

# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly



MAY 24th, 1819—JANUARY 22nd, 1901

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

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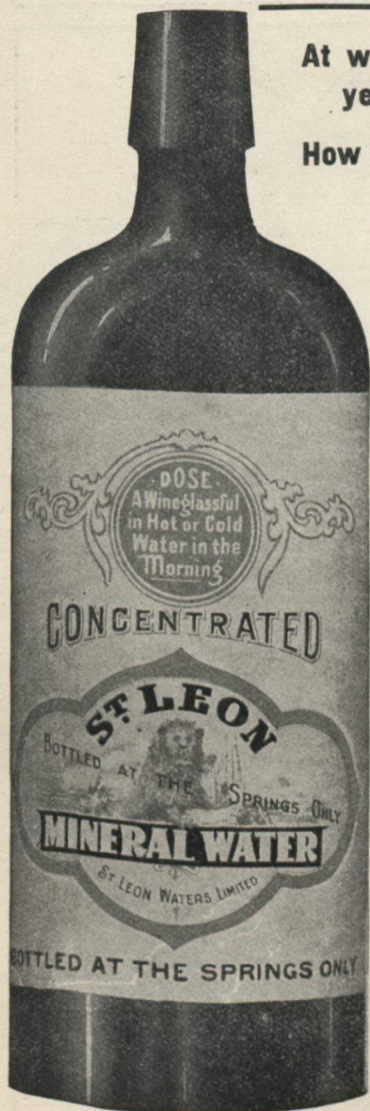
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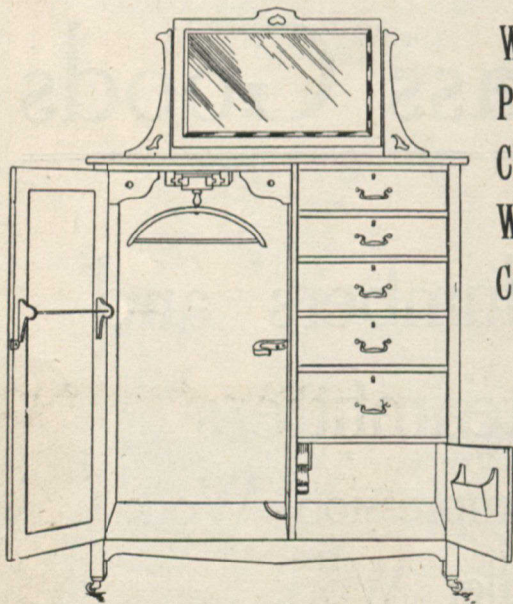


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**Editor's Talk**


**T**HIS issue closes our first half-yearly volume. The progress made in twenty-six weeks is satisfactory, and there is scarcely a town of any size in Canada which is not receiving a weekly supply of Canadian Couriers. We estimate that more than twenty-five thousand people read this paper weekly. By December first, we hope to make it fifty thousand.

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We hope that Volume II will out-class Volume I in many ways. The collecting of photographs and material has been worked down to a system and a more varied assortment will be presented each week. We have worked from the centre out, but we are already in touch with the two shores of the country. Henceforth, our outlook and our material should be really national.


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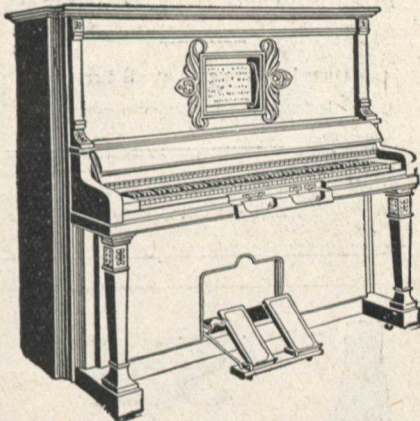


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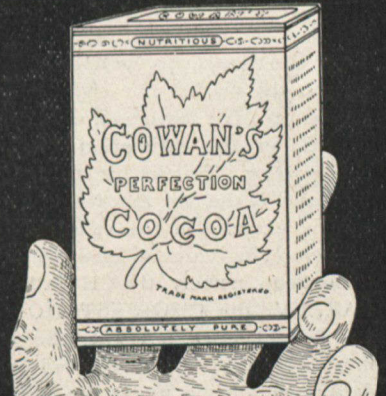
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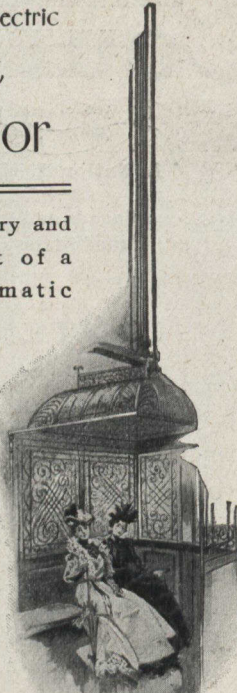
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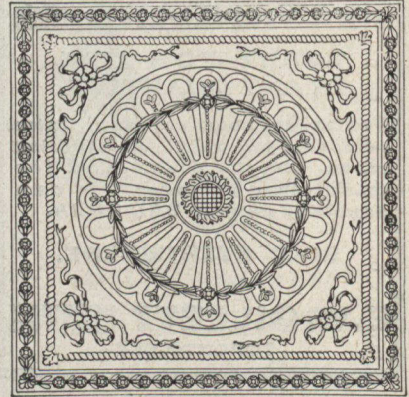
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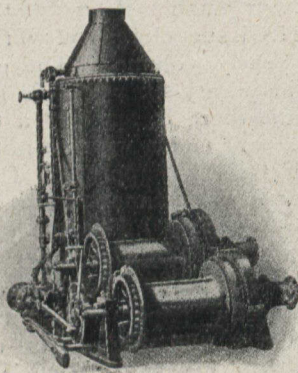
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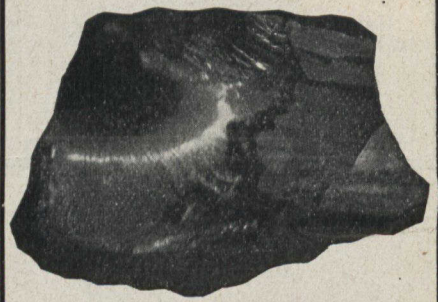
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# The Canadian Courier

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Vol. I

Toronto, May 25th, 1907

No. 26

## Topics of the Day

**H**ON. A. C. RUTHERFORD, Premier of Alberta, is now on his way to attend the Colonial Educational Conference, which is to be held in London next month. Mr. Rutherford is Minister of Education for Alberta and is an earnest advocate of advanced educational methods for the new province. At the last session of the Legislature he introduced a bill providing for a tax on all lands outside of school districts and the proceeds are to be utilised to increase the grants to schools. Through his active efforts a University is to be established in the province within the next year. Strathcona, the city in which the Premier makes his home, has been chosen as the place where the University will be located. The University will be conducted on non-partisan and purely secular lines and will be the only institution of higher education west of Winnipeg.

Mr. Rutherford, like the majority of men in public life in the west, comes from Ontario. He is a lawyer by profession and has practised in Strathcona ever since leaving his native province. He was a member of the North-West Territorial Assembly prior to the creation of Alberta into a province.

\* \* \*

Why the cables should have been so busy supplying us with news about a fast Atlantic and a fast Pacific service is still a mystery. Why certain newspapers, notably the Toronto News, should have chosen to devote so much large type and so much editorial lead-pencil to a discussion of the subject is an even greater mystery. The subject is not new, neither is it strange. There are always steamboat promoters, just as there are mine promoters, real-estate promoters, stock-jobbers, and other people whose business it is to see that the people's savings do not get locked up. To prevent a nation's savings being applied to debt reduction is even larger game.

Germany has been induced to pay large sums to bonus shipping; so have other nations. The Shipping Subsidy Bill of the United States, though unsuccessful, has been backed by persistent and powerful men. The British Empire would be proud of an all-British line from Liverpool to Yokohama, with a branch from Vancouver to New Zealand. It is a magnificent Imperial project. Then, says the promoter, why not exploit it?

Think of the huge amount of stock and bonds which could be sold if the Imperial Government and the Colonies would guarantee ten or fifteen million dollars annual subsidy? It makes a dampness come in the mouths of trust companies, brokers, underwriters, bankers and financiers. At the end of five years it might be a failure, but who would lose? Not the agents who got a percentage for handling the stocks and bonds, not the people who built the ships and got paid for them—only the public who bought stock.

\* \* \*

A fast Atlantic service has been talked of for years.

Sir Charles Tupper advocated it when he was a leader in public affairs. Mr. Tarte did likewise. Mr. Borden and Mr. Fielding have spoken on its behalf, both being Nova Scotians and hence interested in shipping matters. It has been talked of in connection with steel ship-building and in relation to Newfoundland's entering Confederation. The Manufacturers' Association has always had it as a plank in their platform. When the consolidation of United States lines was proceeding, Mr. Clouston of the Bank of Montreal advocated it to "retain the traffic properly belonging to our ports." About this time (1902) the C.P.R. offered to establish a fast weekly service for a yearly subsidy of about one and a half millions. In the same year, all the leading boards of trade passed resolutions in favour of such a service. In the following year, Mr. Prefontaine announced that the Government would call for tenders. Two were received, but neither was acceptable.

Since all this agitation occurred, the C.P.R. has acquired a fleet of steamers and built its Empresses. The Allans have also built two new turbiners of exceptional quality. Thus without a subsidy much has been accomplished. The conditions today are fairly satisfactory. The service is about seventeen knots. To bring this up to twenty would require an expenditure which at the moment does not seem justifiable.

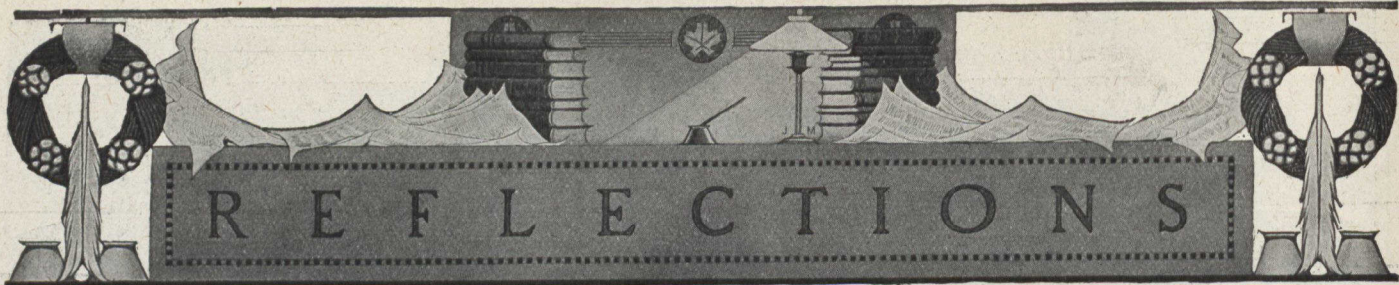
\* \* \*

On the Pacific, Canada is doing fairly well. The Australian line has been improved, but trade is not developing very fast between the two colonies and it will be some time before this line will justify large expenditures. The Empresses are able to take care of all the trade between Canada and Japan. A new line started this month to cultivate trade between Vancouver and Victoria at the one end and the Mexican ports of Mazatlan, Manzanilla, Acapulco and Salina Cruz at the other. This Canadian-Mexican steamship line starts out with two boats, the Georgia and the Lonsdale. They will be sufficient to test the possibilities of the trade.

Canada must not stand still, but there is no necessity to spend millions forcing the pace. Her Imperial and foreign trade must be developed naturally and as a whole. Extravagant bonuses to shipping would be as reprehensible and as productive of evil results as the extravagant bonusing of railway building and iron smelting. Bonusing new and experimental lines stands on a different basis from bonusing new ships on a route already well established.

\* \* \*

In financial circles, the most striking feature of the past few weeks is the steady decline in Cobalt stocks. Part of this is due to "tight money" but much of it is explained by over-capitalisation. Many worthless mines are being floated. The careful investor will not forget that the Guggenheims withdrew from Cobalt for some good reason—the most probable being that the ore deposits are "pockety." Small investors may be "bitten."



IIII BY STAFF WRITERS IIII

**T**HE growth of immigration continues to be satisfactory. During the past five months over 100,000 people have entered this country looking for new homes and new occupations. This is an increase of over sixty

**DISTRIBUTION OF IMMIGRANTS**

per cent. as compared with the same period of last year.

Another gladsome feature is the distribution of these arrivals. At first the West and Ontario got nearly all: now all the provinces are getting a share. Of the continental immigrants arriving during the last nine months, Ontario got 32,000, Quebec 18,000, Manitoba 17,000, British Columbia 8,500, Maritime Provinces 6,500, Saskatchewan and Alberta almost 8,000. This is a fair distribution and leaves little room for objection on the part of any particular district.

**M**R. GEORGE P. GRAHAM, Opposition leader in Ontario, is credited with saying that he believes the voters of the Province are becoming less partisan. He says that they are ceasing to vote in a particular

**GROWTH IN COMMON SENSE**

way just because their fathers did, and that as a rule they vote for the best policy and the best man.

Considering that at the last general election, they voted out the Government of which Mr. Graham was a member, this is high praise. It is not, however, a high compliment to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, since that statesman has never secured a majority from that province.

Leader Graham is undoubtedly right, speaking generally. The once proud boast, "I never cast a Liberal (or Conservative) vote in my life" is passing into history. Almost every other voter is now proud to say that he has voted both ways, which is as it should be. This independent and critical spirit may be said to be contemporaneous with the Canadian Club movement.

**T**HERE are many people in this country who believe that horse-racing is an invention of the Devil. It is not, but it is surrounded by a host of followers who indulge their tendency for betting under cloak of this sport. Betting and horse-racing

**THE KING'S PLATE RACE**

are not necessarily bedfellows. The late Mr. Hendrie, one of the leading race-horse owners of Ontario, always made a boast that he had never placed a bet. Mr. Seagram bets but little. There are owners, of course, who encourage and indulge in this habit.

Horse-racing in itself is a magnificent and noble sport, and there are thousands of people who go to see both running and trotting races who never make a wager. At the Woodbine racetrack in Toronto, last week, the forty-eighth King's Plate was run. Sixteen horses started and the race was won by Kelvin, owned by Mr. T. Ambrose Woods, of Toronto. It was an unexpected win, the owner being almost unknown as a competitor. Probably eight thousand people saw the race which is one and a quarter miles, and for horses which have been bred in Ontario and have never won a race.

There is a grand opportunity now for some one to establish a running race open to all Canadian bred non-winners. There should be a national race as well as a provincial. It would be interesting to see colts from the West, from Quebec, from the Maritime Provinces and from Ontario meet together to show what climate,

breeding and training can produce. Such an event would be popular and historic and should be to Canada what the Derby is to Great Britain. No doubt the suggestion has been made before, but it seems better to-day than ever. Provincialism is all right in its way, but nationalism is coming steadily to the fore. A national hero in the racing world is just as important as a national hero in any other branch of sport.

**O**UR Governor-General has been trying for a year or more to interest Canadian merchants in the Japanese market. He believes that there is a splendid opportunity there for our food-stuffs and our manufactures. As he has exceptional opportunities of knowing something about that market, doubtless he has good reason for persisting in his attempt.

**TRADE WITH JAPAN**

He has addressed a communication to the Canadian Manufacturers' Association on the subject, and seems to indicate that he thinks these gentlemen should adopt more vigorous methods. Only Lord Grey would dare to lecture these important gentlemen who are more given to lecturing than to being lectured. They have shown their good sense in receiving His Excellency's suggestions with a due amount of modesty and a promise to take the matter into their serious consideration.

Lord Grey is also paying special attention to Prince Fushimi, and is to return to Canada shortly by the same vessel in order to assist in his entertainment here. As General Kuroki will be here about the same time, we shall have quite a Japanese June. Prince Fushimi will arrive in Quebec on June 7th and will visit Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and Winnipeg. He will be accorded such honours as are due a prospective Mikado.

**"A**LL systems, either of preference or restraint . . . being taken away, the obvious and simple system of natural liberty establishes itself of its own accord. Every man, so long as he does not violate the laws of justice, is left perfectly free to pursue his own interest in his own way, and to bring both his industry and capital into competition with those of any other man or order of men—." Thus says Adam Smith, in his "Wealth of Nations," a book nowadays more often criticised than read. We have apparently travelled far from the ideas of Adam Smith. We have left behind us the days when the State's duty to industry was believed to be concerned with holding its hand off, the reason for such belief being found in the statement "man's selfishness is God's providence." Our statute books have a steadily increasing body of law dealing with industrial matters. Legislation affecting questions of sanitation, hours of labour, child labour, methods of wage payment, regulation of corporations, protective tariffs—these are a few indications of the change in point of view which is elaborating an industrial code.

Are we, then, all becoming Socialists? So some would say—for example Bernard Shaw's former associates, the Fabians, who look upon all such extension of state functions as acquiescence, more or less blind, in Socialism. Paradoxical as it may seem, such an expansion of government duties is entirely in harmony with a



belief in Individualism. We may rightly condemn the means the Socialist proposes, while at the same time we may sympathise with some of his aspirations. While the socialist thinks that the argument is always in favour of extending governmental power and intervention, the individualist is of the opinion that the burden of proof is on the one who proposes the change.

To the socialist and to the individualist the end in view is the same—the greatest good of the greatest number. The individualist, standing for what is rational and practical, recognises that industrial matters are today infinitely complex and that to have competition work properly, government must at times throw its weight in the scale. At the same time he believes that industrial progress comes from the individual, not from the government; and he therefore holds that the concern of the government in industry ends when effective regulation has been obtained.

**T**HE coal miners and coal operators have been spending a few thousand dollars each in an endeavour to show which side was really boss. In the end, neither side won. The Deputy Minister of Labour, assisted by the forbidding face of **STRIKES AND THE PUBLIC** the law, scared the bluffers into a settlement.

Then came the reckoning. The miners got a small increase in wages which in time will make up what they lost in the fight. The operators have raised the price of coal and the public will soon reimburse the operators for their loss. That is, the public pays all the damages. The increase in price is about fifteen per cent. or 30 to 50 cents a ton. It will cost ten cents an acre more to plough with a steam-plough than it did before the strike.

In Toronto, the plumbers are on strike and building operations are hampered. In Montreal the Longshoremen are on strike and the loading of ships is being de-

layed. To the Toronto strike, the Lemieux Dispute Bill is not applicable: to the Montreal strike, it should be. It had a good effect in the dispute between the Grand Trunk Railway and its machinists which was settled by a Board after three days' work. So far it has had little effect on the longshoremen's strike. Mr. Acland, Secretary of the Labour Department, says that the Department itself cannot enforce the law until some party takes action under it.

Be that as it may, the public bears the burden of all these struggles and in the end must pay. Capital and labour go to war and the public pays the losses. It is stated that in thirteen years, the workmen of the United States have lost nearly three hundred million dollars by strikes and lock-outs. The public must make this up in the increased price of goods. In the olden time, two kings went to war and the people paid the cost in blood, produce and money; in modern days, capital and labour fight and still the people do the suffering. Were the old days much worse than the new?

What can we do? We may anticipate the troubles of the future and make laws which will compel all disputes as to wages to be referred to arbitration boards. This would be a help, but the labourer opposes arbitration of a compulsory character. He prefers to take his chances in a state of war. In the second place, we may try to educate both capital and labour to a sense of their responsibility. The fault is not all on one side, and both require educating. Much progress is being made along this line. In the majority of disputes the strike or lockout does not come suddenly. The open-eyed employer can see the trouble a long way off, and may often nip it in the bud by judicious concession. The labour leader who proves a fire-brand should be pursued pitilessly, so that the common-sense of the working classes may have free play.

## A Personal Explanation

By JOHN A. COOPER

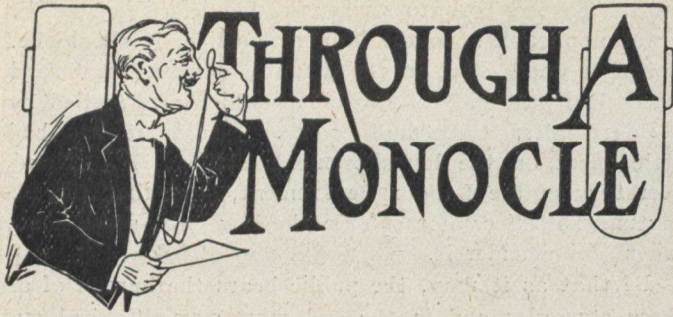
**S**EVERAL newspapers have made the statement that the recent changes in the postal rates were made to benefit such publications as the Canadian Magazine, Westminster and Canadian Courier—in other words, to benefit the periodicals of the country. It would be extremely gratifying to me personally if the statement were true. Nevertheless, I am constrained to believe and avow that such is not the case.

So far as I am personally concerned, I am free to state that I have never discussed the question with the Hon. Mr. Lemieux. I have not even the honour of that gentleman's acquaintance. Any agitation which I may have carried on in favour of postal reform was based entirely on national grounds, and looked to placing British and United States periodicals on an equal footing in this market. The only petition I ever drew up and circulated was addressed to the Postmaster-General of Great Britain and not to the Postmaster-General at Ottawa. In the reform which has come at the hands of Mr. Lemieux—and I believe it to be a reform—I was never consulted by any member of the Government or any official of the Post Office department.

True, some three years ago I contributed to the Toronto *News* an article denouncing the Postal Convention of 1875 as one-sided. True, I have done everything a journalist or publicist could do to have the postage on British publications reduced. True, I have gone so far as to interview a British Postmaster-General and a prospective Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies. True, I am quite proud of these things. Yet, I have not been a party to the recent changes, and was just as astonished as most of my journalistic friends at the sweeping character of the new Convention.

When any writer asserts that these changes were made to benefit periodicals specially, he is telling what I believe to be an untruth. Far from limiting competition in this market, the new regulations will increase it. The competition which previously came only from United States periodical offices, will still come from that direction, and will also come from branch houses which will be established here, and from the London publishers direct. It will be three-fold instead of single. Moreover, Canadian periodicals have proportionately just as much United States circulation as the newspapers, and on this they must pay the higher postage.

At the same time, I desire to say that, despite the awkwardness to the publishers in having these changes come in the middle of a subscription year, I believe that these new regulations will work out to the general benefit of the press and the public. The only increased competition will be in the periodical field; the daily and weekly press will in the end be the recipients of special benefits in the way of increased circulation and advertising patronage. The post-office is relieved of a great burden, and British periodicals are given an opportunity in this market.



**I** NOTICE that one of the Vernon Harcourt family has had the "nerve" to refer to a communication by our own Prof. Leacock to the London Morning Post as "vulgar offensive twaddle." It is such things as these which make us wonder if British connection can endure. Here is Canada's own and only Prof. Leacock, abandoning a position at McGill University in order to obey the summons of another of Canada's most successful advertisers—Principal Parkin—to set out on a pilgrimage through the British Empire and awaken it once and for all with his young clarion voice! Here is the high-spirited boy missionary arrived in London, the efete capital of the slumbering Empire! Here is his first message to the British people which we have not yet had the pleasure and inspiration of reading, but which bears the tactful, the persuasive, the modest and polite title of "Decrepit John Bull and His Lusty Grown-up Son." And what reception does this stirring effort of Canada's young hero-knight receive? Is John Bull grateful? Does he recognise his "decrepit" condition and overwhelm with thanks—as might well become him—this still lustier son of his own "lusty son" who has come with a filial and fire-cracker patriotism to sound the alarm before he has slumbered too long?

\* \* \*

Not a bit of it. He lets a mere Vernon Harcourt insult the human "alarm clock" who has journeyed all the way from Canada—at the invitation of the Rhodes Trustee—to announce the dawning of a new day. After such ingratitude, John deserves to be left in his "decrepitude" while the "lusty grown-up son" heaps scorn upon him—and incidentally accepts his naval protection and begs for a tariff preference in his market. I am waiting impatiently to see Prof. Leacock's "humourous article." I am quite certain it will be humourous." I have never known the Professor to write anything that wasn't. He probably exploded this sort of thing into the ear of the somnolent giant. "What think you, little River Thames, of our great Ottawa that flings its foam eight hundred miles? What say you, little puffing, steam-fed industry of England, to the industry of Coming Canada?"

\* \* \*

Or he may have turned his attention to the politicians at Westminster, thus stirring up the bile of the Vernon Harcourts. Something after this fashion, it would go:—"Harsh is the cackle of the little turkey cocks at Westminster, fighting the while as they feather their nest of sticks and mud, low on the river bank." . . . It is true that Professor Leacock once applied the foregoing complimentary references to the "little turkey cocks at Ottawa"; but he is not a man to be overawed by the historic majesty of the House at Westminster. Or he may have said something like this:—"Nor is it well with the spirit of those in England in their thoughts of us. Jangling are they these twenty years over little Ireland that makes and unmakes ministries, and never a thought for Canada"—or of her lusty boy missionary—"jangling now over their Pantaloon Suffragettes and their Swaddled Bishops." This would please the British people very greatly. They would regret that they grew "turkey cocks" and not the modest and retiring choristers which Canada sends as missionaries of Empire to "out-worn" London.

\* \* \*

Still John Bull is more apt to judge us by our Sir Wilfrid Lauriers than by our Parkins and our Leacocks. We are not really the conceited asses we are sometimes made out to be. Sir Wilfrid has been striking a note of splendid sanity at the Imperial Conference and undoubtedly stands higher with the British people to-day than he ever has in the past. He has given evidence of the highest qualities of statesmanship, in that he has not played for any temporary local popularity by demanding much and leaving the responsibility for inevitable refusal upon other shoulders. He has rather acted

as if he felt to the full the responsibility for his utterances, and the weight of his position. He has kept in touch with the British Government, though it was not a Government likely to meet the Canadian proposals for a mutual preference; and he has helped to make the new-comer—Premier Botha—feel at home in his step-mother's house. In short, he has been more than a Colonial representative; he has been an Imperial statesman.

\* \* \*

Canada has always been fortunate in the sort of men it has sent officially to England—though it cannot control the freakish choices made by private enterprises, such as the Rhodes Trust. When Sir John Macdonald used to go to London, he was a "persona grata" with the great Disraeli and won a high place in the esteem of the British people. Sir Alexander Galt was a figure that commanded respect in the High Commissionship; and when Sir Charles Tupper succeeded him, he brought an energy and capacity to the task which won for Canada a distinctly better position in the British Isles. As for Lord Strathcona, he has gained a quite unique place in the body of Colonial representatives, and has, indeed, been lifted to a position of importance in the political and philanthropic life of the United Kingdom. Now Sir Wilfrid goes to London as our chief statesman, and he has always proved worthy of the responsible position. We have gained in prestige under his leadership; and never have we gained more signally than during the Conference that has just closed.

## Dramatic Notes

**T**HE "Canadian Courier" of May 11th drew attention to a pernicious melodrama advertised as a Toronto attraction and remarked that it was high time for a theatrical censor to do some blue-pencil work. The management of the theatre, at which this disgusting production was to appear, recognised the nature of the entertainment and withdrew the performance early in last week. Then the press awakened to the situation and made highly edifying comments thereon. Both posters and advance notices had indicated that the "show" in question had no place among decent amusements. The sooner discrimination is exercised regarding these performances, the better it will be for the management and public.

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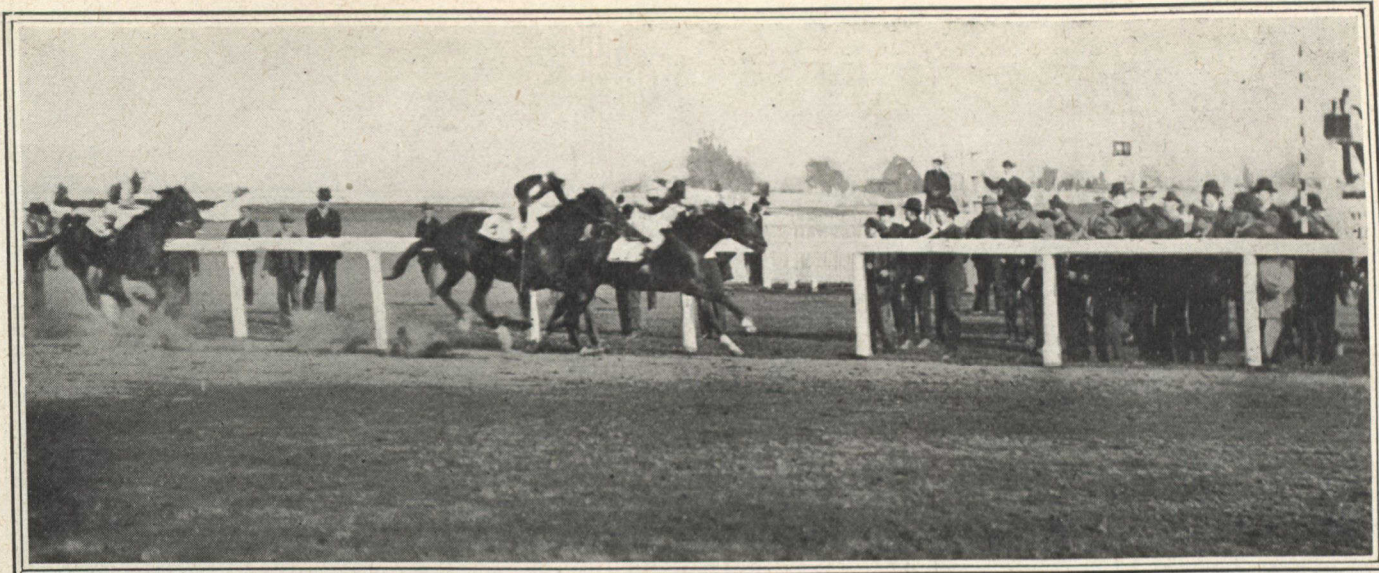
The plays of Mr. George Bernard Shaw will soon be familiar to his Canadian admirers. Next week, Miss Effie Shannon and Mr. Herbert Kelcey will appear at the Princess Theatre, Toronto, in "Widowers' Houses," one of Mr. Shaw's "plays with a purpose," aimed against the tenement-owning landlords. This play will run for the first half of the week. The Toronto Press Club has been obliged to make a slight change of plan. Their first performance of "Gringoire" and Mr. Shaw's "The Importance of Being in Earnest" will be given on Friday, May 31st, at the Princess.

\* \* \*

"The Walls of Jericho," Mr. Sutro's four-act play, in which Mr. James K. Hackett is appearing in Toronto, is an extremely modern depiction of that crowd of Londoners, commonly and alliteratively known as the smart set. The hero, Jack Frobisher, is an Australian Croesus who marries the worldly Lady Alethea and finds himself a hopeless stranger in the fashionable circles of London. He finally arouses himself sufficiently to dismiss a gay Lothario who threatens the peace of the household and then decides to transfer his wife and son to the simpler life of Antipodean society.



Mr. James K. Hackett,  
A Canadian Actor in Toronto this week.



Kelvin Winning the King's Plate at the Woodbine, Toronto, May 18th.

This was the forty-eighth King's Plate Race run in Ontario. The distance is one and a quarter miles, and the First Prize is a Commemorative Piece of Plate given by the O. J. C., the King's Fifty Guineas, and a purse of about \$3,500 added.

Photo by A. A. Gleason, Toronto.

## Victoria Day

**T**HE twenty-fourth of May! For three generations that day has meant to Canadians the first "summer" holiday of the year. What memories of fire-crackers and picnics, of the first appearance of a new white gown and the first row up the river arise at a mere glance at the red-lettered twenty-fourth on the calendar! How eagerly we watched the clouds on the night of the twenty-third, in fear of the rain which might dampen fire-crackers, postpone picnics and make white muslin gowns impossible raiment! For some reason or other, the weather man was usually kind and so "Queen's weather" became proverbial. Even in a far land the grown-up Canadian recalls on the twenty-fourth the fine careless rapture of those early days and sighs for the Spring of long ago. Sometimes there was a church festival, although it was a trifle early for strawberries and ice cream. On glorious occasions there were fireworks in the town park or on a village commons and small persons stood entranced at the sight of crowns shedding golden fire and rockets that gave a ruddy splendour to a day that was all too short. We have heard the Coldstream Guards Band since then but it sent no warmer tingle through our veins than did the old brass band that played "God Save the Queen" as the pageant faded.

For over sixty years we kept the Queen's birthday, and each year found the "loyal passion for our temperate kings" more strong and steadfast. The longest reign in British history saw Canada emerge from misgovernment, rebellion and insignificance into a national unity and prosperity which have placed her in the proud position of premier colony. When Queen Victoria was buried at Windsor the feeling was general that a personality so noble and a reign so remarkable should be kept in imperial remembrance. Thus, to the satisfaction of all British subjects, the day which saw the birth of Alexandrina Victoria is to be kept in old festive fashion as Victoria Day.

## Lacrosse Trips Abroad

**O**NE peculiarity of Canada's national game is that only Canadians play it as it really should be played, and though it is popular in England, Australia and United States, it has never been reduced to anything approaching an exact science in any of these countries. That probably is the reason that from time to time Canadian lacrosse teams have crossed the ocean, and that even now Mr. J. C. Miller of Orillia, Ont., is getting one together to make the long trip to the underside of the world to show the Australians the great game that the Indian invented and the Canadian has almost succeeded in perfecting.

The first Canadian lacrosse team to cross the ocean was composed almost entirely of Montreal players. They were in charge of Dr. Beers, "the father of lacrosse," and took along a team of Indians to act as their opponents. That was in 1876, and seven years later Dr. Beers, with a team made up of half Toronto and half

Montreal players, again made the trip, taking with him as before a team of Indians under the captaincy of the famous "Big John."

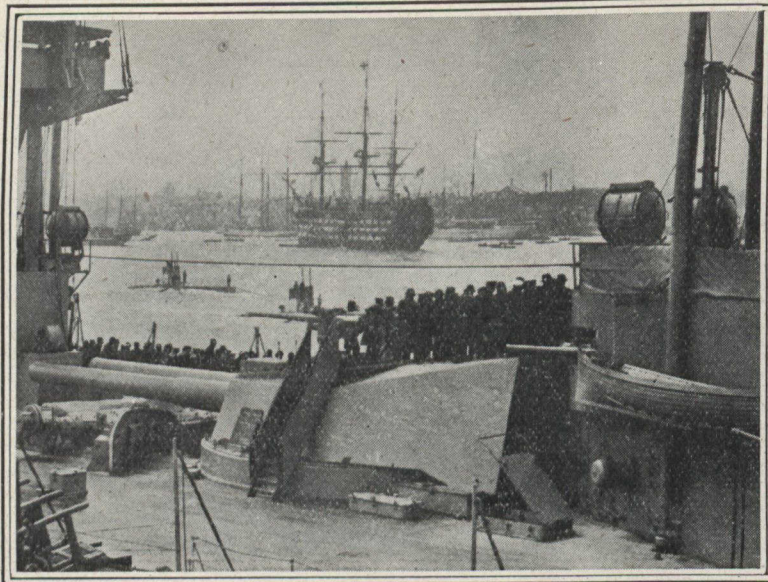
These teams laid the foundation of lacrosse in England and when in 1897 a team of Canadian exiles travelling under Brooklyn Crescent Athletic Club colours, crossed the pond they found many thriving lacrosse clubs in the old land. But it remained for the Torontos who five years later crossed the Atlantic to reveal to Englishmen the beauties of the modern game of lacrosse. Their short passing and wonderfully fast combination and foot work were a revelation to the British public. They played before the present King, then Prince of Wales, at Leeds, and in a triumphant tour of England and Ireland not only won every game they played—sixteen in all—but did much to popularise the game in the old land.

It was the Torontos' trip that proved that Canadian teams could successfully finance excursions to the old sod, and that to some extent led to the visit of the champion Capitals of Ottawa this year. The latter, too, have been uniformly successful, not losing a single game in seventeen played, though Stockport, one of the strongest English teams, managed to make a tie of the last game. However, Capitals won all their other games so handily that there is still some guessing as to how much of the tie was due to English skill and how much to English hospitality.

It was probably the success of these trips to England that gave birth to this greatest of all lacrosse enterprises, the trip to Australia. It was from the land of the Kangaroo that the proposition first came. They have been playing lacrosse down there for some years, but how well or how badly cannot be seen from here. Probably that is what they want to find out themselves. Anyway, for some years past they have been mildly agitating for a visit from a Canadian team and gently hinting that they can play the game as well as the folk who own it. Last winter their invitation took the more definite form of a cash guarantee of \$9,000, and Mr. Miller, then President of the Canadian Lacrosse Association, started to work on the preliminaries. Last week he received a cable that part of the money was on the way and the team are under orders to report at Orillia with steamer trunks, etc., on June 1st.

The team will not be as strong as either of the teams Torontos and Capitals sent to England, but it will be strong enough to furnish a fair sample of the lacrosse played in Canada and probably to beat anything the Australians can produce. And surely it has before it a splendid prospect for a summer's outing. Leaving Orillia the first week in June, it will play games in Port Arthur, Winnipeg, Regina, Moosejaw, Calgary, New Westminster, Victoria and Vancouver, sailing from the latter port on June 21st. Fourteen games will be played in Australia and the return trip will be by way of the Suez Canal, giving the team a clear round the world trip.

It is a really pretentious undertaking, and though doubts are expressed as to the financial outcome, it should do much to encourage the Canadian national game in Australia and to advertise it elsewhere.



The Old and the New.—The Colonial Premiers on Board the "Dreadnought" watching the Procession of Submarines passing between them and Nelson's Flagship the "Victory."



The Future Mikado in England.—Our Photograph shows Prince Fushimi on Board the Vessel that brought him to Dover. On his right is seen Baron Komura, the Japanese Ambassador to Britain.

## The Colonial Ladies

**U**NDER this heading the "Bystander" (London, England) makes a few remarks concerning the feminine members of the visiting premiers' households. There is a gentle satire in the reference to the assured manner of these colonial dames but Lady Laurier seems to meet with the entire approval of the London critic, who, perhaps, needs to be reminded that the wife of Sir Wilfrid has a manner of French, not of British, moulding.

"A singularly buoyant joie de vivre, a never-failing assurance, a suggestion of provincialism, and a certain grasp of politics and economics quite foreign to the Englishwoman, are the outstanding characteristics of the Colonial ladies now honouring us with a visit. One feels, though they do their best to hide the fact under the femininity of frocks and frills, that these ladies (those from Australia and New Zealand, at any rate) are of that advanced type—the possessors of the suffrage—which we in England still look upon with a species of nervous dread. Lady Laurier, of course, is rather one of our old-fashioned selves. The daughter of an old French-Canadian family, white-haired, artistic, and with beautiful old-world manners, Lady Laurier brings with her none of those younger, more strenuous mannerisms which surround the ladies from the Antipodes. Lady Ward, the wife of the Premier of New Zealand is her exact opposite. Tall, decided in manner and opinion, and firm in politics, she is just the wife one would expect to find at the side of a great, self-made statesman. Mrs. Deakin is also the typical Colonial woman, ultra-Australian, yet Cosmopolitan, and with wide interests and sympathies.

"Amongst the daughters of the Premiers now in England, Miss Botha, by virtue of her father's peculiar position, stands pre-eminent. Tall and fair, and with quite her own taste in dress, Miss Botha has few of the attributes we commonly associate with the Boer women. Educated in Brussels, she is a good linguist and an accomplished musician, but is content, nevertheless, to spend most of her time when at home on her father's farm, assisting in the upbringing and education of his younger children. Miss Moor, the daughter of the Prime Minister of Natal, has also been educated in Europe. Typically Colonial in appearance, small and slight, and with a rather bronzed complexion, Miss Moor is possessed of her full share of that energy which is so notable a quality in our visitors from Greater Britain."

## The History of a Railway Stock

By F. D. L. Smith

**T**HE unconfirmed rumor that the Canadian Pacific Railway is to issue \$50,000,000 common stock reminds the investor of the phenomenal growth of this security during the few short years of the company's existence. In 1881 the railway started out with \$5,000,000 of common stock. This was increased to \$65,000,000 in 1882, to \$84,500,000 in 1902, to \$101,400,-

000 in 1904 and to-day the total amount paid up and outstanding is \$121,680,400. The addition of the rumoured \$50,000,000 would raise this to \$171,680,400. The Company is at present not authorised to increase the issue above the one hundred and fifty million dollar mark, so that if the suggested new flotation of \$50,000,000 is really contemplated, permission will have to be sought at Ottawa.

The physical growth of the railway has been commensurate with that of the volume of ordinary shares. Chartered on Feb. 17, 1881, the road was opened for operation from Montreal to the Pacific coast on March 26, 1887. From a trackage of 4,315 miles in 1885, the total has grown to a mileage of 12,214 in 1907. This includes such controlled lines as the Sault road and the Duluth, South Shore, and Atlantic, and besides there are the company's steamship services; on the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. In 1884-5 the net earnings amounted to \$3,225,217, and in 1905-6 the figures were \$22,973,312, and this total will be considerably exceeded in the twelvemonth ending June 30, 1907.

The holders of the "C.P.R. common" consider themselves fortunate, but this has not always been their state of mind. Since the inception of the now world-famous transcontinental, its financial backers have passed through some pretty trying times. They have not always occupied the seats of the mighty. Hard scrambling marked the early history of the gigantic system which now stretches from Liverpool half way round the globe to Yokohama, Shanghai and Hong Kong. At the outset leading publicists prophesied that the road would never earn its axle grease. As late as 1885 Mr. Donald Smith and Mr. George Stephens had to pledge their own credit to carry on the undertaking and even then the salaries of officials had to be reduced. Sometimes there was not money to pay the employes' wages. Dividends ceased altogether and the outlook was blue, but in those days Mr. Smith (now Lord Strathcona) maintained a persistently hopeful attitude. He asserted that ere many years should pass away the shareholders would be receiving ten per cent. on their stock. His magnificent optimism has long since been justified. Including rights on new stock, the shareholders in recent years had realised a much higher return on their holdings than Strathcona promised them.

It was in 1895 that the Company passed its half-yearly dividend of 2½ per cent. Since then the dividends received have been:—1896 and 1897, 2½ per cent.; 1898, 4½ per cent.; 1899, 4 per cent.; 1900 to 1902, 5 per cent.; 1903, 5½ per cent.; 1904 and 1905, 6 per cent.; 1906, 6½ per cent.; and the stock this year is on a 7 per cent. basis.

The fluctuations of the stock have followed the varying fortunes of the road. The first \$5,000,000 was issued at par, then came \$20,000,000 at 25 in 1882, \$40,000,000 at an average of 52 in the same year, \$19,500,000 at par in 1902, \$16,900,000 at par in 1904 and \$20,280,000 at par in 1906.

It was on Jan. 31, 1883 that the issue made its debut on the world's stock exchanges. That was on the Mont-



Grand Lodge of Knights of Pythias, Nelson, B. C., May 8th.

Photograph by Queen Studio, Nelson, B. C.

real board. It opened at 60 and sold down at 37 in 1885. That was the year when salaries had to be reduced and the outlook was blackest. From 1886 to 1892 it ranged between 49 and 95. Then the road began to feel the pinch of the hard times that for six or seven years played havoc with financial institutions all over this continent. In 1895 the omission of the dividend depressed C.P.R. common to 34. It rallied to 62 $\frac{3}{4}$  in 1896, fell off to 47 in 1897, rose to 91 in 1898 and to 98 in 1899. In 1900 it receded to 85 and then advanced to 100. Fluctuations in succeeding years have been: 1901, 87 to 116; 1902, 109 to 145; 1904, 110 to 135; 1905, 131 to 178; 1906, 158 to 201; 1907, 156 7-8 to 105 1-8.

During the last half decade Canadians have taken advantage of the high prices attained by the stock to part with much of their holdings and the issue is now largely held in London, Amsterdam and Berlin. The control is understood to be securely lodged in Great Britain. Comparatively little of it is of a floating character, the

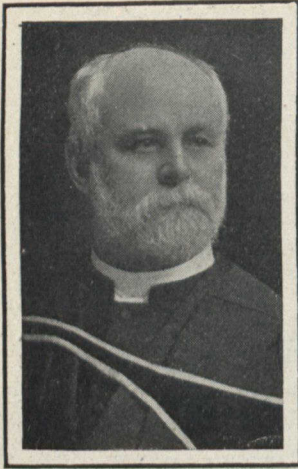
United States market as well as Canadian investors being practically bare of it.

Investors of a conservative frame of mind are inclined to regard the present price of the C.P.R. as somewhat inflated. But the optimists attempt to justify their position by pointing to the business to come to the road through the filling up of the Canadian West, to the prospective value of the Company's enormous holdings of agricultural lands on the wide prairie and of its coal and other mineral areas in British Columbia, and to expected developments in regard to trans-Pacific traffic with the newly-awakened Orient. The C.P.R. has to face competition from the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern Railway, but Canadians believe that in twentieth century Canada there is room enough and business enough for them all. Moreover, the C.P.R. may expect to benefit from the Imperial project to make Canada the main highway between Europe and Asia.

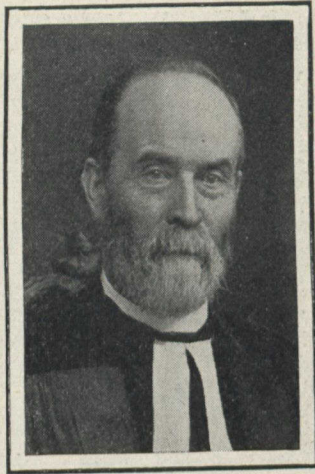


Members of the Second Session, Eleventh Parliament, of British Columbia.

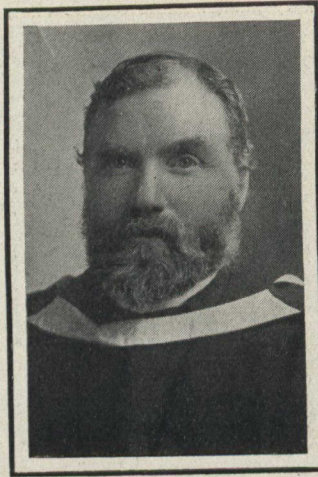
First row, from left to right: Hon. H. E. Young, Provincial Secretary, etc.; Premier McBride, Minister of Mines; Hon. D. M. Eberts, Speaker; Hon. R. G. Tatlow, Minister of Finance, etc.; Hon. F. J. Fulton, Attorney-General and Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works. Second row: J. A. Macdonald, Leader of the Opposition; Chas. Munro, Fred. Davey, J. H. Schofield, A. H. B. Macgowan, L. W. Shatford, John Jardine, Thos. Gifford, A. E. McPhillips, W. Hunter, H. C. Brewster. Third row: John Oliver, H. G. Parson, W. J. Bowser, G. Grant, Dr. King, Thos. Taylor, Dr. Macguire, J. F. Garden, Dr. Ball, Mark Eagleson, Stuart Henderson, Dr. Kergin, R. G. Naden. Fourth row: H. F. W. Behnsen, W. Ross, H. B. Thompson, Harry Jones, W. Yorston, Neil F. Mackay, W. Manson, W. H. Hayward, Price Ellison, Thornton Fell, Clerk of House; C. K. Courtney, Law Clerk. Fifth row: Parker Williams, J. H. Hawthornthwaite, J. McInnes, Col. Wolfenden, King's Printer; E. O. Schofield, Provincial Librarian.



Rev. D. M. Gordon, D.D.,  
Principal of Queen's University  
Kingston



Rev. A. Falconer, D.D.,  
of Pictou, N.S.,  
the Retiring Moderator



Principal Patrick  
of Winnipeg College



Rev. G. M. Milligan, D.D.,  
Pastor of Old St. Andrew's  
Toronto

## The General Assembly

By JEAN GRAHAM.

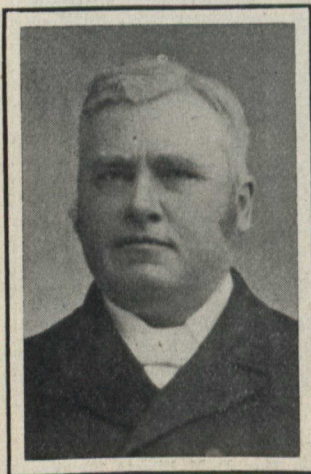
**T**HE thirty-third General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Canada will meet on the fifth of June in Erskine Church, Montreal. To watch and listen to the deliberations of this great representative body is to receive a lesson in democratic government, developed along lines of Scottish genius. The most striking feature in Presbyterian management is the emphasis placed upon lay representation, from the congregation to the highest church court. The session is the committee which presides over the congregation, the presbytery is the next representative body, the synod is a court of review for presbyterial work and the General Assembly is the final court of the church. The presbytery includes all ministers in charge and a representative from each session, who are also synod members. For the General Assembly, each presbytery elects one-sixth of its ministerial membership and an equal number of laymen. There are sixty presbyteries in Canada and one in Honan, China, under Canadian control and there are eight synods in the Dominion, that of Toronto and Kingston being the largest.

The address of the retiring moderator is the first order of procedure, followed by the nomination and election by open vote of a new moderator. This year there is some suggestion of having a lay moderator—and, startling as it may seem at first, such an election would only be giving Presbyterian principles their widest interpretation. The presbyteries may make what nominations they please, but the floor of the Assembly is the scene of actual naming and choice. The ceremony of investing the new presiding officer with the robes of office and presenting him to the "commissioners," as the delegates are called, is performed by the mover and seconder of the nomination. The proceedings of this body are tinged with the essential gravity of a Scottish

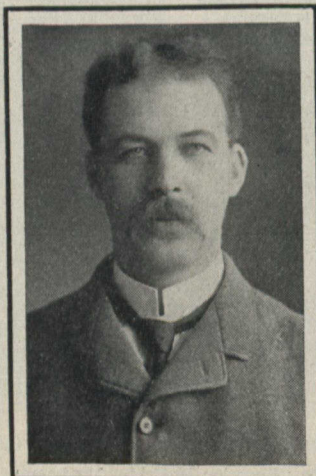
assembly, as democracy and dignity are united in its ideal of deliberation. An Episcopalian body in session in Canada is decidedly English in accent and method, a Methodist conference is pentecostal, but a General Assembly is unmistakably of Scotland, whether the setting be Nova Scotian or British Columbian.

Home Missions are given most serious consideration. Some of the most thrilling chapters in the story of the Canadian West are written in the annals of Presbyterian missions—and one might include "Black Rock" and "The Sky Pilot of the Foot-Hills," novels by Ralph Connor, who is Rev. Charles Gordon on the Sabbath. Where there was one synod, less than ten years ago, there are now four and the Presbyterian authorities will spare neither men nor money in meeting the demands of the growing West. The foreign work means China and India, with one mission, Formosa, in Japan. Mackay made the mission in that island and his work remains an inspiration to missionary effort. The Chinese field is that which affords the greatest modern opportunity, and Honan has shown what a few energetic young missionaries can accomplish. India receives more attention from the Presbyterians than from any other Canadian church, but this year there will be no special report from India, as the Presbyterian missionaries in that country, from Scotland, Canada and the United States have united in local government.

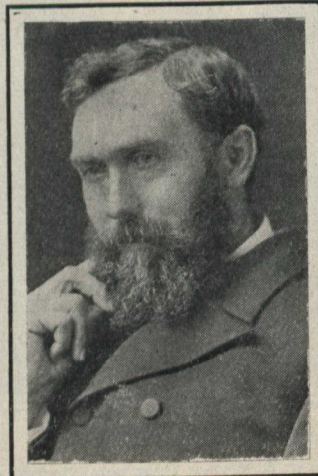
The augmentation fund will receive unusual attention, as it has been decided to increase its resources by \$25,000. As is generally known, the Presbyterians ask that a minimum salary of \$800 and a manse be supplied before a congregation shall be provided with a pastor. But the augmentation fund aids feeble communities, although a certain stipend is always required. For the first time, a special committee will be appointed to deal with tem-



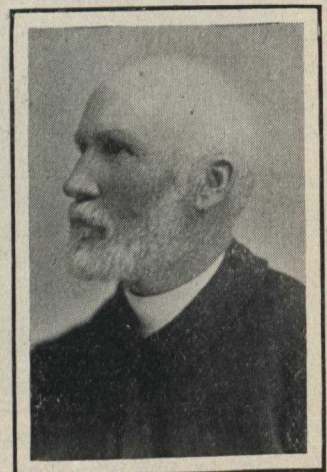
Rev. D. D. Macleod, D.D.,  
Barrie, Ont.



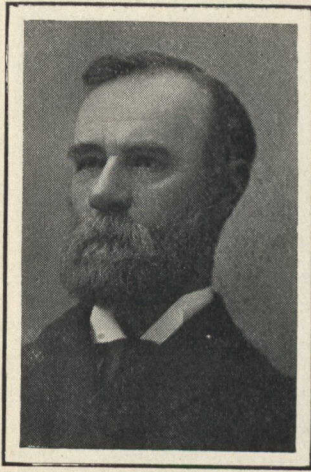
Rev. J. W. Macmillan,  
of St. Andrew's Church  
Winnipeg.



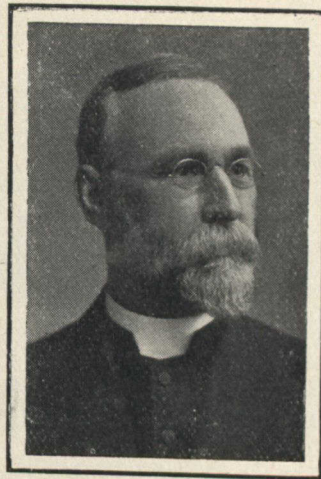
Rev. John Somerville, D.D.,  
Clerk of Assembly, Toronto.



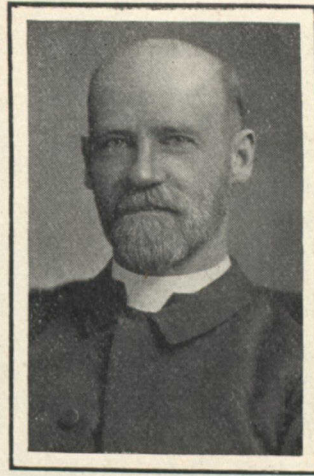
Rev. John McMillan, D.D.,  
Chairman, Presbyterian College  
Board, Halifax, N.S.



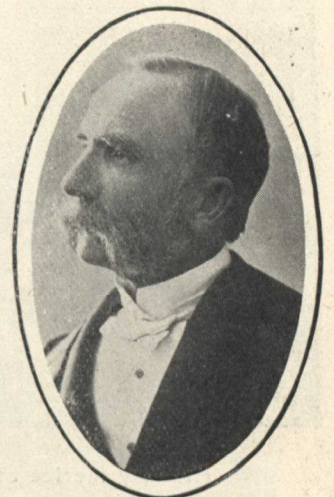
Rev. John Forrest, D.D.,  
Principal of Dalhousie University, Halifax, N.S.



Rev. J. H. Ratcliffe, D.D.,  
St. Catharines, Ont.



Rev. J. C. Herdman, D.D.,  
Calgary, Western Agent.



Rev. R. N. Grant, D.D.,  
of Orillia.

perance and moral reform. The Methodists appointed Dr. Chown some time ago as secretary for such work, which is practical Christian citizenship. Manitoba and Vancouver urge this work on the Assembly and a strong committee will probably be formed. The financial matters of the Presbyterian church were excellently managed by the late Dr. Warden and are now under the capable control of Dr. John Somerville, who is one of the busiest officers in the Assembly.

The matter of Church Union has attracted public attention to a marked degree. It was proposed some years ago that Methodists, Congregationalists and Presbyterians in Canada should devise some plan of united ecclesiastical action. It is really not before the church courts but is left in the hands of a committee which presented last year an interim report, merely by way of information. It is unlikely that any definite conclusion will be reached this year, although there will doubtless be a discussion of the question.

While the General Assembly is composed of five hundred members, equally divided as clerical and lay delegates, as a general rule only about three hundred and fifty attend, with the ministers in the majority.

These annual meetings have been held from coast to coast until Presbyterians in all the great provincial centres have become familiar with the leaders of the Church. The East was, in the earlier days, regarded as the stronger section of Presbyterianism and the Assemblies at St. John and Halifax were of unusual interest. Certainly the educational vigour of the maritime provinces has been fully proven. But the western field is attracting some of the best organising ability of the church, and under such men as Dr. Herdman, who is a fine exponent of muscular Christianity, the pioneer work should be carried on with enthusiasm.

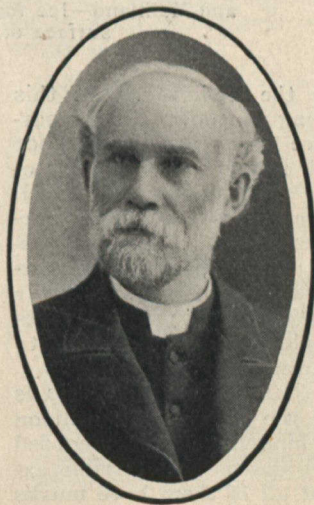
Scotland has always placed the college close to the kirk. Presbyterians in Canada also have shown an appreciation of educational values and it is not surprising that so many of the sons of this church have attained positions of academic influence. The choice of Dr. R. A. Falconer of Halifax Presbyterian College, for the presidency of Toronto University shows how national is the recognition of this gifted educationist. Foremost among the men of this class was the late Principal Grant of Queen's University, whose splendid courage and warm sympathy united with broad scholarship to give him a place that few Canadians have attained. Halifax, Montreal, Kingston, Toronto and Manitoba have colleges under Presbyterian control and before long, British Columbia may add a sixth institution to the list. The coming meeting in Montreal may witness no historic changes, but it will receive reports of work and progress from all parts of the country—labour of that character which "exalteth a nation."

### The Voice of the Church

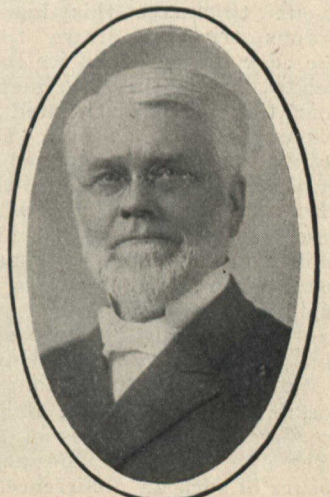
REV. ALLAN POLLOK, D.D., of Halifax, has lifted up his weighty pen and written a few stern words against "The Individual Cup" in communion. His article appears in the March "Theologue" and the following paragraph will be found of general interest:

"Not only does this innovation promote congregationalism, but it expressly encourages that individualism, of which we have too much already. Indeed, one of the

great evils of our day is this individualism. No man thinks nowadays that he is of any account unless he can boast of some crotchet or fad in religion. With him the voice of the church or the law of the church goes for nothing, or less than nothing; for it is just the church from which he desires to differ, and it will not serve his purpose to keep his whim to himself, but he must air it and thrust it, if possible, upon other people. Like every dog, he does not see the use of having a tail, if he is not allowed to shake it in the wind. When this tendency is confined to opinion, it does not do so much harm and, at any rate, we must expect it; for when men think at all, they cannot be expected to think alike or not to change in opinion in time and by experience. But when this tendency proceeds to overt acts, promotes division, creates schisms, and tampers with institutions for which there are scriptural prescriptions, then it is mischievous and exceeds the legitimate bounds of Christian liberty. Those who advocate this change cannot surely imagine that it is to be universally adopted. This they may desire, but they cannot expect. Then they are promoting a dangerous division by means of an ordinance which is the very sign and symbol of unity, and was designed to promote Christian brotherhood to the end of the world. Such attempts to mend or mar long established and venerable customs in the observance, diminish the sentiment of reverence. The majority of people feel that something which man can change at will, cannot be so sacred after all. A thing is not good because it is old; but neither is it bad because it is old, or good because it is new. Surely there is a strong presumption in favour of what has existed long and has been performed by all good people for ages. But now, the current would seem to run against antiquity, custom and prescription in religion worship and opinion, and "a man is famous according as he hath lifted up axes upon trees." If we have anything under the New Testament at all analogous to the "ark of the covenant," under the Old—any place where God is specially present, it must surely be the Lord's Table. We must be careful not to put forth the hand and rashly touch anything so sacred and so guarded with solemn cautions."



Rev. M. Macgillivray, D.D.,  
of Chalmers' Church, Kingston.



Rev. F. B. Duval, D.D.,  
Winnipeg.



Crossing the Ice between Prince Edward Island and the Mainland. These boats have sails and runners, to enable them to go on the ice or in open water.

## Why Prince Edward Island Wants a Tunnel

**I**MPORTANT among current topics is the proposed Prince Edward Tunnel, as a means of connecting the Island with the mainland. At the present time it is entirely separated by waters which, during certain periods of the year, become almost impassable: the Islanders are thus isolated temporarily from communication with the outside world.

Although it is only a matter of some nine miles between Georgetown and Pictou, the two least distant points, still when one takes into consideration the hardships and dangers that are attached to the rather crude mode of passage that is called into play during the winter months, it is brought forcibly to one's mind that such a state of affairs cannot exist much longer in this progressive age.

After the cold weather has worked for a few weeks, trouble begins. For about a mile and a half out from either shore the ice is solid and comparatively smooth. This portion is termed "board ice"; the remaining six miles then becomes a floating mass of huge frozen blocks, swaying turbulently with the restless current that carries them ceaselessly along.

These conditions it may plainly be seen, render any sort of navigation almost impossible. To overcome these difficulties, the powerful steamers, Minto and Stanley, were built. The idea was that they should be so constructed as to mount the ice jams, and crush them with their enormous weight, leaving a free passage. They proved a partial failure, and the ice boats, the only remaining means of navigation, were again brought into use.

The members of a party about to make this hazardous trip are drawn to the edge of the board ice in sleighs, where they are met by the ice-boats. At this point the mail is distributed among the boats and preparations made for a start. The ice boats are twenty-foot sturdily built craft, supplied with runners on each side of the keel, and shod with three inch sledge shoe steel. They carry a small sail, which answers the double purpose of helping navigation and lessening greatly the possibility of drowning. For use in the latter case the person is secured to the sail by a strap which goes over the shoulder and under the arm and in this way prevents one from sinking into the soft places that are likely to give way under any additional weight.

One of the greatest dangers that attends this trip is possibility of a blizzard striking the party when still on the floating ice. Cases of this kind have been recorded where passengers have succumbed to the terrible exposure of such an occurrence, and all of them bore marks of the havoc that the intense cold and strain had played on them while the danger lasted.

Under favourable circumstances the distance may be covered in three and a half hours, but the rate of travel depends entirely upon the current and the wind, as it is necessary to keep working up stream continually.

Plainly one way out of this uncomfortable situation is the construction of the suggested tunnel. Cut off entirely as the Island is, with months of inadequate facilities for any method of east communication, the project becomes almost a necessity, if engineers find it feasible and the expense is not too great.

## Dining at Windsor Castle

**T**HE ceremonial inflicted upon those who are "commanded" to dine and sleep at Windsor Castle does not seem to be of the most exacting nature. John Burns, the labour leader, has lately passed through the ordeal, and a London newspaper says:

"It must have been a curious experience for one who was obliged to commence the struggle for a livelihood at 10 years of age to be saluted by sentries as the guest of the king and to be relieved of even his hand-bag by a royal footman. Any one, however, who is invited to dine with their majesties is waited upon in practically the same manner as the king and queen would be themselves. If a large party from London is asked to spend the night at Windsor Castle a special train is provided and royal servants attend in order to wait upon the guests. In the case of Mr. Burns, a special carriage was reserved for him, and a closed carriage, drawn by a pair of horses in charge of a postillion, met him at



S. S. Minto Fast in the Ice off Pictou Island, between P. E. I. and Mainland—Ice four feet thick above the surface of the water.

Windsor. While, of course, ordinary rules of etiquette are observed, there is always an absence of rigid formality when commoners dine with the king. His majesty acts the part of genial host to perfection, and with his usual tact never fails to put his guests quite at ease. During the after-dinner smoke he throws off all reserve, and chats with his guests just as the ordinary individual.

"Their majesties usually retire from the company about 10 or 11 o'clock, although that does not mean that the guests must do likewise. They may please themselves in exactly the same way as if they were at home. That their movements are in no way restricted by any form of etiquette is shown by the fact that Mr. Burns, the morning following his visit to Windsor Castle was up at 6 o'clock, and was looking around the grounds between 7 and 8.

"Their majesties seldom breakfast with their guests. Sometimes they give their farewell greetings the previous evening, if the guest is leaving the following morning."





Winnipeg—A Holiday Scene on Main Street.

Winnipeggers out for a holiday—This view shows but four blocks of Main Street, one of the City's principal thoroughfares, which is over three miles in length.

Photograph by J. W. Gibson, Winnipeg.

### The Wonder City of the West

**W**INNIPEG has had its ups and downs, but just now there is nothing but "Up! Up! Up!" The new settlers who are daily arriving find it difficult to believe that thirty years ago Winnipeg was only a trading post with a few hundred inhabitants. To-day it claims to have a population of 115,000 and to be larger than any other city in Canada, with the exception of Montreal and Toronto. Its broad boulevards, and long, paved and well-lighted streets, bordered by an ever-increasing array of fine buildings, make it look more like a city a century old.

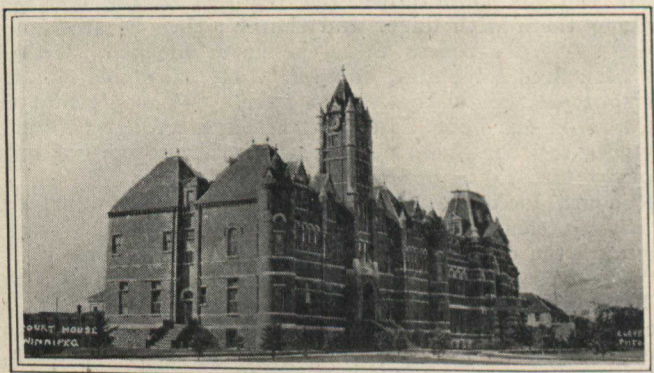
The city is now fairly throbbing with life and energy in its efforts to keep pace with the marvellous growth of the West. Manufacturers are coming in, wholesale firms are adding story after story to their warehouses, business blocks of great dimensions are in course of construction and the residential portion of the city is spreading out at a pace unprecedented in the annals of any other city of the size on the continent.

During last year the total cost of new buildings constructed, amounted to \$12,760,450. These figures added to those of 1902-3-4-5 give a total of \$42,500,000 spent in new buildings in the last five years. The realty values of the city in 1900 amounted to \$26,973,650. Compare these figures with those of 1907—for it was only a few days ago when the assessment commissioner handed out the approximate valuation at \$95,000,000.

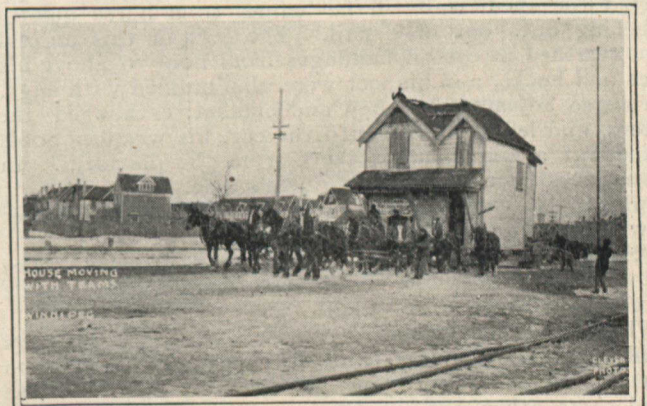
With each year's growth of the Canadian North West, Winnipeg advances in proportion, and some idea of the close connection between the two may be formed when it is known that as a financial centre Winnipeg is classed

at the head in bank clearings increased percentages. The past increase over 1905 was 36.42 and since 1902, bank clearings which then totalled \$188,370,003 have increased to \$504,585,914. It sounds big to those who are not familiar with the fact that in Winnipeg there are the largest individual railway yards in any one city in the world. Yet this is a fact, and the railway facilities are only in the making. The "Hill System" have recently purchased a right of way into the city at a cost exceeding \$2,225,000. The new Grand Trunk Pacific has only recently broken ground on their new shops, outside the limits, which will mean when completed, an outlay of at least a million dollars. The Canadian Pacific people are this spring spending over \$500,000 in additions to their present large shops, where they now employ over 2,800 men.

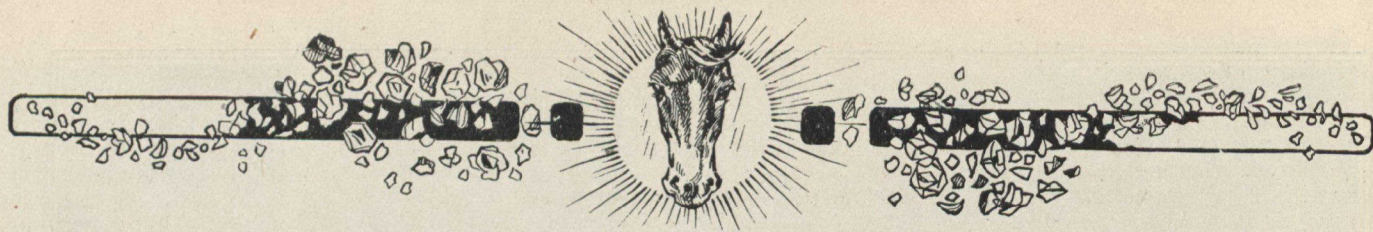
Now that the future of Winnipeg as one of the foremost cities on the continent has been established, the far-seeing business men of the community realise that a great industrial movement is sure to follow the remarkable increase in immigration, and the following organisations of Winnipeg, comprising the City Council, the Board of Trade, the Bankers' Association, the Builders' Exchange, the Manufacturers' Association, the Trades and Labour Council have organised what is known as the Winnipeg Development and Industrial Bureau, which organisation has just moved into newly equipped offices in the centre of the banking district, Main Street, where accurate and reliable information is furnished to all enquirers. The leading citizens are determined that no effort shall be spared to maintain the present rate of progress.



Winnipeg—The Law Courts.



Moving a House to make way for the new Hill Railway.



# The Changeling

A RACING STORY

By W. A. FRASER, Author of "Thoroughbreds."

WITH a last petulant bump, the car settled to rest against the freight-shed platform at Hillsbury, and Dutchy Straus, who had travelled in it with Ben Ali from Belmont, scuttled across to the little depot.

The night-operator, finger and thumb on key, raised his head impatiently at Dutchy's: "Say, where's dot Mister Raeburn—I got a hoss for him?"—answering curtly—"I guess he's in bed." Dutchy looked ruefully at the laconic operator, listening to the irritating burr of the vibrated key, and reiterated: "I got a hoss for dot Mister Raeburn."

The operator shoved the key over, and said crossly: "Raeburn's comin' in the mornin' for your damn' horse; you don't think he's goin' to sit up all night waitin' for this way-freight, do you? It gits here any old hour; she's early to-night—one o'clock."

"Is dot a saloon?" Dutchy asked ambiguously, his eye trained on a light that gleamed faintly on a nebulous horizon.

"Yes; ought to be shut up, though," jerked from the operator's lips.

Dutchy went back to the car, looked Ben Ali over, put a bunch of clean timothy-hay under his nose, and said: "Just chew dot, Ben, and stay by your lonely for a leetle while I go git me a glass of beer." He turned the lantern low, slid the heavy door closed, and took his way across the yard and down the road to the beacon-light that promised bibulous cheer.

As he disappeared in the night two men came forward from the deeper shadow of the freight-shed, and one of them in a guarded voice, said: "He's heading for a drink, Cusick—get after him and keep at the saloon while we get the horse. Are you sure he won't be staying here with Raeburn?"

"The Dutchman works in the stable of the Braund girl, and goes back as soon as he delivers Ben Ali. Burke has kept me advised. Perhaps they'll wish they had taken my offer of two thousand, eh, Finkle? When a woman gets sweet on a horse—"

"Never mind—get next the Dutchman, quick!"

When Cusick had gone Finkle whistled, and as a negro rose up from somewhere, a bulky shadow, he said: "Come on, Johnston—we'll get Ben Ali out first. Got the bags?—that's right."

The two men slipped into the car, Finkle rubbing the horse's nose and quieting him with his voice while the darky muffled each hoof in a bag. Then Ben Ali was led to the platform, that was on a level with the car floor, down its inclined approach, and behind the shed Finkle held him, while Johnston stripped the horse's clothing. The negro worked with silent celerity, the evident result of a careful plan.

"I'll hold this one to keep him quiet," Finkle whispered. "You can do the job alone. Put this fellow's halter on the other."

With the hood and blanket under his arm, Johnston skirted the shed wall till he came to a horse quietly munching oats out of a pail. The legs of this animal were swathed in cotton bandages from hoof to above his knees and hocks, and his feet were also muffled with bags. The negro adjusted the hood and blanket, exchanged the halters, and led the horse into the car, his wrapped hoofs calling but a faint remonstrance from the platform. In five minutes he was back at Finkle's side.

"Boss," he whispered, "there won't nobody never know but what they got the same hoss."

"Shut your mouth!" the white man growled. "Get that pail of oats while I blanket this fellow—I don't want him to catch cold."

When the darky returned, Finkle said: "I'll walk on ahead—you follow. If I meet anybody, I'll stop them with a bluff talk, and you get back—take the horse round some other way, see!"

Five hundred yards down the country road they

turned across a grassed field, plodding on like voiceless shadows till they came to a small group of low trees. Here a horse and buggy waited as part of this midnight enterprise. Finkle untied the buggy horse while the negro removed the bags from the stolen animal's hoofs. Then they drove on, passing through a gate to a hard gravel road. As they turned along this the darky said: "Golly, I'm mos' glad ter git shut ob dat debbil at las'. Dat North Light hoss, he's just hoodooed—needn't tell me, boss—der ain't no hoss could go as far an' as fas' as he could some days, and den go out and run like a sick cow anudder day. Somebody put a hoodoo on him, dat's what dey did."

"Oh, go on!" Finkle growled; "he just was a bad-tempered horse—it cost me thousands to find that out."

Growling about the horse they had left in the box-car, and building castles over the great killings they would make with the one they had stolen if he was as good as Cusick had been told at Belmont, the two thieves with their loot travelled all the remaining hours of the night.

It was half an hour before Dutchy Straus tore himself away from the liberal entertainment Cusick provided at the hotel and trudged back to his car, very beery, congratulating himself upon his great luck in having met by chance such a generous stranger. Straus surveyed his charge with sleepy satisfaction. It was really a matter of clothing more than of horse, just the velvet nose, and the black blotches in the hood that were eyes showing in the way of horse-flesh; even the braided tail was hidden under the overreaching blue blanket. Beneath this the four legs gleamed grotesquely white, like the pudgy, sawdust limbs of a doll, wound interminably in cotton bandages to protect them during the journey.

Dutchy curled himself up on his straw bed, and it was after daylight when he was roused by a knock on the door. Banfield Leigh, with a stable-hand, had driven over from Raeburn's place, Clover Bar, for the horse Kathleen Braund had sent him with which to win the International Steeplechase.

Then the changeling, North Light, that was now Ben Ali, was brought forth and led away behind Leigh's buggy, still clad as he was. Straus, complimented for having delivered the horse in such good shape, knowing nothing of the exchange, took the first train back to Belmont.

Raeburn was at the stables when Leigh arrived.

"Ah!" he cried, "this is the wonderful world-beater of our friend Kathleen's finding, eh? He's a big up-standing brute. Let's have a look at him; strip him, Dick."

And presently the morning sun painted a shimmer of bronze, and peacock-blue, and burnt-gold, on the silken, red-bay coat of the thoroughbred. Raeburn put his chin to the horse's wither.

"Gad! he's a big one," he said; "sixteen-two, almost. That's the kind for getting over the timber—they walk over their jumps."

He ran his hand down the tendons of the forelegs, pinching them with finger and thumb; then he stood up, saying: "No soreness there—he never flinched. Hello! he's been fired for splint, though." He examined a hairless spot just below the horse's knee. "It won't matter—it was on the bone. Develish strange, though! Didn't Kathleen say that he'd never been raced till she got him—bought him for a hunter?"

Raeburn looked lovingly at the big, broad quarters, the strong, clean, smooth hocks, far let-down like a greyhound's; the deep chest, and the wide saucer hoofs.

"Yes, he's a well-made one. And as he won so easy at Belmont, a green horse, he may turn out to be a cracker-jack. What do you think, Dick?" Raeburn asked, a smile on his lips, turning to the little Irishman, who, all-silent, stood holding Ben Ali.

"Faith, he's big enough, and he's built like the leppers

in ould Ireland; an' they're the best in the world, sor, but I don't like him."

"Why, Dick?"

"Well, sor, if a woman wid an eye in her head like that chap's got wanted to marry me, I wouldn't have her if she was rich as Brian Boru. He's shifty; he have notions; an' I'll take me oath he has the divil's own timper."

"Put him in the stall, Dick; give him a bran-mash; let him loaf for a couple of days, and then we'll give you a chance to find out over the jumps whether you're right or not."

Raeburn and Leigh returned to the house. Alone in his room, Raeburn drew two letters from a drawer in his desk, saying in thought: "Let's see just what Kathleen writes."

"Pretty good performance that," he muttered, after perusing one letter; "won the qualified hunters' Mile-on-the-Flat in a canter—his first start in a race, too. Won the Belmont Stake; then the Open Steeplechase, beating Silvermist, that had been brought there as a good thing. No wonder Kathleen thinks he's worth trying among the cracks; he is, now that I've seen him, Dick's talk about his restless eye notwithstanding. I wonder who Mr. Bender is that offered two thousand for the horse at Belmont."

Raeburn sat turning the letter over in his fingers, as though its mute pages, agitated, might answer his query. The letter did not know that Bender was the slick villain, Cusick, so it answered nothing.

"I guess ten thousand wouldn't have taken Ben Ali—under the circumstances," Raeburn mused; "and so Bender did not get him."

Raeburn ran through the four closely written pages of the second letter. "What a sublime ass the gentle Leigh is, to be sure. He can't see, or he doesn't want to see—he's poverty blind. Just because Kathleen's rich, and he's poor, he runs out as soon as he's shown a hurdle. Gad! she's clever, though; and determined—which is better still."

Within the letter lay a pink check for a thousand dollars. "My rosy little friend," Raeburn said, "yours is a labor of love. You ought to net the obstinate Leigh twenty thousand if he captures the International, and I believe he will. And I'm to play the fairy godfather with the girl's money. What's the use of swearing a fellow to secrecy, though," he muttered querulously, as he put the letter back in the drawer.

Kathleen had written that the thousand dollars was to be bet on Ben Ali to recompense Leigh for his training and riding of the horse, but Leigh must think that it was Raeburn's money.

For a week the quondam Ben Ali was treated like a convalescent, his supposed journey in the train from Belmont earning him a rest. He was cantered about the half-mile training course with Dick in the saddle. Perhaps it was the let-up that had exorcised the hoodoo Johnston had stated was over the horse, for his easy, swinging stride and gentle mouth on the bit were winning over Dick's prejudice.

"We'll try Ben Ali at the real thing to-day," Raeburn said one morning, as Dick sat perched on the horse waiting for orders. "Take him around once, then put him at the rails. Let him negotiate the mud walls, too."

After the circuit of the course, Dick checked Ben Ali, walked him up to the brush-topped, white-paneled jump, saying: "There, ye spalpeen, smell of that. Sure, in Ireland it wouldn't be thought big enough fer a goat."

Then he took Ben Ali back a hundred yards and drove him at the jump with a chirrup. Once the horse lunged viciously at the bit. Dick let the reins slip through his fingers, saying: "Try it yer own way—ye've notions, ye devil. Up-p-p!"

The bay answered to the lifting call with never a tickle from his hoofs on the feathered cedar that plumed the jump. "Well done, ve darlint!" Dick grunted, as the broad, clean leap thrilled him to forgetfulness of his distrust. The wind shrieked Dick's voice into a wail as the horse, breasting to the bit, raced over the sward till it blurred smooth, and up from its beaten breast came, like the hoarse laugh of a viking, the sonorous echo of the pounding hoofs.

"He can gallop a bit!" Raeburn cried exultingly to Leigh, as he watched. Now he's at the mud wall. Gad, what a pace! Well done! Heavens, such a jumper! I guess Kathleen is right. That fellow'll put you on your feet—" Raeburn checked his speech, a smile dying quickly from his lips as Leigh asked: "Put me on my feet—what do you mean?"

"Why, you'll make a big reputation winning on his back," Raeburn lied, with ready ingenuity.

That gallop was the beginning of Ben Ali's preparation for the International. It was also the commencement of a season of troublesome uncertainty at Clover Bar. Ben Ali developed curious streaks of unreliability; irritating acts of unconventionality, such as lifting the back out of Dick's shirt with his teeth, as the little Irishman dug the hard clay from the horse's hoofs. Once he stopped with stiff-propped forefeet at the post-and-rails, and stared with wide-eyed surprise at the parabolical flight of Jockey Richard. The first day he was galloped through the field with reliable Drummer as a trial horse. Ben Ali won with the greatest ease, fencing perfectly. A week later, tried again with Drummer, he sulked, hung heavy on the bit—tried to savage the other horse, and refused the mud wall.

There were many repetitions of just such days of trial. Of course this led to pessimistic letters to Kathleen Braund; Raeburn telling her candidly that she needn't come up to see Ben Ali win the great steeplechase, as no dependence was to be placed upon the horse. Denton, who still thought that if Leigh were discredited, he might yet have a chance with Kathleen, got to know of this adverse report about Ben Ali, and caustically insinuated that Raeburn was giving the horse a bad reputation, so that he might acquire him as a good vehicle for his plunges on the turf. Denton still harboured resentment against both Raeburn and Leigh over the race for the Glove Stakes at Belmont, and also he had tried to buy Ben Ali from Kathleen.

A week before the International, Raeburn took Ben Ali and Drummer to Sheepshead. He expressed his lack of faith in the animal to Leigh.

"If he'll only try, I believe he'll win," Leigh said, when Raeburn expressed his determination not to bet on the horse.

"The 'if' shuts me out," Raeburn rejoined. "Dick was right about the brute; he is too capricious for me. His kind always chuck it just when you're down on them to win a fortune. I won't bet Kathleen's—I won't advise Kathleen to back him," he continued, with a lame attempt to put his slip right.

"Kathleen doesn't bet, does she? I thought you said that she'd sent Ben Ali up just for the pleasure of having a horse out of the Belmont Hunt win the International."

"Well, he won't win, anyway," Raeburn answered dejectedly; "he galloped like a pig this morning again."

"I haven't lost all confidence in him. He won't try a yard for Dick; he seems to know the Irishman doesn't like him, but he does better for me. If I get off in front with him he may stick there, out of sheer cussedness."

"Well, I hope he does. Kathleen is coming up to see the race in spite of my advice. By Jove! that will be the worst part of it, to see her disappointment will be worse than losing the race. There's a little party of Belmont Hunt people coming, too; that boulder Denton is one of them."

Half an hour before the great steeple-chase Denton was in the paddock. He had a sinister idea that he should find Kathleen's horse purposely out of condition; that Raeburn would have the horse short of work, too high in flesh, or else gaunted up thin—too finely drawn. Presently the real Ben Ali caught his searching eye.

To Denton's surprise, the horse had developed—was a picture of condition. Between the muscles of his mighty quarters lay little ravines, where the useless flesh had been eroded by sweating gallops; his full, placid eyes were clear and bright—polished mirrors of courage that reflected no nervous fear of the coming battle; his satin coat shimmered the sun's rays like watered-silk.

"All a damn lie about that horse developing temper!" Denton muttered. "He's got the self-reliant content of a bulldog. They're playing a risky game, for Leigh will have to pull his head off if they don't mean to win—and they don't."

Denton looked cautiously about, but neither Raeburn nor Leigh was near; he stepped close to the negro, who was superintending the saddling of the horse, nodded pleasantly, and, with a casual smile on his lips, said: "Ben Ali looks good enough to win. You've taken good care of him."

The darky shot a quick, frightened look at Denton, turned away surlily without answering, and hastily threw a blanket over the horse, and ordered the boy to lead him around.

"That nigger knows what his master's up to," Denton muttered; "he thinks I'm trying to find out something."

As Denton walked moodily past the row of stalls he saw Raeburn and Leigh standing in front of No. 3. Leigh

wore Kathleen's blue racing-jacket, and in the stall a horse was being saddled.

Denton approached Raeburn and asked carelessly: "What horse is this, Raeburn—one of your own?"

"No, this is the flyer you people sent up from Belmont—the great Ben Ali."

Denton stared, speechless; he was looking into the face of a big bay horse that carried a small white star in the forehead, while Ben Ali had no such mark.

"That isn't—" Denton checked himself awkwardly, a sudden animal cunning stilling his tongue.

"You ought to know him, Denton," Raeburn added; "you wanted to buy him when he beat all the plow-horses down there. You were lucky, though, for he's a beastly counterfeit."

"Ben Ali was a good horse at Belmont, and he ought to be a better one in your hands, Raeburn," Denton said, his small eyes staring into the other's, sparkling with covert meaning.

Both the look and the inflection in Denton's voice were lost on Raeburn as he answered simply: "We've worked hard enough over him, God knows, but he won't do—he won't try, only when it suits him."

"Then you're not going to back him for this, Raeburn?"

Perhaps Raeburn did not hear this question; he did not answer, and Denton, suspicious, placed an evil construction upon his silence. He followed up the query with another, seconding it with a keen scrutiny of the trainer's face, hoping to detect a convicting look of confusion.

"What's that other big bay—number eight? He looks a good horse—is he worth a bet?"

With satisfaction Denton saw Raeburn meet his eyes with a quick turn of the head as he answered: "Why—have you heard anything about him? That's North Light."

Denton parried the question as to knowledge by asking: "Do you know anything about him—is he going to win this?"

"I don't know anything about him," Raeburn answered; "I don't even know who owns him. I saw him work like a good horse, and to tell you the truth, if I hadn't Ben Ali in the race—well, I won't bet at all; it's too complicated for me."

As Denton turned away he muttered: "By heavens! I see it all—I've got Leigh just where I want him! Mr. Plunger Raeburn has given the real Ben Ali to that nigger to run as North Light; he's going to win this race, and Raeburn makes a killing. It's one way of stealing the horse from Kathleen."

The intensity of his discovery suffused Denton's mean spirit with a hot glow that caused beads of perspiration to stand out on his forehead as he rejoined Kathleen in the stand.

"Did you see Ben Ali?" she asked. "How does he look? Raeburn thinks he has developed a bad temper—and is not to be depended upon."

"I think Ben Ali will win," Denton answered; "though Raeburn's backing a horse that is entered as North Light—not very reassuring for you, Kathleen, to have your trainer backing something else in the same race."

"It won't make any difference to me. You ought to take his tip."

"No, thanks; I shall have interest enough in this race in watching developments."

The peculiar inflection of Denton's voice caused Kathleen to search his face inquiringly. She remembered how Denton had insinuated that Leigh and Raeburn were acting dishonestly over the training of Ben Ali; evidently, judging from his tone, Denton expected to discover something unsavoury in the race itself. This cast the restraint of silence over the girl as she watched the horses pass down the course, through a gap in the rails, and over to the start. Her eyes, engrossed by Leigh and the horse, had not noticed the number on the saddle-cloth; she had not thought of it; Leigh's face, the healthy glint of the horse's satin skin, had been engrossing everything. She watched them troop across the green inner-field, and saw them bunch up at the start. Once she turned to Denton, and asked: "There's another blue jacket there in addition to my colours—what horse is that?"

"That's North Light—blue jacket, red sash," Denton read from his program—"the sash is little good when they're galloping; you can't see it. There they go—they're off! One of the blues is in front, going like a steam-engine."

"Is it Ben Ali?"

"Can't tell from here."

It was Leigh's mount out in front, galloping like a crazy horse, and his rider, sitting tight, was muttering: "If this is only your day—you act like it!" He would have given worlds to have steadied the mad, racing brute, but he dared not; he knew his horse too well. He must just sit like an automaton and humor with gentle hand and cool brain his erratic mount. Perhaps the horse off in front might stick there to the very end. He was jumping faultlessly, going at each obstacle as though the devil that was in him drove, and lifting with a mighty surge that left his hoof-prints twenty feet clear of the jump. Once Leigh looked over his shoulder and saw the nearest horse six lengths away.

"It won't do!" he muttered; "he'll crack up at this pace—he can't live it." He drew at the bit, set against the horse's teeth as though it were cemented in rock, but the bay jerked his head warningly, stiffened his neck, and Leigh fancied he heard him squeal.

"You devil!" he panted.

"That's Ben Ali!" Kathleen cried exultingly. "I knew he would race just the same here as he did at Belmont, and Leigh's doing just the wisest thing—he's letting him have his own way."

Denton said nothing. He knew it was not the real Ben Ali. Through his glasses he saw that the blue jacket carried no red sash.

On for a mile, a mile and a half, for two miles, Leigh's horse galloped in the lead; behind, trying to live the fierce pace, weak jumpers had come to grief. Three were down; and one, Lodestar, galloping riderless, clear of his jockey's weight, stirrups slashing saddle-flap and belly, had crept up until he raced beside Leigh's mount. Unguided, Lodestar hugged the bay, bumping him into an evil temper, and, just behind, North Light—the real Ben Ali—galloped with that long, easy stride that had made him a king at Belmont.

Now there was less than half a mile to the finish. Leigh, cursing the riderless brute that clung to him with tenacity, saw the ears of his horse go back; the rein, slippery with perspiration, was almost jerked from his fingers as the bay suddenly lunged with gleaming-teeth at Lodestar's neck, trying to savage him. Before Leigh could steady his mount they rose loosely at the last mud wall. Lodestar, thrown out of his stride by the assault, struck, pitched sideways, cannoning against the bay; but Leigh, with a swinging pull of the rein, lifted him from his knees; the horse staggered, and swung lamely into his stride again. And now a ridden horse, with a blue jacket atop, had slipped into Lodestar's place.

For a dozen strides Leigh's horse held to his new rival, and the stand breathlessly watched the struggle. Gradually Leigh saw the other horse forge ahead. It had come to the last resort, the whip. He was beaten; unless the bay answered the call of the whip the race was lost. One cut, and Leigh felt the soft-hearted brute under him curl up like a leaf.

"I knew it—I knew it!" Kathleen cried, joy in her voice, as she saw Ben Ali gallop on and win by two lengths.

Denton knew that it was the other—the one known as North Light; knew that the red sash on the blue jacket had failed to claim Kathleen's eye from its loving embrace of the gallant Ben Ali.

"Yes, your good horse won easily enough at the finish Kathleen. I'm glad of it. Hello!" he exclaimed the next minute, throwing a pretense of surprise in his voice. "They've put up number eight as the winner—that's North Light."

The girl stared, aghast.

"It's a mistake!" Her voice was a whisper in fits of apprehension. "Ben Ali won easily—there was no horse near him. Quick, run down, Denton—please, speak to the judges, the stewards—anything—quick, before it's too late—before they make it final with the 'All right.' Hurry, please!"

"If you wish it, Kathleen—I don't like to interfere—I'm afraid there's something very wrong."

"There is! The judges have made a mistake in the colours, or something. Go, please, quick! Get Raeburn to object—anything!"

"Mind, it's your request, Kathleen."

"Of course it is. Why do you hesitate?"

"By Gad, what a chance!" Denton chuckled maliciously as he hurried down the steps.

"Any objection" was the open sesame to the officer of the little gate leading to the judge's stand.

Denton, knowing that the horses had been changed, rendered Kathleen's message in his own way.

"The owner of Ben Ali objects that the winner of this race, North Light, is really her horse, Ben Ali," he said

to the stewards; and added, out of his own knowledge, that this was true.

Leigh had just passed over the scales weighing in, and he was summoned before the stewards.

In answer to their query, he declared that the horse he had ridden and been beaten on was Ben Ali.

Then Raeburn was sent for. He also maintained that that the horse Leigh had ridden was Ben Ali.

"We must have the owner of Ben Ali here," the steward said.

When Kathleen had come, the two horses, Ben Ali and North Light, were brought into the selling enclosure.

The steward said: "Miss Braund, you claim that your horse won this race, I understand."

"Yes, he did—I am sure he did."

"Well, there is the winner," the steward declared, pointing to the bay without a star in his forehead.

"Yes, that's Ben Ali, and he did win. Why did they give it to the other horse?"

"I think you are mistaken, Miss Braund. That is North Light, the other horse is Ben Ali."

"Oh, no, he has a white star in his forehead; he's a different made horse from Ben Ali."

"But Mr. Raeburn entered that other horse as Ben Ali; Mr. Leigh rode him as Ben Ali. Do you charge that they fraudulently exchanged these two horses?"

Kathleen's face grew white. She stared at Leigh; the sudden shock of these words casting over her heart a spell of dread apprehension. The blow was so sudden, the evidence of the charge so explicit, that she was staggered. For a moment even her faith wavered. The steward's voice roused her to the knowledge that they were waiting for her to speak.

"No," she said faintly, "there is no fraud. I thought—I thought the judge had made a mistake. Let the other horse have the race. I—I fancy I have made a mistake; I—I'm satisfied. I want to go."

"No," the steward interposed firmly, "this is a very grave matter; we must clear it up."

He gave Kathleen a chair. She could hear the droning buzz of many voices on the lawn. She saw a serried mass of upturned faces as their owners thronged about the judges' stand, drawn by the ominous words: "An objection to the winner!"

The steward, turning suddenly to Denton, asked: "You are with Miss Braund, sir—do you know Ben Ali? If you do, please identify him."

Denton made a pretense of unwillingness to speak, claiming that he had no interest in the race. But the steward was insistent, saying: "I can see plainly that there is something peculiar about this race, and I'm bound to get to the bottom of it. You must give your evidence."

"I'm sure it's just a mistake," Denton said—"an unhappy mistake. I'm sure Mr. Leigh will be able to explain it all right. But the horse that won—the bay without the star in the forehead, that ran as North Light, is Miss Braund's Ben Ali."

"You could swear to this?"

"Yes, I could. I thought once of buying Ben Ali, and examined him closely."

Leigh stared aghast: a horrible dread crept over him. Up to this he had thought that Kathleen had been mistaken, the two horses looked much alike, and probably she had confused them.

Then Kathleen was told gently, firmly, that she must say which of the two horses was Ben Ali. She felt that it was like passing sentence upon Leigh. He couldn't be guilty of dishonesty, but how could he clear himself from this dreadful mistake? Yes, Denton was right, it must be all a mistake.

Then the steward questioned Raeburn, and there was no gentleness in his voice now; there was no mistaking the imputation of fraud in his words.

"Did you bet on this race, Mr. Raeburn?" he asked.

"You generally back your horses heavily. Did you back this horse that started out of your stable, that you ran as Ben Ali?"

"No; he was a bad actor, and I had no confidence in him."

"Did you back the winner?"

"Yes, I had a bet on him."

"Ah, you did!"

The girl shuddered. The steward's "Ah!" pierced like a knife. She drove shut the lids of her eyes to dam back her tears. Why had she been the means of drawing forth this whole horrible thing—why had she not remained at Belmont? She could hear the voice of the steward going on in its hard, monotonous, inexorable grind, asking

Raeburn why he had backed another horse in the race with one of his own stable running.

The owner of North Light had been sent for, but the messenger had returned, saying he couldn't be found. Even this looked ominous. The steward construed it as evidence that the owner was a straw man, that Raeburn was the real nominator of North Light under a fictitious name.

"Send for the trainer of North Light," the steward commanded. And as they waited he said to his colleague, aside: "There's no doubt in the world but that Raeburn has played the 'ringing game' here to make a killing; he's handling both these horses, we shall find. A pretty pair of scoundrels they are, to practically steal that girl's horse! And she would like to shield the young fellow, I can see that."

Both Raeburn and Leigh were dumbfounded. The whole thing was so astounding that their wits were paralysed. There was no possibility that the horse could have been changed while in their stable. That they were entirely innocent seemingly made no difference.

Suddenly Raeburn sprang to his feet, crying excitedly: "Stop that nigger that's sneaking out of the selling enclosure—he's the one man that can clean this matter up!"

The steward, turning quickly, saw Johnston, the trainer of the winner, about to pass through the little gate to the course; having turned the horse over to a stable-hand, he had at last managed to steal into the enclosure.

In an instant a Pinkerton man had his hand on the darky's shoulder, and he was brought into the stand.

At first he declared stoutly enough that the horse he trained was North Light; but when he saw that this contention was useless he broke down, and in the breaking down he went all to pieces. To save himself, he told everything, declaring he was just a poor coloured man—as innocent as a child, and just did what his boss told him to do.

The rehabilitating of matter—the disqualifying of North Light, the giving of the race to the horse that had finished second, the handshake of repentance from the steward for his suspicion of Raeburn and Leigh; the flood of joy, tears from Kathleen's eyes, as in her heart she was happier than if she had won forty races; the going over and over the horrible nightmare thing that evening with Leigh, the recovery of the real Ben Ali who had proved his worth by winning that day—all these matters, told as they should be, would make another tale quite as long as this one, and that is impossible.

## If There Was Plenty of Gold

THERE was once a man, a college graduate, who said he would like to make all the world wealthy and happy. How to do it was the problem to which he turned his magnificent intellect. He had no money to give away like Rockefeller and Carnegie, because he had never stolen from the public. He had no accumulated gold, or silver, or precious stones. But he had an idea and it ran along this line:

What would happen if the world were suddenly to find that there was plenty of gold, that the supply was as adequate and liberal as the supply of coal, or of iron, or any other common substance? Or, what would occur if some one were to discover a method of making gold, as any other chemical compound is made?

Under these circumstances what would be the price of bread, of meat, or of milk? Would bread sell at six loaves for one cent, and meat at a half-cent a pound? Would our houses, now worth \$2,000, be worth \$100 or \$40,000 each? Would they go up in value or would they go down?

What about bonds which are guaranteed to be redeemed in gold? If gold were as plentiful as iron, what would a \$1,000 gold bond be worth? Would it be worth carrying home? Would all the millionaires be paupers? Would there be equality among mankind?

What would become of stocks that are not redeemable, but are to pay dividends forever? Would a \$100 share become worth \$1,000? Would stocks go up as bonds came down? Would there be a panic on the stock exchanges of the world or would there be a mad rush to buy?

As he thought these things over, he evolved a plan whereby he might experiment in New York. And the story of his experiment will be told in the succeeding issues of The Canadian Courier, beginning with next week. The story is entitled "The Golden Flood," and the author is Edwin Lefevre. It is not a long story, and will be completed in ten issues.



## A SLOW TOWN.

**S**TORIES about Ian Maclaren are being scattered in profusion just now. When he was last in Toronto, he told of how he was impressed with the American's fondness for his daily paper. On one occasion, a Chicago man was talking to him (Ian Maclaren) and the conversation turned to the subject of the Holy Land.

"I suppose the country's all right for those that like ruins and relics. But I must say that Jerusalem's the deadest town I ever struck. There wasn't a morning paper in the whole place," said the Chicago globe-trotter.

## CHEERFUL DELEGATES.

Five years ago, in June, 1902, a Toronto man, who is not a church-goer, entered a certain Yonge street restaurant and proceeded to order luncheon. After a few minutes his attention was drawn to a group behind a screen, who were evidently enjoying some lively stories, if he could judge from the peals of laughter which set even the waiters grinning in sympathy.

"What party is that?" asked the envious and lonely customer.

"They're a lot of Methodist ministers, sir, from some convention," replied the waiter.

Just then a burst of merriment almost as hearty came from another bescreened corner. "And who are those chaps?"

"Presbyterian ministers, sir. There's an Assembly meeting in the city."

"By Jove!" said the enquirer. "They must have good yarns and elegant digestion. I haven't laughed that way for years. I believe I'll join the church."

## AN ADVANCE PAYMENT.

Principal Grant, the late much-loved head of Queen's University, was a masterly solicitor for the needs of his college in the early days. One afternoon, Sir John Macdonald dropped in to see Sir David Macpherson and found him in conversation with Principal Grant.

"What do you think?" said Sir David in assumed despair. "Grant thinks I should give more money to Queen's; and the last time I gave him a cheque, he said it would do for all time."

"That may be," said Sir John quietly, "but hadn't you better give a little for eternity?"

The extra cheque was forthcoming and Principal Grant was furnished with an excellent text for other occasions when he presented the claims of higher education.

## THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH.

Another historical tradition has been shattered. Governor Woodruff of Connecticut recently returned from a visit to the Jamestown Exposition and is grieving over the effect of prohibition on tradition in the South.

"I had just met all the Governors at the Exposition," he said, "and was talking to Governor Heyward of South Carolina when Governor Glenn of North Carolina came along. Noticing that they did not speak, I ventured to ask Governor Heyward if he had met Governor Glenn and he replied that he had not. So I introduced them and they shook hands with true southern cordiality. I was surprised and I guess I looked it. There was the Governor of North Carolina and the Governor of South Carolina, but where was the usual greeting?"

I coughed, fidgeted, and then said: 'I expected the usual salutation when the Governor—'

"To be sure," broke in Governor Glenn. 'I should like to oblige you, but I am a Prohibitionist and a teetotaler.'

"And I, too, would be deeply honoured to live up to the tradition," said Governor Heyward, bowing deeply, 'but I also am a Prohibitionist and a teetotaler.'

## THE PROPER PUNISHMENT.

Minister (meeting a small boy on Sunday afternoon carrying a string of fish) — "Johnny, Johnny, do these belong to you?" Johnny—"Ye-es, sir. You see, that's what they got for chasing worms on a Sunday."—Inquirer.

## FAREWELL TO SPRING.

You have brought us heavy frosts,  
You have given us horrid chills,  
All the influenza pangs  
And pneumonia's fatal ills.  
Really, May, you are a fraud,  
And you leave us feeling sore;  
Kindly say good-bye and go,  
And—oh, won't you shut the door!



A Literary Digest.  
Drawn for the Canadian Courier.

## CANDID CROMER.

Lord Cromer, who recently ceased to be British Agent of Egypt, made himself hateful to all sorts of rascals in that country, but he worked wonders of reform there and left it in a more contented frame of mind than it had ever known previous to his arrival. While Lord Salisbury was British Premier, a member of the ministry complained that Lord Cromer had told him to go to the devil.

"Dear me," said Salisbury, "he tells me that every time he comes to London."

## WHEN KIPLING WAS HUNGRY.

Had Mr. Kipling turned his attention to commerce instead of literature, there is not the slightest doubt that he would now be retained by Mr. Wanamaker, or some other merchant millionaire, as a writer of advertisements as a colossal salary. There is no man alive who can pen impromptu a more telling notice. After the siege of Kimberley he was staying with Mr. Rhodes at a charming little fruit-farm near that town. One morning it occurred to Mr. Rhodes to take a stroll round the orchards before breakfast. Mr. Kipling did not feel like strolling, so stayed behind. Time went on, and it occurred to the author that break-

fast would be desirable. But there was no sign of his host. As a matter of fact, Mr. Rhodes, in his usual way, had become so interested in the matter in hand that he had quite forgotten the passing hours. It was nearly ten before he bethought himself of his starving guest, and hurried homewards.

"What's this, sir?" said the manager, suddenly pausing before a tree.

Upon it was pinned a sheet of paper bearing in large black letters—"Famine!" The next tree was also decorated:—"We are starving; feed us." Nearer the house they came upon a larger sheet with these words in huge type:—"For the human race. Breakfast. Purifies the mind; invigorates the system. It has sustained thousands; it will sustain you. See that you get it." Finally, upon the front door was an enormous placard:—"Why Die When a Little Breakfast Prolongs Life?"

## A DIFFICULT JOB.

Two men were coming into Denver from a nearby town on a local train the other day. The train stopped every five minutes it seemed, and one of the men became impatient. Finally, when the train halted for the engine to get up steam, the man's impatience overflowed.

"Now, what do you think of this train?" he said to the other.

"It isn't making much progress," replied his friend.

"Progress; I should say not," said the impatient man. "It would be a fierce job to take a moving picture of this train."

## THE PRESENT-DAY ESTIMATE.

"How far are we from Chicago?" says the passenger, plucking at the sleeve of the conductor as that official passes him.

"Three wrecks, one misplaced switch, and a washout," answers the conductor, hastening on, lighting his red lantern as he goes.—N. Y. Life.

## A GOOD BEGINNING.

Ian Maclaren was talking to a group of literary beginners in New York. "Begin your stories well," he said emphatically. "Indeed, it's half the battle. Always bear in mind the case of the young man who, desiring to marry, secured a favourable hearing from his sweetheart's irascible father by opening the interview with the words: 'I know a way, sir, whereby you can save money.'"

## NOT EVEN ST. PATRICK.

Angry Scot: "Look here, Mr. O'Brien! I've the verra greatest respect for yer country, but ye mauna forget this: Ye can sit on a rose, and ye can sit on a shamrock, but, O man, ye canna sit on a thistle."—The Sketch.

## THE CORRECT STYLE.

Some young women in England have begun to dress out and out like men. They wear a long coat cut hunting fashion, a cap, riding breeches and top boots. It is a handsome costume and it is not immodest, but undoubtedly it attracts a good deal of attention. They have been telling in London lately a story about a girl who adopted this riding rig. Pulling up her horse one afternoon she said to an artisan who was passing:

"Can you tell me if this is the way to Wareham?" The man looked her over carefully. Then he touched his cap in a respectful manner and replied:

"Yes, miss, yes—you seem to have got 'em on all right."

## NOT HIS PRICE.

"Scoundrel!" hissed the head grafter to the man who had betrayed him. "You didn't stay bought."

"Excuse me," responded the other haughtily. "I was not bought. That deal with you was a mere lease. No man could buy me at that figure."—Philadelphia Ledger.

## British Gossip

**A**LREADY there is apprehension expressed in many rural communities of England lest the "gypsy plague" of last summer be repeated. Bands of Hungarian warriors crossed from Hamburg last year and strolled about the country until the governing county officers found them a serious problem. Surrey is said to be specially subject to these visitations. The county council of that district has submitted questions to other county organisations in England and Wales with the object of procuring the passage of a Bill through Parliament to cope with the evil. Gypsies are all very well in melodrama and light opera. In the romances dear to boyhood the leader of the gypsy band is a hero second only to the pirate chief. But the Romany in real life is an entirely different character. He is a despiser of such conventionalities as property rights and the bath tub. The earth is his and he verily is adorned with liberal patches of the native soil. Newark, Stafford and Romford suffered many depredations last year and are preparing a stern reception for any wandering minstrels who wish to encamp in the neighbourhood for another season.

\* \*

Sir Eldon Gorst, the successor to Earl Cromer in Egypt, is half a colonial, his mother having been a native of Christchurch, N.Z. He was born in that delightful island forty-eight years ago, and, after



Lady Gorst,

Wife of the new British Agent in Cairo.

a career of honours at Cambridge, was called to the Bar and became an attache in the Diplomatic Service. He first became closely connected with Egyptian finance in 1890, when he was made Controller of Direct Revenues. He succeeded Lord Milner as Under-Secretary of State for Finance, and afterwards became Financial Adviser to the Minister of the Interior.

In 1903 he married the daughter of Mr. C. D. Rudd, one of the founders of the gold-mining industry on the Rand, now a large landowner in Scotland. Lady Gorst is said to be a most agreeable hostess and her qualities in this regard will probably be exercised freely. The new British Agent, thanks to the herculean work accomplished by his predecessor, will be able to relax, so far as social diversions are concerned, to a degree which would have been inadvisable a decade ago. Lady Gorst's father was one of Cecil Rhodes' few intimate friends and he is also a comrade of Dr. Jameson.

\* \*

Mr. Beerbohm Tree has returned from Berlin, apparently quite satisfied with his theatrical performance in the capital of Germany. He and his company were treated right royally by the Kaiser and court dignitaries and he has every reason to feel that he was a social success during the brief Shakespearean display. But the critics dealt untenderly with the English actor and his stage management, causing London's would-be wits to murmur: "Teutons, spare our Tree!" It is generally acknowledged that

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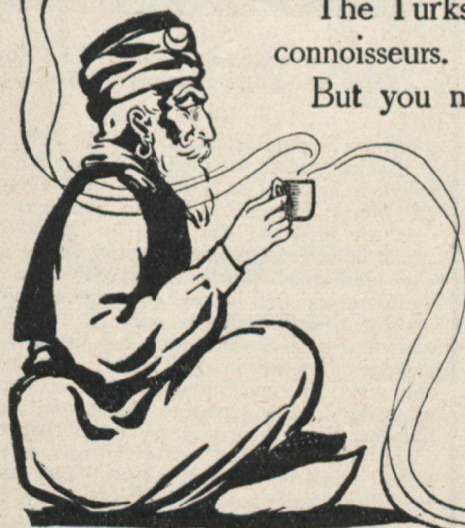
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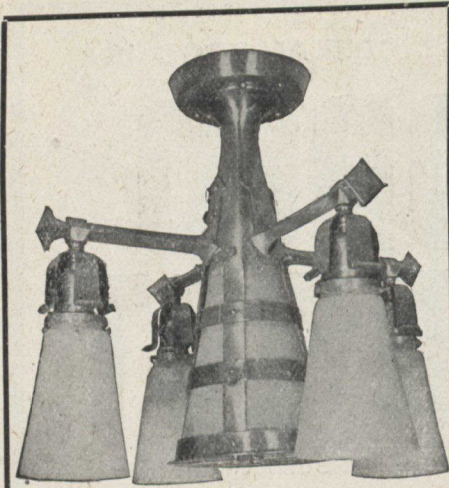
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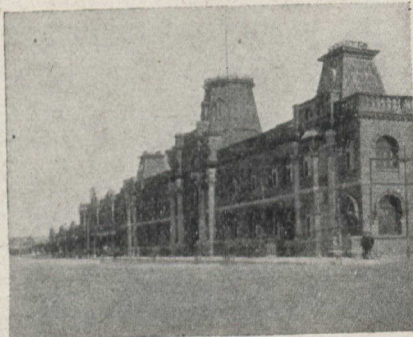
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the Germans know more about the works of William Shakespeare than do the countrymen of the great dramatist. Nay, they are more familiar with them than was Lord Bacon himself or that ingenious creature, Mr. Ignatius Donnelly. Hence, they are sensitive on the subject of Shakespearean production and they found the extreme gorgeousness of the Tree settings not at all to their taste. Shakespeare is smothered beneath all this gold and glitter, said the voice of the Berlin critics. Perhaps they would like Mr. Ben Greet. Let him take to Germany his Shakespeare unadorned which has bored America almost to tears!

King Edward and the Queen have returned to England from the south, just at the close of the "colonial entertaining." King Edward's friendly meeting with the young King of Spain is another instance of the gentle diplomacy which makes the sovereign's little holiday trips of advantage to the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. King Edward is the real apostle of peace, while Mr. Stead is merely a sandwich man to advertise his own spectacular attractions. The Prince and Princess of Wales proved admirable hosts to the colonial visitors on the occasion of the Marlborough House party. They also spent a strenuous week in Glasgow, when the new wing of Glasgow University was opened and the second city of the Empire gave a hearty welcome to the king's son. The freedom of the city and the honorary degree of LL.D. were bestowed on the guests. They also laid the memorial stone of the reconstructed Royal Infirmary and opened the new Clyde Bank Dock. Lord Kelvin conferred the LL.D. honours on their Royal Highnesses. The Prince of Wales is said to be the most "degreed" man in the kingdom although he never went to 'Varsity. He probably enjoyed taking his eldest son down to Osborne more than the academic festivities.



The Empire's Newest Capital—The New Agency Buildings, Bulawayo, Rhodesia.

Prince Fushimi, the cousin of the Mikado, is making an official visit to Great Britain. While in London he resided at York House, St. James' Palace. While in Scotland, he was the guest of the Duke of Montrose. Much curiosity has been created by the recent action of the Lord Chamberlain in withdrawing the license for performances of the Gilbert-Sullivan opera, "The Mikado," a revival of which has been well patronised at the Savoy Theatre. The reason given is that the opera is considered offensive to the Japanese Court. In Parliament, Sir Edward Grey stated that the Lord Chamberlain in withdrawing the license acted on his own responsibility solely. The affair has excited sympathy for Mrs. D'Oyly Carte, to whom the prohibition means great financial loss. The opera is to be suppressed, not only during Prince Fushimi's visit but "afterwards," and the suppression applies not only to London but to the "provinces" as well. The opera was performed at Sheffield last month, but the Lord Chamberlain interfered directly to stop a performance of "The Mikado" at Middlesbrough. Perhaps the noble official knows what he is about, although the Japanese Court seems "to have nothing to do with the case." In the meantime, all the old airs are once more whistled in the streets, and "He's going to marry, Yum-Yum" is as common as daffodils and primroses.

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## Peculiarities

A boy fell from a bicycle in front of a street car in Ottawa. The motorman put on his brakes tight and the wheels stopped turning. Because of this, the boy was pushed along in front of the wheel, and when pulled out was practically uninjured. Moral: All cities with street cars should insist on their having first-class brakes.

\* \*

Fort William and Port Arthur have had trouble with ice blocking their harbours. Ice-breakers have been employed. It looks as if the government would have to provide an ice-breaker at these ports every spring, now that an early opening there has become so important.

\* \*

When the Press Association started out to agitate against the old Postal Convention, it declared that fifty bags of United States mail came in here for every one that went from this country to the United States. Now the Postmaster-General makes the startling statement that this proportion had in five years grown from 50 to 1 to 200 to 1. No wonder Mr. Lemieux cut it off short on May 8th.

\* \*

People who are compelled to pay more for their United States publications should remember that they will be required to pay less for their British periodicals. Canada has in this way added a new feature to the British preference.

\* \*

Toronto is full of British immigrants. Many of them find work in the city, but not all. The prediction has been made that in a few weeks there will be two thousand of these people walking the streets looking for work. In a smaller measure, this will probably be true of several Canadian cities. The subject is one which should engage the attention of civic and provincial authorities.

\* \*

Sir William Mulock, speaking to the Canadian Club of Victoria, called Vancouver Island the Switzerland of America. The mainland has already received the title, but Sir William justified the extension because Vancouver Island with its beautiful, fish-stocked lakes should become a sportsman's paradise. Sir William thinks Victoria is certain of future greatness.

\* \*

Saskatchewan has decided that it will not be over-run as Ontario is by K.C.'s. Only eight may be appointed in four years. Five of these eight are already chosen: Mr. T. H. McGuire, former Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the Northwest Territories; Mr. James McKay, of Prince Albert, Man.; Norman Mackenzie, of Regina; Mr. J. T. Brown, M.P.P., of Moosomin, and Mr. Frank Ford, the Deputy Attorney-General. Messrs. J. H. Lamont, Attorney-General, and Mr. F. W. G. Haultain, former Attorney-General, became K.C.'s by virtue of their offices.

\* \*

At the Royal Military College, Kingston, the cadets were ordered to grow moustaches. A sergeant shaved his upper lip and was reduced to the ranks. The order was foolish; and so was the disobedience. Officers should not make unnecessary rules, but once made they should be enforced.

\* \*

Of course, every Canadian knew that the late spring would limit the wheat area sown, but only a few thought of buying wheat for the inevitable rise. Some people thought of it and had the necessary credit. They bought (or speculated) and made "big money."

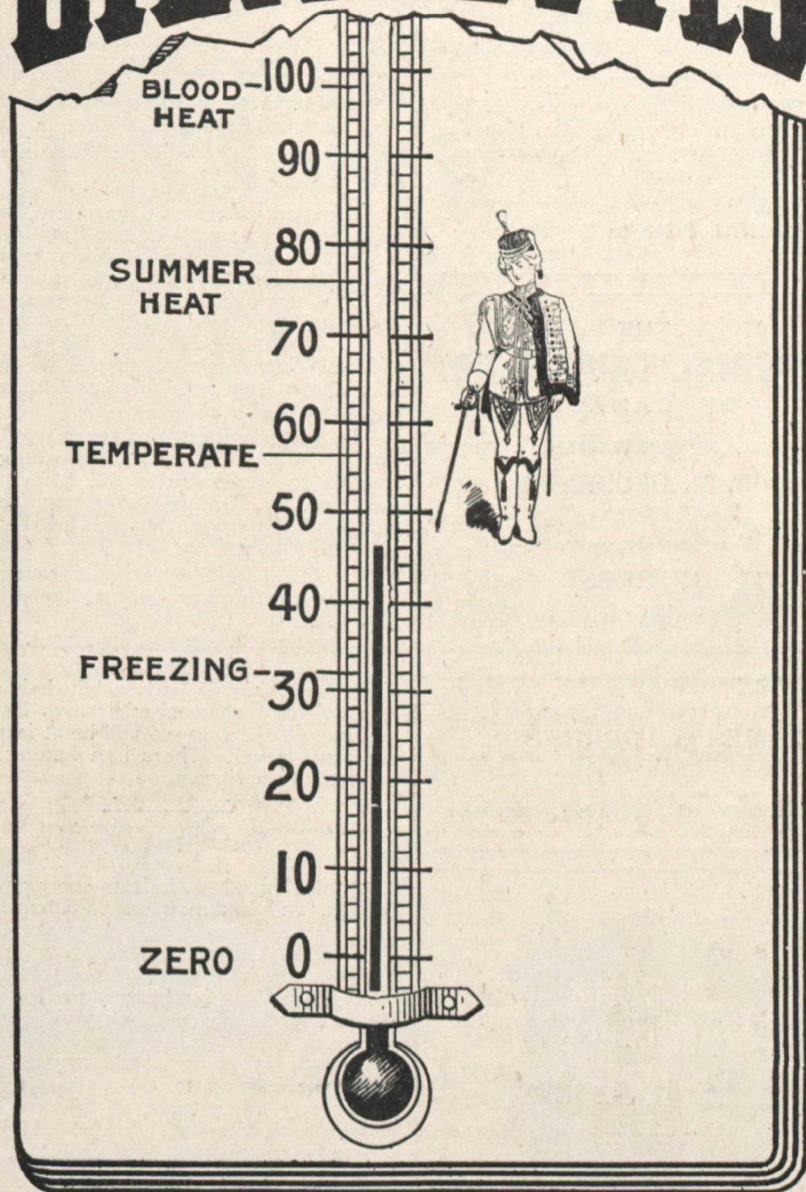
\* \*

Coal heavers in Montreal went up in the social scale last week. Their wages were advanced, without a strike, from eight to nine dollars a week.

\* \*

At the Montreal dog show last week, several important sales were made. A Boston terrier sold for more than a thousand dollars. Mr. W. Roy, of the Coila Kennels,

# SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES



The weather for the past week has been fairly mild. The average temperature was 46, as indicated by the sword point of the famous SWEET CAPORAL girl.

### INTERESTING INFORMATION

The records of temperature published in connection with the above thermometer, show what an exceptionally long and trying winter we have had. Readings below zero were frequent and temperatures were recorded in May which seemed distressingly low and out of place for "the merrie month."

It is anticipated however, that from now on, the SWEET CAPORAL girl will have a pleasanter task, and the degrees which she will point out with her usual exactness will be regarded with more favor. A good plan is to preserve these records for comparison.

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carried off the prize for the two best dogs exhibited by a Montrealer. He also took the prize for the largest exhibit.

Col. Buchan is waking up the "militia" interest in Montreal, where military affairs have been pretty dull for some years. A tournament and tattoo was held there last week, when the R. M. C. cadets gave their gymnastic drill and the Royal Canadian Dragoons their musical ride. Col. Buchan always was an enthusiast and Montreal will have to bear with him.

Some time ago a Brantford bar-tender was fined for selling liquor to boys and girls. Now the Vancouver license commissioners have discovered that girls are getting liquor in certain hotels there. They have ordered that the partitions in dining-rooms should not be more than four feet high.

The people of Vancouver are ambitious and bold. A local loan company is to erect a building there which will be a replica of the Bank of England building in London. It is to be one storey in height with a great dome.

Lieutenant-Governor Dunsmuir has withheld assent to an act of the Legislature of British Columbia which sought to impose an educational test on Japs and Hindus. B. C. is not making much progress in her attempts to exclude Asiatics.

New Westminster claims to have increased its population by fifteen per cent. in 1906.

The Victoria Branch of the Navy League has passed another resolution calling upon Canada to contribute to the British navy. Captain Clive Phillips-Wolley made the motion, and Mayor Morley was in the chair.

The C.P.R. will have two steamers this year: on the Skagway route, the Princess May and the Princess Royal. Both will have wireless telegraphy apparatus.

British Columbia gathered in half a million dollars from timber licenses last year and in 1907 the revenue will be at least fifty per cent. larger. There is a lumber boom on in that province.


#### About the Apple

"Apples breed optimism, energy, cheerfulness, and ambition," says Charles Edmund Tomlinson, of Chicago, founder of the Apple Club of America. He is a worthy successor and complement of "Appleseed Johnny." The latter travelled about the country half a century ago planting apple seed wherever he went. Now Mr. Tomlinson is going about urging people to eat the fruit of the trees, thus propagated, or any other trees, at the rate of at least one apple a day. Life would be but a scurvy proposition, especially on ship-board and in the Arctic regions, were it not for the gift of the apple, says an editorial writer in the New York "Globe." It is the most universal of fruits, and the cheapest. North America produces annually about a hundred million barrels. The apple is decorative in colour and outline, delicious to the palate, salubrious to the liver. Its juices prolong youth and retard the onset of older years by dissolving the mineral deposits that form along the blood channels. On the average every American eats a barrel of apples in a year. The conditions of membership in the Apple Club of America are too low. Every one should eat at least three apples a day.

#### A Famous Cartoonist

Sir John Tenniel, the famous "Punch" cartoonist, who celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday the other day, is still a fine, military looking man, with all his faculties intact and as keen a mind as when he drew his first cartoon. At a very early age he displayed a marked talent for drawing, although his great ambition as a small boy was to be a circus clown. That interesting

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period passed, however, he made up his mind to become an artist, and he was only 16 when his first picture was exhibited. In 1851 he began his half century of connection with "Punch."

**Dr. Drummond**

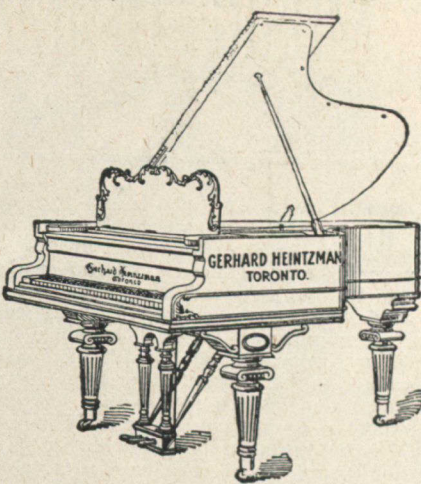
It is difficult to find words to express the loss, suffered by those who knew him, in the death of William Henry Drummond. To the world at large, Dr. Drummond was the creator of a new type in literature; to his friends he was infinitely more than this. Warm-hearted, generous, sympathetic, true as steel, he stood for all that is best in the land of his birth, and in the land of his adoption. Patriotic in no narrow sense of the term, he took a keen interest in all public questions, and threw his influence on the side of all movements for the betterment of Canadian life. He had faith in the wholesomeness of Canadian ideals, and believed firmly that his country was destined to take a large place in the world's history. He was a broad man in every sense of the term. His modesty would not admit anything of merit in his own achievements, whether in literature or otherwise, but he always felt and expressed the warmest appreciation of what was worthy in the work of his friends and contemporaries.

Like that other well-known Canadian, "Ralph Connor," Dr. Drummond was literally forced to publish his first book by friends who would not permit him to hide his talents. His earlier Habitant verses were written solely for the amusement of a few intimates, and when the suggestion was made to him that he should issue them in book form, he scouted the idea as absurd. The instant popularity which "The Habitant" achieved in Canada and England, and especially in the United States, left him almost aghast. And yet it was part of the charming simplicity of his character that he accepted the praise lavished upon his book without either affectation or self-consciousness. He was genuinely pleased to find that thousands of readers on both sides of the Atlantic shared his own keen interest in the personality of the French-Canadian peasant, though he did not realize that his own genius had made the type known to the world; even to those of us who lived among the Habitants, Dr. Drummond's word-pictures came as a revelation.—Lawrence J. Burpee in "The Nation."

**Two-cent Railway Fares**

The attention of the joint general committee of the Order of Railway Conductors, and the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, assembled last week in the city of Winnipeg, and representing all the employees in train and yard service on the Canadian Pacific Railway from Fort William west to the Pacific coast, was directed to the proposed legislation in the Dominion House having in view the enactment of a law making two cents a mile the maximum rate for passenger travel in Canada. They unanimously adopted a resolution opposing the measure. They seemed to think that Canada's population is yet too scattered; the climatic conditions must be considered; and it would be unwise to do away with special home-seekers' and harvesters' excursions.

The announcement that American golfers are trying to resuscitate international matches with their Canadian brethren brings one face to face once more with the fact that while the general public laughs at golf its devotees get it worse than any community ever contracts the bridge craze. "What is there in golf?" a man with the fever remarked recently. "Well, I hit a ball just right this afternoon and as it sailed away straight and true a feeling went through me that nothing else could give. I lost the game, but that feeling's with me yet—and you'll never know what pure joy is till you experience it."



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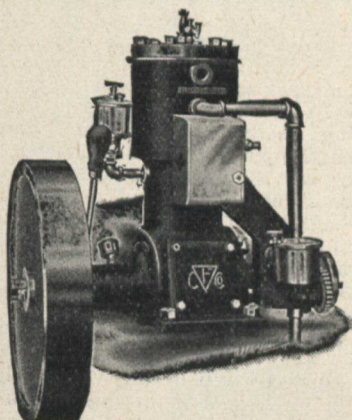
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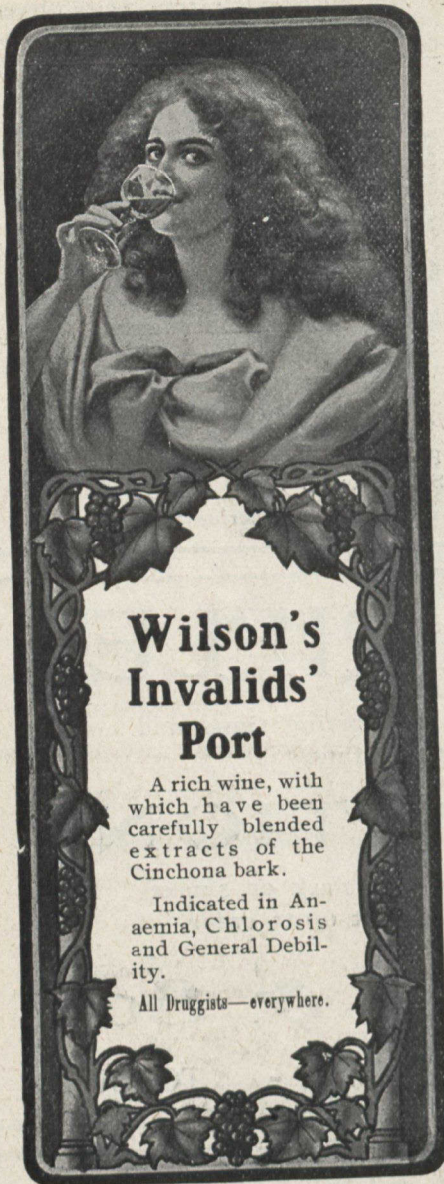
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**MUSIC & THE DRAMA**

THE visit of the Vienna Maennergesang-Verein to this continent is one of the most important events of the year in the musical circles of America. This famous chorus, numbering over two hundred members, accompanied by an equally large number of "passive" members, arrived at New York on the 4th inst. and remained in the United States for a fortnight only, during which season they were given almost as trying a welcome as if they were Colonial Premiers in London. In spite of their many social engagements, they were able to gratify the musical public by giving ten concerts and departed on the "Oceana," leaving an impression of their high artistic achievement and genial goodfellowship. On the occasion of their first appearance in London, England, in May of last year the critics of that city attributed the artistic finish of their singing to the fact that the members of the chorus, besides being most carefully chosen because of superior musical attainments, were gentlemen of "position" and education.

The New York critics were not so laudatory as those of London and seemed to consider that the American metropolis has heard choral work that, in certain aspects, surpasses the execution of the famous Vienna choir. Mr. Sylvester Rawling in the New York "World" of May 8th delivers himself of a judgment which is of especial interest to the Canadian public, or to that part of it which is interested in musical affairs.

"When the choir sang in Berlin last December, the opinion was expressed that it stood 'at the very top of the ladder.' If last night's performance be judged from the viewpoint of musical art alone, a faithful reviewer could scarcely indorse the verdict. New York music lovers have been educated to programmes of a loftier purpose and to a standard of excellence more rigid. In all that was sung last night there was sentiment and feeling and an appeal to the emotions that could not be gainsaid; but, in execution, there was a constant sliding, an exaggerated pianissimo, a persistent falsetto on the part of the tenors, who were sometimes out of tune, and a lack of tone surprising in a chorus so big. Our own Musical Art Society has developed our taste and who that heard the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto a month or two ago, can forget the clean-cut attack, the marvellous precision, the superb dynamic effects and the splendid sonority of that band of singers?"

The concert given by the Vienna chorus in Buffalo on the 13th of this month was received with most enthusiastic demonstrations by the immense audience which crowded Convention Hall; and, although the Teutons in the audience were naturally the most fervent, the Canadians present were almost as emotional in their expression of approval. The Maennerchor proved an exceptional body of singers in smooth quality of tone and artistic appreciation of their work. The greatest popular enthusiasm was aroused by their dynamic rendering of Kremsner's "In Winter," which was repeated, as was also the final number, Strauss' "Wein, Weib und Gesang," which was sung with such verve and abandon as to set the audience applauding in waltz time. The selections were of a decidedly popular nature and made an emotional appeal of remarkable intensity. The programme was admirable in point of brevity, the audience being fairly out of the immense hall by ten o'clock.

Buffalo was bravely decorated for the occasion, the eagles of Austria and the shield of yellow and black combining with the Stars and Stripes to make a picturesque display. The Viennese visitors were entertained in a royal (or should we say republican?) fashion and doubtless carried away the pleasantest memories of the Buffalo Orpheus Society and their other friends.



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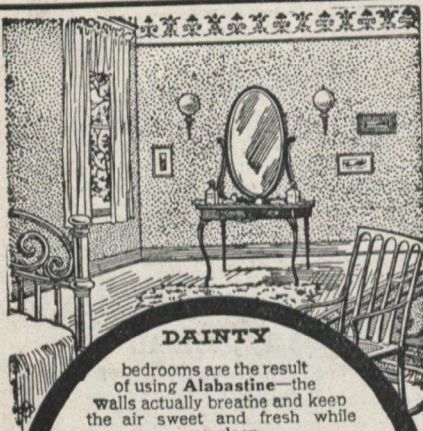
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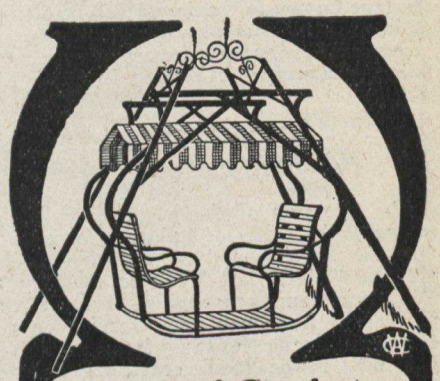
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## For the Children

There once was a boy who asked for a pie  
In a piping voice up high, up high;  
And when he asked for a salmon roe  
He spoke in a voice down low, down low;  
But when he said he had no choice  
He always spoke in a medium voice.  
I cannot tell the reason why  
He sometimes spoke up high, up high;  
And why he sometimes spoke down low  
I do not know, I do not know;  
And why he spoke in the medium way,  
Don't ask me, for I cannot say.

—Arthur Macy.

\* \*

### GATHERING KNOWLEDGE.

"It seems to me," said Mrs. Wakeman, pausing on the sidewalk to let the grade pupils, just released from bondage, rush by, "that school must be more interesting than it was in my time. The children acquire so much general knowledge nowadays—so much that is useful—"

"They do," agreed Mrs. Northrop, promptly. "Now here comes little Johnny Greenfield—we'll ask what he learned. Here Johnny! Tell us what your lesson was about to-day?"

"About octagons," replied blushing Johnny.

"And what," pursued Mrs. Wakeman, "is an octagon?"

"It's a many-sided animal," piped the lad, "that grabs you when you go in swimming."—Youth's Companion.

\* \*

### THE FAULTFINDER.

The woodchuck lived in a hole, and he asked the rabbit to make him a visit. Now the rabbit was very glad to go, and the woodchuck did his best to make him have a good time.

The first day the rabbit said, "Mr. Woodchuck, when you eat you always pick things up in your paws and put them in your mouth. Now that is not very nice, because your paws might be dirty. I put my mouth down and just eat it up," and the woodchuck said, "Thank you, sir."

A little later the rabbit said, "Mr. Woodchuck, when you eat you sit up on your hind legs. That is not the right way to do. When I eat, I put my front paws down," and the woodchuck said quite politely, "Thank you."

Pretty soon the rabbit said, "Mr. Woodchuck, when you are thirsty you go to the pond to drink. Now my mother taught me to get up early in the morning and eat the clover with the dew in it, and you won't need to drink. That is a nicer way." And the woodchuck said, still politely, "THANKS."

Next day the rabbit said, "Mr. Woodchuck, when you go to sleep you put your nose down between your paws and curl yourself up in a little ball, so you can't see anybody. Now I lay my chin down on the ground on my paws and always sleep that way, which is much safer." And the woodchuck said, pretty politely, "I'll think about it."

Next day the rabbit said, "Mr. Woodchuck, when you eat carrots you strip off all the outside with your teeth and then eat the carrot. This is very wasteful. But I eat the whole thing right through—" and Mister Woodchuck said, "See here, if my way of living doesn't suit you, you can just get out." Then he felt that he had been a little bit rude, so he said, "Goodby, Mr. Rabbit, good-by." And the poor rabbit had to get out.—St. Nicholas.

\* \*

### SPELLING "KITTEN."

A dear little girl,  
With her brain in a whirl,  
Was asked the word kitten to spell.  
"K-double i-t-  
T-e-n," said she,  
And thought she had done very well.  
"Has kitten two i's?"  
And the teacher's surprise  
With mirth and impatience was blent.  
"My kitty has two,"  
Said Marjory Lou,  
And looked as she felt—quite content.  
—M. F. Harmon.

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Connecting with the Grand Trunk Railway System at Napanee and Kingston.  
Connecting with the Canadian Pacific Railway at Tweed.  
Connecting with the Central Ontario Railway at Bannockburn.  
Connecting with the Kingston & Pembroke Railway at Harrowsmith.  
Connecting at Deseronto with steamers operating on the Bay of Quinte and Lake Ontario.

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

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

Trains run between Deseronto and Napanee as follows:—

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

Leave Napanee at 2.20 a.m., 3.30 a.m., 6.30 a.m., 6.35 p.m., 7.55 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 12.05 p.m., 1.20 p.m., 11.00 a.m., 4.30 p.m., 6.50 p.m., 8.15 p.m.

The Deseronto Navigation Company operate the str. "Ella Ross" and str. "Jessie Bain" running between Picton, Deseronto, Belleville and Trenton, as also the str. "Where Now" making the famous 50-mile ramble from Gananoque to all points in and around the Thousand Islands, connecting with all trains at Gananoque, as well as making the railway transfer between Gananoque and Clayton, N.Y.

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## Literary Notes

A NEW YORK authority has recently discoursed in an edifying fashion on the books that survive. By "books," the writer means novels, most of the time. The life of the average novel is declared to be but five months. The verdict of the public is what no bookseller may prophesy and its favour is something which resembles the winds that blow as their fancy pleases. Some years ago, a critic declared that the popularity of "Ships That Pass in the Night" was due to its arresting title and its brevity. But in the same season "The Heavenly Twins," which was nearly the length of the old-fashioned three-volume novel, was one of the best sellers and the critic was perplexed.

Recent disclosures show that "David Harum" is yet a comparatively popular novel, since 25,000 copies were sold last year. It has actually passed the million mark. Miss Mulock is an old-fashioned writer whose "John Halifax" is seldom mentioned. But the "trade" shows that there is a steady demand for her fiction. "Trilby," which was the rage thirteen years ago, has not been completely forgotten, but Du Maurier's finer work, "Peter Ibbetson," is taking its place as a permanent bit of fiction. We are informed that Sir Gilbert Parker's "Seats of the Mighty" is firmly established in the market and so is "The Prisoner of Zenda," which has few rivals as a popular favourite. The reports on these surviving novels come from six important publishers and the beauty of the list, according to "Life's" opinion, is that "it is wholly without a moral."

\* \*

Mr. Goldwin Smith contributes a valuable historical article, "The Lesson of the French Revolution," to a recent number of the "Atlantic Monthly." The first paragraph shows adequately the writer's reason for associating the France of the Terror with modern events.

"The call for a third edition of Mr. Beesly's apologetic 'Life of Danton' seems to show that there is Danton in the political air. In fact, some of the features of the French Revolution, notably the rising of the peasants against the land-owning nobility, are being reproduced in Russia. The Russian bomb-thrower is the French Terrorist; indeed, he is largely the political progeny of the Terror. The lesson of the French Revolution, therefore, is wholesome now. Anarchism, if it were triumphant, would not be confined to Russia. Of this there are premonitory signs.

"A famous philanthropist of extreme opinions is supposed to have said that the French Revolution was the one happy event in history. To me the French Revolution has always seemed, of all the events in history, the most calamitous. All that wreck, crime, and suffering; the destruction of all those thousands by mob-massacre, judicial murder, wreck of industry, and famine; that letting loose of the most hellish passions on the most awful scale; the Reign of Terror, anarchy, and civil war, followed by a Corsican despotism, with its bloody and desolating wars of conquest; a European counter-revolution as the inevitable consequence; renewal of revolution in France; the Days of June; the Second Empire, founded in sanguinary usurpation; the Franco-German War; the Commune; the movement of political and social progress, fatally tainted as it is with violence, class-war, Jacobinical malignity, and extravagance—all this for what? Because Lomenie Brienne and Calonne failed to deal with a financial deficit with which Turgot felt assured of dealing by obvious expedients, such as retrenchment, equalization of imposts, improvement in the collection of the taxes, half of which were going into the hands of the farmers-general, and sale of monastery lands, with abstinence from war."

\* \*

Two months ago the "Canadian Courier" published an advance notice of "The Songs of a Sourdough," with liberal quotations therefrom. The recent publication of this volume has attracted public attention to Mr. Service, the young Yukon author.

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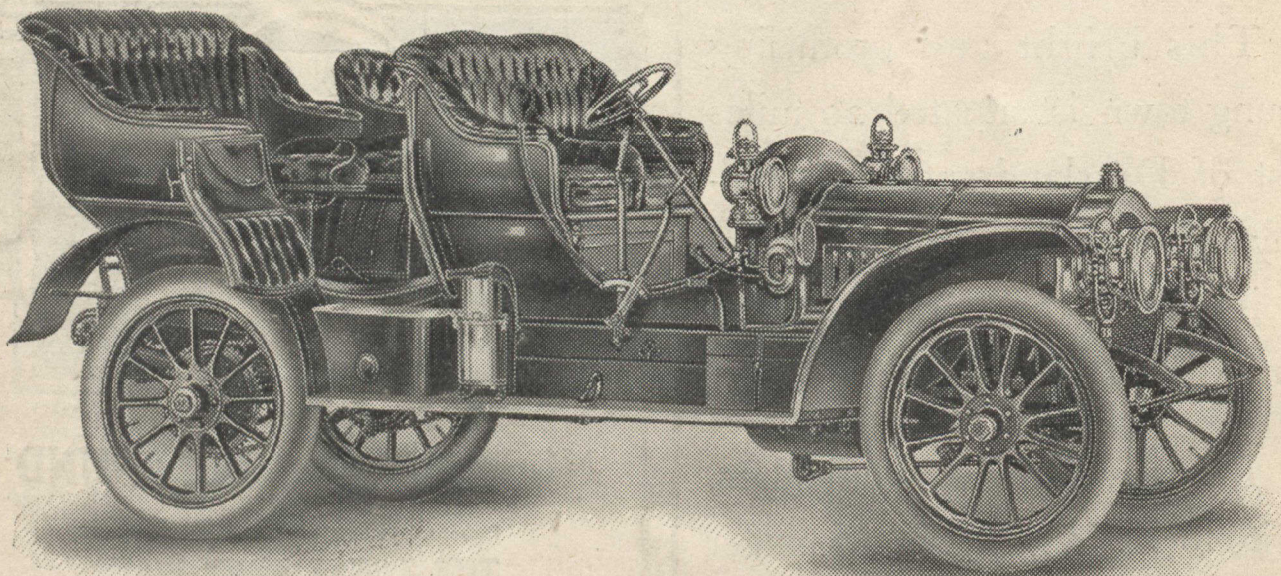
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