

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly



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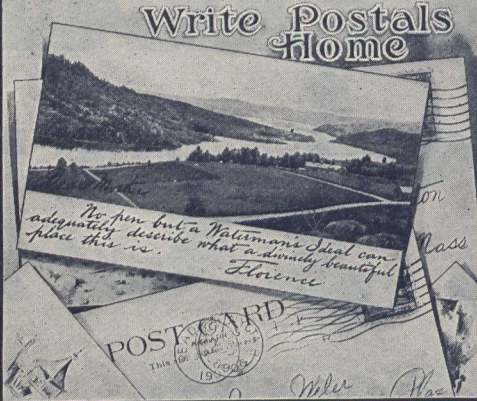
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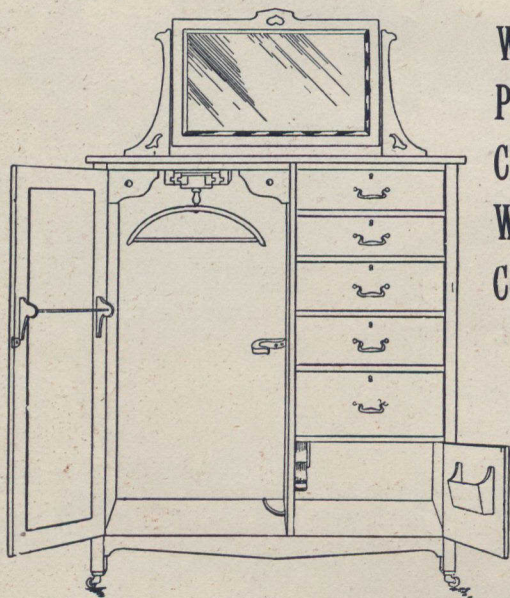
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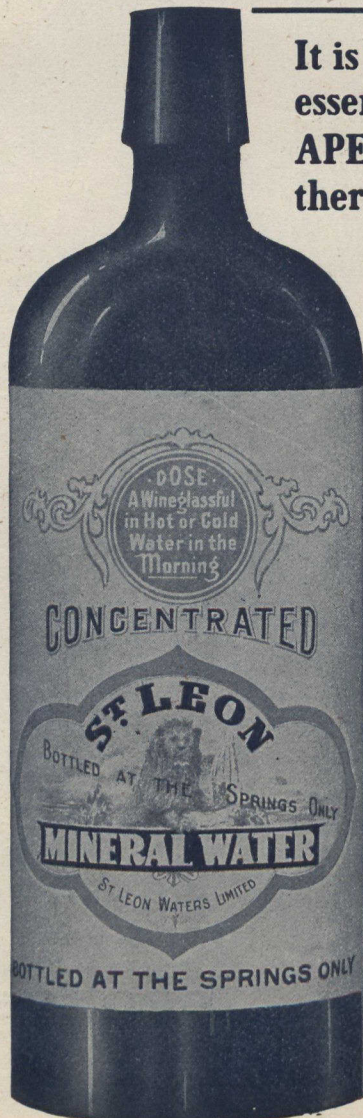
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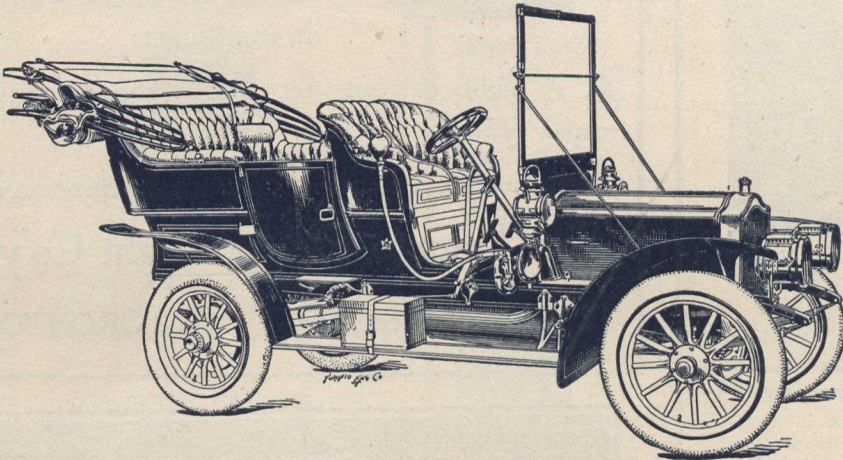
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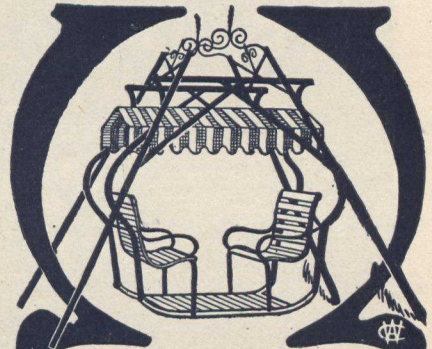
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The
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Editor's Talk



Bonnycastle Dale.

OUR travelling correspondent, Mr. Bonnycastle Dale, passed from his view of General Kuroki at Victoria to see the great Indian sports at Vancouver on the 24th of May. What he saw there is described in this issue, with Mr. Dale's own photographs.

Next week Mr Dale will tell our readers about that district at the mouth of the Fraser River where stand the town of Ladner and the Boundary Stone. The article contains only a few hundred words, but it is accompanied by some striking and unusual photographs, all taken specially for Canada's national weekly. Mr. Dale does not believe in "stock" photographs, and neither does the CANADIAN COURIER.

A man writes from Edmonton this week, saying he has been purchasing at the bookstore, but has decided to subscribe. So even the newsdealers are helping to do the missionary work, for which we thank them. Over two hundred and fifty names have been added to the subscription list this week, and we will soon be able to say that we have as large a subscription list as any other Canadian periodical. We cannot say it just yet, but we hope that the moment will come between now and August first. Thirteen first-class canvassers and seventy-five newsboys are working hard to bring this about.

The issue of June 29th, will be a "Dominion Day Number" with special features.

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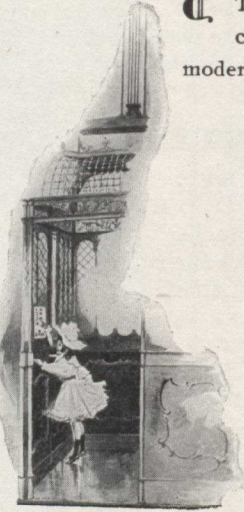
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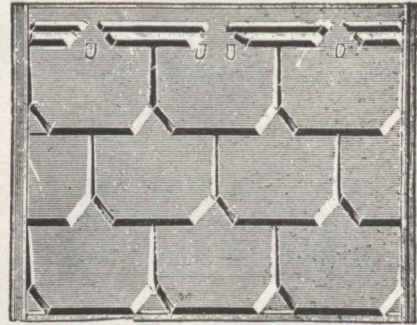


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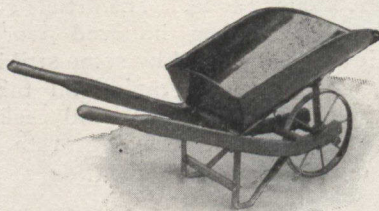
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

NEWS CO. EDITION

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Vol. II

Toronto, June 15th, 1907

No. 3

Topics of the Day

A STORY is going about which seems too good to keep, but which should never have got out. The Railway Commission has one member who is very much impressed with his own importance, but is not keen to do too much work. About Tuesday noon to Friday noon is his week and this is not sufficient to enable the Commission to get through its work. As a consequence some judgments have been given without his assent. Once, so the story goes, he made a protest and threatened to do something desperate. The Commission invited him to put his statement in writing so that it might be forwarded to the Government. This he was wise enough not to do.

Democracy and democratic methods have their limitations. A man who has attained to eminence through politics only is not as likely to serve the state as impartially and as keenly as those who have won their spurs by their abilities in other lines. Yet so long as the party methods of government obtain, the politician must be relied upon to perform many public functions. If he performs them badly, which he does not always do, it is part of the price we pay for government by the people at large.

* * *

Reports from the West continue to infuse fresh hope as to the crop situation. Some districts report an increase of fifty per cent. in the acreage seeded. The growth during the past three weeks has almost made up for the lateness of the season. There is from fourteen to sixteen hours of daily sunshine.

* * *

Sir Frederick Borden, who has returned home from the Imperial Conference, is enthusiastic over the great general staff for the Empire, which is to have a profound effect, it is hoped, on the Empire's military forces. It will study, collect and disseminate among the various governments military information and intelligence and endeavour to bring all parts of the Empire into military harmony. It will, however, be only an advisory body so that local responsibility will not be interfered with. The British authorities recognise that local autonomy and authority must be preserved, and yet it is possible to have co-operation and a synthetical policy.

* * *

The secession movement in northwestern Ontario seems to be gathering force. The general opinion in that district seems to be that agitation is necessary, even if secession is not. The settlers are proceeding on the assumption that they must make a noise or they and their needs will be overlooked. The eastern part of New Ontario, with its government railway and its great mining development, seems to be well satisfied with the progress now being made. The agitation is confined chiefly to the Rainy River district.

* * *

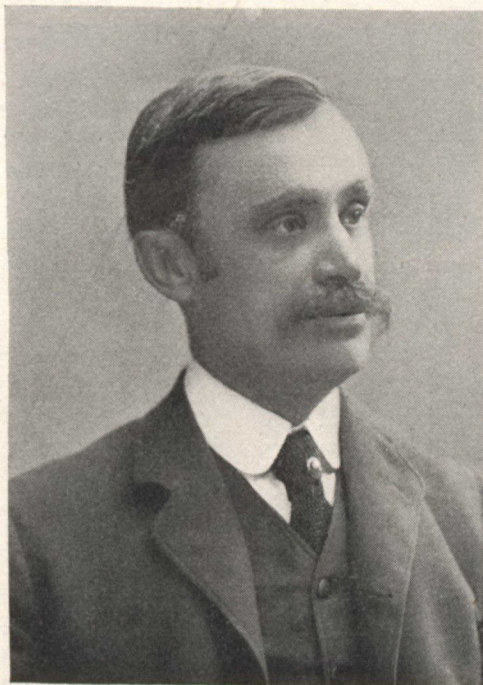
The trial transfer of mails at North Sydney was delayed until this month by the presence of ice on the Cape Breton coast. Beginning with Saturday last, the transfer is now being effected. This will enable outgoing mails to leave Montreal several hours later than if Rimouski were the point of transfer. In the case of in-

coming mails, a similar gain will be made and mail for the Maritime Provinces will be delivered twenty-four to thirty-six hours earlier.

This is the kind of improvement which will benefit Canada at very little expense. The all-red line would cost millions and most of its benefits could be secured cheaply by utilising and improving present opportunities. Canada needs to keep well to the front in the mail-carrying business, but there is no necessity of paying too much for the whistle.

* * *

Mr. Rodolphe Forget is a leading figure in financial circles in Montreal, and is president of the Stock Exchange. Just now he is busy consulting in a light and airy way as to the value of the gas plant in that city, which the municipal authorities would like to buy. Mr. Forget says that perhaps twenty-five million dollars would buy out the company. Some people think that this is an exorbitant price; some think the plant and franchise are worth more.



Rodolphe Forget, Esq.,
President Montreal Stock Exchange.

Mr. Forget is a member of parliament, and is a director of the Canadian General Electric, the Crown Life, the Payne Consolidated Mining Co., and the Toronto Railway Co. He is president of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co., and the Union Brewery Co.; he is vice-president of the Montreal Heat, Light and Power Co. With all these connections he is one of the most powerful men in financial circles in Canada; he can make and unmake and has seldom been beaten in a financial battle.

* * *

The Dominion Census Bureau announces that between 1901 and 1906 the total output of our manufacturing establishments has increased in value from 481 millions to 713 millions of dollars. This increase of nearly fifty per cent. in so short a period is consoling if somewhat surprising. In the previous ten years, the increase was only thirty per cent., so that the present development is the more marked.

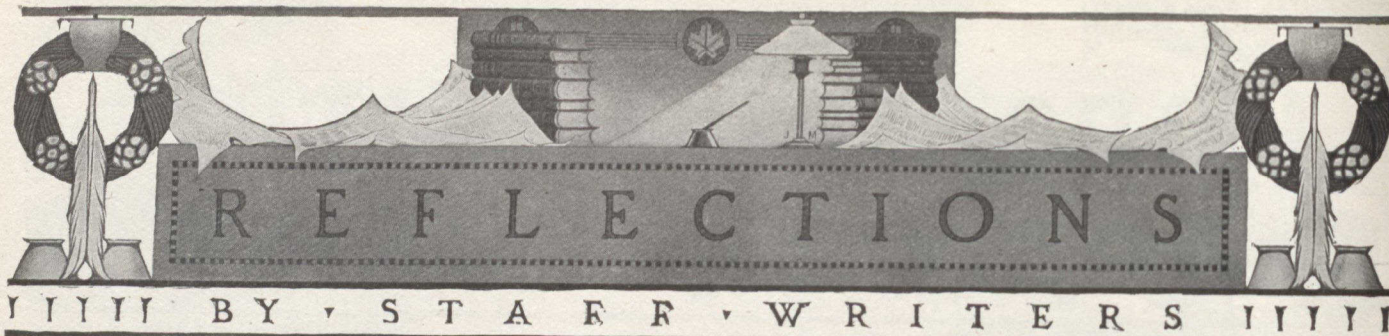
Montreal ranks first, Toronto second, Hamilton third, Winnipeg fourth and London fifth. These are Canada's five great cities.

Among the provinces, Ontario is still first with twice the increase of Quebec. All the provinces show considerable progress, that of Nova Scotia and British Columbia being noteworthy.

There is no doubt that the present development in the country is remarkable. It has been sufficiently rapid to frighten the banks, which are said to be hoarding money in order to limit the present expansion. It seems a strange proceeding, but it may be justifiable.

* * *

That man of mystery, the Hon. Charles Hyman, is again to the front. It is said that he has resigned definitely, this time both his portfolio and his seat in the House. The air of mystery still hovers over the situation, and will until Sir Wilfrid authorises an official announcement. The Conservative newspapers are speculating as to the new cabinet appointments, while the Liberal papers are maintaining a grim silence. The suspense is terrible and Sir Wilfrid's return is anxiously awaited.



REFLECTIONS

IIII BY STAFF WRITERS IIII

SOME newspapers through the country have been accepting without reserve the statement that "the improved quality and reduced price of the Ontario school books will be as good as the distribution of \$100,000 per annum among the families of this province." The statement is scarcely justified by the facts.

ONTARIO'S CHEAP READERS

In the first place there is considerable question as to whether the new Readers will be improved or not. The Education Department has not taken the public into its confidence and given an outline of the improvement proposed. Those who profess to know seem to think that the books will be only slightly superior in quality to the old. They claim that, as the contract was made with the former publishers of the books and at a low price, much improvement cannot be expected.

In the second place, the total average price paid each year for all the Readers sold in Ontario is only \$45,000 a year. The price has been reduced from \$1.15 a year to \$49c. a year. This means a reduction of about \$25,000 a year, which is a long distance from \$100,000.

Further, this reduction in price lasts only one and a half years. What will happen then is a matter of conjecture. The probability is that if a new set of readers is prepared and the paper and binding brought up to date, the price will go back to the old figure, if not higher.

This explanation is not given to lessen the credit which should come to the Education Department for its new bargain, but in the general interest of the publishers and the public. The latter would be unwise to fancy that good books can be bought in the regular way far any such prices as now obtain in Ontario. The circumstances there are exceptional and temporary, and the total saving will be not more than \$25,000 a year.

A VERY interesting story was hinted at but not told at the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church a week ago to-day. Principal MacLaren presented a report concerning Knox College funds and intimated that on three of these investments made by the late Dr. Warden there had been a loss of \$37,000. Further, other investments made by the deceased treasurer of the church funds were not according to charter and hence illegal; these securities would be sold at the first opportune moment. The Principal intimated that the board of the college would like to collect the loss from the estate of the deceased officer of the church. Apparently the result of the discussion which followed was a decision to drop the whole matter into oblivion.

To those of us who love investigations, the action of the General Assembly is disappointing. It might be delightful reading, this story of how Dr. Warden became a wealthy man and of the part he played in underwriting syndicates, stock speculations and bank founding.

The late treasurer of the church was put into his office to make money. If there had been no losses, little would have been heard of his departures from the strict lines laid down in the charters of Presbyterian institutions. That is quite evident.

A different result has brought a measure of publicity. He was, like other Midases, beset by occasional mis-

fortunes. One of these was that all his stock speculations did not turn out well; only a percentage of such usually prove remunerative. Then again, a near relative of his was unfortunate and is said to have lost a sum of money in excess of one hundred thousand dollars. Whatever the amount was, the indirect effect on Dr. Warden's position in the financial world was undoubtedly discouraging.

To speak seriously—the General Assembly would have been well advised to clear up all the rumours that are afloat and set new lines so that, if anything unwise was done, the result would be a warning to all those who now have or in the future may have charge of church, college and other institutional funds.

IN rejecting the application of the Rational Sunday League to provide free music in the Toronto parks on Sunday, the civic authorities are taking an attitude which, in all probability, they will be unable to maintain in the face of advancing public sentiment. The population of Toronto is daily becoming more cosmopolitan, and this means that in time the city will have a modified form of the European Sunday. They have it now in Montreal. It is impossible to shut up a large city for one whole day in the week, and this is becoming more apparent with the growth of every big city in this country. We recall—almost with surprise now—that there was a time when street cars did not run in Toronto on Sunday, and the frenzied efforts that were made to prevent people from getting about in that city of twenty square miles, on one day in the week.

SUNDAY MUSIC IN THE PARKS

It is useless to try to stem the tide of expansion in a community, and those who try will find that they have simply provided a mouthful for the juggernaut of Progress.

Frankly, we do not see why the Rational Sunday League should not be allowed to provide free music in the parks on the only day in the week when multitudes in Toronto would be able to enjoy it. Of all the refining influences which can be introduced in a community, good music is perhaps the best. It is the one language which all people can understand. It is without creed or factional appeal. Its whole effect is to soothe, to elevate, to inspire. It breathes harmony for all who listen to its message. But let the music be good music. Trashy stuff is never elevating and could well be dispensed with at any time.

WHILE the evidence of Orchard, the self-confessed murderer, is the central fact in a sordid and brutal murder case in the courts of Idaho, it is in reality the methods of the Western Federation of Miners which are on trial. The subject comes home to Canadians because the Royal Commission on disputes in the mining industries of British Columbia returned in 1903 a scathing indictment of this organisation. It found it to be an organisation with no care whatever for law and order; ready to use violence regardless of the effects of this either on employer or on employed. The Royal Commission, in a finding which, in view of recent developments, was prophetic, held that the methods of the

MINERS AND MURDERS

MINERS AND MURDERS

organisation were so dastardly that it should be outlawed so far as Canada was concerned.

While it is true that the charges against it in the trial at Boise, Idaho, are not yet proven, its past record warrants but little charity. In the excesses of the Cripple Creek strike in Colorado it pursued a policy of terrorism surpassing that of Russian Nihilism. It is true that the Citizens' Alliance movement, which, in the main, represented the employing classes, pursued the policy of fighting the devil with fire. Through a policy of coercion which went so far as to cause banks to threaten to refuse credit to those disinclined to join the Citizens' Alliance, the ranks of this organisation were swelled. Governmental institutions were subverted. Judges were voted for on account of their friendship, voluntary or coerced, for the Citizens' Alliance. Even in the case of the Governor of Colorado it was openly stated by the adherents of this organisation that they had obtained his support as a result of a traffic in votes. The violence of the Western Federation of Miners offered, perhaps, a partial justification of this policy. But the result was that for a time while arms were being borne the laws were silent.

The Western Federation has long been a thorn in the side of conservative organised labour. The Federation claims to be socialistic—anarchistic would be the more fitting word. In its publications it has attacked existing institutions, and has not even deigned to veil its words in stating that bayonets, not votes, must solve the industrial question. The conservative leaders of organised labour have been stigmatised as traitors even more objectionable than the capitalists themselves.

IF the Civil Service Association, recently formed at Ottawa and already possessing a membership of fifteen hundred, is to be merely a "union" looking to an increase in salaries, then it is not likely to attract much public sympathy. If it is broader than mere salary-hunting, it may perform a national service. The main feature of civil service reform should be, not increased salaries but increased permanency and a system of competitive promotions. Salaries may be too low and an improvement may be justifiable and necessary. If increased salaries are demanded these should be granted only upon proof of efficiency. Because a man is in the civil service, it does not necessarily follow that he is worth what he is getting or that he is entitled to an increase.

What Canada needs is a new civil service system introducing the competitive principle into entrance and promotion examinations. These should be in charge of a non-partisan board whose only aim is to make and keep the service efficient, worthy of its importance and giving the country an adequate return for the money expended. Under such a system only good men could get into the service and only good men could get promotions.

Under our present system, all sorts of political favourites are pitchforked into places for which they are unsuitable. Promotions are oftener the result of favouritism or political "pull" than of meritorious service. The consequence is that the man who works hardest and is most efficient is often the man drawing the least pay. Further, there are men in the service drawing good salaries who are not earning them, and men who are serving the party rather than the country.

In civil service regulation, Canada is woefully behind Great Britain and the United States and reform is absolutely necessary. Nor is the evil confined to Ottawa; the provincial civil services are also in a bad way. That a position in the civil service should lie in the gift of a member of parliament or even of a cabinet minister is so ridiculous that only a raw young country like Canada or a rotten autocracy like Russia would tolerate such a system.

APPARENTLY the next Dominion general election is to be preceded by a scandal campaign. Both sides are lining up for the battle, not more than a year off, and the campaign is imminent. The Conservative members who have already spoken have emphasised the "rotteness" of the present rulers, the "crookedness," the presence of "graft," and so on. They seem to argue that because Mr. Whitney won in Ontario by such tactics, that Mr. Borden will win by them in the Dominion. All their energies in the past two years have been concentrated on discovering something that would "smell" in the nostrils of the people.

Has Canada fallen so low that it is only scandal which will make a change in government? Have we got down to the level of New York, Philadelphia and other United States cities? Is it true that Canada will never turn a government out unless it can be proven that its members and hangers-on were guilty of boodling or graft? If so, then it would be well to furl the national flag and drape the national monuments in black.

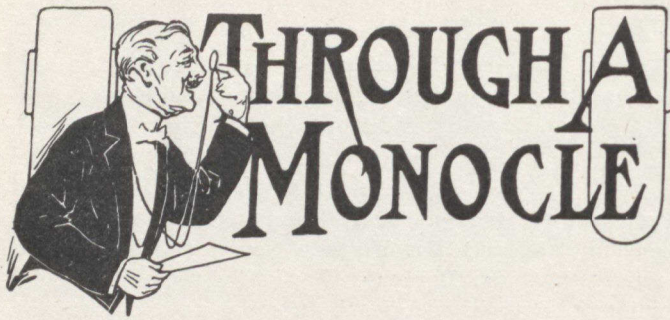
However, it was not thus that Sir John Macdonald got back to power in 1878. He drafted for himself and his party a new and definite policy; he won on an aggressive and positive campaign. If the party of which he was a member has not the ability to present something definite along the line of a forward movement in national development, then it must have fallen on evil days. The weaknesses of the present government, and undoubtedly there are weaknesses such as usually characterise governments long in power, may be exposed and should be criticised. Alongside of such criticism there should be something of promise and hope. There must be a policy which will appeal to the imagination as well as to the judgment of the body politic. It is to be hoped, for the good of Canada and for the fair reputation which she has won among the nations, that the coming campaign shall not be wholly based upon what are thought to be public and political scandals.

AMONG the many things which Mr. Kipling seems capable of accomplishing, must be recorded an after-dinner speech which reads well. Whatever may be the fashion of its delivery, those who read his cunning phrases and well-woven parables must envy the diners who first listened to them. A year or two ago, in his reply to the toast of "Literature," at a Royal Academy banquet, he set the guests smiling and then thinking by his story of the magic of words and the rain-doctors. Recently, as toast-master at the anniversary dinner of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution in London, he expressed himself with such poignancy as might be expected from the author of "When Earth's Last Picture is Painted." Mr. Kipling's grandfathers were Methodist ministers; so, it is not surprising that he preached a sermon from the text, "Nor yet favour to men of skill, but time and chance happeneth to them all," describing the writer, King Solomon, as a "generous patron of the arts and an original man of letters." Mr. Kipling's plea was for those whose skill has not found favour but who, through that very skill, sympathy and knowledge, have helped others unstintingly. He described, briefly and sternly, the darkness of failure, the fear of helplessness which affect a man of imagination more than any other. Canada is often accused of being indifferent to the claims of art and culpably unsympathetic towards the artist who would interpret the individual beauty of his own country. But this is hardly matter for surprise when, even in a country with traditions and connoisseurs, there are many artists whose skill does not find favour—at least, not until they have been removed to that studio, where "only the Master shall praise us."

A SCANDAL CAMPAIGN

O T T A W A CIVIL SERVICE

KIPLING AND THE ARTISTS



WHAT constitutes a political leader? This is a live question for most of us in Canada these piping times of political peace; for most of us—no matter what our brand of party serfdom may be—are engaged in trying a new political leader. If we are Conservatives, we are wondering whether Mr. Borden will do; and, if we are Ontario Liberals, we are wondering how Mr. George Graham will make out. In Quebec, both parties are in a quandary, the Liberals still in doubt about Mr. Gouin, and the Conservatives in still greater doubt about whom they can get to face him. In New Brunswick, they change leaders so quickly that he is a wise New Brunswicker who knows his own leader on any given day until after he has seen the news of the latest shuffle; while in Nova Scotia—well, who are the local leaders in Nova Scotia anyway? Take us generally, we are in a state of political flux; and a leader who has been in the saddle as long as Mr. Whitney looks like an old-timer. As for Sir Wilfrid, we cannot remember when he did not lead the Liberal party and carry Quebec in his pocket.

* * *

Now, what are the essential qualities in a good leader? We look at Sir Wilfrid and say that he must be eloquent. But Sir John Macdonald was not eloquent—at least, not in his later days. He was then one of the worst speakers on the front benches of the Commons. Nor could anyone accuse Sir Oliver Mowat of being eloquent; and yet Macdonald and Mowat are probably the two most successful political leaders whom our history embalms. This is more apparent when we consider their opponents. When it came to eloquence, Sir William Meredith was immeasurably better than Mowat, and Hon. Edward Blake was a far finer speaker than Sir John. Sir Wilfrid has probably more of the fire of genuine eloquence than any Canadian public man of this generation, and this power has been of great assistance to him; but Alexander Mackenzie joins with Macdonald and Mowat to show that a man may be a great leader without this charming gift. Sir Charles Tupper is a capital public speaker; but he was the Conservative leader who went to disaster in '96 and 1900. Mr. Foster has a sort of lecture-platform eloquence; but that does not endear him perceptibly to the country.

* * *

Very well, we will say, let eloquence go; but, in the name of Sir John and Sir Wilfrid, a leader must have personal magnetism. Most of our leaders in this country have had it; so it is harder to rule against the necessity of this quality by the citing of examples to the contrary. Still we have some. Sir John Thompson promised to be a great leader, and yet he was totally without personal magnetism. Mr. Fielding has done well both in the Provincial and the Federal field; still this is hardly one of his conspicuous qualities. If Mowat had it, he did not overwork it in public; while Sir William Meredith has it to a marked degree. But if we permit ourselves a glimpse into the British arena, we find that many of the greatest were wholly without it. Lord Salisbury was a grandee with airs of aloofness. Mr. Chamberlain is cold as ice. Mr. Gladstone had little of personal magnetism apart from his commanding and persuasive eloquence. Peel was notoriously without it; and Parnell was the coldest man the Irish party ever

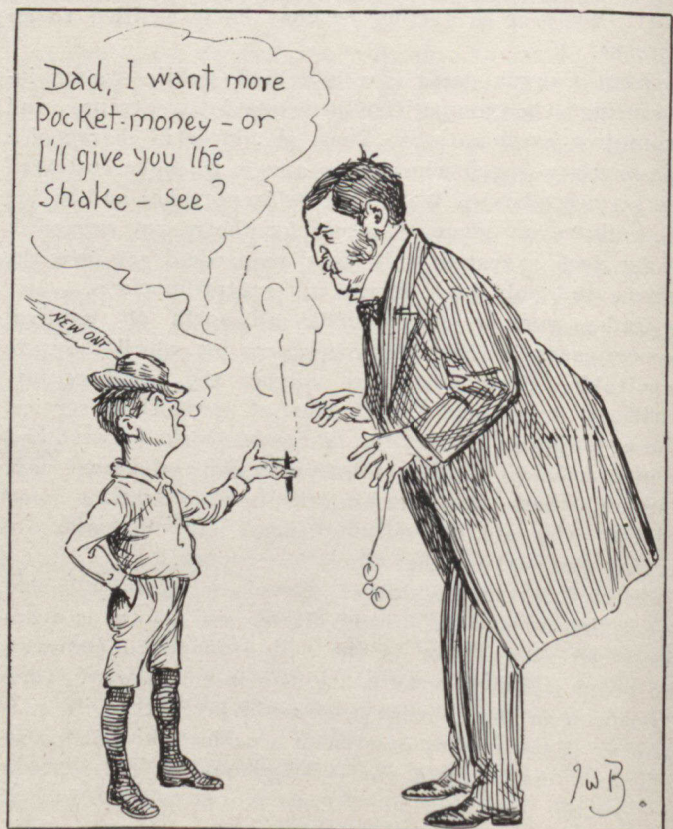
produced. Politics is a different matter to a certain degree in the British Isles from the article as we know it in Canada; yet the similarity is great enough to make these examples worth quoting on the importance of personal magnetism.

* * *

Now, then, are there any qualities necessary for a leader? If he need not have eloquence or magnetism, is there anything that he cannot do without? I venture to think that there is. For one thing, he must have initiative. We have never had a great leader without it—not one. Baldwin had it; so had Brown, Macdonald, Mackenzie, Mowat and Laurier. They were all creative men. They were not afraid to break new ground. They met new conditions with new policies. They were not echoes or copyists. In two words, they were not followers but leaders. It is when a man fails to meet new conditions with the right policy that he goes down, as witness the case of Hon. George W. Ross. This power of initiative—this creative power—makes men, who otherwise would hardly be spoken of as popular leaders, look very dangerous to their rivals, as witness the case of "Billy" Maclean. Mr. Maclean has probably no other single quality that makes a leader; but he has initiative. And he is a leader. Mr. Bourassa has initiative; and he, too, is a leader.

* * *

Thus those of us who want a test to try our political leaders by, have one here. Have they initiative? Do they create new policies? Are they leaders, or are they followers? If they are not leaders, no amount of eloquence or personal magnetism or parliamentary adroitness will carry them far. Chauncey Depew was a capital "mixer"; but he never could have been a leader. Hearst is said to be a poor "mixer," but he is a genuine leader. The hesitation with which the Republican party is receiving the name of Taft to-day, is due to the fact that they fear he may be nothing more than a follower; though a follower of the greatest American leader of modern times, Roosevelt. Bryan is a genuine leader, and the Democracy had apparently rather follow a leader who is occasionally mistaken, than the most ornamental follower, dressed up as a figure-head, whom the party can produce. Is Mr. Borden a leader? Is Mr. George Graham a leader? These are delicate questions. They are the sort that, in a community of fierce politicians, it is better to answer in a non-committal fashion. But the test is easily applied. Are they breaking new ground? Are they meeting changed conditions with policies that fit? Are they speaking out what the general public has only thus far been turning over in its mind? Are they leading?



New Ontario speaks to Mr. Whitney.

The Late A. W. Mackenzie

THOUGH his opportunities and circumstances were exceptional, the late Mr. A. W. Mackenzie was not entirely dependent upon them for his popularity or for his important position in the social, sporting and business life of the city of Toronto. He had personal qualities of an exceptional character which were quite sufficient to make him distinguished. That his father is one of the richest men in Canada, that the son was destined had he lived to be an important financial figure in the business life of Canada, had really very little to do with his career. He made his own life in a great measure and departing left behind him a circle of friends who feel that they were the better for his having lived amongst them. He was regarded in his own particular circle as a man whom to know was to love—his friends will tolerate no slighter word. To at least a dozen young men of his own age he was "my best friend." Unostentatious, lacking in that self-assertiveness which is born of egotism, kindly, affectionate, peace-loving, anxious to improve the lives and opportunities of those with whom he came in contact, he passed away in a cloud of regrets from those who had been associated with him. He was "gentle as a woman, and as manly as a man."

As an athlete, Mr. Mackenzie became famous while yet a boy. He was early connected with a junior hockey team which led in the making hockey popular in Toronto, the city which was his home since he was twelve years of age. During his five years at Bishop Ridley College, he made the cricket, football and hockey teams of that school pre-eminent. When he came to the University of Toronto, he was a half-back in the class with Counsell and Gleeson. When he passed into military life, he became a leading spirit among the younger officers of the 48th Highlanders. When he took up racing, the Kirkfield Stable sprang at once into popularity and prominence. He was usually a leader.

His pre-eminence in sport did not entirely follow him in business, because for several reasons he did not wish it so. Yet, he was director or executive officer in a number of large organisations, and was recognised as one possessing clear vision, practical views of business problems and some decided financial ability. He bore his responsibilities with the same gentleness and lack of ostentation which he exhibited in private life. Had he lived, he would probably have been one of the leading men called upon to manage the developing transcontinental railway known as the Canadian Northern. If that had come to him, he would no doubt have acquitted himself as becomes a native-born Canadian—with enterprise and calmness of purpose.

Mr. Mackenzie was born at Kirkfield on December 5th, 1877, and was laid to rest in the family plot there on June ninth. In Toronto, the funeral was of a military character, the 48th Highlanders attending in a body, together with a number of officers representing the other city corps.

The weird music of the bag-pipes, the classic funeral march, the respectful crowds along the route, and the gun-carriage rattled into the Union Station yard. The firing party fixed bayonets and presented arms. The casket was placed on board the special train waiting to carry it to the little village where he had been born—and his friends turned away with a sigh. The last tribute had been paid.

The Assembly

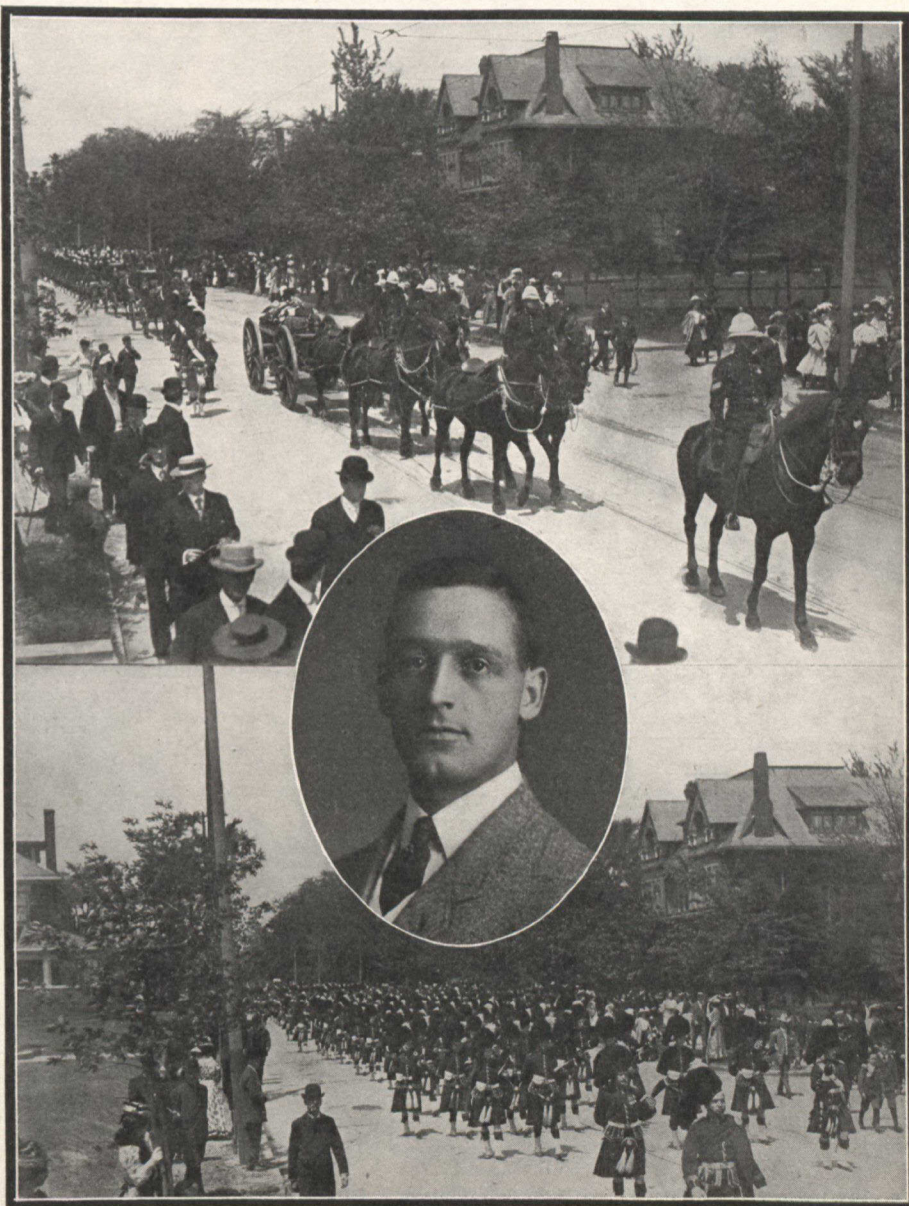
AT Montreal, the meetings of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church have been keen and enthusiastic. Occasionally some one said something and was forced to withdraw, but that only proves that the preacher is a man.

The Rev. John Mackay fought delicately against church union, but the majority preferred that church union should be killed by the people—if it is to be despatched. There are, nevertheless, many warm advocates of union in the Assembly and some of them will stand behind it until the final ending of the struggle. The decision of the Assembly, after much debate, was that the work of the committee on union was supported, and their resolution sent on to the presbyteries and congregations for consideration and suggestion. This makes the church union burden rest, for the time being, on other shoulders than those of the Presbyterian Church.

Many new appointments have been made to the educational institutions of the church, and when these open in the autumn there will be some new voices in the lecture-rooms. The older order is forever passing in the church as in the wicked, pleasure-loving world.

A Stingy Prince

THE Crown Prince of Germany will not be imposed on, and is getting himself disliked for being stingy, as the people think. Some time ago he disputed the tax levied on his estate in Oels, and went to law about it; and he lost his suit. While travelling through Bohemia recently he telegraphed to the station at Wessely to have the railway restaurateur prepare luncheon for him and his suite. The luncheon was ready when he arrived, but the Crown Prince's jaw fell when a bill for \$32 was presented. He complained to the Austrian railway authorities that the charge was exorbitant and the restaurateur was dismissed, his license being taken away. The restaurateur appealed to the Austrian Emperor, pointing out that the Crown Prince's patronage cost him over \$200 for new silver and new clothes for his waiters.



The late Mr. A. W. Mackenzie, with views of the military funeral which took place in Toronto on June 9th. He was an officer in the 48th Highlanders.



Canadian Lacrosse Team—Australian Tour, 1907.

V. Graham, Bradford. Dr. L. Campbell, Bradford. J. C. Miller, Manager, Orillia. R. Arens, Orillia. J. Atton, Toronto Junction. J. Kearns, Arthur. A. Rose, Orillia. H. Camplin, Toronto Junction. J. Curran, Orillia. P. Ramore, Fergus. T. Hanley, Midland. G. McDonald, Port Arthur. R. Gilbert, Toronto Junction. F. Coombs. W. Hanley, Stratford

Ian Maclaren in Winnipeg

THE tall novelist made his last Canadian appearance in Winnipeg. When on his lecture tours—perhaps ever after he resigned his charge—Ian MacLaren abandoned clerical garb. He dressed in tweed, and looked much like an eminent barrister or, perhaps, a judge. Of course, in Winnipeg, he had to be interviewed by the newspapers, and a certain city editor, being short of men, assigned to the task an earnest but rather raw reporter. The press man was shown up to the novelist's room in the Royal Alexandra. When he was inside he promptly tried to back out.

"I guess I'm in the wrong room," said he.

"Didn't you send up your card? Aren't you the ——— reporter?" asked Ian MacLaren.

"I guess you're the wrong man," insisted the reporter.

"They told me I was to interview a parson."

"Well," smiled the story-teller and exegetist, "I am a parson."

"A parson!" Looking at the tweeds and bright tie.

"A parson! Then why the deuce don't you wear parson's clothes?"

A Warning to Reporters

THERE are said to be tricks in all trades—and certainly the trade or occupation of newspaper reporting is not without them. Not so many years ago there was in this city a reporter on the staff of one of the Toronto dailies who could write a good story if he chose—but he was crafty and a trifle lazy. Experience had taught him a few things, amongst them that meetings held at periodical intervals by a society or association are generally very much the same in character, and that if he could only obtain the programme in advance, he could write a nice, smooth report without going near the meeting.

The meeting in question, which he was assigned to "cover," was one held by the Canadian Temperance League in the old pavilion that used to stand in the Allan Gardens. These meetings, as will be remembered, used to be held in the winter, and on the day before this particular meeting there had been a tremendously heavy fall of snow, which blocked railroad traffic all over the province—and on which the reporter, crafty though he was, did not figure.

The speaker of the afternoon was to be a celebrated temperance orator who lives in the republic to the south, and the reporter was in possession of this fact and all other details. Many times had he reported temperance addresses. He knew the subject from A to Z, the glowing denunciation of the demon drink, the drunkard's wretched hovel and why rum should be banished. Knowing it all, what was more natural than that he should write it—as it should have taken place—which he did.

Next day the report appeared and made excellent

reading—only the speaker who was reported to have given the address was not at the meeting. He was snow-bound and never got beyond Hamilton!

"Archie" and the "Copy"

WE shall mention no names, but he is now a respected member of the Bench for a district in Ontario which must be reached by boat. At that time—fifteen years ago—he was a valued member of the staff of a great family journal, and was engaged in reporting the proceedings of the Legislature in the old Parliament buildings on Front street. It so happened that Archie—we might as well call him Archie as anything else—was at the same time preparing himself for a legal career, and used to spend his spare moments in the press room in copying voluminous extracts out of yellow calf-bound tomes to be digested at leisure.

One day things were particularly dull in the House. Mr. Blankety-blank of the Niagara district was explaining at great length the respective merits of various insecticides for spraying fruit trees. Archie stood it as long as he could and then departed to the press room and resumed his occupation of copying from the law books. He must have been absent-minded that day, for he numbered his "copy" straight through, including the legal extracts, and so it appeared next morning in the great family journal.

It has never been learned what Mr. Blankety-blank thought on learning next day that he had switched abruptly in his speech from insect sprays to the consideration of torts, upon which he had harangued the House very profoundly and learnedly to the extent of one column!

Winston the Winsome

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, who is by way of going down to fame as the ill-bred son of a well-bred sire, seems to have been on his good behaviour at the Colonial Conference. At any rate, no "breaks" of his have as yet been reported. Perhaps he has decided that he has been guilty of enough offences against politeness to last a lifetime. If so, he is certainly correct.

When in Canada some years ago, Winston Churchill gave numerous Canadians samples of his particularly offensiveness. In Hamilton a distinguished company invited him to luncheon. He was at the appointed place on time. He said no word to anybody, but went over to a chair in a corner, picked up a magazine and became deeply engrossed in its contents. After luncheon the Chairman, a well known lawyer, arose and proposed the guest's health. "We all wish him," said he, "a safe and speedy departure."

Did it please the pachydermatous Winston? Not a bit.



A general view of a Mine and its Buildings.

The Cobalt Situation

COBALT shares have shown a further decline in the last fortnight and no one of wisdom is sorry. Wild-cat propositions were being put on the market in considerable number, and the fleecing of the public was commencing. The stock of the real mines had gone up to an unreasonable price and a recession was absolutely necessary.

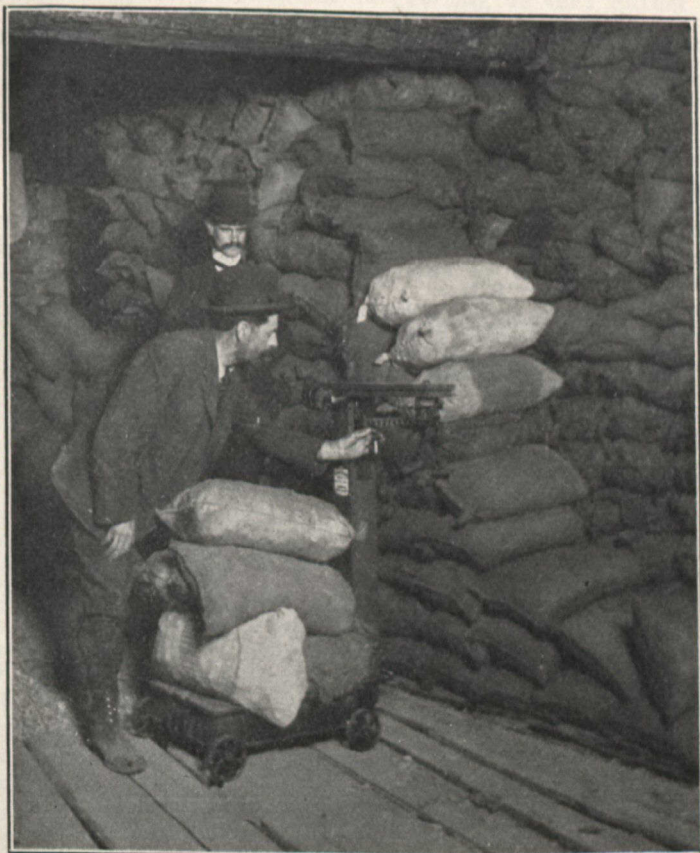
One of the greatest dangers in a mining boom is the "local agent" system. A firm of unscrupulous brokers will appoint a local agent to canvass the men of his acquaintance and sell them mining shares which are too often worthless. During the British Columbia boom the writer, who lives in Toronto and was once a resident of a smaller Ontario town, was consulted by several former townsmen by long distance telephone as to certain purchases. In every case his answer was "Don't touch it," and as a consequence he has several grateful friends. No doubt there are many cases of this kind. The average

villager who puts his savings into Cobalt stocks will lose all he puts in.

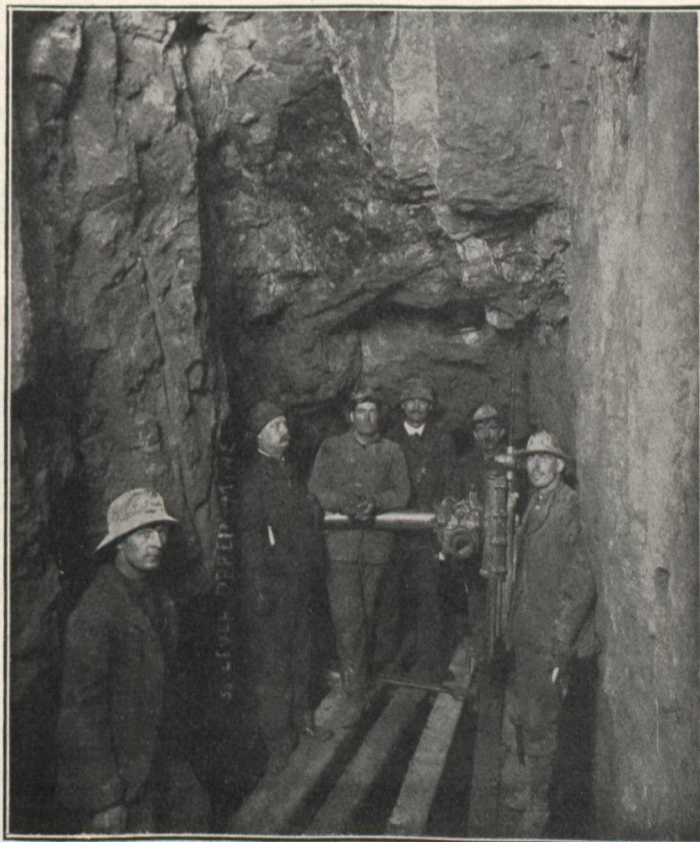
This is not to say that there is not silver in Cobalt. There are vast quantities of it there, but the owners of really rich mines are not rushing around selling dollar shares for 15 cents. They are not driven to such extremes. If they have really valuable prospects, they can get loans for development work and keep the profits for themselves.

Some of the present "listed" stocks will go lower; many of them will go higher. The small investor, however, can afford to ignore these fluctuations and should solace himself with the reflection that it is "all a game." The dice are loaded against him and he must beware.

The men who have visited Cobalt, have seen the mines and handled the ore may be able to invest wisely; the small investor cannot use this safeguard and consequently he is much more likely to have his fingers burnt.



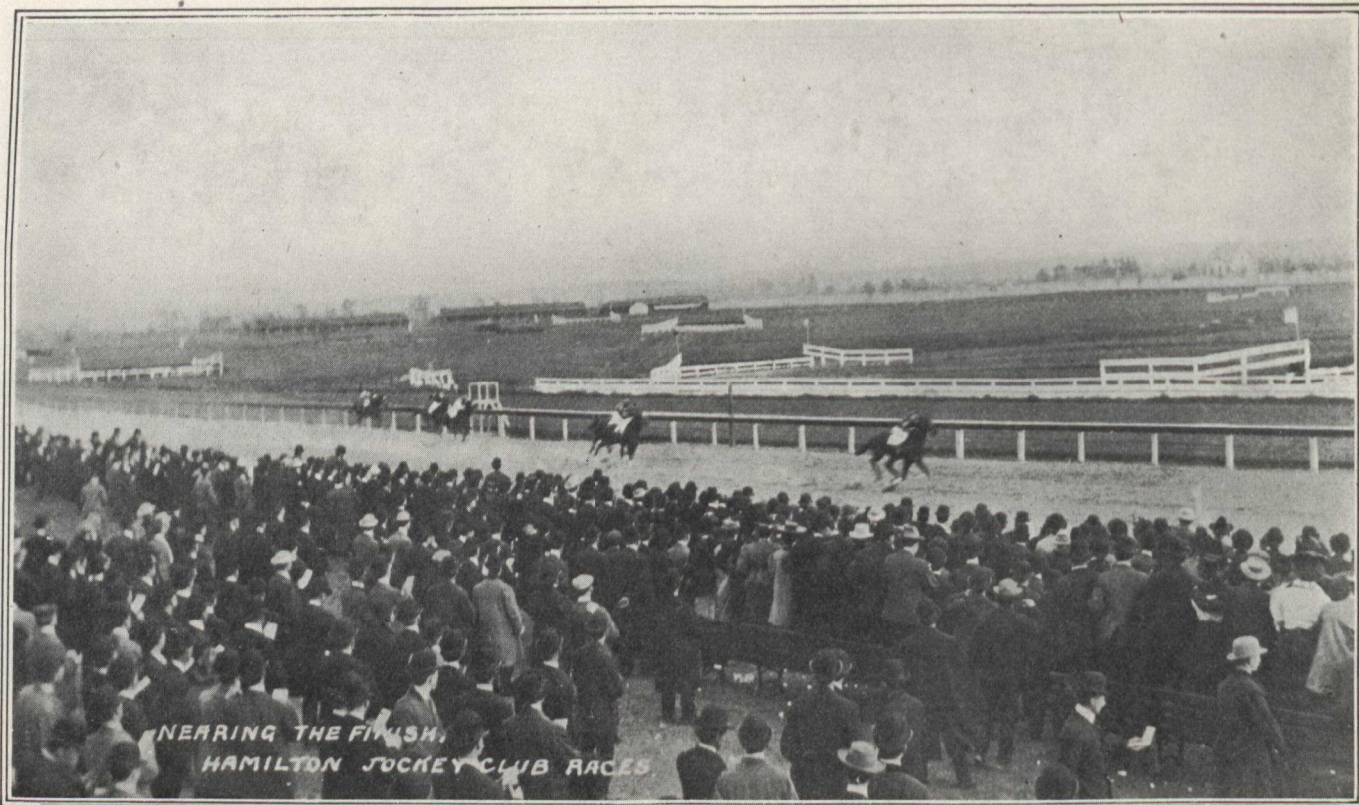
The Interior of an Ore House.



In a Mining Shaft, showing an Air Drill.

SOME LATE VIEWS FROM COBALT.

Photographs by Bogart, Cobalt.



SCENES AT THE JOCKEY CLUB RACES, HAMILTON.

Our Vulgar Foods

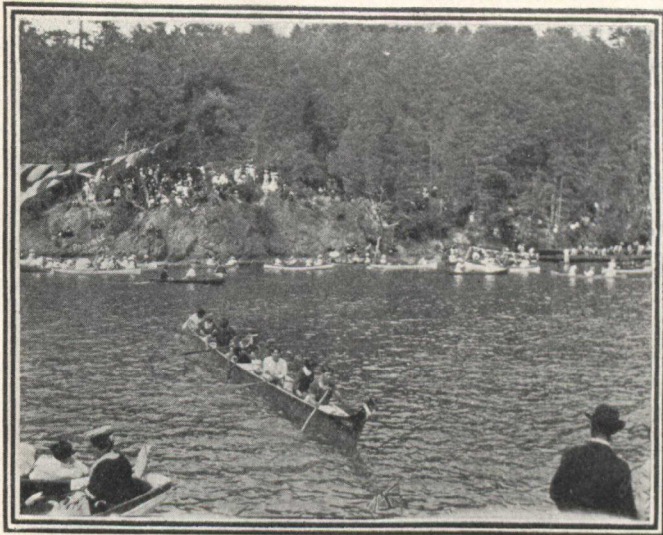
"A WITNESS in a New York law court," says the San Francisco "Argonaut," "casually refers to a certain restaurant as being a 'low class establishment,' and he justifies this reflection on the ground that mutton pies and tripe-and-onions figured on the bill of fare. Of course this explanation passed without challenge because in polite society there could be no defense of a restaurant that thus flauntingly catered to tastes that have been relegated to the hopelessly vulgar.

"It is strange that in matters of diet we thus allow ourselves to be dominated by a fashion that sets human tastes at defiance and utterly bans the dishes of which we are most fond. We by no means exhaust the list of forbidden foods when we say that mutton pies and tripe-and-onions must either be avoided altogether or shamefacedly eaten in furtive secrecy. There are many other dainties upon which fashion has set the seal of an arbitrary disapproval. For instance, what is the matter with succotash that it should be ostracised, and why should we abandon hope that we shall find "sausages and mashed" on the menu card of the society dinner to which—hypothetically—we have been invited? Then, again, why is boiled beef tabooed, with or without carrots, while roast beef is still allowed to hold up its head with the best? Why is boiled mutton in conjunction with the agile caper a mark of gastronomic depravity, while roast mutton is still tolerated, even by men of distinction, men who have more than one suit of clothes and who get their boots blacked every other day?

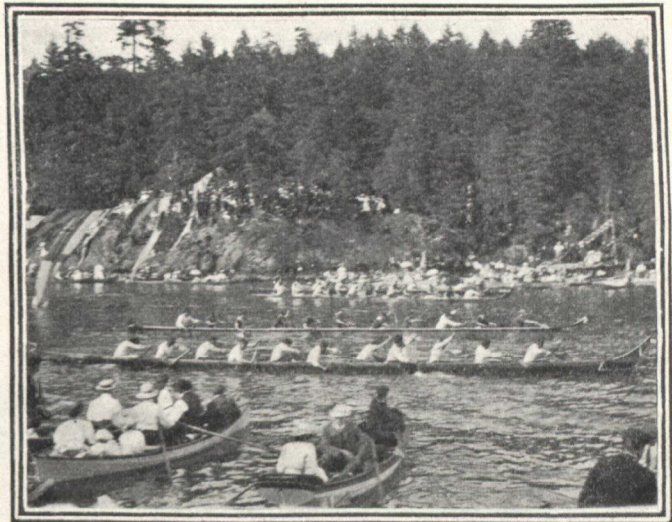
"The more this matter is looked into the more inexplicable does it become. How long shall we be denied the delights of the baked potato, plain baked potato, sanctified by a dash of salt and, for the luxurious, just a suggestion of butter? Here at least fashion has been

compelled to compromise. We refuse to be altogether deprived of the baked potato, and so we glorify it with a French name and eat it under the mean disguise of 'pomme de terre sautee.' Then, again, there is pork. Every man who has been decently brought up in an atmosphere of family prayers loves pork, and especially roast pork, but on no account must he eat it. He may have a rasher for breakfast, and there are one or two other parts of the pig that are allowed to masquerade under fancy names, but the degraded appetite that frankly yearns for plain roast pork—of course with apple sauce—must sneak away into some vague locality "south of Market" and gratify itself unobserved. The pig, as such, the plain and unassuming pig, the pig of the simple life and the strenuous death, must not appear upon the dining table of society except under an alias that even a detective can not penetrate.

"One day there will come a change. We all of us love these vulgar dishes, and most of us furtively eat them. We do it by stealth and blush to find it known. How willingly we would exchange the flower-bedecked dinner table and the menu printed in a tongue not understood by the common people, for the simple plate of "sausages and mashed," or the succulent boiled mutton, or the entrancing roast pork, or even for the tripe-and-onions, that are so nice and so vulgar. There is many a fashionable hostess who is yearning for a notoriety that mere money can not purchase. Here is her opportunity for a sensation that would raise her in a moment to a pinnacle of popularity and that would make her little dinner invitations sought after by art and literature and wealth. Let her boldly place these prohibited dishes upon her table, calling them by their plain and historic names, without French disguise or foreign trimmings. It would be a stroke of genius, an utter eclipse to her rivals. It would be the triumph of a season."



Valdez War Canoe.



Start of War Canoe Race.

Pacific Coast Native Sports

By BONNYCASTLE DALE

SITTING here on the rocky shores of the Gorge this bright May day where all is peace and beauty, it seems impossible to believe that the fathers of these same Indians we are now watching prepare for the races, were a short fifty years ago untamed aborigines. My host tells me that in the days when Victoria had but a stockade and a Hudson Bay post, he had seen these long, swift, cedar war canoes attack the American sailing vessels in the Straits of Juan de Fuca, and that he was thankful they did so for he feared the vessels would enter the little arm of the ocean on the rocky shores of which a tiny hamlet was gradually conquering the tangled mazes of the forest and the inhospitable hillsides. He told me how when they entered this harbour of Victoria, Governor Douglass, meeting red man's deceit with white man's wiles, gave them a skookum paper—a strong paper—to carry to Fort Simpson. Always proud to carry "King George hyas skookum paper," the flotilla hurried off on its long journey up the Straits of Georgia—and by the time they returned the Governor had "hyas skookum" gunboats here.

To-day all is changed. The Indians are clothed after white man's style; the clutchmen (squaws) are blotches of brilliant red and blue, yellow and green. "Kla-how-ya" they call to one another in greeting as they gather around their really wonderful war canoes, canoes forty and fifty feet long—and some of the far northern tribes have them seventy feet long—canoes as true as if line and level had marked and built them instead of a common axe and a rude homemade adze. Here was a cedar beauty marked Valdez, clear unpainted cedar in the body, a black gunwale streak and grey painted inside, as straight as an arrow, as clear of knots as cedar grows, over forty feet long, a thing to conquer even the giant billows of the Straits.

Now through the throng of white men's boats these long swift craft creep, ten paddlers and a big Siwash in the stern to guide it. Not a word from these silent shoremen, but the West Saanich men knew that the Valdez had been victors of late and tribe feeling coursed hotly. Looking at them waiting beneath the starting flag, one sees the resemblance to the races of the Orient. Saanich strained on their paddles like hounds in leash. At the signal, both crews drew their paddles back as though each canoe were a great bird with strong, short wings, then the lifting forward motion, the paddle's splash—and the race was on. It was now low, steady, hard work, good clean paddling, despite the fact that they use sharp pointed paddles—it is the long, well rounded blade we use that gives the better grip on the water.

Away up the crowded course they go, clinging to one another like two giant centipedes afloat, the rhythm of rise and fall, the increasing but steady stroke a beautiful sight. Now we lose them behind a rocky bend, now they appear returning, side by side like catamarans, each fringe of paddles rising and falling as regularly as the wing-beats of a bird, as splashless as swift paddling in heavy canoes can be done. Now the Valdez let out a bit. The Saanich respond nobly. Again the Valdez spurt. This time they hold the lead and, working like demons, keep it, crossing the line in a mad rush a scant length ahead. Little talk is there, but the steersman is very soon ashore and has gathered in the prize money.

Again the canoes gather at the flagged line. Saanich, Valdez, Klem Klemaults and Quamachin, the last in new shapely canoe. Off they all leaped at the signal, steering a straight course up the narrow salt arm. Again the rhythm of rise and fall, now from four canoes, none less than forty feet, a glittering fringe of rising and falling paddles. Again on the return the Valdez draw ahead,



Finish of Clutchmen's Race.



Another view of Clutchmen's Race.

AQUATIC SPORTS AT VANCOUVER, B. C.

Photographs by Bonnycastle Dale.



The Harbour of New Westminster, B.C.—Fraser River.

but with red man's courtesy they slowed their stroke and allowed the Saanich men to take the victory. How is that for true sport, fellow white men? Now the long, slim craft are filled with clutchmen. They go at their work in true Indian style, as many strokes as you can

get in without too much smother. Up and down the long, winding line they struggle. North Saanich wins this time, Valdez right behind and West Saanich a good third. Now our band plays "God Save the King" and the sports are ended.

New Westminster's Great Asset

BUSINESS men in New Westminster, B.C., all seem to agree that the Fraser River is the greatest asset that city possesses, and the strongest possible arguments have been made by them for having the city made a national port and the river dredged to a depth of twenty-five feet at low tide. As things are at present, navigation of the river by large vessels as far as New Westminster is limited to twelve hours in the week, when a depth of twenty-seven feet is obtained. Last year sixteen vessels took advantage of this high tide to enter the river as far as New Westminster, the biggest one drawing 23 feet 10 inches of water.

Singularly enough, with the possible exception of

their representative in the Dominion House, Mr. J. B. Kennedy, the merchants of the city appear to be a unit in believing that business is in sight to take large vessels to New Westminster for twenty-four hours every day, if the river is deepened sufficiently.

Mr. Kennedy takes the ground that until the deep draught freighters are actually knocking at the door—or in other words grounding on the bars—it would be unreasonable to present a request to the Federal government. His view, however, has been overwhelmingly swamped by the business men, and he has been taken to task rather severely for having informed the Minister of Public Works that the traffic on the river now amounts



A Hindoo Cremation.

More than a month ago, there died a Hindoo labourer, employed at the Tod Creek Cement Works, near Victoria, B. C. The body was cremated in the adjacent woods, and two of the bones were sent back to the family in India, while the rest of the ashes was strewn in the waters of Tod Creek.



The feature of the Fete Dieu procession is the Baldachin, a gorgeous canopy of cloth of gold, under which walks the Bishop carrying the Host.

to a boat each way each day. The business done at the Fraser River sawmills is considered sufficient reason for the deepening of the river, and Mr. Kennedy was forcibly reminded of this fact.

One reason why New Westminster has not had the navigation of the river improved before this, is because "knockers" have been at work. Influences have been active in San Francisco and the Sound to blacken the city's reputation in shipping circles. Not long ago the steamer "Henley" lost forty-eight hours waiting at the mouth of the river for high tide, and this, and similar

incidents are advertised broadcast by commercial rivals.

But all this is to be changed, if New Westminster's business men can do it. Not satisfied with resolving unanimously at a large meeting held by the Board of Trade recently that the measures named should be brought before the government, the meeting decided, in the vigorous manner of the West, to back up its demands with a deputation to Ottawa to press their claims. In the meantime the members of the deputation will interview Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux and Hon. Frank Oliver, who are expected to reach the coast shortly.

The Fete Dieu in Montreal

VERY impressive and picturesque is the festival of Fete Dieu as it is held in Montreal on the first Sunday after Trinity Sunday in each year. The procession and ceremony in honour of the "Blessed Sacrament" by Roman Catholics dates back many centuries, but has been observed in Montreal since at least 1646. Familiar as the sight is to Montrealers, the streets are nevertheless thronged as the procession passes.

From Notre Dame the procession starts, this year to St. Patrick's Church grounds, where a beautiful repository was erected for the occasion. Varied and novel in character are the units which constitute the procession. Little girls are there clad in long white veils, signifying that they have attended their first communion. Little boys who have reached the same spiritual mile-post wear ribbons and badges. Then come novices sombrely garbed, followed by grey nuns, and monks clad in coarse brown serge ulsters and wearing sandals. Farther down the

line are priests in elaborately embroidered robes of office. Ladies in ordinary attire are there too, ladies of fashion and social standing who march for the time being shoulder to shoulder with women who earn their living by manual labour. Members of various church societies carrying banners and mottoes constitute a large part of the procession.

Finally comes the baldachin, a gorgeous canopy of cloth of gold, beneath which Bishop Racicot walked carrying the Host. Beside him was the Archbishop of Montreal clad in the elaborate vestments of his high office. Mount St. Louis Cadets marched beside the baldachin as a guard of honour. At the passing of the Host, all faithful Catholics on the line of march silently uncover and fall on their knees. Bringing up the rear of the procession were the members of the Montreal Bar, headed by Judges Taschereau, Guerin, Curran and La-fontaine.



Little girls who have made their First Communion, clad in long white veils.



Novices in sombre garb and priests in elaborate vestments.

The New Manager

By OSWALD WILDRIDGE

ROUND and round, with rasping hiss and hollow boom, spun the big wheels fixed in the gaunt, black head-gear, and at last, with a click and a jar, the cage came home and out into the sunlight Myles Railton passed.

Down by the pit-bank a knot of men had gathered, and from half a dozen pipes a cloud of pungent smoke swirled away over the hideous heap of underground refuse. As Myles drew near he looked towards the men, ready with a nod and smile, but the nod went without delivery, and the half-formed smile died out of his eyes, for, with sullen gesture, the others turned their heads away and declined his greeting.

This Railton recognised as another signal of war. Before he had passed beyond ear-shot, moreover, a chorus of muffled laughter mocking in its tone, defiant in intent, rattled across the road, and behind the laughter a string of half-choked words which he knew for threats. But Railton was made of stern stuff, and his teeth closed with a snap of determination and his back sharply stiffened.

"They shan't beat me," he muttered. "I'll fight as long as I can stand—and what's more, I'll win."

In all probability his confidence was really equal to his resolution, but the men on the pit-bank were equally determined and equally sure.

"We'll shift him yet," one of them, Simeon Barnes, declared; "there isn't a dozen men in t' pit on his side, an' he'll niver be able to stand against the lot of us."

"Shift him! Of course we will," Jack Thompson assented. "I was hearing last neet that he'd been sayin' he thowt t' battle were half over, but, bless you lads, it's oonly begun. The verra idea of him coming here to wear the shoes another man should have had. We willn't stand it, an' he'll have to go."

From the days of his youth Myles had lived his workaday life in the Fleming Mine, one of the safest on Solwayside, a mine which bruised its toilers and sometimes maimed them, but very seldom killed. On the other hand the High Ghyll colliery had come to be regarded as a monster of murderous intent. Not only were its workings "full of fire," but they were deplorably treacherous, producing "falls" which no precaution apparently could prevent; whilst for its next-door neighbour the colliery had a water-logged pit which ever threatened the High Ghyll men with its pent up flood.

Nor did the character of the pit provide the only reason why Railton should have remained content with a less exalted post elsewhere. The men who hewed the coal had also acquired a reputation not a whit less evil than that of the mine itself. It was one of the mysteries of the whole of the Solway mining lands. How it had happened, or why, no one ever succeeded in explaining, but certain it is that the place seemed to form a magnet evilly charged, and that, with a few exceptions, its men were a bad lot. Add to this the fact that the miners themselves desired a word in the selection of their manager, and had resolved to secure, if it were possible, the appointment of Richard Lang, accepting him as one likely to wink at their lawlessness, and it will be seen how hopeless was the task that Railton had undertaken.

For Myles' acceptance of the post Routendale had naught but blame and regret.

"He's oalus been such a canny lad," Betty Forsyth declared, and in this she voiced the general verdict, "a canny lad, with plenty of common sense an' so ter'ble clever that he was sure of gettin' on. And noo he's spoiled it a'. Tried to travel too fast, an' for his pains he'll have a failure chalked up agen him. Bit what, it's easy to see what he's up till. He'll be wanting to turn Mary Croasdale intil a fine lady an' give her a quality house to live in."

Gossip of course made speed to carry all these pleasantries to Myles, who received them with a right merry laugh, and then let them go. A task that called for the courage of a man became his portion, however, when Mary Croasdale clasped her hands upon his arm and besought him to relinquish his enterprise.

"I'm wanting neither the house nor th' money nor the finery, Myles," she told him; "I want you. What will anything else count if the mine gets your life or the men break your heart?"

Myles kissed her and sought to reassure her with one of his most radiant smiles.

"My lassie," he said, "I'm not so keen on the money or the position as folks seem to think. I'm just a silly

sort of fellow with a liking for making the best of a bad job. Both the mine and the men require taming, and I think I can manage it. The pit has no need to be as risky as it has been, and as for the men, they've made the place a byword simply for the want of a strong hand. This is my battle, and the victory will be mine, too."

II.

Their lamps swinging by their sides, the darkness ahead and behind utterly unfathomable, the two men moved warily along the underground road, their faces turned towards home and the clear air of the open world.

On this side and that the jagged walls crowded in upon them, the timbers of the roof hung frightfully low; now and again the road became lost in heaps of rock and shale. Sometimes the progress of the two men was a painful scramble, and sometimes a crawl with bent head and hunching back. In such a place conversation was almost impossible, but under the happiest of circumstances the twain would have had nought in common, for one was Simeon Barnes and the other Myles Railton—Simeon who mistook the peaceful disposition for lack of grit, and Myles of the larger vision and the greater heart.

So, with never a word passing between them, they reached the pit's highway, and one behind the other, traversed the length of the Great Dip—down, down, deeper and deeper. Nearing the foot of the brow Myles' ear caught the soft lapping of water.

"Look out," he cried, but as the warning was uttered a sharp splash echoed through the cavern, an oath sprang viciously from Simeon's lips. Without pause the two plunged ahead, water swishing around their ankles. Suddenly the man in front halted, turned round about, raised his lamp so that Myles might perceive the derisive grin on his face, and offered the young manager first place.

"Thoo'l be feared, I'se warrant," he suggested, "so thoo'd better come till t' front an' run."

"I'd run if I wanted to, Simeon Barnes," Myles quietly replied, "and feel no shame in it. At present I'm not wanting to run—though this is a thing I don't like. The water's coming through from Jack Pit faster than it ought. Will you hurry along or let me pass?"

Soon they were rising again; the gathered water was left behind, but the tinkling of unseen rivulets declared the manner of its accumulation. Near the summit the timbering became more solid, on the right the rock gave way to a wall of brick, and here, when miner and manager raised their lamps, the drama became complete. Simeon Barnes cried aloud in fear, a single raucous cry, and fled from the spot. One glance at the bulge in the barrier, the triple streams spouting impetuously where hitherto there had been but a tiny trickle, and Myles realised that he was face to face with stupendous disaster.

And close on the heels of memory there trod the spirit of fear. Myles Railton also turned and fled. Stumbling, staggering, he blindly ran, every thought, every effort concentrated on one object—escape from the place of death. Sense dulled by terror, he lost sight of his comrades, self-preservation his only law. At first he made his flight alone, but when he entered the long stretch of the Three Deep Level the mine became vocal, warning voices screamed along its arteries, in a trice he found himself one of a mob, a panic-maddened mob that thought of nought but life.

So Myles Railton came in time to the foot of the shaft and there, golden-dowered life within his grasp, a new fact bore down upon him and he forgot his fear.

The companions of his flight threw themselves into the cage. Myles moved slowly back into the mouth of the tunnel, his face studded with clammy beads, heart and soul in desperate conflict. An age seemed to drag itself out, then a lamp split the darkness at the bend, another man raced towards him. Myles flung out his hand and gripped him.

"What of the New Seam men," he demanded; "do they know?"

The other wrenched himself free and vanished in the gloom. Another came and another, but the New Seam lay a full mile beyond the bursting barrier, and of its toilers not one had anything to tell.

"Shall I," Myles muttered, "shall I—there's my mo-

ther—and there's Mary—and there are those poor fellows beyond call and their bairns at home.

"That settles it." He drew himself erect. "It must never be said that the bairns of Routendale were robbed of their fathers because Myles Railton thought only of himself."

Once more he plunged into the void, ran where running was possible, but this time he was a man with a message. By the spouting wall he paused only for a glance and then down the hill he went, through the waters already defying the might of the pumps. After that he climbed the farther bank, and in due time passed under the rock-hewn gap that led to the New Seam, where he began the delivery of his message.

"Away with you! The Big Barrier's coming in!"

This was all. The call was clear, the appeal convincing. One by one men wriggled, worm-like, from the holes and gashes in the tunnel sides, gazed in dumb questioning terror into the blackness whither the voice had gone, and then hurled aside their picks and took to flight.

"Away with you! The Big Barrier's coming in!"

On and on he went, every step adding to his peril, bearing him from the Land of Life into the Realm of Death. He was conscious too of fear, grisly, chilling fear, and reason rebelled against sacrifice, but not for a second did fear retard his footsteps, nor did they slacken until the clustered timbers of the dead end rose up in front of him. The messenger had accomplished his mission, every man in the mine had at least been given a chance.

One last penetrating call and now, head down, shoulders thrust forward, he begins his return. One step, a second, his foot is caught by one of the props littering the track, and down he goes. Wrenched from his fingers by the shock, his lantern rattles upon the rock.

Myles Railton lies at the end of the menaced mine, lies in the absolute darkness of the tomb.

Stunned, bleeding, dismayed, he remains his feet, remembers that moments are of mighty worth, throws out his hands like one deprived of sight, finds the wall, and gropingly fares forth upon his journey.

Every step is a matter of pained effort, and yet with every one hope deals a blow at Despair. Strange sounds assail him, shrill, guttural, metallic, the throb and gluck of the pumps, the babble of running waters. New sounds beyond his power of interpretation, and amid the sound and the darkness he pushes along.

At last he reaches the Great Dip, finds the water racing strongly and ominously deep, strains his ears for note of human voice, and is convinced that he is alone.

He is breasting the bank now, knows it by the strength of the flood. If only the wall will hold a little longer he will win. A smile, weak but exultant, flashes to his face—the thing he has attempted he has done—a hoarse cry of joy breaks from his lips and runs along the waves of noisome air.

Into the zone of the gushing barrier he carefully steers, finds the waters spouting straight across the road, hesitates for a moment, and then accepts their challenge. Ferociously they beat upon him in the darkness, hurl him against the rock, smite and pound and drown, but his courage is greater than their might.

A little way on the level and then a new peril confronts him. Banked up by the converging walls the flood is lodging; higher and yet higher it rises around him, hidden but invincible, its fingers icy cold, its voices defiant, mocking, terrifying.

Swish! Swish! The torrent swirls around him. Arms outstretched, groping for the wall, he works round another bend in the road, beholds a cluster of twinkling lights, hears the calling of his name, "Myles Railton! Myles Railton!" and sends back an answering shout.

Only a few yards further. Now he can see the forms of the men who wait for him in the hanging cage, now their hands are held out for his rescue, and now—

The Big Barrier is beaten! The imprisoned flood has won. A deafening roar volleys through the mine, a hurricane of thrashing waters, the blackness of oblivion.

III.

High overhead the sun magnificently shone and deluged the earth with golden beams; in the steeply climbing lanes behind the town the birds joyously trilled, the hills were decked with flowers, and at their feet the Solway crooned its summer song. For many days had passed since the Big Barrier fell in, and through the High Ghyll pit poured a maelstrom of desolation.

A glance at the pit's outer works showed the mark of ruin in all its hideous completeness. No longer did the winding wheels revolve in their sockets, the ropes hung limp and useless, the engines were stilled, and here

and there the headgear was ripped and splintered, a confusion of wreckage.

And yet a second glance revealed that the pit was not quite lifeless, was indeed a centre of restrained, orderly activity. Hidden somewhere in the surrounding sheds a deep-throated engine worked with methodical stroke; with every thrust it loudly shouted "Gluck," and with every pull it cried "Gluck" again. From its chambers a pipe, black and snake-like, stretched across the platform to the pit-mouth where it dipped deeply into the gaping jaws and sucked up the accumulated waters. A quarter of a mile away it tumbled them, an ebony cascade, over the hillside into the sea.

And while the mighty pumps shivered and fussed, and inch by inch, the water dropped in the shaft, the men who had been at grips with Death sat about the pit-bank in scattered groups and waited the coming of a new opportunity. There was Simeon Barnes the venomous, Richard Lang, who having worked at the dead end of the New Seam was the one for whose sake Myles had travelled farthest with his message, and a score of others whose bodies but for the heroism of the young manager would now have been fathoms deep.

Stay! A flickering movement animates every one of the groups. Stirred by a common impulse every head is turned sharply towards the gates of the colliery yard. A man in mining garb is racing up the hill, and when he comes within hailing distance he makes a trumpet of his hands and bellows his news.

"He's comin'—Myles 'is comin'—he's just crossin' t' Green."

Still squatting on the blackened debris they wait a little longer, and some of the faces broaden to a smile, and some grow strangely sad when Myles Railton enters the gates. The last time he passed those portals he lay upon a stretcher with his eyes closed and his mind a blank. Now his head is swathed in bandages, one arm he carries in a sling, the other Mary Crossdale has captured and is helping him along. Reaching the bank he smiles pleasantly upon its occupants and to Simeon Barnes passes a word.

"Bonny day, Simeon.—So they're going to save the old pit after all.—Thought I'd like to see these wonderful pumps."

"Ay, ay." This is all the response, but the tone sets Myles a-wondering, and he wonders more when a growl from the men as though they were prompting their leader, is silenced by Simeon with command more remarkable for its force than its elegance.

Revelation is granted him when he turns his face again towards home. Simeon blows a shrill blast on a whistle and from the other side of the bank a swarthy host nimbly swarms, and the whole of the pit's company form a ring around the lovers.

A cry of fear breaks from Mary's lips, and her face grows pitifully white. She knows these men and their evil repute. Myles whispers a word of comfort, and while he is yet speaking Simeon pushes to the edge of the crowd.

"Dinna be feared, Miss Mary," he says, "there's not a man here who'd hurt a hair of your bonny head. We've something to say to Myles Railton, that's all."

Now he turns to the man they had vowed to drive from their midst and speaks again, grimly, cruelly, hurtlingly.

"So we've licked you, Myles Railton. We've proved mair than you could stand, and you've sent in your papers."

"No!" Myles hotly cries, his voice all a tremble. "You're wrong there, Simeon Barnes. I'll own I've sent in my papers, given up my post as manager, but it's neither you nor your crew that has beaten me. I'm leaving the place because I'm only a lame dog now. Even when the water is all out the mine will need a strong man to put it straight, and it will be weeks before I'm fit for such a stiff job. It's not you I'm afraid of, it's myself."

"That's all right." Simeon glanced significantly at his audience. "What I've got to say is this, and what I say for myself I say for t' mates. If you don't come back till t' High Ghyll Pit I don't. We'll take orders fra no other man. We'll have Myles Railton for our manager and no one else. It's no use our tryin' to say 'Thanks' for what you did in t' pit. It can't be done."

"As for your papers. See." He waved aloft Myles' notice of resignation and the crowd broke into a tremulous cheer. "Them in authority have handed them over to us to do what we like with—and this is what we like."

He tore the paper into shreds, and as the fragments were swept away by the breeze the men of High Ghyll Pit burst into a tumultuous cheer of approval.

The Golden Flood

By EDWIN LEFEVRE

Resume: Mr. Richard Dawson, president of the Metropolitan Bank, New York, is visited on a Thursday, by Mr. George Kitchell Grinnell, who wishes to deposit \$100,000, and presents an Assay Office check on the Sub-Treasury. One week from then he deposits \$151,000, a fortnight later, \$250,000, and three weeks later \$500,000. He makes no revelation of his business, and on his desiring to make a deposit of \$1,000,000, the pompous president becomes excited. A deposit of \$2,500,000 follows, then \$5,000,000, and the following Thursday, \$10,000,000. Mr. Dawson employs Costello, a detective, who reports that Mr. Grinnell lives quietly, but has a load of bullion bars taken to the Assay Office every Monday.

BUT Mr. Dawson, thinking of disturbing possibilities, did not answer. The young man with his deposits of nineteen and one-half millions—and more to come—troubled the president. With that much cash, Grinnell already was a potential disturber of finance. With much more he could be infinitely worse—to the public and to the great moneyed interests. He could call suddenly upon the bank for his entire account, some day when money was tight, and stock pools needed it as a man's lungs need air, as a man's heart needs blood; and the stock-market would be convulsed, and guiltless millionaires suffer. Or, he could mistakenly lend it at such low rates of interest as would "break" the money-market, and help fools or gamblers, but grievously reduce the bank's profits. Or, he could so misuse it as to foil some stock-market plan of Mr. Dawson's, or of his associates. There was no limit to the possibilities of mischief from an unknown but even greater supply. Money is a commodity, governed, like all other commodities, by certain conditions. Fancy a man who suddenly announces—and proves it conclusively—that he has an unknown number of millions of bushels of excellent wheat; imagine the effect not only on unfortunate bull gamblers on the Board of Trade, but also on thousands of hard-working farmers. But the young man's case was far worse. It was not alone his possession of much money; it was his having the gold itself! Money is only money, but gold is more: it is the measure of value. To disturb that was to disturb finance, commerce, and industry. The working-world would cease to labour, cease to breathe. In what would a millionaire's affluence or a labourer's poverty be measured; in what would men buy and sell, pay and be paid, if the young man's supply of gold should be so great as to disturb the value-measure of civilised people? No world-disaster in all history could compare with this!

Dawson's mind, keen, imaginative, was made feverishly active by the stimulus of fear. Clearly, there was but one thing to do—important, urgent, vital!—to learn all about the young man, and the source and extent of his gold; to make him an ally; to share in that wealth; and, in the meantime, to reduce to a negligible minimum the possibilities for mischief against the bank which that young man and that wealth had created.

The last check for ten millions would not go through the Clearing House but, in order to arouse no suspicions as to the unusually heavy Treasury operations with the New York banks, Mr. Dawson would send the check to the Sub-Treasury and get gold certificates. The amount would be put in as a special deposit. It would not appear in the regular bank statistics, and would be locked up in the vaults, which would keep, for publication, the reserve down and money rates up—a favourite practice of this king manipulator of the money-market—as well as strengthen the bank against Mr. Grinnell, should the young man suddenly decide to withdraw several millions at once. He attended to this and other business details and then sent for Costello.

"I must have the full history of Mr. Grinnell. Don't come to me without it. It is of the utmost importance. Go to work at once. I'll see Professor Willetts myself. Drop everything else. Spare no expense and use any means. Understand? Report at once anything you may discover, however trivial."

Costello was impressed. He had worked, in his life, on cases involving enormous sums, ingenious swindles, thefts and defalcations which had never appeared in the newspapers, the unprintable side of vast financial deals. But never before had he been dazed, as now, by the suppressed excitement of the man, steel-nerved and ice-hearted, who presided over the destinies of the greatest bank of America, of a power so vast that it was scarcely second to that of the Government of the United States.

The bank's detective staff, the existence of which was

unsuspected by the world at large, was marvellously well organised. Mr. Costello's reports were lengthy. Summarised, they told the president something like this:

George K. Grinnell was under the strictest surveillance, his daily movements being given in detail in the reports of John Croll and William F. Kearney; but they afforded not the slightest clue to the young man's business. His daily walks in Central Park with his fox terrier—once with his sister—helped the investigation no more than the fact that he spent most of his time indoors. The furniture of the first floor of the house was described at great length by Mr. Kearney who, in the guise of a book agent, memorised it (Report D). Mr. Grinnell had three servants—one man and two maids. Every delivery wagon and every person who had called at 193 West 38th Street had been shadowed—they were all tradespeople. One wagon was from Wilkins & Cross, the dealers in chemical and laboratory supplies. The driver, John C. Plummer, who was interviewed by Kearney and then by Costello, vouchsafed the information that Mr. Grinnell had a chemical laboratory, and for years had purchased supplies from the firm. Lately the supplies had consisted chiefly of crucibles, charcoal, coke, bone-ash, litharge, acids and other articles used by assayers and refiners. Plummer was promised \$250 for a complete transcript of Mr. Grinnell's purchases from Wilkins & Cross from the first, which he had agreed to obtain, and was now at work on. The biographical data, obtained from divers sources, most ingeniously, showed that George Kitchell Grinnell was born in Middletown, New York, on January 1, 1873. His father was Frederick Hobart Grinnell, a druggist, who died in 1898. His mother died in 1889. He had one sister, two and one-half years younger; name, Ada. The father left property valued at about \$40,000, chiefly real estate in Middletown, New York. So far as friends of the family knew, it was all the property owned by George Kitchell Grinnell and his sister. The rents were collected and remitted to New York by Frederick Kitchell Carpenter, attorney-at-law, a first cousin of Grinnell. By Middletown people, George K. Grinnell was believed to be an analytical chemist in New York, with a lucrative practice. Grinnell entered the School of Mines, Columbia University, 1891; was graduated in 1895 with the degree Bachelor of Metallurgy. According to his professors he was a good, but not exceptional student. But had improved with age, one of them said, and was very well up on radium—perhaps better than anyone else in America excepting the professor himself. Was popular among his fellow-students, according to some of his classmates; was president of his class in his junior year; was an editor of the Columbia "Spectator" two years. After leaving college, spent a year in Middletown, in his father's pharmacy. In October, 1896, came to New York City. Was employed as assayer in the laboratory of Bangs & Wilson, 35 John Street. Left there the following year to return to Middletown, his father being ill. Was considered a competent and careful assayer and analytical chemist. A fellow employee and he were interested in an electrical furnace. But no patent had ever been taken out in either of their names. Remained in Middletown until after his father's death. In 1898 came back to New York. Lived at Mrs. Scott's boarding-house, 169 West 48th Street. Purchased the house, 193 West 38th Street, in March, 1899, from Mary C. Bryan. His sister came from Middletown in the fall of 1899. They had lived there quietly ever since. On Monday two trucks—the same he had employed for some weeks—came twice and took bars of gold bullion to the Assay Office. He had deposited to date gold valued at \$36,807,988. He had accounts, also, at the Agricultural National and Eastern National Banks, but there nothing was known of his business. His deposits at all these banks had been in the shape of Assay Office checks, and also in Assay Office bars, which made the people think he was a mining man.

Professor Willetts could not tell Dawson much. He knew Grinnell as he had known hundreds of other students. He had never heard that Grinnell was wealthy, certainly not wealthy enough to be a worthless student. He remembered having recommended Grinnell to Bangs & Wilson as a good assayer. The young man's graduating thesis had been on electro-metallurgy. He was a pleasant enough chap. The president, on hearing Willetts's words, felt it wise to say nothing of Grinnell's enormous gold supply. The less people talked about it

the better it might be for the bank, if things did not go right afterward.

On Thursday, shortly after midday, Mr. Grinnell sent in his card to the president. Mr. Dawson greeted him at the door.

"Come in, Mr. Grinnell."

"How do you do, Mr. Dawson?"

"I am worried, Mr. Grinnell. Very much worried." The president looked it. He always made it a practice of looking the way he said he felt. This time he did not have to act.

"Indeed? I'm very sorry to hear it," answered Grinnell—with a very good simulation of concern, the president thought.

"You will be sorrier to hear, Mr. Grinnell, that you are the cause of my worry."

"I?" The astonishment was not so great as a sort of uneasiness, which did not escape the older man.

"Yes, Mr. Grinnell, you. Have you deposited any more—"

"Oh! I can withdraw it, if you don't care to have it."

"How much?"

"The same as last week." Grinnell said it diffidently, uncomfortably, as if he felt guilty of taking undue advantage of the president's kindness.

"Ten millions?" Mr. Dawson gasped slightly.

"Ye-es, sir," doubtfully. He evidently would have denied it if he could.

The president took a cigar and contemplated it a long time. A boy entered with a card. The president said sharply: "I can't see any one." He threw the unlit cigar on the desk.

The office-boy hesitated; then, with a pale face, said, "It's Mr. Graves."

"I'm not in, hang it!" shouted Mr. Dawson, whose voice, habitually, was so carefully modulated. "Go away!"

He arose and walked up and down the room. From time to time he snapped his fingers with a sharp sound. Grinnell looked on uncomfortably. At length Mr. Dawson ceased his walk, picked up his cigar, inserted it very deliberately, into an amber cigar-holder, and lighted it. He faced the young man and said with composure: "That makes thirty millions of gold in two months."

"Twenty-nine and a half," corrected Grinnell, as if in self-defence.

"In round numbers, thirty millions. You have, also, on deposit in other banks, some six or seven more."

"I—I think," said Grinnell dubiously, "that it is less than seven. Let me see," eagerly, as if anxious to show that he was not so black as Mr. Dawson would paint him. "It's—it's—"

The president waited.

"It is about seven," confessed Grinnell regretfully.

"Mr. Grinnell, I don't know whether you are familiar with finance." The president spoke quietly, twirling his cigar-holder, and looking at the ashes critically.

"Not very," hastily apologised the young man.

"You will pardon me for telling you that through ignorance of the responsibilities of your position you can inflict serious injury to the entire business community—injury, Mr. Grinnell, which, reduced to dollars and cents, might be many times thirty millions."

"I think," said Grinnell, a trifle dubiously, "that I can see ways in which vast sums of money would do harm if wrongly used."

"Unwisely used, Mr. Grinnell. And now, in view of this, I should be grateful to you from the bottom of my heart, if you could enlighten me as to how this gold came into your possession. He looked at the young man anxiously.

"Mr. Dawson," Grinnell answered, with a determined earnestness, "that is something I must refuse to discuss. I am sorry."

"Not so sorry as I. But I'd be even more grateful if I could know how much more gold, if any, you have, not on deposit with any bank."

"At this moment?"

"Yes."

"Well, I can't tell exactly."

"Approximately?"

"Really, I don't know, Mr. Dawson. I may as well tell you frankly that this subject—"

"Is of great importance to me, sir, as the president of this bank."

"By withdrawing the account, then, I—"

"You would not help the situation which you have created, Mr. Grinnell. Have you much more gold?"

The young man looked straight into the president's

eyes. He said: "If it will relieve your mind, I can assure you that I have not much more."

"Everything is relative. What do you consider much?"

"What do you?"

"Say, twenty or thirty millions more."

"Oh, no! I haven't thirty millions more."

"Have you twenty?" persisted the president.

"Twenty?" The young man thought a moment. "No, I haven't."

"Ten?"

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Dawson," the young man said, as if jumping at a decision, "I'll deposit fifteen millions more in this bank and then I'll stop. It will give me forty-five millions, and I'll never bother you again; unless," he added, almost pleadingly, "you let me."

The president stared electrically.

"You mean," he said sharply, "that you can get more?"

"You asked me how much more I had at present and I told you."

"I beg your pardon; you didn't tell me exactly. I should have asked how much more in all you expect to have."

"Mr. Dawson," ignoring the president's last words, "it seems to me that if I scatter the deposits among other banks in the city, I can't do much harm. In fact," he added, brightly, as if at a new idea, "I could open accounts with banks in Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, and other cities, where they would not be noticeable. And even in Europe. You could transfer some of the funds I have here to the big cities there, and then I could deposit an equal amount here, so that my account with you would never be above forty-five or fifty millions, and—"

"My God, man! Don't you know that—" Dawson checked himself abruptly. He went on very quietly. "Am I to understand that your supply is not exhausted?"

"I won't deposit any more of it here," said Grinnell conciliatingly.

"How much more is there in the mine?"

"There is no mine," answered Grinnell. The president felt he spoke the truth.

"Do you make it, then?"

Grinnell laughed. "That would be funny, if you thought I made it." The condition of the president's nerves was responsible for the wild thought that lodged in his mind.

"You are a chemist, a metallurgist? And you have studied the phenomena of radium?"

"Yes." Grinnell looked surprised, but not exactly guilty, the president admitted to himself.

"Have you discovered a method for changing other metals into gold, or for extracting it out of sea-water?"

Grinnell laughed again. "I am glad," he said, "that you are not worried now."

"Oh, but I am!"

"Dr. Dawson," said the young man, once more serious, "I am not such a very rich man as rich men go to-day. You, yourself, if what I read in the newspapers is true, have more than I."

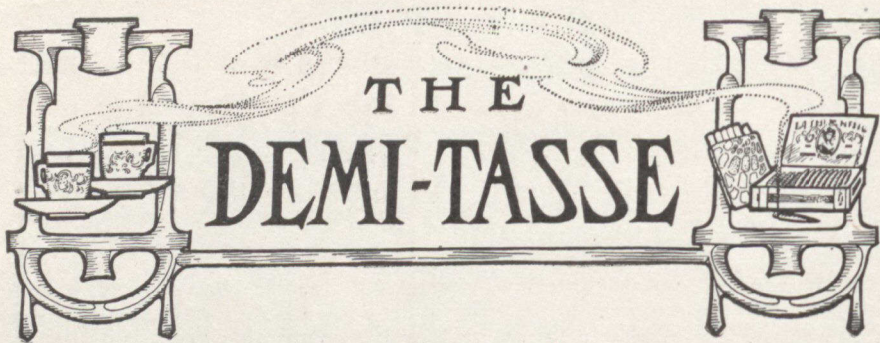
"I wish I did."

"So do I. You probably would know how to deposit your money properly. At any rate, I can name a dozen men who have over fifty millions, and—"

"I doubt it."

"And half a dozen who own over a hundred. The Waldorf family certainly do. Mr. Angus Campbell, of Pittsburgh, is said to have three hundred. Your friend, Mr. William Mellen, of the International Distributing Syndicate, is supposed to have five hundred at least. Why should a fortune of even a billion dollars raise a rumpus these days? It was inconceivable a few years ago, but it does not seem out of the way now. I realise perfectly how the sudden increase in the gold supply of this country could produce an inflation that might, in the end, prove highly detrimental to general business. As I understand it, certain financial laws cannot be disturbed with impunity, however praise-worthy the financial law-breaker's motives may be. But a billion dollars would not make such an awful lot, especially if it should be turned into circulation gradually."

"It would mean an increase per capita of forty per cent. It would be terrific," said the president earnestly. "Your argument is utterly unsound unless by 'gradually' you mean fifty years."



PENETANGUSHENE.

THE word "Penetanguishene" in the Chippeway language signifies the falling or rolling of the sand, literally, "Behold how the sand rolls!" In the early half of the last century Penetanguishene was a small military frontier post on the south shore of Georgian Bay in Canada, in a wild and almost uninhabited part of the country. Now it is a flourishing town, a popular summer resort, with a name shortened to "Penetang." In 1840 a luckless subaltern stationed there wrote a poem on the post. The verses have been preserved, and were published by the Women's Canadian Historical Society of Toronto. The "Tommy" referred to in the fifth stanza is a kind of pudding which was occasionally served without sauce.

To ye, who, tired of war's alarms,
In garrison or camp,
Are sighing for the many charms
Of march, route, or a tramp—
Or who, on board batteaux or ship,
Delight to vent your spleen,
I hereby recommend a trip
To Penetanguishene.

Oh! 'tis the place for youthful sprigs
Whose epaulettes grow dim
With city wear, whose rose-oil'd wigs
Want combing into trim,
Whose elbows are a little out—
Such things have often been—
They will be bettered by a bout
Of Penetanguishene.

'Tis here you learn true jollity,
And scorn the march of mind,
And live in fond equality
With beasts of every kind;
The Indian with his scalping knife
Diversifies the scene—
Oh! 'tis a mighty pleasant place
At Penetanguishene.

You shake a wild-cat by the fist
When in your path he halts,
With beavers take a hand at whist,
And gallopade and waltz—
With shaggy bears, who, when you roam
Afar in forest green,
Remind you that your nearest home
Is Penetanguishene.

Upon the article of grub
You must lay little stress,
For here with grief the starving sub
Bemoans headquarters' mess.
His pound of junk and "Tommy" bare
But makes the diner lean;
For surfeits they are very rare
At Penetanguishene.

And then for swipes, poor d—l, he
Must look and feel quite glum,
Since now a sober Treasury
Has docked the ration rum;
Unless it be with maple juice,
A drink that's thin and mean,
He cannot shake a top-screw loose
At Penetanguishene.

* *

CARELESS THEODORE.

President Roosevelt on his last trip South stopped at Charlottesville, Virginia, and a negro approached the President's car and passed aboard a big basket of fine fruit, to which was attached the card of a prominent grower. In course of time the orchard owner received a letter of acknowledgment from the White House, expressing the President's appreciation of the gift and complimenting the donor upon his fruit. The recipient of the letter was, of course, greatly pleased, and feeling sure that his head gardener would be much interested in

the letter, he read it to him. The darcy, who served in the capacity mentioned, listened gravely, but his only comment was: "He doan' say nuthin' 'bout sendin' back de basket, do he?"—The Argonaut.

* *

AN ALARMING TEXT.

The report that Rev. A. B. Chambers, D.D., is to become governor of the Toronto jail, the "Castle over the Don," recalls the story of the clergyman who preached a farewell sermon to his congregation, before his departure to be chaplain of a penitentiary. His text is recommended to Dr. Chambers' consideration: "I go to prepare a place for you."

* *

SIR WILFRID'S RETORT.

Ever since the Colonial Conference, anecdotes concerning Sir Wilfrid Laurier have been flying freely in British and United States newspapers. One of these yarns asserts that Sir Wilfrid has a facility for repartee which he sometimes turns to good account. He was addressing a meeting on one occasion, when a portly man in the audience, a large employer of labour, interrupted him, charging the Premier with "fattening on the sweat of the people."

Sir Wilfrid, slim and dapper, waited until perfect quiet replaced the commotion which this remark had made. Then he observed calmly: "I leave those present to decide which of us is the more exposed to that charge."

* *

A DRAWBACK.

"The self-satisfaction of Britishers is absurd," said a man from Detroit. "Some time ago I met a small boy about ten years of age, who had just come across from Ontario for a visit. I began to point out to him the superiority of Detroit to Windsor, and, further, the superiority of the United States to Canada, and finally asked him if

he wouldn't rather live in the great Republic. He looked somewhat embarrassed, but I pressed him for an answer.

"Well," he said, slowly, "of course, you're very rich and all that, and I wouldn't mind living over here—if I didn't have to be a Yankee."

"I never heard of such nerve," continued the Detroit man, "as if we weren't the freest people on earth! That kid doesn't know when he's well off."

* *

DESERVED DEATH.

"It's a good thing that James Russell Lowell is dead," said a Hamilton man last week.

"Why?" asked a curious friend.

"Because he wrote that blamed fool poem about 'What is so rare as a day in June!'"

* *

HOW SHE KNEW.

Wise—"He's very wealthy."

Mrs. Wise—"Yes, and very stingy and mean."

Wise—"Come, now, you're not sure of that. You must not judge a man by his clothes."

Mrs. Wise—"I don't. I'm judging him by his wife's clothes."

* *

ITS LITTLE TRICKS.

Away in last October
Our Reggie bought some stocks;
And now his mood is Cobalt blue,
For Reggie's on the rocks.

* *

LITERAL.

"I wonder how it is," said Mr. Banks, "that a man like John Morton can be such a hypocrite as to stay in the church when everyone knows how he would teach Shylock freaks of finance. There isn't a man down town who would trust him over buying a jack-knife, and yet he takes up the collection with a face as long as your arm." "Perhaps," suggested Mrs. Banks, "he doesn't let his right hand know whom his left hand is doing."

* *

THE KING AGREED.

Once while paying a visit to a Stockholm school the present King of Sweden asked a little girl if she could remember any great exploit of his reign. The child thought for a moment and then burst into tears.

"Please I don't know any!" she sobbed.

"Well, don't cry, little one," said King Oscar, patting her on the head. "Don't cry. I don't know any, either."



Safety in Custom.

MISTRESS (to servant who comes down very late in the morning): Doesn't that alarm-clock I gave you wake you up in the mornings, Jane?

JANE: Oh, no, mum, not now, thank you; it worried me at first, 'm, but I've got used to it.

—Windsor Magazine.

An Unforgotten Poet

THOMAS D'ARCY McGEE'S tragic death has lent especial interest to his political career, and has, perhaps, slightly obscured his literary reputation. He is remembered as the ill-starred statesman rather than the poet, but there are some lines which he has written that will not be forgotten in his adopted country. He was born in Carlingford, County Louth, Ireland, in 1825, and was nurtured amid the wild and romantic scenery of Ross-trevor, which must have impressed itself deeply upon a nature dowered with that Celtic dreaminess which proves both a solace and a snare. Soon after the removal of the family to Wexford the mother died, and was buried in the old Cistercian Abbey. But to the gifted son, D'Arcy, remained the memory of her wealth of legendary lore, her love for the Gaelic melodies, and her fervent religious devotion.

In June, 1842, the young Irish lad reached Boston, and on the following Fourth of July the seventeen-year-old orator delivered an address which out-cried the American Eagle. He was offered a position on the Boston "Pilot," and during the next three years the boy editor played an eloquent part in defending his distressed countrymen, who were at that time suffering persecution in the alleged Land of the Free.

Then he returned to Ireland as editor of the "Dublin Freeman's Journal," to succeed to the editorship of the "Nation." In those days he was a hot revolutionist, and was obliged to leave Ireland after one of those useless outbreaks with which Irish history is overflowing. During his second editorial experience in America his political views underwent a change, and he saw the futility and unreason of rebellion. But the "American Celt" was not appreciated as a journalistic enterprise, and D'Arcy McGee finally came to Montreal to publish "The New Era." He was returned to the Canadian Parliament as one of the three members for Montreal, and, in spite of all prejudices, won his way among members of all creeds and races because of his personal charm and brilliant ability. Honours came swiftly to him, and in 1867 he was sent to Paris as one of the Commissioners from Canada to the great Exposition. He became Minister of Agriculture and Emigration, and after Confederation might have joined the Cabinet, had it not been for his unselfish wish to make way for a Nova Scotian friend. On the 6th of November, 1867, he took his seat as member for Montreal West. On the 6th of the following April he delivered an eloquent speech before the Commons, urging the cementing of the lately-formed Confederation by bonds of mutual kindness and good-will, but ere he reached his home he was struck down by the bullet of an assassin. One of his Fenian enemies, acting after the mean cowardice of their kind, had committed the crime, for which he afterwards suffered the penalty. Orator, historian and essayist, few of his countrymen have brought such brilliant gifts to the service of the state, and few have been mourned more deeply and sincerely.

Among his more fanciful poems none attracted more favourable notice than "To My Wishing-cap":

Wishing-cap, Wishing-cap, I would be
Far away, far away o'er the sea,
Where the red birch roots
Down the ribbed rock shoots,
In Donegal the brave,
And white-sailed skiffs
Speckle the cliffs,
And the gannet drinks the wave.

Wishing-cap, Wishing-cap, I would lie
On a Wicklow hill, and stare the sky,
Or count the human atoms that pass
The threadlike road through Glenmacnass,
Where once the clans of O'Byrne were;
Or talk to the breeze
Under sycamore trees,
In Glenart's forests fair.

Wishing-cap, Wishing-cap, let us away
To walk in the cloisters, at close of day,
Once trod by friars of orders gray
In Norman Selskar's renown'd abbaye,
And Carmen's ancient town;

For I would kneel at my mother's grave,
Where the plummy churchyard elms e'er
wave,
And the old war-walls look down.

The poem "Jacques Cartier" is learned by most Canadians in childhood, and long may it remain in the nation's anthology!

In the seaport of Saint Malo, 'twas a smiling morn in May,
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away;
In the crowded old cathedral all the town were on their knees,
For the safe return of kinsmen from the undiscover'd seas;
And every autumn blast that swept o'er pinnacle and pier
Fill'd manly hearts with sorrow and gentle hearts with fear.

A year pass'd o'er Saint Malo—again came round the day
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sail'd away;
But no tidings from the absent had come the way they went,
And tearful were the vigils that many a maiden spent;
And manly hearts were fill'd with gloom, and gentle hearts with fear,
When no tidings came from Cartier at the closing of the year.

But the Earth is as the Future, it hath its hidden side,
And the Captain of Saint Malo was rejoicing, in his pride,
In the forests of the North—while his townsmen mourn'd his loss
He was rearing on Mount Royal the fleur-de-lis and cross;
And when two months were over and added to the year,
Saint Malo hail'd him home again, cheer answering to cheer.

He told them of a region, hard, iron-bound and cold,
Nor seas of pearl abounded, nor mines of shining gold,
Where the wind from Thule freezes the word upon the lip,
And the ice in spring comes sailing athwart the early ship;
He told them of the frozen scene until they thrill'd with fear,
And piled fresh fuel on the hearth to make him better cheer.

But when he changed the strain—he told how soon is cast
In early spring the fetters that hold the waters fast;
How the winter causeway, broken, is drifted out to sea,
And the rills and rivers sing with pride the anthem of the free;
How the magic wand of summer clad the landscape, to his eyes,
Like the dry bones of the just, when they wake in Paradise.

He told them of the Algonquin braves—the hunters of the wild,
Of how the Indian mother in the forest rocks her child;
Of how, poor souls! they fancy, in every living thing,
A spirit good or evil, that claims their worshipping;
Of how they brought their sick and maim'd for him to breathe upon,
And of the wonders wrought for them through the Gospel of St John.

He told them of the river whose mighty current gave
Its freshness, for a hundred leagues, to Ocean's briny wave;
He told them of the glorious scene presented to his sight,
What time he rear'd the cross and crown on Hochelaga's height,
And of the fortress cliff that keeps of Canada the key,
And they welcomed back Jacques Cartier from his perils over sea.

Not Versed in Drama

Small Boy—"Father, who was Shylock?"
Un-Shakespearean Parent—"What! you mean to say you go to church every Sunday, and don't know about Shylock?"

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A New Voice Speaks

(Ottawa Journal.)

MR. JUSTICE RUSSELL tells the Halifax Canadian Club that Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir Charles Tupper are wrong in their desire to avoid direct Canadian contribution to the support of the British army and navy. If the judge, who is no mean exponent of the art of juggling economic phraseology, will frame an argument by which that contribution can be made without affront to the sensibilities of the Canadian autonomists, his argument will fill a long felt want. There are millions in the surplus and the judge might be able to persuade his friends in the Government that there is some way of spending it, within the spirit and the letter of the Canadian constitution, for the relief of the weary Titan.

A Wily Jap

THE Oriental character is indeed profoundly cunning, and we in this country have not begun to fathom it. A few days ago we heard of the arrival at Victoria of five Japanese women, who had been smuggled into Canada in small boxes and who were subsequently deported, but we heard nothing of the man who brought them over and who was deported with the women. This man, Keijiro Takatori, is a notorious bad man with a long criminal record. A glance at his picture as it appeared in a Victoria paper would lead one to believe him capable of any crime under the sun. While the little women were enduring indescribable tortures in their narrow quarters on the long voyage, this man Takatori promenaded the deck, enjoying to the full the fresh and fragrant breezes of the Pacific.

When the presence of the women was discovered at their destination they were placed under guard together with their manager. For an instant only the guard was relaxed, and Takatori and the five women vanished as completely as if the earth had swallowed them. Had it not been for the aid of local Japanese residents it is doubtful if they would have been captured. However, they were run to earth in a house in the city and finally deported.

Takatori has already served time in Japan, and was arrested in California on a charge of murdering a Chinaman, and subsequently on a charge of shooting and seriously wounding a Japanese.

A Unique Horse Show

AMONG the horse shows of Canada there is none more unique than the Open Air Horse Parade and Show in Toronto. No other city has anything exactly of this kind, and to find its counterpart one must go to the cart horse parades in London, England. Organised five years ago as a feature in a Home Comers' Festival, the parade has grown to be an annual event, held always on Dominion Day.

A sincere desire to improve the condition and treatment of the ordinary commercial horse was the motive which prompted Mr. Noel Marshall to start the organization on its way. So successful has the movement been that from 150 entries the first year the number has grown to nearly 700 last year, and will go away beyond that figure this year. The parade is free to all who care to enter and comply with the regulations, and for the best turnouts in each class, gold, silver and bronze medals are awarded. This year there are forty-five classes, grouped as horses in harness, saddle horses, special classes, commercial horses in harness, and old horses.

Towards defraying the expense of these annual parades—it costs \$3,000 to hold one—the city contributes \$750, and the rest of the money has to be collected by private subscription. These open air shows have taken a firm hold upon the horse lovers in the community, and their educational value is becoming apparent in the increased pride which owners and drivers are taking in the appearance and welfare of their horses. Interest in the parades is spreading, too, and Mr. Marshall—who is President of the

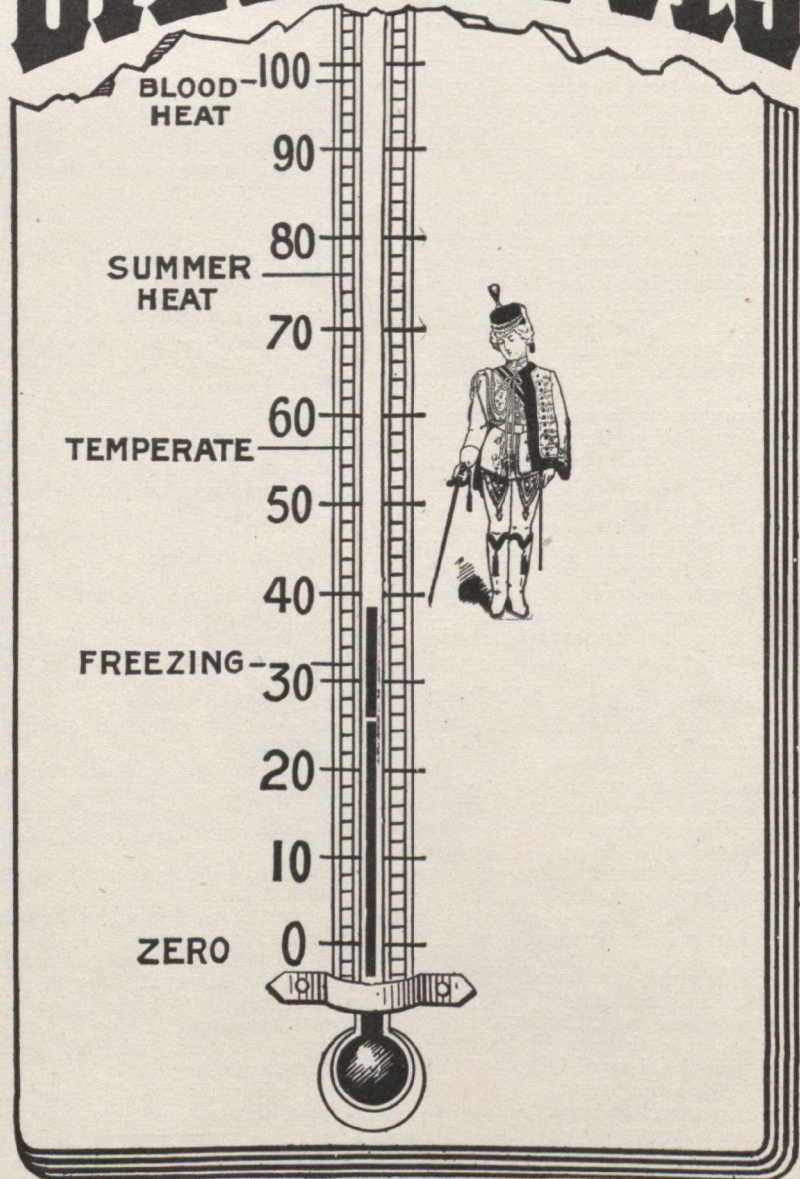


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Chilly and even cold weather has prevailed throughout the Dominion during the week past, the average thermometer reading being 37, as indicated by the sword point of the famous SWEET CAPORAL girl.

Association—is continually in receipt of letters from horsemen in other cities who are anxious to learn more about the parades and how to organize an association in their own town.

Father Lacombe Honoured

GRATIFYING indeed is it to learn that the labours of a man who has toiled so long and so arduously as Father Lacombe to spread the gospel and civilisation among the Indians and settlers of the far West, should be recognised, even to the extent of the conventional address, a handsome celebrant chair and kneeling stool, which were presented to him at his home at Pincher Creek lately by admiring parishioners. What Father Lacombe has accomplished in his half century of self-sacrificing labours is only now beginning to be estimated at its true value. As the address stated, "A life so heroic and romantic is interesting enough to form a theme fit to rank with any of Parkman's noble missionaries during the early days of Eastern America. When your memoirs are written, your name will grace the early history of the West as one of its bright and noble figures."

Orillia Canadian Club

PROFESSOR ADAM SHORTT, of Queen's University, addressed a well-attended meeting of the Orillia Canadian Club recently. Professor Shortt's subject was the moot question, "Are Economic Crises Natural and Inevitable?" The learned political economist believes that the tendency to recurring periods of depression can be mitigated, if not entirely overcome. Economic crises, he asserts, are modern phenomena, peculiar to the nineteenth century, and brought about by the dependence of individuals and groups upon one another brought about by specialisation in modern industry, superinduced by the panic spirit, which man shares with the lower animals. Hard times, in short, are largely due to baseless pessimism, which, when it infects the multitude, sweeps down the individual optimist before its resistless tide. The problem is, therefore, to find a force in the community intelligent and strong enough to check panic in its incipient stages. This force Professor Shortt finds in the much-abused trusts and combines, which he believes to be a natural and necessary growth of modern industrial conditions, and which, properly regulated and deprived of their power for evil, should afford a means for preserving a reasonably uniform condition of prosperity. Professor Shortt instanced the action of the Canadian banks in coming to the support of the Ontario bank as an example of how trusts might operate in preventing panic in the industrial field. Had the commonly accepted principle, "every man for himself," been applied in this instance, it was quite conceivable, he said, that every bank in Canada might have been forced to suspend payment.

This meeting closed an exceedingly successful season for the Orillia Club. Among the speakers they have had during the winter have been Mr. Henri Bourassa, M.P., the Hon. Adam Beck, M.P.P., Mr. J. S. Willison, and Mr. W. F. Maclean, M.P. The membership of the club some time ago reached the limit which it was found necessary to set because of the exigencies of accommodation. The club meets in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, and is capitably catered for by the Ladies' Auxiliary of that institution. At Monday evening's gathering the newly elected President, Mr. A. B. Thompson, presided.

How Shoot-the-Chutes Originated

THE shoot-the-chutes form of amusement has been in operation so long now that very few people know that the inventor is a Canadian—H. H. Schaefer, a resident of St. John, N.B. In the early eighties, somewhat over twenty years ago, Mr. Schaefer was station agent at Point du Chene on the Intercolonial Railroad, and spent his spare time in constructing a toboggan slide, which provided excellent sport. One day he announced to

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some friends that he was going to put a boat on the slide the next summer, and many were the prophecies of disaster which he met with. Mr. Schaefer, however, was not disturbed, and went to work quietly on the construction of his queer craft. The boat was finished and put on the slide, as promised, and no disasters occurred to mar the novel amusement.

Among those who made a trip down the slide was Hon. George E. Foster, M.P., who made the descent on July 11th, 1886, when Minister of Marine, and is said to have enjoyed the experience. Mr. Schaefer patented his idea in Canada and the United States. His Canadian rights, however, were allowed to lapse, and the United States patent was sold.

A Lady of Leinster

THE position of Vice-Admiral of the Coast is now almost purely honorary, although it carries with it certain pleasing privileges. Recently the Marchioness of Ormonde, wife of the Vice-Admiral of Leinster, presented, on behalf of the Irish people, a handsome set of silver ornaments for the mess-table to the officers of H.M.S. "Hibernia." The presentation took place in the concert hall of the Irish International Exhibition. The Marchioness of Ormonde is one of Erin's handsome daughters, and it is not surprising that a



The Marchioness of Ormonde.

recent vote in England declared her daughter, Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew, to be the most beautiful woman in the United Kingdom. The Marchioness of Ormonde originated the fund for the gifts to the "Hibernia," and has always taken an enthusiastic interest in matters relating to the sea. The "Hibernia" is a fine modern battleship.

A Frank Opinion

THAT estimable journal, "Collier's Weekly," seems to be growing saner as the days go by. The following editorial from a recent issue shows a knowledge of the Canadian attitude towards the United States, which is almost unique among United States publications. More frankness of this kind would probably help each nation to understand the other. "Collier's" says:

"Our fool treatment of Canada is another illustration of what our legislators can accomplish. The Dominion has now made up her mind to treat us to as harsh laws as can be devised, and her decision is wise and right. For a quarter of a century she has waited patiently, while one President after another, and one Secretary of State after another, devised treaties intended for the mutual benefit of Canada and the United States. Every time the Senate, imagining itself to exist for sequestering benefits desired by the well-intrenched, has protected its clients against the Administration and the people. Calmly, at length, Canadian leaders have seen that no fair measure of reciprocity could ever pass the Senate, and she has decided to do all in her power to stop trade with us, to develop it with England and her other colonies; to favour all Europe against the United States, to develop her own incalculable resources. We wish her well. Whatever harm our ass policy brings to us has been fully and painstakingly deserved."



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Peculiarities

A MR. ANGUS, of Victoria, B.C., does not appear to regard trains as a necessity. Recently he walked from that city to Nanaimo, a distance of about ninety miles, though in what time is not mentioned. We would like to remind Mr. Angus that while this sort of thing is good business for the chiropodists, it is very unhealthy for the railroads.

* *

They must grow fine, husky, substantial girls in Truro. A few days ago the girls' team at the Academy there defeated the boys' team by the disgraceful score of 39 to 9. Perhaps the boys will be good now, and confine their attention to the exciting game of marbles.

* *

Statistics have recently been issued showing the previous religious beliefs of 2,732 persons who professed conversion at Dr. Torrey's mission in Montreal this spring. From these figures it appears that the Presbyterians have the questionable honour of leading all the denominations, with a total of 830 persons won over to Torreyism. Of all denominations, we thought the Presbyterians were hardest to shake loose from their moorings. Looking at it this way, the Reformed Episcopalians made the best showing, as the mission was only able to shake down three of them.

* *

A battle of the circulation managers is on in Vancouver between "The World" and "The Province," and the daily results make good, strenuous, spicy reading, beside which the average editorial seems very tame. There's nothing like a contest of this kind to shake things up in a town every now and then.

* *

It's all very well for Miss Flora Shaw to have launched that marriage bureau by which lonely settlers on the western plains are to be provided with eligible wives from the British Isles, but what do the unmarried ladies in Canada think about it? A good strong union with a paid organiser might help some, and would also help those "lonelies" out on the prairie from being gobbled up by the invader.

* *

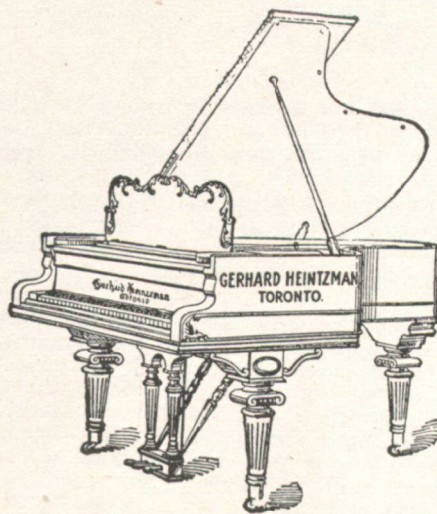
In obedience to orders of State from Ottawa, Mayor Bethune, of Vancouver, is reported to have gone through a trying ordeal in endeavouring to sing the Japanese national hymn, "Kimigayma," which must be played wherever Prince Fushimi goes. It's hard to say where this Oriental drift may take us. Perhaps when the next visitor comes we may be required to train for the event by lying on our backs and tossing barrels about in the air with our feet. Who can tell?

* *

From Edmonton to the Gulf of Mexico by rowboat is the very unusual voyage that Robert Hoerschgen, a German, and W. Sparke, an Englishman, are to undertake some time this month. The distance is nearly four thousand miles, and they expect to reach the Gulf in November or December. Their object is said to be to make a study of the great water route of this continent. On the way down Lake Winnipeg they will visit the Icelandic settlement, as well as other foreign settlements farther south.

* *

Politics, as conducted by the newspapers of St. John and Fredericton, appears to be a strenuous game. Here is what the "St. John Sun" hands out in a recent issue: "Our yellow contemporary in Fredericton, apparently considering that it might as well be hanged for a full-grown scavenger as an amateur at the business, has a front page panel containing further insinuations against an ex-Minister of the Crown, which it intimates 'will create a terrible sensation when given to the press.' This, on the whole, is a safer sort of character-assassination than it has been practicing, and being no less vile, should commend itself to the managers of the muckraking campaign. The poisoned arrow shot from concealment by the African dwarf is quite as



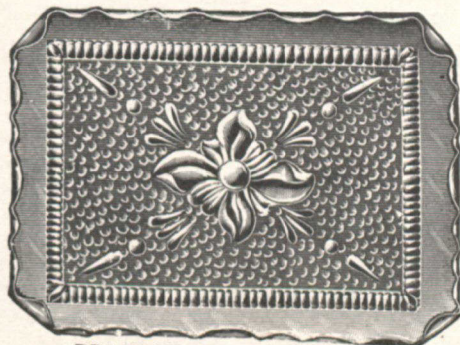
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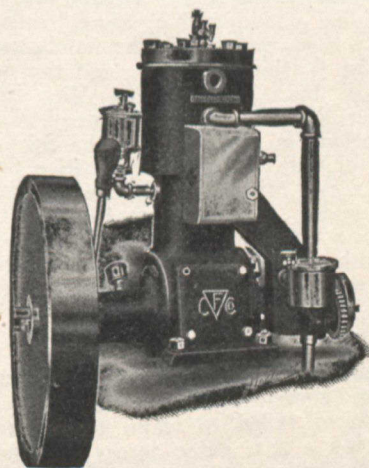
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deadly as the bullet of the more courageous foe who comes into the open, and it is ever so much safer for the dwarf!"

That was a clever idea of a St. Thomas girl to announce her engagement on a post card to a friend in the following words: "See Solomon, six, three." For the information of those who do not possess a Bible, we may say that Solomon six and three reads like this: "I am my beloved's and my beloved is mine."

Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux has informed an Ottawa audience that, while in Washington recently, President Roosevelt told him that Canadian nurses are considered the best in that city. No doubt about it. Everyone knows they're Pippins, but we wouldn't mind putting up a small bet that the President is afraid to make the statement in public.

Lee Pong, a Chinaman, was buried in Victoria recently with Chinese Masonic rites. At the funeral an orchestra was engaged to scare the evil spirits away, and pieces of paper were scattered about for the same reason. Might not music as bad as that, however, cause the spirits to redouble their efforts to make trouble for Pong on the way over?

The Alpine Club of Canada will, on July 4th, open their season by making an attack on Mount Temple, 11,626 feet, and Mount Aberdeen, 10,340 feet above the sea. The mountains are situated a few miles from Laggan on the C. P. R., near the beautiful Lake Louise. A large number of Canadians from eastern Canada, as well as members from the United States, are expected to be present. Mountaineers from Hamilton and Montreal will kindly take notice and get into training promptly.

Just think what a future Prof. Goldwin Smith would have if he would only let some of those baseball writers trim up his English a little!

The proposition has again been revived to send to Russia and make a study of the ice-breakers in use there, with a view to having similar vessels used in the St. Lawrence. Why go to all that expense? Why not engage a large, thick-set man like Mr. James Conmee, M.P., to walk ahead and jump on the ice.

A good deal has been heard lately about the cool summers from 1813 to 1817. Here are the notes of an old-timer, Mr. Benjamin Wallbrook, of Halton County, Ontario, on the summer of 1816, which make curious reading: "That was the 'summerless' year. Snow commenced falling in the middle of June. By the middle of August it was a foot in depth, and from the first fall in June until the following spring the earth remained under the covering of the wintry blanket. Absolutely nothing in the way of harvest was garnered, everything in the way of crops rotting in the ground."

Once more Canada has cleared up an international championship abroad. This time it was a contest for the handsomest woman in Washington, D.C., and the first prize has been awarded to Miss Eola Thornton Rice, of North Sydney, C.B., whose beauty is said to be of the Spanish type. Not only was Miss Eola Rice first, but her sister, Miss Ruby Rice, was second in the contest. It is considered quite a triumph for a Canadian girl to have beaten all the Southern Belles who were entered. About two thousand competitors took part, and the judges were eight artists.

The influx of Englishmen and Scotchmen is giving "soccer" football a popularity it has hitherto failed to claim from Canadians. It's a neat game across the briny, this soccer, where it shares the winter season with hockey and draws crowds of 50,000 people. But here it has to be played in the summer, and it will keep it busy making much headway against such popular sports as lacrosse and baseball.

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 "Only try it!" said Grandfather Spider to me.
 "'Tis so simple! Just try it, my dear, and you'll see!"

—L. J. Bridgman.

A toothless and lisping old panther
 Once said, "Though not much of a danther,
 Came a party thith way—
 With a gun—I dare thay
 I might take a few thepth that would anther."

—Elizabeth J. Gould.

WISHES.

BY ALICE V. L. CARRICK.

"Frank has a watch." This sounds to you like only a sentence from the First Reader, but really it was a whole story, and a very sad one, too, to the small boy who was saying it over and over to himself. For Frank, who lived just across the way from Johnny, was no older than he was, and yet, there, ticking away in his jacket pocket, was a fat silver watch, a wonderful thing, to be dragged out and consulted and dangled before his playmates' admiring eyes.

"But I can't have one yet. Father said so. Not till I'm twelve, anyhow. Three whole years!" Johnny thought, sadly. "And Uncle Charles said 'If wishes were horses, beggars would ride,' my boy, 'I'm sick of that old thing!'"

And then because, I suppose, there are no fairies now except thought fairies, good and clever ideas that pop into our minds and show us the easiest paths, one of them whispered and kept whispering the rest of the rhyme in his mind:

If turnips were watches,
 I'd wear one by my side.

And it talked to him until Johnny thought and thought, and then jumped up with a whoop that sent the cat flying in terror from her door-step doze.

"Why shouldn't turnips be watches?" he cried. "I've my own garden that father gave me last year, and I'll plant the seed, and raise a whole lot of turnips, and sell them at the market!"

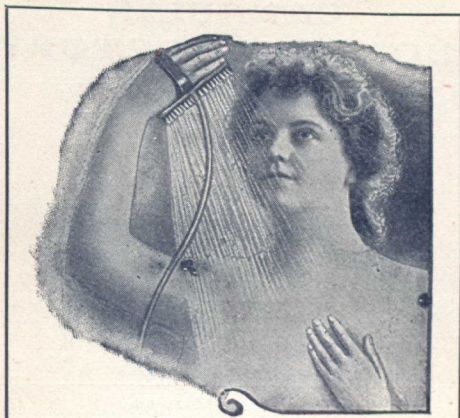
He ran off to tell his mother, and she, like all mothers, was as pleased as he was, and thought of other seeds for him to sow—radishes, lettuce, cucumbers, summer squash, and great golden pumpkins.

There never was a garden more carefully tended than this. All day long the sun seemed to shine there, as if to make the crops hurry and grow. Johnny worked early and late, tying up his bunches of radishes for market, weeding and thinning out the turnips so that they would have room to grow large and round and white. And in the autumn, when the last of the heavy yellow pumpkins was sent to the shop, and John counted up his gains, there was enough for a round, fat watch like Frank's, and, still more wonderful, for a chain held it in its place, and made its owner the envy of the neighbourhood. And now, whenever Johnny takes it lovingly from his pocket to look at the time, and as it lies under his pillow at night, it seems to be always ticking away the same thing:

If wishes were horses
 Beggars would ride;
 If turnips were watches
 I'd wear one by my side.
 And turnips were, so Johnny says.

A SECRET.

There was a small maiden named Lou,
 Always had a great secret for you;
 When you'd put down your ear,
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 Why, this was the secret—just "Boo!"
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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.

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Literary Notes

THERE has recently been published by Messrs. A. & C. Black of London, England, a book of unusual literary and artistic merit entitled "Canada," written by Mr. Wilfred Campbell, and illustrated by Mr. T. Mower Martin. As might be expected from a poet-author, the descriptive chapters, though in prose form, are characterised by rare elevation of style. The public has become surfeited with books of the immigration pamphlet order, in which the advertising element is painfully obvious. Other publications describing the Dominion read like animated time-tables, with an occasional rhapsody on wheatfields or barnyards thrown in. However, this latest contribution has nothing of the guide-book taint, but is written with a poet's rapture and a prophet's inspired belief.

The introduction is not the bald and perfunctory affair that is too often the nature of a foreword. Mr. Campbell quite appropriately calls Canada "the Scotland of America." But there is no necessity for him to refer to the "North of Ireland Scot." The settler from those sturdy regions is quite content to be known as an Irishman, as Ulster is good enough for him. Mr. Campbell has the courage of his patriotism, and denounces vigorously the political corruption that is too often a national humiliation. The introduction hopefully concludes: "My hope for my country is, that she will turn all her energies in the direction of the cultivation of the soil, and that she will become a country of orchards and vineyards and wheatfields and meadows, and a vast pasture for the herds of the earth. The independent owner and tiller of the soil is the bulwark of the nation, and it is this bulwark that we need in Canada."

The seventy-seven illustrations in colour form an exquisite illuminated Canada, although one would like to see a few Canadians pictured, as well as the trees, rocks, hills and lakes, among which they live and work. However, the natural loveliness of the country is adequately depicted, and for this work of the poet and the artist the Canadian public should be profoundly grateful.

* *

"The Cruise of the Shining Light," by Norman Duncan, is a fine story for boys, and a good book for anyone. Several critics have found fragments of Dickens in it, but it is none the worse for that. If "Nicholas Top" of Twist Tickle is related to old Peggoty and Captain Cuttle, he is all the more welcome. The path to Whisper Cove is made a way of enchantment for the reader, as well as for the sailor lad, especially when the yellow wind from the warm west ripples the azure floor and flings the spray of the breakers into the sunshine. "Dannie's" final philosophy is mistaken and even dangerous, but it will not be taken seriously by the average reader, who will be too much interested in the young hero's doings to heed his ethical views. "The Cruise of the Shining Light" ranks with the writer's highest achievement. (Toronto: Henry Frowde.)

* *

A book which will be looked for with considerable interest by the Canadian public this summer is "Spirit Life," by Mr. Arthur Heming, being studies of Indian life and character in the West. As the author has spent many years in the study of the primitive inhabitants of this country, his book promises to possess value to the student of history, as well as to the casual reader. It will be illustrated with sketches by the author, whose excellent reputation in this respect will enhance the interest in the volume.

* *

Other new books are "Rising Fortunes," by John Oxenham; "The Man Who Was Dead," by A. W. Marchmont; "The Great Plot," by William Le Queux; "Check to the King," by Morice Gerard; "The Nether Millstone," by F. M. White; "The Wages of Pleasure," by J. A. Stewart, and "Lorroy, Diplomatic Agent," by George Bronson-Howard.

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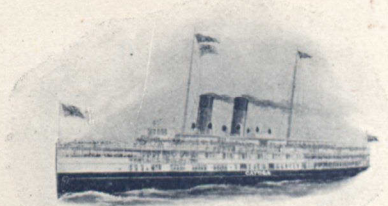
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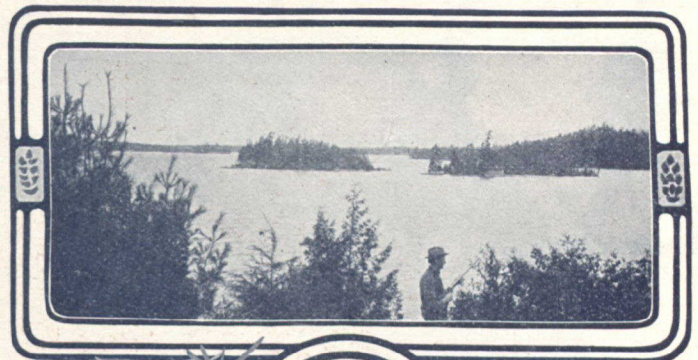


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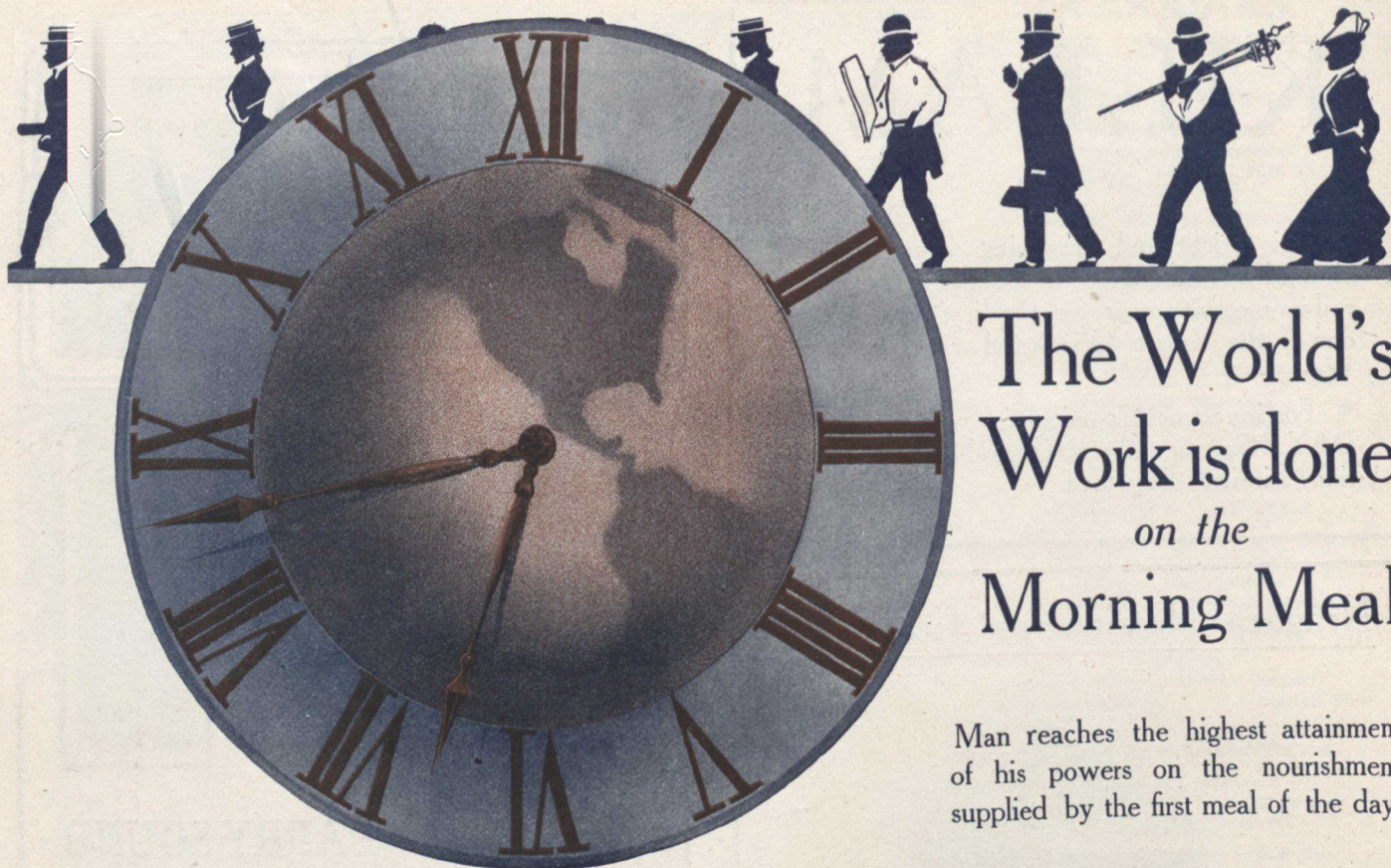
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Man reaches the highest attainment of his powers on the nourishment supplied by the first meal of the day.

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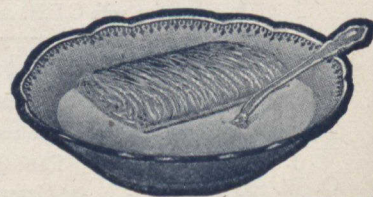
Shredded Wheat contains more muscle-making, brain-building material than corn or oats and is much more easily digested. It is the joy of childhood, the strength of manhood, the support of motherhood, the comforting solace of old age. It is the favorite food of athletes, being on the training table of every college and university.

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