

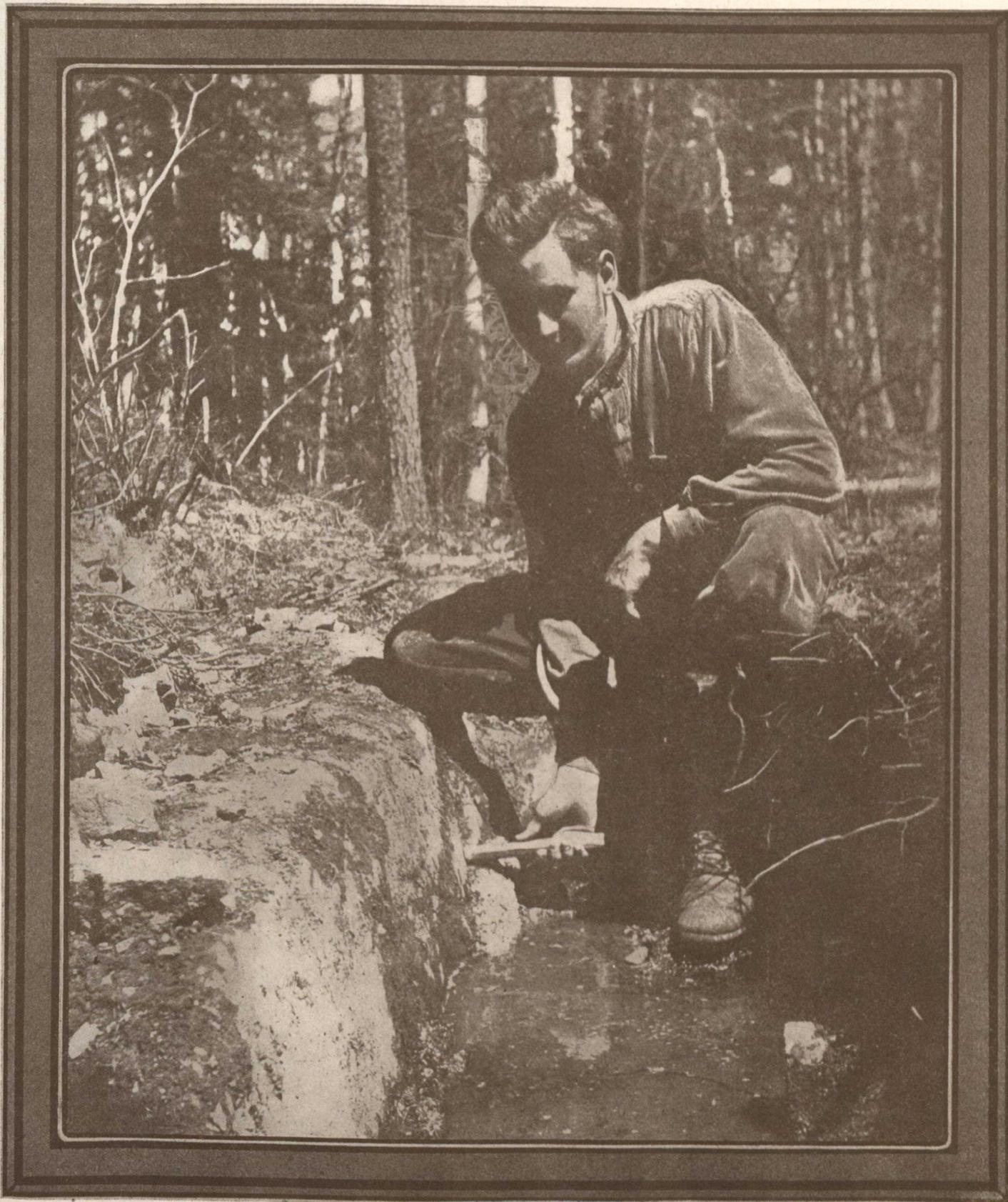
Vol. VI, No. 11

August 14th, 1909

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The Canadian **C**ourier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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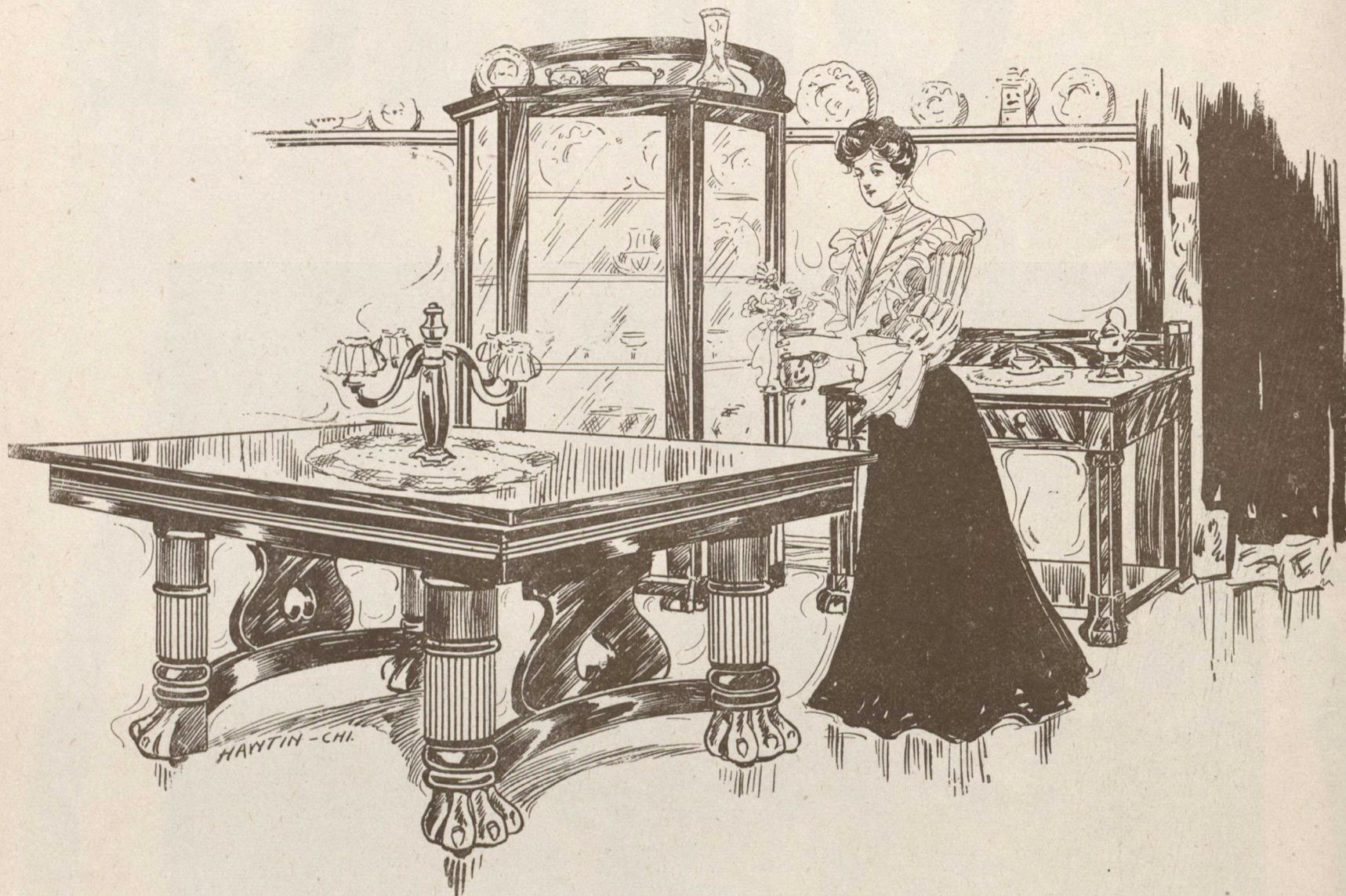
"THE BEGINNING OF A SILVER MINE"

Photograph taken in New Ontario by M. Collins.

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

The August Furniture Sale

A Greater Department and a Great Assortment



THIS August our Semi-Annual Furniture Sale will enjoy a unique distinction over all its predecessors. We are able to give furniture nearly three times the space it ever had before. Consequently, we have been able to gather together three times the amount of variety we ever were able to show before. And consequently this August our Furniture Sale must hold three times the ordinary amount of interest for housekeepers.

We will content ourselves at this writing with calling attention to the fact that the Furniture Sale for August, 1909, is open, and preparations of an unusually big scale have been made to bring about the opportunities you will meet when you come. All enquiries from out of town residents will receive prompt attention.

Parlor Suites -	\$26.00 to \$120.00	Dressers -	\$10.00 to \$ 82.75	Couches -	\$8.50 to \$45.00
Sideboards and Buffets -	19.50 to 105.00	Dressing Tables -	8.00 to 40.00	Den Chairs -	3.00 to 47.50
Extension Tables -	9.75 to 48.50	Brass Beds -	22.00 to 100.00	Springs -	1.50 to 13.50
Dining Chairs, in sets -	10.25 to 79.50	Enamel Beds -	2.50 to 20.00	Mattresses -	2.50 to 25.00
Dinner Wagons -	7.50 to 27.00	Parlor Tables -	2.25 to 36.00	Kitchen Cupboards -	6.25 to 28.00
China Cabinets -	12.00 to 75.00	Desks -	4.00 to 73.50	Baking Cabinets -	5.00 to 28.00
Dressers and Stands -	11.25 to 42.50	Hall Racks -	10.75 to 46.75	Kitchen Tables -	2.00 to 4.75
Chiffoniers -	7.50 to 81.50				

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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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Editor's Talk

THREE letters worthy of special attention have come to the desk—one from Winnipeg, one from Edmonton and one from Toronto. All three agree in teaching us that the patriotic fervour of the country is in a "techy" condition. Our article on flag hysterics disgusts one; the story of the lost *Empress of Britain* displeases a second; a third thinks the "Monocle Man" is anti-British. The letters are interesting but we desire to point out that calling anything in the *Courier* "anti-British" does not make it so. We do not object to the protests but we stand on our record which we believe is unassailable.

THE *Canadian Courier* is the only periodical in Canada which has been entirely "made in Canada." Its competitors employ United States artists and writers and use United States paper and engravings. Every cover we use is designed and engraved in Canada. Every sheet of paper ever used in the printing has been made in Canada. United States artists, engravers and paper-makers are as good and indeed usually better than Canadians, and it is no reflection on them that we do not use their products. We believe, however, that it is the business of a national weekly to encourage and develop home talent. If we are wrong, then success cannot perch on our roof-tree.



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Ask The Housewife

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

In homes of refinement,

Windsor Table Salt

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

17

Ask Your Doctor about

Cosgrave's Porter

The perfect liquid food—nourishing, strengthening, exhilarating, makes the weak strong—the strong, stronger.

CANADIAN HOTEL DIRECTORY

The New Russell
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 —Fireproof—
 Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up.
 American and European Plans.

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MIDSUMMER SALE OF LINENS AND COTTONS

THE Linens and Cottons we offer on this page are imported by us. The materials are selected at the mills. This assures low price and high quality. These are such good reasons for the unusual value of these goods that we recommend them with fullest confidence, knowing that any selection made will prove satisfactory to the customer. Our Liberal Guarantee relieves you of all risk in the purchase.

Table Napkins

G1-300. Full Bleached Pure Irish Linen Table Napkins, good wearing quality, well assorted in neat designs. Order early. Size 18 x 18 inches. Per dozen

Sale Price **97c**

English Nainsook

G2-202. Full bleached fine English Nainsook, very even weave, pure needle finish, very desirable underwear cloth, 36 inches wide. Per yard.

Sale Price **9c**

Grey Cotton

G2-203. Grey or Factory Cotton, free from filling and black specks, 34 inches wide, extra value. Per yard.

Sale Price **7c**

Plain Pillow Cotton

G2-204. English make full bleached plain Pillow Cotton. No dressing. Per yard

	40-inch	11c
Sale Price	42-inch	12c
	44-inch	13c

Circular Pillow Cotton

G2-205. Full bleached English Circular Pillow Cotton, heavy quality, pure finish.

Per yard	40-inch	14c
Sale Price	42-inch	15c
	44-inch	16c

Bleached Sheeting

G2-206. Full bleached English Sheeting, made from round even yarns, plain weave, no dressing, 72 inches wide. Per yard

Sale Price **25c**

Striped Shirting

G2-207. Heavy Canadian make, guaranteed to give the best of wear, fast colors, striped patterns on navy or black grounds, 30 inches wide.

Per yard Sale Price **12¹/₂c**

Factory Cotton

G2-201. Grey or Unbleached Cotton, made from very fine even spun yarns, exceptionally clear make, and pure in finish, splendid cloth for general purposes, 40 ins. wide. Per 40-yd. web

Sale Price **3³⁸**

Bed Spreads

G2-208. Full bleached Crochet Bed Spreads, good patterns, soft finish, easy to wash, hemmed ready for use, full double bed size. Each

Sale Price **93c**

White Satin Quilts

G2-209. English Satin Bed Spreads, superior quality and finish, handsome scroll and floral designs, size 70 x 94 inches. Each

Sale Price **1.69**

Pillow Cases

G2-210. Full bleached ready made Pillow Cases, English cotton, strong even weave, finished with three tucks and plain hem, size 42 x 33 and 45 x 33 inches. Pair

Sale Price **35c**

Flannelette Blankets

G2-211. Flannelette Blankets, white or grey, close even nap, pink or blue borders, largest size, 70 x 84 inches. Per pair

Sale Price **1.19**

Fine English Longcloth

G2-200. Our Extra Special Full Bleached English Longcloth, superior in quality, and perfectly pure in finish. A cloth thoroughly recommended for women's and children's wear; 36 ins. wide, exceptional value. Per yard

Sale Price **9c**

Crash Roller Toweling

G1-303. All linen Crash Roller Toweling, extra firm weave, superior quality, red border, 18 inches wide. Per yard

Sale Price **9c**

Glass Toweling

G1-304. Red or blue checked Glass or Tea Toweling, good drying quality, fast selvage, 23 inches wide. Per yard

Sale Price **8¹/₂c**

Linen Table Damask

G1-305. Three-quarter bleached Irish Linen Table Damask, firm even weave, good serviceable cloth, in choice floral patterns, 66 inches wide.

Per yard Sale Price **37c**

Bleached Table Linen

G1-306. Full bleached rich Satin Damask, choice range of designs, warranted every thread pure Irish Linen, looks well when laundered, width 72 ins. Per yard

Sale Price **59c**

Damask Table Linen

G1-301. Three-quarter Bleached Table Linen, good heavy make, will bleach easily, splendid range of selected patterns, extra special. 66 inches wide, per yard

Sale Price **27c**

Bath Towels

G1-307. Striped grey linen finish Turkish Bath Towels, fringed ends, size 22 x 39 inches, extra special. Per pair

Sale Price **24c**

Huckaback Towels

G1-308. All linen Huckaback Towels, hemmed ready for use, good drying towel, size 19 x 39 ins., very special. Per pair

Sale Price **25c**

Good Drying Towels

G1-309. Made from pure flax, hemmed ends, a close woven good drying Towel, will wash and wear well, size 20 x 40 inches. Per pair

Sale Price **35c**

Hemstitched Huck Towels

G1-310. Full bleached, all pure linen, fine close weave, splendid drying towel, finished with spoke-stitched hem, size 20 x 38 inches.

Per pair Sale Price **48c**

Satin Damask Napkins

G1-311. Extra quality Satin Damask Table Napkins, every thread pure linen, all neat new designs, size 20 x 20 inches.

Per dozen Sale Price **1.47**

Bordered Table Cloths

G1-312. Extra heavy quality of rich Satin Damask Table Cloths, made from best quality of pure Irish flax, finished with border all round and full bleached Each

2 x 2 ¹ / ₂ yards.	Sale Price	1.87
2 x 3 yards.	"	2.29

Special Table Cloth Offer

G1-302. Irish make, every thread pure flax, Satin Damask Table Cloth, even weave, snow white, choicest patterns in bordered designs. A beauty, size 2 x 2¹/₂ yds. Each

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THE
Canadian Courier
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL. 6

Toronto, August 14th, 1909

No. 11

MEN OF TO-DAY

A Promising Sculler

FROM Hanlan to Scholes Canada has had a long string of exponents of the rowing game who have done her honour. Toronto has produced a good many of them. The Queen City has now another embryo champion who is making a bid for renown in the person of young Mr. James F. Cosgrave. Recently at St. Catharines, "Jimmy," as he prefers to be called, cleaned up three Canadian championships—which was a pretty big two days' work for a youngster of twenty-one years. He got his first notions of the oars like most Toronto boys—by struggling with big clumsy rowboats in the blue waters of Lake Ontario. About four years ago he discovered that he could pull a little faster than some of the other fellows, so he joined the Argonaut Rowing Club. The budding oarsman quickly adapted himself to the regulation shell, and, when the annual regatta of the club came round, he made the veterans sit up by winning the club championship. Eddie Durnan, at this time, remarked to a well-known sporting writer that he considered Cosgrave to have the neatest stroke in Canada. However, other critics were not so optimistic about him, holding that he was too light to do much. But "Jimmy" has taken on weight since then, and has so far justified all fond expectations by his performances at different times.



Mr. James Cosgrave,
Champion Oarsman.

An Eventful Life

MR. HONORE J. JAXON, organiser of Producers' Social and Economic Discussion Circles in Western Canada, is a former Torontonian who has had as romantic a career as any who have va-moosed from the East to the prairies. He graduated from Toronto University in the early eighties and moved to the western land before the outbreak of the now famous Indian and half-breed rebellion of 1885. He was at Fort Carleton when the fight began and threw in his lot with the rebels. There he became associated with Riel and was acting as secretary to that leader throughout the fight, although general information is to the effect that he was really the brains behind the movement of the insurgent troops. Mr. Jaxon threw in his lot with the rebels because of a peculiar belief he held, and still holds, that the fight was forced by the C. P. R. and Hudson's Bay Company officials, as an excuse for bringing the soldiers into the prairie country and thereby wresting the land from the redskins. Out west he is still expounding that theory and giving interviews which in the eastern provinces would probably lead him into serious trouble. In Saskatchewan, however, they take a different view of things, and allow him full sway. Were his speeches and interviews suppressed, he would probably rant about "free speech" and possibly gain more sympathisers than he does by his present method.

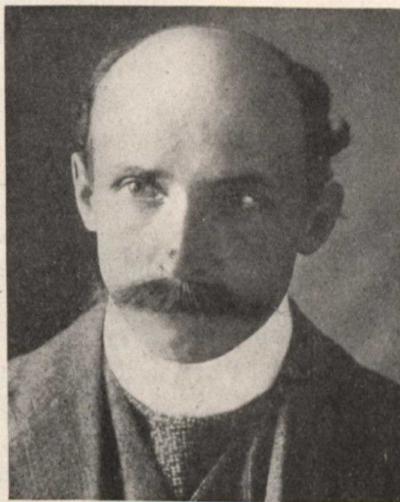
After the rebellion was suppressed, Mr. Jaxon fled to the United States, and for a time a price was on his head. Later on, however, he was pardoned, and a couple of years ago he returned to Canada. During his sojourn in the United States he was connected with the American Federation of Labour, and acted as organiser for the various branches of that association.



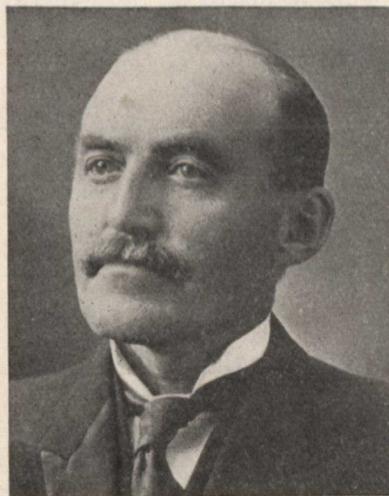
Mr. Cyrus Macmillan,
A new McGill Lecturer.

A Virile Canadian Teacher

MR. CYRUS MACMILLAN has joined the English department of McGill. Mr. Macmillan will not need to become used to the environment of the big Montreal college, for he is one of her sons



Mr. J. Geo. Colclough,
A Canadian in British Politics.



Honore J. Jaxon,
One time Secretary to Louis Riel.

and a bright one at that. He is an Easterner with an Easterner's love of books. Mr. Macmillan's native town was Charlottetown, P. E. I., where he got his early training at the Prince of Wales College. He entered McGill with the class of 1901. During his stay in Montreal Mr. Macmillan accumulated quite a number of the prizes and honours of scholarship. But he was not a mere "plugger." He was renowned in athletic circles as captain of the track team which worsted the other colleges of Canada for the annual intercollegiate championship. He was also secretary of the Canadian Intercollegiate Athletic Association, and he played half-back on the college intermediate football team. He found time, too, to edit the *Outlook*, the students' weekly paper, and work actively in the interests of the Literary Society. In 1903 Mr. Macmillan was through with his work at McGill, and then he went across the line to Harvard to continue his studies, believing that home-staying youths breed homely thoughts. He graduated with the degree of M. A. from the Cambridge institution in 1905. Then he put in a couple of years as Instructor in English at his old preparatory school—Prince of Wales College. In 1907 Mr. Macmillan returned to Harvard for his Ph. D. His research work at Harvard was on "The Folk Songs of Canada and their relation to those of Europe." Mr. Macmillan's Harvard thesis was the first to deal exclusively with a purely Canadian subject.

* * *

A Canadian and British Elections

CANADA has now quite a representation in the British Parliament, and will yet have another member if Mr. J. George Colclough carries the big constituency of Clapham in the Liberal interests. Mr. Colclough is a Canadian with the blood of Erin in his veins. He is a native of Sainte Cecile du Bic, County of Rimouski, where he got his early inkling of knowledge. He migrated to the British Isles about twenty years ago in order to take up the study of law at the University of Dublin. There he graduated in due course, and then took a plunge into journalism. His articles in the Irish press were widely quoted and commented upon by the big reviews of England. His exposition of politics caught the fancy of the Liberal party. He was offered the candidature for the rural constituency of Boston in Lincestershire. But the party whips were not unanimous in their choice. Some protested that Candidate Colclough's eloquence would be wasted among the yeomen of Lincestershire. So Mr. Colclough was shifted to Clapham, a division of the great city of London, where he has the task of convincing 25,000 wide-awake British electors that his politics are sound.

* * *

The Reward of Industry

IT is a rule of the C. P. R. that all officials from the section boss to the president shall retire when the established age limit is reached. That law the other day was winked at. Mr. William Whyte, the vice-president, had his term of office lengthened by two years. This was a tribute to Mr. Whyte's services to the Company. He has been working for this great Canadian transportation system for the past twenty-five years more or less. He was one of its early officials. His first appointment was as general superintendent of all lines in Ontario west of Smith's Falls. In May, 1885, he ruled over the lines from Quebec in the East to Port Arthur in the West. His next move was farther westward. He was placed in command of the western division with headquarters at Winnipeg. Six years ago, Mr. Whyte was promoted to his present position of vice-president of the

road. Mr. Whyte is the best posted man in the C. P. R. on western Canada railroad matters. He is needed at the helm to-day when there is so much rivalry between his company and the new roads which are throwing their lines across the prairies. Exclusive of his C. P. R. connection, Mr. Whyte is a big man in the life of the West. He sits on the directing boards of not a few of the promising corporations of the cities of the plains, and socially his standing is among the elect.

REFLECTIONS

GREAT BRITAIN paid a high compliment to Germany, when the sub-committee of the Imperial Defence Committee gave a verdict in favour of rigid dirigible balloons for the navy and non-rigid balloons for the army. It was a slanting compliment to Count Zeppelin and a slight check to the ambitions of the heavier-than-air aviators. It was as if to say that the latter were toy-makers and experimentalists.

Mr. Haldane was very nice about it. He complimented M. Bleriot on his success and gently pointed out that "Some time in the future" the aeroplane will be a possibility. We all remember how when we started out with nurse to buy an ice-cream soda and we wanted to carry the silver quarter which was to buy the treat, nurse said "When you get a big boy, you may carry your own money." Mr. Haldane and the sub-committee tell the aeroplane enthusiasts that some day they will grow up to manhood.

IN spite of the military experts of Germany and of Britain, the aeroplane is making wonderful progress. When Dr. Graham Bell and his young assistants made their early experiments at Baddeck, Nova Scotia, Canadians paid little attention. To-day when the youngsters are getting ready to fly or die at the national military camp-ground at Petawawa, the whole country looks on with interest. Everybody is on the *qui vive*. Even the farmers are talking of the new machines.

As it is in Canada, so it is in the United States and in Europe. The airship, talked of so long as a remote possibility, has come close to the reality. Since September 28th, 1905, when the Wright Brothers flew eleven miles at Dayton, Ohio, there has been a rising wave of enthusiasm crushing out the old incredulity. In November, 1906, Santos Dumont went 250 yards and stirred up Europe. In March, 1908, more than a year later, Farnum went 2½ miles to the delight of the imaginative citizens of Paris. Since then, the Wrights, Farnum, Curtiss, Latham, Bleriot and others have run the distance up to 50 miles. If 50 miles, why not 500? It is simply a question of making a light, strong and reliable motor, and that difficulty should soon be overcome.

THE man-in-the-street is paying but little attention to the United States tariff. Most of the writers have declared that raising or lowering that engine of protection makes little difference to Canada. The *Montreal Star* says: "An American tariff bombardment has no terrors left for Canada." This seems to be the general belief. The *Toronto News* has been trying to make the public believe that on March 31st next, Canada will pass under the maximum schedule, which is twenty-five per cent. higher than the minimum schedule which we now enjoy. It quotes the Democratic leader of the House of Representatives as saying that when the maximum section goes into effect, the United States tariff will be 27 per cent. higher than the average of the Dingley Bill—which Canadians considered infamous. It argues that Canada must come under the maximum tariff because of the British Preference, the French Treaty and the Ontario embargo on the export of saw-logs. Its arguments seem clear and unimpeachable, yet the public is undisturbed.

IS this complacency justifiable? It is quite true that we buy twice as much of the United States as we sell, but we sell nearly ninety million dollars' worth of goods every year to your Uncle Sam. Can this be cut in two, without our feeling it? We have steadily cultivated the British and foreign markets, and we may further expand our foreign trade in many ways. Nevertheless it is inconceivable that so great a rise in the United States tariff on Canadian exports can have no effect upon our national prosperity.

Then again, there will be a political as well as an economic result.

The political result will be a cry for a higher tariff on United States goods coming into this country. Canada is not going "to take it lying down." She will retaliate. The Government will be forced to take action, and a tariff war will result. There seems to be no other way out.

CALLING figures to our aid, the United States share of our trade has risen from 44 per cent. in 1880-1889, to 60 in 1899-1908. By the same comparison of decade, Great Britain's share of our buying trade has fallen from 42 to 25 per cent. in spite of the Preferential tariff. Our purchases from the United States have gradually risen and our purchases from Great Britain have gradually fallen—comparatively speaking. As buying is a problem as well as selling, our buying will present greater difficulties as well as our selling. In other words, when this tariff war begins, our foreign trade must fall off very considerably. This is not something which we may contemplate with equanimity.

It is easy to say that we shall find other markets in which to sell—and other markets in which to buy. Of course we shall. But during the readjustment we shall suffer as we did between 1885 and 1895. It will not break us but it may temporarily discourage us. It will ultimately help the Canadian manufacturer and ultimately benefit the British manufacturer, but it will seriously upset the present avenues of commerce.

To say that we can stand it if the United States can is foolish. If the United States did not sell us a dollar's worth of goods, that country would not greatly feel the change. For eighty millions of people to lose \$180,000,000 of sales is not so disastrous as for seven millions of people to lose \$90,000,000 of sales.

UNDoubtedly trade is looking up. The Dominion revenue is the barometer which most fully shows the improvement. The national revenue for the four months ending July 31st shows an increase of twenty per cent. over the same period of last year. This is enormous. The revenue covers both ordinary and capital expenditure and leaves a net balance of about two and three-quarter millions of dollars.

There is scarcely a factory in Canada which is not working full or over time. The number employed in some may not be as great as in 1907, but they are all busy and all earning good wages. Domestic and office help are scarcer than has been the case for nearly three years. There is so much to be done and so much profit in sight that business men are almost afraid to take their summer holidays.

While crops in Eastern Canada are merely normal, those of Western Canada are most promising. The exceptionally warm weather of the past fortnight, following on a wet spell, has had a beneficial effect and the pessimist has gone into hiding. It almost looks as if all the records would be broken and as if Canada would have the greatest year in her history.

PEOPLE in St. John are talking of Cuban trade. New Brunswick's great product is potatoes and Cuba needs potatoes. At a meeting held the other day, a resolution was passed asking that the Provincial Government take immediate steps to have a direct fortnightly service maintained between St. John and Havana and that the services of a commercial agent in Cuba should be secured.

The Thomson company, the Pickford and Black company, and a Boston steamship company are all looking into this situation. The St. John people are alive to the importance of the movement. St. John believes in foreign trade. It has built up a great port and it is determined to force the pace. Every broad-minded person in other parts of Canada cannot but admire the enterprise of this exceptional group of Maritime Province traders and shippers.

THE Toronto Exhibition has again demonstrated its interest in art education by bringing from Great Britain, a huge loan collection of masterpieces. This collection will be on exhibition during the whole period of this year's fair, and that free of charge. There will be canvases by Lord Leighton, Frank Brangwyn, Sir J. E. Millais, Sir L. Alma Tadema, J. C. Hook, E. A. Abbey, J. Benjamin-Constant, Marcus Stone and other prominent painters, past and present. These pictures are not brought out for sale, but simply for educational purposes. They have been loaned by the larger art

galleries or by generous private owners, collected in London by the Exhibition Association's private agent, and shipped direct to Toronto. Among the galleries from which the collection is drawn are those of Glasgow, Bristol, London, Liverpool, Preston, Bradford and Nottingham.

Just here it may be noted that almost every city of importance in Great Britain has its civic Art Gallery. So have Boston, New York, Washington, Pittsburg and Buffalo. There is not a single such gallery in Canada, and it shows how far we have yet to go in this country before we may claim to be as highly civilised as our sister Anglo-Saxon nations.

THE COMPLIMENTS AT COWES

THE meeting of King Edward and the Czar of All the Russias at Cowes is a confirmatory circumstance in connection with the Anglo-Russian *entente*. The Persian Gulf no longer divides the interests of Britain and "the most easterly of western nations." King Edward has seldom shown his native tact more felicitously than in his evident desire for friendly and hospitable relations with the ruler of Russia, while Queen Alexandra is said to regard her nephew's visit with feelings of warm satisfaction. In their international social relationships, King Edward and his gentle consort appear to have only the kindest attitude and ambition. Not many potentates have understood more fully than the present King of Great Britain and Ireland the amiable art of making allies, or have been more ready to supplement socially the policy of the Foreign Secretary.

To the comprehending reader of the holiday doings at Cowes, there is something of a delicately monitory order in the review of the fleet. It was a compliment, of course, a mighty naval greeting to a visiting monarch. But if the Czar of the melancholy countenance is in possession of a sense of humour, he must have seen a warning, as well as a welcome, in the long lines of ships, ready for defence or attack. Such a review is a pleasantly emphatic mode of combining "So delighted to see you" and "You'd better look out." It is a real comfort to the colonies, even such as do not contribute to the group of *Dreadnoughts*, to feel that any stray European Sovereign who drops in, to enjoy afternoon tea with King Edward, is assured of a cordial welcome and the spectacle of a line of British men-of-war. However, the Russians like a slice of lemon in their tea, and Czar Nicholas, no doubt, blandly approved of the pomp and splendour of the naval display at Cowes.

SIR ROBERT HART RETURNS

IF we may place what faith the hot weather has left to us, in the reports of the daily press, that splendidly active Irishman, Sir Robert Hart, is thoroughly weary of the retirement he has enjoyed for more than a twelvemonth and has agreed to return to China. The Imperial Maritime Customs Service of China is practically the creation of Sir Robert Hart, who, as the Inspector-General, was the Power behind Peking. The initials "I. G." were more potent than the Order of the Garter and Sir Robert knew, for a lifetime of hard work and heavy responsibility, an appreciation which the toiler does not always receive. The return of Sir Robert to his beloved Orient is another proof that the born builder is not happy away from that which he has founded.

The faith and effort which go into the best work form a bond between the man and that which he makes which is mightier than many waters. A holiday is all very well, but a retirement is another matter, and is too much like a retreat to please an active spirit. So Sir Robert, they say, will once more enter the service of the government of the Great Eastern Empire and continue the work which was his life, among the people who found him a friend indeed. He belongs to a race which does not retire until the final "taps."

A BLESSED OPTIMIST

THIS month marks, not only the Tennyson Centenary, but that of Oliver Wendell Holmes, the most delightful autocrat who ever presided over the breakfast table. The Holmes centenary reminds us of that wonderful group of New England writers and publicists who left an enduring mark upon the civilisation of the Nineteenth Century. This summer has seen the passing of the last of these, when Dr. Edward Everett Hale closed a record of eighty-seven years, such a lifetime of good service to State and humanity as few have known. It was Oliver Wendell Holmes who replied, when he was asked concerning his age—"I am seventy years young." The

same reply might have been made by the man who has just gone from the earthly sphere of activity, for to the very last, the spirit of Dr. Hale was that of eternal boyhood. Like Oliver Wendell Holmes, he was the veriest Optimist, chose always the sunniest side of human nature for contemplation, and left all who ever met him or read his works the happier for contact with his cheering presence. The debt we owe to such a personality is greater than that due to brilliant talent or literary achievement and most of us are willing to acknowledge it.

The courtesy, which we are too apt to characterise "old school," belonged to this light-hearted publicist in an eminent degree. One of his nearest friends, of the younger generation, tells: "One day when he was about eighty years old he and I boarded a surface car in New York. The car was crowded, but a lad promptly arose and gave him his seat. 'Thank you, my boy,' said Hale with great heartiness. 'I'll do as much for you some day when you are eighty—if I'm around then.'"

It must be admitted that this kind of public man is rare to-day, but, to follow Dr. Hale's own example, we must hope that his mantle has fallen on some aspiring young statesman or author, who will cherish the same belief in a coming Golden Age as characterised the man who radiated hope and good-will.

FRITH.

THE PROBLEM OF INDIA

THE London *Spectator* continues to talk solemn commonplace about the government of India. It revives the old arguments about the diversity of races and the strength of caste. "England remains to hold the balance fairly and evenly between warring races and creeds." But surely after our experience of Japan we no longer insist upon the permanence of caste, or with Turkey before our eyes dwell upon diversity of races as an insurmountable barrier to constitutional progress. The same sense of finality marks the attitude of the *Spectator* towards Eastern ideas of government. "The East does not desire self-government, but strange as it may seem to us regards it with contempt. . . . If the people of the East whether in Chaldaea, China, Persia, or India had really desired the government of the people by the people for the people, it is unthinkable that the experiment would not have been made, and have succeeded. . . . Therefore in trying to make the people of India fit for self-government we are trying to fit them to do something which is contrary to their nature and which they do not desire." The *Spectator* is one of those who, in the words of George Eliot "think that nature has theatrical properties and with the considerate view of facilitating art and psychology makes up her characters so that there may be no mistake about them." All current conceptions of historical development or evolution seem to have escaped it. It forgets that there may be other kinds of self-government than Lincolnian Democracy. It stubbornly refuses to regard present tendencies in Persia, Turkey, China and Japan as disproving these generalities about Eastern temperament and character.

The government of India is to be conducted not to fit the people for self-government, but "in the interests of the governed." No more deceptive phrase could be found than "in the interests of the governed." It depends entirely upon who determines the interests of the governed, the governors or the governed themselves. In his famous speech at Ardoath Lord Morley tried to escape from this dilemma. Our government of India, he argued, is really a democracy, for it rests upon the people in England. But the judgment of the Clapham voter upon Indian affairs may not be as intelligent as that of an Indian peasant. In fact England must make up her mind on this question, and the sooner the better. As the correspondent of the *Times* recently admitted Indian civil servants wish to know definitely what ideal they are to pursue. Are they to hold India for England, or to prepare for self-government? It is easy to see what a difference the answer makes. If England intends to remain, the wisest course is to talk like the *Spectator* and do everything to perpetuate racial and case prejudices. But if England rules for India's sake, she will try to break down these barriers and to broaden her subjects' view. Isn't it after all only a matter of experience and education with the Easterner as with any other individual? It will not do to say that the present agitation comes only from a handful of educated Indians, that the mass of the people is content. If education is synonymous with unrest, the outlook is not promising. Probably too even in our democracies we may more safely trust the educated few than the unintelligent many.

In India sympathy and tact are still the essentials: the leaving unsaid what the *Spectator* utters. England's government of India as of every place else has been the record of *Spectator*-like folly corrected not always in time by wise statesmanship. The Marquis of Ripon and Lord Curzon represented the two sides of Indian policy. The English in India hounded the former from the country. But everyone knows now which of the two was the true friend of India, which caused the present troubles.

EDWARD KYLIE.

THROUGH A MONOCLE

CANADIAN POSSIBILITIES

THE pleasurable excitement of living in Canada is not always appreciated by those of us who have lived nowhere else. In Canada, novelty always awaits us just around the corner; and discovery still has room to lose itself in the mysterious unknown. A few years ago, who knew anything about the Yukon? Who suspected that one of the great gold fields of the world lay hidden behind the range of mountains that ran up toward the Arctic wastes? One day some of us stumbled across deposits of the "yellow peril," right there in our own country; and immediately all the adventurous sons of men throughout the world—the modern Argonauts—turned in our direction. No such discovery is possible in Britain, in France, in Germany, in Italy. These lands have been nosed over from one end to the other by keen-eyed scientists, and shop-handled by eager bargain-hunters, and tested and weighed by buyers and sellers, until there is not a surprise left in their entire anatomy. They conceal no more than a lady in a sheath gown perforated for summer wear. They are a story that is told.

* * *

BUT Canada is largely a land of mystery yet. Most of our territory is as unknown as Thibet was a few years ago. It was just the other day that some wanderer found Cobalt. It had been there all the time, and we had been wondering what we would ever do with such a God-forsaken country. Now we have the richest silver mining district on earth. At first, we did not mine for silver—we merely picked it up. Now we dig it out by the cartload. Some of us who are lucky are getting rich out of it; and the rest of us are getting a lot of hair-raising excitement. It is impossible to find life dull in a country which every now and then springs a prize package on us in that fashion. Following Cobalt came Gow Ganda; and the boys are getting a lot of fun out of that. To-morrow Gow Ganda millionaires will be walking about, telling how they happened to strike it rich; and to-day each one of us can preserve himself from *ennui* by wondering whether he will be one of them.

* * *

IT was rather exciting to our youthful imaginations to be told that every boy born in the United States might become President; and we somewhat envied those lucky American lads who began life with such a dazzling possibility in front of them. We knew that none of us could ever become king, no matter how deserving we might be. But now we have that lure "faded." There are precious few of the millions of American youngsters, born in that land of promise, who can ever become President. They do not average more than ten Presidents to a generation. But hundreds and thousands of Canadian

boys can hope to trip over a fortune one of these days in the Canadian wilderness. Pots of gold lie hidden there more truly than at the end of rainbows. Nor is it only in the wilderness that our boys get rich. Golden opportunities lie all around; and we can never tell that the lad who plays on the street before us will not some day be a railway builder, a bank president, a mighty financier, or even the editor of a pictorial weekly. Canada is a perpetual Christmas Tree with a present for every son of the house.

* * *

DID you ever think how much would have been lost out of life if you had been born in a land where promotion was well-nigh impossible? Yet that is the lot of the average European. The son thinks that he will be doing exceedingly well if he manages to stay where his father has lived. Businesses are handed down from generation to generation, and it is only when a genius for their particular form of money-getting is born into the family that they enjoy any expansion. They are far more apt to dry up and blow away. This state of things leads to many developments which are admirable. For instance, the average European is not wholly engrossed in money making. He must work off his surplus energy—which finds little vent in the treadmill that never goes any faster—in some other occupation. It may be gardening, or it may be water colours. It may be collecting beetles, or it may be mountain climbing. But he does have a life outside of his business. Another advantage is that it leaves him time and inclination to take a real interest in public affairs. The placid life of peace and plenty at home has its benefits.

* * *

BUT for the peoples of this Continent, with their extra drop of nervous energy, the excitement of a life in which any dawn may bring fortune and every dawn brings us contact with some thrilling adventure of the market-place or the mining camp, is a boon which we little appreciate but which we would mightily miss. We will emerge from this vivid and inspiring dream one of these days. We will settle down under our established vines and fig trees and cultivate flute playing and go in for art criticism. We will then be a more civilised, a more cultured, a more attractive and a more contented people. If we have not builded our civilisation better than our forefathers have, we will then have our sad blots of poverty and our slowly hardening lines of caste. But for the present we are adventurers living the thrilling life of discovery, of daring, of chance and of conquest. Bare-footed boys become millionaires and live in palaces. In the knapsack of every Canadian schoolboy, there is—not a marshal's baton—but a millionaire's bank-book. When you part from your school-fellow because he must go to work while you go to college, you never know but that you may meet him next when he invites you to dine with him in his private car.

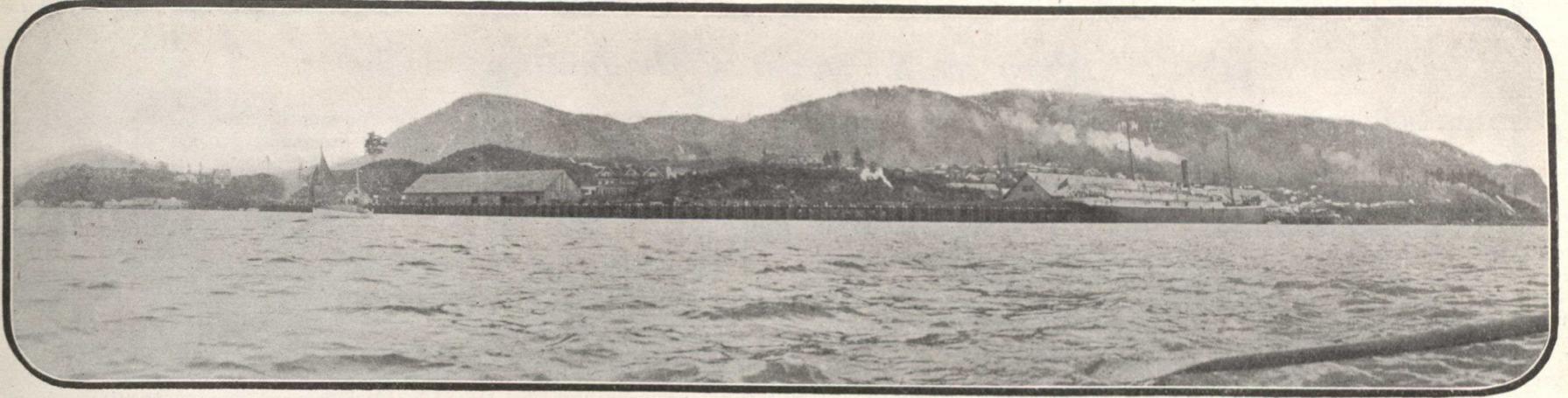
THE MONOCLE MAN.



The Ladies accompanying The Canadian Freight Association, which met at Halifax, July 14th and 15th, the Corporation and the Transportation Interests of Halifax gave the Ladies an Automobile Drive through Dartmouth, Waverly and Bedford. The picture is taken in front of the beautiful Residence of Mr. G. S. Campbell, Young Avenue.

Photograph by kindness of Mr. E. A. Saunders, Secretary Board of Trade.

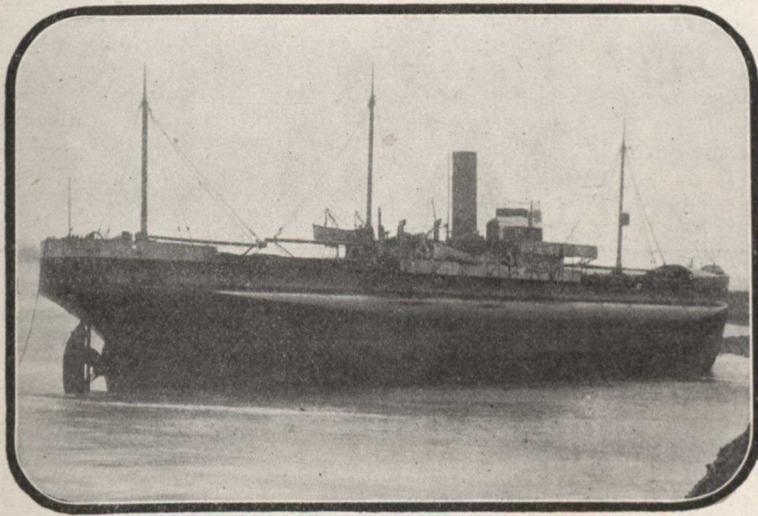
THE VARIED ACTIVITIES OF CANADIANS



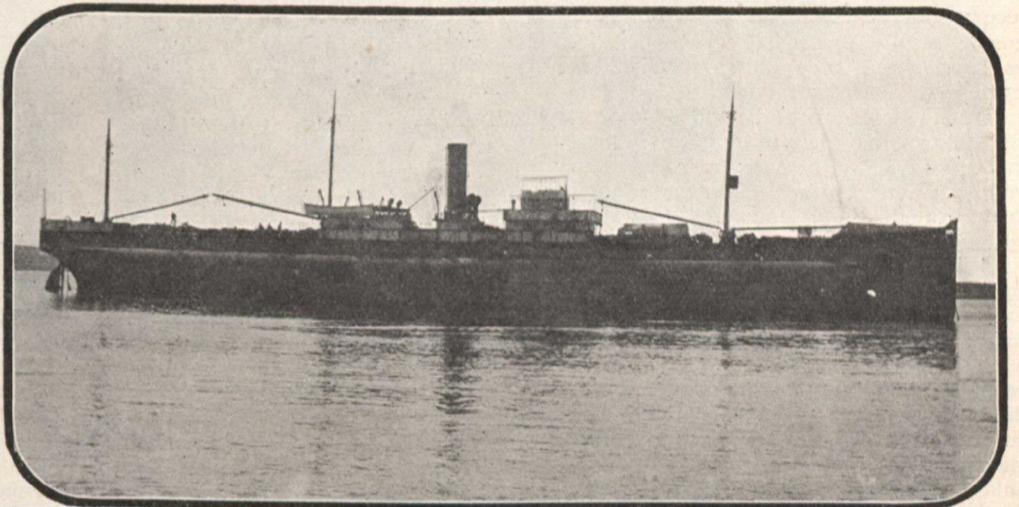
Prince Rupert from the water, showing the facilities for shipping at the Western Terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific.



Prince Rupert, which is 550 miles north of Vancouver, is in the "wet" belt and some people declare it is almost uninhabitable. Nevertheless 2,465 town lots have already been sold and as may be seen in this photograph much building is going on.



The Turret Bell as she went aground on the north shore of Prince Edward Island three years ago.



The same vessel was rescued by wrecking tugs a few days ago, and this photograph was made in Charlottetown Harbour. Such salvage work is unusual. Photographs by Bayer.



WREATH FOR QUEEN VICTORIA'S TOMB—The King granted permission to Miss Sniveley, who represented Canada at the International Congress of Nurses, to place a wreath on the Tomb of Queen Victoria. The wreath was made in London, but maple leaves specially brought from Canada, were incorporated in it. Miss Sniveley is standing on the right of the wreath in our picture and is accompanied by a party of Canadian Nurses.

THE MINING GAME

From the Standpoint of the Investor.

By W. CLIMIE

"THIS whole mining game is a gamble and no one but a gambler has any business in it." I have heard this remark while sitting at the blazing roadhouse fire during the winter rush into Gow Ganda, in the comparatively staid and settled camp of Cobalt, in the rotunda of the King Edward, and on the mining exchanges, you may hear it wherever mining men congregate. It is not true; but there is enough truth in it that the kindest word one could give to the beginner in the game would be the classic advice of *Punch*, concerning another sort of venture — "Don't." So long as men and women and mines exist people will continue to venture, however, in mines as well as marriages, and a consideration of the mine investor's chance of making good may help some of us in Canada just now.

If the game were always played fairly, then the more a camp is developed the less the element of chance applies to it and in the newer camps it would be more exact to call it a lottery than a gamble—a lottery in which the few draw rich prizes and the many draw blanks. When crooks get hold of the deal in any camp the great sucker public has no chance of winning at all, except by rare accident. The richer a camp is, the greater the wild-catter's opportunity; the sugar attracts the flies.

The Ontario companies law, and especially the conviction and imprisonment under it of a noted wild-catter last January, has cleared the air a whole lot in Ontario, and bold, bald steals of share-subscribers' money are by no means as much in evidence as in former times, but there is quite as much need to be on one's guard as ever. For while the law and the administration of it may improve, the masters of the game make even more rapid progress in the skillful and cunning evasion of its provisions and a good law often creates a fancied security that plays into their hands. No matter how carefully the hedge of legal safeguards may be constructed, the public must, in the long run, learn to take care of itself.

Outside of pure and simple stock gambling, on margin or otherwise, mining investments are made in two ways, in the purchase and development of mining claims or in the purchase of shares in an incorporated mining company. To the average investor the latter is usually the only available one.

Mining claims have a value, somewhat elastic, but, after all, the limits of which are pretty well fixed by conditions. There are thousands of claims staked and recorded that are not now and never will be worth anything. The value of a claim depends upon the showing made, the formation of the rock thereon, and its location. If the country around it is proving up well it will have a fair market value, though with the same showing in an unknown country it might be unsaleable, except to the "sucker." If the amount involved is at all considerable the experienced investor will only buy after examination by one, two, three, or even more experienced men in whose ability and reliability he has confidence and who make independent reports on it. Lots of cheap claims can be had all over the country at from two or three hundred dollars upward, but a claim with any reasonably good silver showing and in a good locality will be held at \$50,000 to \$100,000 and upwards. The larger operators would rather pay \$50,000 for a reasonably well-proven claim than \$500 for an unproven one. More money is risked but the chances of making good are better. The point is that even the best claims have a cash market value that can be fairly closely fixed, and that is a point to remember when discussing the stock company side of the situation.

STOCK companies are not usually floated by the original stakers of the claim. They sell out for cash, or for an interest in the company, frequently for both. The purchasers turn over the claim, or claims, to the company generally at much more, often at very many times more than its actual cash value. A wonderful variety of ways have been invented for doing this and many curious expedients are resorted to, but it all amounts to the same thing in the end. The net result is that the investing public, who have put up all the money to buy the mine and put it on a paying basis, own but a small fraction of the mine, the bulk of it belongs to the promoters who may not have paid in a single dollar in cash, who may even be drawing a good salary or commission for their arduous work in "skinning" the public. In addition they frequently sell considerable amounts of the stock they

"hogged" for themselves, the proceeds going into their private pockets, yet they retain enough stock still to control the company in case the property should happen to show up well enough to make it worth while holding control. They are thus in the happy position of having allowed the public to pay for the mine and for its development, of having paid them a salary for allowing the public to do this; they have taken the precaution of stowing away as much cold cash as possible for themselves, in case the mine does not turn out well, and of retaining more than half the mine for themselves in case it should happen to turn out well. It is a good safe game; it has been worked again and again, and it is being worked yet.

In the earlier days they did not bother themselves much about the kind of property then handled or whether they had any property worth a cent or not; they simply gathered in all the money their glowing literature could draw from the public and let it go at that. But prison bars are objects these gentlemen do not contemplate with equanimity; their ingenuity now enables them to make a good thing of it and at the same time keep within the law.

THE law now requires that all the facts sufficient, or supposed to be sufficient, to put the public wise to the whole ins and outs of the scheme shall be published in the prospectus and a copy of it filed with the Provincial Secretary. The prospectus will give you a fairly good idea of what is doing, provided, first, you can get hold of it, and, second, that you can understand it when you get it. For since the companies are compelled to publish certain facts therein they are by no means flooding the country with them as of yore. When you do get them the essential facts are sometimes printed in small, modest type in an inconspicuous corner, like an unimportant afterthought, while the allurements are beautifully displayed, both as to language and typography.

The writer called at the offices in Toronto of as many brokers as he could get track of who were handling the stock of more recent flotations and in only two cases did he obtain a copy of the official prospectus, though he asked particularly for it. All he got was a bunch of nicely printed matter, reports, maps, etc. No doubt the statutory prospectus could be inspected at the provincial secretary's office, but that does not make it available to the ordinary investor.

Let us take a typical case of mine flotation and see what it means. Let us place the issue at one million shares, one dollar par value, or \$1,000,000 capital, which is very modest, as flotations go. The company make a contract for the purchase of mining property and agree to issue 800,000 fully paid up shares in payment. The vendors thus own eight-tenths of the company and as directors have the sole management of it. The balance of the stock, 200,000 shares, is offered to the public at, say, fifty cents. If a share sold to an outsider is really worth fifty cents it ought to be worth as much to a director. On that basis the directors were paid \$400,000 for their property. The chances are the property could not have been sold in the market for more than \$10,000 in cash, quite possibly not for the half or the quarter of that amount. The director can still remain a director though he may retain but a single share of his stock and for all the investor knows he may be buying the directors' stock and not the treasury stock of the company. In any event the money received from the sale of treasury stock will be all the actual cash available to make a mine, and the people who have put up all the actual cash, or practically all, will own one-fifth of the mine. The proportion which the promoters "hog" for themselves, and the consequent proportion which the public, who pay the piper, are graciously allowed to acquire depends upon the nerve of the promoters and the eagerness or otherwise of the "suckers" for the bait at the time.

Another company may issue, say, only ten per cent. of the capital stock as payment for the claims sold to the company, retaining ninety per cent. as treasury stock to be sold to the public. This looks so fair, so generous even, that the old hand at once gets suspicious. It is possible that the claims sold are so devoid of value, and the capital stock so large that even ten per cent. of it sold would bring in a few thousand dollars and such people may only

be playing for small stakes. One per cent., even, on a million dollars is \$10,000, and small stakes are not to be despised when the public get wary and big ones are hard to land.

An intending investor should insist on seeing a complete prospectus of the company whose shares he contemplates buying; he should study it till he understands what the proposition really is; if he cannot understand it he will be wise to leave it alone. If he does understand it he will probably leave it alone anyway.

Here would be a straightforward deal. A mining claim can be bought for, say, \$20,000. It is worth that; a good mining man would, we will say, be willing to pay that much in cash for it. A company is formed, stock sold, those who have given any service to the company by way of promotion, selling stock, or in any other way are paid a reasonable wage for their services. The rest of the proceeds of stock sale belongs to the company, its working capital. The claim is bought, paid for, developed, and the shareholders take equal chances on it becoming a mine of value. If the original claimholder thinks so well of it that he wants stock in the company let him buy it, the same as anybody else. Mining companies have been formed along such lines, but not often.

Yet it would be a mistake to imagine that the whole mining game is in the hands of an unmitigated gang of scoundrels. Of the new mines being developed to-day perhaps two-thirds of them are operated by clean men of business on straightforward business lines, men who never bother their heads with the stock-jobbing end of the game. They use their own best judgment or the judgment of the best men they can employ, buy and develop claims and take their chances on making good. If they win out once out of ten times they will probably be ahead. These men are not peddling out stock to the public to raise money for mine development. When a mine has advanced enough to give its shares a marketable value they may, frequently do, dispose of a portion of their holdings. They are usually men who have many interests and may require a portion of their money for other ventures, they may have a variety of reasons for selling without necessarily having lost confidence in the value of the stock, but this is quite a different thing from selling stock that never did have and in all human probability never will have any value at all.

There are claim holders who form companies in order to raise money for development purposes and who are willing to give the public they sell to at least a reasonably fair show. But before investing make sure of this: first, that they turn in their claims at something like a fair cash value; second, that your money cannot be diverted from its proper purpose of mine development; and third, and this is perhaps of most importance, that the men in charge are reputable men who will now allow themselves to be mixed up in a dirty deal. Otherwise don't touch it. You have not one chance in a hundred, probably not one in a thousand, of making good.

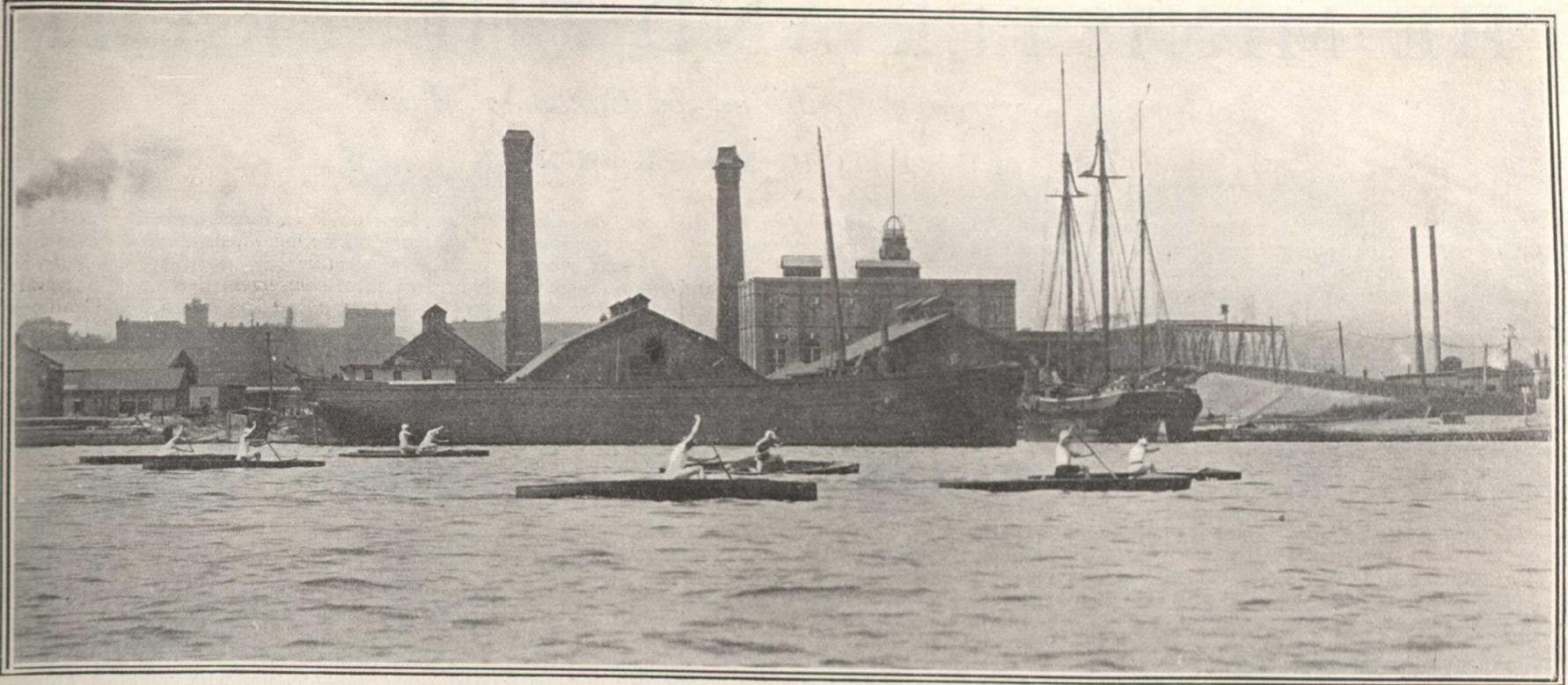
IT is surprising how, among the bigger operators, it is the confidence men have in one another that influences the investment of money, not only in mines but all other lines as well. The first thing they ask is: Who are behind it? Unless they know that the men in control are people who will give them a fair deal the proposition is turned down at once. Among themselves a reputation for playing the game fairly is essential to success. After all, in all the unsavoury work that has been done in mining circles in Canada there have not been many men of repute who have lent their names to help on the fakes. It is getting better, for once they do it they are soon spotted, and in looking over the list of directors or promoters I have not noticed a single name of prominence or good standing in financial circles in any of the flotations that seems to me to be a wildcat.

It is a good rule to follow that, if you are not sure of the men in charge, give yourself the benefit of the doubt and leave it alone.

The public press can by no means be held blameless in this matter. Without its aid the frauds practised could not have been nearly so extensively or so successfully carried out. The papers, or a portion of them, published what on the face of them were schemes for swindling the public and accepted their share of the plunder—at regular advertising

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 19

ANNUAL MEET OF CANADIAN CANOE ASSOCIATION



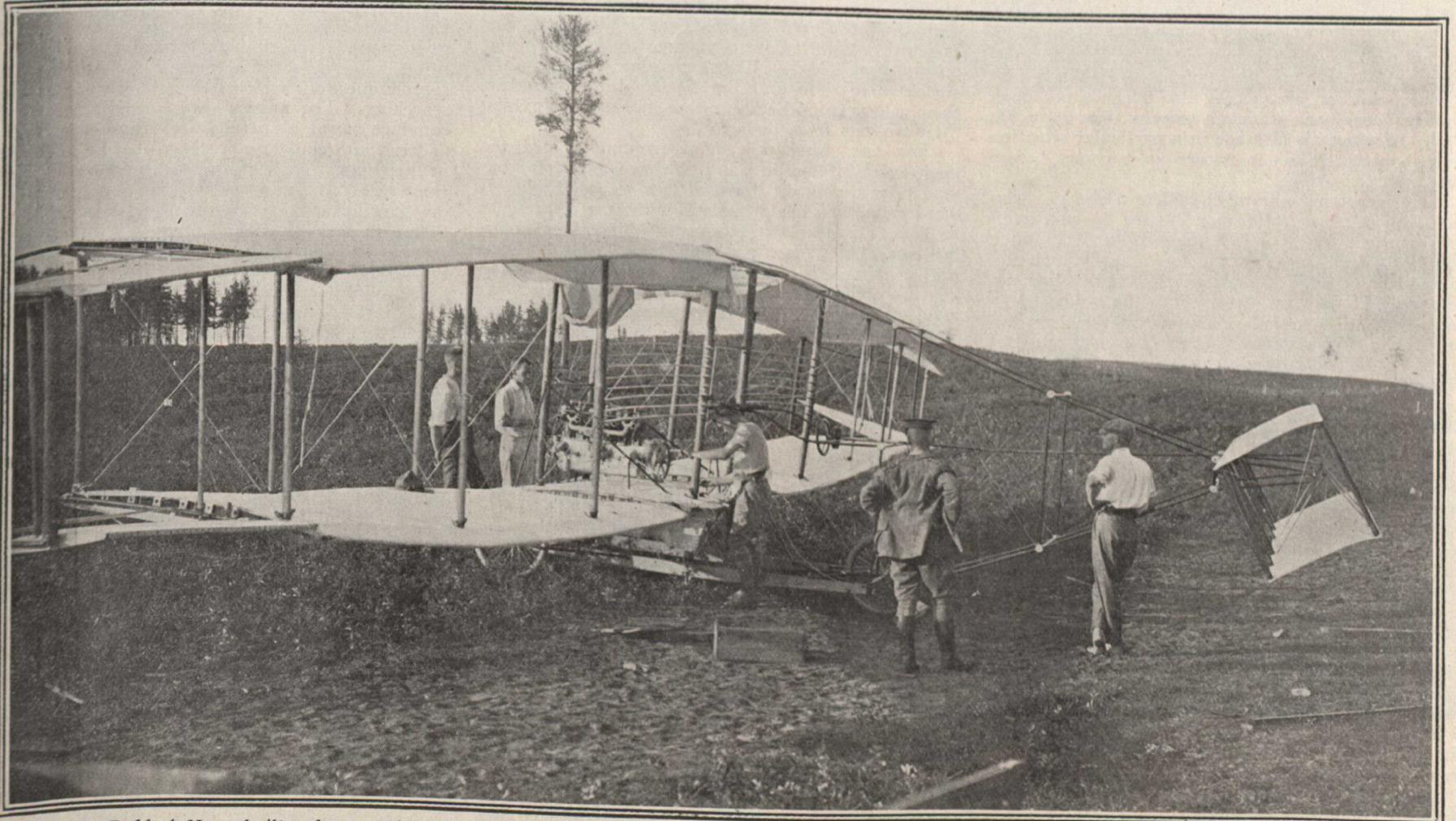
The C. C. A. Meet was held this year in Toronto Bay—The Junior Singles.



Winners' Senior Tandems, T. C. C., leaving Judge's Boat.



Senior Fours after the Finish—I. A. A. A., first; T. C. C., second.



Baddeck No. 1, built and operated by Messrs. McCurdy and Baldwin, has been put together at Petawawa and is shown ready for her first flight.

THE MINISTER AND THE TRAMPS

Some of Saturday's Trials in the Canadian Manse

By MURDOCH MACKINNON

SATURDAY is "tramp" day for the minister. Early in the week you are bound to miss them and to find that when you trudge home at half-past six one of these citizens of the highway has just left, disgusted with your irregular hours. In fact they know your time-table far better than you know theirs and without regard to Professors James and Starbuck they have the psychology of your religion down to a science. It takes some constructive ability to prepare even a passable sermon, but the stiffest text a minister faces from one end of the week to the other is the Saturday morning tramp. There is no need of a formal introduction, it is true, but there is ample scope for impromptu exegesis and much practical application.

What would you do, for example, with a man who comes to you in great penitence and asks you to implore the Higher Powers in his behalf? The tremour of his voice, the tears that course down his cheeks and the downright religious character of his request all bespeak an anxious seeker after treasure. For no sooner are you up from your knees than he tests the genuineness of your prayer by asking for the price of a ticket to a neighbouring town where his wife lies sick, his children seized of some terrible plague and where one sinner at least is determined to make a fresh start. If you are a novice you will grant him his request, comforting yourself with the thought that you are carrying out the golden rule. I took the precaution, however, of buying the ticket for him and seeing him aboard the train. He got off at the outer station, used my name in re-selling his ticket and returned to the city to celebrate Saturday night.

All tramps have certain characteristics in common. They have the same defective boots and you cannot escape noticing them, the same desire to be clothed upon and the same willingness to do work which unfortunately you never have on hand. But more important still they are, as far as I know them, all religiously inclined. It is this tendency that brings them so often to the minister. They know he is a specialist in religious matters and that they can rely upon his giving them something worth having. That they put the goods on the market is not to be wondered at. Deacon Jones does the same thing when he expects you to buy in his store as a matter of right, because he goes to your church. But while they have many traits in common, tramps have also their own individuality and special methods of attack. They vary the programme according to circumstance and believe firmly in the value of individual work for individuals. Many a minister might well take a hint at this point for his success also depends not upon his eloquence or academic career but upon his ability to adapt his message in a particular situation and to interpret human nature as it comes before him.

"He is not in," the maid said to a sturdy specimen who came one afternoon "to see the minister," as he termed it. Not in? How absurd! "When will he be in?" he enquired peremptorily. He returned at six only to find that his victim had not yet arrived. He was shown into the study, but a few moments later he was found in the drawing-room balancing a sterling silver dish on the tips of his black fingers, muttering to himself all the while, "When is that man coming back? I want to see that man right now." Things were beginning to look blue about the house when as fortune would have it I alighted from my bicycle and walked in. He was somewhat taken aback at my size and foreboding aspect, for he gathered that I did not receive in the drawing-room. Nevertheless he began his speech: "When you are in trouble you go to see your minister. I am in trouble and I have come to you for assistance. I am a Presbyterian from —" I gave him assistance in a direction he hadn't counted on and when he suddenly landed on the sidewalk he realised that he was not the only Presbyterian in the block. The moral is that a minister should never be late for tea especially on Saturdays when he is supposed to be in his study. Strange how a man sometimes eases his conscience by visiting, that is, becoming something of a tramp himself when he should be working over his sermons!

Even tramps make mistakes, however, and are deceived by outward appearances. A daughter of

the Emerald Isle presented herself one day and pleaded for her sick husband and other relatives. "Have you any children?" I asked. "Yes, Father, but they are too young to work and one of them is after being sick for foive months." I told her that I had a good many people needing help in my own Presbyterian congregation and suggested that her best course was to see the priest. Finding that she had made an unfortunate slip she tried to put things right by saying that her husband was a Catholic, "but I go to St. Paul's (Anglican) sometimes and yours is the faith I was brought up to (she couldn't recall the name 'Presbyterian'—it was not in her vocabulary) and I have a warm place for it in my heart still." Very warm, almost suffocating, I thought. Denominationalism has its defects but it has one excellent merit in this connection, for, by using the *argumentum ad Lominem*, you can with a clear conscience get rid of nine-tenths of your Saturday intruders.

I had another proof of the religious bias lately when a man carrying a small bundle tied in a red handkerchief, a favourite trade mark, presented a written petition signed by two local doctors and the "Rite Rev. Bishop" of the diocese. It read something like this: "The bearer, Norton Twist, is suffering from siatic stoppage of spitch and is deserving of charity benefit." Knowing that the good bishop seldom signed himself "Rite Rev. Bishop," and that, in any case, he did not write the same identical hand as the two medical men referred to, I made hold to question the trustworthiness of the document. But he assured me that his jaws were really affected, indicating the exact place on mine by way of illustration. I warded him off but he persisted in arguing his point and vouching for the bishop's signature. He became very emphatic at last, especially when I hinted at possible interference from the police, but it was not until after he had gone that it occurred to me, his self-defence was sufficient contradiction of his document.

Pity is an aspect of religion and this fact is fully appreciated by your tramps. "Ugh! for mercy sake!" A scream came from the door one cold winter day. "There's a man here with a terrible arm and he wants help." I got suspicious at once for it couldn't have taken him any time to make known his ailment. As I went to him he punctuated his very first statement by whipping back the ripped sleeve and exposing a horrible wound on his forearm, a wound received ostensibly while rescuing a child from a fire. A noble cause! A brave man! It is worth while losing an arm to do the heroic on occasion. A man like that should have a medal struck in his honour. But heroes do not proclaim their valour from the house-tops, nor do they exhibit their wounds from door to door.

For one thing this man's wound seemed too geometrical in outline and the sleeve rather conveniently arranged. I asked him to call back. It was not for the health and safety of the community to have this free exhibition, so I called up police headquarters. Yes, they knew him. They had run him in often. He created this wound himself and kept it going by means of certain acids and had refused free treatment at the dispensary. "Where is he now?" they asked. "He will be back here in a few minutes," I volunteered and when he arrived one policeman opened the door for him, another stepped up behind and they led him to his own place.

Tramps are on principle in favour of the separation of church and state and regard it as an outrage to have these combine to break up their cleverly laid plans.

It is hard even for a Calvinist to be stern always, especially when his tormentor is of the female persuasion. "I knew as soon as I laid my eyes on the sweet face of you that you were a minister," (still another proof of the religious bias), said a blind woman whose eyelids twitched terribly as she spoke. In the face of an ingenuous and overwhelming compliment like that it is easier to give a quarter and encourage theft and untruthfulness than to summon the courage to refuse. This case is not unlike that of the deaf mute who sold lead pencils around here at five cents each. He indicated the price so neatly by holding up the fingers of his right hand that to refuse him would be like tempting Providence and showing a spirit of ingratitude for the gift of speech.

In an unfortunate moment he struck the Deaf and Dumb Institution when, lo! the game was up.

It is suggestive to think that the clergy have impressed themselves upon the tramp fraternity as men of money. There is many a millionaire who doesn't get half the recognition. "I'll let daylight into you if you say one word," thundered a bluff fellow one night as he covered the minister's head with a loaded gun. "I am here in search of money." "Is that so?" said the minister springing up with alacrity; "wait till I get a lamp and I'll help you look."

It would be worth while investing in a buck saw and a cord of wood to test these "willing workers," whose common tragedy seems to be their inability to obtain employment. But where is the tramp who really wants to work when he can make five times more money out of the maudlin sensibility of the people? "Now look here, I know Mr. Claxton," one of these anxious inquirers said to me one day as I gave him the address of the city missionary who would provide him with work, "I know Mr. Claxton, and I tell you he is no earthly good."

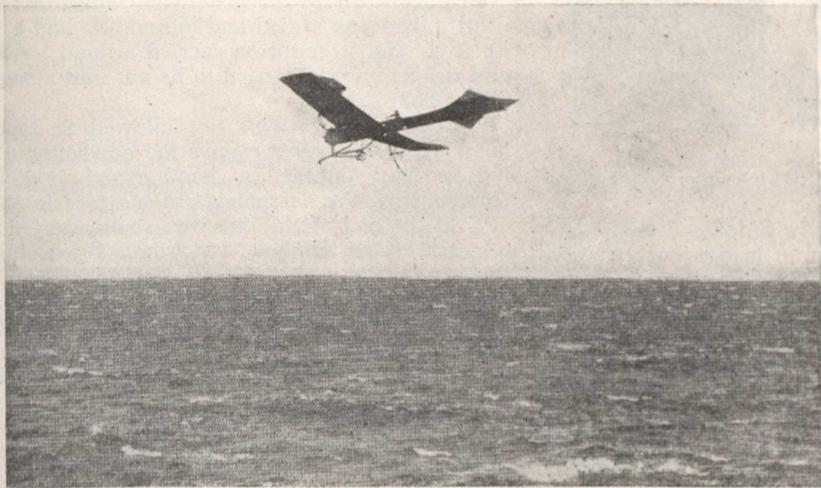
"I heard of a minister with a small stipend whose shoes had come to look rather shabby in the pulpit. His wife presented him with a new pair. Late Saturday afternoon one of our old friends called and had a profitable interview. Sunday morning the minister appeared in the same worn-out foot-gear. "Why don't you wear your new shoes, John?" queried his good wife, "I got them for your Sunday best." "I gave them to a poor man who called yesterday afternoon," he announced innocently. "But, dear me, why didn't you give him your old ones and keep the new ones for yourself?" "Oh, well," he replied, anxious to drop the subject, "he said he had old ones already."

Many a man who has resolved to have absolutely nothing more to do with this tribe has been taken in by the very next man with a new wrinkle. For the success of a tramp depends on his ever appearing under a new guise. Here is a man to-day from my own native county. He is the hundredth man who is honest as against the ninety-and-nine unjust persons who have no claim on your charity. He knows the whole neighbourhood and names some people who are familiar to you. While his face is strange he has the accent and intonation and there is no doubting his birthplace. He is one of the crew off the ship that went ashore in the storm last week. True enough the ship he names did go ashore and that may be the reason why every tramp in town has suddenly become a member of that crew. Before giving him a contribution toward the price of his ticket home, I satisfied myself by asking a few specific questions which I thought were quite heart-searching. The answers were satisfactory and to convince me of his straightforwardness he took my address with elaborate precision that he might remit in due time. The very next day in walks another shipwrecked mariner and without a single query on my part he answered all the questions of the day before in one breath and presto! I found that my address had been passed around, possibly sold and I with it!

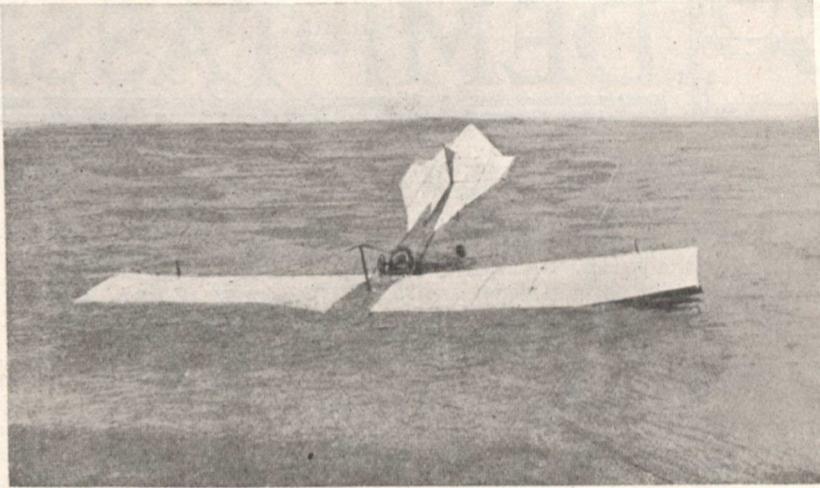
Like all parasites, tramps are not utterly useless. They stand before us the naked and unvarnished product of our social and economic system. At bottom they are but our own sins bodied forth. The fine points by which a business man accumulates inordinate wealth, the craving of many for the race track and the stock exchange, the straining for effect in the pulpit without the legitimate process of preparation are all but variations of the tramp principle—*getting something for nothing*. The "ocular proof" of our imperfect humanity are these mendicants, and while as a social phenomenon they may require to be specially dealt with, we may say this much, that as long as society is what it is, we shall always have them with us and when there are no tramps to deceive the unwary, there shall be no need of ministers to serve as their victims.

Combative but Kind.

ONE of George Meredith's sayings was: "Let us be combative, but let us be kind." He believed that women should be granted the vote, but he was not at all in sympathy with the tactics of the militant suffragettes. "Those rowdy scenes are terrible," he once said, "I am not in agreement with anything that is bad taste and bad strategy."



Latham's Airship on its way across the English Channel from Calais to Dover.



After the Aviator's fall into the Channel, two miles from Dover and Success.



The City of Barcelona, Spain, which has been the scene of serious riots, showing the business quarter and the principal business street known as The Bambla.



San Fernando Street, Barcelona.



Columbus Promenade—Columbus Monument in distance.

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THE DEMI-TASSE

WHERE THE OBJECTION CAME IN.

IT was my good fortune some months ago to spend the better part of a week in Lahore, the chief city of the Punjab. Lahore is famous in history as the ancient capital of Ranjeet Singh. Antiquarians and students of architecture know it best for the great Padshah mosque, the Spah-dura or mausoleum of the Emperor Jehangir, and the famous House of Joy of Shah Jehan, in the Shalimer Gardens, three miles north of the city wall. But to the average Anglo-Saxon of this twentieth century, all other of Lahore's claims upon celebrity are eclipsed by the fact that it was while working here, first as a reporter and afterwards as one of the sub-editors of the *Civil and Military Gazette*, that Rudyard Kipling "found himself." Naturally one hears less about Kipling, and that less not always enthusiastically appreciative, here than in many other places.

The *Gazette* office is none the less an unofficial shrine at which the British and the American tourist do homage to the literary genius of the wider empire. I rendered my tribute, of course, and as I could identify minion from nonpareil and differentiate between a galley and an imposing stone, I was favoured with more considerate attention than is usually accorded visitors in this particular newspaper office.

Of course the talk turned upon Kipling, and I duly waxed enthusiastic over those wonderful "Plain Tales from the Hills," which first appeared in the *Gazette* as Saturday special stories from its at-that-time Simla correspondent.

"Oh, yes," somewhat hesitantly assented Mr. Macdougall, the veteran Scot who has been business manager of the *Gazette* longer than the majority of Lahore folk can remember, "oh, yes, Mr. Kipling did very good work while he was with us. But he wasn't an altogether satisfactory man for newspaper work. Take his tales from Simla. The people here had no difficulty in recognising the characters, although he disguised the names, and they didn't like it. You've no idea how many Simla people cancelled their subscriptions on account of those same stories."

There is a moral in this, but it isn't supposed to be apparent to anyone who has not worked on a newspaper and taken either one side or the other in the everlasting feud between the editorial room and the business office.

* * *

GUARDING AGAINST FUTURE MISTAKES.

AN early morning customer in an optician's shop was a young woman with a determined air. She addressed the first salesman she saw. "I want to look at a pair of eyeglasses, sir, of extra magnifying power."

"Yes, ma'am," replied the salesman; "something very strong?"

"Yes, sir. While visiting in the country I made a very painful blunder which I never want to repeat."

"Indeed! Mistook a stranger for an acquaintance?"

"No, not exactly that; I mistook a bumblebee for a blackberry."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

* * *

HIS FAITH WAS NOT SHAKEN.

PROPOS the disposition of Kitchener of Khartoum to go straight to the point in any matter brought before him, a new story comes from Trichinopoly, in the south of India. A bridge was in construction in that vicinity, the work being in charge of a young sub-lieutenant of the engineers. One afternoon operations were abruptly brought to a halt. There had been an explosion of the dynamite. The works in the immediate neighbourhood were wrecked, and thirty-one coolies were reported killed instantaneously.

"Just my beastly luck," growled the unfortunate lieutenant of engineers. "I suppose I'll have all the priests in the country down on me for backsheesh, and there's sure to be an awful wiggling for me from headquarters. I won't hear the end of this for many a long month. Damn their red tape, anyway! I've a mind, instead of reporting to the colonel, to put it right up to the C-in-C. himself. He had his shooting camp only thirty miles back last night."

So a few hours later this message went over the wire:

"Kitchener, Commander-in-Chief's camp: Regret report explosion dynamite bridge construction Vipur river. Cause mystery. Every precaution taken. Thirty-one coolies killed."

"I suppose the lightning will strike me about tomorrow night," soliloquised the mournful lieutenant as he handed in the message. "Well, it's better than waiting six months for it."

It was only five hours later, however, when a reply was delivered—short and to the point:

"Do you require more dynamite to complete your work?"

"Well, I'll be damned!" said the lieutenant.

* * *

SIR JOHN FRENCH'S WIT.

SIR JOHN FRENCH is a great soldier, but like many other great soldiers—including Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington, yes, and Lord Kitchener—has a dry wit of his own that relieves the tone of grimness which is so often associated with the life of a great military commander. Many stories are extant of Sir John, but it is believed that the following, now given by a friend, has never known print before. During the South African war there was a young officer just from Sandhurst, who was attached to General French's staff. The young fellow has himself achieved some distinction since then, and shall be nameless. At that time he was fresh and fidgety, and was always imagining a constant menace of attack by the Boers, whom he invariably pronounced "Bores." This pronunciation General French had in vain tried to correct, and it gradually got on his nerves. One day the young officer came to the General to report that he believed he could make out through his field-glass quite as many as twenty "Bores" hid in the rocks above his camp. "Bores, you say?" inquired the General. "Yes, sir. Bores. Can I do anything, sir?" "Yes, don't add to them."—*M. A. P.*

* * *

LOST LUGGAGE.

KEITH MORRIS, a brilliant young Scotchman who has been engaged in journalism in London for several years, is now representing in the West the *Canadian Gazette*, the little weekly which, for over a quarter of a century, has rendered such splendid service to Canada in England. As a raconteur Morris has few equals, his collection of Scotch stories being excellent. He told one in Winnipeg the other night about an Aberdonian who went to spend a few days in London with his son who had done exceptionally well in the great metropolis. After their first greetings at King's Cross Station, the young fellow remarked: "Feyther, you are not lookin' weel. Is there anything the matter?" The old man replied, "Aye, lad, I have had quite an accident." "What was that, feyther?" "Mon," he said, "on this journey frae bonnie Scotland I lost my luggage." "Dear, dear, that's too bad; 'oo did it happen?" "Aweel," replied the Aberdonian, "the cork cam' oot."

* * *

CAN THIS BE TRUE?

IN the reminiscences of a grafting street car conductor, published in a recent issue of the *New York Sun*, there is an amusing description of the



Mrs. Frankfurter.—Ach Himmel! dond you see dot your husband iss vighting?

Mrs. Casey.—An' why shouldn't he? Ain't this a holiday?—*Life*.

way he carried on his operations in Toronto. He tells his experiences as follows:

"I went to Toronto and in this city I met a new system. Instead of a register the conductor received a little iron box sealed and locked. It had a handle on it so that it could be carried around. All fares and tickets were supposed to be put into a small slot in the box.

"The conductor was not allowed to touch the money. If a passenger gave the conductor a dollar bill he was supposed to hand exactly a dollar in change, then the passenger put his fare in the box.

"At the end of the line we usually waited fifteen minutes. One summer day, while I was lying on the grass, a grasshopper crawled into the slot. I caught another and tied a thread to it and lowered it into the box. When I pulled him up I saw several tickets sticking to his legs and I easily got them out through the slot. I put several grafting friends wise to the new trick.

"The farmers up there first thought all the conductors were going crazy. On a hot day you could see conductors running through the grass, hat in hand, catching grasshoppers. Afterward we used to get the kids to catch them for us. One day a conductor broke the thread while the grasshopper was inside the box. That night the receiver found the insect with a piece of thread tied to it inside the box when he opened it to take out the money. This rumbled the game. After that the graft was too slow, so I quit."

* * *

DARLING LITTLE WILLIE.

LITTLE WILLIE was missed by his mother one day for some time, and when he reappeared she asked:

"Where have you been, my pet?"

"Playing postman," replied her "pet." "I gave a letter to all the houses in our road. Real letters, too."

"Where on earth did you get them?" questioned his mother, in amusement.

"They were those old ones in your wardrobe drawer, tied up with ribbon," was the innocent reply.—*London Opinion*.

* * *

UNGRATEFUL GEORGE.

MRS. GEORGE HARRIS of a certain Canadian city has lately become interested in the "occult" and wearies her inferior half with disquisitions on near-theosophy and kindred subjects. George can stand a mushroom hat and Empire gowns, to say nothing of suede shoes to match the costume; but when he is asked to pay the bills for his wife's studies in the "unseen" and other mysteries, he protests long and loudly. The other evening, Mrs. Harris was in a reflective mood and determined to discuss her favourite topic.

"George," she said dreamily, "you know I've been reading a lovely little poem by Ethelwyn Wetherald—one of our Canadian writers, you know. In this, she describes the dead wife as coming back to earth in the form of a white moth and fluttering down on the book which her husband is reading. Now, do you suppose if I were to die that I should return to you in some form like that?"

"I should say," replied George grimly, as he slapped his arm with vigour, "that if you do any returning act and take a fancy to be a bug or a grub that I'll find you around as a mosquito."

George dined at the club on the following evening.

* * *

STRETCHING IT.

COMMERCIAL travellers find most of the natural curiosities along the lines of travel. This is a story told by one after a trip through southern Canada. "Being impatient to get out of a sleepy little town I ascertained the time of the outgoing train and hurried down to the station. After a while an object slowly emerged from the distance and slunk up alongside. I boarded the solitary coach, and after a tedious wait the engine began to gasp feebly, the old coach creaked a little, but the train did not move. I was about to get out to see what was the matter when the forward door of the coach was suddenly flung open and a head popped in. 'Hey, you,' said the engineer leering at me, 'climb off till I git a start, will y'!'—*Argonaut*.

* * *

WHAT DID HE MEAN?

The Major—"I saved that rose you gave me last week, Miss Antique; for though it is withered it still reminds me of you!"

Miss Antique—"Sir!"—*Christian Work and Evangelist*.

A VOICE FROM THE HIDDEN WORLD

A Story of Interest to Those Who Believe the Unbelievable

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

RESUME OF FIRST PART.

Dr. Faggett, a young practitioner with a patient, Miss Desmond, whose apparent ailment is self-starvation. One day, Faggett visits her and discovers her radiant in a new gown. She confesses that she has redeemed this gown from pawn at the price of going hungry. She had done so in the hope of pleasing a lover whom she is immediately expecting. This man calls at Faggett's office that night and with the doctor returns to Miss Desmond's residence. They find that she has been foully murdered.

CHAPTER II.



It is really quite impossible for any one to be bored at Mauleven Abbey. Lady Mary always has something fresh going."

"Wasn't it a delightful thought? One feels so much more interest in the performance, too, seeing it down here in one's own drawing-room. I'm sure I

wanted to go to the Adelaide Hall awfully, but Henry wouldn't let me. He wasn't quite sure that it was proper—such nonsense! Now I feel quite repaid for my disappointment. It really is charming of you, Lady Mary, and I am looking forward to this evening tremendously."

"So am I."

"And I."

"And I," I added grimly, from my position somewhat in the background.

Lady Mauleven turned towards me with a little laugh.

"Dr. Faggett, I recognise the voice of an unbeliever, do I not? You have no faith in Mademoiselle Astrea's powers? Am I not right?"

"Perfectly, Lady Mary," I answered, bowing. "I have no sympathy for, or belief in, psychology as interpreted by Mademoiselle Astrea and her disciples."

"How do you explain the phenomena which she produces, then?" asked another of the group of ladies.

I shrugged my shoulders indifferently.

"I have been to Maskelyne and Cooke's," I answered; "I saw some wonderful things there, but I could not explain them unless I was let into the secret."

"You think, then, that we have reached the limit of knowledge and control over the natural forces of the world?"

"I do not say that," I answered gravely; "indeed, I should be very sorry to say it. But I do not believe in the Mahatmas and Initiates of Miss Astrea."

"There have been some strange things seen. All London is talking of it."

"London is generally talking about something," I replied.

"By the bye, Lady Mary," some one interrupted, "if it is not a rude question, however did you persuade Astrea to come here? I heard that she would never even lecture in private except to Theosophists, and abhorred anything in the shape of a performance."

Lady Mary looked a little perplexed.

"That is so, I believe," she answered. "To tell you the truth, I was as much surprised as any one. Mr. Fitzgerald took me to her home twice, and as I was coming away the last time, I asked her, never imagining that she would accept, to spend Christmas here with us."

"And she accepted?"

"At once. 'I should be very pleased to come,' she said, 'if you would allow me one evening to speak to your guests—Christmas Eve.' Of course, I said that I should be charmed."

"And she has actually come?"

"She arrived an hour ago. She is having tea in her room, and will not appear until evening. Then she is going to lecture, or give a performance of some sort, in the library."

"She won't come down to dinner, then?"

"No; she begged to be excused. She likes to be quiet always for an hour or two before appearing in public. I wonder when the men will be back? It's a horrid day for shooting."

The conversation drifted away; and, as was natural amongst a little group of women drinking afternoon tea at an English country-house, became incomprehensible to me. It was odd that I, an old bachelor, forty years old, with little taste for gaiety, should find myself spending Christmas at Mauleven

Abbey; but Lady Mary had attacked me at a weak moment, and the inducements she offered—four meals with the Quorn in one week and the pick of the stable—were irresistible. A bad day's hunting and a thick, drizzling rain had brought me home before the rest of the men, who had thrown in their lot with the shooting-party, and accounted for my presence at so feminine a gathering.

Presently there was a tramping in the hall and the sound of men's voices. The door was thrown open, and the Earl of Mauleven and the remainder of his guests entered. It chanced that, though I had known Lady Mary for several years, I had never met her husband, and I was looking forward to doing so with some curiosity, for Lord Mauleven was a famous man both in the House of Lords and in the literary world. So I rose and scanned his face with some interest as he advanced towards me with outstretched hand and courteous smile.

Twenty years had not dulled my memory a jot, and in Lord Mauleven I saw at once the man whom the shrewdest detectives in England had sought for in vain. Iron grey had mingled with the coal black hair, and a deep furrow was engraven across his forehead. Yet there was the same fine dignity of carriage and perfection of features. It was the face of a scholar and an artist. As a physiognomist, I should certainly have ranked it the face of a man of high principles and noble birth. Yet I knew better. I alone knew that Geoffrey, Earl of Mauleven, was the man whom a coroner's jury had found guilty of the murder of Marian Desmond well-nigh twenty years ago.

If he recognised me, and I believe that he did, his nerve was magnificent. He affected not to notice the withdrawal of my hand, and welcomed me to Mauleven Abbey in a few well-chosen and graceful sentences. Then he passed on to speak to some one else, and the meeting was over.

I stood back in the shadows of the room like a man stunned, striving to realise this thing. It had come so suddenly and so unexpectedly. Lord Mauleven, scholar, author and diplomatist, was the murderer of Marian Desmond. It was inconceivable, and yet it was true, I told myself fiercely. He should have no mercy from me. As he had sinned, so should he pay the penalty. Neither rank nor fame should save him from my vengeance, which was, indeed, only a simple act of justice.

I looked at him—tall, debonair, and courtly, moving about with all the distinction of his fine presence amongst the little scattered group of his guests; but my heart knew no pity. At that moment memories of the only woman whom I had ever cared for were rising up within me, strong and undimmed by time. Across that weary gulf of years I seemed to see once more her sweet, worn face, with all its patient hope and longing, so ill rewarded. The luxurious chamber, with all its wealth and colouring, its dainty lounges and cosy recesses, seemed to contract into a barely-furnished attic, and the roaring fire which burned brightly upon the fine open hearth, piled up with pine-logs, into a handful of white ashes. And when the dream-pictures floated before my vacant eyes had passed away, they left me full of a living anger. I would leave the Abbey this very hour and lay my information before the authorities of Scotland Yard. And with this intention I rose and, ostensibly to dress for dinner, left the room and mounted the broad oak staircase.

My apartment was the last in a long row in the main gallery. I had reached it, and was on the point of entering, when I heard the trailing of a woman's draperies close behind me, and almost immediately felt a touch upon my arm and heard my name distinctly pronounced.

I turned round, and for the moment fancied myself the victim of some transient hallucination. It seemed, indeed, as though the two figures who had dwelt so long in that dim shadow-land of memory, had glided afresh into my life on this dark winter's afternoon, for the woman who had spoken my name and who stood by my side was surely looking up at me with Marian's eyes and had spoken with Marian's voice. Yet when I looked again I found it was not so. She was slighter and much smaller than Marian had been, and her complexion was altogether different. She had the appearance of a woman who had lived in some far southern land. Her skin was almost olive-hued, and her dark, glowing eyes, shining up at me from amidst the hair which waved all around her small oval face, had an odd, penetrating force. She was a curious figure

to encounter at any time, with her wonderful eyes and quaint bizarre beauty; and the suddenness of her approach and that strange resemblance to the dead, coming at a time when my whole being was shaken with memories of the past, seemed to endow her personality with a suggestion of the supernatural. If I showed anything of this in my face, she took no notice of it.

"Dr. Faggett, it is I—Marian Desmond's sister. You were her friend, and you were good to her. How is it that I find you here, a guest beneath her murderer's roof?"

"I saw his face for the first time ten minutes ago," I answered slowly. "I am leaving the Abbey at once. I go to bring him to book."

She held up her hand. A gleam of the early moonlight stole through the mullioned window and fell upon her face. It no longer resembled her sister's. The features were set, and cold, and hard, the eyes were blazing with passion.

"Stay! His hour has already come, and your hand need not strike. Think not that you alone have thirsted for justice against this man. In the mountains of India I saw the deed done, and I heard my sister's death-cry ring over land and ocean in my ears. The God of my belief raised the veil and I saw. I bowed my head and I was silent. I sought counsel of those who knew, and I held my peace. The reward came slowly, but it has come. Nirvana, the sweetest goal of life, is before my eyes. The blessed Initiates of the East have called me sister. Powers and forces hidden and unknown to you bend themselves to my will. Stay this night and see the end. It is my bidding."

"I am Astrea, and I command. Farewell!"

She seemed to vanish from my eyes without bodily movement. Or might it not have been that the thick clouds which had floated across the moon had filled the gallery with sudden darkness? I closed the door of my room and told myself that I had spoken with a mad woman. But I did her bidding—I waited.

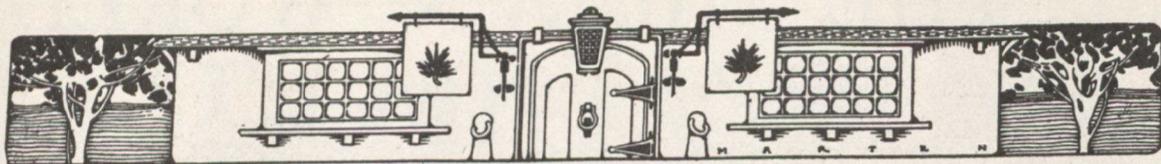
At nine o'clock in the evening the curtain rose on this last scene in the drama of life. The great library of Mauleven Abbey was thronged with such a company as its walls had never before enclosed, and the air was full of the rustling of gowns and suppressed whispering. Every one was full of curiosity to hear what this woman, whose name had suddenly become famous, would have to say about the unknown science. Would she have new wonders to reveal—perhaps even miracles to perform? There was an uncertainty about it all which was perfectly delightful. It seemed as though anything might happen in that great chamber, with its quaint, dark recesses, where no light fell and where the very air had a bookish, musty flavour suggestive of mystery and necromancy. It was quite a charming idea of Lady Mauleven's, every one declared; and her ladyship, leaning back in an olive-green *fauteuil*, close to the front, felt sincerely grateful to Astrea for her unaccountable whim.

I had chosen a seat, or rather a standing-place, with my back to the wall, directly opposite Lord Mauleven. Our eyes had met only once, but it was sufficient. I knew that he had recognised me, and I knew, too, that he had some idea of the danger before him.

There was a little murmur and then an intense quiet amongst the audience. Some heavy curtains at the other end of the apartment had been thrown back, and Astrea stepped slowly forward. I can see her now as she stood there, pale and still, with her great luminous eyes wandering far over the heads of the expectant audience, and her lips moving slowly, as though repeating some prayer or lesson to herself. A deep, awesome hush fell upon the crowd of fashionably dressed men and women. Lord Mauleven alone appeared unmoved and careless. He had given up his place to a late arrival, and was leaning against a pillar with his face half in the shadow. I only could read beneath that faint, supercilious smile which was hovering round his fine mouth.

Astrea slowly dropped her eyes and spoke. The first words which fell from her riveted the attention of her listeners. Some hidden electricity seemed to lurk in the timbre of her tone. Every one, even those who had come prepared to treat the affair as a joke, or some light form of entertainment, were galvanised into rapt and breathless attention.

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 22.



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A CANADIAN CHARACTERISTIC.

THE writer, newly returned from a trip abroad covering several years, has been painfully struck by the sad way in which the people of Ontario take their pleasure. At a fair which I attended the other day the girls were dressed their gayest, and the young men arrayed in their gladdest rags, but the young women never seemed to manage anything more joyous than a titter, and the young men than a sheepish grin. Once I did see two girls bombard a young man with peanuts, but even when he turned and discovered them the merriment of the three was restrained to a painful degree. I could not decide whether it was the ubiquitous eye and still more terrible tongue of the inevitable and ever-present gossip, or the Canadian climate which has gradually depressed all our ebullitions of feeling into such a dull uniformity. However, that may be, there can be no doubt but that there is something subdued in the manner of the average Canadian in almost every circumstance in life. He is not pushing, although persistent. He does not weep, he looks hurt. He does not grow rich, but he makes himself comfortable. He is not quarrelsome, but he holds to an opinion with more tenacity than a Scotchman. Even in his love affairs he is apt to be canny, and tries to form a sober estimate of his lady fair before permitting himself to become too fervent in his addresses. Our summer enlivens him a bit, and our bright winter stimulates him, but he never forgets himself so far as to be entirely care-free and happy. In spring, were it not for his uncloakable eyes, his personality would degenerate into a dull drab. He talks quietly, expresses a mild sorrow for those in grief and a tempered joy in other's weals. It must be admitted he is a gentleman, he is dependable, and he has all the manly virtues, the greatest of these being self-control. But the self-control our ideals of conduct force upon him is tyrannical. It permits him to enjoy himself, but prohibits mirth.

If its pressure is anywhere relieved, it perhaps shows itself more kindly to those who are in grief. In fact, a woman under many circumstances is expected to dab her handkerchief in her eye. One result of all this is rather nauseatingly familiar to those who visit the towns and country districts of Ontario. Being prohibited from too greatly enjoying living, the conversation of women especially turns easily, and often with avidity, to topics connected with death and dying. With infinite relish and sad faces, they tell each other of the last moments of dead departed ones, every symptom connected with the progress of their ailments and the grief, real or assumed, of relatives. Then the knowledge that they will be talked about forces the women to wear black even when they look hideous in it, and makes them adepts at voluntary weeping. The same uneasy knowledge is at the basis of the training of children, as is shown in that phrase constantly reiterated by mothers in admonishing children: "What would people say if they knew—if they saw—if they heard!" Even when it is not on their lips, the idea is in their minds and governs such speeches as this: "Johnnie, you mustn't do that," "Johnnie, don't laugh so loud," "Little boys should be seen and not heard," "Johnnie, you laugh too much," "Sit quiet like a good little girl," "Don't romp," "Now, be careful how you act to-night at the party," "Don't let your tie get up over your collar," until the poor children's minds bristle at all points with "don'ts" enough to keep them self-conscious for life, did not most of them eventually become second nature as the child grows to maturity.

So perhaps, after all, on reconsideration the Canadian climate and country may be all right, and as fit for the construction of a new heaven as any other on earth. It only needs that the sphere of usefulness of the gossip be somewhat restricted, that youth's natural joyousness be a little less impeded, and that our people aim at until they achieve self-poise instead of self-repression. Then it may

be that throughout the land, not only birds will sing and children laugh, but that men and women, too, will learn to sound the pure note of joy.

W. J. J.

* * *

A MUSICAL MEMORY.

AT the recent examinations of the London Academy of Music for pianoforte playing, counterpoint and harmony, Max Darewski, who is only 12 years old, succeeded in winning the gold and silver medals within two days. No other competitor was under 30 years of age. The compositions which he played were not attempted by any other



A wonderful young English Musician who has recently made a record in Memorising, also his Dalmation Dog.

competitor owing to the great difficulties they represented. To perform this feat the boy had to memorise nearly two million notes in a period of little more than a month. He is altogether a wonderful boy, and there is no doubt that as he grows older he will enjoy a success similar to Kubelik, who is the only notable instance of an infant prodigy developing into a musical genius in later years. Our photograph shows Max playing with his dog after enjoying the ordeal of his musical triumph. He speaks English, French and German, and knows a great many of Shakespeare's plays by heart.

* * *

GRACE IN MOVEMENT.

IF people express themselves in every attitude, as is said to be the case, how much of thought and character is revealed in movement—and especially in walking! Grace is not wholly a gift; it can be acquired, and woman owes it to herself as well as to the world in general to be graceful and healthy. The woman of grace has a tremendous advantage over the awkward woman. Her movements are a continuous, if perhaps an unconscious, delight to all with whom she comes in contact. The observation of a few of the rules for good walking would be a great aid to grace as well as a means of health and a benefit to the nervous system, for good rhythmical walking produces calmness of mind and self-control, and adds beauty to the voice by causing the vocal chords to vibrate in harmony with the movement of the person.

Little importance is often attached to the feet, although they have to perform the double duty of bearing and propelling the body; and of all enemies to grace of movement the high-heeled shoe seems to be the greatest. It interferes with the very essentials of good walking—namely, poise, and activity of the foot. The weight of the body ought to be adjusted over the balls of the feet, but the high heels throw the weight in the toe of the shoe,

and there is no spring in the instep. Although one should walk on the balls of the feet, and not allow the weight to fall heavily on the heels, that does not mean that the heels should not be touched at all. They should, and the foot ought to bend, and as the weight of the body must be on one foot while the other is swinging forward, the strongest position of the foot should be taken, and that is practically straight.

It is the bad management of muscles that makes one's movements jerky and awkward, and incorrect poise the chest always leads, the abdomen recedes and the back and head assume their right positions. The carriage of the shoulders is an important element in good walking, and if the chest is well up, not too high, and forward, the shoulders will take their natural position.

The importance of proper walking can scarcely be over-estimated, and has been strongly emphasised in the *Delineator*. It is just possible that Canadian women might exercise more care along this line to some advantage, and thus add to the charms which already place her among the fairest daughters of Eve.

* * *

A NEW DISCOVERY.

THE latest excitement in Paris seems to be over the discovery of a means of taking colour photographs. All sorts of beautiful scenery are reproduced with exactitude in both colour and form, and photographs of people show them with their actual colouring. The hair, the exquisite flesh tints are faithfully reproduced, and materials do not all look alike, but reappear in their real colours and as thin or thick textures. This promises a fresh boom in photography, and the actual colouring of dainty or grand bits of scenery, of sunrises and sunsets will be a novelty and a delight to experiment with.

* * *

"MORE LIGHT."

SERIOUS efforts for women's emancipation from the thralldom of conventionality are being made by the Mohammedan women of Egypt. Even the ladies of the royal household are ardent advocates of the movement, and at a recent meeting of over four thousand women, in which the cream of society was represented, a resolution was drawn up, unanimously endorsed and forwarded to the Khedive and his cabinet, demanding freedom from harem life, the abolition of the veil, permission to be in the society of men, and the right to be courted.

Women's organisations have been formed throughout Egypt, and the movement is considered of paramount importance, and has aroused great agitation among the conservative leaders. Animated discussions are also carried on through the press over "this infusion of European ideas into the sanctity of the harem." But the women are persistent and the Christians uphold them. The priests write that it is against the tenets of Islamism, but the women quote the Koran in support of their views, and eminent lawyers say that women really have the right to choose their husbands, for the law states that the bride's consent to marriage is essential.

What a world of ideas and emotions would be unfolded before those poor benighted sisters of the Orient if they were present at the recent Quinquennial Congress and could catch the light and warmth that radiate from this great intellectual and philanthropic movement! But they have taken one step in advance—another will follow.

* * *

THE PRINCE'S MINIATURE PONY.

LITTLE Prince Olaf of Norway's birthday present from his English grandmother, Queen Alexandra, is a glorious one—a miniature pony and one of a famous stud owned by a lady. The tiny creature is scarcely as big as some rocking-horses, and it will be the first animal that the little prince has had that is all his own. The companion of this tiny horse was also bought by the Queen for another little royal grandson, the baby of the King's immediate household who has not yet passed the actual stage of being known as baby.

All small boys like ponies, the characteristic not being confined to lads of royal birth. The poorer small boy must be content with an occasional ride in a butcher cart or delivery waggon, but he has his compensations.



The Royal North-West Mounted Police, who are to be retained for another period in Alberta and Saskatchewan. Photograph by Byron-May Co., Edmonton.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

Little Stories by Land and Sea, concerning the folk who move hither and thither across the face of a Big Land.

THE RIDERS OF THE PLAINS.

ALBERTA is naturally glad that the mounted police are to be retained in that province five years after the termination of the present arrangement between the Dominion and Provincial authorities. Alberta without mounted police would be difficult to imagine. The advance of civilisation and the bringing in of the local town constable has not lessened the need for the "riders of the plains." The work has changed. The need is still as great as in the days of whisky smugglers and horse thieves. The Provincial Government has for some time felt that the work of the police should be more directly under the surveillance of the attorney-general of the province. Be that as it may, the riders of the plains are able to police the country much more effectively and cheaply than any other kind of constabulary that could be devised.

* * *

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

ONLY the fittest survive. That truism of nature is being proved again, this time in British Columbia. Near Hazelton, in the northern part of that province, the Indians of the Kispiox tribe for many moons have hunted and fished and died. Now comes the invading white settler, who squats down and calls his own the pastures of the children of the forest. Naturally, they resent his aggressive attitude. Their protests have been heard. About a month ago, Indian Commissioner Steadman, Ottawa, held a pow-wow with the braves with a view to straightening out the tangle. His diplomacy, however, met with but temporary success. The situation of late has become menacing. The other day a tragic story leaked out of the upper country of the finding of the body of a man riddled with the bullets of a redman sharpshooter.

The *Victoria Daily Colonist* recently published a word of admonition to the officials in whose province falls the control of the Indian situation. The editorial said in part: "If our information is correct the case of the Indians of Northern British Columbia is one that will need very careful handling. At present, there is no real danger. Nothing more than what may be described as a general condition of unrest. * * * We feel very sure that with promptness, firmness and fairness any serious trouble can be avoided, but we would like to impress upon every one the absolute necessity of avoiding anything like politics in the discussion of this subject. No matter what we may think—and we do not suggest for a moment that anything has occurred calling for adverse criticism from a political point of view—it is of the greatest importance that the northern Indians should be given to understand that the white people are a unit in this matter. It is also important that the Indians should be impressed with the power of the Government to control the situation, if it should unhappily become necessary to resort to force. They must be made to understand that whatever their claims may be, they will only be adjusted by peaceable means, that the Government—and in a matter of this kind the Federal and Provincial Governments should act as a unit—is strong enough to preserve the peace and to punish all who violate the law. As to the way in which this should be demonstrated it may be a little too soon to express an opinion, further than to say that it

is desirable, as long as possible, to avoid any appearance of coercion; but we feel very sure that during the coming winter, if not before, all doubt on that point should be removed from the minds of the Indians."

* * *

THE PASSING OF A PIONEER.

GAVIN HAMILTON is dead. The autocrat of the Cariboo belonged to another day, another civilisation in the north when the wild alone called, and a degree from an engineering school had nothing to do with the choice of a career among the redman and his squaw. His life was crammed with romantic incidents which if set down would rival those of the redoubtable Colonel Cody. He started auspiciously by running away to sea from his father's home in the Orkneys. The good ship *Norman Morrison* dumped him off in British Columbia in 1853. Then he got a clerkship in the Hudson's Bay Company through the efforts of his relenting parent. The callow clerk proved his mettle by going up the Fraser one day and bagging three stout grizzlies single-handed. That feat made him a big chief among the Indians and tickled the fancy of Peter Ogden, the greatest factor of them all at that time. He became deputy to Ogden at Stewart's Lake and there was promptly smitten with the charms of the factor's daughter and married her. At the death of the patriarch, he succeeded to his honours and ruled over a vast area of territory till a few years ago, when he resigned from the service of the Hudson's Bay Company.

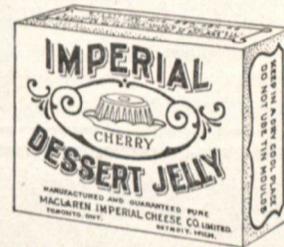
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RAILROADS IN THE NORTH.

BILLY KEHOE has returned to Edmonton and is talking of his travels. For the past seven weeks, he has been seeing that the boys vote right for J. K. Cornwall at Peace River. Between the spasms of the election, Billy has kept his eyes noting the progress of civilisation in the hinterland of Alberta. The other day he was chatting with a *Standard* reporter as to the railway situation and remarked:

"The railroads are going into that north country, and going in there in the immediate future. You are certainly going to see one of the greatest railway races in the history of the North American continent within the next two years for the last feasible pass in the Rockies. In Edmonton here we see a survey party go out into the wilds and pay but little attention to the incident, scarcely considering it worth while to inquire their destination. Out there it is different. The advent of the railway means the real birth of the country, and the pioneers are watching with most careful eye every move of every party in the north. Railroad talk is the one unending topic, and railroad guesses and prognostications are to be met on every hand. But the one first best guess, and the one point on which all in the north are agreed, is that both the C. P. R. and the C. N. R. are pointed due northwest to the Pine River Pass, and that the next great race in the railroad world is going to be between these two roads and it will be for this pass."

The Hon. Charles Murphy, who has been touring the West, also says that railway and crop conversation is the only kind that goes out there.



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MONEY AND MAGNATES

NEW ASBESTOS MERGER.

RENEWED attention to the importance of the asbestos fields of Canada will be given shortly by the formation of the Black Lake Consolidated Asbestos Company, which will take over the Union Asbestos Mines, the Southwark or Bells Mines, the Black Lake Chrome and Asbestos Company and the controlling interest in the Imperial Asbestos Company. The new company will control 5,385 acres in the Black Lake district and will have a capital of \$5,000,000, of the amount \$1,000,000 will be in bonds, \$1,000,000 in preferred stock and \$3,000,000 in common stock.

SURPRISING HOW CANADIANS LIKE TRACTION.

CANADA, for a young country, has taken a surprisingly large interest in electric traction concerns. Not content with controlling almost all the electric tractions in the different Canadian cities, Canadian capitalists, from the very first, were large purchasers of American electric traction stocks and besides established and still run a very large number of the electric traction concerns in the West Indies and Cuba. It seems astonishing why almost the controlling interest of such concerns as the Detroit United Railway and the Toledo Railway and Light Company should be held in Montreal and throughout the Province of Quebec. Of course, the majority of the Canadian shareholders are sorry they ever had anything to do with them, but in the meantime they have the stock and must stay with it in order to come out as well as possible on it.

The reason why the securities of the Illinois Traction Company are so largely held in Montreal is accounted for by the fact that the Sun Life Insurance Company underwrote a great proportion of the bonds of the company and it was through this concern that the preferred stock of the company was listed on the Montreal Stock Exchange.

It was a group of Halifax and Maritime Province capitalists who first recognised the opportunities offered by electric tramway concerns in the West Indies and they in turn founded and established the Porto Rico Railway Company, the Trinidad Electric Company and the Camaquey Electric Company. While not particularly large concerns, they have all made good money for the insiders who saw to it that a good block of bonus stock was set aside for themselves. Montrealers for a long time were largely interested in the Havana Electric but recently sold out to Havana interests. It was also a group of Montreal men who organised and still control the West India Electric Company, which operates in the town of Kingston, Jamaica.

THE MERGER WAVE IS ON US.

THERE is no denying it. The merger wave is on us. The principal reasons for them seems to be that the banks are anxious for them and capitalists find it very easy to make a good deal of money out of them. We have, as it were, taken a leaf out of the American book for most of the mergers that have been effected here have been along similar lines to those across the border.

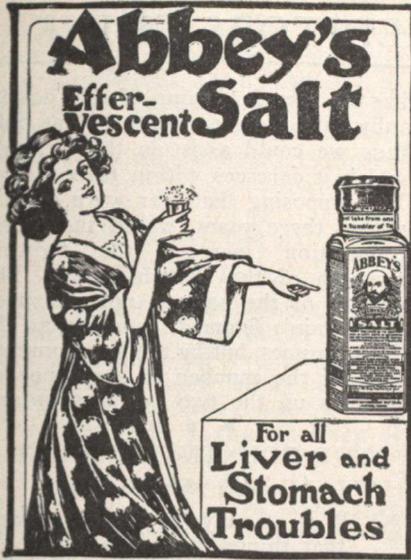
First among the big mergers effected here was that of nearly all the largest cotton companies that are now included in the Dominion Textile Company. Then along came the merger of a number of the principal Canadian rubber concerns now included in the Canadian Consolidated Rubber Company. Then came the period of depression, which rather accentuated the necessity of more mergers but the plans for them had to be deferred because money, for the time being, was so scarce that the plans for carrying them were not feasible. With the return of more prosperous times negotiations were immediately opened up and it was not long before the public heard the announcement that a number of the principal shirt, cotton waists and whitewear concerns had been included in the Canadian Converters Company. Attention being drawn to the business being done by a number of the asbestos concerns out in the Black Lake district in the Eastern Townships of Quebec, it was not long before the plans for the formation of the Amalgamated Asbestos Company were announced, and it was seen that it comprised a number of the asbestos companies of the district. Now it was the turn of the Canadian Cement Companies, as the managements found that the continual competition was only resulting in prices being cut so low that there was scarcely any profit left and the best way would be to get together and put an end to it all. A merger, with a Consolidated Cement Company with a capital of \$25,000,000 was the result. At the same time negotiations were being carried on for a merger of all the leading brewery companies in the Province of Quebec and the National Breweries, Limited, with a capital of \$10,000,000 was the result. In addition prominent interests are now at work closing up a merger of a number of the principal lumber concerns in the Ottawa Valley district and it will not be long before other industries are approached with a view of eliminating competition as much as possible.

The reason why the banks are so keen in having most of the mergers effected is that they find it very much more profitable to do business with one large prosperous concern than with a number of smaller ones, whose profits are greatly reduced by the competition they have to contend against. Some idea of just how vitally the banks are concerned may be judged by the relations that existed between the bank of Montreal and a number of the cotton companies before the Textile merger was put through. The indebtedness of a number of the companies, such as the Dominion Cotton Company, the Merchants' Cotton Company, the Montmorency Cotton Company, together totalled the very large sum of \$3,000,000 and yet when the Textile Company had been in operation for a few years it was able to practically pay off the entire debt and in the meantime the bank was making a fair amount of profit from handling its account. Where the capitalists make a great deal of money out of the mergers is from the stocks of the various concerns. With one big concern, it is very much easier to have the stocks listed on the regular stock exchanges and gradually the public are educated up to believing in their attractiveness and to invest their savings in a little of the stock the insiders are always willing to feed out to them.

For instance, the insiders paid \$10 a share for Dominion Textile common and it is now selling at \$75 a share. The insiders in the Rubber merger got their common stock as a bonus and it is now selling around \$95 a share. With such enormous profits an accomplished fact is it any wonder the "merger wave" should be on us?

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The Mining Game

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 10.

rates. It is better now, though some of them are at it still. They publish in reading matter form, as ordinary items of news, what are really paid-for advertisements, thus giving the prestige of the paper to what may be true—and may not. As to that, a portion of the report of the special committee of Governor Hughes, which spent a half-year in Wall Street, applies. It reads:

"A large part of the discredit in the public mind attaching to Wall Street is due to frauds perpetrated on the small investor throughout the country in the sale of worthless securities by means of alluring circulars and advertisements in the newspapers. To the success of such swindling enterprises a portion of the press contributes.

"Papers which honestly try to distinguish between swindling advertisements and others may not in every instance succeed in doing so; but readiness to accept advertisements which are obviously traps for the unwary is evidence of a moral delinquency which should draw out the severest public condemnation.

"So far as the press in the large cities is concerned, the correction of the evil lies, in some measure, in the hands of the reputable bankers and brokers, who, by refusing their advertising patronage to newspapers notoriously guilty in this respect, could compel them to mend their ways and, at the same time, prevent fraudulent schemes from deriving an appearance of merit by association with reputable names."

Literary Notes

MR. BECKLES WILSON'S "Life of General Wolfe" is promised for the early fall by the Copp, Clark Co., Toronto.

Mr. Ridgwell Cullum, who has written several vigorous tales, is to have a Canadian novel shortly. The title of the story has not yet been decided upon.

The Copp, Clark Co. of Toronto announce the following important fiction for the fall: "The Knock on the Door," Robert Hichens; "Anne Veronica," H. G. Wells; "Jeanne of the Marshes," E. Phillips Oppenheim; "Emily Fox Seton," Frances Hodgson Burnett; "Posson Jane and Pere Raphael," George W. Cable; "Price of Lis Doris," Maarten Martens; and "John Marvel, Assistant," Thomas Nelson Page.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts, whom Mr. W. D. Howells was eulogising the other day, is putting the finishing touches to "The Haven," his new novel.

The literary editor of the New York Times publishes the following note from a reader, which tells its own tale:

"The first sentence that greets the reader of Mr. James Lane Allen's new story states: 'Any one about to read this work of fiction might properly be apprised beforehand that it is not a novel; it has neither the structure nor the purpose of a novel.' Is it therefore not unfair to the public (and Mr. Allen) to be boldly apprised by his publishers, 'a new novel by James Lane Allen'? We well know the charm and high standard of Mr. Allen's writings and read eagerly all that comes from his pen. Is it not the more surprising that his publishers should stoop to this misleading statement—so contrary to that of Mr. Allen's—to further the sale of the story?"

* * *

"The Life of the Honourable Mrs.

Norton," by Jane Grey Perkins, is awaited with interest by admirers of the late George Meredith because of the fact that Mrs. Norton was generally conceded to be the original of the heroine of "Diana of the Crossways."

* * *

A western despatch states that Mrs. Jean Blewett, of Toronto, whose verses and short stories are so popular, expects to find "matter of matchless interest in the Northwest," where she is at present sojourning, studying the problems of the women who are helping make civilisation at the fringe of civilisation.

* * *

Mr. David Graham Phillips announces his new novel, "The Hungry Heart," a study of the complexities of modern marriage.

* * *

The *Smart Set* magazine for August, in pursuance of its usual admirable custom, publishes a dainty bit of verse in original French. Listen to this par Louis Le Cardonnel, entitled "Pour un autre":

"Toi qui rêves d'amour, toi qui rêves de gloire,
Avant que de tenter les périlleuses mers,
Grave cette sentence au fond de ta mémoire:
Le myrte et le laurier tous les deux sont amers."

* * *

The *Canada West Monthly* for August has just been received and it is an interesting number. The leading article is by Frank Mantle, entitled "The Men Who Lead the Farmers," being an account of the scientific methods in vogue at the agricultural schools of the Dominion and of the men who are responsible for their propagation. Arthur Heming, Irene Currie Love and Madge Macbeth contribute the fiction for the month and the regular departments of the magazine are maintained as interestingly as ever.

* * *

The current number of *The World*, published at London, England, is of peculiar interest to Canadians because of the space devoted to the interests of the Dominion. There is a full page sketch of the career of Mr. R. L. Borden, the Conservative leader at Ottawa, with a portrait of that gentleman, and there is a separate portfolio in colour dealing pictorially with Canadian resources.

* * *

An interesting discussion is going on in the literary world of England about the proposal to make a decided cut in the retail price of novels which sell there for six shillings and for \$1.50 on this side of the water. Readers appear at last to realise that they are being taxed a little too much for ninety per cent. of the fiction, which deluges the book shops in these days when everybody thinks he can write. However, a radical reduction is not likely to be made in a moment, for there are delicate differences of opinion between authors and publishers which time only can straighten out. Mr. Anthony Hope perceives no reasonable excuse for putting a book on the market minus a six shilling label. Mr. Rudyard Kipling, whom all recollect as sailing into the harbour of his literary fame on the shilling backs of "Soldiers Three" and "Wee Willie Winkie," retains a silent attitude towards the matter. Mr. H. G. Wells' socialistic tendencies lend themselves readily to any movement which would appear to place reading matter in the hands of all the people. Miss Bowen thinks that the new scheme would assist materially the unknown author for whose works the public does not feel inclined to pay the regular high price.



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WHAT CANADIAN EDITORS THINK

THE PROBLEM OF ASSIMILATION.

(*St. John Globe.*)

THE immense tide of immigration flowing into Canada and the United States on all sides brings with it the problem, not alone of the future of the immigrant, but that as well of the country into which he goes. Will the alien become absorbed by the ordinary life of his new home and its traditions, or will he gradually impress himself upon the new world until a new people and new traditions will be the result? Nature, who does her work well, will, in all probability, see to it that the balance of strength and power and intellectuality is preserved. In the meantime it is interesting to note the efforts made by men who have the best interests of their countries at heart and who, "in spite of all temptations," are anxious to preserve for their people the traditions and sentiments of the home land. For many years the great open country in the United States and Canada claimed the immigrant, and it did not dawn with any force upon those at the centres of civilisation that within the boundaries of their own lands were colonies and settlements as untouched by the traditions of the country in which they were as though these people had never left their native shores.

* * *

THE "NATIONAL" CANAL.

(*Ottawa Journal.*)

AND still there are Canadians who would advise the country to throw away all the advantages a national route will give us, and subsidise and aid an opposing route through American territory to an American port, by deepening the Welland Canal. By that course we would at once reduce the cost of the American through ship canal by \$42,000,000, the estimated cost of the Lake Erie-Lake Ontario link. By abandoning the New York State barge canal west of Oswego and applying the money on the ship canal they would save another \$50,000,000. We would thus in effect make the United States a present of over \$90,000,000 towards the construction of a rival waterway which is to make the "spectre of Canadian competition vanish." No sane business man would give a rival such an opening, and there does not appear to be any good reason why a nation should either. International friendship to be lasting must be grounded on mutual respect and esteem. And Canada will most readily gain the respect of her neighbours by conserving her national resources and advantages.

* * *

THE STAR AND THE NAVY.

(*St. John Sun.*)

WE fear that Sir Hugh Graham has been reading overmuch concerning the days of old when knights were bold and went whooping and galloping about adventure for to see. The *Star's* recent editorials only need a few Gadzooks and Have-at-thee-villains to read like a modern historical novel. In the main they are inconsequent and exaggerated tommyrot. Ostensibly the *Star* wants Canada to guarantee the interest on a sum of money sufficient to add a ship or so annually to the British navy—these ships to be controlled, and presumably manned and maintained by the British Admiralty. In other words, the *Star's* idea of Canada's contribution to Imperial defence is that we should hire substitutes to take our place in the line of battle. The only argument of value which it

has to offer in favour of this doubtfully patriotic proposition is that only thus we could assist in the struggle which it foresees within three years. But supposing that war were certain within three years, would the *Star's* proposition increase the fighting strength of the British navy? The growth of the navy is not measured by Britain's financial capacity, as the *Star* assumes, but by the government's idea of the number of ships needed to keep up the two power standard.

* * *

THE BOUNTIFUL WHEAT.

(*London Advertiser.*)

NOR is it only in the Northwest that things look so bright. We are credibly informed by those who should know, that there are fields in our own Middlesex County which will run over forty bushels to the acre. The entire country will be able to rejoice at this bright outlook. When crops are good, the farmer makes money, and the merchants and manufacturers get a good share of it. Business of all kinds will flourish; our trade, both domestic and foreign, will increase, and the indications of returning prosperity shown by the customs receipts of the past few months, will be borne out by a still more rapid development of our trade and commerce.

* * *

UNPROFITABLE HONOUR.

(*Renfrew Mercury.*)

MAYOR OLIVER of Toronto the other day told a representative of the press that had he not been elected chief executive in the Queen City his finances would to-day make a showing of some \$20,000 better than they do. In other words, had he spent his time looking after his own business instead of that of the public, he would be in much more affluent circumstances than he is at the present time. Therefore he will not again seek election. In this connection it must be remembered that in Toronto the occupant of the mayor's chair is paid a salary, a stipend such as would be considered princely in any occupation in a town. In about the same ratio the town and township councillors stand to lose in a material way. Time which otherwise would be devoted to their own interests they give freely to public concerns, meeting usually with a great deal more criticism than commendation, the strictures often being of the most thoughtless kind. Their main reward is a consciousness of having evinced a willingness to discharge the full duties of citizenship.

* * *

THE LATE JOHN DRYDEN.

(*Hamilton Times.*)

JOHN DRYDEN, who for nearly fifteen years was Minister of Agriculture for Ontario, died at his home in Toronto last evening at the age of 69 years. Few names are more familiar throughout the province, and few men have achieved such generally acknowledged success in office as Mr. Dryden achieved in the Ontario Ministry of Agriculture. The importance to which the Agricultural College and Experimental Farm have attained are testimonials to his ability and devotion to the work of that office. By nature and training he was specially fitted for such a position; and he was diligent in applying the teachings of science for the benefit of Ontario farmers. Mr. Dryden was a capable speaker, and as a politician he held in a very large degree the good will and esteem of his opponents. He was a prominent and active member of the Baptist Church

and was closely connected with McMaster University. Always prominent in moral work, he was a staunch advocate of temperance. His circle of private friends was a large one, as large as his acquaintance; he was an upright, able and progressive man, whose death will be widely regretted.

* * *

THE REAL NAVY.

(Hamilton Times.)

IF one were to shut one's eyes to the facts before one to-day and to one's knowledge of recent history, one might be more easily deceived and alarmed by those who seek to shake confidence in the efficiency of British naval defence. The naval manoeuvres witnessed by the Imperial press delegates a few weeks ago were in themselves a magnificent illustration of Great Britain's ability to hold its own; and the display of three great fleets, north, east and west of the United Kingdom, is a demonstration which will certainly not be lost upon the world. In the important fighting classes the increased strength of the navy over that of a few years ago is enormous, and the fleet as a whole is more than 100 per cent. in advance of the capacity shown at the great naval reviews of 1897 and 1902. The great British navy of 1909 would be the astonishment of the naval authorities of twelve years ago, or even seven years ago, had they not grown up with the increase.

A glance backward to the great review of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1897 discovers only 21 big battleships. There were no more in King Edward's coronation review in 1902. In the manoeuvres of a few weeks ago, there were forty. A contemporary directs attention to the fact that the British fleet has been greatly strengthened by the increase in the number of powerfully armed cruisers which are battleships in all but names. Of these, there were in 1897 only four, and in 1902 only six, while now there are twenty-seven.

* * *

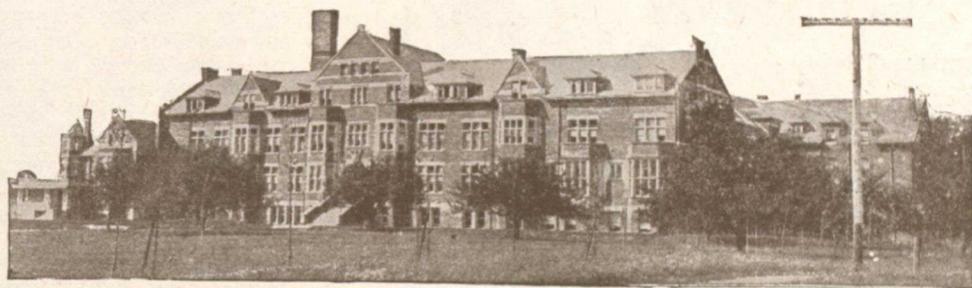
THE DREADNOUGHT PROBLEM.

(Toronto Mail and Empire.)

WHATEVER permanent naval policy the Dominions of the Empire may finally pursue, it is their present duty to strengthen the central navy by gifts of *Dreadnoughts* or other contributions, placed at the Admiralty's service with the least possible delay. The onlooking nations are interested to see how these self-governing communities that are sprung from Britain's loins and still live under her powerful protection will behave in the crisis with which she seems to be face to face. Will the great colonies come to the aid of the Mother Country, who has always been their tower of strength? To Germany, in particular, the question of how, in the circumstances, the colonies will act is by no means one of idle curiosity. By that country the present situation is welcomed as a test of the solidarity of the British Empire. Germany's course towards that Empire will largely be determined by the impression now made upon her by the Imperial spirit they show. If all the colonies loyally rally round the Mother Country with offers of naval assistance as New Zealand and Australia have done, the moral effect will be of advantage to Britain. If, on the contrary, Britain's colonies were to hang back, adopting the stand taken by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, there would be great satisfaction in Germany, and fresh heart would be put into the efforts she is making to capture the supremacy at sea.

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Large Staff. Charges Moderate. Write for Free Calendar giving full information

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For illustrated calendar apply to the Headmaster,

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begins Tuesday, September 14th.

EXAMINATIONS for Entrance Scholarships Saturday, Sept. 18th.

COURSES for University, Royal Military College, and Business.

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Try one on and see how perfect fitting and stylish it is—soft, restful and comfortable.

Let us send you a sample of "GALTFLEECE" material and a little booklet showing some of the styles. We'll be pleased to send one free.

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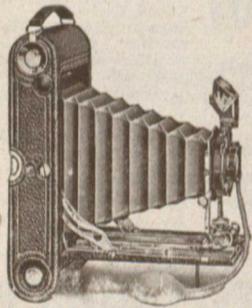
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ADDRESS—CHAS. F. ROLAND (Commissioner), WINNIPEG, CANADA

A VOICE FROM THE HIDDEN WORLD

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 15

"Some one has said that I am going to lecture upon theosophy," she commenced dreamily. "That is not so—theosophy is not to be taught by code and rule. Those who seek light and truth should seek it in solitude and mental isolation. The greatest of our teachers can only supply the raw material. Each must pursue for himself the dark and narrow path which leads alone to perfect understanding, to perfect light, and to the perfect knowledge of all those hidden laws and forces which mock and elude the uninitiated. To-night I am breaking the first principles laid down by those who have become the high-priests of our order. I am going to show to you all a miracle. I am going to speak with one who has been for a long while dead. You shall hear her voice; you shall hear of her life; she shall speak to you of the manner of her death. And this I do for a purpose of my own, and with no desire to make converts of any of you.

"Far away in my eastern home, amongst the mountains, I have heard her faint, sweet whisperings in my ear at the break of the day. In the gloom of twilight I have seen her dim, reproachful eyes; and in the white mists of the midnight hour, upon the hills, I have seen her sweep slowly by, sad and mournful. Yet I have not called her to me. I have waited for this; and now the thing has come. Marian! Marian! come, beloved sister! It is Astrea who calls you!"

She had raised her hands with a slow, sweeping grace, and stood for a moment perfectly motionless. Then, breaking a silence of death, sweet and low as the music of an æolian harp stirred by the faintest of summer breezes, the sound of a woman's answering voice floated upon the air:

"I am with thee, Astrea; speak."

Astrea raised her hands and answered:

"I would talk with thee for one brief moment only, of the past—of the sad days of your life upon earth. Look back with me upon our home. You have not forgotten?"

The wonderful music of that answering voice again filled the room.

"I forget nothing, Astrea. I see our fair country home and our dear parents. I see the hedges white with hawthorn blossoms, the common starred with poppies and cornflowers, and great yellow marigolds down in the marshes, and the sloping fields golden with ripe corn, and bending like waves of the sea before the summer wind. I have found peace and rest, my sister; but earth, too, is a fair place!"

"Fair for you, Marian, till a man's treachery made it black and foul. Do you remember the night when, full of joy and love, you whispered out your secret to me, and we shed tears of happiness together? Do you remember the day when, blithe and trustful, you followed your lover to London? Do you remember the bitter hour of awakening when the light died out of your life, the weary waiting, the heart-sickness, the bowed grey heads of our father and mother, hastened in their passage to the grave?"

"Too well—too well," sobbed out the answering voice. "Astrea, forbear. Question me no more."

A strange light burned in Astrea's dark eyes. Her hands were raised high above her head, and her form seemed dilated and quivering with passion.

"Marian, the man whose selfishness wrecked your life and broke our parents' hearts lives. He is great, and honoured, and respected. Say but the word and I will crush him.

The world for which he lives shall look upon his buried past; my hand shall raise the veil, my finger shall point at his shame, my voice, my testimony, shall denounce him. Think of the hour when you found yourself deserted, and with your life ruined, struggling against starvation in a garret, whilst he wandered off in ease and luxury, a willing exile. You know well that he never sought to find you after that night when you left him in horror and shame. Think of that day when at last he was forced to visit you. Remember his greeting, his dismay at your just demand; remember, Marian, remember his refusal! I will not ask you how you died, by his hand or yours; but Heaven knows that he was your murderer. Heaven's curses lighten upon him! I thirst for vengeance, my sister. Say that one word and open my lips."

There was no movement, no voice heard. Every one sat waiting, half-dazed, stricken dumb by the passion of Astrea's prayer, and dimly fearing some terrible *denouement*. The moonlight fell upon their white upturned faces, and showed more than one strong man quivering with excitement. The entertainment had grown wonderfully realistic; where would it end?

Suddenly the intense stillness was broken by the chiming of the great Abbey clock. It was midnight. Some one who stood near one of the windows threw it open, and with the rush of frosty air came the sudden glad pealing of bells from the village church. It was Christmas morn. And, mingling with the sound, yet rising clear and sweet above it, came once more the music of that spirit voice:—

"Astrea, beloved sister, in the old days we prayed together, 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.' Far away, over the valleys and the hills, I seem to hear those words stealing up to me in the music of the Christmas bells. I died by my own hand, and the sin was my own. For the rest, I charge thee, Astrea, forgive—forgive."

A deep sob escaped from Lord Mauleven's lips; but in that moment of intense suspense no one, save myself, had noticed it. Astrea turned slowly round and disappeared. The lights were turned up, and the spell of silence was broken. The curtain had fallen, the play was over.

THE END.

More Flag Talk

(London Advertiser.)

THAT Toronto flag incident, in which some American visitors rode through the streets in an automobile with the Stars and Stripes rampant and a Union Jack dragging in the mud, has been taken altogether too seriously by a number of Canadian newspapers. Some of them are solemnly demanding the enactment of a law which will compel respectful treatment of our flag.

Several American states, it is pointed out, have such a law on their statute books. That is true, but can anyone recall an instance in which an American community has invoked a statute to restrain a merry group of foreigners from dishonouring the Stars and Stripes?

There are American flag fools and there are Canadian flag fools. It is conceivable that ignorant Canadian citizens would attempt in a United States city what ignorant American citizens actually accomplished in a Canadian city.

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CANADIAN NORTHERN LINES



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THE OCEAN SHORE OF NOVA SCOTIA, the best of the Atlantic coasts in either hemisphere. Ideal scenery, cool salubrity, rare safety, shelving bathing beaches, and first rate dining and parlor car service on the Halifax & South Western Ry.

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Booklets from the Information Bureau Canadian Northern Railway, Head Office, Toronto



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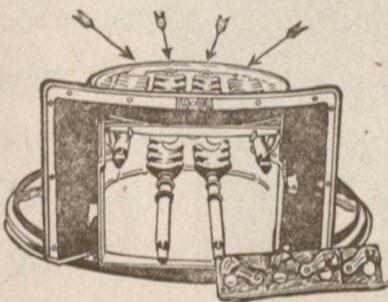
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\$15.25	Boston	\$13.00
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August 26 and September 14

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\$15.25	Boston	\$13.00
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