best present feature, and their excellence lies in the readiness of these youngsters to learn how to align the sights on a rifle.

The annual camp is useful to train colonels and embryo generals, but the method is too expensive. This training can be secured at much less cost. Economy and common sense would indicate that the annual camp is out of date.



MR. BORDEN'S OPPORTUNITY

MR. R. L. BORDEN came out last year for nationalisation of railways and found that he was in advance of the sentiment of his own party and the general public. Because of this, he has probably found it advisable to modify his position. If he intends to maintain the position that railways and other public utilities should be controlled for the benefit of the people as well as for the benefit of the stockholder, he will make a strong protest against the issuing of the new C.P.R. stock at par. If he is not in earnest, he will leave the fight to Mr. W. F. Maclean, M.P., and allow the Hon. John Haggart to plead for unlimited freedom for all stock issues.

If the C.P.R., instead of issuing common stock at \$100 a share, paying seven per cent. interest, were to issue bonds at four per cent., it would effect a saving of three dollars per \$100 per annum. In other words, on an issue of \$50,000,000, it would save \$1,500,000 annually in interest charges. But the C.P.R. does not propose to save so much money. Under its charter, freight rates cannot be regulated by Parliament until it pays a ten per cent. dividend; and its directors are determined that such a catastrophe shall not arrive too soon.

Again, by issuing the new stock at par, \$50,000,000 worth of stock will bring only \$50,000,000; while if the same stock were sold at auction it would bring \$75,000,000. The public will again ask why the C.P.R. directors propose to lose that twenty-five million dollars. The answer is the same. There is no sense in working to increase a dividend to the point where freight rates must be reduced.

The only person to-day who can prevent the C.P.R. throwing away a million and a half a year, is the Leader of the Opposition. The Government is not likely to do it, although the Minister of Railways would no doubt oppose it if he had the power. It is a reform which only Mr. Borden is in a position to accomplish. An Opposition Leader,

fresh from defeat at a general election, is under no obligation to any influence, except to the public whom he wishes to impress. Here, therefore, is his opportunity. The C.P.R. has become one of the greatest railway corporations and one of the most profitable in the world. It has no need to water its stock. It is the last corporation in Canada that should be allowed to "cut a melon." The whole future of freight rates in the West depends upon the course of conduct now followed. Mr. Borden can do no harm to the C.P.R., but he can accomplish great things for the people of the West. Has he the courage?



THE GREAT QUESTION IN THE WEST

PROBABLY the greatest question now confronting the people of the Wheat West is the Elevator question. The grain is being grown, the railways are providing the cars fairly satisfactorily, but the loading of the cars is costly and subject to vexatious delays. The cars must be loaded from a "loading platform" built and maintained by the Dominion Government or the railway companies, or they must be loaded through an elevator. The loading platform costs nothing; the elevator charges amount to ten and sometimes twenty per cent. of the value of the wheat. There are in the three prairie provinces 1,334 elevators, with a storage capacity of forty million bushels. The amount of money invested by elevator companies is somewhere between seven and ten million dollars. The farmer must pay interest on this investment and also the cost of maintenance and management. Hence his protest against privately-owned elevators.

The loading platform is only a make-shift, although at certain seasons of the year it is perfectly suitable. In 1907-8, to August 31st, twenty-two per cent. of the grain passed into the cars over the loading platform. Last fall, the amount increased to thirty-three per cent. There may be a further increase, but the loading platform can never wholly supersede the elevator.

Recognising this, the farmers of the West have been asking the three Provincial Governments to establish public elevators with low charges. The three premiers have looked into the question and have decided that it is impossible. The difficulty is a constitutional one. To do this successfully, it would be necessary for the Governments to acquire and maintain a monopoly of the elevator business, and the establishment of such a monopoly is beyond provincial jurisdiction. The Dominion Government alone has power to regulate trade and commerce, to control national railways and to regulate weights and measures. Therefore only the Dominion Government could establish a public owned elevator monopoly such as the Western farmer desires. The Dominion Government could, of course, delegate its authority to the Provincial Governments in certain respects, but there would be difficulties even in this direction. The B. N. A. Act might be amended so as to meet the situation, but this also would be difficult.

Under these circumstances, the grain growers of the West are facing a problem which will keep them busy for some time to come. No doubt they will find a way out. They are progressive; they are determined. Progressiveness and determination usually win. Without doubt the subject will come up for discussion during the present session of the Federal Parliament.



CHURCHES AND TAXES

MUCH has been said for and against the exemption of church property from taxation. There are no direct taxes in Canada other than municipal rates; therefore the question is one which confronts only municipal authorities. In practically every municipality church property is entirely exempt, even from school taxes. Other exemptions, which are the result of special by-laws, usually apply only to taxes other than school taxes. Church property is the only class of holding which does not contribute to the local educational funds.

In the Province of Quebec, the Roman Catholic church gets its

support by tithes levied on all property held by Roman Catholics with certain limitations. Nevertheless not a cent of this revenue is returned to the community for police and fire protection or for sewage and other municipal services. The value of church property bears a much larger proportion to the total assessment of the municipality in Quebec than in the other provinces. The convents, the schools, and other general property are very valuable. It would be natural therefore that the question should be more acute there than elsewhere. Yet little is heard about it. No person need be a prophet, however, to forecast a big battle on this question some day in the future. The people will not continue forever to allow any church or any number of churches to go on acquiring property and to hold it free of all taxes.

The question has recently arisen in Winnipeg. Last year a Municipal Commission was appointed to inquire into the question of assessment and taxation and to report any advisable changes. The Commission consisted of Judge Phippen, Mr. W. J. Christie and Mr. A. L. Johnston. On the question of taxation of church property, the report makes an excellent suggestion and one which is in line with the general system of taxation which the Province of Manitoba has adopted. The basis of most taxes are land values, while buildings and improvements are usually exempt. This is an advanced method which has not been introduced into the older provinces. The Winnipeg Commission therefore recommends that church lands should be taxed and the buildings exempt. The latter feature is justified as a measure of relief to the churches and as an inducement to erect good buildings. The wind is tempered to the shorn lamb by a suggestion that the tax be imposed gradually at the rate of twenty per cent. a year until the full tax on the land is reached.



AN UNLOVELY SPECTACLE

SOME years ago, the expression, "The City Beautiful," came into fashion in connection with the modern movement encouraging regard for the aesthetic among civic authorities. Edmonton has been quoted as one of the new cities convinced of the value of wide streets and provision for parks. So far back as 1896, Sir Wilfrid Laurier promised the country that Ottawa was to become "the Washington of the North," and, according to the latest plans, the Federal Capital is to be architecturally adorned by new structures of imposing design. Just here, one would inquire why Toronto is so apathetic in the matter of architecture. On King Street, there are two churches to be admired—St. James Cathedral and St. Andrew's; on Queen Street, Osgoode Hall affords dignified and even stately contrast to the surrounding squalour and in Queen's Park the Parliament Buildings, although somewhat dumpy of aspect, are not altogether ignoble. In the structure, commonly called "the University," the Toronto citizen can take pardonable pride, as possessing that architectural grace and congruity which Madame de Stael called frozen music. But what shall be said of the buildings which are crowding about the campus and defacing the approaches to the central structure? They are not sermons in stone but expositions in brick of the ugliness to which the merely commercial element can descend. Surely, it is not necessary for chemistry, medicine and physics to ally themselves with such hideousness as makes the fastidious shudder.

Toronto is a city of which more than a quarter-of-a-million inhabitants are sincerely fond, but its most loyal son cannot call Toronto beautiful, or even pretty. Hamilton makes it look like an ugly big sister and Montreal reduces it to commercial commonplace. The worst of it is, that Toronto's own citizens seem to be determined to make her dull features more drab than ever. The new buildings on the university grounds are, perhaps, the worst instances of architectural blundering, but the new library on College Street is not much better. There is not evident in that bald stretch of brick the slightest attempt to indicate that the building is neither a shoe factory nor a second-rate bakery. Knox College, the Toronto public is informed, has been sold to a syndicate, which is to erect a departmental store on that oasis in the Spadina desert. That space should have been reserved for a city park and, if the aldermen of Toronto had time to spare from polishing their alleged English, the ground of academic traditions might not have been sold for commercial purposes.



INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACES

YACHT races are wind productions, but yacht race controversies are wind producers and when they attain to international prominence the probabilities point to anything from gales to hurricanes. The yacht race is a summer event, but the controversy is generally

sailed in the winter time or at any other season when much newspaper space is available.

Yacht races in and around that section of the world bounded by the Great Lakes on the West and the Atlantic on the East, is divided into three classes, which might be called the junior, intermediate and senior. They are represented respectively by the Seawanhaka, Canada and America cups and each has just experienced its annual winter controversy with the happy or unhappy result that three international races are off for the coming summer.

The America Cup, which has practically become a bone of contention between Sir Thomas Lipton and the New York Yacht Club only produced a tempest in a teapot. It is the biggest and most useless of all yachting races on this side of the Atlantic. It is sailed in racing machines that cost hundreds of thousands and are worth hundreds after the race. Three times has Sir Thomas tried to beat the Americans with this kind of a machine and three times has he failed. This year he wanted to change to a more serviceable style of boat, but the Americans said "No." And that was all there was to it—though not all that was said about it by a whole lot.

The Canada's Cup, too, has narrowed its scope a bit till it provides the annual row between the Royal Canadian Yacht Club of Toronto and the Rochester Yacht Club. The latter are the holders. They claim the right to defend it with the *Seneca*, a former defender, now owned by a member of the Rochester Club living in New York and sailing the *Seneca* there. R.C.Y.C. claim that the Canada's Cup was for the encouragement of fresh water yachting and the *Seneca* is not eligible. Consequently there has been more than the usual amount of winter sailing—and no actual sailing for next summer.

The Seawanhaka Cup is also held in your Uncle Samuel's country, down in Manchester, Massachusetts way. The Royal St. Lawrence Yachting Club, not having a designer available, are not anxious to challenge for it and Manchester being interested in other kinds of yachting, are not anxious to defend it. So it, too, lies in abeyance for another year.

There you have the yachting situation in a nut shell, but it would take a balloon to hold the wind that such situations have produced. Pages of valuable newspaper space have been used to show that Canadians are in the fault; pages have been wasted in showing that the Americans are not good sportsmen, and people who don't know a centre-board from a gang-plank, are worked into a fever over others who differ from them, mainly in living on the other side of an imaginary line.



RESTRAINING THE BUTCHER

THE fish and game of Canada are among the most valuable natural resources that must be conserved. Fishing and hunting used to be reckless pursuits. They must become scientific. He who kills two denizens of wood or water where one would serve is an enemy of the real development of the country. A blessing, therefore, on all who work for the conserving restraint of rod and gun. In the State of Maine the unregulated zeal of the sportsman nearly destroyed the opportunities of sport. Legislation and enforcement of it has made the fish and game of that state great revenue producers for the public treasury, and for guides, and for all who minister to the sporting instinct.

The example has been observed in Canada. A notable piece of work was begun in Toronto the other day when the North American Fish and Game Protective Association appointed a committee to try to secure co-operation between Ontario and Minnesota for saving the adjoining sections of the province and state, between Lake Superior and Lake of the Woods from the exterminator of good things, and for encouraging the exterminator of wolves. The moose should be an international asset in the Rainy River Valley. The temptation to lawbreakers to cross the border must be made dangerous. A known villain who killed nine moose to obtain horns in velvet is the archetype of the enemy. We have seen newspaper articles and letters from Minnesota warmly welcoming the object of the North American Association's Committee; and advising immediate raising of the question in the Minnesota Legislature, now sitting. Dr. Reaume, who, as to fish and game, is the Government of Ontario, was President of the North American Association when its committee was appointed. The co-operation of Ontario is, therefore, assured. The Committee is led by Mr. W. A. Preston, M.P.P., of Fort Frances, who knows the country concerned. Though the Rainy River Valley is a thousand miles from Eastern Ontario the movement is none the less important for the whole Province, and for Canada.



THE old debate has been recently revived in Canada as to what extent the "cat" should be used in the punishment of crimes of unusual brutality. The criminals have done the "reviving." They have given us a deluge of these brutal crimes; and those of us who have no fancy to be "sand-bagged" on the way home from the office some night or to hear of a frail woman beaten into a pitiable condition of lacerated helplessness by a brute who happens to hold marital rights over her, have been discussing whether the free application of the "cat" would not discourage this sort of murderous assault. The "cat" is something that the most indurated brute can feel. He may rather enjoy a six months in jail. He gets better sleeping accommodation than he is accustomed to, and his food is surer and more wholesome. It rests him up for another campaign in dark alleys, punctuated by the rare sport of stamping the life out of some woman dependent on him—a wife or a mother. But he has a genuine fear of the "cat." He has a coward's dread of pain.

* * *

THE House of Commons, however, under the advice of Mr. Aylesworth, has decided that the "cat" is a "relic of barbarism" and that it shall not be applied to the "thug." Just what the "thug" is, the Commons did not say. The man whom he cripples for life might imagine that he, too, is a "relic of barbarism"; and that barbaric punishments are about all he will understand. The wife-beater, however, is to get the "cat." The Commons is nothing if not chivalrous. If the judges will use this permission to sentence the bully who abuses his wife to the "triangle," they will protect many a delicate and suffering woman from untold cruelties. We may be very sure that for one wife who will come into court and complain of her husband, there are many who suffer in silence, dreading the shame of the exposure and knowing how little their tyrants care for a month in jail. But when they have it in their power to get the "cat" for their torturers, they will be far more apt to appeal to the law; and the fear of that appeal will have a far greater deterrent effect.

* * *

IT is the curse of our people to be ridden by "fads." When they get hold of a new and promising idea, they bow down and worship it. It becomes for them the only idea in the universe, and they get up sects and 'ologies to puff it into a semi-religion. An illustration of this is the way in which we have gone sentimental-mad over the idea—a very good idea—that many men guilty of crimes can be reclaimed by fair and reasonable treatment. We have discovered that some people are criminals because they "never had a chance"; and that giving them a chance often leads them back to paths of obedience to law and peace with society. This is especially true of young criminals, and of occasional criminals who are driven to crime by want.

Some very excellent results have followed the surrounding of such persons with reformatory influences, based largely upon comparative freedom and kind teaching.

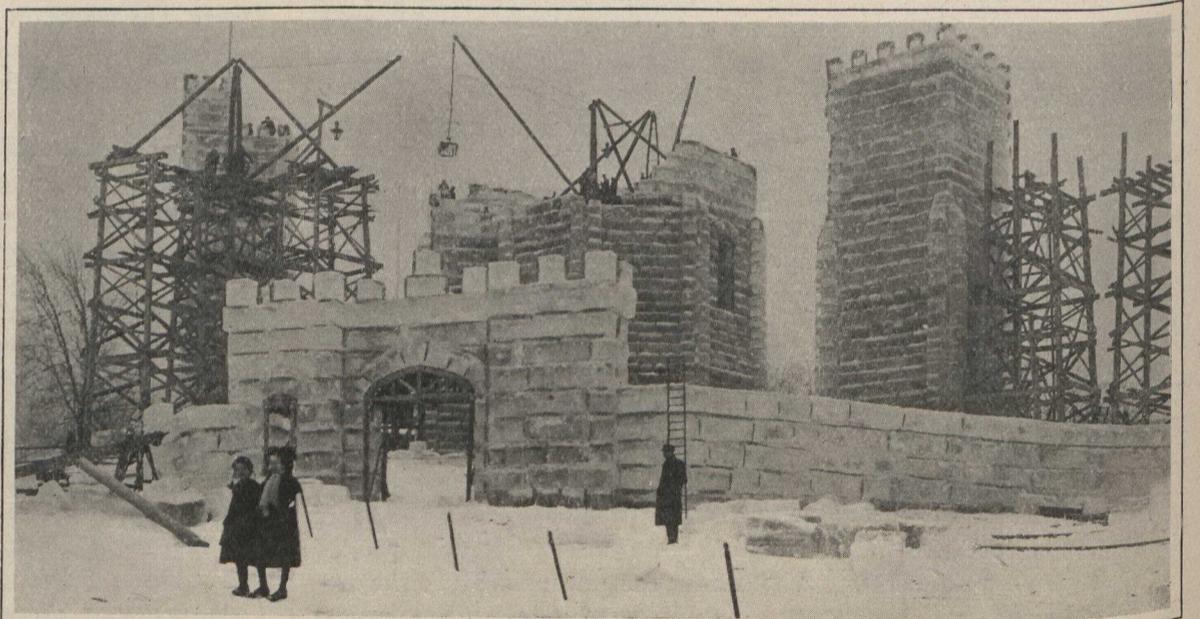
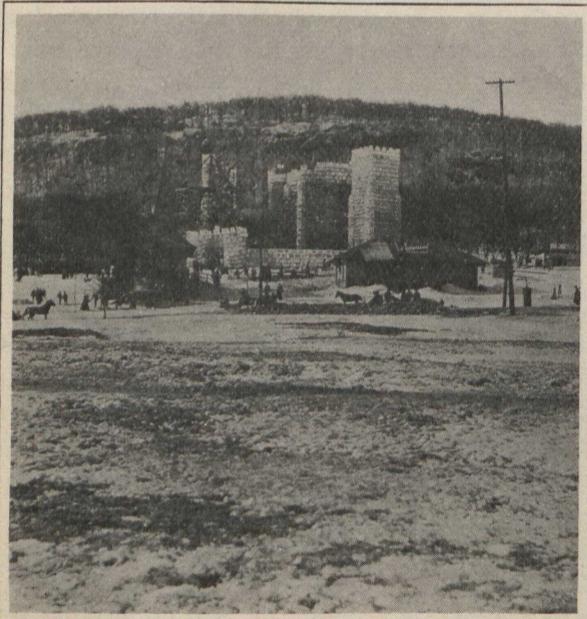
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THIS is a splendid idea but a mischievous obsession. There are men who are criminals from choice, who are beyond the reach of "reform," who regard kindness as weakness, and who are reckless to the verge of insanity. Such men need stern handling, and the sort of punishment which they can appreciate. They are neither children nor undeveloped adults. They are responsible members of society; and should no more escape the full consequences of their actions than the forger or the betrayer of a trust. Then there are many other men—more than our optimists would like to believe—who are wavering between the honest and the lawless life. They do not quite know whether it is best for them to toil hard for the pittance they earn, or to launch like some bold criminal whom they know into a desperate life of "pirating" at the expense of the toilers. They see that these latter, when they escape with their plunder, have periods of joyous and unrestrained luxury which they—the toilers—never, never can hope to taste. There are dangers, of course; but when has not "the bright face of danger" attracted the strong and the daring? The rewards are dazzling. We must not reckon without the spirit of the two poorly-clad working girls in a New York street car who said, during the Thaw trial, "My! Why, I'd give anything to a man who would give me a dinner at Sherry's."

* * *

THE drudge is very often sorely tempted to sell out his or her birth-right for a mess of appetising pottage. This is as true of the wavering workingman or the toiling clerk as of the ill-fed sewing girl. And in deciding what punishment shall be inflicted upon the ruffian who idles all day with the best of food and plenty of whisky at his elbow, and then sneaks out at night to pound a man into insensibility and take his purse, we must always remember the others who are waiting to see how that sort of thing pays. If they see that he oftener than not escapes altogether; and that, when caught, all he gets is a period in a comfortable prison; in some cases at least their virtue and their prudence will not resist the lure. But if they see that he is sent to prison, and that, when there, he is strapped to a "triangle" in a humiliating position and lashed with the "cat" in the hands of a stalwart guard, they are far more apt to turn back to their lot, hard and unjust as it is. The "cat" will terrorise many a man to whom prison is a joke. Of course, it is our duty to make the lot of these tempted toilers easier. That is the real cure. I cannot put this too strongly. Do not imagine that, because I am asking that the sinister products of our vicious and unjust social system be restrained from acts of savagery, I do not realise that the perpetuation of this social system is the greatest crime of all. But it will certainly help neither these distorted products of social injustice, nor the cause of social reform, to permit them to maim and murder and rob. While we are bettering our social system, let us protect society by promising a punishment to all who use violence against a fellow creature.

W. M. Poite

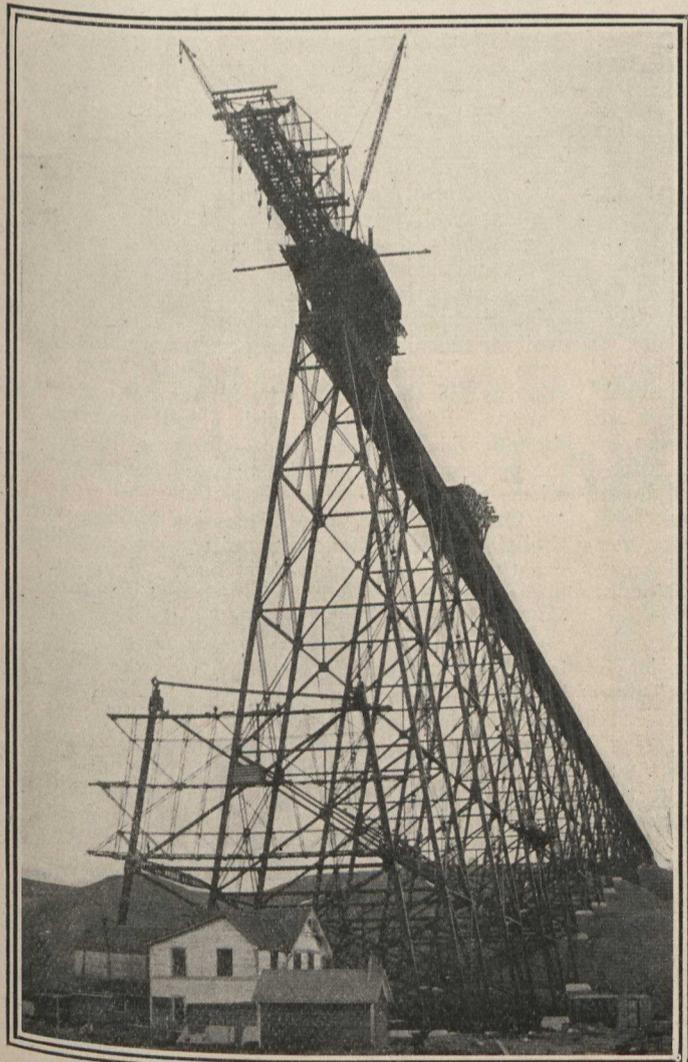


MONTREAL'S ICE PALACE, OPENED ON WEDNESDAY, AS IT APPEARED TWO DAYS BEFORE THE OPENING

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STANDARD ENGRAVING CO



One of the largest Bridges in Canada now being built over the Belly River at Lethbridge, by the Canadian Pacific Railway.



Another View of the Belly River Bridge.



Divers at Work Examining the Bed of the River.

A Huge Railway Bridge

THE *Courier* is indebted to Mr. John B. Robinson, of Lethbridge, for these excellent photographs of the new Canadian Pacific Railway Bridge at that point. The West is a prairie, but the river valleys are cut deep, necessitating long, high bridges.

This C.P.R. bridge is over the Belly River. The large photograph gives a very good view of the general work and the size of the bridge is well shown. The two arms of the crane which project from the top of the steel work

are the length of two flat cars, end on end. The river seems small but in the spring of 1908 during the flood time the whole valley was under water which rose to a height level with the centre of the white house seen at the base of the steel work.

The diving operations were necessary to find out whether there were any springs in the bottom of the river where the piers were to be built. These pictures will indicate that the work of building railways over the great West is not the easy task which some people would have us believe.

PRIVY COUNCIL JUDICIAL COMMITTEE*

Its Value to the Colonies and to the Empire Considered.

By WALLACE NESBITT, K. C.



THE Judicial Committee of the Privy Council is the court of last resort for all that portion of the British Empire situated outside the United Kingdom. It sits as a committee of advice to the Crown, and its jurisdiction is founded solely on the royal prerogative.

From the beginning of our national existence the King has been accustomed to act with the advice of the magnates or great men of the realm, and at an early period exercised legislative, executive, and judicial authority, especially of an appellate character, from the shire and hundred courts. I have been unable to ascertain when appeals to the Privy Council were first instituted, but there is no doubt that from the earliest times petitions for justice were presented to the King in Council, especially when the courts were liable to be intimidated by an influential suitor, it being an ancient rule of our Constitution that the subject who failed to obtain justice in the ordinary courts might in all cases petition to the King to exercise his royal prerogative in his behalf. As the Empire increased, this right has been gradually extended to all the King's subjects. Those residing in the United Kingdom have apparently found the custom of presenting their petitions to the King in Parliament the most convenient, and this practice is now confirmed by statute, the House of Lords being the court of last resort for the United Kingdom. The King's subjects beyond the seas, on the other hand, found that their petitions were more speedily heard if addressed to the King in Council, which has thus gradually become the tribunal of final appeal for India and the Colonies. The statutes which have been enacted from time to time regulating the power and procedure of the Council are of a most interesting character and clearly reflect the popular opinion of the day. One of the most interesting is that of 24 Henry VIII, passed in 1532, which provides

"That appeals in such cases as have been used to be pursued to the See of Rome, shall not be from henceforth taken, but within this realm." The power thus conferred upon the Council of hearing appeals in all cases was greatly abused, and by Statute I, Charles I, Chapter 10, passed in the year 1646, it is enacted that neither His Majesty nor Privy Council have any jurisdiction or power to draw into question any matter of any of the subjects of this Kingdom, but that the same ought to be tried in ordinary courts of law, thus transferring the appellate authority of the King in the United Kingdom from the Council to the Parliament or House of Lords. It will be noticed that the words of this statute do not apply to the King's subjects outside the United Kingdom, and in the same year we find mention made in the records of the Council of proceedings in a matter from the Island of Guernsey. The Council was put on its present basis and the Judicial Committee formed by Statute 3 and 4, William IV, 1833, and by subsequent statutes jurisdiction has been given to the Judicial Committee in matters within the United Kingdom in Ecclesiastical, Admiralty and Patent cases.

Owing to the great expansion of our Empire, which is mainly due to the acquisition of new territory, the laws administered by this Council are of the most diverse and complex character, and the judicial enquiry entered into by it, of the most cosmopolitan description. It is laid down by most eminent authority that all territory which is newly acquired, whether by conquest, colonisation, or peaceful annexation, is acquired for the benefit of the Crown. If an uninhabited country is discovered and peopled by English subjects, they are supposed to possess themselves of it for the benefit of their sovereign, and carry with them such portions of the English common law as are necessary and applicable to their situation. In the case of possessions acquired by conquest or annexation, the sovereign, unless he has limited his prerogative by the articles of capitulation or treaty, has the inherent power to make new laws for the conquered country, but until he sees fit to do so the laws in force in the newly acquired territory at the time of the capitulation or annexation, remain in force and equally affect all persons and property. It has been the almost universal custom of our Empire

to refrain from interfering with the laws and institution which have been in force in those countries which have been added to it. As an illustration of the extent of jurisdiction, Sir Frederick Pollock, when in Toronto in 1905, stated that, whilst proceeding on the tour which he was then completing, he had left Liverpool and had visited Gibraltar, Minorca, South Africa, India and Canada, all countries under the rule of the British Empire, and all, with scarcely an exception, under laws which differed. Go into the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council for a single week and watch its operations. You will see it deciding on one day a question according to the Roman Dutch law; on another a question according to the French law as it prevailed before the Revolution, modified by subsequent Canadian statutes; and on another day according to the common law of England, as modified by Australia or New Zealand legislation; and at the end of the week according to the customs of the Hindu or Mohammedan law. The truth of these observations may be readily understood by perusing a list of the different territories from which appeals may be taken to this court. The number is upwards of 150, and occupies in one work on the subject over seven printed pages. If Europe is taken as an example, appeals lie from six different principalities, and the laws administered range from the ancient customs of the Isle of Man to those in force in the Island of Cyprus. Other interesting examples may be given in the Leeward Islands, composed of Montserrat, Saint Kitts, and Ben Nevis, where it administers the common law introduced by Royal Proclamation in 1764, and Newfoundland, which is our oldest colony. In Asia, besides India, appeals lie from the courts of twenty-four separate principalities, differing from the Bombay High Court to the Consular Court in China and Corea.

If we should now examine the actual working of this Council, we find that the governments of the various dependencies as a general rule have the power to legislate and limit the right of the subject to carry his case to the foot of the Crown. They cannot, however, legislate with regard to the right of the Sovereign to hear those appeals. As a general rule, legislation has been passed restricting the right of appeal to cases when the matter in controversy exceeds a certain value. If the matter is not of sufficient importance to comply with the regulation in force in the particular territory in which the suit is instituted, an application may be made to the Council itself for special leave to appeal. The application is made by way of petition, which must set out the facts of the case, the portion of the judgments in the courts below which are said to be erroneous, and the reasons upon which counsel base the application. The statements contained in the petition must be characterised by the utmost frankness and good faith, and a *prima facie* case must be made out. The committee in granting the petition will be greatly influenced by the wishes of the colony as expressed by its legislation. The exercise of the prerogative will not be recommended except in cases of general importance, and will only be granted (1) where constitutional questions are in controversy, (2) where there is an important point of law involved and the amount in controversy is large. The Privy Council, in deference to the wishes of our government, have laid down the rule in criminal cases that they will not interfere to grant special leave unless the clearest injustice has been done. Two cases of recent years excited great interest. In Riel's case, where, following the North-West Rebellion, Riel was convicted of high treason, leave to appeal was refused. In Gaynor and Green's case, where the United States were petitioners, leave to appeal was granted, and upon the argument being heard an order was made favourable to your government.

Where, however, the local legislature does not prohibit the appeal, the appellant proceeds to the Privy Council as of right, and no leave is necessary.

The first step in the appeal is the printing of the record, which contains the pleadings, the judgments delivered by the courts below, and such parts of the evidence as may be necessary for the determination of the matters in dispute. Each counsel then prepares his case, which should contain a short statement of the facts relied on by counsel in support of his contentions, and a memorandum of the points to be argued. It is not customary to cite authorities in the case. Indeed, it is not considered to be in good taste, as owing to the great learning and vast experience of the members of the Board, they are

usually familiar with such as have a bearing on the matters in question. The Privy Council does not sit as a court, but as a committee, and the argument takes place in a chamber in the Colonial Office in Downing Street. Only the other day Viscount Wolverhampton, a solicitor who for many years was head of the Incorporated Law Society, and who has been elevated to the peerage and made a member of the committee, sat along with the law lords. He would not have been entitled to appear as an advocate or to don a wig and gown in court in the United Kingdom, and yet he was sitting as a judge in this committee. I fancy it was the only occasion when such a thing has happened. Of course, many of the solicitors in England are probably as great lawyers as are to be found anywhere in the world, but they cannot, under the English system, appear in court or be created judges. The lords appear in their ordinary street attire, and are seated round a table at one end of the room. When the court opens, the doors are unbarred, counsel are allowed to enter and take their places in a small rail-enclosure at the other end of the room. They are expected to wear the ordinary court attire, which includes a wig and gown. There is a small reading desk on which the counsel addressing the court may place his documents and other papers. If an authority is cited to their Lordships, usually an attendant of the court is directed to obtain the report, which is perused by their Lordships at the time. Judgment is delivered, or counsel may be requested to withdraw while their Lordships deliberate. Counsel are then admitted and judgment is delivered, or judgment may be reserved.

The Council is not a court, and the judgment is delivered by one of the judges on behalf of the whole committee, no dissenting view being expressed, it being the duty of each Privy Councillor not to disclose any advice that he may have given to the Crown.

During a recent stay in London I more than once visited the council rooms, and was astonished by the variety and magnitude of the business transacted. On one day their Lordships were engaged in a reference from the Colonial Office as to the conduct of the Chief Justice of Grenada. On the next day their Lordships heard argument in a case from Ceylon, where two native ladies of high rank were appealing in an endeavour to quash a conviction for the alleged crime of beating a servant to death. The next case concerned the question of the pedigree of an Indian Rajah, and the right of succession to his vast estate, in which Sir Robert Finlay, ex-Attorney-General of England, was opposed to distinguished members of the Indian Bar, several Parsee lawyers acting as junior counsel on either side. On the next day, a dispute involving the title to a Cobalt mining claim was heard, and in the afternoon a question as to the title to a piece of foreshore in the eastern part of Quebec was disposed of. I have seen their Lordships dispose of five petitions for special leave to appeal one morning in less than an hour, and these petitions originated from places as distant from one another as Gibraltar, India, the Straits Settlements, and Canada, and apparently with a full appreciation of the law and facts involved in each case. I supposed the petitions had carefully perused before the committee met.

There has been some discussion looking towards abolishing the Judicial Committee, or amending its constitution. Objection has been taken that the highest appellate courts of the great federated and self-governing colonies should be the courts of last resort for such colonies, and suggesting that the existence of the court is a reflection on the ability and learning of their own judges; also objections based upon the delay and expense. The subject was fully discussed on the occasion of the debate in the House of Commons of England on the Commonwealth of Australia Constitution Bill. The various criticisms were well answered by Mr. Faber, who has been Registrar of the Privy Council for nine years. Any person interested should consult that memorandum.

The court, of course, is only human, and, like all other things, must sometimes make mistakes, but as a general rule its decisions disclose a depth of learning and breadth of character which are not surpassed by those of any other forum in the world. Being far removed from the cause of litigation, their judgments are not affected or tainted with local spirit or prejudice. It is unfortunate that it sometimes happens that they are misunderstood by even learned members of our legal profession. Their Lordships

* A paper read before the New York State Bar Association a few days ago.

do not, as a rule, cite authorities in their written decisions, which sometimes lead one to suppose that they have been overlooked. As they constantly decide matters of the very greatest importance, it occasionally happens that their decisions do not commend themselves to popular opinion, but it cannot be otherwise in any court of last resort. The Council's most vehement detractors have never denied the undoubted ability and eminence of those brilliant statesmen and lawyers who have taken part in its decisions and dispensed justice for the entire Empire. Among these I may mention Lord Brougham, Lord Westbury, the late Lord St. Leonards, Lord Selborne, Lord Cairns, Lord Watson, Lord Herschell, Lord Halsbury, the present Chancellor Lord Loreburn, Lord Macnaghten, and Lord Lindley.

So much for the criticisms referred to. On the question of its political importance the Privy Council itself, in 1871, in a memorandum, said:

"The appellate jurisdiction of Her Majesty in Council exists for the benefit of the colonies, and not for that of the mother country; but it is impossible to overlook the fact that this jurisdiction is part of Her Majesty's prerogative, and which has been exercised for the benefit of the colonies since the date of their settlement. It is still a powerful link between the colonies and the Crown of Great Britain, and secures to every subject throughout the Empire the right to claim redress from the Throne. It provides a remedy in many cases not falling within the jurisdiction of the ordinary courts of justice. It removes causes from the influence of local prepossession; it affords the means of maintaining the uniformity of the law of England and her colonies which derive a great body of their laws from Great Britain, and enables them, if they think fit, to obtain a decision in the last resort, from the highest judicial authority, composed of men of the greatest legal capacity existing in the metropolis."

And again in 1875 the Privy Council pointed out that "this power has been exercised for centuries over all the dependencies of the Empire by the Sovereign of the mother country sitting in Council. By this in-

stitution, common to all parts of the Empire beyond the seas, all matters whatever requiring a judicial solution may be brought to the cognisance of one court in which all have a voice. To abolish this controlling power and abandon each colony and dependency to a separate Court of Appeal of its own, would obviously destroy one of the most important ties connecting all parts of the Empire in common obedience to the courts of law, and to renounce the last and most essential mode of exercising the authority of the Crown over its possessions abroad."

At the date of the Australian debate, the Government of New Zealand said that "in the best interests of the Empire, the right of appeal on constitutional grounds is one of the strongest links binding us to the mother country." And Western Australia was of opinion "the by the possession of one Court of Appeal for the whole British race, whose decisions are final and binding on all the courts of the Empire, there is constituted a bond between all British people which should be maintained inviolate as the keystone of imperial unity."

Canada has given many recent evidences that she has no reason to regret the absence of absolute finality in the decisions of her own courts, and has many times shown that together with all other portions of the British Empire, her people look to the advisers of the Sovereign in Council in matters of the highest moment for a breadth of decision not surpassed by that of any other tribunal in the whole world.

To appreciate our view of this tribunal, you have to enter into the difference of spirit prevalent under the English Constitution and others,

"One of the great glories of the Roman Empire was that the system of jurisprudence which we know as the Roman Law extended in its application practically throughout the Empire. Napoleon will be remembered by the only beneficent act of his life which remains, and which still influences the lives and the actions of the vast continent of Europe over which his dominion was once overspread. Napoleon, by sweeping away all the separate systems of local law

which prevailed in Europe, and substituting the Code Napoleon, with its comparative simplicity and reasonableness, did undoubtedly introduce a uniformity of law throughout his empire. That has not been the method of the British Empire. Our method has been totally contrary. We have always proceeded on the principle of jealously preserving and maintaining local laws and usages."

The veneration in which the Council is held is afforded in the well-known story which is, I believe, founded on fact, of the conduct of some poor villagers in an obscure corner of Rajputana, who had for years been struggling for their rights against the oppression of the powerful Rajah of that district. An appeal was finally taken upon the question in dispute to the Privy Council and a judgment being obtained in their favour, they conceived that any institution possessing such great powers must be of Divine origin. They erected an altar to this great unknown being, the Privy Council.

It cannot be doubted that it is one of the strongest links which binds the Empire together.

The fire of patriotism burns in our colonies with a pure, clear flame which is the wonder of the world. In South Africa, men from Canada, New Zealand and Australia fought side by side with men from England, Ireland, and Scotland, under one flag. With the copious outpouring of their blood they sealed our Empire together. In the words of a great orator:

"Their blood has flowed in the same stream and drenched the same field; when the chill morning dawned their dead lay cold and stark together; in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited; the green corn of spring breaks from their commingled dust; the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave."

While they in their lives and their deaths joined our Empire together, I trust that we shall not put it asunder, by striking at the Privy Council appeal. The Privy Council, one of the most unique tribunals in the world, is the keystone upon which, if we work wisely, we may build up the great edifice of Imperial Federation.



Part of the Ontario Exhibit of Fruit, at the Royal Horticultural Society Show in London. It won the Gold Medal.

Ontario, The Fruit Growers' Paradise

PERHAPS few of the urban population of Ontario realise the immense strides that fruit growing has made within the past ten years in this Province. Our magazines and newspapers give glowing accounts of the beautiful and profitable orchards of Oregon, California, or British Columbia, but fail to see the development taking place right at their doors.

The counties of Lincoln and Wentworth are rapidly becoming immense vineyards and orchards, Welland, Halton, and Peel are also contributing a large share in supplying the increasing demand for more fruit of various kinds. The vineyards of Essex still continue to bear rich harvests, much of which is manufactured into native wine. These counties raise the greater part of the tender fruits. The king of all fruits, the apple, has made Ontario famous, and this fruit, to the number of over one million of boxes and barrels annually is being scattered all over the great West, South Africa, Mexico, Great Britain, France and Germany. The Ontario Spy continues to be the standard by which all other apples that aspire to a place in the horticultural world are judged.

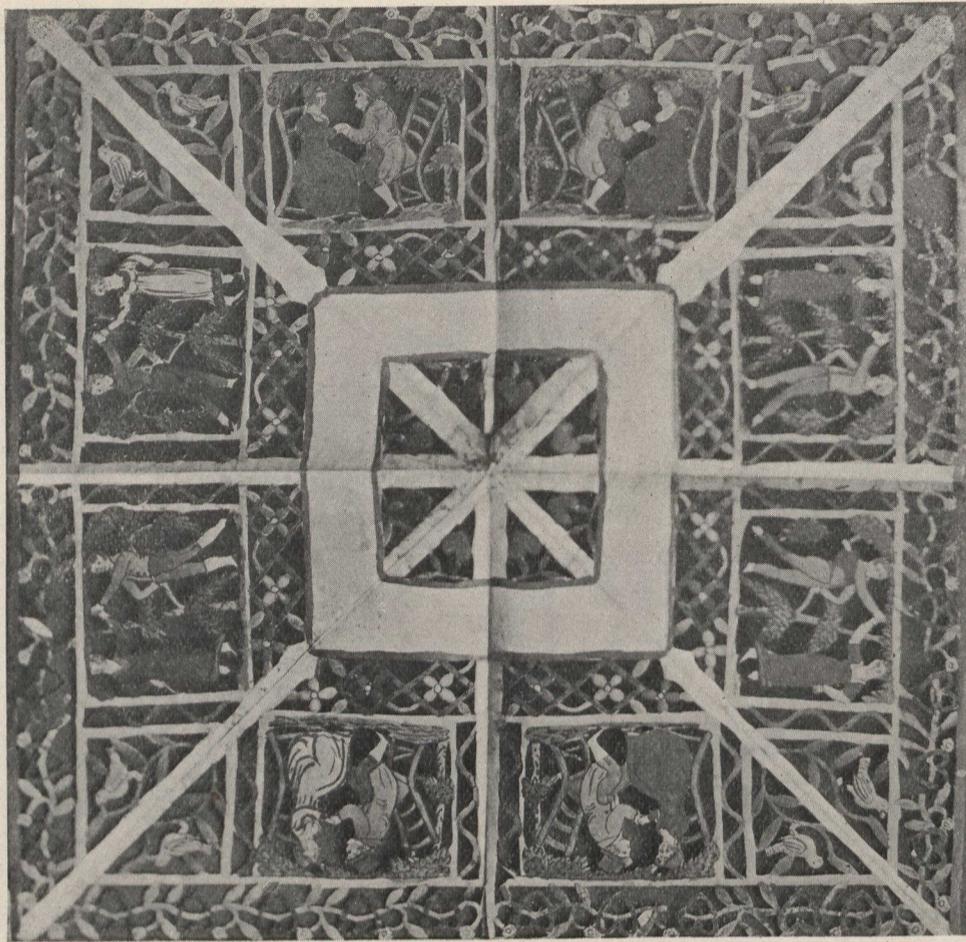
In regard to tender fruits, where five years ago, these were unknown in Manitoba and the Territories, to-day hundreds of carloads, thousands of baskets and boxes are being shipped to these distant markets. From far Vancouver on the Pacific, to Halifax on the Atlantic, our grapes and peaches are finding a welcome market.

Much of this progress is due to organisation. Where in the past the individual struggled alone, to-day the association with its many advantages and powers is overcoming all difficulties, getting justice and fair treatment for the growers from all sources and putting the business on a more stable basis. As a result, sections of the Province hitherto neglected, are gaining prominence for the growing of certain fruits. The old apple orchards of Norfolk county are now found to be by far the most profitable part of the farm; along the sand dunes of Halton and Peel stretch hundreds of acres of strawberries, while in Wentworth and Lincoln, the sand for the peach and the clay for the plum, pear, and grape have trebled in value to their lucky owners.

The apple orchards of the eastern counties along the Ontario shore, have long been noted for

their splendid winter fruit. Not to be outdone by the other countries, the growers continue to plant largely year by year, and the time cannot be far distant when this section from Toronto to Belleville will be one vast orchard, a mass of beauty in the spring, and a source of great wealth in harvest time. With ten millions of apple trees bending under their yearly burden, Ontario is surely a pleasant country to dwell in.

TOLD at a Topeka temperance meeting: "I went into a drug store," said a sad-eyed man, "to get liniment for my rheumatism. I asked for liniment and never winked; but when I got home I found the druggist had given me whiskey. My wife then went and asked for liniment for me, and when she got home we found they had also given her whiskey. Then I sent my prattling, innocent child of six for medicine for her sick father and the druggist wrapped up whiskey. Is it impossible to get anything in the drug store of this town but whiskey?"—*Kansas City Star.*



A Cut Paper Valentine—one of the Oldest Valentines in existence.

PHOTOGRAPH COPYRIGHT BY WALDON FAWCETT, WASHINGTON

The Oldest Valentines in Existence

NO class of antiques is of greater rarity to-day than the valentines of ye olden time. Nor is this strange, for filmy creations of lace paper and scrap pictures could scarcely be expected to stand the wear and tear of a century or more and survive as does old furniture or pewter or brass. Possibly because old valentines are so comparatively few in number and so hard to find, only a very limited number of persons have ever attempted to gather collections of ancient valentines as a fad or a pastime. A recent canvass of the leading museums and libraries in the United States disclosed the fact that none of them possesses so much as a single specimen of the valentines of our great-grandmother's period, although the British Museum in London boasts the ownership of a number of early valentines.

The one notable collection of old valentines on the American continent is the property of Mr. Frank House Baer, a well-known resident of the State of

Ohio and a prominent railroad official. Mr. Baer, who has had the means to indulge his unique fad, inaugurated his hunt for valentines some years ago and has covered all quarters of the globe in his search. This premier valentine collector now has more than two thousand specimens in his odd art gallery and many of his prizes have cost him a pretty penny.

Antedating all forms of manufactured valentines were the "valentine writers"—books of specially prepared verses and sentiments designed for the use of the swains and maidens of a century and a half ago, who must needs prepare their own valentines. These first aids to the sentimentally inclined have such suggestive titles as "The Bower of Cupid," "The School of Love," "The Ladies' Polite Valentine Writer," "The Satirical Valentine Writer" and "Rhapsodies for Gentlemen Who Wish to Address Ladies in Sonnets."

The oldest and most valuable valentines in exist-

ence are the cut paper valentines. These are carefully folded and delicately cut with saw-tooth edges, the average love token of this kind being so arranged that its unfolding discloses a continuous succession of penned sentiments. One of these cut-paper valentines, bearing the date 1790, is formed from a sheet of paper about the size of a lady's handkerchief, folded into squares of about four inches. It was originally sealed with the representation of a heart.

Particularly quaint conceits in the line of old-time valentines found in this collection are those which represent in each instance, either a single flower or a cluster of gay posies, fashioned from tissue paper, somewhat on the order of modern artificial flowers. However, these ancient counterfeit blooms were so slit into lattice-like meshes, that the pulling of an attached thread will cause each flower to unfold, disclosing sentimental messages hidden in its depths.

Transformation pictures consisting of crude drawings in ink or at best, a more or less artistic rendering in water-colour, preceded by many years, the transformation valentines that were introduced by the Germans when the manufactured valentine became an established institution. In these old valentines of the "before and after" order, a favourite subject was that of a bachelor sitting disconsolate and alone in his cheerless home. Upon lifting a flap of cardboard there was disclosed, by way of contrast, the happiness and contentment that might be his in a home presided over by a devoted wife.

One of the valentines of this class seems, at first glance, nothing more than a commonplace representation of the exterior of a church, but a shifting of the scene displays the interior of the church with the bride and groom, best man, maid of honour and other attendants. The best part of the scheme is that the young lady—her name was Flora—who sent this keepsake a century ago went to the trouble to duly label each person represented in the entrancing scene so that the recipient, presumably, had advance information as to all the details of his own wedding. The same idea was utilised for comic valentines in the early days as may be seen in one antiquated comic wherein the head of a lady gives place to that of a poll-parrot.

Unappreciated Sympathy

THE soda-fountain clerk was engaged in vigorously shaking up a chocolate and egg, says a writer in the *Bellman*, when suddenly the glass broke in his hands, and the ensuing deluge made him look like a human eclair. The horrified customer leaned over the counter and tried to be sympathetic. Not knowing exactly what to say, he finally blurted out, consolingly:

"Oh—er—too bad! Did the glass break?"

Dripping from head to foot, the clerk looked at him witheringly.

"Did the glass break?" he repeated. "Did the glass break?" And then with freezing sarcasm, "Oh, no, not at all, not at all! You just happened to stop in while I was taking my morning shower."



An Ancient Comic Valentine—Lady with Head of a Parrot.



A Valentine sent in 1805.

PHOTOGRAPH COPYEIGHT BY WALDON FAWCETT, WASHINGTON



A Valentine of the Period of 1830



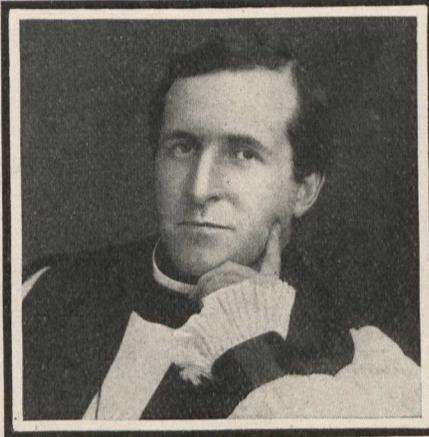
York Minster—The west Front



The Interior of York Minster—The Choir



Gateway of Bishopthorpe



Dr. Lang, the new Archbishop of York



Bishopthorpe—The Archbishop's Residence

YORK AND ITS MINSTER

THE enthronement of the new Archbishop of York, Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang, turns for a moment the eyes of all good "Churchmen" upon this ancient cathedral city. Situated at the junction of the Ouse and the Foss, in the midst of a great tract of level, though fertile, country, York owes its manifold attractions not so much to Nature as to the works of man and the witcheries of time. Its history goes back for something like two thousand years, and may be spelled out by the erudite in crumbling ruins and fragments of old walls. For instance, the lower part of the Mul-tangular Tower was built by the Romans, and a considerable portion of the battlemented city walls follow the line of the Roman walls, while the picturesque Bars, or gateways, recall troublous days not so remote from our own, for the tradition lingers that Micklegate Bar, at least, has carried from time to time the gruesome decoration of a traitor's head. Moreover, York is rich in ancient buildings, from the stately fifteenth century Guildhall with its timber roof, to the wonderful top-heavy old houses

By EMILY P. WEAVER

which lean across the Shambles and other narrow thoroughfares, like aged cronies whispering scandalous secrets into each other's ears.

But after all, it is the Minster—the Cathedral of St. Peter, with its triple towers rising high above the grey walls and quaint agglomerations of red-tiled roofs—that lends to York its special distinction amongst the historic towns of old England. One of the largest and most magnificent of the English cathedrals, it boasts a peculiarly noble west front and is unusually rich in ancient glass. The west window is a marvel of "leafy tracery" filled with mellow light, while the "Five Sisters" window owes its beauty to the severe simplicity of its five lancet-shaped windows, equal in size and height and filled with unobtrusive geometrical designs wrought out in glass of pale opalescent hues. Still more notable perhaps is the great east window, which still retains its ancient glass first put in five hundred years ago. It is the second largest window of the kind in England, being 77 feet high by 32 feet wide, and having an area larger than that on which many a church is built.

For almost half a millenium the Minster has offered, it is said, much the same aspect as it wears to-day. But the present fabric was some two and a half centuries in building, replacing piecemeal—first the nave and then the choir—an older edifice of which scarcely a vestige remains. The Norman Cathedral thus destroyed was the fourth that stood upon the site.

The first of all was a little wooden church hastily erected in 627 for the baptism of Edwin, the powerful monarch of Northumbria, who built on the Forth and named after himself the city of Edinburgh. He was converted from paganism by the influence of the Kentish princess whom he married, and from that time to this York has played an important part in English church history. Within a century of the death of Edwin, York had become the seat of the archbishopric of the northern ecclesiastical province of England. Egbert, the founder of a famous school, was the first to bear the title, which, since his day has been borne by more than three score princes of the church. Of these some have been brave warriors, some astute politicians, some scholars, and saints, whilst the new Archbishop a Scotchman, like his predecessor, takes his place with

a high reputation for learning, eloquence and a love of hard work.

The confirmation of the election of Dr. Lang took place at the Church House, Westminster. Unfortunately the event was not allowed to proceed without a protest from Mr. J. A. Kensit, who, in accordance with the requirements of the citation, attended at the Principal Registry in London, and delivered his objection in writing.

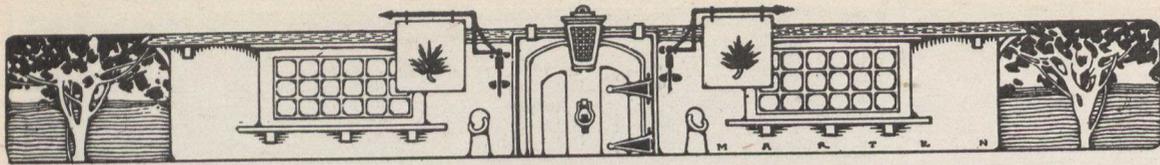
In a committee-room, the Archbishop of Canterbury and six other bishops heard the objections, chiefly on the ground of Dr. Lang having permitted extreme services while Bishop of Stepney. The Commission ruled that the protest did not come within their line of duty. The company went upstairs for the ceremonial confirmation. The litany was recited, the letters patent read. The Archbishop-elect advanced to the table, and, kneeling before the Primate and Bishops, took the oath of allegiance and made the customary declaration concerning simony. Enthronement took place at York Minster five days later, January 27th.



Walingate Bar—Like Chester, York is an ancient walled city



Houses in Petergate, one of the older portions of York



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

LADY LAURIER.

THE "session" is now fairly in swing in Ottawa and the Capital makes an ideal winter city, with its stately grey pile of Parliament Buildings, its snow-laden pines and white hills across in Quebec. The legislators are absorbed (supposedly) in business of state and are earning their indemnity by their faithful attendance in the House of Commons. The feminine members of the legislators' households—or such of them as have elected to spend a few weeks in Ottawa—are enjoying a life which is hardly less exacting, in attendance at innumerable teas.

The social life during the session is one of decided brilliance, when the members have an opportunity to relax their party vigilance and forget about vexatious committees and long-drawn debates. In this pleasant whirl of gaieties, the wife of the Premier is always a dignified and distinguished figure. It is more than forty years since Mademoiselle Zoe Lafontaine became the wife of Monsieur Wilfrid Laurier, a brilliant young lawyer with political aspirations. During the years which have seen his successful progress to the highest office in the bestowal of the Canadian people, the tact and gentleness of his wife have made no small contribution to his triumph and Sir Wilfrid, gallant gentleman that he is, would be first to pay tribute to his consort's sympathy and help. Lady Laurier is said to have a distaste for politics and for party strifes and to be a thoroughly old-fashioned *madame* in her appreciation and practice of the domestic virtues. She is not "modern," in the breathless force of that adjective, but moves through life with a leisurely grace which is serenely comforting.

As a hostess, Lady Laurier has made the Premier's home a delightful social centre, where there is no hint of party difference. There are no children belonging to the Laurier household, but Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier are so fond of entertaining young guests that there is a bright and gladsome atmosphere in the Prime Minister's home, to which Gallic courtesy lends a charm. That his gracious wife may long be spared to share the honours which Sir Wilfrid has won, is the wish of all Canadians.

* * *

CUPID AND A CAKE.

IT is generally admitted that the Hamilton girls are as bright and lovable damsels as may be found in this broad and prosperous Dominion. They are a happy blending of the lively and helpful, and the visitor is likely to discover that their gaieties are usually associated with some cause to help distressed humanity. Their dances are not altogether remote from donations and Hamiltonians are the most cheerful givers that ever the sun shone on.

Now it happened that the Daughters of the Empire in that city on the Bay held a Feast of Blossoms last spring which gladdened the eyes and incidentally filled the coffers of the deserving. Among those who happened to attend the festivities was a young man from the "States," who straightway forsook his republican principles and surrendered unconditionally to a Daughter of the Empire, who annexed his heart without causing any international complications. The progress of this interesting bit of Canadian invasion reached a climax last month when the Hamilton maiden became the wife of the Man from Iowa.

The newspapers have published entertaining paragraphs on the wedding cake provided for this event. A friend of the bridegroom insisted on having it ordered in Chicago, and, according to the press of that thriving western town, the stately struc-

ture was six feet eight inches high, five feet in diameter at its base and weighed three hundred pounds. Reflect upon three hundred pounds of wedding cake! The very thought of such richness is enough to bring on an attack of indigestion. Hamilton was duly impressed with this lordly cake and gave it an elaborate description.

Those who know the bonnie bride hope that she may not forget old friends in her new home and that she may remain a Daughter of the Empire, although a wife in the Republic.

* * *

ALARMING COIFFURES.

THE *London Chronicle* says: "The American lecturer who tried to persuade the women in his

hour one may see girls with the hair fearfully and extensively puffed, crowned by a hat of mammoth dimensions while the passengers in the vicinity of these unwise young persons are made supremely uncomfortable.

* * *

TOWN AND TRAIL.

WHEN the Ontario young men who have gone West come back on a visit to Toronto, London or Hamilton, they are wonderfully glad to be home for the first few days—and then they begin to find everything rather small and to wonder what is the matter with the sky and the atmosphere. The month of holidays drags a little after all and they turn their faces willingly towards the setting sun when it is time to go back beyond the prairies.

One of these boys, who is "mighty glad" to see Ontario again and who will doubtless be longing for Alberta, before it is time to go back, told me emphatically: "If you want to know what the West is really like, read 'Town and Trail' by Mrs. Watt. It's fair to the country."

So I went in search of "Town and Trail" one afternoon and found that it consisted of vivacious sketches, some of which I had already become acquainted with in the *Edmonton Saturday News*, for Mrs. Gertrude Balmer Watt is the "Peggy" of that lively journal. Those who have the conventionally picturesque ideas of the West, as a district where handsome cowboys ride about the town and where even the women disfigure every sentence with strange oaths may find enlightenment in these eighty-five pages of glimpses of a kind of electrified East.

"The Men Who Make Good" is a chapter which might be read with profit by Old Country citizens who are thinking of settling in Canada and have not the remotest idea of how long it takes to walk from Montreal to Edmonton. The author makes it plain that degenerates and incapables are not wanted in the West and, while she shows a proper scorn for the remittance man, she also appreciates those Englishmen who have shown the pluck of the best of their breed, the stuff of Raleighs and Livingstones. The delicate darlings who have written home to the English papers about the hard times they were having and have whined weekly for the space of a column are not the material of which pioneers are made.

"This is a new country and many trails have yet to be blazed," says the writer. "We want pioneers, men who don't know when they are beaten. And to get the men we want, we say, 'here are one hundred and sixty acres, a free gift, take them and make a home.' And the right men set to their task soberly, with stout hearts, and in time I see a snug farmhouse, many cattle and great wheat fields, all, all the gift of this wonderful new Dominion, while the other set of men are loafing about town, demanding 'where are the brass beds and the parlour rockers?'"

In a country of wide opportunities and stern demands, the words of Kipling or Service seem to spring readily to the lips. The latter's "Law of the Yukon" is found to be only too true to the facts wherever there are new worlds to be made:

"This is the Law of the Yukon, that only the strong shall thrive;
That surely the weak shall perish, and only the Fit survive."

These bits of Western life, some of them so familiar and others so strange to the more sheltered East are such as to increase the Canadian's pride in this bright, brave Dominion where there is so much to be done and so rich a reward for daring and endeavour. The life of the new country is harder on the woman sometimes than on her brother but the women of our West like their grandmothers in the older provinces will doubtless do their own good share in making homes as far as the pioneer spirit may wander, west or north.

CANADIENNE.



Lady Laurier.

audience the other day that their own hair was a prettier, not to say less obstructive, sight than their spacious hats, ignored the warnings of history. No matinee hat of to-day is so high as the lofty head-dresses worn by Marie Antoinette, which were the despair of poor simple-minded Louis XVI. But when deprived of all possibility of being able to see a performance at the opera he presented his wife with an aigrette of diamonds, in the hope that it might supplant a head-dress forty-five inches in height, the queen promptly had the diamonds incorporated in a new head-dress which was taller than all its predecessors."

It is difficult, indeed, to bind Dame Fashion by any rules of convenience or common-sense. It seems at times as if woman perversely arranged her hair or fashioned her hat, so as to inconvenience those unfortunate men who wish to see the stage or the speaker. Even the demands for space in modern business life cannot compress where Fashion chooses to expand. On a street car at the crowded

THE WRATH OF MRS. BARKER

How an Uncheerful Charwoman Played the Good Samaritan

By B. A. CLARKE



TALL as a tower and disproportionately stout was Mrs. Barker, the charwoman. Through the small events herein chronicled the historian sees her moving like a column. Her cheeks were rough and cracked, and her arms, to the elbow. It was so all the year round, "the penalty of Adam, the season's difference" affected her no whit. She would flush into chaps at the chiding of a rude northerner, and at the wooing of a zephyr; and her mind chapped as readily as her skin. Everything that happened roughened her and made her sore—her neighbours' streaks of good fortune (she had none herself) and their misfortunes. As the latter were the more frequent, the trait must be accounted amiable. Few women of her class, or, indeed, of any class, have had such a gift of pity. She admitted every pathetic appeal, and this was her answer—rage. She could watch no one suffer without becoming "snappy."

When a breadwinner died, she lost her temper; and when her ten-year-old son had the mumps, her fury with him was terrible to see. Sometimes at the thought of how little she could do for George (Mrs. Barker was a widow earning an intermittent two shillings a day), she felt as if she could strike him. She never did strike him, but George, a scared, characterless child, took his mother's words at their face value, and felt them as blows. When she sympathetically stormed at him, he cowered in terror. Mrs. Barker felt that her son was, in a measure, alienated from her, and fancied that it was because she could give him nothing but necessaries, knowing that the child was yet to be born that will remain grateful for these. How should he guess that it was in her heart to do so much more?

There was one respect, indeed, in which she did less than other mothers of her class—she never paid for his clothes, one of her employers keeping George in suits. Of course they did not come to him new. The donor's own children did not, as a rule, have new clothes, except the eldest. When he had outgrown a suit, it became the turn of the second boy to watch it recede daily from his ankles and wrists. Sometimes George was the fourth occupant. The suit would be sponged and pressed before being handed over, and wonderfully well it would look. But after George had had it for a few days it was quite shabby. The poor child was a wonderfully hard wearer. Kind-hearted Mrs. Robinson (the patron) frequently commented upon the fact. "Your little boy can never have gone through that nice suit in three months. Why, do you know, my children made it last for two years," which shows, in comparison with the thrifty middle class, how very extravagant the poor are. Sometimes Mrs. Barker wished that her boy might be entrusted with garments that had been less highly tried.

Arising out of this, and out of the desire to regain George's affection, she resolved to buy him some clothes.

Walking along the Trafalgar Road one afternoon, the charwoman saw in a shop window a child's sailor's suit. It was ticketed "The Pride of the Road, only 8s. 11d." She looked and coveted, although the price was beyond her. The charm was a really astonishing detail and accuracy. Terminating in a leaded whistle was enough white cord to hang the future wearer, and a serge collar, or jumper, that was nautical to a degree; and Mrs. Barker knew how sailors dressed. There was a shop further up the road—a shop so large that it was in two minds as to whether it was a shop or an "emporium"—that boasted a direct, if melancholy, connection with the sea. Every autumn the proprietor held a sale of salvage goods, a tall ship laden exclusively with their merchandise having been wrecked. Attention was called to these periodic catastrophes by the display of a huge linen pictorial transparency, entitled "Wreck of the *ex Maria*." It showed mountainous waves, a foundering vessel, and floating bales labelled "Gammon and Co., 247, Trafalgar Road." Drifting interspersed among these bales were drowned but neat sailors, dressed in suits that were the very model of "The Pride of the Road."

Mrs. Barker never went along the Trafalgar Road without looking longingly at the suit. One morning upon the ticket appeared astounding words, "Reduced to 6s. 11d." She bought it the same day; or, rather, a friend bought it, and held it until the charwoman could save the money. It was three weeks before she carried "the Pride" home. Before it was consigned to the ungentle usage of school, Mrs. Barker spoke a word on the subject of its treatment, using all the exaggeration that the custom of parents warrants. George gathered that his moral depravity was unique, and that his "hardness" as a wearer had become a public scandal.

"You've got a noo suit of your own," she said, "You let me see you go through it like you did through them others, and I'll make you wish you was anywhere but inside it!"

George paled and edged away from her. She gave him a little angry push. It was enough to exasperate a saint. Not a word had the child said to show that he realized her sacrifices (the daily glass of beer, and the rest), and he was willing to believe his mother capable of cruelty on no better evidence than her bare word.

When George was starting for school he was warned again, but in gentler strains. He must remember not to play in the streets—not to be splashed by exuberant bus horses—not to be caught in the rain. Above all, he would not encourage bigger boys in their moments of lightheartedness to roll him in the mud. In enumerating the sources of danger, Mrs. Barker did not mention that of too close absorption in school work, and it was on this rock the mariner made shipwreck. George was addicted to arithmetic; in a muddled universe it seemed the one clear thing. His mother's outbursts—the alternate friendliness and brutality of his companions—seemed problems that were answerless, locks without keys. One puzzled and got no further. By contrast, a measured tramp through a page of sums was quite exhilarating. So, on this first morning of his splendour, George flung himself upon his arithmetic, not sparing a thought for his neighbours; which was a mistake, as one of them was better worth study than any sum. He was a fluffy-headed, pink-and-white boy, with a crimson button of a mouth that could straighten into colourless firmness if any will clashed with his own. His name was Roger Ford, but he was known as "Bunny," sometimes as "The Rabbit," from an enviable control he possessed over the muscles of his nose. Also he could twitch his ears. There is generally in a school one boy that serves as a nucleus for legends, and here it was "Bunny" Ford. It was whispered that he was invulnerable to pins; buried to the head in his flesh, it was said, they caused him no pain. The experiment was never tried, it being understood that Bunny (possibly on score of tidiness) objected to pins in his legs; there is a place for everything. This consideration for his wishes recalls another legend—that of his unnatural strength. It was believed that he was a match for an adult, or at least for a woman. This belief was really the outcome of a primitive instinct that boys retain for expressing all superiority in terms that are physical. If the Rabbit had beaten boys far bigger than himself, it had been by weight of character. A fight between two Trafalgar Road boys (even between two big boys) was usually brief and inglorious. The first face-blow ended it, the recipient bursting into tears. Even the victor was appalled at the mischance, and accepted the blubbered abuse and the erratic stone (the consolations of the vanquished) with great meekness. But the Rabbit did not really begin to fight until he had tasted his own blood. Beaten to a standstill in the morning, he would resume in the afternoon, and, if need be, in the evening, continuing, indeed, until he got in the blow that reduced the opposing Goliath to sobbing infancy. Among such warriors as his companions he was a prodigy indeed. For a hero his mode of life was ideal. His manliness was not stained by the possession of a single relative. He lived in a tiny room with a chum, an orphan like himself, but some years older, who supported the two by the sale of newspapers. The babe kept house, and no one could make a shilling go so far. He was the terror of small shopkeepers, who, between being beaten down in price by the Rabbit, and being swindled by their wives (the women always weigh-

ed out just double what the child ordered), found his custom an expensive luxury. It was a glorious, Robinson-Crusoe-like existence. There was not a boy but would have renounced the whole of his relatives to share it. Bunny went hungry sometimes, but as a set-off he was never forced to eat what was merely wholesome; his clothes were ragged, but he might tear them at will. They did not consider that he had to mend them. It was this that weighed upon his mind while George was working at sums. His knickerbockers needed a large patch; but where find the piece of cloth? And then, for the first time, his eye took in the full splendour of his neighbour. Here was an example of Fate's injustice—a boy, of no discoverable merit, clad so prodigally as to have a serge collar extending halfway down his back! A fraction of the cloth that flapped there uselessly would mend his own windowed garment perfectly. And why not? He had a knife, one of the very best and largest, and the mere ripping of the cloth would be worth all the risk. It was an accident the Rabbit regretted that in cutting the jumper he slit the cloth below. George worked on quite unconsciously; his companions told him of his loss coming out of school.

"Bunny Ford cut it out—I see 'im," said a boy who had sat behind.

George put his hand to his collar, and his finger and thumb met through the gap.

Then for a moment he went mad.

"I'll kill him! I'll kill him!" he shrieked, rushing at his despoiler.

But the Rabbit had outfaced more formidable foes.

"You've got plenty left," he said quietly.

George hesitated, trembled, and burst into tears. He dared not strike this iron child. Even the poor consolation of revenge was denied.

There is no need to accompany him on his walk home—to share his creepings forward and his breaks back. Twice he turned about and ran. But where could he go?

Mrs. Barker had had the bad news an hour when her son's scared face peered round the door. She had not been angry until that minute. Rather had she been full of pity, of longing to comfort her son, and kiss away his tears. But it was her misfortune, that while the thought of suffering occasionally softened her, the sight of it invariably made her hard—on the surface, at any rate.

"Ere, come in! Do you think I want to wait dinner all night?"

"'E cut my coat wiv 'is big knife—the Rabbit did. I wasn't playing wiv 'im. I wasn't—"

"Oh! stop that blubbering, do! One would think I was going to 'it yer."

George came in, eyeing his mother doubtfully. She could not resist a maternal push as he went by. Relieved of his dread of punishment, George, during dinner, changed his attitude, and offered himself as an object of pity.

"I was looking forward to the sailor clothes. I suppose you won't never buy me a noo suit again?"

"Well, we will see," said his mother, not unkindly. Her pitying wrath with him had been expelled by anger of a fiercer sort. She was thinking about the despoiler. He should suffer assuredly. The complaint should not be lodged with his parents—the charwoman knew what that meant—but carried straight to the headmaster.

"'E 'asn't any parents. 'E lives all alone with a boy that sells papers."

Mrs. Barker arose and put on her bonnet.

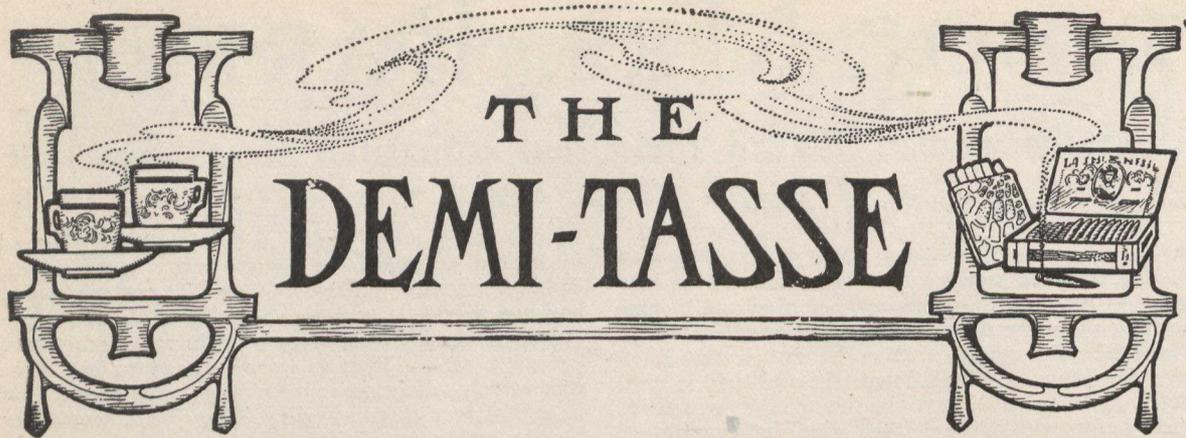
"I shan't need to bother the schoolmaster. I will make the little brute smart!"

"So did big Johnson. 'E knocked out the Rabbits' toof. 'E cut 'is head. 'E made 'im bleed. But the Rabbit beat. 'E's smaller than me, but 'e's as strong"—George cast about for a comparison that would do justice to his persecutor—"as an omnibus."

"Pooh!" said Mrs. Barker, tying her strings, "he's a mere child."

Then she inquired the address and set out. As she walked along, she smiled at the recollection of her son's anxious face. Positively he feared she would be overmatched.

Roger Ford was at work upon his mending when the avenger, who had felt her footing upon the stairs



AN APPRECIATIVE LISTENER.

THE Canadian audience is remarkably intelligent—especially at election time, when each worthy candidate sees before him “those who are the backbone of the country, the cream of the constituency, the pillars of the Empire and the hope of the world.” But “Tom” Caron, a candidate at L’Islet at the last Dominion contest, was not impressed with this fact at the conclusion of the meeting held by his supporters, when the Premier and Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux went to the aid of their standard-bearer. The speeches were all that patriotism and politics could make them. As Mr. Caron was leaving the meeting, he met a Conservative friend who had happened to stray in, to hear the enemy. Anxious to know how the occasion had impressed a rank outsider, Mr. Caron asked him how he liked the speeches.

“You were ver’ good,” said the other patronisingly, “and Sir Wilfrid was ver’ good indeed. But the last one—Lemieux—who answered all you say,—by gar, he was grand.”

This interpretation of the loyal eloquence of the Postmaster-General left the candidate incoherent.

* * *

A WORTHY CITIZEN.

“Your husband wor a good man,” said sympathetic Mrs. Casey.

“He wor,” exclaimed the tearful and bereaved Mrs. Murphy, “No two policemen cud handle him.”

* * *

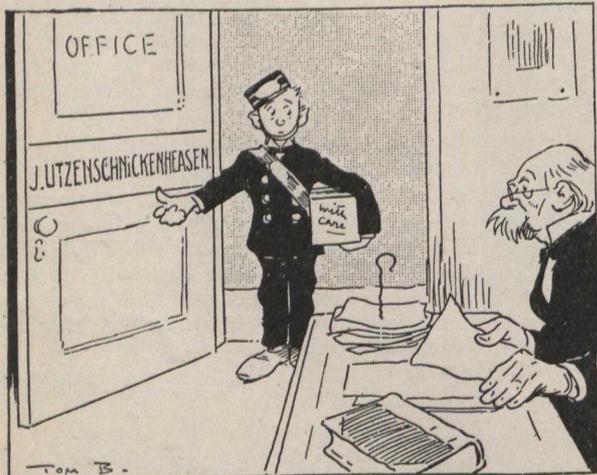
MAKING UP THE BILL.

SENATOR RILEY of Victoria, B.C., tells a story of a lawyer out West who did some work requiring delicate political manipulation and afterwards sent his client a bill for two hundred and twenty-five dollars. The client called to protest against what he declared an exorbitant charge.

“See, here,” the latter said stormily, “you know that charge is ridiculous. Why, you did not do twenty-five dollars’ worth of legal work.”

“That may be,” assented the legal gentleman blandly, “in fact, I’ll admit that there’s hardly ten

BRIEF, AND TO THE POINT.



Messenger Boy (pointing to name on the door): “Please sir, are you it?”—*Cassell’s Magazine*.

dollars’ worth of legal service in that deal. But you forget that there’s two-hundred-and-fifteen dollars’ worth of political pull.”

* * *

UNEXCITING.

A TORONTO girl was met on King street by a friend who was surprised to see the extent of her shopping.

“Well, you see,” said the girl, as she bought ribbon by the bolt and chiffon by the dozen yards, “I’m going to be married.”

“Indeed,” replied her interested friend. “I suppose the happy man is Mr. C——,” referring to a young clergyman who had been most attentive to the young bride-elect.

“I should think not,” was the energetic reply. “You know, I was engaged to him for about a month, and no more curates for me! He wanted to tell me about his sermon and his plans for the poor. That month was the dulllest time I ever knew—like rice pudding with no raisins in it.”

* * *

A HANDSOME OFFER.

A YOUNG millionaire, being enamoured of the new school of opera, persuaded Mr. Hammerstein to try his voice. He hoped to sing good parts in “Thais,” “Salome,” “Tosca,” and other famous modern works. Mr. Hammerstein, after listening to the young man’s powerful voice, said gently:

“I am afraid that you won’t suit for any of the subdued, very subtly modulated French and Italian works; but I am going to bring out ‘The Flying Dutchman’ later on, and I’d much like to engage you to do the howling of the tempest in the wreck scene.”—*The Argonaut*.

* * *

A HEAD-ON COLLISION.

If a bonnet meet a bonnet
Coming through the door
Each with fowls and forests on it,
Three yards ’round and more—

If each hat, not measured double,
Grazes either side,
What mere man can gauge the trouble
When these two collide?

—*Katherine Perry in Woman’s Home Companion*.

* * *

A FUTURE ARRANGEMENT.

“I canna’ leave ye thus, Nancy,” a good old Scotchman wailed. “Ye’re too auld to work, an’ ye couldna live in the almshouse. Gin I die, ye maun marry anither man, wha’ll keep ye in comfort in yer auld age.”

“Nay, nay, Andy,” answered the good spouse. “I could na’ wed anither man, for what wad I do wi’ twa husbands in heaven?”

Andy pondered long over this, but suddenly his face brightened.

“I hae it, Nancy,” he cried. “Ye ken auld John Clemmens? He’s a kind man, but he is na’ a member of the kirk. He likes ye, Nancy, an’ gin ye’ll marry him, ’twil be all the same in heaven—John’s na Christian.”—*Success Magazine*.

* * *

A CHILLY TASK.

PRESIDENT EDDIE SHEPPARD of the Carnival Committee, in addition to his own troubles, is pestered continually by people looking for positions.

The other day a large coloured woman walked into the Carnival office and asked to see the manager. She was ushered into Mr. Sheppard’s private room.

“Are you the manager?” she asked.

“I am all the manager there is,” replied Mr. Sheppard.

“Well, Suh,” she said. “I would like a position in the Carnival.”

Although Mr. Sheppard, as a rule, cuts applicants short, he decided to find out what her idea of a Carnival position was.

“What do you think you would like to do?” he asked.

“Well,” she replied. “I used to be employed during the summer cleaning and scrubbing the race buildings at Blue Bonnets, and I thought I might get

a job doing the same thing in the ice palace.”—*Montreal Star*.

* * *

A READY TEST.

A FAMILY which recently moved into one of Toronto’s new suburban homes, was assisted in settling by a Son of Erin,—not long over from the Old Land. The house, like many of its kind, while very imposing from the street is not what you would call finished in the interior. The old gentleman had quite a job of it planing off doors so that they would shut and windows so they would open.

“They’re building houses in Toronto now, like they do in Dublin.”

“How’s that?” he was asked.

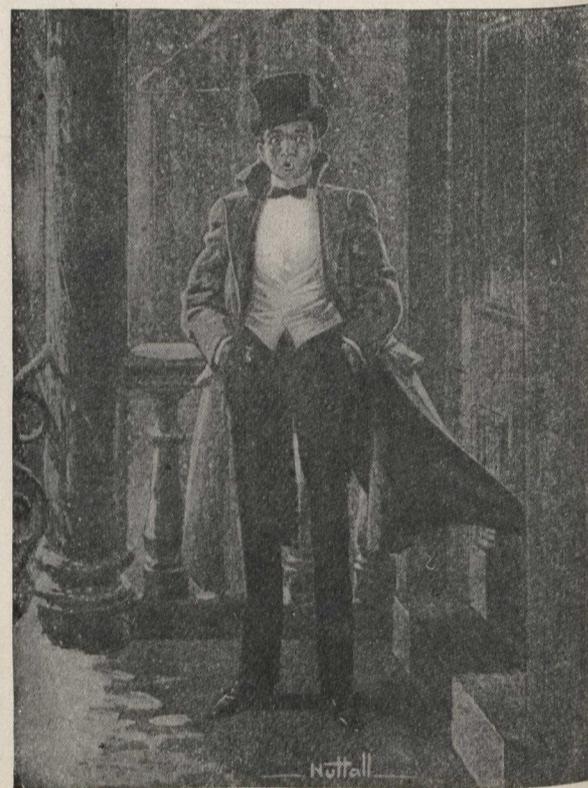
“The foreman on his last inspection passes into the building while the gang assemble on the lawn. ‘Men!’ ‘Yes, sir.’ ‘Can ye hear me?’ ‘Yes, sir.’ ‘Can ye see me?’ ‘No, sir.’ ‘This one’s finished. On to the next.’”

* * *

NOTHING LACKING.

A HIGHLAND minister, who was rather a pompous gentleman, came to a shepherd’s house to baptise a child.

“Are you prepared?” he asked the fond parent.



1 A.M.

“— And if I ring, I’ll wake her father.”—*Life*.

“Ou ay, munnister. I’ve gct a grand ham for tea.”

“I mean spiritually prepared,” thundered the cleric.

“Af coorse I am; oh, yes.” I got twa bottles o’ first-class whiskey from the inn,” replied the imperturbable Scot.

* * *

A BITTER REFLECTION.

Kaiser Wilhelm must be in the mood to cancel his subscription to the clipping bureau.—*Chicago News*.

* * *

HARD LUCK.

James: “I get a penny every time I take my cod-liver oil.”

Thomas: “What do you do with them?”

James: “Mother puts ’em in a money box till there’s enough, and then buys another bottle of cod-liver oil.”—*The Sketch*.

* * *

WHAT SIZE.

AUNT ANNE, an old family darcy, was sitting with knees crossed in the kitchen, when the young daughter of the house entered and, impressed with the hugeness of the old woman’s feet, asked what size shoes she wore.

“Well, honey,” replied Aunt Anne, “I kin wear eights; I generally wear nines; but dese yer I’ve got on am twelves, an’ de good Lawd knows dey hu’ts me!”

PEOPLE AND PLACES

LITTLE STORIES BY LAND AND SEA, CONCERNING THE FOLK WHO MOVE HITHER AND THITHER ACROSS THE FACE OF A BIG LAND.

CALGARY and Regina seem to be the biggest letter-writing cities in the whole West outside of Winnipeg. A recent report of the post-office department gives a lot of figures to show that the letter habit is growing at an enormous rate in that country. The post-office has come to be as important as the school and in some cases a good deal more important than the city hall. Calgary has to its credit over ninety thousand dollars' worth of business done at the post-office—including stamps, money orders and postal notes. Regina comes next with sixty-one thousand; Edmonton next with nearly fifty-nine thousand. Moosejaw, Prince Albert and Saskatoon together make up about the same total as Brandon, which has forty-five thousand.

* * *

A GOOD many fellows nowadays who think they are delicate in civilisation take to the wild places to get robust. Many of these chaps who in the city have been for years as fussy as an old maid with a pet cat and as full of ailments as an almanac—when they get out with a surveying party or bossing a railway construction gang, or even keeping a cache, encounter some real old-fashioned primitive experiences that take all the kinks out of their sensibilities. Yet once in a while under the most uncivilised and unconventional circumstances a chap outward-bound retains his fastidious notions. Mr. Dougall McDougall—sounds dour and strenuous enough—son of a Winnipeg broker, has been writing his experiences with a G.T.P. survey party up in the wilds in the winter. Here are a few of the things he says—highly interesting to any people who contemplate that kind of life between now and balmy spring.

"At noon our lunch is frozen solid and the noon camping-place takes a lot of labour to prepare. We first cut lots of dry wood and secure birch-bark, if possible; then cut brush and carpet the ground to keep our mocassins dry; cut a pole to hang our tea-kettle on and hunt for water. The deep snow keeps the water-holes from freezing, but they are hard to find, and when found the water usually smells pretty bad, but tastes all right in tea. Often as a last resort we use snow. Those times I don't drink tea, for the snow burns, and the tea has a taste very similar to carbolic acid. We place the lunch around the fire until it thaws out, but often a sandwich is burned on one end and still frozen on the other end. I can tolerate frozen cakes or pie, but canned roast beef *frapped* is distinctly unpalatable. After lunch we always enjoy a good smoke around the fire, for in severe weather away from the fire, smoking is a rank failure. Your pipe freezes up between puffs, matches give a feeble blaze, and go out before you can get a light. Even the axes refuse to work; chopping green wood makes the edge bend or chip off, according to the hardness of the metal. Ours looked like tin the other day."

* * *

POETICAL writers of news in the form of fiction are fond of saying that the climate of Peace River in the winter is balmy with chinooks and orange grove zephyrs and all that sort of dreamy business. But when it comes to the hard facts of the case as told by Mr. Fletcher Bredin, trapper and trader from the Lesser Slave—and being member for that body of water he will not lie—it seems a little different and more Canadian. Mr. Bredin took a little jaunt out to Edmonton the other day. When he hitched up his team to the caboose with the stovepipe in the top, the thermometer out in the banana grove registered fifty-three below. Twelve days driving and burning wood down that trail to Edmonton failed to bring the mercury up much. But of course they have chinooks and balmy weather in that country; oh, yes, and beautiful, crisp diamond days when the sunlight is as full of exhilaration as a bottle of champagne.

* * *

THE most unusual ball ever held in Canada since the days of the early Governors was held in

Renfrew last week. This ball which was attended by three hundred folk was not held in the town hall; neither in the fire hall; nor in the lodge room over the post-office. It was held in a knitting mill. The mill is a new one; was not yet equipped with machinery; and the management conceived the brilliant idea of inaugurating it with a ball—no doubt remembering that yarn sometimes finds its way into balls. It is said that some spinsters were present. Some of the married women brought their knitting. There were also a few yarns told. Altogether they had a good time.

* * *

MR. STEPHEN LEACOCK has been speaking out again. Nobody speaks oftener without repetition than Mr. Leacock. He is as versatile as a March wind. Political economy is supposed to be his main business in life. He is said to be able to write as dry books on that subject as any other man in the world. But Mr. Leacock is a man of humour. He is a satirist—rather a rough-and-tumble type. He writes squib stories for *Life* and *Truth* and other comic weeklies. He delivers orations. He speaks before Canadian clubs. He has views. Sometimes he seems to think it doesn't matter whether he

NOW that Longboat has beaten Shrubbs it is perhaps some consolation for Mr. Shrubbs to reflect that once upon a time Mr. Shrubbs came near to beating a Canadian horse, which is in some ways as bad as beating Longboat. It was in Winnipeg, at the fair; county fair it seems; though how Shrubbs got there is not explained. He was new at the racing game and was taking on anything with feet. Somebody at the fair stumped him to run a race-horse. He accepted. He had beaten English horses at ten miles before. This Canadian horse was called Rifle Ball. He was hitched to a buggy and the race began. For the first five miles Shrubbs let the horse pace him. Then he tried a sprint. But the horse got wise to that and broke into a gallop—which of course Shrubbs was unable to do without getting down on all fours, which was not professional. However, he hung to the race and might have beaten the rifle ball, but for the fact that some bucolic gentleman hung out a bunch of oats in front of the horse and Shrubbs was beaten thirty yards in the ten miles.

* * *

COMPARISONS between Montreal and Toronto are usually considered bad form, but now and then they occur. Lately, a Toronto man has been airing his views about the commercial metropolis. He was for thirty-five years a Montrealer. The other day he came across a little editorial in one of the Montreal papers that made him rush into print with a defence of Toronto. He signs his name "Andrew Jackson." The thing that roused Mr. Jackson reads, in part, this way:

"Newspapers throughout Canada are republishing a statement showing the building returns of the larger cities of Canada for the year just ended. In this table the total cost of buildings erected in Montreal during 1908 is given as \$5,062,326, as compared with Toronto's \$12,417,467, while Vancouver and Winnipeg are given greater totals than that of Montreal. Such a presentment is naturally surprising to anyone acquainted with the growth of Montreal. It must be remembered that the figures in question do not include Montreal's many suburbs, in which a great deal of building was done during the past year, that of Westmount alone being over \$1,000,000, a greater amount than such thriving cities as London and Calgary are credited with."

With the vigour of a backwoods preacher Mr. Jackson hits back with a few jabs. He is not impressed by a name; neither with history. He is after what he considers facts and figures: Here are a few of the things he says: "So you try to bring in Westmount. Now, Toronto has far more suburbs than Montreal. I wonder, for instance, how would Westmount compare with West Toronto (Junction). Why, I should say that it would be sheer nonsense to compare them, as I venture to say that West Toronto's building for the past year—or any year for that matter—is not far short of Montreal. I am sure that the amount of building going on in the suburbs of Toronto is still greater than that of Toronto proper itself. Another thing, Toronto can find money and time to do half the building done in Montreal itself, for nearly half the good buildings in Montreal are being put up by Toronto and, in fact, if you don't look sharp they will own your city. Canada Life building, Canadian Bank of Commerce, etc., etc. Go anywhere in Montreal and take a run through office buildings and be convinced. Over half of them are occupied Toronto agents."

* * *

THERE is a grist-mill in Kenora, Ontario, that is capable of grinding 5,000 barrels of flour in a single day! This is a mill that was burned down a year ago and has lately been reconstructed. A year's capacity output of this gigantic wheat-swallower would be 1,500,000 bushels which at an average of about 35 pounds of flour to a bushel of wheat would be in the neighbourhood of eight million bushels.



The Handsome New Armoury at Hamilton, to be occupied by the 13th and 91st Regiments.

has or not. His latest view is on the dual race problem in Canada. Speaking before the Canadian Club in Montreal he said, for instances

"The presence here of these two races is our greatest national asset. I say that, not in fulsome adulation of one or other of these races, but in view of what the two have meant in the history of the world. The civilisation of Europe has been built upon the greatness, enthusiasm and patriotism of the two great races represented in this country. We have a legacy absolutely unparalleled in the history of the world. We have two histories and two civilisations upon which we can draw; we have the basis laid for us by two of the worlds' greatest peoples, upon which we can build a great and unparalleled country."

Once upon a time too Mr. Leacock wrote an article called—Boarding-House Geometry. In that he proved Q.E.D. that the bedclothes of a boarding-house though produced ever so far in any direction will not meet. Now he has proved that Mr. Leacock and Mr. Henri Bourassa, sundered poles apart in manner of thinking and personality, are able to agree on the race question.

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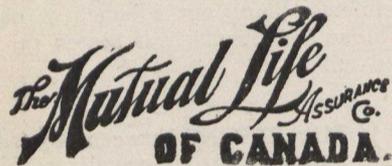
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A. A. CAMPBELL, Managing Director.

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was the net amount of insurance on the Company's books December 31st, 1908, and the year's operations showed that



made very substantial gains in other departments of its business:

(a) It gained in Assets	\$1,329,098
(b) " " " Reserve	948,268
(c) " " " Income	302,571
(d) " " " Surplus	348,296

while its ratio of expense to income was smaller than in previous years.

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

A Boom in Rubber

NOT for a very long time has the Montreal Stock Market witnessed such sky-rocketing in any stocks as has recently occurred in the issues of the Canadian Consolidated Rubber Company, more commonly known as the Rubber Combine.

At the beginning of January Rubber common was selling around 20 and then almost before anybody could see it there had been a jump to 40 and then a few days later there were sales as high as 70. Then came the intimation that the company would shortly pay a 5 per cent. dividend on the stock. There was not any effort made to distribute the stock on the advance, the original syndicate holding on to practically all their stock.

The paper profits, which total well over \$1,500,000 mark on the advance, are divided mainly among the four young members of the original syndicate who are G. W. Stephens, the president of the Montreal Harbour Commission; D. Lorne McGibbon, the general manager of the old Canadian Rubber Company; Shirley Ogilvie, secretary of the Ogilvie Flour Mills Company; and Alex. Pringle. These four young men had been "chums" for years and over a friendly game of cards conceived the plan to effect the "coup" that would enable them first of all to gain control of the Canadian Rubber Company and afterwards effect a merger of a number of the Canadian rubber concerns. In the foundation of the Consolidated Company they kept for themselves the big majority of the common stock and now at \$70 a share it represents all profit to them.

The syndicate attracted more than usual attention because the members were considerably younger than the men who usually did big things in the financial world of the old metropolis. Many there are who believe that they have not as yet completed their plans and that some day in the not very distant future it will be found that the big United States rubber concern has also secured the controlling interest in the big Canadian concern. Officials of both concerns like to deny such a report, but I have it from a source that is absolutely reliable that while there has not been any deal between the two concerns there has been an arrangement effected between interests identified with both concerns that will permit of the deal being pulled off whenever the proper time arrives.

* * *

Easing the Strain

THE announcement made recently by Senator L. J. Forget that he had resigned from the Board of Directors of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company must be taken to mean that the greatly admired Senator is gradually getting away from business cares to have more time to devote to travelling and his vast country estate just outside of Montreal.

During the past quarter of a century there has not been any single man in Montreal who has played such an important part in so many big deals as has Senator Forget. There have undoubtedly been some men who have played more prominent parts in one or two deals but the Senator seems to have been sought out by group after group and his assistance asked to carry out different plans.

In recent years Senator Forget has been most actively identified with the Montreal Street Railway, the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Company, the Dominion Textile Company and the Canadian Pacific. Only a few years ago he was a director of more than twenty Canadian companies but recently he has intimated to his intimate friends that he intended to withdraw from almost all the concerns except those mentioned above. The Senator has dealt in the same way with his brokerage business and has reached a decision not to be any longer identified with any pools or underwriting but rather to devote attention to a regular commission business only.

The Senator is greatly attached to his family and always takes more pleasure in seeing them enjoy themselves than in having a good time himself. He has no sons of his own and when his first grandson was one year old he made him a shareholder in the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Company.

* * *

Montreal Real Estate

BY a coincidence big real estate purchases on the leading streets of Montreal were registered just a few days ago on the same morning, one for Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, the president of the Canadian Pacific, and the other for Mr. H. S. Holt, the president of the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Company. The purchases in both instances were for personal account and are indications that the leading capitalists of Montreal are gradually taking a good deal of the profits they have made in the stock markets and putting them in real estate. For many years it has been rather a matter of surprise that local capitalists had such small holdings of real estate in a city in which they had such confidence as Montreal. Strange to say, while English capitalists were devoting their attention to the stock market, French-Canadian business men were concentrating their attention on real estate with the result that now that the English capitalists are turning their attention to real estate they are affording French-Canadian estates and business men to reap very handsome profits. The total real estate holdings of such very rich men as Sir George A. Drummond, the president of the Bank of Montreal; Mr. James Ross, the president of the Dominion Coal Company; Mr. Charles R. Hosmer, the big stock market trader who is a director of both the C. P. R. and Bank of Montreal, and very many others, in no one instance amount in value to more than about \$200,000, while there are many instances of French-Canadian business men who would think twice before spending one dollar for a lunch, whose real estate holdings aggregate \$300,000 to \$400,000 in value, while Mr. G. N. Ducharme, the president of the Provincial Bank, one of the smaller local banks, has real estate holdings of over \$800,000, which is more than any other bank official in the metropolis can claim. Speaking to one of the largest local capitalists of the reason that led him to devote more attention to real estate, he remarked that the value of his fortune fluctuated too much when it was all invested in stocks and bonds and he rather desired in his old age to have something that would not get away from him during the night, the way stocks often do.

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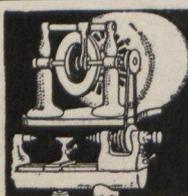
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MUSIC AND DRAMA

THE first event in this year's cycle of Mendelssohn Choir concerts was marked by the proverbial attendance, and the thousands who packed Massey Music Hall last Monday night went away fully per-



Dr. A. S. Vogt
Conductor of Mendelssohn Choir

suaded in their own minds that in this chorus Canada is safely superlative. As this is the year and month of the Mendelssohn Centenary, it was becoming that the first two numbers on the programme, orchestral and choral, should be the compositions of the genius so fittingly named Felix. The overture, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," was a breath of sheer witchery, blown across the century from 1826, when the boy Mendelssohn dreamed it in a German garden. The Theodore Thomas orchestra showed the ethereal quality of wood-winds and strings in this exquisite "fairy music" and made one realise the justice of the critic who called Mendelssohn "a Theocritus among the musicians." The choral number, "Judge Me, O God," the lyric setting of the 43rd Psalm, afforded evidence once more of Dr. Vogt's absolute devotion to the best, and his indefatigable endeavours to secure perfection of tone and balance. The Eaton Faning chorus, "How Sweet the Moonlight Sleeps" was a purely poetic setting of Lorenzo's melodious address to his Jewess love. The "Lullaby" for chorus and orchestra from Elgar's "The Bavarian Highlands," is a delightful movement in which a mazurka is interwoven with a soothing cradle-song, and was interpreted by both players and chorus with a charming appreciation of its varied phases of light frolic and tender sentiment.

Those who heard the Mendelssohn Choir sing "By Babylon's Wave" in Buffalo last year would have vowed that it could not be done better, but in the *adagio* movement especially, as sung last Monday night, there was a depth of dramatic feeling, hardly realised before. This Gounod chorus always evokes applause of a rapturous order and its latest reception was no exception to the rule. The Brahms' "Song of Destiny," for chorus and orchestra, afforded an arresting contrast to the impassioned psalm rendering, the former being a severely spiritual treatment of the themes of celestial and earthly existence, with the intellectual breadth and serenity of the purest art. The Kremser chorus for men's voices, "In Winter," proved one

of the most popular features in the programme and the Canadian voices gave a crispness to the exacting finale which was absent from the interpretation of the Vienna Maennergesangverein, as given in Buffalo two years ago. The Howard Brockway setting of the gladsome "Hey Nonino" brought the golden time of the Forest of Arden into our workaday world and the closing choral number, "The Challenge of Thor," from Elgar's "Saga of King Olaf" was a magnificent burst of Norse vigour and defiance. The ruggedness of the heathen warfare, finding its climax in "Force rules the world still, the swift nuance of "Thou art a God, too, O Galilean," and the reiterated challenge of the dauntless closing, "Here I defy Thee," were splendidly magnetic and brought such a wave of applause from the audience as fairly swept the conductor to the front once more, to give the Thor ballad again.

The most eagerly anticipated orchestra number was doubtless "The Dance of the Seven Veils" by Richard Strauss, which proved, in sensuous Oriental colouring, all that its New York critics had written, affording a curious following to Brahms' silvery "Heavenly Existence." The love scene from the Strauss' "Fire Famine" was possessed of the same



Mr. Frederick Stock
Conductor of Theodore Thomas Orchestra

voluptuous and glowing harmonies, and was exquisitely interpreted by the Chicago musicians. One of the most charming orchestral features was the overture, "Donna Diana," by Reznicek, in which the *staccato* quality of the violins was most effectively displayed. Anatole Liadow's weird *tableau musical*, "Baba-Yaga," was a picturesque Slavonic witch-dance. But what shall be said of the best of the wine, poured at the last of the feast? Toronto has not heard for many a day such a superb burst of supreme orchestral effect as the "Ride of the Valkyries" and its almost unearthly brilliance will not be forgotten.

The first concert of the Mendelssohn cycle was of such a character, as to intensify the desire that the Choir, so marvellously trained by the man who has made its excellence the finest expression of his art, should be heard, not only in the great centres of this continent, but in the older lands across the seas—by Sir Edward Elgar himself.

* * *

MR. JAMES K. HACKETT, the Canadian actor, opened a fortnight's engagement at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, this

week, in such romantic favourites as "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "The Crisis." The new play, "A Son of the South," is to be put on next week and Mr. Hackett will doubtless prove a popular hero in that romantic drama also. The Royal Alexandra has made quite a feature of Winston Churchill plays this season, as "Mr. Crewe's Career" has already been on the season's course of entertainment. Mr. Hackett has been greeted as an actor coming to his own people, who appreciate his talents and the success they have brought him. As *Rudolf Rassendyll* in "The Prisoner of Zenda," he is especially attractive and enters with spirited fervour into the personality of Mr. Anthony Hope's Quixotic yet fascinating adventurer.

* * *

THE name of Coquelin has meant the finest achievement in modern dramatic art to all those acquainted with the European stage. An English correspondent of the *Courier*, signing herself *Anglaise*, sends us the following tribute to the famous Frenchman:

Coquelin dead! When the news flashed across the wires to all parts of the world on Wednesday, January 27th, that Constant Coquelin was no more; many must have been the deep regrets on all sides, that this famous French comedian, who delighted so many audiences, in whatever country he happened to be performing, had passed away at the age of sixty-eight.

Who that has seen him in "Cyrano de Bergerac" will ever forget his wonderful acting as the hero, in that admirably poetic play of Rostand's? Always fantastic, a real humour, yet often with such pathos in it, that though the laugh was on our lips, the tears were already glistening in our eyes. He always carried his audience with him into the real life of the play. In "Cyrano de Bergerac" his vigorous attacks on the courtiers concerning his nose, his delicately tender love scenes with Roxane, and finally his fight with death in the park of the convent, in which scene he indeed surpassed himself, were vividly real to all spectators.

But what better eulogy could he have than the author's dedication of the book: "C'est a l'ame de Cyrano que je voulais dedier ce poeme. Mais puis qu'elle a passe en vous, Coquelin, c'est a vous que je le dedie."

His roles were many, and whether as Mascarille in "Les Precieuses Ridicules," the old servant, Noel in "La Joie Fait Peur," as Eugene, the pseudo-interpreter, in "L'Anglais tel qu'on le parle," or Flambeau, the old soldier, in "L'Aiglon," or in "Tartuffe," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," "Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon," and many others, he showed that thoroughness and devotion to his art, which marked him out as the premier French comedian. Like many other actors, in the early stages of his career, at the Theatre Francais in Paris, one day just as he was walking on to the stage, he was smitten with stage-fright, and could not remember his part, he turned to the leading lady in dismay, but all the help she gave him was to say between her teeth:—"Parle donc petit animal!"

Coquelin was devoted to art, and was well known for his splendid generosity, he had built a beautiful home for distressed actors and actresses at Pont-aux-Dames near Paris, in the midst of delightful grounds. He was looking forward to appearing ere long in Rostand's "Chanticleer," for which rehearsals were in progress, and for this arduous task he was taking a few days' rest at Pont-aux-Dames, where he was taken suddenly ill, and died.

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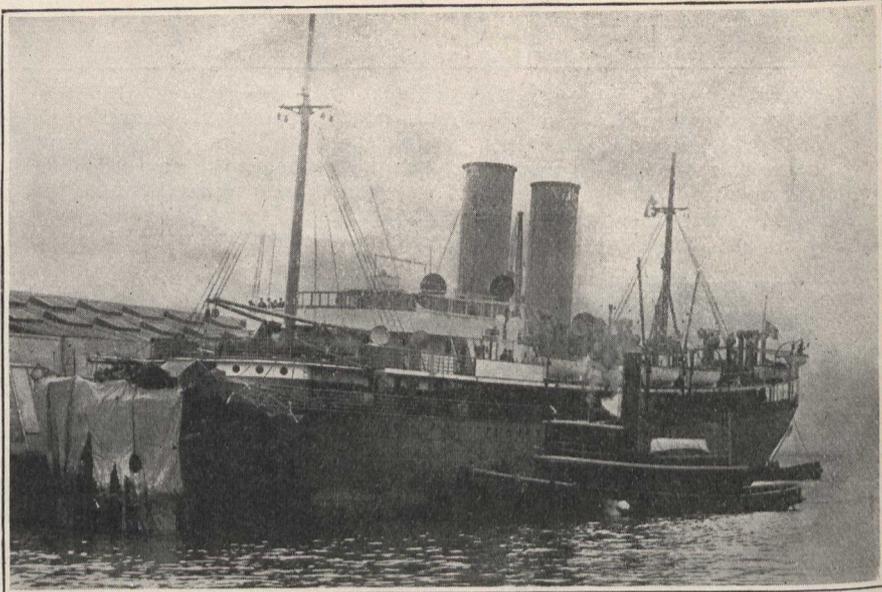
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The Emancipation of the Middle-Aged

THERE is one kind of emancipation that is never very jubilantly received. Yet it is emancipation of a peculiarly comfortable quality. No woman ever remembers the exact date when the order for release arrived, but some day she knows with sudden thankfulness that she is free. She goes shopping one morning and sees a joyous bevy of attractive young persons obviously absorbed in filling the role of pretty girl. And she sighs with relief and blesses the years that have begun to crowd rather thickly around her fireside. They bring such blessed immunity.

No less! For some one might notice the fatal misadjustment. Some one? Nay, every one! The very shop windows would mock and torture with inquisitorial gaze. (We believe this with searing conviction when we are young.)

For the pretty girls, and all the faithful endeavours to be pretty, are anxiously adjusting and readjusting their furs every other minute; and all the minutes between are spent in delicately drawing their veils a fraction of an inch lower, or patting away a wrinkle or two from the collars of their blouses, or putting their shoulders forward or backward as the case may be, that their coats may hang faultlessly and express a drooping elegance or a buoyant litheness. The very backs of their heads, the swing of their skirts, the angle—or curve—of their elbows, the click of their heels, betray a consciousness of their responsibilities, a consuming anxiety lest a hairpin or a skirt-fold or a shoe-lace may be behaving lawlessly. And if this thing should come to pass, it would be a cataclysmic calamity.

The older woman remembers it all—how well! Until that day which she can never remember, when Time set her free without saying anything about it till afterward, she, too, had been bond-slave to the duty of being pretty. But these tense days be over-past forever. A tranquil inconspicuousness Time hath vouchsafed her. Oh, the peace of knowing that a cinder may light upon her cheek—even upon her nose—without blighting her entire future; that if her most cherished tailor skirt is splashed with mud, this is not a blot on the family escutcheon, and that even the occasional wearing of goloshes does not necessarily mean that she must dwell in Coventry henceforward.

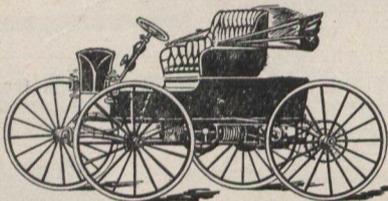
And when she reaches that state which is even more loftily calm, that high philosophy which teaches her to recover her balance after slipping on a muddy crossing without immediately losing it again at the unmistakable sound of a titter—then that serene woman-spirit may be said to have attained Nirvana, and thereafter even the most scathing allusions to the grapes that are sour cannot disturb her invincible content.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

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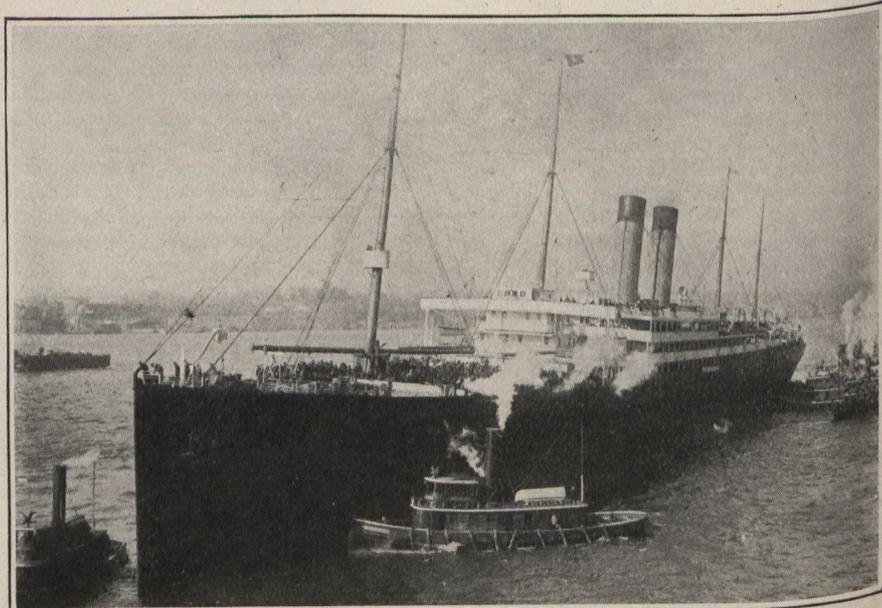
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The Baltic arriving in New York with the passengers of the Republic and Florida.

The Wrath of Mrs. Barker

(Continued from page 15)

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with the deliberate sagacity of an elephant, noiselessly entered the room. The Rabbit's back was toward the door. He worked in his shirt-sleeves, and the knickerbockers were on his lap. He was delightfully defenceless, but Mrs. Barker did not think of that. Her eye followed the needle. She noticed that the thread used was much too long, and that every time the worker brought the needle through the cloth, he had to stretch his arm to the full, and that, whenever this happened his shirt-sleeve fell back, revealing a sharp little elbow. For the moment she forgot George's wrongs and her own. She was angry, furiously angry, but it was the wrath all good women feel at seeing a male doing their work. The feeling mastered her. She ran forward and snatched up the knickerbockers.

"You limb!" she shrieked, "you let me catch you sewing again!"

Then she cut the stitches and pulled out the threads. The stolen piece of cloth fell upon the floor.

Bunny Ford made no resistance, but crossed his legs upon the bed and prepared for something interesting.

Mrs. Barker eyed the piece of cloth (George's cloth) rather ruefully and proceeded to patch it into the knickerbockers. She was not a very good needlewoman, as a rule, but now, nettled by an absurd male rivalry, she did her very best, the boy, for his own future guidance, taking note of her methods.

"You mend better than me," he said simply.

It was a long job, but Mrs. Barker did not weary. She was feeling too pleased. In one detail her errand had failed (the piece of cloth was lost irrevocably), but otherwise what could be better than the turn things taken? To the original vengeance had been added the heightening of surprise. The Rabbit played round her unsuspectingly. What a moment it would be when she threw off the mask!

And meanwhile the babe chattered and showed his treasures — some transfers taken off on the fly-leaves of school books, and a pound-of-tea presentation picture, the gift of a grocer's lady; his housekeeping did not include tea by the pound. The picture showed (in four bright colours) a beautiful girl in blue satin, at her prayers. He told Mrs. Barker that this was a picture of his mother (did any one ever hear a child tell such wicked stories?), and, laying it upon the bed, smoothed it out lovingly with dirty, dimpled hand.

At last the task was finished.

"There," said Mrs. Barker maternally (as maternal speech was understood in the neighbourhood), "you knock out that knee again, and I'll skin you! But I'll do that anyhow."

"I like you," said the Rabbit irrelevantly. It was noticeable throughout that he paid no attention to the woman's mere words.

Mrs. Barker flushed. The time had come to start the knocking about, and it was less amusing than it had seemed further off. For one thing, she did not know how to begin. This huge red woman had never struck a child in her life.

The Rabbit standing on the bed pulled on his knickerbockers, she weakly watching him. His tiny shirt (there are two garments that are pathetic, a woman's shawl and the shirt of a small boy) and his diminutive braces contrasted with his full grown self-reliance and caught at her heart-strings. She gave him an in-

dignant push. Afterwards she liked to think that, uninterrupted, she would have advanced from that to something very terrible. But at this moment there was a crashing upon the stairs, followed in a few seconds by the appearance of a red-headed Hooligan, with a murderous buckle belt. At sight of the imperturbable Rabbit he gaped in amazement.

"What's she doing here?" he asked threateningly.

"She's a brick!" said the Rabbit, patting the widow protectively upon the back. "She's been mending my knickers."

The new comer threw his weapon into a corner and made what purported to be a military salute.

"Did you see anything of the other woman, mum?" he asked respectfully.

"What other woman?"

"They told me one had gone up to knock the Rabbit about. That's why I run home. 'Ave you seen her?"

"No!"

"I suppose she heard you was here, and was afraid to come. Now I am home I may as well have some tea. Rabbit, look alive!"

"Three?" asked the child.

"Of course."

Mrs. Barker accepted the implied invitation. If there was to be any revenge, she must outstay this champion. Besides, it would be interesting to see how these lost males fared. The Rabbit scampered about with a will. From a cupboard he fished out half a loaf and a gallipot of dripping, two cups, and two cracked plates. These were supplemented from the cupboard of a neighbour on the next floor, the same friend allowing him to boil his kettle upon her fire.

"Three spoonfuls," said the Hooligan resolutely. No one should say that he could not "do it" upon occasion. Mrs. Barker found herself sitting down with the boys, feeling very much as if she were somebody else. Really, the meal was very enjoyable. The tea, by the taste of it, might have been made and poured out in a Christian manner.

The Hooligan did the honours, and with something of a flourish. Directly after tea he ran off to sell his papers, but not before he had commended his little chum to Mrs. Barker for protection against the other woman.

"Oh! I am not afraid of any woman, said the Rabbit cheerfully.

Again opportunity stared in the charwoman's eyes; but it was impossible to rise straight from a meal and assault one's host. There must be a decent interval. To occupy this (she hated idleness) Mrs. Barker scrubbed out the room.

"However you two dared to think of setting up by yourselves beats me!"

When she had finished and had dried her hands upon her dress, she knew that the moment had at last come. Without stultifying herself, she could not go back leaving the wrong-doer unchastised. A beating would do him good, and, after all, it was not essential that the operation should hurt. Even at that, however, there was a difficulty about starting in cold blood. It she could engage him in some half friendly tussle, it would be possible to work up from that. She recalled how George squirmed when she washed him, and resolved to work herself into the proper temper by forcibly scrubbing young Ford until he was as bright as a new pin. He really needed washing.

Having filled a basin with hot wa-

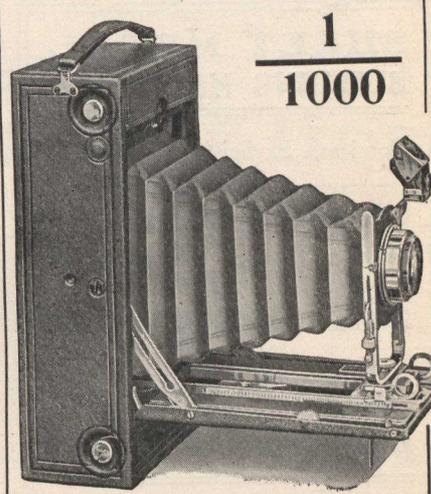
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ter, she suddenly caught hold of the Rabbit. But he came quite willingly. Like the rest of the proceedings, the move seemed novel and interesting. He had never met any one like Mrs. Barker before. It was a terrific ordeal he was subjected to and if the charwoman had not been naturally vindictive, it would have more than satisfied her craving for revenge. Even the gentlest women reveal a strain of cruelty in dealing with dirt, confusing often the foe with his lurking-place. In hunting the enemy out of an ear or an eye, they act as if in hostile territory. The Rabbit suffered all this. In addition, his eyes smarted with hot water, and his mouth became an active volcano of soapy lava. But he did not complain. He had a notion that this was his guest's queer way of showing friendliness. Had his schoolfellows seen him, his reputation would have suffered; but their ideas on manliness were not his. He had never had to fight against feminine ministrations. He only thought it odd, well meant, and rather unpleasant.

Then Mrs. Barker did his hair. She was not rough with the tangles, but this was mere selfishness. Any woman would have enjoyed ordering such fluffy curls.

And now, unless her visit was an imposture, she must come to the chastisement.

"Do you know who I am?" she said suddenly, in a most fearful voice.

"No."

"Well, I am George Barker's mother—the boy whose coat you cut. I am the woman who has promised to thrash you within an inch of your life."

"I said I wasn't afraid of any woman," said the Rabbit quietly.

Mrs. Barker glared at him, but he steadily looked her down. Her eyes fell before his. It was as George had foretold. She had met more than her match. It made it worse that his ascendancy was not a physical one. To be outfaced by a babe and sent about her business! Very abashed was Mrs. Barker as she turned round and walked away. She was pleased that the Rabbit came after her, to explain that he had not meant to spoil the suit, but that did not restore her pride. It was so obvious that the apology had not been prompted by fear, and yet shame was not the sole emotion. There was an odd sort of joy, too. There had been more in the Rabbits' face than mere defiance. There had been comprehension. He had understood, as George would never have understood, why it was impossible for her to raise her hand. A child's mind is a clear pool, and on its margin there is generally a woman peering into the waters for a softened reflection of herself; but the surface is easily troubled. George's mind ruffled at a breath, and in the ripples his mother saw her features distorted out of humanity. But from the orphan's clear depths it was a good woman that had smiled back at her. Despite the ignominy of her return, the expedition was scarcely regretted.

When Mrs. Barker got back to Salisbury Buildings, she found the doorway thronged by gossiping neighbours. She tried to pass through with a short "Good evening," but the talkers knew of her mission, and chorused for information. It was the very situation she had been dreading. However, by selecting for answer only the most convenient questions, she came through the ordeal triumphantly. Her reputation for hardness was even increased. You must picture her standing under the fanlight, her huge red arms crossed, and her face some six inches above the others, which are pushed upwards towards her.

"Law! Mrs. Barker, what a time you've bin! Whatever have you bin doing to him?"

"His friend was there, and I had to wait until he left."

"And then you torked to the young master?"

Mrs. Barker caught at the equivocation.

"Yes," she said grimly. "I torked to him. You can say that. I torked to him."

"She combed 'is hair for 'im, I'll be bound," said a lover of justice gleefully.

"Yes, I combed his hair for him. When I had finished," she added, with a flash of humour, "you wouldn't have known him."

A soft-hearted auditor edged away, but the others were eager for detail.

"You made him smart?"

"Yes, I made him smart; and, what is more," she said, her voice rising to an excited shriek, "I ain't done with him! Before he's a week older I shall go round and make him smart again."

Then she pushed her way through. She devoted what was left of the evening to mending the serge jumper with a piece of inconspicuous tweed. George, still awed by the morning's tragedy, moved about quietly. Mrs. Barker had it in her mind to say something gentle and reassuring, but, not finding the words, contented herself instead with kissing him when he was asleep.

THE CHINESE TAG DAY.

THE method of raising money for charities by such means as the conferring of decorative coat labels on "tag day," is not altogether original, says *The Argonaut*. From times immemorial in China a donation of 20,000 taels to charity has secured for the donor the much-prized peacock's feather, while for half that sum a title of nobility is conferred on one's ancestors to the third generation. The late Emperor of Brazil followed the same method when erecting a hospital in Rio de Janeiro. Having found a difficulty in obtaining the necessary funds, he announced that the title of "baron" was to be conferred on every subscriber of 100,000 milreis, and that of "count" on subscribers of 250,000 milreis. This announcement produced the desired effect, and the hospital was soon completed. The opening ceremony was performed by the emperor, and attended by a large number of the newly ennobled, who did not altogether relish the words inscribed in letters of gold on the gable of the new building, "Human Vanity to Human Misery."

THE INTERCOLONIAL.

(*Montreal Gazette*.)

IF politicians were courageous there would be a hope that something would come from the suggestion that the Intercolonial Railway should be sold or leased to a company. Hardly a newspaper off the line of the road has a word to say in defence of its past and present management, which has made it in operation the costliest railway property in America, and in capacity to build up the country it traverses one of the least effective. Almost everywhere the indications are that a hearty welcome would be given to any proposal that would free the national treasury from the burden of keeping the property fit to do its profitless business. From some twenty-five constituencies whose electoral judgment might be influenced by the I. C. R. vote, however, comes protest, and where constituencies are affected the less is of greater influence than the whole.

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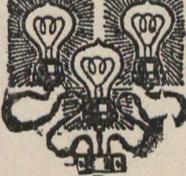
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