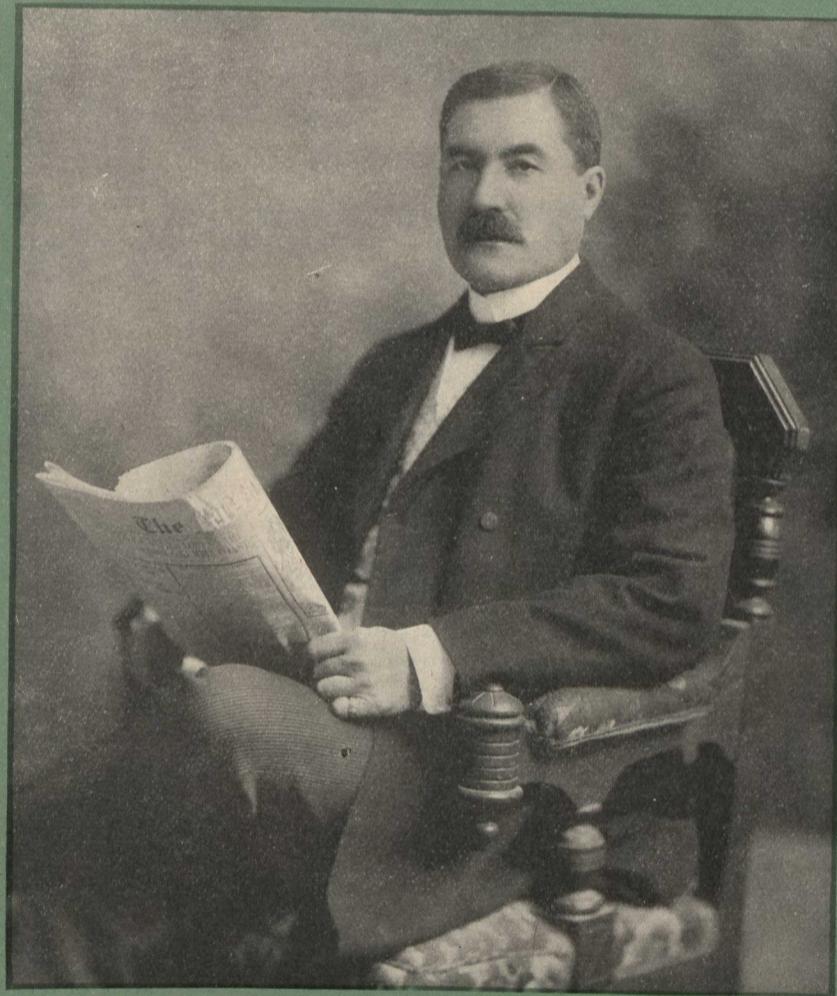


The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



JUDGE MABEE, CHAIRMAN RAILWAY COMMISSION

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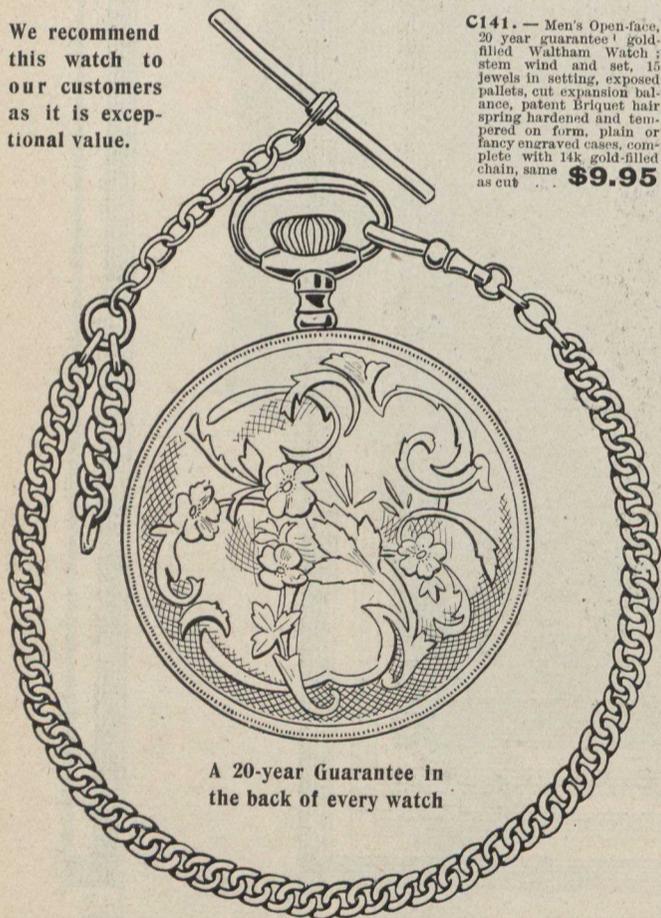
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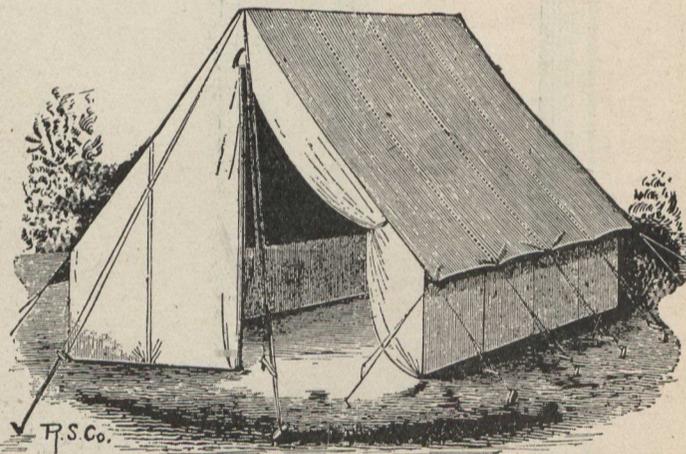
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This handsome model made in imported French Voile, black only, 13 gore, trimmed with three rows of taffeta strapping and silk covered buttons, properly tailored throughout. Waist bands 22 to 29 inches, lengths 37 to 43 inches. Special to Mail Order Customers - **\$5.75**

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THE **Canadian Courier**

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

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PUBLISHERS' TALK

NEXT week there will be a very dainty colour design in two colours by Miss Estelle M. Kerr, who has already contributed several covers which have excited most favourable comment. Miss Kerr, like all other artists who design for the "Courier," is a Canadian but she had some experience in the New York art schools.

THERE is hardly a Canadian who does not cherish sweet memories of the old-fashioned sugar camp with its spring-time joys. Maple syrup and such pancakes as mother used to make are among the experiences not to be forgotten. The "Canadian Courier" of next week will publish an article on the old-time sugar making, written by L. J. Gilleland, who knows just what a season of merriment came with the days of flowing sap. Illustrations showing the ancient style of kettle and the modern methods will add to the attraction of the article.

UNIVERSITY students who are open to pleasant employment during vacation and who love competition will be interested in our offer of a year's tuition free at any Canadian university. Fuller particulars may be had on application to the Circulation Manager.



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\$200.00 will be given to the person sending in the best last line.
50.00 to the person sending in the 2nd. best.
25.00 " " " " " 3rd. "
5.00 each to the next twenty-five best.
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And a Special Weekly Prize of \$5. for the Best Last Line Sent in Each Week

A GAIN, we give you a chance to share in the \$500 offered as prizes for the best last lines submitted for St. George's Baking Powder Limerick.

This second Limerick contest continues until May 31st. Nearly all cheap Baking Powders are made from alum. It is against the law to use alum in England. St. George's Baking Powder is made from 100% pure Cream Tartar. Use St. George's and avoid alum poisoning, indigestion and other stomach troubles. Get a can of St. George's and compete in the Limerick contest, but by all means use the Baking Powder and see for yourself how good it is.

CONDITIONS:

1. Each week, a special prize of \$5.00 will be awarded for the best last line sent in that week. The Limericks, winning the weekly prizes of \$5, will also compete for the \$500.00 prizes.
2. Carefully remove the trademark from the tin of St. George's Baking Powder by wetting the label with a cloth dampened in hot water (be careful not to get the baking powder damp). Paste or pin the trademark to the corner of the coupon in the space provided.
3. Competitors may send in as many lines as they like, provided each is accompanied by a trademark cut from tin of St. George's Baking Powder.
4. The Editor of The Montreal "Star" has kindly consented to act as judge, and all answers must be addressed to The Editor, St. George's Baking Powder Limerick, Star Office, Montreal.
5. All answers must be posted not later than May 31st, 1908. The names of the prize winners will be published in this paper as soon after that date as possible.
6. No trademark, cut from our sample package, will be accepted.
7. No personal explanations will be made, nor the receipt of limericks acknowledged.



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A young lady near Napanee
Said "Thank you, no Alum for me;
My cake must be pure
And St. George's, I'm sure

Paste or pin the trademark from the label of a tin of St. George's Baking Powder here.

I agree to abide by the decision of the Editor of The Montreal "Star" as final, and enter the competition with that understanding.

Name.....
1 2 3 4
B Address.....
City.....

Dealer's name from whom you bought St. George's Baking Powder.....

Dealer's address.....

Address this coupon, with St. George's trademark attached, and your line and name plainly written, to The Editor, St. George's Baking Powder Limerick, Star Office, Montreal, before May 31st. If your dealer does not keep St. George's Baking Powder, send us his name and we will tell you where it may be obtained.

58

A good Mattress for \$3.50

(ASK FOR No. 3 "HEALTH.")

A better one for - - \$4.50

(ASK FOR No. 2 "HEALTH.")

An excellent one for \$6.00

(ASK FOR No. 1 "HEALTH.")

30,000 "HEALTH" MATTRESSES were sold last year. That fact alone shows how comfortable they are—and how well they wear.



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"HEALTH" MATTRESSES are filled with sanitary curled wood fibre, made in our own factories.

This fibre is laid in even sheets by machinery and will not get lumpy. It is covered with sheets of cotton felt—and the whole covered with art ticking.

The difference in the thickness of the cotton sheets and the quality of ticking, make the difference in prices.

\$3.50—\$4.50 and \$6.00. At their prices, "Health" Mattresses are the best in Canada.

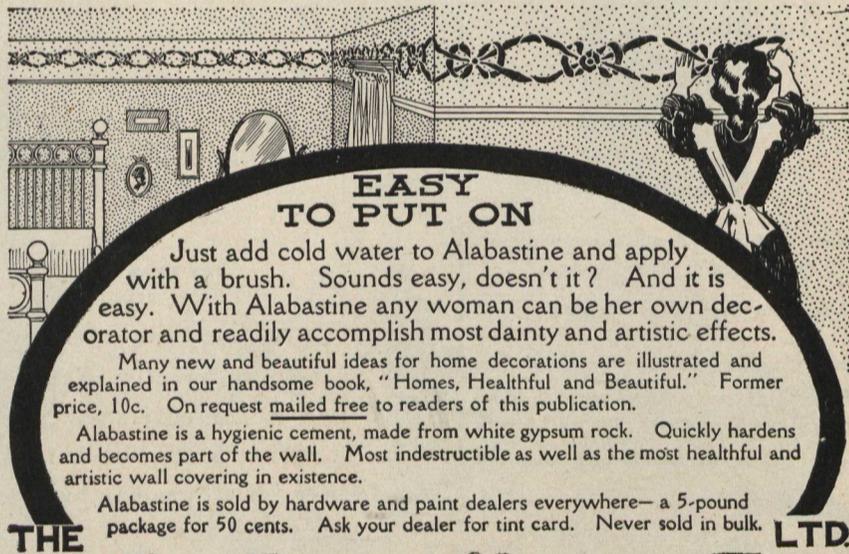
For 17 years, this trademark has stood for quality in bedding. You will find it on 9 grades of Mattresses—14 grades of Springs—and 13 grades of Pillows. It guarantees satisfaction every time. Worth looking for, isn't it? 3



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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

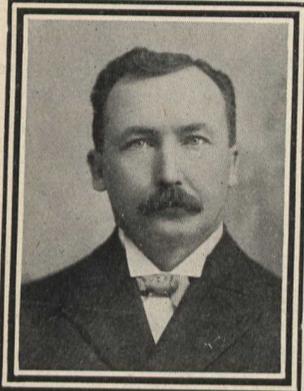
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Toronto, April 4th, 1908.

Subscription: \$4.00 a Year.

No. 18

IN THE PUBLIC VIEW



Hon. Clifford Sifton

THE incomprehensible Mr. Sifton has been as much discussed of late as any man in the Dominion Cabinet. His great constructive speech on the Budget has restored him to the intellectual consideration which for a while he had temporarily lost in speculation upon other matters. Nobody quite understands Mr. Sifton. It is doubtful if he is able to comprehend himself. But it is plain to both his friends and detractors that this statesman has a remarkable mind. That, however, no one has ever denied him—ability to think and to organise and to work. His career in the House and the Government has been spectacular. He has remained in the House as a constructive

statesman. Quite possibly his deafness has had a good deal to do with the ex-Minister's concentration. He has been somewhat aloof from ordinary gossip, to say the least, and that often makes for sound thinking. But with all his deafness, when Mr. Sifton puts an ear to the ground he hears things. His recent speech has stamped him indelibly on the public imagination.

* * *

ALBERTA'S new University Chancellor is Judge Stuart of the Supreme Court of that province. His appointment at the recent Convocation has already made people in that discerning country comprehend that they have chosen the right man. On the ground of scholarship alone Judge Stuart was the strongest possible candidate. He was a graduate of 1891 from Toronto University—in classics, which had not at that time begun to lose their premierism among the Arts courses. Besides winning a gold medal in classics Mr. Stuart graduated as an honour man in political science and history. The year following he was given a temporary appointment as lecturer in history on the illness and death of Sir Daniel Wilson, the president. A fellowship from Clark University came to him next and for a brief while he was lecturer on constitutional government in the University of Toronto. Since going to the land of great opportunity where mere scholarship carries proportionately little weight, Judge Stuart has distinguished himself in both law and politics. His practice has always been at Calgary, from which city he sat one session in the first Legislature of Alberta, but was immediately appointed to the Bench. His elevation to the Chancellorship is evidence of a wise faculty of selection in the Senate of the University of Alberta which will be built at Strathcona.

* * *

THE accompanying illustration shows Hon. James Bryce in a role with which the public mind has not habitually associated him. There is so much of the academic about Mr. Bryce that he has not been looked upon as a social lion. But it will easily be seen that the British Ambassador has that fine sense of fitness and elegance in dress which distinguishes the cultured and correct Englishman. Besides he has the charm of easy conversation in society; he carries an air of ease and amiability into his intercourse with people. He is especially sincere and his allusions are those of a highly cultured gentleman who in the stress of politics has not forgotten the amenities of sociable intercourse. So far as the technique of dress is concerned Mr. Bryce is said to hold

the record for speed in dressing for a public function; rumour has it that he was able on one occasion to shave and dress for a public dinner in seven minutes.

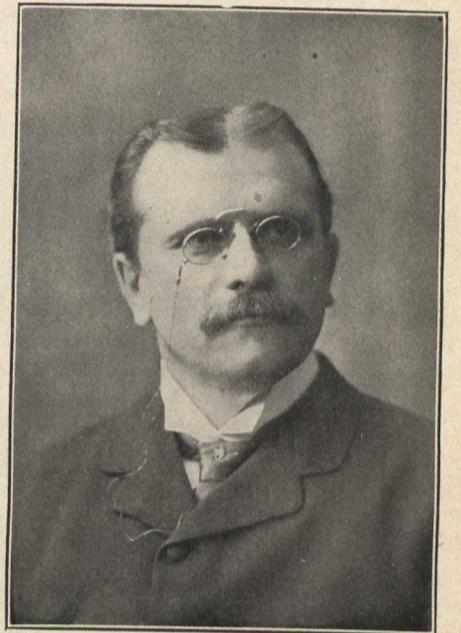
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HON. MR. BRODEUR, who has been made the subject of repeated attacks during the present session by the Dominion Opposition, has been a Minister since 1904. Previous to that he was Speaker of the House. After being Minister of Inland Revenue for about two years, he became Minister of Marine and Fisheries on the death of Hon. Raymond Prefontaine.

Mr. Brodeur was born at Beloeil, P.Q., in 1862 and graduated LL.B. from Laval in 1884. Like so many of the Quebec barristers he has dabbled in journalism, and previous to his election to the House, he was editor of *Le Soir*, Montreal.

As Speaker and as Minister of Inland Revenue, Mr. Brodeur made a good impression. As a member of the Tariff

Commission which went about the country investigating commercial conditions, he increased his reputation. When he went to the Imperial Conference, he seemed to have reached the front rank of Canadian statesmen. It is, therefore, a considerable surprise to the public that serious attack should now be made on his administration. He is probably the victim of circumstances. When he took over the Marine and Fisheries it was in a bad way, since his predecessors in



Hon. L. P. Brodeur

office had paid more attention to politics than to the details of their department. His deputy was old and apparently unable to keep his department up-to-date. Mr. Brodeur probably erred in being too lenient with officials who had been in the service since the days of the Conservative regime, and hesitated to take such action as would have left him open to the charge of dismissing Conservative appointees for the purpose of substituting Liberal appointees. If the Civil Service had been on a proper basis, Mr. Brodeur might have avoided much of the trouble which has come to him. Without a Civil Service Commission to see that the employees in each department are doing their work properly, a Cabinet Minister is in an awkward position. If he dismisses employees, he is condemned for partisanship; if he does not dismiss, he is likely to have inefficiency in his department.

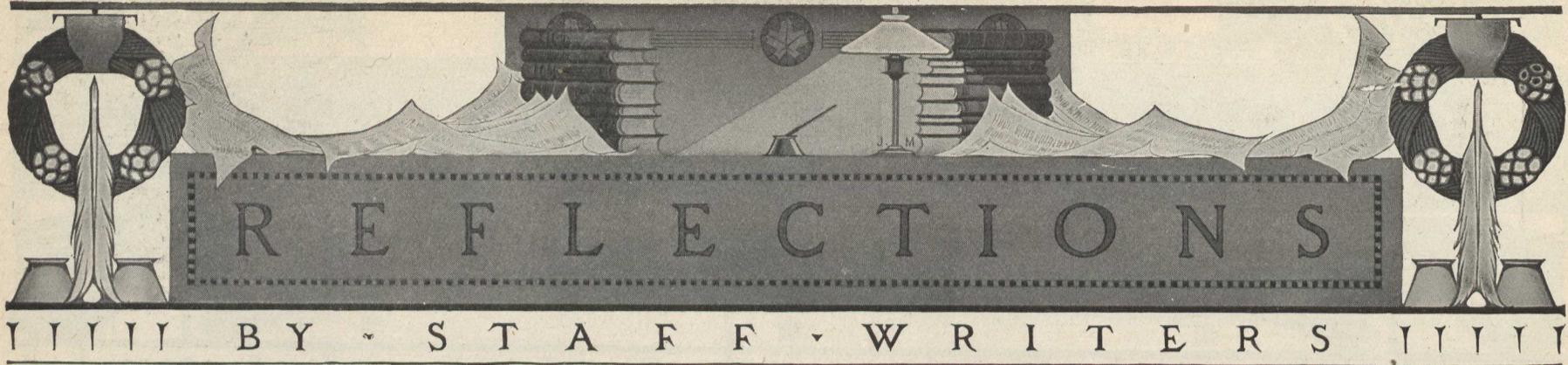
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THE reappearance of Scholes in his shell in training for the Olympic Regatta is cause of a great deal of congratulatory contentment among the admirers of this real exponent of Canadian oarsmanship. Scholes is as fine a specimen of physique as Canada ever sent abroad. He has an uncommon build. There is so little of the freak in Lou's constitution and so much that to the lover of purely constructive lines in anatomy appeals to the portraiteur as well as to the sportsman. He has a well-balanced physique as to height and weight and range.



The activities of a British Ambassador are wide and varied. Mr. Bryce is here shown with Dr. Carey Thomas, president of one of the best known women's universities in the United States.

Photograph by P. J. Press Bureau



IT is gratifying to note that the Liberal press is not afraid to come out frankly in favour of the work done by the Civil Service Commission. The *Ottawa Free Press* argues that the Commission may have gone too far afield and discussed questions outside their purview, but admits that the allegations they make form a distinct reason for further inquiry. The *Free Press* states that even if the investigation should reveal something of which the Liberal Party will feel ashamed, it is better that the truth be known and an effective remedy provided without delay.

The *Toronto Star* takes the same line. It suggests that even if the report contains errors and exaggerations, even if it is blunt and harsh, attention should be concentrated on what is good in it rather than what is bad. The *Star* is especially strong in its support of the suggestion that the Government should appoint purchasing agents to the number of three or more who should buy for all the departments. It says: "Probably no one measure would do so much to check extravagance and corruption as a complete reform in the method of purchasing supplies."

It is gratifying to be able to pay a slight tribute to a portion of the party press on an occasion of this kind. We must have parties and party leaders and party journals perhaps, but it is not necessary to have pettiness or cowardice or lack of public spirit as characteristics of these. A man should be able to edit either a Conservative or a Liberal journal and yet be highly respected by those who are on the other side of the argument. The members of Parliament, who must go down each day in the arena of party conflict, where speeches and remarks are made suddenly and under conditions which do not make for calmness and judicial attitude, may be excused at times for extreme partisanship and petty views. It is not so with the party editor who writes his leaders in the quiet of the editorial sanctum, and has a chance to study his language, recast his sentences and modify his attitude. Yet in the past, the party editor has often been more partisan than the politician, though it is gratifying to note that this spirit is being modified in recent years. In fact, if one were inclined to prophesy, he might venture to estimate that the first feature of our present party system to vanish would be the party press. As the editorial chairs come to be filled by trained journalists with a university education, the extreme editorial bias so characteristic of the past should vanish.

FEW will deny that it is probably as difficult to get honest public service as it is to secure honest private service. The men who work in offices for a government are presumably much the same as those who work for private companies. The Civil Service Commission go even further, for they say: "It cannot be doubted either that it is a much more difficult proposition to preserve a uniformly high state of efficiency in a government staff than in the ordinary work of the world carried on by money-making organisations."

This is startling. If this statement is true, then government ownership is not advisable.

If this statement is true, then the work of government should be confined within the narrowest limits.

If this statement is true, then political partisans are less worthy of trust than the man who takes little stock in political controversies.

If this statement is true, then it is high time that the Civil Service should be selected, promoted and dismissed by an independent commission who would choose from others than political workers.

It seems, however, to be a strange commentary this. Why should it be more difficult to secure honest public service than honest private service? Is there something in our party system or in our political thought-methods which tends to breed dishonesty among political

workers? Canadians have gone to the United States and won a name for themselves as honest and trustworthy individuals in money-making and money-handling organisations. Have all the honest young men gone abroad and the dishonest ones remained at home?

Searching about for an explanation, it will probably be found that in spite of our religious beliefs, in spite of our acknowledged high moral ideals, there are very few of us who think it a crime to rob a government. We evade paying taxes where we can; we try to get the government to do for us what we should do for ourselves; we take slices of the public domain at ridiculously inadequate prices; and we sell everything to the government (federal, provincial or municipal) at a higher rate than we sell to a private individual. This is a curious twist in our moral make-up.

The public service is no more to blame than the people outside the service. The Man-with-the-Pull is the worst offender against public morals, for he corrupts both the service and the politician. He corrupts the latter in order to secure his Pull; he corrupts the former in order to transform his Pull into Profit. If the public service were placed on an independent basis where promotion would come not through a political chief but through a commission which rewards only industry and integrity, then honesty and efficiency among civil servants would be easily and naturally secured.

MR. THOMAS W. LAWSON is again looking for Canadian lambs to shear. Judging from the stock exchange reports, he has found quite a number. The Yukon Gold Company, a Guggenheim gold-dredging proposition, is being put on the market and some

Canadians have rushed to buy shares. Those who know the Yukon claim that the chances of much return from these frozen Canadian gold-gravels are not great and that the proposition is a dangerous one. It was the Guggenheims who sent Nipissing stock, a Cobalt proposition, up to \$35 for \$5 shares, and it was their withdrawal which sent the shares back to \$6 or \$7. Canadian investors would be wise in avoiding these New York promoters, who are too adventurous to be safe leaders. Mr. Lawson is selling the stock now and the Guggenheims may not be responsible for his flaming advertisements and his manipulations. Mr. Lawson is no safer as a leader, if as safe as the Guggenheims. He is even more adventurous and his exploits are mostly with other people's propositions. Those who know him best use strong language when describing his attempts to jolly the public and it is strange to see Canadians giving the slightest consideration to any of his propositions.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND is the funniest spot on earth. Mark Twain should go down and write it up, since Canada has not yet produced a humourist equal to the occasion. Considering its population of about 100,000, it makes more noise than any other portion of the Canadian public. Because it is small, is perhaps the reason why it shouts so loud.

THE ISLAND IN THE GULF It wanted a railway, and it got it—one which curves and twists through nearly half the farms on the Island. For years it was a common joke that the conductor could lean over from the back platform of the last car and hand a dinner pail to the engineer as the train rounded one of the numerous curves. Yet that railway has never been satisfactory, probably because it is a government institution.

It wanted better communication with the mainland and it got steamers. For a few weeks in winter, the ice stopped them. So ice-breakers were provided. Even these get stuck once and a while and now they want a ten-million tunnel, twelve miles long. Owen Sound in the winter of 1907 was cut off from railway communication for a week, but it has not yet asked for a tunnel.

Then the Island hates commercial travellers who hail from other

parts of Canada, and it passed a law taxing these visits out of existence. If we mistake not, this has been repealed, so perhaps it should not be mentioned.

The latest piece of insular legislation is a proposal that no motor-cars are to be allowed to roam the rural lanes of the Island. Whether the law excludes electric motor-busses and trolley-cars is not clear.

Prince Edward Island is one of the finest summer resorts in Canada and should be frequented each year by thousands of tourists from United States and Canadian cities. It is one of the most fertile spots agriculturally in the broad Dominion. It has contributed a number of first-class citizens, men of mark and learning, to Canadian public, educational and commercial life. It is a splendid little province, but it should stop grumbling and make the most of its exceptional opportunities.

ONLY one province is opposed to the Dominion Government placing an export duty on pulpwood and that is Quebec. The provincial authorities there are not sure that the small bush-owner, who now sells much pulpwood to the United States manufacturer,

EXPORT DUTY ON PULPWOOD

would approve an export duty or a prohibition of the export. Until new paper mills were built in Canada, there would be a decreased sale for pulp logs and a distinct loss of revenue. It is equally plain, however, that the loss would be but temporary and that in the end the province would gain much.

There has also been some talk that if Canada were to prohibit export of this raw material, the United States would retaliate by putting such a duty on Canadian lumber as would prevent it being sold in that market. It now appears that the Ottawa lumber interests have informed the authorities that they do not fear this retaliation and that they approve the prohibition. Thus the air is being cleared for some sort of legislation.

It seems strange that Canada should sell pulpwood at five or six dollars a cord when we can manufacture it into paper and export it at \$50 or \$60 a ton, one ton of paper, speaking roughly, being equal to a cord of wood. The demand for paper is so great that the United States must take our paper products if their manufacturers cannot get our raw wood. This may be taking advantage of our neighbours' necessities, but it would be a justifiable policy. We are entitled, as is the United States, to sell our natural endowment to the best advantage.

NEITHER those who favour leaving the question of temperance to individual discretion, nor those who would abolish entirely the sale of intoxicating liquors can afford to be extremists. When those who sell liquor for a profit seek to prevent the restriction of

THE FATE OF EXTREMISTS

licenses, the shortening of the hours of sale, or other legislative or administrative restrictions, they are but hastening the day when their business shall be taken over by the state or entirely abolished. Similarly, when the advocates of prohibition pass unfair by-laws and talk rampant nonsense about the evils resulting from the traffic, they are restricting the progress which they most desire.

In Toronto recently, a by-law was passed to reduce the possible liquor licenses from 150 to 110, without any reference of the question to a vote of the people. The movement was both un-British and unwise. It outraged the good sense of the community because of its unfairness to people who, thinking themselves safe in their business, had greatly increased their investments. The by-law was hurriedly passed, and because of this haste, Chief Justice Meredith was forced to declare it imperfect. It has been annulled. The only result of all the agitation has been the creation of a bitter antagonism between

two sections of the community. This will delay needed reforms in the restriction of indiscriminate liquor-selling.

A similar case has occurred in Collingwood. The temperance wave made it possible for the people there to increase the license fee to such a figure as would have confined the trade to such hotels as had a reputation to sustain. If the license fee had been increased from \$450 to \$1,000 or even \$1,200, the temperance ideas would probably have been of some effect. Instead of being moderate, the people voted to raise the fee to \$2,500, which Mr. Justice Britton found to be practical prohibition. The judge declared that "it was not intended by the Legislature that local prohibition should be brought about in this way" and he quashed the by-law.

If the people want license restriction or total prohibition, the liquor interests should not resort to sharp practice or legal chicanery, such as trying to unseat aldermen on technicalities in order to stop the reform. Nor should the temperance public resort to snap verdicts or underhand methods in attempting to bring about further restriction of the traffic. This great question should be discussed by all without bitterness and unfairness. The extremists on each side should be eliminated so that sane discussion and sound policy will have first consideration.

IT is just as well that the Champlain tercentenary comes this year, when there is a scarcity of celebrations and the Quebec week of pageantry will be comparatively conspicuous. Were it to occur in the July of 1909, instead of the coming summer, it would be only one in

a series of remarkable centenary celebrations. In **ANNUS MIRABILIS** the month of February, 1909, the one-hundredth anniversary of Darwin's birth will be honoured

by the British universities and scientific associations. There was a brilliant band of scientific investigators in the England of the Nineteenth Century but the author of the "Origin of Species" influenced public thought more than any other of that group. Among the statesmen of the last century there was not a more striking figure than William Ewart Gladstone, whose centenary will also be kept next year in all Anglo-Saxon countries. The English poets of the same century were singers who make this age seem "immolodious," as Mr. William Watson complains; but among them was no artist who held the popular affection more closely than Alfred Tennyson, who was born in a Lincolnshire rectory in August, 1809. Darwin, Gladstone and Tennyson—a trinity to be remembered by Cambridge, Oxford and the world beyond the universities where they left their student record. In the summer of 1909, the University of Leipsic will celebrate the fifth centennial of its founding and the University of Berlin its first centennial and a writer for the Atlantic Monthly has suggested: "Old England's scholars, like our own, will share in the great German commemorations in 1909; and the thinkers of England, Germany and America should there unite in epoch-making speech and action in behalf of international justice and fraternity." Among the poets of the last hundred years several women held an honoured place. Of these Mrs. Browning was undoubtedly the most widely known and she also belongs to 1809, the Year of Wonder. Another poet, one whose imaginative work is among the most amazing productions of the last century, Edgar Allan Poe, was born in Baltimore in that year. Yet another famous son of the American Republic, who was to know the gravest responsibility and most crushing care of them all, Abraham Lincoln, first saw the light on a February day, 1809. Truly next year will be twelve months of centennial remembrances and the world will be kept busy recalling the deeds and works of the famous writers and statesmen whose names give 1809, a year when Europe was convulsed with Napoleonic strife, the right to the old Latin designation, *annus mirabilis*.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM SCORES AGAIN

LAST week it was the Hon. Mr. Sifton who joined the ranks of the Civil Service Reformers; this week it is Mr. J. M. Courtney, C.M.G., who has brought this subject to the front. No more important document has been presented to the people of Canada in the last ten years than this report of "The Civil Service Commission."

The present Civil Service Act is stoutly condemned, because it applies to "a very limited number of the members of the outside service and probably about one half of the members employed at the seat of the Government." A new Act is recommended which will be broad enough to cover all civil servants—their appointments, their promotions, their dismissals and their salaries.

It is to be hoped that both parties at Ottawa will unite to bring about a new state of affairs. The interests of state are higher than the interests of either party. The Evils of Political Patronage can be eliminated only by making Civil Service Reform a non-party question. Every member of parliament should view this question from a patriotic point of view and resolve that the reform shall be made quickly and thoroughly without regard to political exigencies or party considerations.

If the leaders on both sides get together, an Act may be passed during the present session which will enable a re-organization of the Civil Service along independent lines to be accomplished during 1908. The evil is apparent, the remedy is clear, and it would be unfortunate if the question of reform should be made the football of politicians.

Through a Monocle

WHEN the historian comes to count up the good deeds of the Laurier Government, he ought to put down not far from the top of the list the courageous appointment of the Civil Service Commission. That was an invitation on the part of a householder to a Health Committee to come and look in his back yard. The Health Committee has found the back yard in a shocking condition; but it ought to remember that it gained its permission to investigate from the present tenant of the yard. And it ought also to remind itself that much of the disgusting mess it finds there was very likely left by a previous tenant. Naturally its eye is attracted by the fresh dirt; but the dessicated remains of the filth of other years and the old system which encourages the accumulation of debris, show that the present condition of the yard is no novelty. It was a plucky thing—may I say a public-spirited thing—for the Ministers to turn the searchlight into their own premises. This should be remembered in their favour when we are calling their attention to the need for some vigorous raking and a rousing bon-fire.

* * *

THIS report makes Civil Service Reform inevitable. The need for it can no longer be "pooh-poohed." It is now written down in the records of Parliament, and no Government can pretend that the Civil Service is doing its duty and earning its salary under existing methods and conditions. Nor can this reform be very long delayed. The people—now that they have an authoritative report on the subject before them—will want the waste of their money to cease at once; and they will not understand any reasons of etiquette, or consideration for party derelicts who have drifted into harbourage there, which may be advanced for putting off for a time the needed "spring cleaning." They will figure it out that the time to stop the leak is just about now; and they will expect this Government to declare a policy on the matter before they ask the country for another vote of confidence. The Ministers should put their staffs on a business basis as quickly as a private "house" would, if it had just learned that its employees were in the condition described so graphically in the Civil Service report.

* * *

IT is a cutting comment on representative government, but it undoubtedly looks as if we would have to take the Civil Service out of the hands of Parliament and put it into the hands of an independent commission. We do not seem to be able to trust our politicians to spend our money for us in detail. We can let them make our laws, and devise our tariffs, and project our great enterprises, and decide issues involving millions of dollars; but they fail to gain our confidence when they start out to hire a third class clerk or to buy provisions for a steamship. They can do a giant's work, but not a housekeeper's. They can gridiron a continent with railways; but a "middleman" is certain to get the best of them if they try to buy a keg of nails. What our public men should do is to turn these petty tasks over to permanent servants who shall hold office for life and who cannot be bulldozed by a ward politician into appointing a clerk who cannot write or into paying two prices for a bit of land. When it comes to carrying out the orders of Parliament, we want a Commission of Auditor-Generals.

* * *

FOR many of the ills of the Civil Service, "fool" public opinion is largely to blame. We have cajoled our civil servants into trying to live up to an ideal which should never have been set before them. To begin with, we have fostered the notion that the Civil Service is a "snap"—that it means short hours and nothing to do—that a "berth" in a public department is a reward and not a task. Thus many a young man "pulls wires" to get a job in the service with the hope of having a good time. He expects to be overpaid for the work he does, and to make it up by services to "the party" or by cutting a figure in Capital society. He is to be added to the aristocracy—an aristocracy

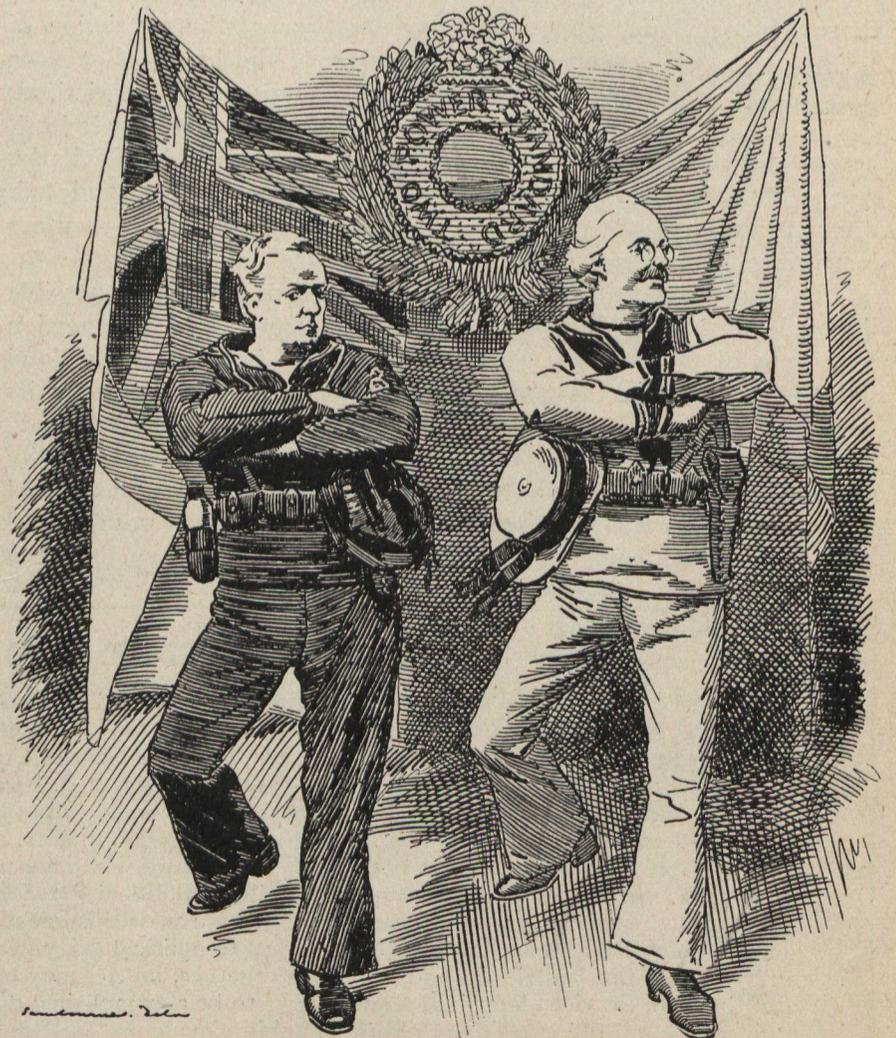
which is so hard-pressed for recruits that it is grateful for a \$600 clerk. Talk to such a lad of the Civil Service being a "career"! It is a sinecure, and an introduction into society.

* * *

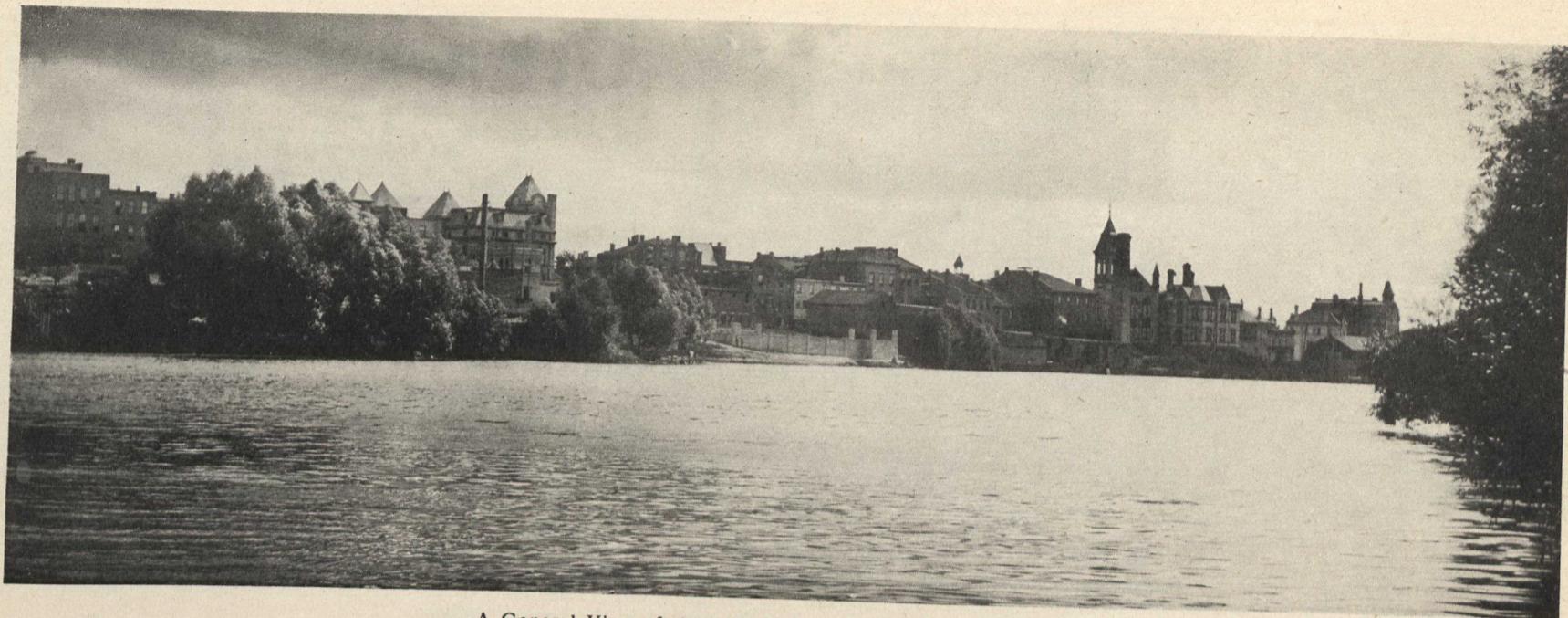
WHAT we want to do is to make it perfectly plain that a civil servant will require about twice as much ability to hold his position as a man similarly employed by a private "house," for the reason that the civil servant will be exposed to the searching criticism of professional fault-finders, while every citizen with whom he comes in contact is one of his "employers" on the look-out for grounds of complaint. He should be given so much to do that Society will reject him as that most ignoble of all beings—a man who works for his living. He should not feel under any obligation to any one for his "berth," but should rather feel, like the volunteer in the army, that he is conferring a favour upon his country by devoting himself to its service. There should be no man in the Civil Service who could not walk out of his office and get at least as good a position with a private employer. The attractions offered by the Service should not be ease and emolument, but security, a generous pensioning arrangement and the honours which a democracy can confer on its faithful servants. It ought to be a career, but a career of honour. There should be no fear that wily politicians would be lifted over the heads of old civil servants into the fattest positions within the gift of the nation. In fact, there should be no "fat" positions. There should not be an office which an untrained man could fill even if he did sand-bag a Government into appointing him.

W. D. M. P.

The Dreadnought Brothers



Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour—Two Minds with but a Single Thought.—Punch



A General View of the City of Stratford, on the River Avon

The Big Man from Perth

THE county of Perth has brought out some distinguished men; but if one were asked offhand which two are the most notable from that Scotch county, he would say instantly Alex. MacLaren, M.P. for North Perth and the cheese-king of Canada, Chief Justice Idington of the Supreme Court, and Judge Mabee. The new Chairman of the Railway Commission ranks as perhaps the most singularly notable man that ever came out of middle Ontario.

Up till three years ago Mabee in Stratford was just plain Mabee; a heavy-set, stern-looking man of rather portentous mien; a man that to the stranger who might meet him on the street where he lived not far from the railway station looked as though he might be anything but a glad-hand politician. And Lawyer Mabee was never a great stumper, nor was he a man who went about with particularly winning ways. But he was an organiser. Better than anything else he was a lawyer; a man not of erudition in the law, but an original personality that knew the interpretation and the spirit and the game of law. They say of Mabee that in school at Stratford, where he was born, he was by no means brilliant. This has been said of many other big men; even of some learned men. In Stratford a boy had perhaps some encouragement to be erudite, for the place has a classic flavour; an eminently Shakespearian town that of late years has gone over to factories and forgotten Shakespeare. In that city they have an Avon and it rises somewhere near the town; it requires to be dammed to make a lake and the town has a lake; but there is no navigation on this Avon, because the inhabitants had rather the classic memory of Shakespeare; so they have a Romeo Ward and a Shakespeare Ward, and a Falstaff school and a Macbeth something or other—and upon occasion if they feel so disposed, they are able to have a tempest in a teapot. But in spite of its classic handicap Stratford has developed into a busy city with a programme of modern progress. It has always been a railway town. Judge Mabee has probably heard more railway whistles than any other public man in Canada, for in Stratford you never can escape the Grand Trunk, which has something like seven lines converging on the ugliest wooden station in Canada.

But in no town in Canada, whether inland or marine, could you find a more characteristic class of citizens than in Stratford. Many of these men got a pertinacity of character that they might have lost in a bigger place. Mabee was one of these. He had a way and a build that was known as well as any man in the place. To be known as Mabee he had no need to enter public life, and the annals of the town do not bear record that Mabee ever troubled much about civic honours. Once he ran for Parliament; that was in the last Dominion election when he was defeated in North Perth by Mr. Alex. MacLaren. It was just after that defeat that he became a public man.

But they all knew Mabee. The lawyers knew him well and the Bench knew him. In the court room he was a man who carried a strong head. He had a strange sort of penetrative mind that got into the root of things; a brain that analysed a case on a mathematical basis, and a speech and a manner

that made his analysis a very telling thing in the conduct of a brief. A man who had a grievance to air in court had better keep away from Mabee if he were engaged as opposing counsel, for Mabee had a way of keeping things out of court by giving the opposition a scare in his office. He was able to convince the man who had the stronger case that he was trembling on the verge of a collapse in his evidence; so that it seemed prudent sometimes to keep out of court if that big, black-visaged man was to do the battering.

But the essential Mabee was a big, off-handed, bluff man; good in a club or anywhere you might meet him; a man who when he spoke said things that made him worth listening to; not much of an orator perhaps, and yet capable of being very impressive on the platform or in the court. But of course, like a lot of other big men, Mabee was underestimated. There were few men in Stratford outside the legal profession perhaps who ever took the



Judge Mabee
Chairman of the Railway Commission

trouble to predict that in Mabee some day in spite of politics or immurement in a small inland city, a big personality would shove out. He was not talked of half as much as genial John Brown or Nelson Monteith. He never courted public attention; never cared much for publicity in the press. Once in a while when he got roused over something he sat down and wrote a letter to the paper; when he did he had no hesitation in telling the editor that a spade was a spade, and that if a club was a club he probably had it. There was a fist in the Mabee letter to the newspaper, just as there was a jolt in the Mabee speech in court.

Withal Mabee had a very good time in the old town, and it is quite likely that from his present eminence on the Chair of the Railway Commission he looks back at the old days in Perth with a good deal of humorous regret, for there was always something of the big, hearty boy about Mabee; a man that liked his fellows and had a good time with the best of them.

After his defeat by MacLaren, Lawyer Mabee was not long a private citizen of Stratford. Less than a year afterwards he was appointed Chairman of the Canadian section of the International Waterways Commission. He knew very little about water except that once in a while he went fishing in the streams of Perth, which are not very big. But it was soon discovered that when Mabee had to deal with the problem of preserving Niagara, and deepening the Limekiln Crossing, and conserving the level of the Great Lakes, he was a good level man to sit in the chair. Besides, he was something of a Niagara when it came to battering down a bad argument; at the same time he was as patient as Job when he had to listen to reason, and he carried his knife by means of which he let occasional swift jabs of light into the situation. In this respect he was a Judge even when he was chairman.

When the Commission became defunct it was an easy matter to translate Mabee to the Bench of the High Court. That was less than three years ago, when the man packed up and left the old town, and a lot of people felt that a big man had suddenly left a large, unfillable hole in the community. But they began to read about the Judge; and the Judge remained the man that he was in the old Perth days—analytical and silent, and strong when it came to a decision. His decisions were luminous, and his rebuke from the Bench was as sharp as the chopping axes that once hewed down the trees of Perth. He had no particular penchant for formal dignity; but he had a clean, strong mind that hated cant and red tape.

Chairman Mabee has a big work before him. To be chairman of a body that has jurisdiction over twenty-two thousand miles of railway reaching over half a continent is a work which has no real parallel in any other country. In this capacity he will have occasion to exercise all the powers of analysis that made him a big lawyer and a strong judge; all the patience and tenacity that make a master mind in dealing with evidence. Much of the evidence is the sort that makes a little mind chafe, but the mind that sees through into principles and grapples with the realities will see in this work the greatest constructive function that a man can have outside of Parliament. So it is that even by virtue of his office Chairman Mabee is the biggest unelected public man in Canada. By reason of his personality and his experience he is as big a Chairman as the country needs.

The Universities and Canada's Foreign Trade

By PROFESSOR S. J. McLEAN

WHAT has a university to do with trade? Some doubting Thomas may ask. As he asks this question he probably thinks of an imaginary professor bespectacled and absent-minded living in ivy-surrounded solitude, "the world forgetting by the world forgot." But whatever may have been the older conditions, the university man living in this modern work-a-day world—be he student or professor—must be in touch with the world in which he lives. And while dollars and cents are not the only test, the country has the right to ask the university graduate, "What can you do better as a result of the training you have received?"

Hon. Clifford Sifton's recent speech on the Budget dealt with a number of important topics; perhaps the most important of these topics was that of the possible relation of university graduates to the foreign trade service of Canada. The Canadian universities have furnished men to the professions, to public life, and in recent years in increasing numbers to business. It needs but openings to attract men to the pushing of the foreign trade of Canada.

Canada is just beginning to develop its foreign trade; there is every reason why it should attain to great dimensions. The wider the area it trades with the less the chance it has of suffering the evil effects that come from having all the eggs in one basket. Already with six millions of people Canada's foreign trade exceeds that of the new world power, Japan. In proportion to population and developed resources Canada's foreign trade is relatively more important than that of the United States. The developing of this foreign trade is something which must depend on a knowledge of Canada's resources, the demands of our chief customers, the resources of competing countries, etc. All these are matters for study with a view to expanding trade.

Of the countries on the continent of Europe, Germany has attracted especial attention because of the systematic methods it has used in developing its foreign trade. It has studied the demands of the peoples it deals with and how best these demands may be met. In its educational institutions it has devoted especial attention to foreign trade and to the consideration of the ways whereby this trade may be developed. To cite but one example, the careful study Germany has made of trade conditions in South America—the commercial wonderland of possibilities—has given her a great advantage over the United States. Germany manufactures the goods the South American wants; the United States thinks that what suits its home market should suit South America. Again, South American trade is so organised, mainly because of defective transportation, that long term credits must be given. These

the Germans give and get the trade. The Americans, on the other hand, think that the methods that prevail in the United States must prevail in South America. Some years ago I was talking to an official of the Philadelphia Commercial Museum concerning this matter and he told me that the South Americans would have to learn United States methods. Foreign trade, however, is concerned with supplying what is wanted and in the way it is wanted, not with missionary enterprise.

The consular services of foreign countries are able to draw upon men who are competent to advise their own countries of the best way in which trade may be pushed. They have qualified themselves for such work by careful preparation. England, Germany and France have appreciated this. While the United States have until recently felt that the Declaration of Independence had satisfactorily organised everything, foreign trade included, it is now beginning to see what may be done in the organised development of foreign trade. The development has been especially marked in the period since the Spanish-American war. The participation in world politics, which is the aftermath of that war, has sobered the United States in many respects and given it a wider horizon than it possessed in its thoughtless youth. In its consular service provision is being made for greater permanency. Appointments are being made to the lower grades by examination, and an attempt is being made to attract university graduates. In the examinations for these lower grades especial attention is devoted to such subjects as commercial geography, commercial resources of the United States and of foreign countries, banking, foreign exchange, political economy, transportation, commercial law, international law, etc. From the lower grades promotions may be obtained by service and merit. For example, appointments are made to student interpreterships. These appointments carry with them transportation to the place of service and a salary of \$1,000 a year. The appointment is for two years. Suppose the appointment is to a post in China, then during the two-year period the appointee is expected to study the language; if at the end of his probationary period he is competent he is made a consular clerk and is in line for promotion. In recent years the United States have also pursued the policy of enlisting the services of special agents to advise how trade should be promoted. For example, a little over two years ago, Dr. L. Hutchinson, of the Department of Political Economy and Commerce of the University of California, made a number of extremely valuable reports on trade openings in South America.

The methods the United States have seen fit to adopt are of especial interest to Canada. Not only

do the similarity of resources of the two countries point this lesson; we should also be prepared by studying the experience of the United States to save the price of her mistakes. The policy of the United States are, in common with other countries, adopting indicates that instead of a country choosing a trade representative on the happy-go-lucky method of letting him obtain all his special trade information after he is appointed it is much more economical to see that he has preliminary qualifications.

In the development of Canadian trade we should see to it that the profit comes to us direct. Mr. Sifton attracts attention to the fact that in our trade with Japan a considerable part of the profit goes to American middlemen. What is being done in the United States, which is just waking up to the importance of foreign trade, advises what we can do. It is not because the university graduates are a privileged class but because they have had especial opportunities that the importance of utilising them in pushing Canadian foreign trade is urged. We already have at least one Canadian university graduate, in the person of Mr. W. A. McKinnon, a graduate of the University of Toronto, who is located at Bristol, England, engaged in our foreign trade service. There should be opportunities for others.

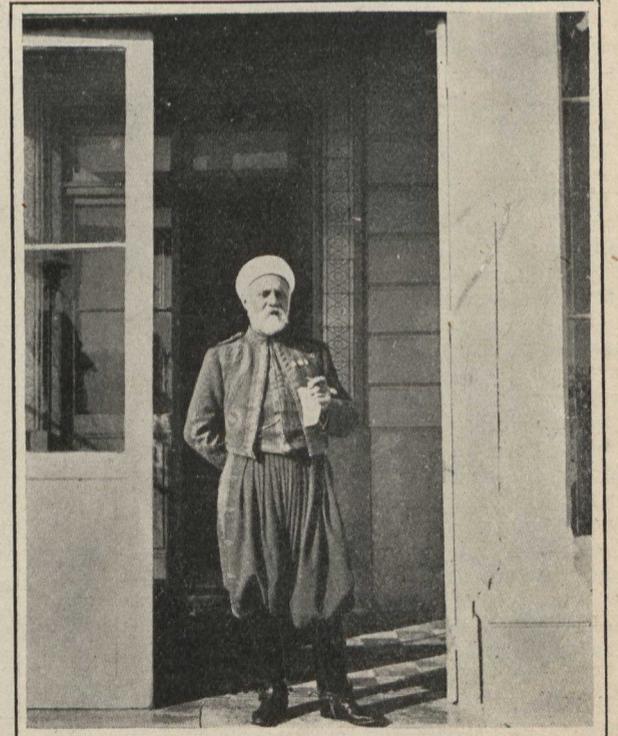
What training does the Canadian university offer for such positions? The nature of the preparation required for the lower grades of the American consular service has been referred to. To cite Toronto University as an example, courses of study are offered in commercial geography, industrial history of Canada and other important countries, political economy, finance, banking, foreign exchange, corporation finance, transportation with reference to the rail and water transportation of Canada—attention being also devoted to the transportation routes whereby foreign markets may be reached, commercial law, international law, modern languages, etc. Mr. Sifton asks, where would the Government turn if it wanted a trade representative to send to South America? It will be noted that the course just outlined is wider than that required for the entrance to the lower positions of the United States consular service. Already the courses offered attract a large number of students who are interested in them because of their bearing on the problems of life. If the Government should decide to so reorganise the foreign trade service as to specifically recognise this preliminary training when appointments were being made there would be no difficulty in obtaining properly trained young men. The universities would be prepared to meet the demand. The opportunity of assisting in developing Canadian trade abroad would appeal to the brightest and most adventurous. While the university does not assume that its training is a substitute for the essential training obtained from the world of experience, it is justified in asserting that it can give such a training as will make its graduates, entering the foreign trade service of Canada, valuable officials from the outset.

Two New Photographs from Morocco



A Glimpse of Morocco's Home Life

The seclusion of Morocco's domestic circles makes a photograph of mother and child a rarity.



The Released Kaid

The first photograph taken since Kaid Maclean's ransom from Raisuli.



Some Officers of the Toronto Police Force of Thirty Years Ago

From the left: Deputy-chief Macpherson, Inspector Leith, Sergeant Stark, Inspector Ward, Inspector Archibald, Sergeant Williamson, Inspector Duncan, Sergeants Stephen, Munro, Carr and Alexander. On horseback, Chief-Constable Draper, on right, Orderly Robinson. Photograph taken on the old cricket grounds, corner College and McCaul Sts.

The Men of the Baton

A Consideration of the Duties, Dangers and Rewards of the Members of Our Police Force

SECOND ARTICLE

WINNIPEG, the central city of the Dominion, presents the difficulties attendant upon a shifting and cosmopolitan population. Its growth by leaps and bounds has required a constantly increasing police force, with a membership thoroughly informed as to the complex make-up of the capital of Manitoba. In the early days Winnipeg was a favourite refuge for criminals from Illinois and Minnesota and detectives of unusual alertness were required to identify such fugitive gentry. Thrilling tales are told of fleeing criminals who were tracked to the young city in the 'Eighties. But the Winnipeg force of to-day has more to do with the distribution of foreign settlers than with the undesirable fugitive who is dodging extradition. The bewilderment of the new people who are coming from Iceland, Scandinavia, Hungary and Italy, to say nothing of the British Isles, appeals to these warders of public safety whose responsibilities are considerably increased during the spring months when the rush of immigration is at its height.

A "strike" is an event which proves a severe test of police tact and discipline. The crowd is in an ugly mood which may break at any moment into rebellion and open attack. In such a crisis the police

force is the outward and visible sign of law and order, yet it is obliged to avoid the very appearance of suppression. Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal and Winnipeg have known the unpleasantness of a street railway strike and in every instance the police force stood the strain with equanimity. Calling out the militia is a disagreeable resort to the iron hand and few Canadian cities have had any protracted experience of such a course during labour dissension. In Winnipeg the situation was peculiarly acute but the police force showed throughout the disturbance a happy combination of firmness and discretion.

It must be remembered that many of the newcomers from Russia and Hungary have had reason to associate uniforms with nothing but tyranny and are naturally slow to learn that the Union Jack means constitutional freedom and that the baton of the constable may be a protective rather than a punitive force. It is in Winnipeg that these people of an "infant civilisation" are to be found in largest numbers and it is largely due to the conduct of the police force that they learn the difference between the freedom of a law-abiding people and the sullen submission of the despot-ridden.

In Ontario, the law regarding the constitution

of the Board of Police Commissioners is better calculated to exclude political and other undesirable influence from the police department than the enactments of any other province, although Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Manitoba have a much better organisation, as regards removal from merely municipal council control, than that of Quebec province. It can readily be seen how unhappy might become the constitution of a force which depends upon the political fluctuations of a city council. There are cities in the United States where the intimate connection between corrupt aldermen and inefficient constables is all too evident and is frequently the material for cynical jest. "Police" and "politics" may have the same root origin but they cannot be too widely separated, as the terms are understood in modern society.

THE TORONTO FORCE.

It may be said, without being guilty of gushing, that Toronto is proud of its police force, a body of men numbering 380 for all ranks and having no small undertaking in the charge of a city which has passed the quarter-million mark in population and which is of such extensive area. The annual report for 1906 of the Chief Constable, Lieut.-Col. H. J. Grasett, late of the Prince of Wales Leinster Regiment, gives, with other valuable information, a descriptive roll of the Toronto force.

There is a general belief that most of the Toronto constables are Irish by birth and certainly the rich accents of many a Toronto member are suggestive of shamrocks and shillalaghs. However, on enquiry from Deputy Chief Stark who is himself a native of Durham, Ontario, a county which has also supplied Toronto with Inspector Hughes of the educational force and Warden Gilmour of the Central Prison, one is informed that 172 men are of Canadian birth, 104 Irish, 51 English and 26 Scotch. It is well-nigh impossible to avoid quoting Kipling when writing of "men who do things." In considering how the Scotch have little taste for the calling while the Irish find it much to their liking, one recalls a sentence from *Kim*: "For, to the Irish, the game is always more than the money." The remuneration, even on the Toronto force which is better paid than that of other Canadian cities, is not what it should be and the canny Scot would rather build a railway than patrol a city.

The first physical standard for the applicant to the Toronto force is that of height, which must be five feet, ten inches. Zacheus would not be admitted, whatever his honesty in the matter of tithes. The age limit for a new member is twenty-one to thirty years. He must, of course, pass a rigid medical examination and possess a good common-school education. In some cities applicants must have residential qualifications. This is not the case in Toronto. There, an applicant's length of resi-



Midwinter



Midsummer

A Toronto Policeman



A Winnipeg Policeman
In Summer Uniform



The Police Base-Ball Team of Toronto, 1883

Standing from left: Deputy Stark, Constable Somerville, Sergeant Verney, Constables J. Cross, Clarke, Cuseck.
Seated, Constables Brady, W. Cross, Porter.

dential record is not a condition, so long as he meets the personal requirements.

The Toronto police force is divided into three distinct classes, first, second and third. The third class consists of all men who have been in service under twelve months. They are paid a salary of \$700.00 per year. The second class consists of all constables who have had over one year's service and under five. They are paid \$800.00 per year. The first class consists of all constables who have had over five years service and are paid \$900.00 per year.

All constables who have completed ten years service with good conduct are given a good conduct badge, which carries with it ten cents per day extra pay. On completion of fifteen years service, with good conduct, another good conduct badge is given, which is accompanied, of course, with an extra ten cents per day. Further, at the end of twenty years, another good conduct badge is given, which also carries with it the same financial "extra." Three good conduct badges is the maximum. Their uniforms, of course, are provided, and each constable is entitled to twenty-one days leave in the year with full pay.

In Toronto, seven per cent. is deducted from all salaries for the perpetuation of the pension fund. When members are on the sick list, one-third of their pay is stopped and goes into the fund. When members of the force are fined for misconduct, the amount thus obtained goes toward swelling the pension fund. Members of the force who have completed thirty years service and who have reached the age of fifty-five years are entitled to a pension of one-half their salary as it was in the twentieth year of their service. This appears to the outsider an arrangement somewhat unfair to the member of the force and differs from other pension systems, inasmuch as others are based on the salary received during the last year of service.

The divisions of constables are more numerous than the public may suppose. There are Dominion, Provincial, County, Town and Village, Court, Railway and Special Constables. Those of the first two classes are usually paid a regular salary. County constables are appointed by the magistrates at the general sessions of the peace. Town and village constables may be appointed by the town and village council. County constables are paid almost entirely by fees. Court constables who are appointed by the sheriff receive for their services about two dollars a day while in attendance on the court. County constables are men who usually follow other occupations and are subject to the call of the local magistrate when he has a warrant, summons or other paper to execute. In an ordinary investigation of an indictable offense, or a summary conviction case, the fees would probably amount to about six dollars.

Town and village councils pay their constables a yearly salary which ranges from \$100 to \$700 a year. In the County of York there are about 225 constables in all, of which about 30 might be called active, while the remainder are only called upon occasionally to execute a summons, warrant or other legal paper for a magistrate. The York County

Council has given High Constable Ramsden power to send men out on special duty, to preserve the peace on holidays, Saturdays and Sundays in summertime and to picnics, fairs, road races—in general on occasions when large crowds are likely to gather.

There can hardly be said to exist an organisation of the County Constabulary and hence the uniform, that distinctive mark of the calling, which is so effective over the popular imagination, is not worn by these occasional officials. For entirely rural districts the present system is comparatively efficient but in the suburban districts mounted men are needed badly.

According to Chief Grasett's report of 1906, though the growth and expansion of Toronto has necessitated large expenditure for fire halls, etc., it is nearly twenty years since a new police station has been erected and comparatively little money has been expended on such stations as already exist. In fact the general policy regarding station equipment is somewhat out of keeping with the traditions of an enlightened community. In this connection, however, it is pleasing to notice the construction of a new \$25,000 station on Pape Avenue, to be completed next September. The light, ventilation and sanitary arrangements of some stations in present use are by no means of a Twentieth Century order but rather approximate the morgue conditions which are a disgrace to the city of Toronto. In civic matters of this sort the women of the community might advantageously take an interest, as their sisters are doing in several cities of the United States.

In September, 1905, the Chief Constables' Association of Canada was formed with Chief Grasett as President, Chief Campeau of Montreal, Vice-President, and Deputy-Chief Stark, Toronto, Secretary. This organisation cannot fail to do much towards effecting concerted action in the pursuit of criminals and suppression of crime and in promotion of such legislation as will best tend to that suppression. The most enlightened effort has been directed in modern times to framing a system of police administration and Canada cannot afford to fall behind any other nation in the adoption of humane and scientific treatment of the class known as criminal.

At the next meeting of the Chief Constables' Association, to be held in Quebec during July, one of the leading features will be an article on the County Constabulary by High Constable Merewether of Wellington County.

The next ten years will be a period of great expansion and will consequently be a decade when the greatest vigilance will be needed in the assimilation of new elements and the administration of justice. The police forces of Canada have deserved the confidence and support of law-abiding citizens. It is essential to the future well-being of the State that these forces should be under the control of a Special Board—not of a city council—and that the payment of these constables whose duties are always arduous and frequently dangerous should be of a nature to induce men of high qualifications to continue to enter such service.

Letters from Father

By R*D***D K*PL**G.

(It is possible that this letter was intended for one of our daily contemporaries. It was, however, duly addressed to us, and we publish it just as we received it, with a full sense of the honour done to us by the distinguished politician and poet-traveller who wrote it.)

WHERE'S the verse that Shakespeare wrote
Once three hundred years ago?
Every lodger has a vote,
Since the Law decreed it so.
Some are better, some are worse:
That's the way with bits of verse.

Octagon and hexagon;
Man and manners makyth man.
Lo, the lights of Babylon
Shine upon the selfsame plan.
They are red, and you are green—
What the dickens can it mean?

Nineveh's an old abode
Mostly marked by heaps of dust.
Lay the long lance on the road,
Since I say you shall, you must.
Kaisers, Tsars, and Emperors
Eat what any one devours.

Multiply the breadth by length:
When it's done you've got a square.
Then you come and try your strength
Till Oblivion cries "Beware!"
So you tramp the wilderness.
That's the answer: can't you guess?

I am about to speak of England and those whose misfortune it is to live there. I speak of England with respect. I have tried to do what I can for the country, but everybody can realise that the efforts of one man must be useless—especially when the rest are living in an iodiform-scented fog of sentimental miasma. For two years they've been living there, and it is not dispelled yet. Men of the Blood despise them. You can hear South Africa shouting her scorn from Table Mountain, while Australia responds with derision from the banks of the Wagga-Wagga. Wherever there is a Colony the doors have been shut and bolted and barred. Even the black man of the remoter Bush curls a contemptuous lip when you tell him about Empire. Only yesterday I happened to be speaking to a young Fijian about the Motherland. I dwelt on her glories: her steamers, her locomotives, her motor-cars, her bayonets, her big guns, her ports, and her Imperial politicians. "Me no eatee," he remarked, and the conversation fell flat. That is what the Government has made of England in two short years. To-day a Canadian took me to Canada. He was laughing all the way. "Don't you see," he said, "that you're not in it? Size acreage—just think of it. Frenchmen, too, lots of them. Montreal, Toronto, and Quebec, can't you see? No, you're not in it." It was the password. I bowed my head. The truth couldn't be contested. That, again, is the fault of the Government.—Punch.

The Larger Corporations

THE struggle between the Dominion Coal Company and the Dominion Iron and Steel Company is still unsettled, although it is hoped that some basis may be reached which will be mutually acceptable.

The shareholders of the Sovereign Bank met in the city of Toronto recently and the sale of the assets to the other banks which occurred some weeks ago was approved. The action of the directors was thus legalised. There was some opposition but it resulted in nothing except the appointment of three stockholders to act with the directors in the liquidation proceedings. The three appointed are Mr. A. F. MacLaren, M.P., Stratford; Senator G. T. Baird, Perth Centre, N.B.; and Mr. William Wallace, manager Crown Life Insurance Company, Toronto. Mr. D. M. Stewart, the former general manager, or his representative was expected to make some disclosures, but at the last moment this opposition was "silenced."

The Lake Superior Corporation at Sault Ste. Marie is seeing better days. It reports net earnings of \$741,066 for the six months ending December 31st, 1907. The interest and charges amount to \$214,000, leaving a surplus of \$526,000. The company recently received an order for 50,000 tons of 85-pound steel rails from the C. P. R.

The Moving Picture of the Prairie



"They Drag Audacious Railways with Them."—Kipling.

All over the West now on the three big trunk lines the man with the pick and shovel is blazing the steel trail for the man with the plough. Canada builds more railway miles according to population than any other country in the world.



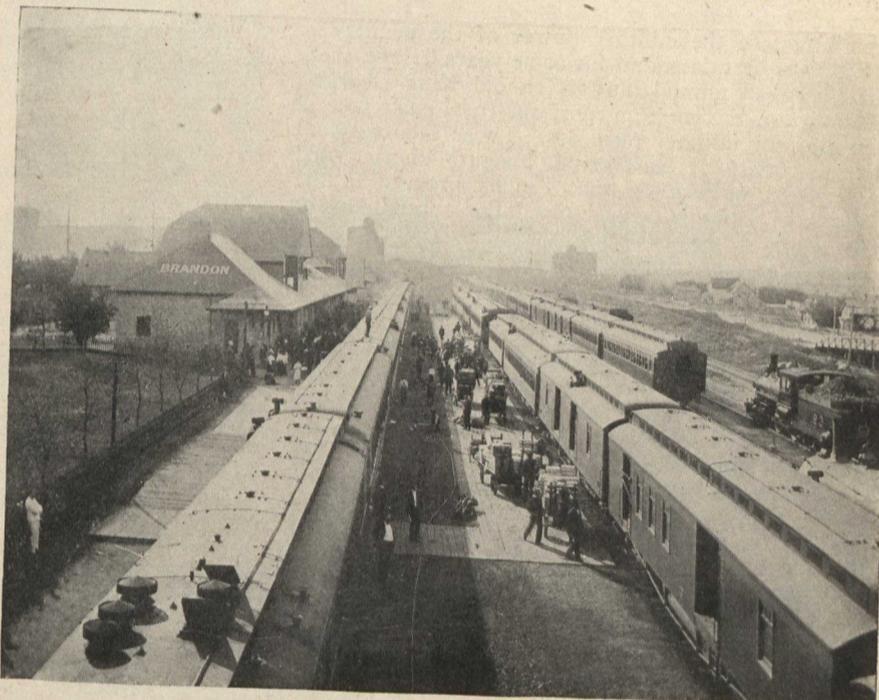
Breaking the Prairie at Swan River.

Homesteading and seeding are on the way on the prairie. There are those who prefer the steam plough; some use the ox-team; but the three-horse plough ripping up the buck-brush and the grey-willows is the average best way—so experience teaches.



The Indian Agency at Gleichen, Alberta.

The Agency marks the spot where the red-man of the plains gets all his civilization; most of his "gnobstoke" and a good deal of his law. The man on the horse is a survival; but the Agent who once a year hands him out the "shuniah" is a trying his share of the white man's burden.



Where the Trains come in at Brandon.

A Western city grows by the measure of the railway track mileage in its yards. Not many years ago two trains a day at Brandon made the citizens take half an hour off to see them come in. Now there is always a train in or a train going out.



Farm House Four Miles from Wetaskiwin.

This farm house, about forty miles south of Edmonton, represents the whole story of the new West. This man with the balcony, the drive-shed and the windmill pump has made history in a land where ten years ago the log shack and the dug-out were the whole way.



The Market at Edmonton on the Saskatchewan.

The most cosmopolitan place in Edmonton, the city of strange tongues and costumes, is the market. Here the tailor-made hobnobs with the sheepskin and the half-breed, the first citizen of the Northwest rubs up against the Oriental, the Russian and the Jew.

The Militia of Canada in the Forties

By LIEUT.-COL. CHARLES CLARKE

Late Clerk of Legislature of Ontario

In his interesting volume "Sixty Years in Upper Canada," Lieut.-Col. Clarke details some valuable reminiscences. The chapter on the early militia is here reproduced.

IN 1861 the people of Canada awoke suddenly to the fact that the country was absolutely without other serviceable defence than was afforded by Imperial troops and Imperial military skill. For years red-coated British soldiers had come and gone to and from Canada with regularity, and the fact seemed to be known to residents of our cities only. We had, ages ago, seemingly, driven American soldiers from Canadian soil. We had, after a little smoke and excitement, put down an incipient rebellion, again with the aid of British arms. But for actual protection from attack, or preservation from internal disorder, we relied as entirely and dependently upon British brain, muscle and ability as a toddling child hangs upon a vigorous mother. The good-will of the American nation was our chief guarantee for freedom from attack, and money spent in support of an active militia was regarded as so much thrown into the maelstrom of the turbulent Niagara. We were not illiberal when appeals were made to our generosity; we were not blind to our shortcomings when they were pointed out to us; but we were content to dawdle along the road towards effective preparation without arriving at any point promising adequate defence. The position of the Canadas then reminded me forcibly of an exhibition of the military power of the country in 1845. At that date, and for some years before, there had been an annual muster, on old King George's birthday, of the young men of our rural parts not yet enrolled for military purposes. I was then resident in the county of Haldimand, Niagara district, and received a notification that I must proceed to the village of Dunnville and attend the annual muster on the 4th of June. I proceeded there in due course, reported at a named tavern, and "fell in" with some thirty other young fellows in front of it. The specified hour having arrived, we lined up in fair order, and our names were called with military vigour. Then came a veteran carrying a tin pail with something in it, and its bearer stopped in front of every man in turn. A tin dipper descended into the pail and ascended to the welcoming hand of each visitor as he was reached. A gurgle and a smack of the lips, and another nail had been driven into the system of the soldier. Captain Farr, commanding, then appeared in front of the contingent specially under his orders, and called us back to the "Attention" which we had bestowed elsewhere. We were "two deep," if not a little more, and received the order to "wheel" to the "left." Explanation was necessary before we could take up the unexpected movement, but after its repetition we were almost equal to the performance of the double shuffle dignified by the name of a "quick march." Then we reached a turn to our left. Dispirited by the response to the previous command to "wheel," the gallant captain—called "Cap," for short, by his corps—politely informed his command that it was useless to tell them what the drill book said, but they must "haw" or "gee" as they were directed. So first we "geed" and then we "hawed," and got there just the same.

There were several squads on the vacant lot to which we had been marched, mostly big lads and young men, who were lying on the ground good-naturedly awaiting orders. One special squad, in uniforms, and really looking soldier-like, were drilling with a combination of snap and vigour. Their backs were turned towards us, but on their counter-marching we discovered that our models were all negroes—a company raised during the recent Rebellion and said to have been very efficient in making corduroy roads. They received special notice from the colonel, who wore regimentals, too, and sat his steed—a mare—as if not afraid of it. In passing up and down the line now formed, he gave us ample opportunity, not only to admire his horsemanship, but to form an opinion of the good points of a lively colt running at the heels of its mother. After his little speech of commendation and recommendation, reports were made by company officers, and we involuntarily broke into groups. Then the fun commenced. Wrestling, jumping, "stumping for a horse race," and so forth, soon broke up all semblance of order, and one irreverent and evidently licensed good fellow tiptoed to the rear of the "Cap," and suddenly snatched and drew from its scabbard the slightly rusted sword which had been carried through a rebellion now apparently forgotten. A loud haw-

haw from the boys, and the advice from one of them to our commander to put up his "old cheese-knife," and we marched back to the tavern to receive another drink, after which the military heroes were dismissed and more fun and frolic followed.

At Waddington school, in England, the boys were regularly drilled by a Waterloo veteran, who had promoted me as a sergeant in his small command, and I had seen volunteer yeomanry under Lord Yarborough, and was shocked at the looseness here displayed. And this actually occurred in 1845, within a half-dozen miles of the battle-ground of Ridge-way, where, in 1866, university students and other smart young fellows were shot down in a fight with a Fenian "army" coming from Buffalo, and emphasising the fact that every country worth plundering ought to be able to bolt its doors and keep out burglars.

An important factor in the development of a military spirit in Canada was the presence, at many points, of one or more old soldiers, veterans of the Napoleonic and Peninsular wars. Elora, of which village I have already spoken, was fortunate in the possession of several worthy examples of this class, and the best known and most distinguished was probably William Kerr, who lived with his son in the village for many years, and who was buried there at last in the beautifully situated cemetery, and was given the desire of his heart, a military funeral, attended by a military band, and his coffin covered with the British flag. He was a native of Paisley, Scotland, born in 1791. In 1806, when he was fifteen years old, he offered himself as a recruit in his native town, and although he was so young—fighting material was becoming scarce—he was a tall, well-built lad, and he would pass the inspecting officer. He said that he felt old enough to fight, and although the weight of his musket would try his strength, Scotch pluck would carry him through. He found others readily thinking as he did, took the shilling, and nobly earned it before he left the service, as a private in the 91st Highlanders, the well-known Argyll Regiment. He was at once sent off with other recruits to Spain, and was present under Picton of whom he spoke with a feeling akin to reverence, of the many engagements which ended with Toulouse. There the 91st was exposed to the heavy fire of the French artillery during a battle fought after peace had been declared, although, of course, the fact was not known to the opposing generals. "Auld" Kerr was with Sir John Moore on his retreat, and fought at Corunna on the 16th of January, 1809. The 91st was one of the regiments covering the retreat, and the veteran told, with exciting enthusiasm, of the sad necessity which compelled the slaughter of the artillery and cavalry horses, shot and thrown over the cliffs at Corunna, and which otherwise would have been used by the French as food. He was not present at the burial of Sir John Moore, made doubly famous by the lines of Wolfe, but was in the ranks covering the retreat. He was with his regiment at Nivelles, Nive, the Pyrenees, Bayonne, Vittoria, Orthez, Toulouse, and the minor engagements which distinguished Wellington's final campaign in Spain. After Corunna the 91st was sent to Ireland to recruit, and embarked for America in 1814, but the order was countermanded, and in 1815 the regiment, consisting very largely of recruits, was sent to Ostend, and marched to Ghent and Oudenards, and in June of that year young Kerr was with his regiment in the reserves at Waterloo. In the general advance which closed that great battle, the 91st did its part with zeal, after a whole day of forced inaction under continuous fire. After the advance into France, Cambrai, a French stronghold, was assaulted and taken, and here our hero received his first serious wound, a fragment of the stone walls of the fortification striking him in one eye and rendering it sightless. The 91st was the first regiment of British infantry to enter Paris, and Kerr was in its leading company. He remained in France with the army of occupation for four years, and was discharged in 1819 with a pension of a shilling a day. The old man had most happy recollections of his stay in Paris, and one formed from his stories a pleasant picture of the kindly bourgeois fraternising with the foreigner and politely aiding him in the struggle with the language. The cure, too, loomed large in the picture, as he does, or did, in

the French life of that day, and altogether the years of garrison duty in Paris were years of relaxation and genial growth after the wear and tear of much fighting.

The 91st, having been in reserve at Waterloo, was neglected in the subsequent distribution of medals and special pensions, and its claims were undecided until 1876, after which time William Kerr received, besides a shilling a day for service pension, 1s. 3d. additional for Waterloo, and entered into possession of the coveted and long-withheld medal. He died in 1878, as good a soldier as ever bore British arms.

We have given a fair picture of the Canadas from a military point of view after the Rebellion of 1837, and until the events of 1861 saw the United States disrupted and fighting, and threatening every day, by some unforeseen blunder, to drag Great Britain into the controversy. Men were excited and alarmed, and a firm conviction prevailed that Canada must cease to be wholly reliant upon British lives, blood and armaments. A move towards expansion of the active militia force must be made, and steps were slowly taken to increase the number of volunteer companies, of which a comparatively few had been organised. In the county of Wellington, where I resided, but one company of rifles existed, and a company of garrison artillery was formed. As typical of the slow progress of the volunteer movement throughout the province, and of the lack of encouragement given to it in its early days, I may cite the action in the county of Wellington, peopled largely by men of British birth or parentage. In April meetings were held in the villages of Fergus, Elora and Mount Forest, and a determination expressed that a volunteer corps should be raised in each of these places. The attendance was large, the enthusiasm genuine, and the service rolls were rapidly filled. This was in April, 1861. In that year the United States was enduring all the horrors of war in its southern and central states, and upon both sides troops were rushed to the front in tens of thousands—not so lavishly as in after years, but so numerous that a long and fierce war looked inevitable. And yet no active movement in the way of enlistment, distribution of arms and competent drill was made to any extent by our central authorities. It was not until August that the three Wellington companies, organised in April, were given official standing, and then they were uniformed at their own expense, as was the case with volunteers throughout the land. This system gave them a voice in the selection of the material of their uniforms. The Elora company was a rifle corps, and ordinarily would have worn the rifle green, but it was thought that more suitable dress might be procured than the imported regulation uniform, and of cloth manufactured in the country. After a short delay the experiment was made. The color selected was a dark fawn, and when this was seen by Colonel McDougall, the inspecting officer, it was at once approved of. Colonel McDougall went further, and recommended the general adoption of similar material, a strong cloth woven in the woollen mills at Galt. But the powers controlling the militia did not agree with the business views of the Galt manufacturer, and refused to depart from the practice of supplying to colonials uniforms made for British troops of the line. As a result, the opportunity was lost for the adoption of khaki uniform, until the losses of the African war awoke the authorities to the value of a colour undistinguishable at a much less distance than the flaring scarlet, of which every man's breadth shows against the green of grass or the verdant foliage of woodlands. It may be added that another company in the vicinity of Elora used a steel-gray satinette in the manufacture of their clothing, and were well satisfied with it as a protection for troops engaged in skirmishing, although the khaki was preferred by all seeing both when effects could be compared.

It is true that newly-formed companies in the early sixties purchased their own uniforms, but it is proper to add that the Government reimbursed the outlay to a partial extent, after the stability of the several corps had been established by the performance of as many drills as was determined by the authorities to be necessary to secure "effective" men. For many years now cloth for uniforms has been

made in Canada, and in every case the quality was found to be superior to that of imported goods. In those days, however, when real war seemed imminent, and men went to the front to fight, if necessary, colour of cloth was a secondary consideration, and men were more intent upon acquiring the art of a good shot than to deck themselves in holiday array. And it is almost depressing to look back and see the enormous coil of red tape which was wound round everything. Of this the sending of the Elora company—my model for the purpose of illustration—to the front in 1866, before the Fenian raid, gave ample proof. Although formed some years before, in 1861, that company was sent to the frontier in 1866 without overcoat straps, and had to manufacture them out of strong carpet binding. It was also compelled to use, upon dark-green rifle uniforms, white pipeclayed belts, which could not be blackened until General Napier, who was at Toronto, granted the necessary permission; and then the volunteers were not allowed to make the change, but the old soldiers of the Canadian Rifles, with whom the Elora company was lying in barracks at Chatham, did the work and received the pay. To this no objection was made, and some of the veterans of that worthy corps fought their battles o'er again while disposing of the unexpected windfall.

The old Minie rifle, discarded from the regular service, was the weapon furnished to the volunteers of early days, and some excellent shooting at short ranges was recorded. A plentiful supply of percussion caps was sent with the annual allowance of ammunition, and aiming drill at first consisted of discharging these caps at a lighted candle. Although the distance was short, there were men who could not "blow the candle out," and the steadiness of aim which followed at regular target practice proved the effectiveness of the simple drill. It may not be out of place to state that I was a member of the company at its formation and was gazetted in 1861 as lieutenant. My brother officers, Captain Donaldson

and Ensign Newman, made enthusiastic soldiers, and we were ready to turn out, at short order, a well-drilled company. Its composition was typical of that of many other isolated companies at various points in the Canada of that date. After the Trent difficulty, the Imperial Government sent out to Canada a number of first-class drill sergeants, many from the Guards, who travelled from point to point and were delighted by the rapid progress made by the many close students of the military art. Amongst the recruits were numerous mechanics, clerks, and intelligent young fellows of all classes, who quickly manifested their understanding of the instruction given to them, and their appreciation of the fact that this drill foreshadowed possibilities in the near future, and that the efforts of the instructors were not a waste of time, but really added to the defensive means of one of the finest countries in the world. Whatever the impelling motive, the result of the readiness and aptitude of young Canadians for military life was most encouraging to the statesmen of the country, who felt the heavy responsibilities resting upon them, and a fair interest was properly taken by the Government of the day in the full development of a peace establishment of which as a people we have had good reason to feel proud.

When the test of our loyalty, our common sense and our patriotism came in 1861, the Trent affair set the whole country ablaze. An indifferent people became belligerent in sentiment. Better war, despite our unpreparedness, we as one man declared, than a craven submission to an intolerant outrage. We were at once Canadian and British. Whatever Anglophobia might have taken possession of a few dissatisfied French Canadians disappeared in a single night, and a bright morning dissipated the thin mist which had obscured the evening vision. The people of Upper and Lower Canada were one, and from the mad act of an ambitious but ill-judging American naval captain sprang the united Canada which ended in Confederation, the opening of the Northwest, and

that recognition of a new nation which speedily followed. There was a certain amount of friction or indifference before the event; there was a sympathetic prayer for a recognition of the South and the successful growth of a new power after it. British troops were rushed across the Atlantic in face of coming winter, and that famous march through the snows of New Brunswick passed into history. The country was on the verge of war. Fortunately, upon both sides of the line, there were leading men of ordinary foresight who were able to control the situation, who saw the immensity of the danger, acted cautiously, and skilfully avoided it. Remonstrance was courteously but firmly expressed. While irresponsible newspaper men were attempting to lash the two peoples into fury, the everyday, thinking and acting men of the great Republic took steps towards reconciliation or abeyance of active condemnation, and the final effort for the preservation of peace led to neutral action on the part of the cool heads of British diplomacy, and ended in a simple apology, the liberation of Mason and Slidell, the exchange of courtesies, and the return of old relations between America and Britain, although the latter had been the more severely tried.

The conflict between the Northern States and the Southern Confederation continued until the exhausted resources of the South terminated the unnatural and deplorable war. The struggles of the contending parties ended, as might have been expected, in the gradual and at last rapid decadence of the more thinly populated section of the Union. And while the Southerners fought with undiminished pluck, they could not effect the impossible. Daily were the Northern States pushing men towards the very vitals of the Confederacy, and the inevitable result was not less perceptible to Lee than to Grant. Both must have wished for the culmination. It arrived, and the world rejoiced and welcomed a peace which closed one of the most bloody pages in history.

A Military Banquet in British Columbia

THE Canadian Club of Victoria, B.C., gave a patriotic banquet in the spacious billiard room of the new Empress Hotel on Thursday, February 27th—Paardeberg Day. The invited guests were the men in the city who had served in the South African War and the members of the British Columbia Legislature. The Speaker, Mr. Eberts, was the orator of the day and the affair

was attended by 300 guests. It was expected that there would be not more than fifty men who had been in South Africa in Victoria, but when the advertisement was put in the papers inviting the men to the banquet it was found that over 140 were living in the city. Eleven of these had fought at Paardeberg and are in the front row in the picture. At the close of Speaker Eberts' oration Lieutenant

A. J. Brace, of the Second Canadian Contingent, moved, and Lieutenant Hodgins, a Paardeberg veteran, seconded, a vote of thanks. The room was tastefully decorated with British and Canadian flags and an orchestra discoursed patriotic music. Judge Lampman, the newly elected president of the Club, presided.



THE PAARDEBERG DINNER AT VICTORIA

Bottom row are men who fought at Paardeberg. Reading from the left: Mr. Wm. Hardy, house porter of Empress; Sergt.-Major Macdonald, Messrs. R. W. J. Leeman, A. E. Morbey, G. W. Tindall, Capt. H. J. R. Cullin, Mr. W. Warren, Lieut. Hodgins, Messrs. Stephen Court, J. Stewart, J. H. Dixon, J. Smith. Sergt.-Major Edwards, who marshalled the parade, also fought at Paardeberg. He is seated behind Morbey and Tindall, wearing two medals. Lieut. A. J. Brace, Chairman Campaigners' Association, standing on right. Trooper Winkell, Strathcona's Horse, Secretary of Campaigners' Association, standing upper left corner, with hand on pillar. Twenty-five regiments were represented.

The Seat by the Door

By ALGERNON GISSING

IN the February sunlight the air was crisp, and great snow-white clouds reared their heads above the dark belt of woodland. Ralph drew rein and let his horse jog him down to a foot-pace. Before him lay the green mounds of the old Roman camp, and over the ridge beyond another horseman was just disappearing. Chedworth was alone, and thought he was the last of the field, so once more he swore at the villainous mount his host had afforded. "Give it up," he added, and stared savagely around.

He was ignorant of these desolate wolds, and not a house was to be seen. Whilst letting his horse choose a pathway, the peewits that had but just settled all rose again in a flock and sent their wailing cry over the uplands. With a sense of relief Ralph heard a shout from behind. His face lightened as he recognised another laggard in pink at the gate. There was worse company than old Sir Hemingway Coles.

"Excuse me, my boy," panted the knight genially as he came up. "I thought it was that accursed butler. Boh, this won't do. Let us get out of it."

"Which way?"

"Trust me. But wait," said Sir Hemingway, pausing with a twinkle in his eye. "Now we are here let us go by Coneygore. I never pass it, and there's something that will please you."

"Don't make it farther. I never sat such a beast."

"It's the nearest way," laughed the other. And they set off talking.

The pair followed a little stream that came down a crease from the wood, and in a hollow a solitary farmhouse soon appeared. As they went forward Sir Hemingway talked much of the Knights Templars and the historic sense, to which Chedworth paid but scant attention. The scene interested him.

Coneygore was a gray homestead of the district backed by a slope of wold, scattered with old thorn trees. Even in this sunlight the aspect of the place was peculiarly forlorn. House and buildings were much dilapidated, great rifts appearing in the barn walls, and of the cart-shed the whole roof had fallen. The carts and implements were unpainted and rusty. The long waggon that had once been yellow was drawn out in the yard and showed signs of under-going amateur repairs. As Ralph Chedworth passed it he read the name on its front, "Caleb Clegram, Coneygore." The letters had evidently been painted over afresh by a rude unskilful hand. The name was that of the present proprietor's father, dead for thirty years. Hearing the sound of horses a young woman came to the open door, but stepped back to drop her skirt. Then she again came forward. Sir Hemingway touched his hat politely.

"Now, Susan, will you let my friend have a look at the seat by the door?"

"Certainly, Sir Hemingway."

And the two men alighted. They stepped into the great kitchen; examined and admired; and the knight shook his head with what was meant for a sigh.

"Sit in it, Chedworth. No, it isn't comfortable, but the Grand Masters didn't want to be comfortable in this world. I've offered Joshua the best saddle-bag that can be manufactured—in addition to a mad price, mind you—in exchange for that bit of old timber, and he'll not listen to it. Extraordinary, isn't it? Is your father about, Susan?"

"No, Sir Hemingway."

"Well, I shan't last long. If he misses his opportunity he'll repent it. Nobody would be such a fool as to give half what I've offered." The knight looked at Susan, and she stood the glance with marked composure. But there was no smile on her face.

"Why should they sell it at all?" said Chedworth.

"To be sure," shrugged Sir Hemingway, turning away in petulant humour, whilst Susan shot a quick glance at Ralph, who still occupied the chair.

"That's what Sir Hemingway doesn't understand," said she almost satirically.

It was that one remark and the look which preceded it which stayed in Chedworth's mind after they had left the place. The knight's anger he took jocularly, and knew how to conciliate the vanity of the self-made man, so they journeyed pleasantly. When they parted Ralph had promised to spend a week at Temple Norbury, and a few days later he went there.

The sight of Sir Hemingway Coles disturbed Susan. After watching the visitors go that day she stood a long time in front of the seat by the door. That chair had now become inseparably associated with the old knight, and in a very unpleasant way. Theirs was no recent acquisition. A Clegram had owned Coneygore for three hundred years, and the seat by the door was as much a part of the inheritance as the swan-egg-pear tree or the old cider mill. It was, indeed, permanently fastened to the wall, and you could only sweep round and underneath it. Susan, in common with her father and every other Clegram, in infancy had learned to walk by shuffling round this old chair. It had indeed inspired a kind of superstitious veneration in the family, so that Susan had come to feel that their own fortunes were somehow mysteriously interwoven with the destiny of that seat by the door. Antiquaries quarrelled as to its real age, although most of them agreed in scouting the tradition of its having been the possession of the last Grand Master of the order of the Knight Templars in England. But this had nothing to do with Susan's emotions.

She was preoccupied that evening, and her father never talked much. When he sat in a chair he dozed. Just after supper he was aroused from this condition, and looking up saw Susan fronting him.

"Shall we have to part with that?" said she, inclining her head towards the doorway.

The man was startled for an instant, and had to collect his thoughts. Only the big clock ticked in the silent room. The snoozing dog looked up at the uncommon predicament.

"Never!" stammered Joshua.

And for the first time in her life Susan knew that the man was not straightforward with her. She turned away and said no more.

Sleep did not come soon to her that night.

After the postman had been in the morning she saw that her father was disturbed again and he spoke of driving to Merstow. As soon as he had gone Susan also dressed for a journey. Her brow was fixed, and there was something resolute in her movements. When ready she locked up the house, and set off over the fields.

It was a gray morning with a north-east wind on which came occasional snow-flakes. Susan was walking in the face of it. She crossed a wide slope of coarse pasture, and past a grove of beech trees which looked very black in the landscape. Then she reached a broad high road. Just as she had alighted from the stile the thud of a horse's hoofs on the grass margin made her look up, and it was impossible for her to avoid the rider. He stopped in front of her. Charles Lampitt was the last person she would have wished to meet on this journey. He was of course in the best of spirits. Susan could not pretend to be. She even coloured more visibly than she generally did, and this made him chuckle.

"You'll be down on Thursday night?" said he after their first few words.

"Yes," was her answer to avoid discussion, for she meant no.

Susan was not troubled with an uneven pulse, but when she went on again her heart was throbbing furiously. At Lady Day Charles Lampitt would have a farm of his own too—but no, there should be no thoughts in that direction to-day. She had not really promised him anything. She was free. Her destiny was her own. If they were to be bought it should certainly not be Sir Hemingway Coles that—but thoughts of this kind should be evaded also. Susan hurried forward with the determination to think of nothing but just her one plain purpose.

This brought her in about a quarter of an hour to a house that bore an appearance of some gentility. But buildings and rick-yard showed that it ranked in some way or other as a farm. Susan threw glances round her, and went up to the front door. It opened immediately, and a little man with black moustache and gray whiskers stood in a broad joyous grin on the threshold. Susan could not resist a laugh also as she said that she wanted Miss Farley.

"Yes, yes, of course. Come in, and I'll tell her."

The visitor entered and went into a room. The little man closed the door and rubbed his hands in ecstasy.

"Funny, isn't it? I had a stranger floating in my tea this morning. It was a female and was to come to-day. Fanny said it meant good luck for her servant, for she's gone hunting. But it was luck for me, eh? Ha! ha! Such an uproar yester-

day. Box packed in half an hour—threats of policeman."

"What, with that last one Emily?" said Susan in irresistible surprise.

Mr. Farley nodded an affirmative.

"Went courting, Susan," said the man confidentially. "But, what was worse, had sweetheart in the kitchen till midnight." He betrayed real glee in the narrative. "You can guess how Fanny took that."

And he exploded with laughter, which ended exactly like a cock's crow, in which Susan had to join.

"Then Miss Farley is not here?" said she.

"I'm all alone. Peace for a day."

They looked at each other and Susan felt bolder. She knew her sovereignty over the little man.

"It couldn't have been better, could it?" crowed he. "You've never given me that answer, Susan. Let me show you round."

She said something about not staying now, but the other treated it as an assent, and brought out cake and wine from the sideboard. He would take no denial. He poured out two glasses and cut the cake.

"Susan," he went on, holding his glass in the air and looking from it to her quite seriously, "here's to you know what, eh?"

The young woman blushed as he drank off the wine, then with a thrill of resolution she followed his example.

"It's an answer, Susan—fair and square," cried he, startled with delight. "Name your own time, but it's an answer." He wanted to refill her glass as well as his own, but she forbade it. She ate some cake.

"We can carry on two farms as easily as one"—he had been a prosperous grocer and wine-dealer until a few years ago. "We'll put everything right at Coneygore, and Fanny must go there. We'll make your father a new man. Ha, ha! doodle-doo! Don't hurry, Susan; but I want you to look round. You shall see everything."

He was deaf to all refusal, and pooh-poohed every excuse that Susan made pretence of urging. She felt real hesitation now that everything had fallen out exactly as she wanted. Better circumstances she could not have devised if she had had the whole pre-arrangement of the situation. The only obstacles now arose from her own scruples. But—Sir Hemingway Coles and the seat by the door.

So Susan looked round; spent two hours under the enthusiastic guidance of Mr. Farley; and was made to stay to dinner. This meal became an historic event in Farley's existence, no less than in that of Susan, and when she left the house the latter knew that she was no longer free.

Her father was in the yard on her return, and he looked in astonishment at Susan.

"I'm going to get married, father," said she.

"Lor' bless the maid, it'll be uncommon awkward for me," was the reply, after a moment's silence.

"Not at all. It will be far better for you. Mr. Farley says he will put everything right for you here."

"Mr. Farley! I thought it was Charles Lampitt as you meant to wed."

His tone was exasperating to Susan in her disturbed condition, so she turned and went into the house without another word. And for some time nothing more was said between them.

Joshua Clegram was not ready-witted, and he knew that he had missed the opportunity of disclosing to Susan what was on his mind. His eyes followed his daughter, and he even took a step or two towards the house, but that was all. After that he went across to the stable and sat down on an up-turned bucket.

"And I needn't ha' done it after all," he muttered at last. "Why couldn't the maid ha' spoken?"

Still he decided to make a clean breast of it after tea, and perhaps Susan's skill would find a way out of it. But after tea Joshua dozed and did not make a clean breast of it. When he roused himself he stared across at the seat by the door suddenly, then shuffled off to attend to the horses. When he went to bed his guilty secret was still unconfessed.

Susan had stipulated with Mr. Farley that he should not come over to Coneygore just yet. She promised to let him know when she had prepared her father. Joshua also had stipulated with the knight for a week in which to deliver the chair at

Temple Norbury. Anything might happen in a week, thought he, with characteristic fatalism. And if it didn't, Susan would be sure to go down to the dance on Thursday, which would give him a chance. But when he came in to dinner on Thursday nothing had yet happened to remove the difficulty, and Susan steadily refused to go to the dance, so he was resolved to have it out with her. And so he would if she had not chanced to speak first.

"I think I shall go down to the dance to-night," she said abruptly.

"To be sure, maid."

When Susan had dressed and set off, the man went cautiously about the premises, then locked the house doors. Contrary to all custom he pulled down the blind and did his best to fill up the gaps between it and the casement. The dog watched him disconsolately from the hearthstone, standing with head lowered. In turning round, the man saw it and paused.

"I don't much like the job, Spot, and that be the truth," he muttered. And the dog wagged his tail.

Nevertheless, Joshua got out his tools—a hammer, a saw, a screw-driver and an old chisel. He had no notion how the seat was fastened. Nobody for several generations had so much as thought of that. With the eye and the heart of a criminal Joshua examined the thing. He looked round now and then and listened. It was a dry frosty night with only a light breeze whispering in the doorways. The chair was as firm as the wall. For some time the man was puzzled, but at last by thrusting his long saw between the back and the wall and working it in all directions he found the position of two bolts that apparently held the seat in place.

His saw was eating into the third peg, and the man's mind was set on the terrible prospect of seeing that seat move, when he stopped suddenly. Spot growled. Joshua had the appearance of a burglar interrupted in his first job. Undoubtedly it was a knock, a loud one, and it was repeated. The dog barked openly.

"Let 'em knock," was the farmer's muttered comment as he drew one hand over his forehead and let out his breath. And assuredly the visitor took him at his word. The sound encouraged Joshua. Not the youngest clerk with a writ would do it like that. Thus fortified, he went to the door, and without opening it demanded who was there.

An unknown voice asked for Mr. Clegram. It was a gentleman's voice, so the debtor's suspicions revived. He could see nobody that night. But it was for his own good; the speaker had come from Sir Hemingway Coles; was Miss Susan to be seen?

There was a moment's silence inside, during which Joshua went stealthily to remove the saw and with a broom sweep up the cobwebs and sawdust. By the time he had done that he resolved to admit the visitor, who had kept on talking all the time.

Into the lamplight stepped Mr. Ralph Chedworth in evening dress, with a long fur coat over it. He introduced himself with good-humoured apologies, referred to his visit a few days ago, hoped his interest was not impertinent. Then he frankly said that Sir Hemingway had told him of the transaction, and he had come to talk about it.

"You have made a mistake, Mr. Clegram. I don't think you ought to have parted with that seat."

The farmer was propitiated by the visitor's tone and manner, and only too glad of the sympathetic discussion that Chedworth seemed to offer.

"What's a man to do, sir?" said he. "I had nothing else to sell. If I had not paid thirty pounds that morning I should have been sold up anyhow. It seemed like a fatality that I met Sir Hemingway in Merstow at that minute. What would you have done?"

"You were in a tight place certainly. But what does Miss Susan say to it?"

"Susan knows ne'er a word about it, sir," exclaimed the man solemnly, and looked into his companion's face for some hopeful suggestion. "It be the most awk'ard side of the business."

Still Chedworth said nothing. Clegram went on.

"And in a manner I blame the maid for it. If her'd made up her mind sooner I needn't have done it, do you see. Farley has always said he'd stand by me if Susan would only come to, but she 'oodn't. Then the very day as I sold the chair to Sir Hemingway she tells me that Farley be the man."

A few questions put Chedworth in possession of the situation.

"But why has she changed her mind?" asked he. "What has Susan to do with a man as old as Farley? She has been forced to it."

"Not a bit of it!" cried Joshua indignantly. "I left the maid a free hand. I never said a word to her about it one way or another."

"No, no, not you," said Ralph with an irrepressible smile. "It is a fatality as you say. Circumstances have done it."

The bit of rural drama took Chedworth's fancy, as the personality of Susan had done from the outset. He meant to see the end of it.

"But who was the young man?" he added. And Joshua told him.

"Do you mind if I tell your daughter about the chair?" asked Ralph, after a few minutes' further talk.

"Very far from it, sir. I'd be obliged to you." Chedworth rejoined the dogcart under the frosty moon.

"Frozen, Dufty?" said he to the groom he had made friends with.

"Not quite, sir."

"You won't mind driving on to the Eight Bells at Withbridge? We can get warm there."

"There's a dance there to-night, I believe."

"There is. I want to see it."

So off they went.

In the glittering throng to which Susan had with wild abandonment flung herself, there were only four men in evening dress. They were all local young men of family that enjoyed a frolic. With one of them Susan had consented to dance. Charles Lampitt noticed it with annoyance, for he had also noticed a reckless gaiety about Susan to which he had never before seen her give way, and which in his eyes had heightened her charms to an extraordinary degree. After that dance he taxed her with flirting.

"And why shouldn't I?" was her quick retort, in a manner which the young man also could not connect with Susan.

"Well, I should think you know," he said in an injured manner.

But Susan was thoroughly excited and only laughed.

"Susan—Susan—" began Charles again in a lowered, tremulous tone as he made a grab for her hand.

"Don't be serious to-night, Charlie," she said, quickly recovering herself, and assuming an irresistible tone of entreaty. "It's my only night; let me have it."

It was after this dance with the only man she had ever felt fove for that Susan was again confronted by a gentleman in evening dress. She smiled, but declined rather bluntly; then her features flashed with surprise. She had seen that face, but could not connect it with anybody. Mr. Chedworth had drawn off. This was mere diplomacy. He took care that Susan should have opportunities of examining him without any direct glance from himself. He had no difficulty in finding an attractive partner. After a critical survey, however, he concluded that there was no girl present to approach Susan. And Charles Lampitt looked a very decent fellow, suitable enough for such a destiny. To his disappointment, inquiry proved that Mr. Farley was not there. Chedworth waited for another opportunity, and presently it came.

"I see you do not remember me, though I have sat in your chair."

Then it all flashed upon Susan, and she recollected the visitor. Chedworth detected the nervous glance of pain, and the man thought that he could himself easily fall in love with Susan. But that was not his design.

"Can I speak with you privately somewhere?"

The assurance of high breeding and a dramatic outlook carried off the bold request, and without hesitation Susan led the way. On seeing her closely and alone, Ralph was struck by some fresh change in her.

"I have damped all your spirits," said he. "Why?"

"Will you tell me what you have to tell?"

"I want to drive you home."

"Not yet," exclaimed Susan, flushing petulantly.

"Why is it your only night? You must forgive me if I overheard you say that. It was quite unintentional. You spoke too loud."

There was something about him that neutralised all the impudence. Susan looked into his face, but did not answer.

"Susan, although I am a complete stranger I sympathise with you. I am older than you. I have seen the world. You shall not marry Mr. Farley."

"Is that all?" said she, recoiling from him. "I felt I could trust you and I can't. I thought you had something—"

But Ralph intercepted her at the doorway.

"I have, and you can trust me," said he with authority. "You had better come home with me and see your father. I may be of some good."

Susan struggled with herself for a moment. All her soul rose in revolt. Chedworth watched her and listened. Every gesture, every change of expression, charmed him. Ultimately she gave in, as he knew she would.

The few preparations were rapidly made. Ralph saw the groom.

"You can get a lift home? I'll answer for the dog-cart." Several would be going in the direction of Norbury, so Chedworth set off with Susan alone.

They did not exchange a dozen words on the way to Coneygore. As they drove into the yard Ralph said to her: "Your father wanted you to go to the dance, didn't he?"

She just said yes, then thought how her father had perused her. To her surprise there was no light in the house. The dogs barked from the stable. To repeated knockings Susan got no answer. Ralph said the man must be asleep, and knocked louder.

"What has he done? What has happened?" said Susan, now thoroughly alarmed.

But Chedworth wanted to see the scene between the girl and her father, so he parried her by suggesting that perhaps Mr. Clegram was out. Susan looked for the key in the usual place, and found it. Just as she turned it in the door the sound of a galloping horse arrested her. The next moment Charles Lampitt leapt off in the yard.

"Is that you, Susan? Who is that man and what right has he to take you off like this?"

With some difficulty the lover was pacified, but nothing could persuade him to leave Susan in the hands of Mr. Chedworth. When the door was opened he entered the house with them. Susan struck a light, and as if by common instinct the eyes of all went to the seat by the door. Its place was vacant. There was the print of its position on the coloured wall. For the rest, cobwebs sprinkled with sawdust and the ends of the four pegs differing in colour from the stone. Even Chedworth was astonished. He looked at Susan, whose features showed that the shock had completely sobered her. She was again the girl Ralph had seen on the morning of his visit.

"I did not know he was going to take it to-night," said he. "I was to tell you."

And forthwith Chedworth explained the circumstances of the sale which he had learned on coming to Temple Norbury that evening for his promised visit.

"Come with me now to Sir Hemingway," he said calmly.

Lampitt seemed to agree.

"I shall stay here till you come back, Susan," said he in an altered manner.

Chedworth expected to meet Joshua Clegram returning from his surreptitious journey. But they saw only an owl on their way to Temple Norbury. The knight had not retired. When Chedworth went in to him he found Sir Hemingway standing in a theatrical attitude before the long-coveted relic, the seat by the door.

"Odd fellow, that Joshua Clegram," he exclaimed, flinging out his arms and spreading the ashes of his cigar broadcast. By this time his expanse of shirt-front bulged far outward, and his coat-sleeves had got hitched up nearly to the elbows. "His daughter knows nothing about it. He daren't tell her. I'm afraid there'll be a row in the house when she comes home. Deep old dog, ha! ha! He got her off to a dance."

"I saw her there," said Chedworth. "And I've brought her here. She wants to see you. Now, look here, Sir Hemingway—"

A sudden sharp knock at the door interrupted the knight's amazement. The butler came in and closed the door after him.

"Unpleasant news, sir. Mr. Clegram is drowned in the pool. William Dufty saw it and will give full particulars if you wish him to come in."

"H'm, he daren't tell her," commented Ralph Chedworth.

For an instant Sir Hemingway was too agitated to speak. Then he gave orders for Dufty to be brought in.

The farmer apparently was unable to face his homeward journey, for as the groom passed through the grounds he saw a figure by the pool in the moonlight. On his approaching it disappeared with a plunge. It was too deep for Dufty to follow, and when he got assistance it was too late. The horse in the cart was found wandering about the grounds and Susan drove herself home in it. Nothing would restrain her; no force of persuasion could get her to stay at Temple Norbury that night. She got to Coneygore and found Charles Lampitt awaiting her. After telling him all about it, she agreed to go and stay with his mother.

In spite of Joshua Clegram's conclusion, there was something that could induce even Sir Hemingway Coles to give up his bargain. Sir Hemingway had the chair reinstated as near as possible in the original way. Indeed, he proved singularly generous and it was he, in company with Ralph Chedworth, that undertook to settle the difficulties with Mr. Farley. It was for Charles Lampitt that Coneygore was put in repair.



THE

YELLOW GOD

BY

H. RIDER HAGGARD.



AUTHOR OF "SHE".

"KING SOLOMON'S MINES."

"THE WITCH'S HEAD", ETC.

Resume: Major Alan Vernon withdraws from partnership with Sir Robert Aylward and Mr. Champers-Haswell, promoters of Sahara, Limited, because the editor of "The Judge" has informed him of the company's dishonorable methods. Vernon refuses to sell to Sir Robert a curious idol which has been a feature of the office for over a year, and which seems to have a talismanic quality. Vernon spends the week-end at "The Court," Mr. Champers-Haswell's home, and while there Jeeki, the negro servant, tells the story of the idol, the "Yellow God," which was brought from Africa. Miss Barbara Champers, the niece of the host, is the object of Sir Robert Aylward's and also Major Vernon's devotion. Alan finally wins Barbara's promise to become his wife but their engagement is to be kept secret. Sir Robert becomes Alan's bitter enemy on learning of the betrothal.

CHAPTER VII.

JEKI EXPLAINS.



PROCEED, Jeeki," said Alan, removing the whiskey bottle, "proceed and explain."

"Major, thus: The Asiki tribe care nothing about all that gold, it no good to them. Dead people who live long, long ago, no one know when, dig it up and store it there and make the great fetish which they call Bonsa to keep away enemy who

want to steal. Also old custom when any one in country round find big nugget, or pretty stone, like ladies wear on bosom, to bring it as offering to Bonsa, so that there now great plenty of all this stuff. But no one use it for anything except to set on walls of house of Asiki, or to make basin, stool, table, and pot to cook with. Once an Arab come there and I see the priests give him weight in gold for iron hoe, though afterwards they murder him, not for the gold, but lest he go away and tell their secret."

"One might trade with them then, Jeeki?"

"Yes, perhaps, if you find anything they want buy and can carry it there, but I think there only one thing they want, and you got that, Major."

"I, Jeeki! What have I got?"

"You got Little Bonsa, which more holy than anything, even than Big Bonsa, her husband, I mean greater, more powerful devil. That Little Bonsa sit in front room Asiki's house, and when she want see things, she put it in big basin of gold, but I no tell you what it float in. Also once or twice every year they take out Little Bonsa; Asiki wear it on head as mask, and whoever they meet they kill as offering to Little Bonsa, that spirit come back to world to be priest of Bonsa. I tell you, Major, that Yellow God see thousand of people die."

"Indeed," said Alan. "A pleasing fetish truly. I should think that the Asiki must be glad it is gone."

"No, not glad, very sorry. No luck for them when Little Bonsa go away, but plenty luck for those who got her. That why firm Aylward and Haswell make so much money when you join them and bring her to office. She drop green in eye of public so they no smell rat. That why you so lucky, not die of blackwater fever when you should; get safe out of den of thieves in city with good name; win love of sweet maiden, Miss Barbara. Little Bonsa do all those things for you, and by and by do plenty more, as Little Bonsa bring my old master, your holy uncle, safe out of that country because all the Asiki run

away when they see him wear her on head, for they think she come sacrifice them after she eat up my life."

"I don't wonder that they ran," said Alan, laughing, for the vision of a missionary with Little Bonsa on his head caught his fancy. "But come to the point, you old heathen. What do you mean that I should do?"

"Jeeki not heathen, Major, but plenty other things true in this world, besides Christian religion. I no want you do anything, but I say this—you go back to Asiki wearing Little Bonsa on head and dressed like reverend uncle whom you very like, for he just your age then thirty years ago, and they give you all the gold you want, if you give them back Little Bonsa, whom they love and worship for ever and ever, for Little Bonsa very very old."

Alan sat up in his chair and stared at Jeeki, while Jeeki nodded his head at him.

"There is something in it," he said slowly, speaking more to himself than to the negro, "and perhaps that is why I would not sell the fetish, for as you say, there are plenty of true things in the world besides those which we believe. But, Jeeki, how should I find the way?"

"No trouble, Major, Little Bonsa find way, want to get back home, very hungry by now, much need sacrifice. Think it good thing kill pig to Little Bonsa—or even lamb. She know you do your best, since human being not to be come at in Christian land, and say 'thank you for life of pig.'"

"Stop that rubbish," said Alan. "I want a guide; if I go, will you come with me?"

At this suggestion the negro looked exceedingly uncomfortable.

"Not like to, not like to at all," he said, rolling his eyes. "Asikiland very funny place for native-born. But," he added sadly, "if you go I must, for I servant of Little Bonsa, and if I stay behind, she angry and kill me because I not attend her where she walk. But perhaps if I go and take her to Gold House again she pleased and let me off. Also I able help you there. Yes, if you take lot kill her."

After this announcement Jeeki rose and walked down the room, carrying the cold mutton in his hand. Then he returned, replaced it on the table, and, standing in front of Alan, said earnestly:

"Major, I tell you all truth, just this once. Jeeki think he got go with you to Asikiland. Jeeki have plenty bad dream lately, Little Bonsa come in middle of the night and sit on his stomach and scratch his face with her gold leg, and say, 'Jeeki, Jeeki, you son of Bonsa, you get up quick and take me back Bonsa Town, for I darned tired of city fog and finished all I come here to do. Now I want jolly good old sacrifice and got plenty business attend to there at home, things you not understand just yet. You take me back sharp, or I make you sit up, Jeeki, my boy,' and he paused.

"Indeed," said Alan, "and did she tell you anything else in her midnight visitations?"

"Yes, Major. She say, 'You take that white master of yours along also, for I want come back Asikiland on his head, and someone wish see him there, old pal what he forget but what not forget him. You tell him Little Bonsa got score she wants settle with that party and wish use him square account. You tell him, too, that she pay him well for trip; he lose nothing if he play her game, 'cause she got no score against him. But if he not go, that 'nother matter, then he look out, for Little Bonsa very nasty customer if she riled, as his late partners find out one day.'"

"Oh, shut up, Jeeki. What's the use of wasting time telling me your nightmares?"

"Very well, Major, just as you like, Major. But

I got other reason why I willing go. Jeeki want see his ma."

"Your ma? I never heard you had a 'Ma.' Besides, she must be dead long ago."

"No, Major, 'cause she turn up in dream, too, very much alive, swear at me 'cause I took her blanket. Also she tough old woman, take lot to kill her."

"Perhaps you have a pa, too," suggested Alan.

"Think not, Major, my ma always say she forget him. What she mean, she not like talk about him, he such a swell. Why Jeeki so strong, so clever, and with such beautiful face? No doubt 'cause he son of very great man. All this true reason why he want go with you, Major. Still, p'raps poor old Jeeki make mistake, p'raps he dream 'cause he eat too much supper, p'raps his ma dead, after all. If so, p'raps better stay at home—not know."

"No," answered Alan, "not know. What between Little Bonsa and one thing and another my head is swimming—like Little Bonsa in the water."

"Big Bonsa swim in water," interrupted Jeeki. "Little Bonsa swim in gold tub."

"Well, Big Bonsa, or Little Bonsa, I don't care which. I'm going to bed, and you had better clear away these things and do the same. But, Jeeki, if you say a word of our talk to anyone, I shall be very angry. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Major. I understand. I understand that if I tell secrets of Little Bonsa to anyone except you with whom she live in strange land away from home, Little Bonsa come at me like lion, and cut my throat. No fear Jeeki split on Little Bonsa, no fear at all," and still shaking his head solemnly for the second time, he seized the cold mutton and vanished from the room.

"A farrago of superstitious nonsense," thought Alan to himself when he had gone. "But still, there may be something to be made out of it. Evidently there is lots of gold in this Asiki country, if only one can persuade the people to deal."

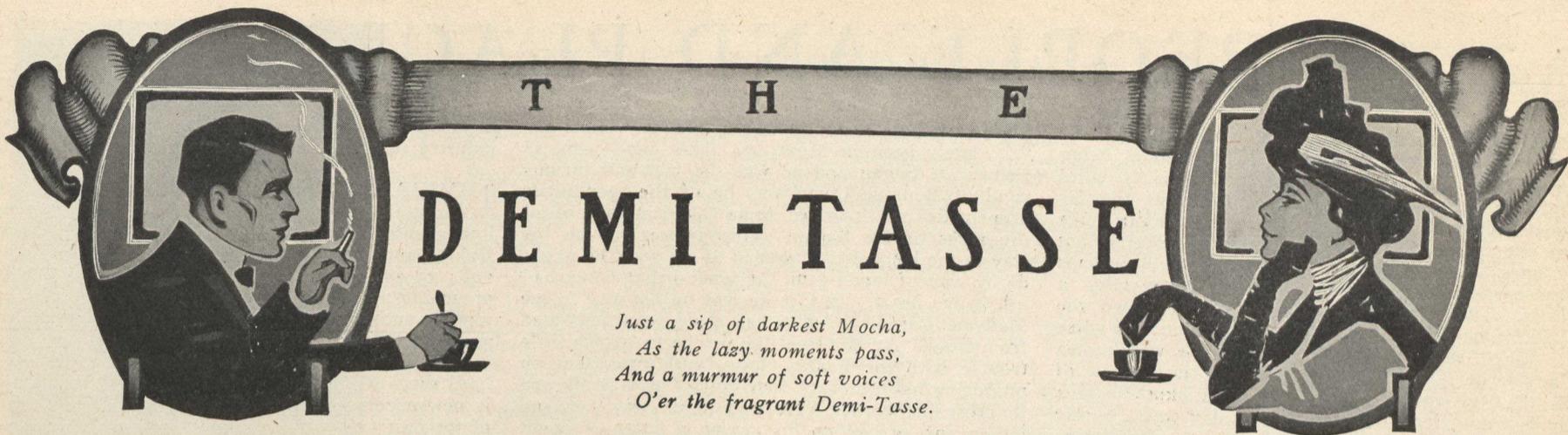
So Alan went to bed, and for a while to sleep, but he did not sleep very long, for presently he fell to dreaming, something about Big Bonsa and Little Bonsa, which sat, or rather floated, on either side of his couch and held an interminable conversation over him, while Jeeki and Sir Robert Aylward, perched respectively at its head and its foot, like the symbols of the good and evil genii on a Mohammedan tomb, acted as a kind of insane chorus.

For an hour or more Alan persevered, then at last in despair jumped out of bed wondering what he could do to occupy his mind. Suddenly he remembered the diary of his uncle, the Rev. Mr. Austin, which he had inherited with the Yellow God and a few other possessions, but never examined. These had been put away in a box in the library about fifteen years before, just at the time he entered the army, and there, doubtless, they remained. Well, as he could not sleep, why should he not examine them now, and thus get through some of this weary night?

He lit a candle and went down to the library, an ancient and beautiful apartment with black oak panelling between the bookcases set there in the time of Elizabeth. In this panelling there were cupboards, and in one of the cupboards was the box he sought made of teak wood. On its lid was painted, "The Reverend Henry Austin, Passenger to Accra," showing that it had once been his uncle's cabin box. The key hung from the handle, and having lit more candles, Alan drew it out and unlocked it, to be greeted by a smell of musty documents done up in great bundles.

At length he came to the end of the bundles and saw that beneath lay a number of manuscript

(Continued on page 24.)



THE DEMI-TASSE

*Just a sip of darkest Mocha,
As the lazy moments pass,
And a murmur of soft voices
O'er the fragrant Demi-Tasse.*

MISSED IT.

THERE is a certain type of the community which rejoices in attendance at funerals and finds a curious satisfaction in gazing at a corpse. In the city, persons of this tendency find an outlet for their emotions at the cheap theatres; in the country they "accept this intimation" with alacrity and demand details of the last hours of the departed.

On the occasion of a certain funeral in rural districts not fifty miles from Toronto, neighbours attended in such numbers that there was an overflow meeting in the kitchen. Some time after the service had been safely concluded, a member of the bereaved family happened to enter this room and noticed the professionally mournful yet expectant appearance of the company.

"Will they be taking the body soon?" asked a fat matron with a profound sigh.

"The hearse has gone," said the afflicted one.

"To think of that!" exclaimed a red-faced neighbour, slapping his knee in mortification. "Twenty years have I been going to funerals an' this is the first time the corpse got away from me."

* * *

HIS PREFERENCE.

A MONTREAL visitor to Toronto was indulging in such frank criticism of the capital of Ontario as he thought safe to make.

"Toronto doesn't need to throw stones at any other community," he said firmly, "just look at the number of unemployed in Toronto."

"Suppose there are lots of the unemployed here," retorted a Toronto citizen of Irish birth. "Faith an' I'd rather be doing nothing in Toronto than have a good job anywhere else."

And the Toronto citizen is still wondering why his wife laughed.

* * *

JUDGING BY THE NAME.

STRANGE comments are frequently heard at the theatre regarding the author and his dramatic productions. Mr. Stephen Phillips, the English poet and dramatist, tells of a conversation he overheard one night just before the curtain rose on the first scene of his play, *Ulysses*. Two ladies in the stalls were discussing the probable nature of the play.

"Oh, I'm sure it's going to be screamingly funny," said one.

"What on earth makes you think so?" asked her companion.

"Why," exclaimed the first speaker, "anybody could tell that from its name."

* * *

HOLY TERRORS.

THE suffragettes have recently sent a message to the British House of Commons on a war kite. This looks ominous for Mr. Asquith.

It is further related that the fame of these strenuous ladies has spread far beyond Europe. In a recent skirmish in Africa the savage chief caught a glimpse of the Highland forces.

"The suffragettes!" His Chiefship cried in terror as he gave a signal for immediate retreat. The English authority states that the tribe was completely routed on the mere suspicion of a suffragette battalion.

* * *

THE PRINCE MUST BE PROTECTED.

THE Prince of Wales is likely to have a strenuous seven days at Quebec this summer; consequently a hint given in a *Daily Mail* story may be of use in the capital on the St. Lawrence. It is said that on the occasion of the recent visit of the Prince of Wales to the House of Commons, Mr. John Burns had a conversation with His Royal Highness. Afterwards Mr. "Willie" Redmond approached the President of the Local Government Board.

"You seem on good terms with the Prince," he remarked. "Do you think you could persuade His Royal Highness to smoke an Irish cigar?"

"Sir," Mr. Burns replied, "it is the duty of His Majesty's Ministers to protect the Heir-Apparent from attempted assassination."

* * *

RECOGNISED.

THE late Lord Linlithgow, says M. A. P., was exceedingly popular in Australia as Governor of Victoria. When he was in that responsible position, some of the backwoods papers were not too particular about their portraits of celebrities and occasionally economised in the matter of "cuts." One day a friend showed the Governor a paper containing the picture of a good-looking, clean-shaven man, while underneath was the name of a notorious bushranger.

"Do you know that picture?" he asked.

"Know it?" cried His Excellency. "Why, that's the coat I was married in!"

* * *



Flesh and the Devil

—Life

TAKING IT IN TRADE.

A TIGHT-FISTED man in a small town who until recently had never been observed to take any interest in church matters, suddenly became a regular attendant at service, greatly to the astonishment of his fellow-townsmen. "What do you think," said one of the business men to his friend; "is it true that Jones has got religion?"

"No," was the reply, "it is entirely a matter of business with him. About a year ago he loaned the pastor \$50. The preacher was unable to pay it back, so there was nothing for Jones to do but to take it out in pew rent."—*The Argonaut*.

* * *

A COLOUR LINE.

THE most distinguished woman novelist of Great Britain, Mrs. Humphry Ward, is at present visiting her cousin in New York and is being most hospitably entertained by literary Gotham. In the April number of the *Grand Magazine*, an anecdote is retailed which, it is declared, was first told by Mrs. Ward.

A certain 'Varsity canon invited a trio of distinguished Parsees to grace his table one day. Dinner was duly prepared. The hour came and with it all the guests save the three high-caste Orientals. Finally it was out of the question to wait any longer, and the company sat down, the canon murmuring: "It is the first time in my life I have regretted a black outlook."

In a few moments the butler's manner began to attract attention. Something seemed to have dawned upon him. "Beg pardon, sir," he faltered, "but were the—the gentlemen you expected black?"

"They were. As black as my coat."

"Then I'm afraid, sir, I've made a bit of an error. Three black individuals did ring the front-door bell about an hour ago; but, knowing your dislike, sir, to that form of entertainment, I—I sent 'em away."

* * *

ANOTHER TIME PERHAPS.

A PUSHING traveller, voyaging on an American river steamer on the Yangtze Kiang in China, came up on deck one fine starlight night to find a mist lying on the river, the vessel at anchor, and the pilot walking the deck. "Why aren't we going ahead?" quoth the traveller.

"Can't see the river," answered the pilot.

"But you can see the stars," remonstrated the traveller.

"Yes, I guess we can see the stars," answered the pilot, "but until the biler busts we ain't a-goin' that way!"

* * *

TING-A-LING.

When the telephone rings

And it isn't for you,

Do you ever say things,

When the telephone rings,

That if words could have wings

Would paint all the air blue,

When the telephone rings

And it isn't for you?

—Cleveland Leader.

* * *

WHEN GOVERNOR SMITH SLEPT.

WHEN Governor Smith of Georgia was Secretary of the Interior in Cleveland's cabinet, he was once called home to Atlanta on business. The duties incident to his leaving had thoroughly wearied the brawny Secretary, so he retired early to his berth for a good night's rest. Mr. Smith never does anything by halves, and the sonorous cadences of ever-increasing volume which proceeded from his apartment gave evidence that his utterances of the day did not greatly exceed in forcefulness those of the night. But after two hours his tranquil slumber was disturbed by the persistent nudging of the porter. That official was asking, "Boss, is you awake?"

"Of course I am awake," Mr. Smith replied. "What do you want?"

"Boss, I hopes dat you will pardon me, sah, but I was jest goin' to ask dat you be so kind as to stay awake for jest about fifteen minutes 'till de rest of de passengers can git to sleep."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

* * *



An Unprofitable Customer

"Hair Cut!"—Punch

PEOPLE AND PLACES

THE farthest north saw-mill in America will be in operation next week. This mill is being erected at Lesser Slave Lake and is sixty miles farther into the great timbered limbo of the far north than the next thing of its kind. Flour mills on the Peace River, of course, are no novelty; but a saw-mill, which usually goes in first, will perhaps cause the Indians around Slave Lake to blink a little. Two young men from Edmonton own the mill. One of these is an old Ontario lad; his name is Jack Blewett; he is the son of the well-known lady writer, Mrs. Jean Blewett, and the nephew of A. B. McKishnie, author of "Gaff Linkum." Jack hails from Blenheim, which in its day was a purely saw-mill town. He is an enterprising, adventurous young man who has had a good many diversified experiences in the West, scowling on the Saskatchewan and taking horses into the north country. He is an example of a certain kind of young man who by virtue of a restless temperament fits in well into the pioneer economy of a new country.

* * *

INHABITANTS of the land about Louisbourg are finding out stories of the French and English wars which took place along that part of the coast prior to the conquest of Canada by the English. Boularderie Island is one of these war haunts. This little isle is now very pastoral and peaceful; but after the falling of Louisbourg into the hands of the British, a British ship was sent to destroy some French settlements along the shore of the Golden Arm. The settlers were warned by Indians and the women and old people fled back into the interior. The men stayed to fight the British. At a place called Point Clear the battle took place; from their inland place of hiding the women and the old people listened for the guns. The result was easy to foretell. The French settlement was broken up and the survivors scattered, some to France, others to various parts of Isle Royal. Near here also at Man-o'-War Point a certain French ship was being built—a ship that should help to light Admiral Boscawen's fleet for the defence of Louisbourg. But on the arrival of a British ship the French builders fired the ship and the charred timbers and twisted irons still tell the story.

* * *

AN Ontario boy who became a citizen of Manitoba has been chosen as the Rhodes scholar to represent that province at Oxford. Howard Henry was born at Wroxeter, Ontario. At the age of eight he went to Winnipeg. He was for some years a clerk in the Molsons Bank and later for three summers on the staff of the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition. He has been a music student also and has been prominent in athletics. He is now president of the student body of Manitoba College.

* * *

PREPARATIONS for the biggest carrying trade in the history of the Great Lakes are being made in the vicinity of Port Arthur. Thirty new vessels are being launched on the upper lakes this coming season, which will open early—for Port Arthur has for several weeks been free of ice. The entire cost of these ships will be nearly ten million dollars, which does not include the new "City of Cleveland," being rebuilt at a cost of a million dollars. The carrying capacity of this new fleet will be 204,700 tons each single trip. There will be twenty-six new bulk freighters, two of which will have a capacity of 10,500 tons. It is estimated that the total value of the vessels now in commission on the Great Lakes is more than 150 million dollars.

* * *

MR. LUTHER LONG, one of the eminent naturalists, has been up in Algonquin Park studying wolves. Dr. Long likes wolves. He got as near to some of these genial animals as he was able without becoming part of a wolf. He says these things are not particularly dangerous, and he does not seem to worry much over the fact that a pack of them kept a pair of trappers all night up a tree near Port Arthur. Perhaps the wolves in the Park are more docile animals; they may be Government wolves, whereas the wolves farther West are probably outlaws. However, the wolves in the Park have killed a large number of deer during this winter. Dr. Long states that he could count more than a thousand deer carcasses lying in the Park, the work of these genial, innocuous wolves.

ONE of those romantic and mysterious Counts has lately been in Montreal. This one's name is Prince De Sagan and he was the fast and furious rival of Boni de Castellane, he of the spendthrift propensities who married Anna Gould in spite of all the wiles of De Sagan. This prince was on his way to the land of rich women to see what he might do by way of binding up the wound that Anna had left in his heart. In fact he was on his way to see Madame Castellane, who has since been separated from Boni. At Montreal the prince had some little trouble with the United States authorities, but on producing his necessary four dollars he was allowed to cross the border. He was in no way hard up either, for he had on his person a letter of credit from Paris for twenty thousand dollars.

haps been a better average accession to Canadian industry than the average Englishman.

* * *

IMMIGRANTS at St. John and Halifax and Montreal—shiploads of them from Great Britain; immigrants crossing the border at Portal, North Dakota, into Manitoba—in one day recently a thousand; down in the middle states Premier Roblin preaching up the Canadian West to the farmers that plough under the Stars and Stripes. And so the great movement of population to Canada is again in full swing for 1908, which in spite of a hard times winter and a good deal of blue ruin talk in newspapers promises to be as good as the average of the past five years in number and probably somewhat better as regards quality of immigration.



Grave of an Arctic Indian in the Yukon

NOW they are talking of a rate war up around Skagway. The steamship companies are getting lively. The season is opening up. This will be a very new thing for that part of the world where high rates for freight and passengers are as natural as high water in a flood. Grievous tales have been told of the many times over which the freight multiplied the cost of goods to get them from civilisation into Alaska and to Dawson. It is now no longer a mysterious voyage up that coast, to get to the lonely land where the red man's grave stands in the air with the dead Indian on top of it. People rush up there for an outing as complacently as once they used to run from Toronto to Hamilton or Niagara Falls. Now that a rate war is likely there will be a large number of picnicking parties will perhaps go from Vancouver to Skagway for an outing.

* * *

SASKATOON has a new big bridge. This is the Grand Trunk Pacific structure which spans the South Saskatchewan. The last span is practically complete. All that remains now is the driving of a few more rivets. There are nine spans in this bridge, as the South Saskatchewan at that point is a wide river. Up to the present wooden bridges have been the vogue on that river. That branch got one of the first bridges in the country, a mammoth wooden thing that had a habit of being washed away in a big flood, thus cutting off train communication between Regina and Prince Albert. Now the old wooden bridge will be regarded as one of the town relics, and the relics are fast disappearing from Saskatoon, which in spite of the fact that it was first settled by a temperance colonisation company, is a very lively city indeed. They tell strange, romantic stories of a certain Ontario man of considerable education who went to Saskatoon some years ago and got on the rocks so hard and fast that his wife had to bake biscuits and rolls which he peddled on the streets; but now he is wealthy and all the rest of it. Such is Saskatoon.

* * *

NOT the least lively phase of the immigration movement these spring days is the English boy. Three hundred Barnardo lads arrived recently in Toronto for distribution hither and thither on Canadian farms. There has been a good deal of unkind tommyrot written and spoken about the Barnardo boy, just as there has been a lot of unjust criticism of the average British immigrant. The Barnardo boy up to the present has been an asset to Canada. Here and there one has turned out a criminal. But the average Barnardo boy has contributed to the industry and the thrift of this country, and has per-

Meanwhile seeding has begun in the southern West. Ploughing is well under way. Seed grain is moving—plenty of it in Alberta for all the farmers in that province; plenty of it going into Saskatchewan from elsewhere.

* * *

THE kind of red man that prefers to be buried in the way shown in the illustration on this page is not very common in Canada. This grave is in the Yukon and it seems likely that the man whose remains have been peacefully reposing there along with his trappings is one of the Lochieux. By the same token it is probable that the ribbon of cold white water in the background of the picture is the Yukon River. The picture was got from a man in Edmonton who got it from he knew not where, so these things are rather problematical. But the Indian is properly dead, however improperly he may be buried. So far as appearances go his graveyard is about as lonesome a place as any regular graveyard in Canada. It may be gathered from the general aspect of things in the picture that the man's comrades had to do a good deal of rustling to get together the timbers necessary to cache his remains. There is no inscription. There were probably no flowers. Beside the Yukon—a cold, grey place, as decently buried as any Lochieux that ever went to the happy hunting-grounds where there are caribou all the year round.

* * *

CANADIAN tobacco has been getting a boost in the Agriculture Committee of the House of Commons. Two Wigles were present a few days ago to testify that the kind of tobacco grown in Essex County, especially that part of it known as the Island of Pelee, is good enough to warrant a duty on American leaf, except on leaf for the manufacture of fine cigars. There are some great tobacco fields in Essex. On Pelee Island, a field of fifty acres of the finest and most luxuriant White Burley is a common sight. About ten years ago this industry was revived in Essex and Kent down there in the toe of the province between the lakes. Farmers who had been raising corn and beans went in for tobacco, which in a good year was capable of yielding a revenue of a hundred dollars an acre. Of course to raise tobacco is the hardest kind of slave work, and nowadays the raisers will be hot-bedding their seeds under glass to be ready for the transplantation in the fields just as soon as the last frost has faded into the summer. After that—no end of work till the plants are cut in the fall. Near Walkerville are a dozen of the finest tobacco farms on the continent, the property of the Walker Bros., who have some thousands of acres devoted mainly to tobacco.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

THE dramatic evening given under the auspices of the Women's Art Association in Massey Music Hall last week was of unique attraction. For the first time in Canada, Mr. W. B. Yeats' Celtic drama, *Deirdre*, was produced. It was followed by Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero's *The Money Spinner*, which made a sparkling contrast to the gloomy beauty of the Irish poet's tragedy. Mr. Douglas A. Paterson, who was manager for the occasion, deserves commendation for the thoroughly professional manner in which the two productions were staged, although Massey Hall does not afford an adequate background. The tale of *Deirdre* comes from the misty ages of Erin's romantic past and, indeed, forms a literary cycle almost as enthralling as the Arthurian. It is the world-old story of lovers fleeing from a betrayed one and of the revenge of the forsaken. *Deirdre* and her lover *Naisi* are finally captured by the outraged *Conacher* who finds his victory a poor triumph since *Deirdre* chooses death with her lover. Mr. R. S. Pigott as *Naisi* and Miss Brenda Smellie as the first singing-woman admirably interpreted the mystic sorrow which, throughout the drama, foreshadows the final tragedy. Miss Evelyn Bliss made a stately *Deirdre* and Mr. Paterson a convincing *Conacher*. The Pinero play was an acceptable second feature in the bill, Mrs. H. C. Osborne taking with spirit the part of *Millicent*, the girl who plays a desperate game to save her husband's fortunes. Altogether the evening was most successful and it is to be hoped that more of Mr. Yeats' productions will have presentation in Canada. The universities ought to take an interest in such dramatic enterprises.

MISS MARLOWE'S return to Canada is the most important event of the theatrical season and the Princess Theatre, Toronto, will probably be crowded this week for every performance in which she appears. A Toronto lawyer was recalling with enthusiasm this week the first occasion on which Miss Marlowe played in Ontario's biggest city and the profound impression she created as *Rosalind*. The students were especially demonstrative in their appreciation of her artistic work. The years have but touched her grace with deepening effect and there never was a time when Miss Marlowe's genius had more charm than it exerts to-day. Perhaps her rare distinction is all the more refreshing, for the evil days of musical comedy and trashy vaudeville which have befallen us. There are all too few who have avoided these inartistic depths and, to such as Julia Marlowe, those who can appreciate something beyond a ballet performance are deeply grateful. Mr. Louis De Foe, one of the best-known dramatic critics on the continent, says regarding Miss Marlowe's indifference to the ordinary tricks of theatrical advertisement:

"Nevertheless the American stage in tragedy has not known her equal since the days of Mary Anderson. In poetic comedy no actress has excelled her since the brilliant course of Adelaide Neilson was cut short by deplorable and untimely death. It is tenable to place her genius in comparison with either of these two remarkable women because her range encompasses both. Moreover, Miss Marlowe has come into her present enviable position during a time when conditions in her profession are discouraging to the highest and finest

development of histrionic art. These are the days when personality looms large in the public eye and clever advertising paves the path to popular favour. And these are the two aids which Miss Marlowe has most studiously avoided."

THAT enterprising London (England) journal, the *Daily Mail*, has recently announced that Miss Maud Allan, a dancer who has lately appeared before English audiences, is of Canadian birth, having, according to the London paper, been born in the city of Toronto. Miss Allan's achievements are of a rather startling order, especially that, when, "veiled in black gauze, she danced to Chopin's Funeral March and perfectly embodied the fine pathos of it." The Salome dance in which this fair creature indulges is also erratic to a degree and the Archdeacon of London has very properly protested against the "bringing of John the Baptist's head on to the stage." The British theatre-goers apparently take a tremendous interest in the public dancer and devote space in lavish paragraphs to such entertainment. It is significant to note that Mlle. Genee, the *danseuse* who was so popular in London, has failed to make a favourable impression on the New York critics. Can it be that London taste is degenerating, that drama of the nobler type is being supplanted by dancing and drivel? According to Mr. Stead such is the case. However, Chopin's Funeral March with Terpsichore and black gauze accompaniment is not a cheer-fur composition to consider.

THE concert of the People's Choral Union in Massey Music Hall on Tuesday night closed Mr. H. M. Fletcher's season of strenuous conductorship. The work of this organization is thoroughly accomplished and local interest is strongly manifested in the excellent audiences which assemble annually to hear the result of the season's training. Mr. Fletcher is always at pains to secure the best available soloists and this year's choice was especially acceptable:—Madame LeGrand Reed, Madame Bessie Bonsall and Mr. Ruthven McDonald. The former has been associated with Mr. Fletcher's organizations in several concerts and her pure, flexible soprano is always a source of lyric pleasure. Madame Bonsall's voice is a rarely rich contralto which won the admiration of Canadian audiences years ago when the Ovide Musin Company included the young Canadian singer in its membership. Since then Madame Bonsall has had the advantage of several years' training under such foreign masters as Randegger and Sir Charles Santley with most pleasing artistic result. The singer, unlike the prophet, has honour in her own country and Toronto audiences appreciate their own choral conductors and soloists in hearty fashion.

VICTORIA, British Columbia, has a musical organisation worthy of strong local support in the Arion Club, a male chorus of thirty-six voices which has just closed its sixteenth season, having been founded in 1892. The programme for the second concert of this season is assurance of the good taste of the conductor, Mr. E. Howard Russell. The nine choral selections are largely of the militant order, such rousing numbers as Banck's setting of Browning's *Cavalier Songs*, Dudley Buck's *The Signal Re-*

(Continued on page 22)

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LITERARY NOTES

A BARR NOVEL.

A NEW novel by Robert Barr is announced by D. Appleton and Company of New York. It is entitled "The Measure of the Rule," the hero of which works his way up from being a teacher in a backwoods town to achieving fame as an artist in Paris. It is to be hoped that the story is as good as the *Stranleigh* yarns by Mr. Barr, now appearing in the *Windsor Magazine*.

* * *

A PROBLEM FOR THE PUBLISHERS.

THERE has been recently in both London and New York much searching of heart among the publishers of books. The magazines have taken up the subject of, what is called in the commercial speech of the day, a "slump" in books. It is alleged by Mr. Forrester, who writes *What Has Happened to the American Book-Publishers?* for the April issue of *Munsey's Magazine*, that from 1895 to 1900 the American publishers reaped a golden harvest. It is almost unnecessary to state that the sheaves of this bountiful yield were works of fiction. "Beginning with *Trilby*," says the writer, "and continuing with the books of Ian Maclaren, Conan Doyle, Hall Caine, James Lane Allen and Paul Leicester Ford, there was an eager demand on the part of the public, which presently led to the enormous sales of *Eben Holden* and, above all, of *David Harum*—which last book represents the high-water mark of that period, with an output of some six hundred thousand copies in less than two years after the date of its publication." More serious works were also registered as "good sellers," Nordau's *Degeneration*, Kidd's *Social Evolution* and Drummond's *The Greatest Thing in the World* being of this class.

But the record of the last two years shows that such figures are not the present condition and, for the falling-off in book-sales, the writer frankly blames the American publisher who has failed, so it is asserted, to keep up with that uncertain quantity, the "times," and appears to be most unwilling to admit that "the old order changeth." It is urged that since the cheap magazines have made a difference in the reading matter scattered on the counters of the railway book-stall or the shop, the sum of one-dollar-and-a-half appears decidedly large to the average householder. He is likely to estimate that he might buy ten fifteen-cent magazines for that sum, thereby securing a great variety of stories and articles, to say nothing of the beautifully-illustrated advertisements which are "thrown in." The publisher of books is warned that he must reduce his prices to fifty or sixty-five cents a volume ere the days of *Trilby* and *David Harum* records will return.

The British publisher, with an astuteness not always attributed to the London business man, has already grasped the situation and the result is the sixpenny classic. Several London publishing-houses have begun to issue new novels at the retail price of half-a-crown or about sixty cents. The more conservative houses frown upon the venture and are prophesying disaster, but the cheap novel is selling and, after all, the commercial proof of a book is the buying.

The true book-lover will consider all this discussion of prices and profits but one remove from profanity, unless, indeed, he be afflicted with the scribbling mania, when he will take a feverish interest in the question of

royalties and the feasibility of street-car advertising. The man who comprehends Milton's definition of a book will not desire greatly a sixty-cent copy of *Miss Corelli's* or *Mr. Caine's* latest production, even when accompanied by a rare portrait of the author. The cheap novel may be good enough for the boat, the hammock or the smoking-car; but the book to be kept as a friend, to lie on the library-table or on the corner of the mantel-shelf, within easy reach of a groping hand, must have something better than the binding of a day and the cover which falls away after a second reading. For the story which is a painstaking imitation of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, for such verses as are written by the minor bards of the magazines, sixty cents may be a magnificent price; but we do not crave *Marius the Epicurean* for half-dollar nor *Comus* for ten cents.

* * *

LOVE'S HERITAGE.

BY ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN.

COLD world by world the stars may
fade away
From out the skies,
Still my soul stars will tremble in the
dusk—
Your eyes.

The crimson rose may wring her vel-
vet hands
Athwart the South,
Still my soul rose, love-kissed, will
blossom red—
Your mouth.

God's heaven may fade gold cloud on
crystal sea
High up above,
Still my soul's paradise will breast
the years—
Your love.

—Smart Set.

* * *

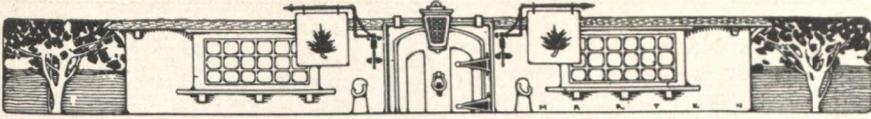
ACCORDING TO HOYLE.

AN interesting story, says the *Argonaut*, attaches to the picture which appears on the autograph edition of "Hoyle's Games." The portrait of Edmund Hoyle, the father of whist and the first writer on indoor games, who lived in the eighteenth century, has been eagerly sought in private galleries and among old woodcuts. Hoyle seems to have had no time for the artist. By the merest chance Mr. Frederic Jessel of London, the connoisseur on games, who owns the finest card library in the world, looking over some old books, pictures and bronzes at Brighton, happened to run across a medal that bore the name of Edmund Hoyle and which was of eighteenth century workmanship. The medal was reproduced in plaster, photographed, and now appears on the cover of Hoyle's book.

(Continued from page 21)

sounds, and the *Sailor's Chorus* from *The Flying Dutchman* showing the class of composition favoured by the Victoria club. De Koven's *Serenade* and G. L. Osgood's exquisitely plaintive *Folk Song* represent the softer measures.

Victoria has justly earned a reputation for musical appreciation, which is largely due to the interest aroused and fostered by such associations as the Arion Club. As in every such case, much credit is due the man who conducts and organises; but the enthusiasm which leads the members of a chorus to devote months to this work is also an attribute of which only finer natures are capable.



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A GHOST IN BROWN SATIN.

THERE is no question that Quebec is the most interesting city in Canada in 1908; and, in the eyes of many Canadians, it has that distinction in perpetuity. Since everything relating to the history of the fortress city is of unusual impressiveness in the tercentenary year, the name of Townshend, the English officer who took over the command at Quebec after the death of General Wolfe, may be revived in Canadian memory. The present Marquess is a gentleman of peaceable inclinations who once made the suggestion that the Government should create an Imperial State-aided Emigration Department. There is a ghost in the Townshend family, none of your ladies in trailing white or dusky grey, but a phantom which "walks" in the most respectable attire of brown satin and is supposed to be the returned form of Lady Dorothy who in 1713 became the wife of the second Lord Townshend and was unhappy ever after. It is not stated with any degree of certainty whether the brown satin spook followed the Townshend of Quebec fame to this part of the world. An ancient and picturesque town like Quebec should be able to support a few ghosts of her own.

OF THE HOUSE OF ARNOLD.

IT has been said that literary genius is seldom visited upon the second generation and that the pen, unlike the sword, is not to be bequeathed with any expectation that its inheritor will feel the original impulse. In England, however, there are certain families from which literary expression may be reasonably expected. Among the foremost is the Arnold circle, of which the most popular member, Mrs. Humphry Ward, is now visiting New York. It is nearly twenty years since *Robert Elsmere* was reviewed by Mr. Gladstone and preached about from thousands of pulpits. An immense amount of work has been accomplished by the gifted novelist since then and her latest books, such as *The Marriage of William Ashe* and *Lady Rose's Daughter*, in their sophisticated treatment of modern fashionable life, are startlingly unlike those early novels, with their painfully earnest questionings. The adventures of *Julie Le Breton*, the vagaries of *Lady Kitty* may be highly entertaining—but are they as memorable as the struggles of honest *David Grieve*? That stalwart figure towers above the years during which one has read much deplorable trash in the name of modern fiction and makes even the statesmanlike ambition of *William Ashe* seem a poor thing. Not so popular, doubtless, were those first novels with their unanswerable problems, but the tortured path of *David Grieve* may be remembered when *Fenwick's Career* has been lost in the maze of modern heroes.

THE STUFF OF SPRING.

DOES any woman ever feel tempted by autumn and winter fabrics as she does by the wares which are spread on the counters that bloom in the spring? Cloth, fur and even velvet are a heavy matter in comparison with the muslin, organdy and lace which make a very garden of the "dress-goods" department in these early April days. Even the plain gingham and useful linens have a clean charm of their own and one

glances impatiently at the calendar in haste to be rid of this everlasting snow and slush and to welcome a season that has been "uncommon shy" for the last four years. How gladly we bundle winter coats away with the proper allowance of moth camphor or similar malodorous preventives. Muffs and stoles are a weary burden and hats with velvet foliage are a positive grievance. It was all very well for Charles Kingsley to write an ode to the North-East Wind and praise the hard grey weather! He was probably speaking more truly from his heart when he wrote that exquisite spring song: "Oh That We Two Were Maying!" Let Jack Frost be appreciated by the sturdy few—such as love early rising and cold plungé baths. But most of us are glad to escape from his boisterous touch and we wonder with growing impatience why, oh why, that coquetish April lady is so slow in acknowledging an introduction.

THE SLANGY SALLY.

MR. WILLIAM DE MORGAN, the wonderful old man who wrote his first novel, *Joseph Vance*, at the age of sixty-seven, has given us a third heroine to compare with *Lossie* or *Alice-for-Short*. *Sally* is the old English name of this latest De Morgan heroine who has already been called charming by nearly every reviewer. If a vocabulary of vigorous slang be a qualification, then *Sally* is a marvellous bit of feminine creation. Slang may be desirable as spice but as the staple of conversation it becomes decidedly wearisome. A heroine who seldom calls anything by its right name is almost as much of a bore as one who is the conventional Young Ladies' Seminary graduate. *Sally*, however, has a meek and frightened little lover who leaves most of the wooing to her and it must be admitted that *Sally* is quite equal to the timorous emergency. It may be old-fashioned but some of us will prefer a daintier type to this strenuous young Amazon.

CANADIENNE.

IN A DRY-GOODS STORE.

"Where are the linens kept?" she asked.
 "Down-stairs," was the reply. She sweetly smiled and grabbed her train, And quickly hastened by. Once down, she ventured to inquire, "The linens are they here?" "Just three rooms over to the right, And straight back in the rear." At last she reached the point proposed. "The linens?"—like a crash The answer came, "Across the store, Then six rooms over.—Cash!" Again she jostled through the crowd And faintly asked the clerk: "The linens, please?" "Upstairs," he said, With a tantalising smirk. She reached the top quite out of breath; "The linens, sir?" she said. "In the annex building, five floors up, And then walk straight ahead." Accomplishing the long ascent, Her temper sorely tried, She sharply asked the man in charge, With wrath she could not hide: "Will you tell me where the linens are Or if they're in the store?" "We used to keep them, ma'am," he smiled, "But do not any more."
 —Mittens Willett.

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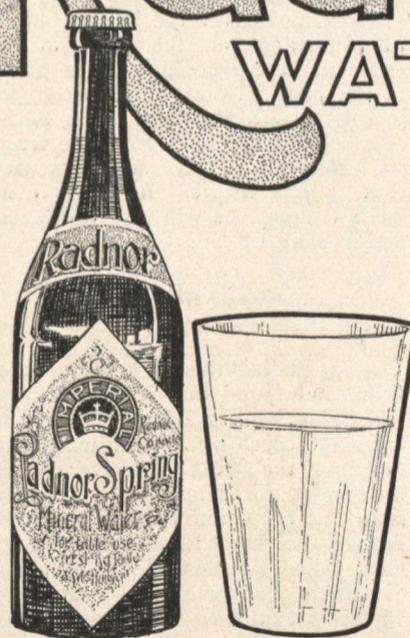
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The Yellow God

(Continued from page 18)

books packed closely with their backs upwards, marked "Journal," and with the year and sometimes the place of the author's residence. As he glanced at them in dismay, for they were many, his eye caught the title of one inscribed—as were several others—"West Africa," and written in brackets beneath, "This vol. contains all that is left of the notes of my escape with Jeeki from the Asiki Devil-worshippers."

Alan drew it out, and having re-filled and closed the box, bore it off to his room, where he proceeded to read it in bed. As a matter of fact he found that there was not very much to read, for the reason that most of the closely-written volume had been so damaged by water that the pencilled writing had run and become utterly illegible. The centre pages, however, not having been soaked, could still be deciphered, at any rate in part, also there was a large manuscript map, executed in ink, apparently at a later date, on the back of which was written:

"I purpose D.V. to re-write at some convenient time all the history of my visit to the unknown Asiki people, as my original notes were practically destroyed when the canoe upset in the Rapids and most of our few possessions were lost, except this book and the gold fetish mask which is called Little Bonsa, or Small Swimming Head. This I think I can do with the aid of Jeeki from memory. but as the matter has only a personal and no religious interest, seeing that I was not able even to preach the Word among those benighted and blood-thirsty savages in whose country, as I verily believe, the Devil has one of his principal habitations, it must stand over till a more convenient season, such as the time of old age or sickness.—H. A."

"P.S.—I ought to add with gratitude that even out of this hell fire I was enabled to snatch one brand from the burning, namely, the negro lad, Jeeki, to whose extraordinary resource and faithfulness I owe my escape. After a long hesitation I have been able to baptise him, although I fear that the taint of heathenism still clings to him. Thus not six months ago I caught him sacrificing a white cock to the image, Little Bonsa, in gratitude, as to my horror he explained, for my having been appointed as Honorary Canon of the Cathedral! I have told him to take that ugly mask which has been so often soaked in human blood, and melt it down over the kitchen stove, after picking out the gems in the eyes, that the proceeds may be given to the poor. Note: I had better see to this myself, as where Little Bonsa is concerned, Jeeki is not to be trusted. He says (with some excuse) that it has magic, and that if he melts it down, he will melt down too, and so shall I."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DIARY.

Alan studied this route map carefully, and found that it started from Old Calabar in the Bight of Biafra on the west coast of Africa, whence it ran up to the Great Qua River, which it followed for a long way. Then it struck across country, marked "dense forest," northwards, and came to a river called Katsena, along the banks of which the route went eastwards. Thence it turned northward again through swamps, and ended in mountains called Shaku, and in the middle of these mountains was written

"Asiki people live here on Raaba River."

The map was roughly drawn to scale, and Alan, who was an engineer accustomed to such things, easily calculated that the distance of this Raaba River from Old Calabar was about 350 miles as the crow flies, though probably the actual route to be travelled was nearer 500.

Having mastered the map, he opened the water-soaked diary. Turning page after page, only here and there could he make out a sentence, such as "so I defied that beautiful but terrific woman. I, a Christian minister, the husband of a heathen priestess! Perish the thought. Sooner would I be sacrificed to Bonsa!"

Then came more illegible pages, and again a paragraph that could be read: "They gave me the 'Bean' in a gold cup, and knowing its deadly nature I prepared myself for death. But happily for me my stomach, always delicate, rejected it at once, though I felt queer for days afterwards. Whereon they clapped their hands and said I was evidently innocent and a great medicine man."

And again, further on, "never did I see so much gold, whether in dust, nuggets, or worked articles. I imagine it must be worth millions, but at that time gold was the last thing with which I wished to trouble myself."

After this entry many pages were utterly effaced.

The last legible passage ran as follows: "So guided by the lad Jeeki and wearing the gold mask, Little Bonsa, on my head, I ran through them all, holding him by the hand as though I were dragging him away. A strange spectacle I must have been with my old black clergyman's coat buttoned about me, my naked legs, and the gold mask, as, pretending to be a devil such as they worship, I rushed through them in the moonlight, blowing the whistle in the mask, and bellowing like a bull. . . . Such was the beginning of my dreadful six months' journey to the coast. Setting aside the mercy of Providence that preserved me for its own purposes, I could never have lived to reach it, had it not been for Little Bonsa, since curiously enough I found this fetish known and dreaded for hundreds of miles, and that by people who had never seen it; yes, even by the wild cannibals. Whenever it was produced, food, bearers, canoes, or whatever else I might want were forthcoming as though by magic. Great is the fame of Big and Little Bonsa in all that part of West Africa, although, strange as it may seem, the outlying tribes seldom mention them by name. If they must speak of either of these images, which are supposed to be man and wife, they call it 'The Yellow-God-who-lives-yonder.'"

At eleven o'clock on that same morning, for he had slept late, Alan rose from his breakfast, and went to smoke his pipe at the open door of the beautiful Old Hall in Yarleys that was clad with brown Elizabethan oak, for which any dealer would have given hundreds of pounds.

Alan was in a reflective mood, and involuntarily began to wonder how many of his forefathers had stood in that same spot upon such April mornings and looked out upon those identical trees wakening in the breath of spring.

And now the thing was coming to an end. Unless in this way or in that he could save it, what remained of the old place, for the outlying lands had long since been sold, must go to the hammer and become the property of some pushing and successful person who desired to found a family, and perhaps in days to be would claim these very pictures that hung upon the walls as those of his own ancestors, declaring that he had

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bought in the estate because he was a relative of the ancient and ruined family.

Well, it was the way of the world, and perhaps it must be so; but the thought of it made Alan Vernon sad. If he could have continued that business it might have been otherwise. By this hour his late partners, Sir Robert Aylward and Mr. Champers-Haswell, were doubtless sitting in their granite office in the city, probably in consultation with Lord Spec-ton, who had taken his place upon the board of the great company which was being subscribed that day. With a sigh he turned away to fetch his cap and go out walking—there was a tenant whom he must see, a shifty, new-fangled kind of man, who was always clamouring for fresh buildings and reductions in his rent. How was he to pay for more buildings? He must put him off or let him go.

Just then a sharp sound caught his ear, that of an electric bell. It came from the telephone, which since he had been a member of a city firm he had caused to be put into Yarleys at considerable expense in order that he might be able to communicate with the office in London. Were they calling him up from force of habit? he wondered.

"Who is it?" he asked. "I am Yarleys. Alan Vernon."

"And I am Barbara," came the answer. "How are you, dear? Did you sleep well?"

"No, very badly."

"Nerves—Alan, you have got nerves. Now, although I had a worse day than you did, I went to bed at nine, and, protected by a perfect conscience, I slumbered till nine this morning, exactly twelve hours. Isn't it clever of me to think of this telephone, which is more than you would ever have done. My uncle has departed to London vowing that no letter from you shall enter this house, but he forgot that there is a telephone in every room, and, in fact, at this moment I am speaking round by his office within a yard or two of his head. However, he can't hear, so that doesn't matter. My blessing be on the man who invented telephones, which hitherto I have always thought an awful nuisance. Are you feeling cheerful, Alan?"

"Very much the reverse," he answered, "never was more gloomy in my life, not even when I thought I had to die within six hours of black-water fever. Also I have lots that I want to talk about, and I can't do it at the end of this confounded wire that your uncle may be tapping."

"I thought it might be so," answered Barbara, "so I just rang you up to wish you good morning, and to say that I am coming over in the motor to lunch, with my maid Snell as chaperone. All right, don't remonstrate, I am coming over to lunch—I can't hear you—never mind what people will say. I am coming over to lunch at one o'clock; mind you are in. Good-bye, I don't want much to eat, but have something for Snell and the chauffeur. Good-bye."

Then the wire went dead, nor could all Alan's "Hello's" and "Are you there's?" extract another syllable.

Having ordered the best luncheon that his old housekeeper could provide, Alan went off for his walk in much better spirits, which were further improved by his success in persuading the tenant to do without the new building for another year. In a year, he reflected, anything might happen. Then he returned by the wood, where a number of new-felled oak lay ready for barking. This was not a cheerful sight; it seemed so cruel to kill the great trees just as they were pushing their buds for another summer of life. But he consoled himself by recalling that they had been too crowded, and that the

timber was really needed on the estate. As he reached the house again, carrying a bunch of white violets, which he had plucked in a sheltered place, for Barbara, he perceived a motor travelling at much more than the legal speed up the walnut avenue, which was the pride of the place, and in it that young lady herself and her maid, Snell, a middle-aged woman, with whom, as it chanced, he was on very good terms, as once, at some trouble to himself, he had been able to do her a kindness.

The motor pulled up at the front door, and out of it sprang Barbara, laughing pleasantly and looking fresh and charming as the spring itself.

"There will be a row over this, dear," said Alan, shaking his head doubtfully when at last they were alone together in the hall.

"Of course there'll be a row," she answered. "I mean that there should be a row. I mean to have a row every day, if necessary, until they leave me alone to follow my own road, and if they won't, as I said, to go to the Court of Chancery for protection. Oh! by the way, I have brought you a copy of 'The Judge.' There's a most awful article in it about that Sahara flotation, and among other things it announces that you have left the firm, and congratulates you upon having done so."

"They'll think I have put it in," groaned Alan, as he glanced at the head lines, which were almost libellous in their vigour, and the summaries of the financial careers of Sir Robert Aylward and Mr. Champers-Haswell. "I must not stay here, I must go away, the further the better, until you are your own mistress."

"Where to, Alan?"

"To West Africa, I think."

"To West Africa?" repeated Barbara, her voice trembling a little. "After that treasure, Alan?"

"Yes, Barbara. But first come and have your lunch, then we will talk. I have got lots to tell and show you."

So they lunched, speaking of indifferent things, for the servant was there waiting on them. Just as they were finishing their meal Jeeki entered the room carrying a box, and a large envelope addressed to his master, which he said had been sent down by special messenger from the office in London.

"What's in the box?" asked Alan, looking somewhat nervously at the envelope, which was addressed in a writing that he knew.

"Don't know for certain, Major," answered Jeeki, "but think Little Bona, think I smell her through wood. Little Bona always have sweet smell."

"Well, look and see," replied Alan, while he broke the seal of the envelope and drew out its contents. They proved to be sundry documents sent by the firm's lawyers, among which were a notice of the formal dissolution of partnership to be approved by him before it appeared in the "Gazette," a second notice calling in a mortgage for fifteen thousand and odd pounds on Yarleys, which, as a matter of business had been taken over by the firm while he was a partner; a cash account showing a small balance against him, and finally a receipt for him to sign acknowledging the return of the gold image that was his property.

"You see," said Alan with a sigh, pushing over the papers to Barbara, who read them carefully one by one.

"I see," she answered presently. "It is war to the knife. Alan, I hate the idea of it, but perhaps you had better go away. While you are here they will harass the life out of you."

Meanwhile, with the aid of a big jack-knife and the dining-room poker Jeeki had pried off the lid of the box. Chancing to look round Barbara saw him on his knees muttering something



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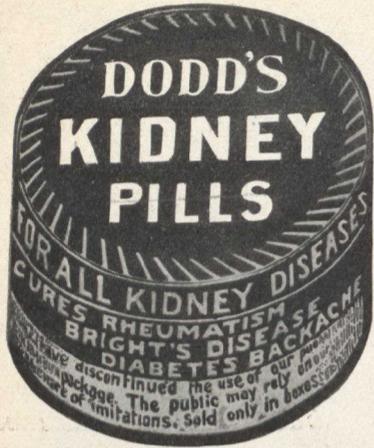


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in a strange tongue, and bowing his white head until it touched an object that lay within the box.

"What are you doing, Jeeki?" she asked.

"Make bow to Little Bona, Miss Barbara, tell her how glad I am see her come back from town. She like feel welcome. Now you come bow, too, Little Bona take that as compliment."

"I won't bow, but I will look, Jeeki, for although I have heard so much about it I have never really examined this Yellow God."

"Very good, you come look, Miss," and Jeeki propped up the case upon the end of the dining-room table. As from its height and position she could not see its contents very well whilst standing above it, Barbara knelt down to get a better view of it.

"My goodness!" she exclaimed; "what a terrible face, beautiful, too, in its way."

Hardly had the words left her lips when for some reason unexplained that probably had to do with the shifting of the centre of gravity, Little Bona appeared to glide or fall out of her box with a startling suddenness, and project herself straight at Barbara, who, with a faint scream, fearing lest the precious thing should be injured, caught it in her arms and for a moment hugged it to her breast.

"Saved!" she exclaimed, recovering herself and placing it on the table, whereon Jeeki, to their astonishment, began to execute a kind of war dance.

"Oh! yes," he said, "saved, very much saved. All saved, most magnificent omen. Lady kneel to Little Bona and Little Bona nip out of box, make bow and jump in lady's arms. That splendid, first class luck, for Miss and everybody. When Little Bona do that need fear nothing no more. All come right as rain."

"See," said Jeeki, pointing to the misshapen little gold legs which were yet so designed that it could be stood up upon them, "when anyone wear Little Bona, tie her on head behind by these legs; look, here same old leather string. Now I put her on, for she like to be worn again," and with a quick movement he clapped the mask on to his face, manipulating the greasy black leather thongs and made them fast. Thus adorned the great negro looked no less than terrific.

"I see you, Miss," he said, turning the fixed eyes of opal-like stone, blood-shot with little rubies, upon Barbara. "I see you, though you no see me, for these eyes made very cunning. But listen, you hear me," and suddenly from the mask, produced by some contrivance set within it, there proceeded an awful, howling sound that made her shiver.

"Take that thing off, Jeeki," said Alan, "we don't want any banshees here."

"Banshees? Not know him. He poor English fetish, perhaps," said Jeeki, as he removed the mask. "This real African god, howl banshee and all that sort into middle if next week. This Little Bona and no mistake, ten thousand years old and more, eat up lives, so many that no one can count them, and go on eating for ever, yet unto the third and fourth generation, as Ten Commandments lay it down for benefit of Christian man, like me. Look at her again, Miss Barbara."

"What is all that writing on the back of it?" asked Barbara, pointing to the long lines of rune-like characters which were inscribed within the mask.

"Not know, Miss, they dead tongue cut in the beginning when black men could write. But Asiki priests remember everyone of them, and that why no one can copy Little Bona, for they look inside and see if letters all right. They say they names of those who died for Little Bona, and when

they all done, Little Bona begin again, for Little Bona never die."

"Well," said Barbara, "take Little Bona away, for however lucky she may be, she makes me feel sick."

"Where I put her, Major?" asked Jeeki of Alan. "In box in library where she used to live, or in plate-safe with spoons? Or under your bed, where she always keep eye on you?"

"Oh, put her with the spoons," said Alan angrily, and Jeeki departed with his treasure.

"I think, dear," remarked Barbara as the door closed behind him, "that if I come to lunch here any more, I shall bring my own christening present with me, for I can't eat off silver that has been shut up with that thing. Now let us get to business—show me the diary and the map."

"Dearest Alan," wrote Barbara from the Court two days later, "I have been thinking everything over, and since you are so set upon it, I suppose that you had better go. To me the whole adventure seems perfectly mad, but at the same time I believe in your luck, or rather in the Providence which watches over us, and I don't believe that you, or I either, will come to any harm. If you stop here, you will only eat your heart out, and communication between us must become increasingly difficult. My uncle is furious with you, and since he discovered that we were talking over the telephone, to his own great inconvenience he has had the wires cut outside the house. That horrid letter of his to you, saying that you had 'compromised' me in pursuance of 'a mercenary scheme' is all part and parcel of the same thing. How are you to stop here and submit to such insults? I went to see my friend the lawyer, and he tells me that of course we can marry if we like, but in that case my father's will, which he has consulted at Somerset House, is absolutely definite, and if I do so in opposition to my uncle's wishes, I must lose everything except £200 a year. Now I am no money grubber, but I will not give my uncle the satisfaction of robbing me of my fortune, which may be useful to both of us by and by. The lawyer says also that he does not think that the Court of Chancery would interfere, having no power to do so, so far as the will is concerned, and not being able to make a ward of a person like myself, who is over age, and has the protection of the common law of the country.

"Meanwhile, if you can make some money in Africa, so much the better. So go, Alan, go as soon as you like, for I do not wish to prolong this agony, or to see you exposed daily to all you have to bear. Whenever you return you will find me waiting for you, and if you do not return, still I shall wait, as you in like circumstances will wait for me. But I think you will return."

"I am glad to hear that you have succeeded in shifting the mortgage on Yarleys, although the interest is so high. Write to me whenever you get a chance, to the care of the lawyer, for then the letters will reach me, but never to this house, or they may be stopped. I will do the same to the address you give. Good-bye, dearest Alan, my true and only lover. I wonder where and when we shall meet again. God be with us both and enable us to bear our trial."

"P.P.S.—I hear that the Sahara flotation was really a success, notwithstanding the 'Judge' attacks. Sir Robert and my uncle have made millions. I wonder how long they will keep them!"

A week after he received this letter Alan was on the seas, heading for the shores of Western Africa.

(To be continued.)

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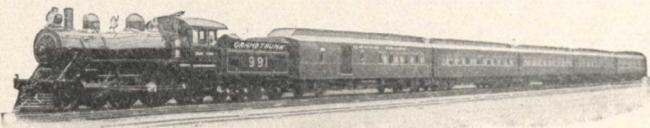
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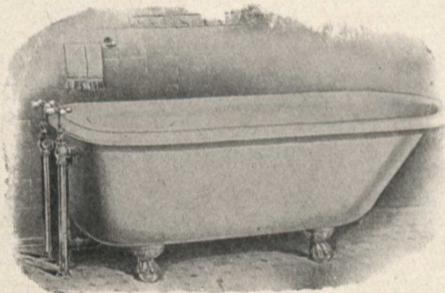
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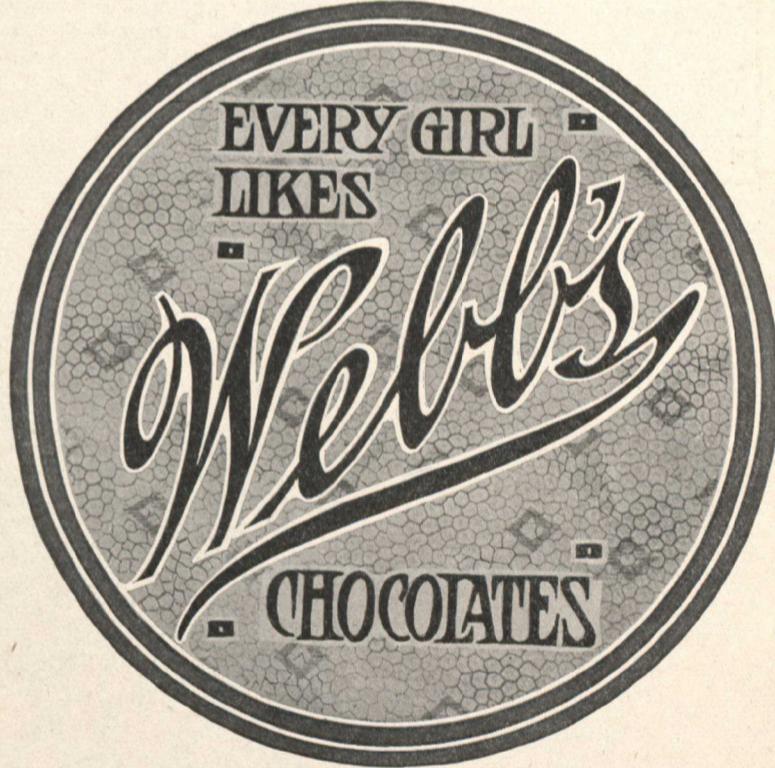
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H1-C15. Misses' Showy Hat, made from an Italian body hat of braid and Tuscan cord in openwork design; shirred chiffon facing on underbrim; trimming around crown and full trimming in front of chiffon, edged with valenciennes lace; wreath of wild roses, all around bandeau, hat all white or pale blue and white with white or pink flowers..... 3.00

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