

The Canadian

Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

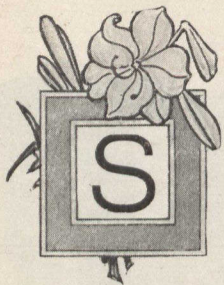
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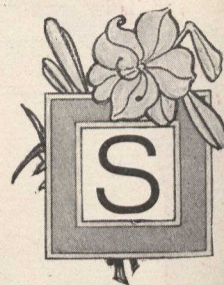
EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER,
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NOTES OF THE NEW SPRING WAISTS

By the way, we're in the new building now. The waists have a world of room in comparison to the old department. We are able to make a better display in consequence. Everything that the fashion of the Spring approves is here, from the neat little embroidered lawn waist at \$1. to the elaborate evening affair at \$100.

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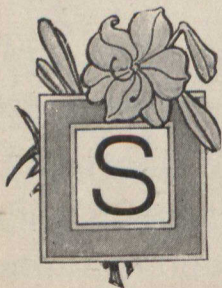


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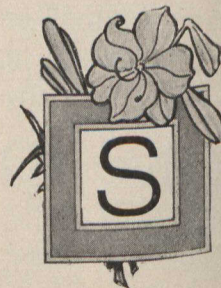


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The Canadian Courier

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CONTENTS

IN THE DAY'S WORK	-	-	-	-	5
REFLECTIONS	-	-	-	-	6
REFORMING THE WORLD, by Monocle Man	-	-	-	-	8
THE DERBY MARATHON	-	-	-	-	9
THE NEW PROVINCE OF ACADIA	-	-	-	-	10
BRITANNIA'S LATEST DREADNOUGHT	-	-	-	-	11
HALIFAX, A NAVAL STATION	-	-	-	-	12
INDEPENDENCE IN NEWSPAPERS	-	-	-	-	14
WHEN A PATHAN TAKES OFFENCE, Story	-	-	-	-	15
AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE	-	-	-	-	16
DEMI-TASSE	-	-	-	-	17
PEOPLE AND PLACES	-	-	-	-	19
FOR THE CHILDREN	-	-	-	-	20
MONEY AND MAGNATES	-	-	-	-	22
WHAT CANADIAN EDITORS THINK	-	-	-	-	23

Editor's Talk

WE have secured two stories from a new Canadian story writer which we believe will attract considerable attention. This new writer, Mr. Hulbert Footner, was born in Hamilton just thirty years ago, so that he still has much of his life before him. His grandfather was the celebrated architect, William Footner, of Montreal, who built the towers of Notre Dame Cathedral, the Montreal City Hall and the Bonsecours Market. By profession he is an actor as well as a journalist. He has worked on the Calgary Albertan and other western papers, and for a time was editor of the Calgary Townsman. It is his western experience which gives him the basis for most of his stories. Last year three of these appeared in the Century Magazine and he has also contributed to the Smart Set, Putman's, McClure's and other New York publications. We are pleased to be able to announce that Mr. Footner will be a regular contributor to the Canadian Courier. His first story will appear next week.

THIS week we make a suggestion as to how the Maritime Provinces might be enlarged and a new province created almost co-equal with the other provinces. This will be followed next week by an article: "If Not Maritime Union, What?" by Mr. Reginald V. Harris, of Halifax, a gentleman who has given much thought to this question. Our columns are open for a discussion of Professor Wilmott's suggestion.

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T H E

Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL. 5

Toronto, April 10th, 1909

No. 19

IN THE DAY'S WORK

Soldier and Editor Too

MAJOR MORRISON, whom Lieut.-Colonel Steele has succeeded as president of the South African Veterans' Association, is one of the most distinguished men in the Canadian militia. He is also an editor. But he has been a soldier longer than he has been an editor—and he is not yet quite sure whether the pen is mightier than the sword. However, it was while he was editor of the *Ottawa Citizen* that the Boer War broke out—and so did he, being then Lieut. Morrison in "D" Battery, R.C.A. This proved to be the tide in Morrison's life that led if not to fortune, at least to high distinction. His brigade served first in General Ian Hamilton's division; subsequently under General Smith-Dorrien—and the story of how the combined Royal Canadian Artillery, Dragoons and Rifles saved the day at Lilliefontein on the Koomati, is told on the bas-relief of the Strathcona monument in Dominion Square, Montreal. For his gallant services in this action Lieut. Morrison received the D. S. O. cross and was breveted as Captain. The D. S. O. ranks next to the Victoria Cross in importance. Since the Boer War, Major Morrison has been active in the militia. Three years ago he organised the 23rd Battery of Ottawa and the following year his corps won the first prize for shooting—among all the batteries of Canada. Last year the 23rd was first in manoeuvre, second in general efficiency and second in shooting. Major Morrison has since been gazetted as commander of the 8th Artillery Brigade.

* * *

A Typical Country Colonel

COUNTRY colonels are men who win their way to prominence by much hard work and through self-denying ordinances in what are usually known as the "rural corps." The portrait of a typical Canadian country colonel in person and experience is given herewith. This is Lieut.-Col. A. Wilson, of Seaforth, who recently succeeded to the command of the "33rd Huron Regiment." Canada has now almost one hundred of these country colonels in active work, several hundred on the retired list, and more to come. They are a large portion of the military "backbone" of the country.

* * *

A Developing Young Artist

CASE of a young man who in an art career has forged with rather phenomenal rapidity to something like a front rank is presented by Mr. John Russell. Three years ago Mr. Russell was working in a Toronto engraving house. The other day the Dominion Government purchased a large painting of his—at a price that made it well worth while for Mr. Russell to have painted it. The picture has been on exhibition at the Canadian Art Club, from which three pictures were bought; two others being one each from Messrs. Homer Watson and J. Arch. Browne. Mr. Russell is the son of Dr. Russell, formerly superintendent of the Hamilton Asylum. He got his first training at the Hamilton Art School; spent five years in New York and three years ago went to Paris, where he still lives. As long as he remains in Paris he will never do any distinctively Canadian work. The picture he sold was continental rather than Canadian in both choice of subject and style of treatment.

It is pleasant to note that wherever our artists go, they do not forget the home-land. They send us their best work for inspection, and it is well that we should appreciate it. In Mr. Russell's case,



Lt.-Col. A. Wilson,
New Commandant 33rd Regiment

we have done well. In the past, however, we have not been as generous as we might have been.

* * *

Rather Remarkable Lawyer

MR. N. W. ROWELL is an example of a young man who while a lawyer and a worker in politics, has devoted a good share of his life thus far directly to the promotion of moral interests in Canada. He was president of the great Congress of lay missions brought to a close in Toronto last week. In the thousands of delegates from all over Canada and part of the United States, there were perhaps hundreds of men who knew more about the science of ethics and the story of the Scriptures than N. W. Rowell, the lawyer. But there is no man in Canada who has more consistently hewed to a chalk line in the matter of straight practical morality and church work than Mr. Rowell. Had he put the same energy into politics as he has expended on missionary problems he might have been one of the foremost young men in the Canadian House of Commons to-day. But he has been in church work all his life. As a lad in London he worked in the dry-goods store of a well-known Methodist called "Sharp." He was parcel boy—and a diligent young hustler he was, pushing his devious way

over the streets of London up till twelve o'clock Saturday night, when he quit because he did not believe in working on Sunday. By self-help he got out of a clerkship in dry-goods into the study of law. Best of twenty years he has been a lawyer in Toronto. Half that while he has been superintendent of the Metropolitan Methodist Sunday School. There have been few mission or church congresses in Toronto of recent years in which Mr. Rowell has not been a conspicuous figure. He studied missions with one eye—while for some years he looked after the Lake Superior Power Co. with the other. He is not exactly a corporation lawyer. He has been called uninteresting; but when Mr. Rowell gets his legal mind on to a church problem and rises on a platform to speak his mind, it takes a rather eloquent, interesting man to keep the attention of an audience half so well as he does. His speech to the laymen's congress in Toronto ranked among the most constructive; less eloquent than some, but in its grasp of the practical, national side of the missionary question

more statesmanlike than the average. He has perhaps a dry mind; is not given to joking on the platform; has nothing in common with Mark Twain. But he knows how to get into the marrow of a question that affects on one side the church, on the other the commercial world. He has taken part in a number of political campaigns; has always been a strong Liberal; was once talked of as a possible leader for the Liberal party in the Ontario Legislature. But he

has never been a member of either Legislature or Parliament and so far as is known has no ambition so to be.

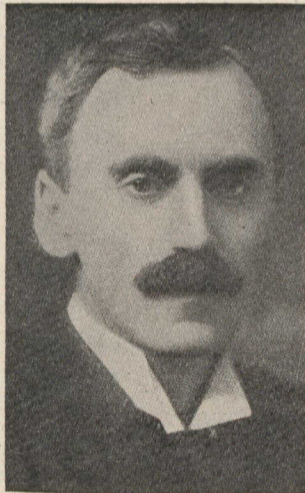
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A Coal Mathematician

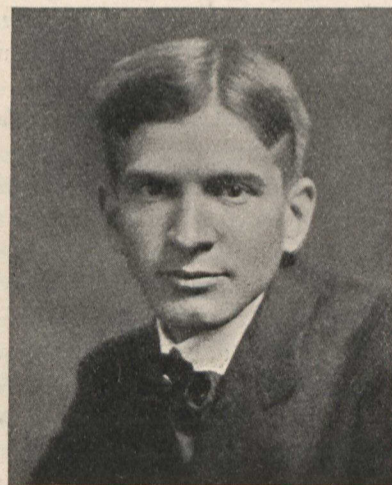
MR. D. B. MCKENZIE is one of the new Liberal members of the House of Commons from Nova Scotia, and he is as good at the talk as any of the rest from down below. His recent speech on the coal trade almost entitles him to be a deputy Finance Minister. Mr. McKenzie believes in coal as the basis of industry and therefore of trade. He estimates the number of people engaged in mining Canadian coal as 113,109. Multiplying this number by four he discovers that there are 452,436 people dependent on Canadian coal for a living. They spend \$4,524,360 every month.



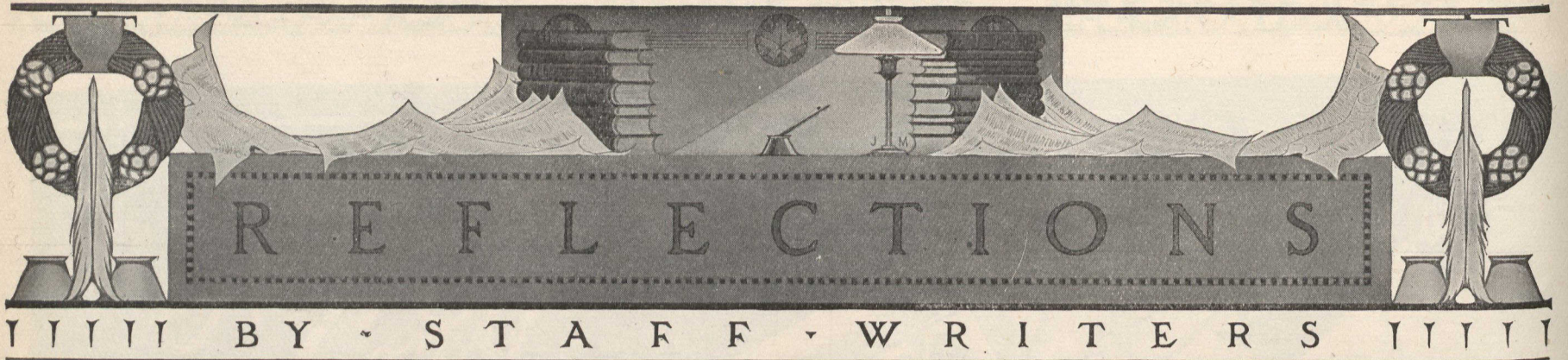
Major E. W. B. Morrison,
Prominent Artillery Officer.



Mr. N. W. Rowell,
Chairman Laymen's Congress.



Mr. John Russell,
A Rising Artist.



ESTABLISH A SHIP-YARD.

CANADA'S greatest ship-yards to-day are on the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, whereas they should be in the Maritime Provinces. Great steel ships of the modern type are built on salt water, not on fresh water. If Canada is to have a steel-ship industry worthy of the name, that sort of manufacturing must be done on the Atlantic coast.

The Dominion Government should establish, or encourage a private company to establish, a great ship-yard at some point in Nova Scotia or New Brunswick, where the steel and coal so profusely produced in the Atlantic provinces could be utilised. This could be done by offering to place a yearly order for a complete battleship with any firm undertaking to create and maintain a fair-sized industry of this character. Halifax would be the natural place for the first yard of this kind, since it possesses a graving dock of large proportions and several marine railways. The graving dock is not essential, but it is of prime importance in the matter of ship-repairs and general overhauling.

Perhaps we cannot construct steel ships as cheaply as they do at Belfast, or on the Tyne or on the Clyde, but the difference in price would be but a temporary adverse argument. If Canada is to be national in its development and self-sustaining in its ultimate condition, a beginning in the construction of ocean vessels, merchant or naval, must be made. Now seems to be an opportune time for an experiment along these lines.



THE DAYLIGHT BILL.

THE idea of getting up an hour earlier and quitting work an hour earlier each day during the summer months seems to be growing in favour. Canada and Great Britain seem determined to give it a trial. It is estimated that Great Britain would save about twelve and a half million dollars in artificial light alone, and Canada would no doubt effect a proportionate saving. Only the gas and electric light companies would be opposed to this item. The steamship and railway companies stand to gain, because the longer evenings would give more time for excursions.

Western Canada is not so interested as Eastern Canada. In the West, the evenings are long and reading in the open air can be kept up until nine or nine-thirty. Indeed, one of the troubles of the Western summer is that there are too few hours of darkness for the tired citizen. Yet the citizen bears with the disadvantage because of the effect of the long day on the rapidly developing wheat crop. From the Great Lakes to the Atlantic, the bill which Mr. Lewis, M.P., has introduced at Ottawa, would be of considerable importance if it passes into law. It might induce more people to take a deep interest in our glorious sunrises and it might enable many sportively inclined gentlemen to get home earlier in the evenings than has been their usual custom.



MARATHONS AND THE PUBLIC.

NO man with sense who saw the crowds which last Saturday hung around the newspaper offices watching billboards and listening to megaphonous announcements will say that Marathoning is dead. It is very much alive, no matter what we may think of its gruelling, brutalising tendencies. The savage in the Anglo-Saxon of this continent is far from being extinguished.

It is quite apparent that for another season we must bear with the bare-legged, evening aspirant for running honours. He does not raise as much dust as the man with the new automobile as he passes down the suburban street, and for that reason he is perhaps less objectionable to the quiet citizen pottering about his lawn and his flower-beds on a summer evening. There is an advantage, too, in

another respect. When the small boy, with his stockings rolled down to his boot-tops and his trousers rolled up to his thighs, is busy running along the back streets of the village, the windows of the householder are not so likely to be broken by stray lacrosse balls and baseballs.

It is to be hoped that the colleges will keep clear of the fever, however, and not let the good, old-fashioned cross-country run disappear under the competition of the more professional Marathon. The effect of this new form of competition on outdoor sports in general should be carefully watched.



MUNICIPAL BOWLING GREENS

WHEN the church and the municipality unite to encourage a sport there is evidence to the effect that said sport is both moral and healthful. That is what is happening in Toronto, where the first municipal bowling green will be opened on the Don Flats by a club composed largely of members of St. Enoch's Presbyterian Church and under the direction of its pastor.

It may seem strange to some to whom "ye ancient game of bowls" has been pictured as about three parts liquid refreshments that it should have found favour in the eyes of the church, but it must be remembered that bowls and Presbyterianism both claim as their home that "land of brown heath and scraggy wood" that poets and oatmeal millers have combined to make famous.

The municipal bowling green is also a native of Scotia, though there has been a slumbering suspicion that the bawbees it brought to the civic coffer rather than its moral influence was what endeared it to the heart of the thrifty Scot. For at a penny a game the revenue from these civic bowling greens is no insignificant item. But as usual somebody has been doing injustice to the Scottish nation.

Anyway, the municipal bowling green will make its appearance in Canada this spring. It tends to give a healthful recreation at popular prices and with the present bowling fever sweeping over the Dominion it goes without saying that the movement will spread and spread quickly.

And it is a movement well deserving of the clerical and municipal patronage it is receiving. Anything that tends to keep the Canadian out in the sunshine is exerting an influence, moral as well as physical, that cannot be over-estimated.



MISLEADING ESTIMATES.

OF all things under heaven the most unreliable are engineers' estimates. Sometimes the honour is conceded to women, but estimates made by engineers have practically taken this laurel wreath unto themselves. The National Transcontinental was to cost a paltry sum, which has grown from year to year, since 1904, until it now amounts to three hundred million dollars. Of this the Dominion Government, according to the Opposition critics, is to supply 270 and the Grand Trunk thirty millions.

That the Grand Trunk Pacific has been as badly misled as the Government by engineers' estimates is amply proven by the fact that they had to come to the Government this year for a special loan of ten millions. Of course, there was the precedent. When the Canadian Pacific Railway Company got into trouble, with an unfinished railway on their hands, Sir John Macdonald loaned them twenty-five millions. Perhaps the Grand Trunk Pacific will come back for the other fifteen millions later on. They may consider that good precedents should be preserved.

It seems surprising that in view of the great expense of this road that neither the Government nor the Opposition has had the courage to cut out the Quebec to Moncton line, which at best saves only 26 miles over the present Intercolonial route. This unnecessary section would save fifteen million dollars—and perhaps the hundred-million-

dollar Intercolonial. If the new section is a better road, and it should be, it will be the last straw on the camel's back, the Intercolonial being the camel in the case. Everybody is agreed that the Quebec-Moncton section is a waste of money, but politics are such that no one has the nerve to place statesmanship ahead of politics.

The National Transcontinental, whatever the cost, must be completed. There is little use crying over these increased expenditures. Perhaps the country can get even by burying the Georgian Bay Canal scheme for another twenty-five years and thus come out no worse. The estimates for that glittering proposal are about 150 millions, which means that it would probably cost 250 millions, and then perhaps be as waterless at the highest point as the Newmarket canal at its lowest point. Let us go on with the Transcontinental, but let us not forget in future that there are lies, blank lies and engineers' estimates.



LORD MILNER'S IMPERIALISM

TO the April number of the *Canadian Magazine*, Mr. John S. Ewart contributes an article, "Lord Milner's Imperialism," which considers at length the addresses made by that British visitor when he was in Canada last autumn. While the review has much that is worthy of respectful consideration, the closing paragraph is such as to surprise many Canadian readers. The writer concludes: "If Lord Milner's visit has been of the slightest service to him, he now knows that Canada will never agree to imperial federation, and he knows that he has done not a little to make more difficult the realisation of his desire for stronger sympathy and completer co-operation. . . . We admire Lord Milner's ability and strength, but we recognise in him a danger to that which we hold dearest."

The writer of that final sentence can hardly represent the feelings of those who listened to Lord Milner or who have read his Canadian speeches. Never did a speaker from over the sea address an audience in this Dominion with more modesty and discretion than were displayed by this man whom the Canadian Clubs, from Vancouver to Montreal, delighted to honour. Mr. Ewart seems to consider that imperialism in the Eighteenth Century meant the Stamp Act, and that the new imperialism is foolishness. The term has been sadly abused, it is true, but the Ministers of George III. were not taking it into consideration, nor can the tuft-hunters of to-day be regarded as "imperialists."

The writer of the article, from which quotation has been made, appears to regard Canada's loyalty to the British Empire and her patriotism as incompatible. Westminster, in his estimation, has always been wrong and purblind. This is a curious insinuation from a writer acquainted with British history. Allowing for such crimes and blunders, as have stained the record of all national development, the history of those little islands, "a speck on the world's map and a monarch in the world's councils," is such as to make the Briton, whether born in Liverpool, Winnipeg or Melbourne, feel that he is, indeed, "the heir of all the ages." We are not likely to be "dominated" at this stage of colonial development, and we cannot afford to be isolated from the issues which are affecting the modern political world. The writer of the *Canadian Magazine* article must have fallen foul of a cockney immigrant belonging to the unemployable class, or a condescending remittance man, ready to explain just how Canada should be governed. However, he might remember that the Empire is neither guided nor represented by such, and that the returning Tommy Atkins uttered colloquial wisdom when he remarked:

"If England was what England seems,
And not the England of our dreams,
But only putty, brass and paint,
'Ow quick we'd chuck 'er—but she ain't!"



CANADA'S MISSIONARY POLICY

NO one could attend the meetings of the Canadian National Missionary Congress in Toronto last week without being convinced that the movement was earnest and decided. The general enthusiasm, the intense feeling evident at all the sessions, the eloquent and forceful addresses, and the spirit of earnest co-operation which over-rode creeds and sects, were unimpeachable evidence that a new missionary spirit had arisen in Canada. The Canadian Council is to be continued, a permanent secretary was provided for, and an inter-denominational co-operating committee is to be organised in every municipality. Already the contributions have risen from \$535,000 in

1908 to a promise of \$1,540,000 in 1909. Winnipeg leads with a promise of \$10 per capita; Calgary promises \$8.88, Vancouver \$8.62, Toronto \$8.33, Montreal \$8.33 and so on through the list. The aim of the Congress is still far beyond the actual promises. They desire a total annual contribution of \$4,500,000 of which \$1,300,000 is to go to home missions.

There are those who believe that the home missions should be more largely favoured because of Canada's growing foreign population. Thirty per cent. seems a small proportion, but the Congress has so decided and it would be of little benefit to protest.

Perhaps the greatest result of the Congress will be its influence in favour of church unity. All the Protestant bodies have united on a single missionary policy, and this may pave the way for future co-operation along broader lines. If this possible and probable benefit accrues as a result of this Laymen's Movement, the work will have justified itself, aside from the broadening effect upon Christianity and christianising in general. With creed and dogma and ritual forgotten in a spontaneous outburst of religious enthusiasm, those who have veered off from the churches because of exhibitions of narrowness, bigotry and sect hatred will probably find their way back to active connection with religious work and effort. Much depends on whether the movement will spread wide and deep, with adequate permanent influence.



THE SCHOOL TEACHER—A CIVIL SERVANT

FEW people regard the school-teacher as a civil servant, yet he is undoubtedly in that class. Moreover, he has been the only civil servant in Canada under a civil service commission system. He must pass at least two examinations to get his certificate—one examination in theoretical work, and one in practical work. Then he gets his certificate from the Department of Education or some similar examining body. Even then he is not entitled to a position. He must wait until a position is vacant and a new teacher is required. Further, he must then come into competition with other applicants. His standing on his examinations is considered. His age, parents, address and other qualities are discussed. Finally, the school-board appoints one of the applicants. There is no civil servant in the country, not even a policeman or fireman in the large cities, who is so carefully examined before given a position, nor is there one who faces keener competition.

It is the application of such a system to all civil servants, federal, provincial or civic, which is the ambition of those who advocate Civil Service Reform. Just imagine the kind of school-teachers we would have if the choice and appointment of all these men and women were left in the hands of members of the provincial legislatures! Does any sane man think that under such a system our teachers would be such a magnificent, well-equipped, well-trained body of men and women as we have to-day in every province of the Dominion? How many men would enter the public school-teaching service, if they knew that after years of work, they might find some mechanic who knew nothing of education placed by political pull over their heads in a position as principal of a school or as inspector? The introduction of the spoils system into the teaching profession would ruin our schools utterly.

Yet, this is just the kind of system which prevails in other branches of the civil service. During the past few months, a grey-headed politician who was a furniture manufacturer has been appointed postmaster of Toronto; a grey-headed politician who was a business man has been made postmaster of St. John; a grey-headed doctor and ex-member of the Commons has been made postmaster at London; and a newspaper publisher and ex-member of Parliament has been made surveyor of customs in Toronto. What must be the feelings of the members of the civil service who are forced to work under these men? Is it any wonder that our civil servants are occasionally found shirking their duties and careless of the return which they render for their salaries? Is it any wonder that nearly every service performed by a government department, federal or provincial, costs twenty-five to fifty per cent. more than if it were performed by a private corporation?

Every branch of every civil service should be, like the teaching profession, placed upon the merit system. Competitive examinations for entrance, merit in work and competitive examinations for promotion, and no person allowed to enter the service by the underground route, should be the rule everywhere. This improvement in the public service is the aim of all civil service reformers.

THROUGH A MONOCLE

REFORMING THE WORLD

"Oh! wad some power the giftie gie us"
To see others as they see themselves.

THAT is a slight variation from the original, but it sets forth in the form of a petition an equally great lack in our common human nature. It is my opinion that more mistaken judgments, doing far greater harm to all concerned, are due to this failure to see others as they see themselves than are to be debited to the inability mourned by Bobby Burns. We are constantly measuring other people in our half-bushel. When they do not do as we do, or as we think we ought to do, we jump at once to the conclusion that they are consciously doing wrong, and we condemn them freely with superior tone and censorious adjective. But they are probably obeying another standard of ethics. They have come to a different conclusion respecting conduct, and are acting in accord with it. They can look themselves in the face quite as confidently as we do; and what they need—supposing them to be wrong—is not castigation but reasoning. We should try to appeal to their judgment—not to their consciences.

* * *

I WAS talking to a fine fellow the other day about the inability of some people to see that they should not make free with public funds. My friend is an exceptionally straight chap, and he was very indignant. I said to him: "They are poor people. They think that the taxes are paid by the rich. And they think it a small offence to anticipate charity by taking a little." But my friend would not have it. They were "dishonest." "They don't think so," I said. He smiled pityingly at my lack of principle. "There must be a straight line drawn between right and wrong, Friend Monocle," he vociferated. I put my hand on his shoulder. I said: "When you get on a street car and the conductor does not notice that you have not paid your fare, what do you do?" "Oh, well," he deprecated; and then added: "Two wrongs do not make a right." "No," I admitted, "but I merely wanted to call your attention to the fact that the line which most of us draw between right and wrong is not very straight—it is wavy."

* * *

WHEN I was in Paris, I met an American young lady who said that the ladies of Paris were "immodest." It was not a subject we could discuss very well, for we were both Anglo-Saxons; and there are an awful lot of things which Anglo-Saxons must not say to each other. But I knew what she meant, and she knew that I knew what she meant. Anglo-Saxon convention does not object to that. If we just pretend a little, we are all right. That is why Continental Europeans accuse us of hypocrisy. Anyway, I said to the young lady—and she was a very nice, dainty, well-conducted-looking young

lady—"Do you ever go out on the streets alone?" "Of course," she said; "why shouldn't I?" "Do men ever speak to you?" I asked. "They do," she replied, blushing indignantly, and then added: "That is just what I say. The people here do not know what modesty means. They have no respect for a lady." Then, as gently as I could, I said: "A Parisian boulevardier does not think that a young lady who goes out alone without an escort will resent being spoken to."

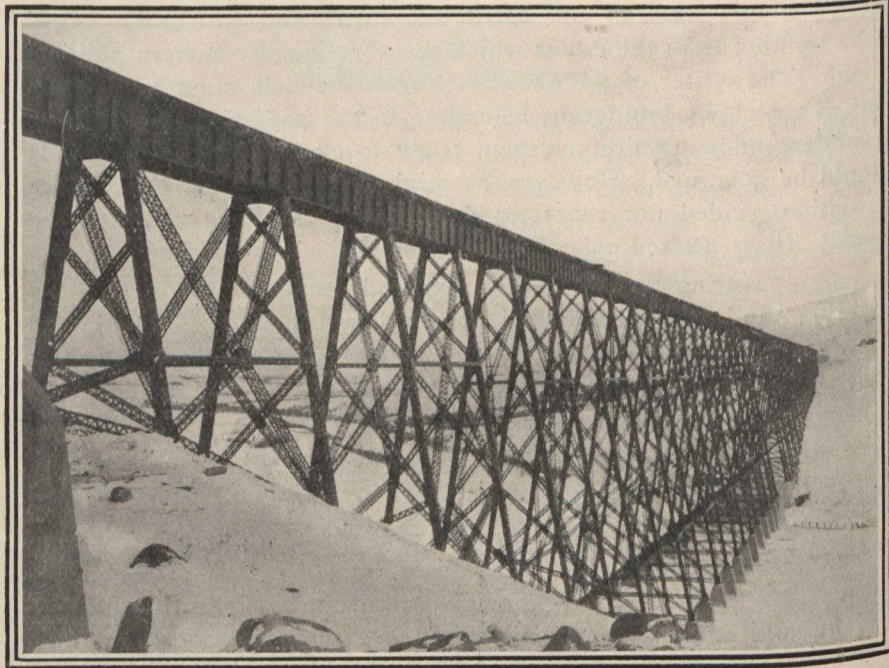
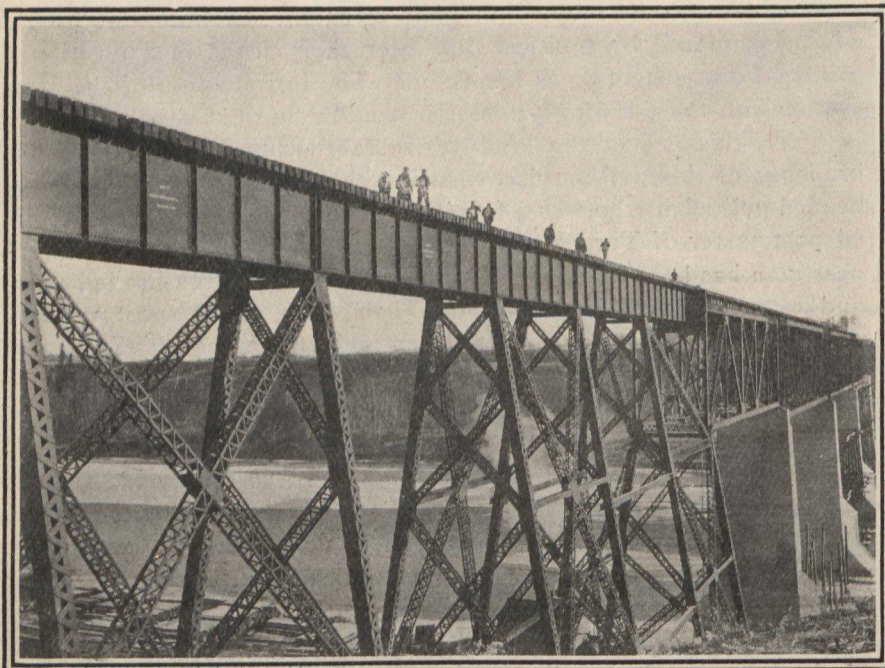
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"MOREOVER," I ventured to add, "if any Parisian lady happened to see you on the streets alone without an escort, and did not understand that that is the custom in your country and that allowance must be made for barbarians from America, she would think that you were shamefully immodest in thus inviting promiscuous masculine attentions." The discussion stopped there. The young lady did not like it. But I venture to record it simply to illustrate how differently people look at things. To the Parisian, the way in which we allow young girls to go about unchaperoned and to appear on the streets without escort, is too shocking for words; and it is only when they have achieved that broadmindedness which lets them see others as they see themselves that they can believe that perfectly pure-minded young ladies will do such things. And all the time these "American barbarians" are sitting in judgment on other practices of the Parisian ladies; and doing so with precious little broadmindedness, in too many cases.

* * *

WE would get on far better with that great task to which all of us instinctively set ourselves—the reformation of the world—if we took pains to get a look at other people's conduct from their own point of view. By "reformation of the world," we generally mean making it as nearly as possible like ourselves. But even this high achievement would be easier of accomplishment if we began by understanding the position of the "heathen." A very good basic rule to begin with is that no class of people systematically violate their own standard of ethics. They think that their conduct is right; and—if the circumstances are at all similar—they are critical of our conduct. They justify themselves to themselves. Yet we so often assume—as that American young lady in Paris did, for instance—that they lack the fundamental virtues—that they are not "modest" or "honest" or whatever the point of difference may be. We will do better to assume the precise contrary—that they are just as "modest" or "honest" as we are—and then sit down, and candidly and without prejudice ask ourselves whether we are "dead sure" that we alone are right. We will catch ourselves yet, if we are not careful, hastily grabbing the evening's paper to see whether the stock we are "dabbling in" has gone up or down, and then turning to the local columns to unctuously commend the police for having raided a Chinese "fan tan" joint.

THE MONOCLE MAN.



Two great bridges on the Grand Trunk Pacific. The Battle River Viaduct (right) is 675 miles west of Winnipeg, is 2772 feet long and is 184 feet above the water. It has two end spans and fifty-one intermediate spans resting on 26 towers and contains 3,400 tons of steel. The Clover Bar Bridge (left) is 111 miles farther west and one of the greatest in the world. It is 1,665 feet long, 136 feet above low water. The four main piers which are about 3,700 square feet in area at base, average 120 feet in height. The spans are fewer and larger, the quantity of steel is less and the concrete is just double that of the Battle River Bridge. Work on the Clover Bar was begun in December, 1906 and the entire structure was completed December 26th, 1908.



St. Yves—The Winner



Several well known Canadians watched Longboat change his shoes

The Derby Marathon

THE big \$10,000 Marathon at the new Polo Grounds, New York, demonstrated that Marathon racing may take the place of horse racing in the American metropolis. The weather was disagreeable, and the track bad, but that did not keep 30,000 people from passing the turnstiles, nor little men with little cards in their hands from moving amid the throng and giving supporters of the different competitors a chance to do it in coin as well as words.

And truly, with the chance to gamble, the feeling aroused by the nationalities of the different runners and the wonderful newspaper notoriety the race received, it is not to be wondered at that a whole continent seemed to be sitting up listening for the result.

It was a great race of its kind too, and there were cheers in many different languages during the afternoon. Frenchmen cheered and wept and hugged and kissed the sturdy little St. Yves when, after making a runaway race of it, he sprinted under the wire almost as fresh as when he started. Englishmen roared their approval when along about the seventh mile Alfred Shrubbs, the greatest runner in the world up to twelve miles, went out to try the

French speed marvel, and they cheered again and again as he romped along in front at the pace that has won so many races and has set so many records.

Italians, with their faces reflecting the sun of their native Italy, emitted little yelps of excited pleasure as Dorando Pietri, their wine trained champion, going at a nicely timed pace, only seemed to be waiting for the two sprinters in front to run themselves into the earth and let him go on and win.

Canadians too had their moments of elation though the Indian, Longboat, the greatest Marathoner of them all, was far from being in condition. Yet as mile after mile of the almost endless grind was turned off, his long easy lope kept him with the leaders apparently without effort and till outraged nature revolted in the seventeenth mile no one could tell but that it might swing him first past the post.

Then Hayes and Maloney gave the Eagle an occasional chance to scream. To be sure the two Irish-Americans fell to the rear soon after the start. But it was remembered that Hayes won the Olympic Marathon at London by carefully plodding along in the rear while the cracks raced each other to death. And for a while it looked as if London might be repeated. With the twentieth mile post Longboat was in his training quarters, Shrubbs had

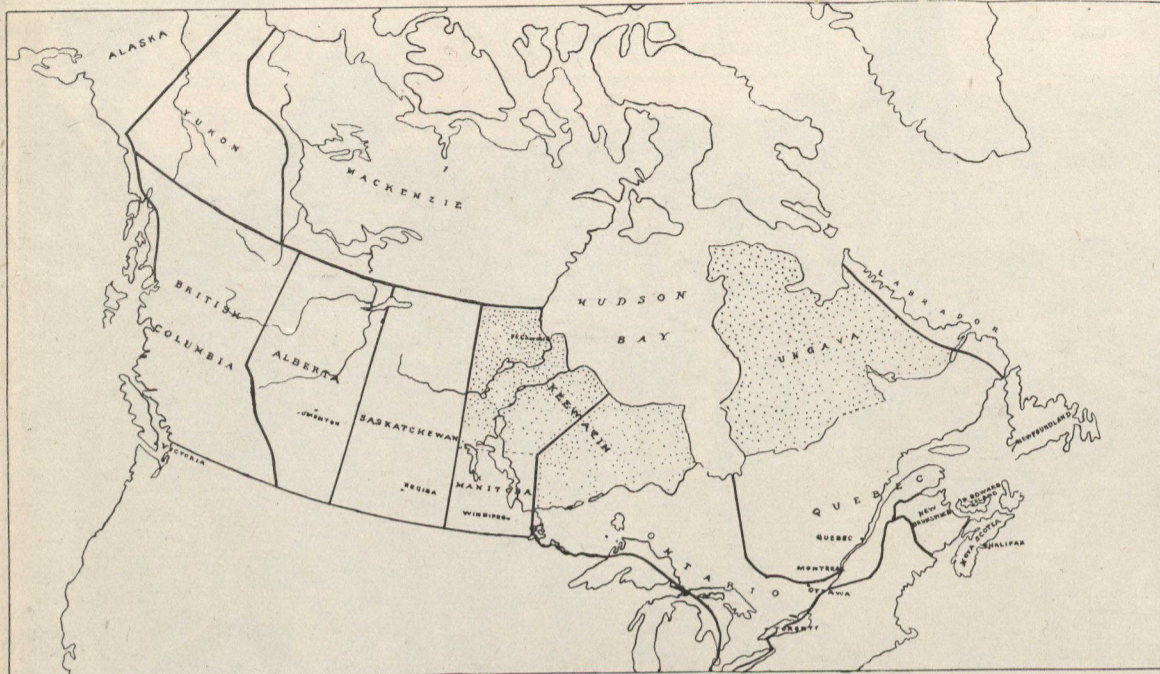
shot his bolt and was looking for a place to sit down, and Dorando was hanging out signs of distress. Only the tireless Frenchman out in front was dancing along as if he knew no fatigue. Then Hayes and Maloney started to come and as they mowed down the laps that separated them from Shrubbs and Dorando, American hopes had a brief innings—even St. Yves might stop you know. Shrubbs dragged his legs along to the 25th mile and collapsed. Dorando, wavering in his stride, appeared as if he would follow suit and it looked like Uncle Sam for second and third. But as the Frenchman romped across the line an easy winner in record time, the son of Sunny Italy appeared to take a new lease of life. His wavering legs seemed to take on new strength, his drooping head came up with a jerk, and try as they would Hayes and Maloney could not cut down his lead another inch. And so they finished, St. Yves first, Dorando second and the Olympic champion beating Maloney by a narrow margin for third place.

And so the Marathon continues to thrive. Medical men may denounce it as detrimental to the youth of the land; critics may tell you it is the poorest form of spectacular amusement; but so long as it is fed on national sentiment, or rather prejudice, and stimulated by gambling it will continue to hold the public interest.



THE BIG MARATHON AT NEW YORK.

The Starters—Shrubbs, Dorando Pietri, St. Yves, Longboat, Hayes and Maloney



Map Showing the New Territory (dotted) to be divided among Ontario, Quebec and Manitoba, as proposed in Parliament last year.

THE NEW PROVINCE OF ACADIA

By A. B. WILMOTT

LAST winter the Premier made some interesting statements concerning the proposed enlargement of the provincial boundaries of Manitoba, Ontario and Quebec. Map No. 1 shows how the southern part of Keewatin was to be divided between Manitoba and Ontario, and that Ungava was to be added to Quebec. The following table shows the present area in square miles of each province, the area as proposed in Parliament, and as proposed in this article:

	Present Area	Proposed Area Parliament	Proposed Area this Article
British Columbia	372,360	372,360	372,360
Alberta	253,540	253,540	253,540
Saskatchewan	250,650	250,650	250,650
Manitoba	73,732	253,732	253,732
Ontario	260,862	400,862	400,862
Quebec	351,873	817,873	451,873
New Brunswick	27,985	27,985	276,597
Nova Scotia	21,428	21,428	
Prince Edward Island	2,184	2,184	207,076
Yukon (territory)	207,076	207,076	
Ungava	466,000	nil	nil
Newfoundland	42,734	49,734	190,734
Labrador	7,000		

Map No. 2 shows the provincial boundaries for eastern Canada which are advocated in this article. It will be noted that instead of giving the whole of Ungava to Quebec, and making that province more than twice the size of the next largest, an exchange of territory is proposed. Quebec is asked to give up some of her eastern counties in return for a larger area on the northwest. Her area would be increased say 100,000 square miles to a total of 451,873, making her the largest province. Such a transfer is not without precedent, as the counties of Soulanges and Vaudreuil, now in Quebec, were formerly in Upper Canada.

Out of the three maritime provinces and portions of Quebec and Ungava the new province of Acadia could be formed. In area it would embrace the combined area of the three old provinces, 51,597 square miles, and 225,000 square miles additional, a total of 276,597.

To Newfoundland our Parliament might say, come into the Dominion and we will add to your area 141,000 square miles, making you a province similar in form to the others, and with an area of 190,734 square miles.

These proposals seem to have the following advantages over those made by Parliament:

1. Quebec is not made so overwhelmingly large compared with the other provinces.
2. An inducement could be held out to

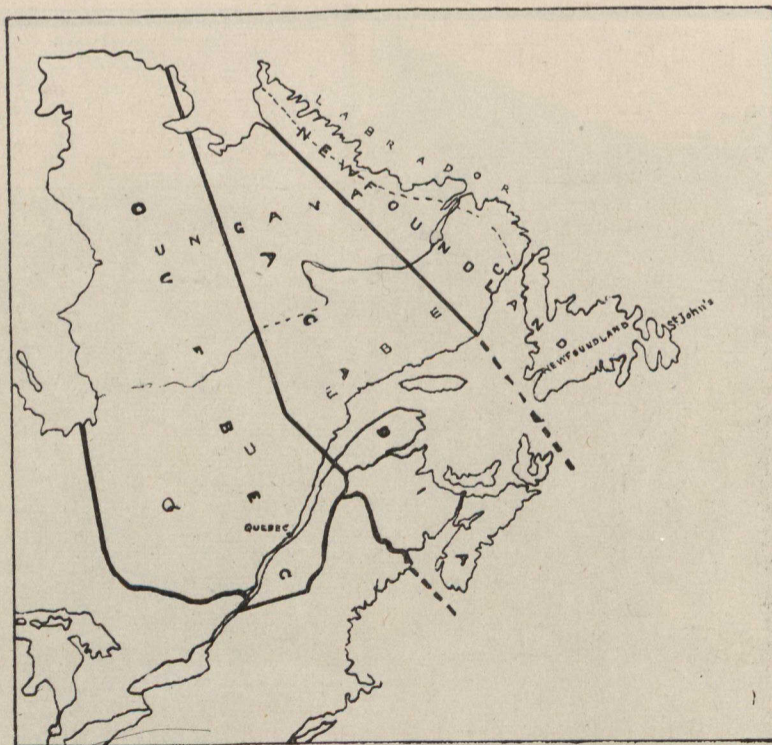
the three maritime provinces that a grant of 225,000 square miles would be made them if they would unite. This would result in the merging of three expensive legislatures into one, and the consolidation of three departments of education, agriculture, and crown lands into one. That there would be a great saving in expense and increase in efficiency will be admitted by all. I think further, the pride of the maritime province people would be touched, and they would find new life in developing their new north.

3. By offering Newfoundland in the same way 141,000 square miles, it is probable she could be brought into the Dominion in the near future. This would clear up the question of the Labrador boundary now in dispute, simplify our fishing entanglements, and round out the Dominion in a way we all desire.

4. It makes eight similarly situated provinces right across the Dominion, each with their southern parts settled, and an undeveloped hinterland.

The extension of Quebec should certainly be delayed until propositions such as this can be fully considered. If it should prove impracticable to transfer the eastern part of Quebec to "Acadia" in return for a larger area in Ungava, then it might be best to offer all Ungava to a united maritime province.

This subject will be further discussed in next week's issue.



Map Showing how to divide Eastern Canada and make a new Province equal to Alberta or Saskatchewan and still leave something for Newfoundland

Bores I Have Brushed Against

By NORMAN HARRIS

CATCHY title that, says the ordinary man, as he mayhap settles back to read. Knows a couple of dozen people that come under the category. And possibly he is a bore himself, and doesn't know it.

Bores are not limited to sex or age. To meet one is an exquisite unhappiness, and to escape one is often a fine art. Presume you yourself are not a bore—and some people presume a great deal—you constantly run up against the genus that talk like an alarm clock tick, propelled by a brain of the irreducible minimum proportion.

A common type of bore is one who, through thrift, or wealth, or by visitation of providence, takes a trip abroad. He returns with every symptom of "boritis" and works himself into the finished article inside three weeks. When this form of bore develops, its conversation is thickly studded with references to things abroad. The catacombs is its catechism, and it early gets Pantheon appendicitis. It subtly twists some remarks we have made on New Ontario into a reference to Westminster Abbey and then it grabs us bodily and takes us through that old pile, from base to pinnacle. It tells us what seething impressions it got when it first saw the abbey. Then it flits to the Tower, thence through thirty minutes more of guide-book description and back to the Tower. We go through the Tower again, even if our legs, in sympathy with our brain, begin to totter, and we leave there for the Abbey. This is kept up every time we see the bore till we take the savings of years piled up against a trip to London, and we scatter it in some piece of riotous living in which the bore cannot participate.

"When I was in Rome," from the lips of a bore, is like the rattle of a poisonous snake that warns before it bites. This form of bore snatches five weeks abroad from its normal existence, and wants to spend the next five years talking about it.

This bore may be cured by extended travel for a year, or by an operation. The X ray must be used to locate its brain.

The visit to these ice-rimmed shores of Kipling will doubtless produce about one gross of bores of another stamp. The bore now referred to is afflicted with ingrowing thoughts. In a moment of weakness someone may have handed him a dinner ticket, and he put on his plainest pair of spectacles and went to see Rudyard. Perhaps he cornered Kipling and forced an autograph from him. If he did, he's a grave case. Kindness only aggravates his mania.

He belongs to a club. He drifts in. "Nice day," you observe, not knowing the bore well.

"Charming; hardly the kind of weather mentioned in 'Our Lady of the Snows,' is it? However, Kipling didn't mean just that—"

"I should imagine Kipling knows how to express himself. He finished the poem, did he not?" you observe, turning over your newspaper.

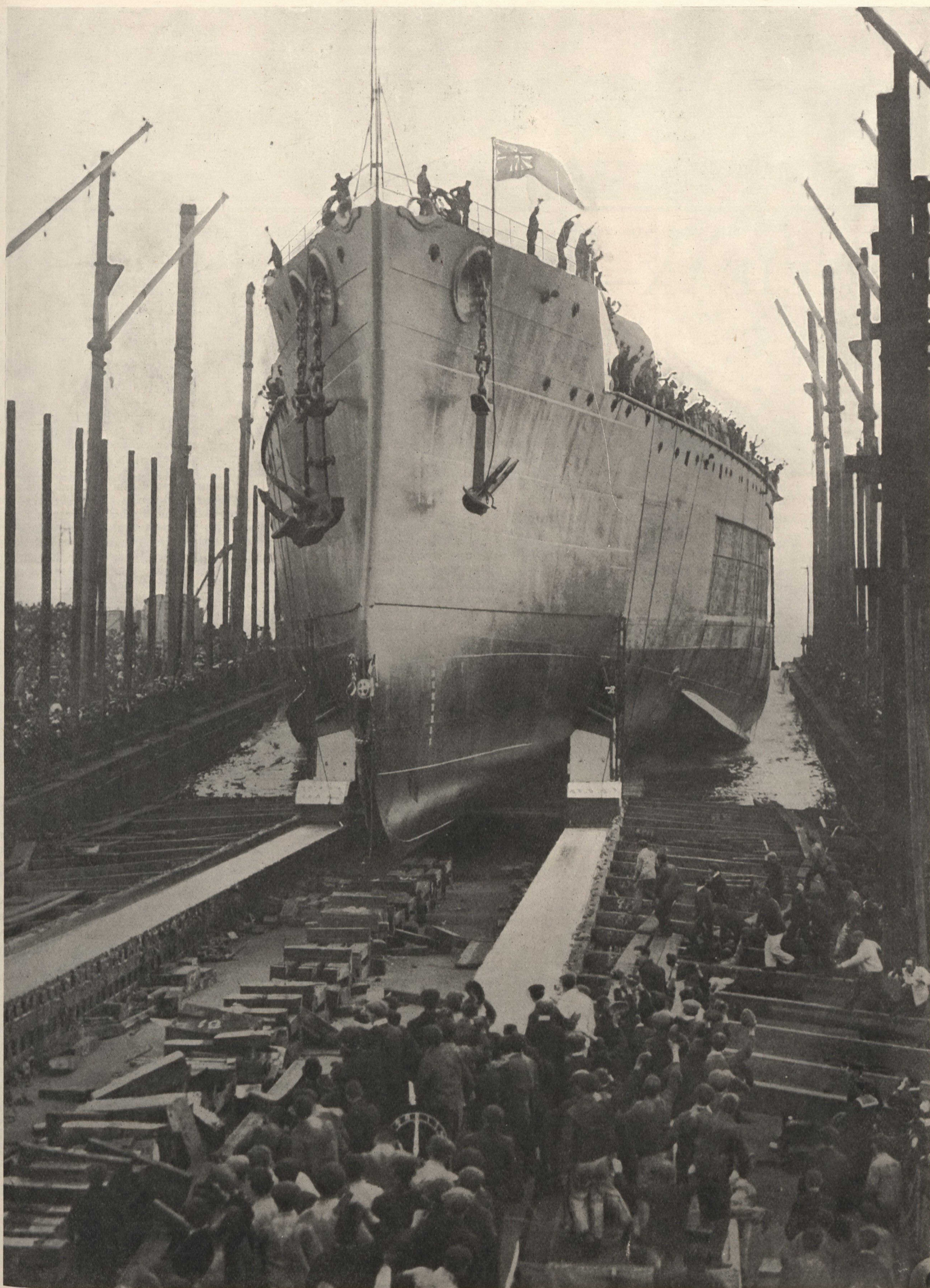
You're lost. Your guard is down, and with a glad smile the bore unlimbers his batteries. He mentions with a wave of his hand, that he is not speaking from theories. In fact, he chatted with Rudyard over this very matter recently, and he is in a position to put you right, and has time to do it. Of course he cannot betray any confidences, but he can say this much— And he says it.

A few weeks later you may sit next him at the theatre. If so, between the acts you hear him humming away to some poor woman about how Kipling wrote his first book, with a character sketch of the author, and something of his biography.

He wants to organise a Kipling Club, with himself as president. The sight of a military uniform sets him off declaiming passages from ballads, at the end of which he pulls out a jewel case, extracts Kipling's autograph and lets you examine it. The most prosaic incident reminds him of something the author said, did or thought. He takes as personal, to himself, any praise of the bard, and he chokes with indignation if anyone knocks the writer.

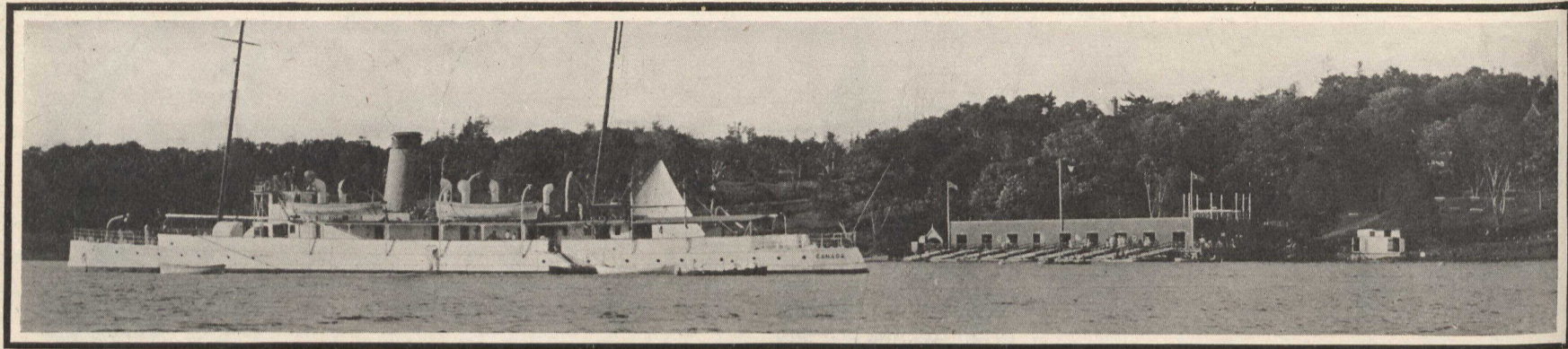
Met for the first time, this bore may be interesting. After the lapse of weeks, however, you begin to duck when you see him approaching. You can have some revenge by "sicking" a couple of dozen good, hard-headed book agents on this bore, but you can't reduce his fever. The headlong flight

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 24



BRITAIN'S LATEST DREADNOUGHT

Is a Dreadnought a large vessel? This picture of the launching of H.M.S. "Collingwood" gives the answer. Mrs. Asquith, wife of the Premier, did the christening as the boat slipped down the ways. The Daughters of the Empire of Collingwood, Ont., are contributing a piece of plate to this proud warship which will bear the name of their Town.



Halifax Harbour.—The Cruiser Canada opposite the new Waegwoltic Club Grounds—North West Arm.

HALIFAX—A NAVAL STATION

By NORMAN PATTERSON

CANADA has decided to build a navy and shortly the Government will be called upon to decide where it shall be built and where its headquarters shall be. The answer to both questions is—Halifax. If the boats are to be built in Canada, and undoubtedly most of them should be, they should be built at the same place as they are to be repaired, and they must be repaired at the place where they will have most ready access and most adequate protection. Speaking broadly, these are the reasons why Halifax must be chosen.

To consider the situation more in detail, Halifax has many advantages. In the first place, it is the best naval harbour on the Atlantic coast. From the outside entrance to the head of Bedford Basin is about fourteen miles and ships once in that harbour can easily be protected by coast defences and forts from attack by opposing vessels. The entrance to the harbour is already well protected by the best armed fortresses in Eastern Canada. The British Government has spent much money on these forts and their armament. Nature created this harbour of refuge; the British Government has added the fortifications. When the town was originally laid out, a large portion of the water front was reserved as a dockyard and there is plenty of accommodation for both shipbuilding and ship repairing. The inside of the harbour is easy of access at all times; the tides are not high; the water is of uniform depth; there is good holding ground for anchorage; there is a graving dock, 600 feet in length, capable of taking in the largest vessel; there are several marine railways and much subsidiary equipment.

Further, Halifax is the natural spot at which to build ships. Ship-building was once Nova Scotia's great enterprise. That was in the days of wooden vessels. Even yet, wooden vessels are built in considerable numbers. Some steel vessels have been constructed there, though not in Halifax. A shipyard for steel ship-building would be a natural development for Halifax, nevertheless. The Nova Scotia Steel and Iron Company, and the Dominion Iron and Steel Company have plants close at hand. From them the steel, or at least a great deal of it, could be procured. There is at least one Nova Scotia firm making engines who would be able to supply much of the necessary machinery. There is plenty of coal close at hand.

All that is required is that the Government of Canada should announce that it will place an order for three or five war-vessels to any firm which will establish a steel ship-yard at Halifax, and some British firm of ship-builders would be willing to

undertake the work. These vessels could be constructed on a commission basis, as the large White Star boats are built by Harland and Woolf at Belfast. This ship-yard with one war vessel a year to deliver would also be in a position to make steel vessels for the merchant marine and to repair any vessel, merchant or naval, which would require attention. This plan is not new. It has often been advocated and both the City of Halifax and the Province of Nova Scotia have standing offers of a bonus for such an undertaking.

* * *

THE HISTORY OF HALIFAX.

HALIFAX is one of the most ancient cities in Canada. Its magnificent harbour was early discovered by the French who were keenly on the alert for good harbours and strategic situations. It was the French who discovered Louisbourg, Quebec, Montreal, Chicago and St. Louis. They used Halifax as a basis for their attempt to retake Louisbourg after its capture by the New England forces in 1745.

It was in 1749, that the British took up the work of making Halifax a naval base. The British Government sent out 2,500 people, soldiers and settlers, under Colonel Cornwallis, first governor of the Colony, to lay the early foundations. It was from Halifax that a naval force was sent to the second capture of Louisbourg, and for the final attack upon Quebec. During the Revolutionary War, 1776 to 1783, expeditions were sent thence against Boston and New York. In 1812, it was again the rendezvous for the warships engaged in active operations against the United States. For nearly a century afterwards it was the base of supplies and the harbour of refuge for Britain's North Atlantic Squadron. It is one of the most important coaling stations which Great Britain possesses, though the North Atlantic Squadron and the British Garrison have passed into history, and the whole military and naval equipment is now under the direct control of the Canadian military authorities.

Besides its military and naval history, it has an equally long and important commercial history. From its docks, merchant vessels have come and gone for one hundred and fifty years. Its trade has been international—with Europe, the West Indies and the United States ports. To-day, especially during the winter months, the largest Canadian vessels running in the Atlantic make Halifax their first and last port of call. As Canada's foreign trade has grown, Halifax has shared in the development with St. John, Quebec and Montreal.

Politically also the city has had a notable history. Many famous men have lived there. Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, was twice stationed there. Lord Nelson visited it in his wanderings. Prince William Henry, afterwards William IV, knew the harbour well. Sir John Inglis and Sir Fenwick Williams of Kent, both Nova Scotians, served in the Garrison in the later years of their careers. Sir Samuel Cunard, founder of the famous Cunard Line, the first line of steamers to run between America and Europe, got his shipping inspiration in this his native city. It has produced a long line of famous politicians, statesmen and churchmen. Among these are Judge Archibald, one of the earliest of our great judges; the Right Rev. Charles Inglis, the first American Anglican Bishop; Hon. Richard John Uniacke, attorney-general for nigh forty years; Rev. William Black, founder of Nova Scotia Methodism; Rev. Thomas MacCulloch, a notable Presbyterian divine; Judge Haliburton, author of "Sam Slick," fifty-three years on the bench and twenty-seven years chief justice; Hon. Joseph Howe and Hon. J. W. Johnston, famous political opponents; Sir Charles Tupper and Sir John Thompson, afterwards Premiers of the Dominion; and Sir William Dawson, founder of Nova Scotia's school system and afterwards principal of McGill University.

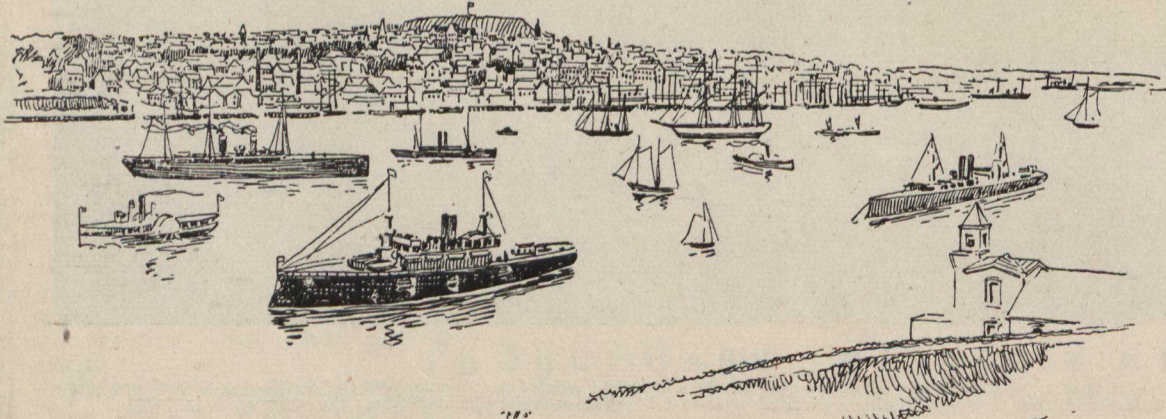
In 1811, Sir George Prevost laid the foundation of the famous Legislative Building which still stands as one of the most majestic structures of its kind in Canada. It was opened in 1819 by the Earl of Dalhousie. Its deep-stained stone and its stately Ionic columns give it an air of antiquity and stability. It contains a fine collection of old portraits. The other public buildings are numerous and some of them almost equally ancient. They give to the city, however, a military and official character which no other city, unless it is Quebec, can exhibit. The citadel and the fortifications on McNab's Island add a distinction which has given Halifax a character all its own.

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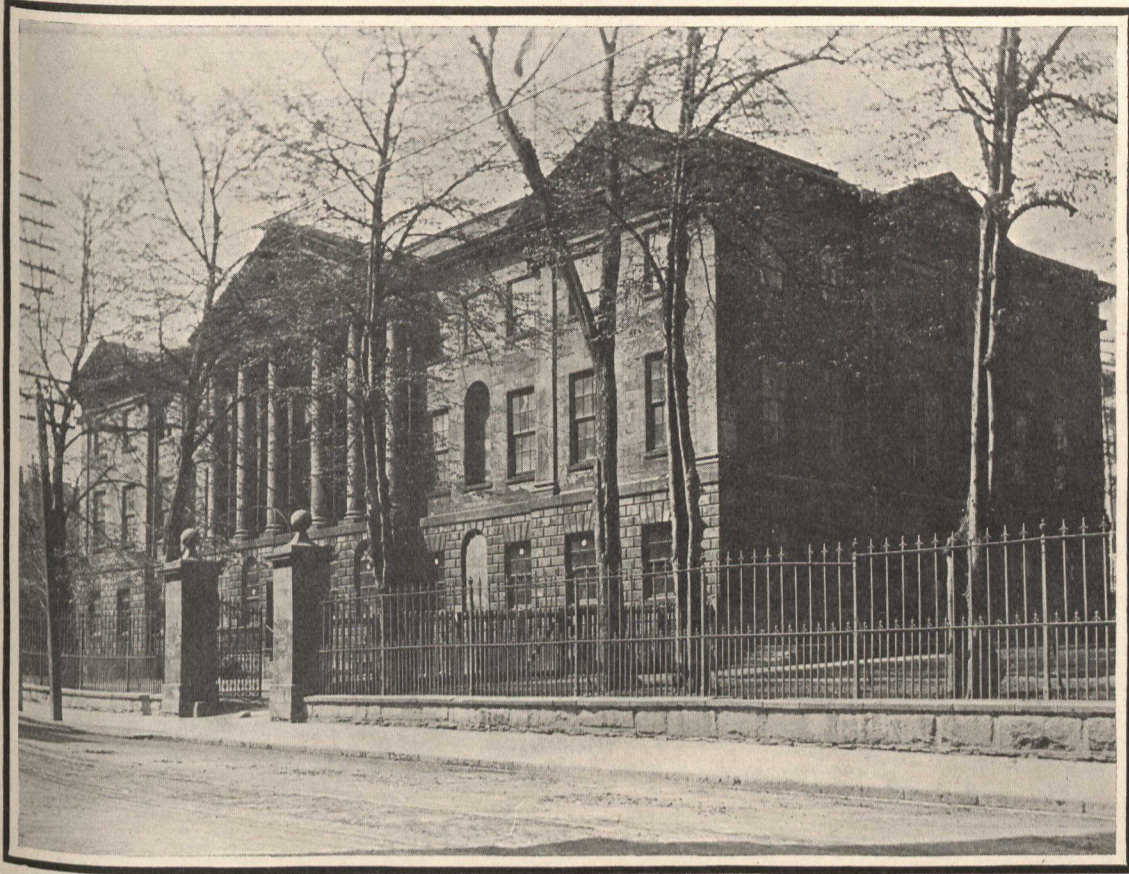
HALIFAX OF TO-DAY.

HALIFAX of to-day is one of Canada's busiest cities. With a history of over 160 years, its progress has been somewhat slow, but its building up has been on sure foundations. And to-day with a population of about 60,000, its citizens hold one-eighth of the total value of bank stock in Canada, and its banks control the money markets in the Maritime Provinces. Two of its banks, the Royal Bank of Canada, formerly the Merchants Bank of Halifax, and the Bank of Nova Scotia, are known all over the Dominion. There are no less than 12 banking concerns doing business in the city, three of which are headquarters, rest branches. The Bank of Commerce and Montreal bought out what were formerly the Halifax Banking Co. and the People's Bank of Halifax. The bank clearings for 1907 totalled \$93,587,138.

As a shipping port, Halifax aspires to be the winter port of Canada. In spite of powerful opposition of certain interested parties at Ottawa, and the gallant bid her rival city of St. John makes (and has got a good share) for Government patronage, Halifax is coming into her own, the natural winter port on the Atlantic for Canadian trade. It has been proved that people and goods can be landed in Montreal or Toronto in quicker time than via St. John or Portland. During 1907, no less than 3,445 vessels arrived, and 3,158 left; no waiting for full



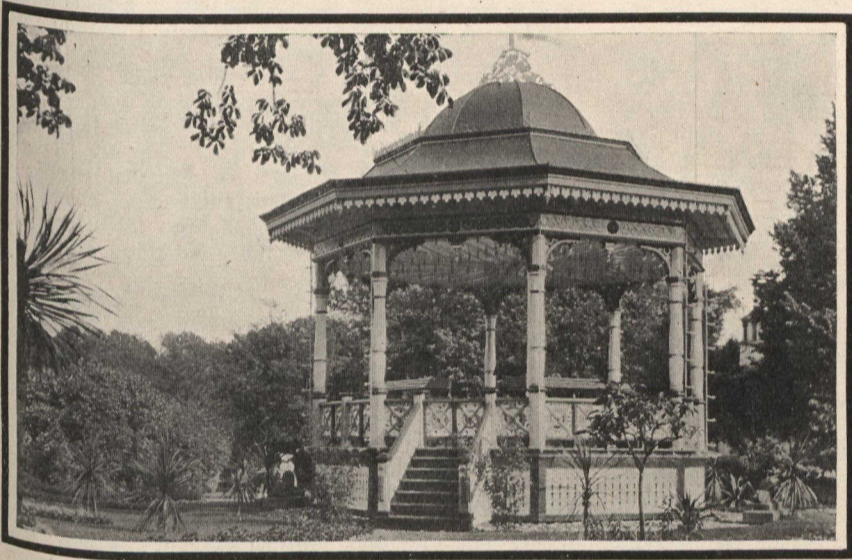
The City of Halifax, from the Dartmouth side.



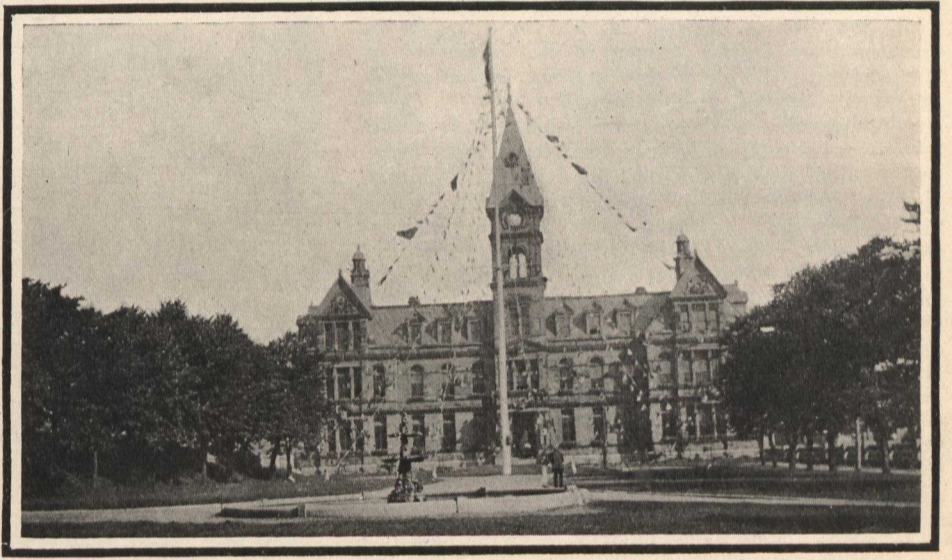
Halifax—Provincial Legislative Building, Completed and Opened in 1817.



Royal Bank Branch.



Band Stand in Famous Public Gardens.



The City Hall, built 20 years ago, cost \$150,000.



Scene at the I.C.R. Docks, on March 29th, Steamers Ionian, Victorian and Empress of Britain in port together. The total tonnage of the three vessels is over 35,000 tons.



A Regatta Scene. Halifax is noted for its Rowing, Sailing and Canoe Clubs, and for the great interest taken in the numerous Regattas.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. H. CLIMO

nor lifting of heavy fog. And as for dockage room, the two miles of wharfage can accommodate more and a good four miles may be added if necessary.

Halifax exported in 1907 over 63 million pounds of fish, with a cash value of \$3,850,000, and the customs receipts were over \$1,550,000. It has a property valuation of over 28 millions, and a taxation of \$1.91. That its taxes are well spent on the whole shows in the miles of well paved streets and sidewalks, besides twenty-four fine school buildings,

eight up to date fitted fire stations with apparatus valued at some \$165,000. The famous Public Gardens and eight other parks with a total area of 300 acres are not surpassed by any city its size on this continent.

For its religious needs Halifax is well supplied in quantity and variety, having 43 churches, divided as follows: Church of England, 11; Presbyterian, 8; Methodist, 8; Baptist, 5; Roman Catholic, 5; and Christian Church, Christian Science, Jews, Plymouth Brethren, Seventh Day Adventist, Univer-

salist and one or two smaller sects one each.

To back up the church in its good work the city employs a staff of 50 police, who are a fine body of men, who know and do their duty. Of manufacturing industries, Halifax has about seventy-five concerns, which employ thousands of its citizens, turning out products which are sold all over the Dominion. That the city can support more is evident and its Board of Trade, together with the City Council, are making offers to manufacturers to start in the city. The progressive spirit is in the air.

INDEPENDENCE IN NEWSPAPERS

A Plea to the "Small" Newspapers to give up the game of "Follow the Leader" and a plea to the Public to encourage the Fair-minded, Moderate Journalist.

By W. R. GIVENS, KINGSTON STANDARD

THIS article is precisely what its title indicates it to be—a plea for independent thought in Canadian newspapers, and especially in the so-called "small" Canadian newspapers. It is not intended to be fault-finding; between criticism—honest criticism—and fault-finding—carping fault-finding—there is a marked difference. Nor is it intended to be destructive. Rather, the hope is that by calling attention to our present day newspaper faults, it may prove to be in some measure at least constructive. Its chief plea, however, is that our "small" newspapers may come into their own in the way of honest, legitimate, independent political thought rather than be hampered—oppressed almost—by a party system and by party notions of "regularity" that are but a survival of the days when printing was not, when education was the fortunate lot of the few rather than as now of the many, and when among the masses political and economic thought stood still.

Nor is it intended to deal in this article with any other phase of Canadian newspaper work than the political phase—to refer not at all, for example, to the refusal of many newspapers to publish letters whose writers differ with them editorially; to refer not at all to the cluster of fixed ideas to which we cling and that makes us afraid to say in the case of an international dispute, for instance, that Canada may be wrong and the other country right; that causes us, for further example, to hold our breath while we discuss Imperialism lest in a too broad discussion of it we appear to be "disloyal" or "unpatriotic." These phases are not for an article necessarily limited, as this must be.

Coming then to the general subject, it is a fact that must have strongly impressed itself upon every fair-minded citizen during the recent Dominion election that there is in Canada to-day not a single independent daily newspaper and not one independent weekly, except some of the class papers; and that in the heat of a political campaign it is often difficult, if indeed not impossible, to get a genuinely broad expression of political opinion from any Canadian newspaper. We have merely Liberal newspapers and Conservative newspapers, and none between. It seems, moreover, that we are not content in our newspapers to confine our politics to the editorial pages, but must needs inject them into the news columns, where by no stretch of the imagination should they have any place. A few leading papers on either side, taking their cues from their political leaders, start the political opinion ball a-rolling in a given direction; and more often than not the opinion balls of the minor papers throughout the country follow hastily after and seem to rejoice that they are allowed this proud privilege.

IT may be that this is drawing the long bow, and very much exaggerating what some of our newspaper friends declare to be an ordinary condition of things in the newspaper world. But it is not an ordinary condition, as a glance afield will convince. It need hardly be recalled how the English newspapers thunder now this way and now that for the nation's good; we have but to read the extracts from the German papers of recent weeks to appreciate that even in that country of more or less censored papers the Press, at the time of the Emperor's recent indiscretions, rose grandly to the occasion and did not hesitate to call a spade a spade; while if we take a glance at the neighbouring Republic, whose political conditions we affect to despise, we find a degree of independence that is as amazing as it is gratifying. I know of no paper in Canada that has bolted its party out-and-out. In the United States there may be named not one but dozens of papers that have bolted their party and its candidate and have fought the fight not for party but for country; not as narrow-minded, hide-bound partisans but as newspapers in the larger and higher sense of the word, appealing to the common sense and to the patriotism of the people. Nor need we go any farther back, for example of this, than to the last presidential election. Considering independent newspapers in this campaign and limiting that consideration to one city alone—New York—we find that the newspapers there that followed blindly the party and party principles were the exception rather than the rule. The *Tribune* and the *Press* followed abjectly. The *Times*, the *Sun*,

the *Herald*, the *World*, the *Post*, even the much despised *American* were absolutely unfettered; while in many other United States cities a like condition prevailed, and among the "small" newspapers no less than among the large.

The fact is that in these other countries it has come to be recognised that the spirit of independence appeals to the reasoning, reasonable citizen. We are no longer living in the dark ages. People are reading and thinking as never before. With the march of education has come expanding thought, new ideas and new ideals. It has come to be more and more recognised in the United States—as, let us hope, it will in time be recognised in Canada as, unfortunately, it is not now—that the day of the hide-bound party newspaper is about at an end and that its influence is steadily on the wane. The thinking newspaper, as the thinking man, is a blessing and a help not only to the country but to the party; while per contra the blindly partisan newspaper is not only a drag on the party and on the country but is even a menace.

IT is not the writer's idea that party newspapers have no place in the country and do not serve a useful purpose. They have a place and they serve a purpose, just as the parties themselves have their place and serve their purposes, and in the limited Canadian field there probably is no place for the independent paper owing allegiance to neither party, as contradistinguished from the independent paper that the writer has in mind—the paper, that is, that supports broadly the party and adheres to its fundamental doctrines, believing them to be right, but that nevertheless dares to differ with it on particular issues. Organisation and continuity are essential; but will it be for an instant disputed that the blind adherence to partyism and to party principles which afflict newspapers in Canada can have any other than a baneful influence upon the spirit of the community and the life of the people? During the last Dominion election many Conservative papers damned, and without stint, the Liberal party for its excesses, its lavish expenditures and its incompetency, nor seldom if ever admitted that there was any good could come out of this Nazareth. On the other hand many Liberal newspapers, though they had at their very hand evidences of rascality and corruption within their fold, denounced this as merely a campaign slander founded on nothing but the eager desire of the Conservatives to ride into power over the political graves of their political opponents. There were few half way measures. It was a case of damn or be damned, and it is not too much to say that a reader in the United States or in England of these papers must inevitably have come to the conclusion that we in this country were a nation of thieves and scoundrels. And yet we wonder that Canada has not grown and expanded more! As though any country could hope to flourish as it should flourish when it has advertised through its newspapers to the world at large that each party is foul and corrupt and fairly smells to heaven.

And after all, what justification is there for the existence in this country of so called "organs"? "Organs" are, as a matter of fact, the product of the older lands and had their birth in the early days when newspapers were not so widely published nor so widely read as they are to-day. It is to be presumed they first had their origin in the older lands through the necessity of the Government, when Parliament was not in session, of giving to the people an authoritative pronouncement upon important issues of the day, of international scope and range, and having to do with the welfare and the very existence of the people. They were designed, that is to say, not for party purposes but for national purposes. But in this country we have no need for such "organs." We have responsible Ministers elected by the people themselves and it is to these Ministers and not to any "organ" that we should look for inspiration and for guidance. If we cannot get that from them then our remedy is to rid ourselves of them.

But even admitting that we must have "organs," does it follow that the so called "small" newspapers which do not enjoy the confidence of the leaders should be expected to follow blindly the lead of these "organs" and should in truth have no opinion of their own? For really that is largely the news-

paper spirit of to-day in Canada. We of us who have the editing of one or other of these "small" papers are, it seems, expected by the "party" if not by the papers themselves, to act towards our newspaper "guides"—that is to say, "organs"—much as though we were a row of dominoes which, set in line and pushed at one or other end, will tumble over one another helplessly and hopelessly in the desired direction.

IF now we turn to the news columns we find that the record is not what it should be—that is in respect to matters political. We find political news suppressed or distorted. Many cases might be cited, but two alone will suffice. We find, for instance, the following introduction to a despatch which appeared in a leading newspaper—it were better not to mention names—which is a recognised "organ" of Conservatism in Canada to-day and yet which in other directions is usually temperate and sane.

Hamilton, Ont., Oct. 4.—Hon. W. S. Fielding was here last night and addressed a gathering of Liberals in Association Hall. Although the hall will not seat more than 1,000, there were many vacant seats, and the audience failed to warm up to the occasion, there being very little enthusiasm shown.

On the same date there appeared in a recognised "organ" of the Liberal party, published in the same city, the following despatch:

Hamilton, Oct. 4.—The first week of the Hon. W. S. Fielding's Ontario tour was concluded with an excellent meeting in the Association Hall here last night. During the entire week the Minister of Finance could hardly have desired better audiences. Every hall in which he spoke has been filled, and he has been listened to with absorbing attention.

Translating, we learn from the Conservative source that Mr. Fielding's meeting was a "frost" while from the Liberal source we find that the meeting was an unqualified success and one calculated in every way to encourage the Liberals. Honesty? It is not even political honesty, to say nothing of newspaper honesty.

But as a matter of fact we cannot expect to have newspapers honest when we are not even honest with ourselves in respect to our newspapers. It matters not that one Liberal newspaper may speak editorially of Sir Richard Cartwright's speech as "refreshing after the wearisome and monotonous wailing of men like Hon. Mr. Foster, Premier Roblin and even Mr. Borden himself," nor that a Conservative paper may talk editorially of the "platitudinous and ridiculous utterances of Sir Wilfrid Laurier"; it matters not that a paper may appeal to the racial and religious prejudices of the people.

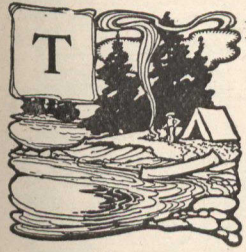
They tell us that the hope of Canada lies in her young men. Fully as great a hope lies in the so-called "small" newspapers, to rise up and assert themselves and refuse longer to play the game blindly and eternally of "follow the leader." If there are differences of opinion let them be stated. And above all, let us have done forever with this deadly, undermining, sapping idea that all inspiration lies in one man or in one newspaper. If the "small" newspapers of Canada will think, politically, for themselves, as unfortunately many have not in times past, we shall have a more progressive Government in Canada; the stories of public and political scandals when they are published will be believed, and last but not least, we will cease to publish to the world for purely partisan purposes the untruth that all our public men are rascals and that we know not how to rid ourselves of them.

Let our newspapers—and we have many high-class newspapers when we consider them from the purely news sense of the word—let these newspapers be as progressive in their political thought as in other lines, for undoubtedly in other departments they are genuinely progressive, and Canada may well be proud of them in this larger respect. If they will be this—if they will rise superior to the narrowness of party politics—we shall have reason to be prouder still of them, for we have the men capable of making newspapers that are high class in every sense of the word. The fault is not with the men. The real fault is with the system that seems to demand the subjection of independent thought.

WHEN A PATHAN TAKES OFFENSE

A Tale of the Britisher in Afghanistan

By W. A. FRASER



THE Bolan Pass, the high-road to Afghanistan, is a cleft cut in the Suleiman Mountains by the Bolan River, and where this snow-bred torrent is quaffed by the thirsty desert is the town of Sibi, known as "The White Man's Grave." Seventy miles northeast from Sibi is the Kuttan Valley, which

holds the prize thief-tribe of the world. Each Marrie is a king looter in his own right. And this story is a reading of their gentle ways.

It was in '85—the year the black scourge, cholera, left the Bolan Pass a vast graveyard—that four of us sahibs, having business in Marrie-land because of Government Hookum (order), stepped from the train at Sibi, and thrust ourselves into the heritage of trouble that is always the accompaniment of dealings with the Pathans—for a Marrie is a Pathan, and everything else that is unholy.

Andrew Slade was our Bara Sahib; concisely, our "boss."

To relate in sequence all the happenings that came to us would be volume one, and this is a short story of the Marries' affection for other people's property.

When the old Teshildar (Sibi Governor) spoke of the road to Kuttan, it was just a touch of Oriental humour—there was no such thing. The way led over great mountains standing on their heads. We had stores and machinery to transport, and for this camels and bullock-carts and elephants. For the incidental preservation of our own lives we had guns and a guard of thirty *sowars* (native cavalry.)

I rode a Beluch mare—which is an object constructed of whalebone, animated by the spirit of the devil; my saddle was a weak imitation of a saw-buck. And because of this and some other things when I arrived in the Kuttan Valley, in violence of temper I could discount my erratic animal.

The seventy-mile pigrimage was a chapter of incidents. We travelled chiefly at night, for being in the hottest corner of the world the sun cremated us while the spirit was still in the flesh. The Pathans hovered about our line of march in the hills, and when a cart became detached they just looted it. That was an incident. The so-called road lay on the side of each mountain like a string of Z's topping each other; zig-zagging its laborious way up the sandy roof of the Suleimans.

My guide, a Pathan, mounted on his sure-footed hill-pony that was first cousin to a goat, scorned these angular detours and cut straight up from one shelf to another. This, like everything else, led to an incident, personal enough to be remembered.

Scrambling up one of these steep slopes, behind our guide, I felt my saddle slip to the mare's loins. She dug her toes into the treacherous gravel, humped her back like a cat taking a fence, and we hung for a second in the balance. Behind, fifteen feet away, was a mountain furrow three hundred feet deep. A treacherous slip to her knees, and we started to back water. Throwing myself from the mare's back I clung to the lines, and my weight just anchored her on the edge of the cliff. It ruffled the mare's temper so much that she twice tried to kick me as I plodded along behind, content now to walk to the top.

In the Kuttan Valley we pitched our tents, and the third night a Marrie came and with his sharp tulwar slit the canvas side of Slade's habitation, and took it away with him. In the morning the sleeping sahib awoke to an uninterrupted view of the sky that is always blue in those mountains.

This annexation of his castle wall prejudiced our Bara Sahib against the hillmen, and when two large belts—one rubber and one leather—were missing, he spoke ill words of the inhabitants. This looting act seemed such a piece of gratuitous unfriendliness. Possessors of nothing but a few sheep and their implements of industry, knives and guns, machinery belts must prove superfluous. But when the tribesmen paid us friendly calls, joyous in the possession of new sandals, unmistakably cut from our belts, Slade withdrew his expression of "damn fools," leaving the stigma of "cheeky thieves."

However, it was considered politic and less troublous to send for other belts rather than seek to arrest the whole tribe. The Marries were subjects of the Khan of Khelat theoretically; in actuality they knew only the chieftainship of their headman, and the guidance of their own sweet wills.

The Khan of Khelat was a vassal of the British Raj, and the belts would be deducted from his subsidy.

The very atmosphere of those hills was productive of robbery. When the tribesmen were not looting, the hyenas and hill-leopards were taking our milk-goats from the very tent doors.

But the real happening came about over an innocent bottle of White Rose perfume; hardly forceful enough in its innocuous daintiness to set the death angel stalking through that mountain valley, one would think.

A caravan of three camels, bringing us supplies, was looted ten miles back on the trail. The owner came to our camp with his burdenless camels, and a sword cut in his cheek. Most of the stolen freight had been personal supplies of the Bara Sahib, and one item was a box of White Rose.

Strangely enough Slade, who was as big and gaunt as an Afghan, was as fond of perfume as a woman. He cursed with vehemence as he dressed the camel man's wound, and chuckled ironically at thought of a greasy, evil-smelling Pathan spraying his unkempt hair with subtle White Rose.

"God in heaven!" Slade ejaculated; "fancy one of these sheepskin-coated brutes whipping out my bottle of White Rose and taking a whiff."

Next day the camel man informed Slade that the three Pathans who had held him up were even then down at the *sowars'* camp—he had seen them.

"Of all the cheek," growled the Bara Sahib, stalking angrily down to the encampment.

"That's the leader," the camel man said, pointing to as fine a specimen of cut-throat as we had yet seen, even in that land of freebooters.

Slade called to the Subardar of the troop to arrest the Pathan. The latter, taking the scent of trouble, commenced to back sullenly away with his two comrades. Slade, fearing he might escape, jumped and grabbed him. There was a fierce struggle, the Pathan striving to draw his tulwar. Suddenly, with a bang, the Bara Sahib's fist crashed on the Pathan's jaw, and he fell like a log. The *sowars*, running to the fray, had seized his two companions.

The Pathan denied emphatically, in fierce *pusto*, participation in the robbery. He was Ghazi Khan, a warrior, also an owner of sheep, and not a looter of the sahib's property. But on his person was the most conclusive circumstantial evidence. The sheep taint had been subdued almost to the edge of sweetness by the Bara Sahib's White Rose.

The robber was figuratively passed around for a sniff of identification. Besides, the man he had carved with his tulwar denounced him. The robber was taken to Sibi by a guard of *sowars*, swearing by the Beard of Allah he would yet send the infidel Feringhee, Slade, to the abode of everlasting torment, which is the lot of all unbelievers.

"He'll cool off before he gets out," Slade remarked. But the camel man, either because of bribery or through fear of the Pathan, passed into oblivion, taking with him his wound, and the court, considering the White Rose too evanescent as evidence, failed to convict the robber. Ghazi Khan came back to his castle, which was a cave on the mountain side; and though Slade laughed at our fears, we felt that evil would yet come of this nasty incident.

A month passed, and though things happened there was no deviltry traceable to our friend of the White Rose.

A Bara Sahib is a man who is allowed to do just as he likes, but we remonstrated with Slade for his habit of wandering about the hills alone, collecting geological specimens. Our remonstrance was useless.

One afternoon Slade went out on a search for ammonites, armed with nothing but a geologist's hammer and a bag for specimens. I saw him cross the small stream that wound like a turquoise anklet about the feet of the mountains down in the bottom of the valley. I watched him pick his way up the red sandy slope of a mountain, that looked so near in that rare atmosphere. Presently he disappeared from view, and I went about my duties.

At five o'clock the pale blue sky was suddenly made dark as though night had arrived ahead of time. A hurricane tore up the valley that was like a tunnel, and its voice was as the cannonading of great guns. Our tents were crumpled as though they had been but tissue paper. In the wake of the wind came the dropping to earth of a sea—it was as though the bottom had been pulled from under a lake up in the skies. Then huge bins of

hail burst their sides, and an avalanche of ice beads shot from the clouds.

In less than an hour it was all over. The sky, placid once more, began to grey with the frown of eventide; the stars peeped down shyly between the mountain walls rising three thousand feet on either side of us, and down in the valley the turquoise stream, that was now sullen red in its anger, roared hoarsely as it battled with the rocks, and dredged new channels in the yielding sand.

Slade had not returned. It seemed a strange fatality that he should have been on Ghazi Khan's home mountain during the storm, for Marrie-land was just a desert stood on end, rain falling but once or twice during the year.

We waited for a time, thinking that perhaps he had been detained by the flooded torrent. But it grew dark, and still he had not returned. Then, taking a dozen *sowars*, with heavy hearts we set out to search for the missing sahib. Forging the torrent nearly cost us a couple of lives. We were neck deep in its icy waters at times, and twirled about like corks as we clung to each other, a human chain.

Once across we separated. With three *sowars* I made for the cave-home of Ghazi Khan, while the others spread out fan-like, and worked up the mountain side, calling, and swinging their lanterns. My men led the way up a ravine that now held a small stream, though its sides bore the marks of recent floods.

Suddenly the *sowar* in the lead tripped over something, and fell. As he came to earth he cried out in horror: "Allah! admi mara hai!"

My heart stood still. A dead man! It must be Slade.

In dread I rushed to the trooper's side. In the night light I could make out a crumpled figure wedged amongst the boulders. Fearfully, with repugnance, I put out my hand, and it fell upon a tangled matted beard. That the touch of a dead man could bring a thrill of joy to one living seems strange, but I muttered in thankfulness: "Thank God! it's not poor old Slade!" I struck a match and held it close to the face of the dead man—it was Ghazi Khan. His shoulders were wedged tight between two rocks; it required force to release him.

But still we had not found our missing friend. So, leaving a man with the body, we continued on up the mountain. No need now to go to the cave—the tragedy, whatever it was, had been enacted on the mountain side. Till midnight we searched, seeing at times the blinking eye of the lanterns flitting erratically here and there, up and down, and finally in the bottom of the valley where the torrent's voice was now all but hushed. Then we went back, carrying the dead Pathan with us, hoping that the other party had found Slade, and living.

The stream had fallen, and we crossed with less difficulty. When we came to the tents we found the Bara Sahib in bed, and my comrades listening to his part of the drama.

When Slade saw the dead Ghazi Khan he exclaimed: "He got his just deserts, though I had not hoped for such swift retribution."

Then he commenced again at the beginning and told us what had occurred:

"About four o'clock I saw this Pathan cut-throat, Ghazi Khan, stalking me; he was crawling on his hands and knees, and his sheepskin coat made him look for all the world like a sheep. I think he had his baggy white breeches rolled up to hide them.

"At first I did think it a stray sheep or goat, for that was his game of course.

"Perhaps he slipped on a stone—I don't know just what happened, but I caught a glint of white cloth, and knew at once that it was Ghazi. And the villain had cunningly got below me, or I'd have made a break down the mountain side, and let him blaze away at me on the run. He was working near for a pot shot—he would never come to close quarters, or I might have had a chance with the hammer.

"I continued my peaceful occupation of chipping rock, and you can rest assured that the corner of my eye was doing big business. I was thinking some, too. I knew that when he had worked well within range, Ghazi would take a crack at me with his long-barreled *jezail*.

"All at once I remembered a cave in the very gorge in which you found the dead Pathan; I had prospected it for fossils. It was in a canon probably five hundred yards long—a regular cleft in the mountain, with steep walls ten to twenty feet high. I had visited it before by climbing up from the bottom of the canon. But I knew that I could

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 21

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

By CANADIENNE

At Eastertide

THE observance of Easter, like that of Christmas, has been somewhat marred by fashion and frivolities; yet its appeal to human faith and hope is so profound that all the unmeaning fancies and spring styles cannot spoil its significance. The ritualistic churches have made it beautiful in solemn symbolism and those religious communities which once frowned upon the observance of a special season in commemoration of the Crucifixion and Resurrection have gradually yielded to a floral and musical recognition.

Even the joyous outbursts of Christmas melody and harmony are hardly equal to the deeper compositions which make music of the Easter hope. "I know that my Redeemer liveth" is much greater than "Adeste Fideles," because it means a triumph over the forces of death and decay. In this age, when so much that was once held sacred is being questioned or denied, the belief in immortality is yet one of those doctrines which the old school and the new alike hold dear. "If a man die, shall he live again?" is a question which suffering, fearing humanity has asked ever since the first man died, and to the teacher who gives a glad, confident "yes," there is a rush of gratitude, for the late Laureate was right when he said "life—more life—'tis this we crave."

In these days of awakening life and brightening colour, when just to be among the glad new things of Earth is enough joy, one's thoughts turn tenderly at Eastertide to those who have reached the "cool rest-house down the glen," who have learned the great secret which lies beyond the gateless barrier. Happy, indeed, are those of us who have come to realise the truth of the Quaker poet's lines:

"Who hath not learned in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown
That Life is ever lord of Death
And Love can never lose its own?"

* * *

Saint Joan

THE correct name for the Maid of Orleans may not be Joan of Arc but as such she will probably be known for many a century. In all the long history of the struggle between England and France, the incident of the peasant girl's championship of the cause of Charles is the event of most romantic and even supernatural interest. No sooner was she burned to death, than the French who had deserted and the English who had wronged her began to doubt her witchcraft and dimly believe in her inspiration. But it has remained for this year of many centenaries to see the canonisation of the warrior maid and her elevation to official sainthood. Strangely enough, English historians and romancers have been her most enthusiastic chroniclers, while it is a Canadian poet, Mr. Theodore Roberts, of Fredericton, New Brunswick, who contributes to the *Pall Mall Magazine* these latest lines on "The Maid":

Thunder of riotous hoofs over the quaking sod;
Clash of reeking squadrons, steel-capped, iron-shod;
The White Maid and the white horse and the flapping banner of God.

Black hearts riding for money; red hearts riding for fame;
The Maid who rides for France, and the King who rides for shame—

Gentlemen, fools and a saint riding in Christ's high name!

"Dust to dust!" it is written. Wind-scattered are lance and bow.

Dust, the Cross of Saint George; dust, the banner of snow.

The bones of the King are crumbled, and rotted the shafts of the foe.

Forgotten, the young knight's valour; forgotten, the captain's skill;

Forgotten, the fear and the hate and the mailed hands raised to kill;

Forgotten, the shields that clashed and the arrows that cried so shrill.

Like a story from some old book, that battle of long ago:

Shadows, the poor French king and the might of his English foe;

Shadows, the charging nobles and the archers kneeling a-row,—

But a flame in my heart and my eyes, the Maid with her banner of snow!

* * *

An Alarming Proposal

IN that delightful and leisurely book, "Over Bemerton's," there is an entertaining chapter in which a pretty and winsome girl, the sister of the girl whom the hero truly loves, casts in her lot



Mrs. Cawthra Mulock (daughter of Sir Glenholme Falconbridge), one of Toronto's youngest and most attractive Hostesses.

(temporarily) with the militant suffragettes and becomes arrested. The family is naturally in a state of humiliation bordering on frenzy and the young woman's brother-in-law-to-be hurries to the station to secure her release. The charming prisoner has become decidedly alarmed at the prospect of plain fare and prison uniform and promptly gives her word to keep from disturbing the peace in future.

The man who goes to her rescue has a pleasant little chat with one of the policemen in the meantime, the worthy officer having been much disturbed by the occurrence. However, the latter, in spite of his perturbation, offers a suggestion which opens up vistas of strife. He is of the opinion that arresting voteless women is no work for a man and that a force of stalwart women should be appointed to the police force to deal with such sisters as forcibly demand electoral rights. Then would ensue such a scrimmage as the football fields of England have not seen, such as could be rivalled by nothing but a German invasion.

The sight of huge and brawny English "daughters of the plough," such as Tennyson's *Princess Ida*, employed for the expulsion of base intruders, engaged in wrestling with less muscular ladies of strong political convictions would be a spectacle to

move Minerva to mirth. Cast in fortunate times, would be the lot of the cartoonist with such a subject for black-and-white! In the interests of trade, this idea should receive encouragement, for the destruction of hats and frocks would be such that the milliners and modistes would receive rush orders after each suffragette uprising.

* * *

The Coming Quinquennial

THE women of Canada, from the tides of Fundy to the surf of Vancouver, ought to be interested in the great congress in June when the International Council of Women meets at Toronto in the academic halls of the University. Representatives from most of the countries of Europe will meet in Ontario's Capital to discuss almost every department of human thought and activity, for "woman's sphere" is no longer a hemisphere.

The Countess of Aberdeen, the President, who is no stranger to Canada, will come to this country next month, it is announced, to arrange for the fortnight of discussion and social enjoyment. It is gratifying that the first summer month should be the occasion for this gathering and that such a stately Norman pile as "Varsity" should be at the disposal of the delegates. There are many buildings of which Toronto citizens have no reason to feel proud, but University College is among the "elect" structures, which we may show without fear of scorn.

The result of this Quinquennial Congress must be of a broadening and sympathetic nature. We have heard much of the brotherhood of man, but too little of the sisterhood of woman. That such a sentiment of comradeship is deepening will hardly be denied by those who have observed the organisations and movements of the last ten years.

* * *

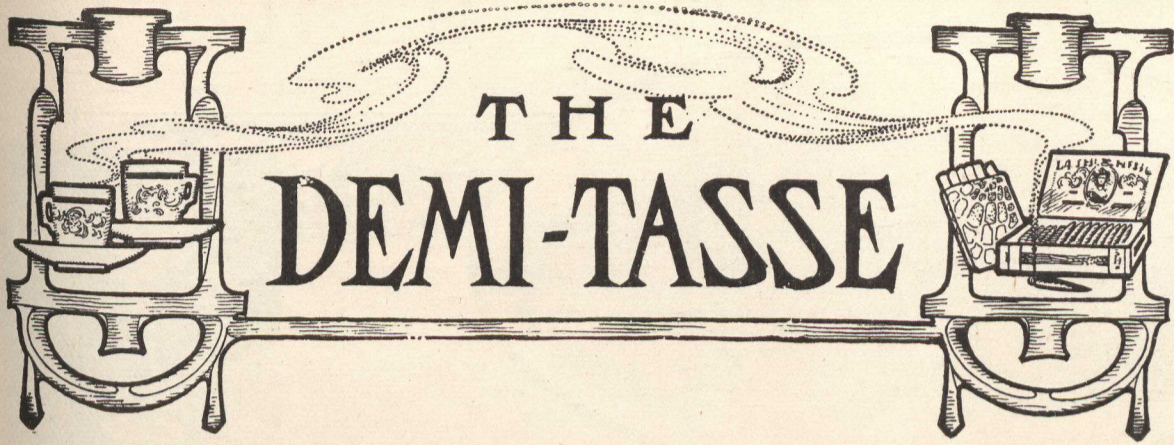
A Woman who Knows about Wheat

THERE are several Canadian women who have devoted their attention to our northern and western districts with happy literary results, Miss Cora Hind of the *Manitoba Free Press*, Miss Agnes Deans Cameron and Miss Agnes Laut are a trio who have found golden territory in the lands beyond Lake Superior. The Toronto Women's Canadian Club has been so fortunate as to secure Miss Cameron for a lecture on the twenty-first of this month and, from all accounts of that gifted woman's wit and fluency, the occasion will be highly enjoyable. Miss Cameron has written about wheat in a fashion to interest those who ordinarily consider agricultural topics anything but absorbing. Her article on that subject in the *Atlantic Monthly*, more than a year ago, was as picturesque in its description of the fields which make the Western harvests our big asset, as if it were an account of the finding of El Dorado.

Miss Cameron, who is vice-president of the Canadian Women's Press Club, has been living in Chicago in recent years, for it must be admitted that literary success leads to one of Uncle Sam's great cities. However, in the Land of the Dollar, Miss Cameron has not forgotten the Dominion to the north and has made more than one expedition into the country of the Peace River, where she has found "copy" and colour in abundance. Miss Cameron is a well-known contributor to several of the best-known weekly and monthly publications in the United States and her countrywomen take a natural interest and pride in her pluck and originality. She will be warmly welcomed in Toronto, where she will find many who are already friends by way of magazine introduction.

We of the East would like to hear Miss Cameron's lecture on "Vancouver's Isle o' Dreams." The advance notice rather curiously describes the various attractions of the island as ranging from "sealing-fleets" to "cultured people." Is it a case of climax or anti-climax that the "cultured people" come last?

We have had two Canadian women during the last two years, telling Torontonians of the adventures they have met—Miss Cameron's deeds of "derring-do" belong to the Northwest, Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard's to the far East—Labrador. The latter lady, by the way, took a second husband last autumn, thereby making less romantic, if not less admirable, her completion of her first husband's explorations in the land where he died.



THE DEMI-TASSE

THE FIRE-CRACKER STATES.

What makes all Europe feel quite ill?
 What stirs to action Kaiser Bill?
 What makes the press with head-lines fill?
 'The Balkans.

What makes the Empires stand aghast?
 What sets them building *Dreadnoughts* fast?
 What gives them fear at every blast?
 'The Balkans.

What would the "Powers" right happy make?
 If there should come a mighty shake
 And overturn in one great quake—
 'The Balkans.

J. G.

* * *

JUST HIS LUCK.

A YOUNG Toronto doctor, who has more fondness for frolics than for physic, gave a party some time ago to a few choice masculine friends. The host donned a suit of armour, which was one of the hall "ornaments," and, in the midst of the hilarity, an imperative ring was heard at the surgery door. Thinking it was another guest, the armoured physician removed his helmet and rushed to the door, battle-axe in hand.

There stood a timid old lady, who faltered "Is the doctor in?" and then, seeing the fearsome creature, uttered a shriek and fled.

"Who was it, Charlie?" asked a curious friend, on the doctor's return.

"Just my luck!" was the reply. "The first patient I've had in six months."

* * *

NOT THE TUNE.

A certain popular clergyman in an Ontario town became engaged and many "lambs" of his flock disapproved of his choice. On the Sunday following the announcement, the unregenerate rejoiced when the absent-minded organist played the "Dead March" as a voluntary.

* * *

AN IMPATIENT WORSHIPPER.

THERE is a certain minister in the City of Toronto who is admitted to be an excellent man but somewhat long-winded. An attendant at the Laymen's Missionary Congress told of him the following story:

"At a meeting of Sunday School children in Massey Hall, one New Year's morning, Mr. R— delivered a prayer, which contained far more supplication and information than could be considered necessary. The audience became slightly restless and the youngest members began to show signs of uneasiness. Suddenly I felt the pressure of a small



Grannie, (anxious to be allowed to read in peace.)
 "And what are you going to do now, my dear?"
 Elizabeth: "Well, Grannie, I've thought it over, and I've decided to devote myself to you till bedtime."—Punch.

hand on my knee, and, looking down, saw a little girl from one of the city missions. She looked at me wistfully for a moment and then said in a stage whisper: 'He ain't very interestin', is he?'"

* * *

HIS AILMENT.

DURING the recent talk of navy or no navy, defence or defiance, there have been not a few passages at arms between those of varying opinions. Jones believes that we should have *Dreadnoughts* at once, while his friend Grant is of the opinion that war balloons are going to make such men-of-war entirely superfluous.

"I think we ought to have a navy built right away," urged the former eagerly.

"You've been talking nothing but navy for the last week," replied Grant. "I tell you, that you and Kaiser Wilhelm have salt water on the brain."

* * *

A SLIGHT DEFECT.

THERE is a literary woman (not in the City of Toronto) who is somewhat masculine in manner and speech. A mere man was speaking of her one day to a fellow-journalist and concluded:

"Yes, Miss Blank is a good chap—but a trifle effeminate."

* * *

SUCH AN OPPORTUNITY!

IT is rumored that the feminine sections of the Mendelssohn Choir, not only made music wherever they went in the City of Chicago, but also made purchases which never were scanned by the eagle eye of the Customs Inspector. Even in the old days, when the Mendelssohn Choir and their friends never dreamed of going beyond Buffalo, it was a fond wish of each fair soprano or alto that the "special" might arrive in Buffalo before the shops closed, for even a lace blouse or a pair of shoes "from abroad" is not without its alien attraction.

In connection with this amiable failing, the story is told that two women members of the Champion Choir were recently discussing the prospects for going to Europe to sing before the King, the Kaiser and other celebrities.

"We ought to go before 1912. That's an awfully long time to wait."

"It certainly is. We ought to go in 1911 at the very latest. Think of all the shopping we could do!"

* * *

CHOICE OF TWO EVILS.

WHEN Charles Dudley Warner was the editor of the Hartford, Conn., *Press* back in the '60s, arousing the patriotism of the State by his vigorous appeals, one of the typesetters came in from the composing room, and, planting himself before the editor, said: "Well, Mr. Warner, I've decided to enlist in the army."

With mingled sensation of pride and responsibility Mr. Warner replied encouragingly that he was glad to see that the man felt the call of duty.

"Oh, it isn't that," said the truthful compositor; "but I'd rather be shot than to try to set any more of your copy."—*Cleveland Leader*.

* * *

NEWSLETS.

Hon. W. J. Hanna says that Mr. R. J. Fleming should have the right to choose when he will die. Now, if that isn't kindness to Robert!

The *Toronto News* advises in its airy "On the Side" manner that Mr. Mackenzie King, that young and ever-rising M. P., should be sent to Berlin, to use his sunny influence with the Kaiser. We protest. Mr. King has just finished with his opium conference at Shanghai and it isn't fair to send him off at all hours of the night to patch up imperial peace. Brilliant thought! Let's send Allan B. Studholme, the workingman's friend from the City of

Hamilton. He'll give dear Wilhelm the very latest news of the Ontario Legislature and have him asleep in no time. In the meantime, Sir James Pliny Whitney will be enjoying a rest.

During the course of the Laymen's Missionary Congress, Rev. J. A. Macdonald, of the *Globe*, delivered an address on the "Christianisation of Civilisation." Hon. George E. Foster gave a hollow smile and prepared notes for a little talk on "The Pulverisation of the Press."

The *Lakeside* is running again. That's good news for the British navy.

Lord Charles Beresford will address Canadian Clubs all next winter.

* * *

COMING DOWN EASY.

INQUIRIES after the welfare of Patrick Conroy were answered by his devoted friend, Terence Dolan, who was at the Conroy's in the double capacity of nurse and cook. "No, he's not dangerous hurt at all," was Mr. Dolan's reply to a solemnly whispered question at the door.

"We heard he had a bad fall, and was all broke to pieces," whispered the neighbour.

"'Tis a big story you've heard," said Mr. Dolan, in his cheerful roar. "Thru, he fell off'n the roof o' the Brady stables, where he was shingling, and he broke his lift leg, knocked out a couple o' teeth, and broke his collar-bone."

"Mind ye, if he'd have fell clear to the ground, it might have hurted him bad, but sure there was a big pile of stones and lumber that broke his fall."—*Youth's Companion*.

* * *



"What on earth made you give that chap such a big tip?"

"Well, look at the coat he's given me."—*The Tatler*.

* * *

SURE OF THAT.

Officer (to recruit who has missed every shot): "Good heavens, man, where are your shots going?"

Recruit (tearfully): "I don't know, sir; they left here all right."—*Punch*.

* * *

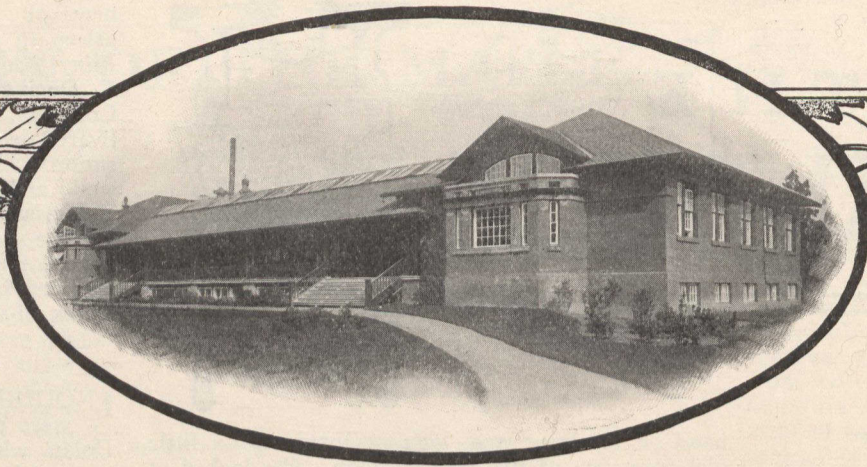
HIS NAME WAS GEORGE.

SOME years ago an elderly lady, Miss Armistead, from near Montpelier, Vermont, had occasion to go to Boston with her niece, a young lady named Kitty. They travelled on the night train, but were unable to secure berths in the same sleeper, Miss Kitty having to take one in the second car and the aunt in the first.

In the morning, when about half an hour distant from Boston, Miss Armistead entered the second car to awaken Kitty. She found the number, an upper berth, and, putting her hand through the curtain, shook the occupant, calling, "Kitty! Kitty! It's time to get up. Kitty! Kitty!"

A bald head, with bushy whiskers around the face, poked itself through the opening of the curtains and said, "Excuse me, but my name is George."

The old lady gave a horrified scream and beat a hasty retreat. She had mistaken the number of the berth.—*Boston Herald*.



Readers of the Courier Will you assist in an Imposture?

Will you assist in marketing a horde of bald-faced imitations of Magi Water by being the passive victims of the imposture?

It has come to my attention recently that many innocent purchasers asking for Magi Water have been given some one of the imitative "Caledonia" Waters--many of which have never even seen Caledonia Township, from which they purport to come. The befooled purchasers did not know that they had gotten the imitation and did not learn of it until they tasted the real Magi Water. They then spoke of the difference in flavor and on investigation discovered that they had been cheated.

I ASK YOU

if you will not assist me to combat this substitution in the cause of fairness and as a means of conserving your own interests. Combat it by examining the label when you buy and being sure that you get MAGI Water every time you purchase. It is to your own interest from the standpoint of health alone to do this. You know what Magi Water is--you don't know what the others are.

We have spent much money and gigantic effort in building up a perfect bottling system for marketing Magi.

We have spent much money in building up a good business on Magi by advertising it.

Honest dealers have spent their money in putting in stocks of Magi for the benefit of their customers.

Will you assist the moral forgeries of imitators of Magi by complacently and unthinkingly accepting their imitations to the detriment of yourself and those identified with bottling, advertising and selling genuine Magi Water any more than you would allow another to forge your name to a check?

I make this final appeal to the proverbial fair-mindedness of our Canada. May I not count on your co-operation?



C. A. Cole Manager
Caledonia Springs Co., Ltd.
Caledonia Springs, Ontario.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

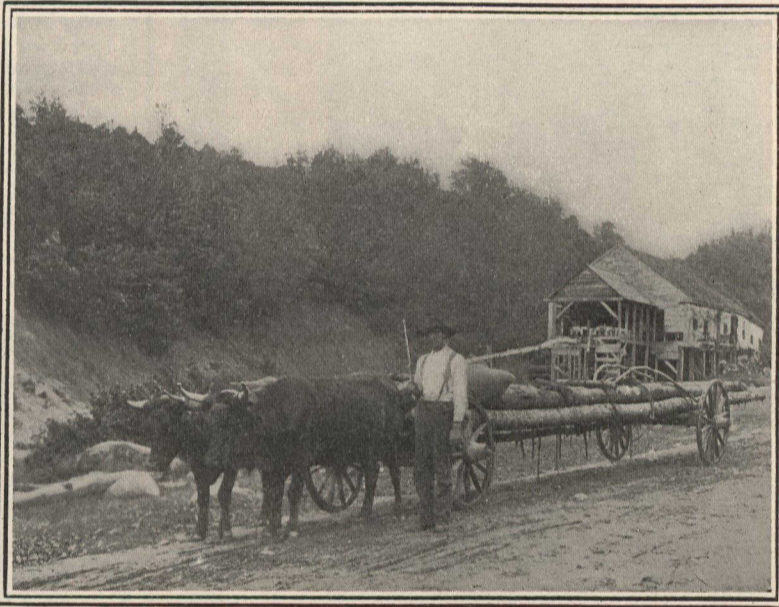
Little Stories by Land and Sea, concerning the folk who move hither and thither across the face of a Big Land.



A CATARACT OF HAIR.
MR. JOHN FITZPATRICK has hair three feet long. He lives in Maple Falls, Wash., but a few years ago he was ranching near Port Haney, B. C. Long before that he lived in Hamilton, Ont., and in Buffalo, but in those years he was not boycotting the barbers. His hair began to grow long in Maple Falls. He was born in Sligo, Ireland. He came to Canada in 1854.

PEMMICAN TO CHAMPAGNE.

THE Old-Timers' Association of Winnipeg has had another banquet. This was held at the Royal Alexandra Hotel—and it was a night when more stories were told and more things trundled out to the imagination than could be found in any other gathering on the continent of North America. The pathfinders were there—most of them; the old pemmican-eaters and cart-drivers. Men drank champagne and all that sort of civilised kind of stuff, and picked over a beautiful bill of fare—who twenty years ago boiled the old coffee pot over a brush fire alongside the trail, bunked in the carts and made ferry boats out of cart-wheels and ox-hides. Old buffalo hunters, some of them; in the face of all the magnificence and the modern music of, what Kipling called, the finest hotel in America, they had the old-fashioned nerve to get up and say they would like to have the whole onward march of civilisation jerked up just long enough to have one more buffalo hunt in the way it used to be. Of course everybody believed them and they were quite sincere. There is no sort of man anywhere who has a bigger attachment to the old times of just the other day twenty years ago—than the old-timers of the Canadian prairie. Long may they live to tell the old stories and sing the old songs!



Hauling Spars for Shipbuilding, Bear River, Nova Scotia. Wooden Fishing Vessels are still built in the Provinces by the Sea, though most of the timber is now exported.

FARMER HINES OF SASKATCHEWAN.

THERE is a man in Davidson, Sask., known as Farmer Hines—and he is one of the most remarkable men in that part of the country. Hines used to live in Minnesota. Down there his life ambition used to be a farmers' railroad. He is still talking that kind of railroad. The other day he paid a visit to Warren, Minn., and held a meeting. This meeting was for the purpose of interesting citizens and others in the construction of a farmers' road from Lake Superior to Hudson's Bay. In the old days Farmer Hines used to open his Minnesota meetings with prayer. This one he opened by reading a passage from the Book of Job, followed by a prayer. Then he told the people all about the farmers' road movement and the Hudson's Bay project. He is perhaps the only farmer in Canada who has on his mind day and night a scheme whereby the grain of the great West may be able to reach Europe by the short haul.

THE PLACE CALLED STONEY PLAIN.

TWELVE miles out of Edmonton there is a place called Stoney Plain, which is one of the finest farming regions in the whole world. The name is a misnomer. It has nothing to do with stones. There are not stones enough on Stoney Plain to curb a well. The reason they call it by such a hard name is on account of the Indians who are the native pioneers in that section and who have a settlement not far from the place. These red men are relics of the great tribe of Stoneys, the best of whom are snuggled up in the hollows of the foot-hills away down south in the region of Calgary. These northerners are a sort of first cousin and they sometimes drive into Ed-

monton minus most of the glory of a red man but very desirous to trade. The folk who have settled where their camps used to be were in the first place mostly Germans, and some years ago they used to keep Edmonton supplied with butter and eggs. Now, however, there are a lot of various people at Stoney Plain. There is a young town in that region; a prosperous little burg, as new as a new dollar, to which three trains run every week over the Canadian Northern. But away beyond the town is a land where the freighters are going; out to the McLeod River and the Pembina and the Paddle River—the last real west beyond Edmonton. Most of these freighters camp at Stoney Plain, which will soon be linked up with the western extension of the Grand Trunk Pacific.

"FIGHTING BOB" IN VANCOUVER.

"FIGHTING BOB" EVANS has been in Vancouver. A few evenings ago the grizzly old sea-dog dodged into the harbour and out again before they had time to organise a civic reception. He came in on the steamer *Princess Victoria*—not a single gun or a turret; went to the Hotel Vancouver and had dinner; left about eight o'clock and went to the ferry—ready to hit the watery trail to Seattle at ten. He told the Vancouverites a few stray things about his trip round part of the earth. He was in a talky sort of mood because he knew the West was interested in the navy scare just as much as the East; and he reckoned that the visit of his fleet to the coast line of Australia and New Zealand had something to do with impressing those imperial islanders with the majesty of a real fleet.

RUNNING THE 17TH BASE LINE.

THIS is the time when the man with the tripod and the tent-pack begins to gather his outfit in the north cities and strikes for the unsurveyed places of Canada. Every spring a small army of surveyors strikes out to the wilds. They are now beginning to straggle out of Edmonton. First to hit the long trail with a pack of seventeen is Mr. Geo. McMillan, who will spend the summer of 1909 in running base lines. This is not in the least like making a home run in a baseball game. Mr. McMillan and his gang of seventeen will spend most of the summer running the

seventeenth base line west from the sixth meridian of longitude to the western edge of Alberta snug up under the eaves of the Rockies. This is a distance of about one hundred and thirty-five miles.

WHY IS A BLUENOSE?

QUERY is often put—Why is a Bluenose? Of course everybody knows that every true Bluenose comes from Nova Scotia; and a good many years ago a scribe writing in the *Halifax Recorder* explained in poetry just what a Bluenose is and the history of the name. Follows part of the poem;—

"This name at first was given to those
 Attir'd in decent homespun clothes,
 In market seen from day to day
 Selling potatoes, oats and hay,
 But chiefly did they owe their fame
 To the potato of that name;
 A choice and wholesome root it grew,
 Round, smooth, and brightly tinged with blue—
 Its heart so mealy, white and pure,
 A ready market did ensure.
 So much admir'd for its nutrition,
 The Bluenose got quite into fashion;
 The nicest beau and lady sought them,
 And all that could most gladly bought them,
 By peck, or half-peck, or by sacks,
 In days of yore at Halifax.
 Thus from sheer mirth or wanton spite,
 The Bluenose planter, luckless wight,
 Was termed a Bluenose for his pains,
 A title which he still retains."

BANCROFT
 Newest Collar for Fall and Winter
 20c. Each
 3 for 50c
 DEMAND
 1/4 Sizes
 THE BRAND
 Specially smart, with style and comfort; 1 3/4 in. at back; 2 1/2 in. at front. Like all Castle Brand Collars, made better than seems necessary, fits better, wears longer. For style, service and satisfaction, look no further than this brand.
 MAKERS
 BERLIN

Puncture-proof TIRES
 on this
\$550
Motor
Carriage

 Tudhope-McIntyre Model H H is built on the lines of a buggy.
 High wheels, with solid rubber tires—no punctures, and trouble-proof.
 Speed, 5 to 25 miles an hour.
 Chapman double ball bearing axles—oil once a year.
 Entire Motor Carriage—motor, tires, etc., is fully guaranteed.
 12 horse power motor—two speeds forward and one reverse.
Dealers
 who can handle a reasonable number of these cars, write us at once for terms and territory.
 15 models from \$550. to \$1000. e 4
 The Tudhope-McIntyre Co., Dept. R Orillia, Ont.

Do not be put off, insist on
Dewar's
 "Special Liqueur"
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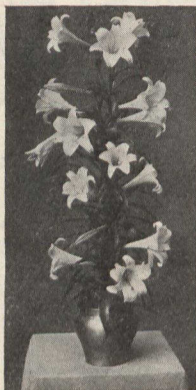
THE THIEL
Detective Service Co. of Canada, Limited
 E. R. CARRINGTON, Secy. & Asst. Gen. Mgr.
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 CITY OF MEXICO, MEX., Equitable Life Ins. Bldg.
 LOS ANGELES, 621 Trust Bldg.
SPECIAL EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

FOR THE CHILDREN

A RAINY DAY JOURNEY

By Christine Gleason.



"WHY, dearies," said Aunt Bertha, as she came into the nursery and found the three children with solemn little faces pressed against the rain-spattered window-pane, "have you yet to learn that it can be sunny within if it is rainy outside?"

"If this was the last day of your vacation, and it had rained most every day, I guess you wouldn't say that," said Bobby, the eldest of the trio.

"When I was ten years old, I presume I wouldn't have said so," replied Aunt Bertha, "but I have learned since that we can make the sun shine for us almost always if we are only willing to try. How would you all like to go on a pleasure trip?" She was smiling brightly.

"In the rain?" asked the three, in surprise. "Why, Aunt Bertha! How could we go out?"

"Oh, the rain won't affect us in the least. We shall not even need rubbers or umbrellas," she answered, laughing. "You may put on your rubber boots, Bobby, and run over and ask your playmates to come and travel with you, if you wish."

Bobby looked rather doubtful, but he went, and soon five children were watching aunty stitch up four long strips of brown paper on the machine. This she divided into five booklets. Next she brought a pile of old magazines, several pairs of scissors, and some paste and brushes.

"Now," she said, "you may all travel just where you wish. These magazines are full of pictures taken in interesting countries all over the world. Wherever you decide to visit, just find all the pictures you can that have any connection with the place, and paste them in your little books, and you will have much of the pleasure and excitement of a real journey, with none of its dangers and discomforts. I will leave you for a little while now, and when I come back I shall expect to find you all home again, safe and happy."

How quickly the next two hours passed, and how busy the little brains and fingers were!

Bobby went to California. His first picture was of the "Sunset Limited," the train in which he chose to cross the continent. There were views of Western cities that he passed through; and when he reached the sunny land he filled his booklet with scenes of the great harbour on the Pacific coast, pictures of wonderful flowers and fruits that grow only under southern skies, photographs taken at an ostrich-farm, and many other things of interest, until the last leaf of the journey-book was covered.

Elsa went to Japan, and she collected pictures of bamboo houses and Japanese children with cherry-blossoms and butterflies.

Everybody journeyed somewhere. When Aunt Bertha came in again, she brought a big plate of sugar jumbles, and the way the cookies disappeared proved that each little traveller had returned in good health with a good appetite.—*Youth's Companion*.

* * *

SYLVIA'S GOOD ANGEL

By V F.

ONCE upon a time, long ago, there lived in a little town a widow with one little girl. This mother used to spin. She sold the things she spun, and in that way bought food and clothing for her little girl and herself. And the little girl, whose name was Sylvia, watched her mother work, and soon learned how to spin and helped with the spinning when she could. Her mother used to tell her that whatever people did to help each other was the work that God meant them to do, and that Sylvia was doing God's work.

One day the poor mother was very ill, and there was much spinning to be done. The doctor came and said that she must lie in bed for a week if she wanted to get well.

"But my spinning must be done," said the woman.

"I will do it, mother," said the child.

"Your little arms are not strong enough for you to work all day as I could, and you cannot work so fast, and the task has to be done by to-morrow morning," said the mother.

"I will try," said the child. "It is God's work."

"You cannot do it," said her mother, "unless the angels help you."

But the child worked hour after hour. Her little hands ached, her fingers smarted, but still she worked. Night came on, and the mother, lying in bed, soothed by the sound of the wheel, fell asleep. The little girl worked on, and she prayed that if she could not finish the task that some angel might do so. At last, in spite of all her efforts, the brave little creature rolled from her chair to the floor, and lay there, exhausted, asleep. Hours passed, and at last the sunlight streamed across the floor. The mother, awaking free from pain, called to her daughter. The child started up. There was the work, all finished, folded and neat, lying on the chair from which she had fallen. In her dreams she had seen an angel, and now she was sure that the dream was true. She ran to her mother, who laughed with joy when she saw the happy face. "What is it, dear?" she asked.

Oh, mother, the angels finished the work I could not do!" Sylvia exclaimed.

When her mother heard the story, "Yes, dear," she said, "if like you, we do our *very best*, God lets his angels finish that which we could not complete ourselves."—*The Circle*.

* * *



"I think this Easter Bonnet needs more trimming on the side."—*Life*.

* * *

ONE OF THE UNDERFED

A little girl came down to dessert at a dinner party, and sat next to her mother. This lady was much occupied in talking to her neighbours, and omitted to give the child anything to eat. After some time the little girl, unable to bear it any longer, with sobs rising in her throat, held up her plate, and said: "Does anybody want a clean plate?"—*Penny Pictorial*.

* * *

CHILD AND BUTTERFLY

By Mary Burt Messer.

If I lift my hand as now,
Moving lightly as I pass,
Pausing softly in the grass,
Somehow

All the little folk that fly
Happily beneath the sky
Know me for a friendly one,
Flicker round me in the sun;
And, if I am still, they dip
In their sweet companionship
Till I feel a velvet thing
Quivering

In my palm, with dusky wing.
And I smile to think that I
Am intimate with things so shy.

—*Youth's Companion*.

KEEP

BOVRIL in the House

Why not take a cup of BOVRIL every morning throughout the Spring. It invigorates the whole



system, fortifies you against the changeable weather and helps you to do the work of the day. BOVRIL is easily made—a cup, hot water and a spoonful of BOVRIL are all you need.

Do not accept substitutes.

109

You Can Save Half a Dollar

And get five hundred pages of bright, helpful, interesting home reading during the year for

FIFTY CENTS

On June 1st the price of the *Home Journal* is going up to One Dollar. We are compelled to accept subscriptions in the meantime at the old rate. Our old subscribers are "falling over themselves" getting in their renewals before the time. They *know a good thing*. You may get in on the same basis if you *do it now*. You should take a *Canadian Home Journal*. Get in when it will only cost you a trifle.

The Home Journal
59 John Street

Canadians Love The Empire

This is shown particularly in our Poets and Writers. Two of our Poets who write Imperially are R. J. C. Stead in

The Empire Builders
and Other Poems

Cloth \$1.00

and S. M. Baylis in

At The Sign of the Beaver

Northland Stories and Stanzas

Cloth \$1.25

These books stir the blood.

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS

WILLIAM BRIGGS

PUBLISHER AND BOOKSELLER
29-33 RICHMOND ST. W., TORONTO

C. P. GOERZ, LENSES, ETC.
HUTTIG & SON, METAL CAMERA
(IN A CLASS BY THEMSELVES)

Sole Canadian Representative
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Send for catalogues and No. 21 bargain list.

CRESOLENE ANTISEPTIC TABLETS

A simple and effective remedy for
SORE THROATS AND COUGHS

They combine the germicidal value of Cresolene with the soothing properties of slippery elm and licorice. Your druggist or from us, 10c in stamps. LEMMING, MILLS Co., Limited, Agents, Montreal, 401

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

When Pathan Takes Offense

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 15

get to it by dropping from above to a ledge at the cave mouth.

"Unfortunately, to reach it, I had to approach the skulking Pathan. But I took a chance, and worked down toward the cave, cracking away with my hammer, as though I was quite unaware of the cut-throat who had now, seeing me coming his way, hidden behind a rock. I surmised he would do this, and it was just a question of whether the cave was well within his range or not. It might be, and he might shoot before I had a chance to slip over the bank. It was a bit hard on the nerve, I must say. I daren't look toward him, and expected every minute to hear the ringing crack of his rifle, and feel the hot plow of his bullet.

"He must have chuckled to himself as he saw me coming closer and closer, and felt how completely I was in his power. He could see that I was unarmed, and probably that was why he waited just a trifle too long. Once in the cave he could not reach me with his rifle, and I could hold half a dozen Pathans at bay with my hammer.

"To reach that hole in the rocks meant safety. I knew that when I did not return at night you would come searching for me, and Ghazi Khan would have to clear out.

"I suppose I was not a hundred yards from the rock behind which Ghazi Khan crouched when I stood on the brink of the canon just above the cave. I picked a sample of rock from my bag and examined it critically. Then I unshipped the bag from my shoulder, and taking another piece from it held it up to the light, somewhat in the direction of Ghazi's rock.

"I knew he was watching me like a cat, probably had the long barrel of his rifle trained on me, and thought that as my face turned his way, busy with the examination of the specimen, he would conceal himself for a minute for fear of being seen.

"I suppose that is what he did, for, with a quick move, I dropped to the ledge and bolted into the cave. He must have been an astonished Pathan when he peeped again and saw nothing of the sahib we was making so sure of.

"I did not expose myself, but kept a sharp lookout just inside the mouth of the cave. I was there about fifteen minutes when the storm broke. It came with awful suddenness—it seemed only a minute till the canon was a mill-race. I began to fear that I should be drowned right in the cave.

"I suppose that Ghazi Khan knew that I was in the canon somewhere and was working his way up it when the torrent caught him; at any rate I did not see him again until I looked upon him here—dead.

"When it became dark I climbed the slope above and made my way cautiously down into the valley. But I was forced to make a long detour up stream to find a crossing."

We never knew just how Ghazi Khan came by his death. One of his legs was broken. Whether he fell going down into the canon, and so snapped the bone, and was caught thus disabled by the torrent, or whether the rushing waters had smashed his limb against a rock, we knew not.

At any rate he was very dead, which was a fortunate thing for the Bara Sahib's welfare.

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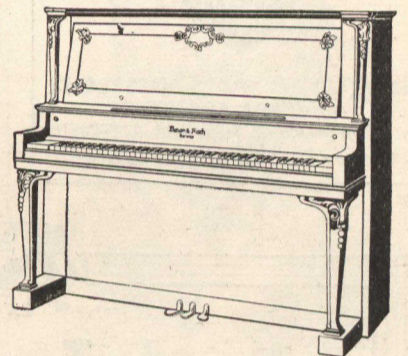
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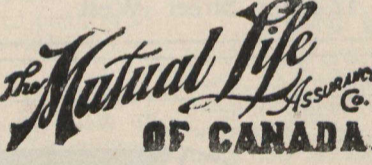


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was the net amount of insurance on the Company's books December 31st, 1908, and the year's operations showed that



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(b) " " " Reserve	948,268
(c) " " " Income	302,571
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while its ratio of expense to income was smaller than in previous years.

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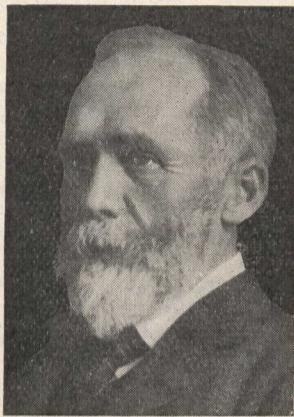
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of a magazine are not as likely to be impressed with its spirit and scope as those who see it regularly. This is particularly true of a journal like the *Canadian Courier*, which covers the whole Dominion. Every week by letter-press and picture the varied life of Canada is brought before the reader; yet so wide is the land that surprises are continually in store and some fresh revelation of its conditions—political, social or industrial—is presented. We invite you to become a regular subscriber. For only three dollars we will send you the *Courier* fifty-two times a year.

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Did Coal Win as Well as Steel?



Mr. James Ross,
President Dominion Coal Company

NOW that the long outstanding difficulties between the Dominion Iron and Steel Company and the Dominion Coal Company are at an end it will surprise many to hear the statement made that in some respects the Privy Council judgment was a victory for the Coal Company as well as for the Steel Company.

This seems rather paradoxical at first, especially as the average man who only took passing interest in the big suit easily remembers the big headings of "Steel Wins" that were published in most of the daily papers. Some information that the full text of the judgment did not give the Steel Company as decisive a victory as the earlier cables had intimated came during the negotiations for a settlement when the Coal Company even went so far as to say that a settlement would have to be reached before April 1st or the Coal Company would stop supplying the Steel Company with coal and force the latter to close down its plant. Then it was that people woke up to the fact that the Steel Company, even though it might like to do so, could not tell the Coal Company that the old ninety-nine-year contract was at an end, simply because the National Trust Company (as trustee for the bondholders of the Steel Company) had gone clearly on record in stating that this ninety-nine-year contract was one of the principal liens behind the first mortgage bonds of the Steel Company and on this account it did not want the old contract to be set aside. This prevented President Plummer from claiming any right to future damages and of course greatly improved the position of the Coal Company. It was mainly this peculiar position in which the Steel Company found itself that led to the compromise.

The point, however, on which the Coal Company, although the loser, gained quite a victory before the Privy Council, was that which determined how much good coal the Coal Company would have to supply the Steel Company under the old ninety-nine-year contract. The courts of Nova Scotia had gone as far as to rule that in the event of the Coal Company not finding enough suitable coal for the Steel Company in its present mines, it would be forced to open up others with a view of securing suitable coal for steel-making purposes. The Privy Council, however, took a very different view, ruling that the Coal Company was only obliged to give the Steel Company as much suitable coal as it came across in the usual course of its operations. Such an interpretation, it will be seen, greatly lessens the obligations of the Coal Company and according to the best legal opinion places the Coal Company in a position to say to the Steel Company, "You can have so much coal but no more."

The two corporations are such big ones and their interests so interlaced that it would seem best that neither should have secured a complete victory over the other. The Coal Company has paid over \$2,750,000 to the Steel Company as the amount due for overcharges during the three years of disagreement. The Steel Company has further claims against the Coal Company amounting to perhaps a million and a half, but these the Coal Company will carefully contest. The old contract is revived and no further damages can arise.

* * *

Mr. Sise's Interrupted European Trip

MR. C. F. SISE, the veteran president of the Bell Telephone Company of Canada, left for Europe recently to complete an extensive tour he started to take just about two years ago. At that time Mr. Sise had fixed up everything, so as to be absent for some months, and taking Mrs. Sise and his daughter along with him, sailed for Genoa, with the intention of visiting most of the European centres. When, however, Mr. Sise landed at Genoa in sunny Italy, there was a cablegram awaiting him stating that the Government of the Province of Manitoba wanted to arrange for the purchase of the Bell lines in that province and asking him to come right back. This he did by the very next steamer, and it has taken him over two years before he could get a chance to slip away again.

* * *

Canadian Built Wisconsin Central now in Canadian Pacific Hands

WHEN the Canadian Pacific Railway recently made the strategic move to gain an entrance into Chicago by acquiring the Wisconsin Central the fact was never mentioned that the American line was built by Mr. James Ross, now president of the Dominion Coal Company. Mr. Ross was, at that time, a railway contractor, and secured the contract for the construction of the greater part of the line.

This fact only became known at a luncheon given recently at the Mount Royal Club, more generally known as the Millionaires' Club of Montreal, by Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, the president of the Canadian Pacific, in honour of some leading western American railway interests.

In calling Sir Thomas' attention to the fact that he had built the Wisconsin Central long before the C. P. R. was built and that now the C. P. R. were taking over the employees of the Wisconsin Central, Mr. Ross suggested that he might now rank as one of the oldest employees of the C. P. R. and should be entitled to a pension. The other gentlemen around the table voted the point was nicely proved and taking up the joke urged upon the President of the big Canadian railway that Mr. Ross should go on the pension list. Sir Thomas, not to be outdone, remarked he would give the matter his "careful attention."

Since that time Mr. Ross has both built a good many miles of road for and sold a good many miles of road to the Canadian Pacific, the most important among them being the Calgary and Edmonton Railway, which Mr. Ross and a few associates owned outright for some time after its construction.

When the line was sold to the C. P. R. it was thought that the owners had got a very good price for it, but only recently Sir Thomas Shaughnessy went as far as to say that he considered that the C. P. R., at the price it had paid for the line, had made fully \$8,000,000 out of the owners of it.

Coupon

What Canadian Editors Think

MUNICIPAL BUNGLERS.

(Regina Standard)

THE ease with which municipal corporations, in these Western provinces, fall into serious and sometimes very costly blunders, is appalling. The *Standard*, as a heavy rate-paying concern, regrets that Regina is once again a victim in this regard. The facts, disagreeable though they be, may as well be told, for the guidance of other municipal councils. Regina ratepayers are not lacking in public spirit. In accordance with modern progressiveness they voted debentures to the amount of \$100,000 towards the erection of a magnificent new hospital that might be pointed out as an object of provincial as well as municipal pride. The architectural genius of the whole world was summoned to the task of designing so imposing a structure and a New York architect captured the prize. Regina, like Toronto, had to pay the customs duty, of ten per cent., by which incidental protection is afforded to Canadian architects, and Fielding's depleted exchequer partly replenished.

* * *

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

(Toronto News.)

EVER since civil service reform became a vital issue in Canadian politics, Mr. John A. Cooper, editor of THE CANADIAN COURIER, has been counted as one of its ardent advocates. Nor did the partial measure adopted by the Federal Government a year ago convince him that the battle was wholly won. On a recent trip to the West he spoke before several Canadian Clubs on the need for establishing business principles as the governing force of the civil service.

In Fort William he contrasted the method of Canada and of the Canadian Pacific Railway in the treatment of employees. The railway finds the right man, trains him and advances him as efficiency and merit warrant. The Government allows efficiency and merit to be overshadowed by political influence. Political favourites secure promotion.

Mr. Cooper compared the practice of the Government in filling public offices to that of a School Board which might appoint a watchmaker as head master of a school when properly qualified teachers were applying. He cited the appointments of postmasters at Toronto, London, Montreal and St. John as examples of the operation of the system. Mr. Cooper commended the new Civil Service Act, but insisted that it should be extended to cover the outside service.

* * *

THOSE HAPPY HOMES!

(Vancouver Province)

AS a productive area Vancouver surpasses Victoria as much as a country garden surpasses a town one. The number of children—native children—in Vancouver is legion. They are like a swarm of bees, or the blossoms on a crimson Rambler in summer, or a shoal of herring—anything that suggests a myriad can be properly used in describing human fertility in Vancouver. We do not all live in flats. The trade in perambulators in Vancouver is a rushing branch of business. The productivity of the soil and water of British Columbia is not more proverbial than the capacity for producing olive branches in Vancouver. It is said that an Englishman brought over some water-cress plants from Eng-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26



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Ask your dealer, or write us for our booklet, "Tank Development." It tells about the modern methods of developing Cartridge Films, Premo Film Packs and Glass Plates.

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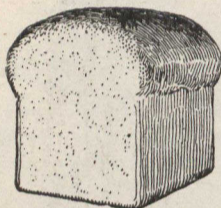
But that's not all. Every grain of this wheat contains both high-grade and low-grade properties. In separating the high-grade parts from the low-grade the Western Canada Flour Mills put the hard wheat through a process so exacting that not a single low-grade part has the remotest chance of getting in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

Of course this special process is more expensive to operate but it means a lot to Purity flour users—that's why we use it.

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It means a high-class, strong flour and therefore yields "more bread and better bread."

Purity may cost a little more than some flours, but results prove it the cheapest and most economical after all.



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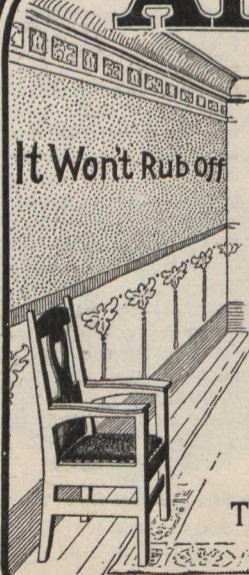
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Artistic and Healthful

No one who has ever decorated a room with Alabastine can rest content until the whole home is so decorated. Alabastine tints have more tone than wall paper, paint, or whitening-and-glue preparations. The minute rock crystals, of which this hygienic cement is made, reflect the rays of light softly and cheerfully—and actually make the room several degrees brighter. Alabastine does not rub off, peel, crack or decay. It is the most durable, healthful and economical wall covering. Your hardware dealer sells 5 lb. package 50c. Our book "Homes, Healthful and Beautiful," mailed free on request, tells how to do artistic work.

The Alabastine Co., Limited
23 Willow St., Paris, Ont.



Bores I Have Brushed Against

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 10

of many of the whizzy motor cars we see on the street is caused by the natural desire of one or more in the tonneau to evade the crooked fingers of a bore of some sort.

King pin of bores is he who, hankering after the red meat of stereotyped news records, emits an inaudible cheer within himself, as he sees you enter a street car with a newspaper. As you unfold it, he leans across the car aisle, and glues his hastily-donned glasses to the sheet. If he runs over the heads faster than you do, he sits back rather indignantly, waiting for you to turn. Having stolen some of the knowledge you paid money to peruse, he turns to his neighbour, and discusses the news of the day he has purloined, as if the facts were come by legitimately. Or perhaps he sits beside you. In this case, when you are half way down the column of some stirring case that you would prefer to finish before you reach home—not that you wouldn't like them at home to find you interested in the narrative, but still—well, you're in a hurry, anyway—you become aware suddenly that a psychologic force is impinging on your own concentration. You feel that a human gaze is disrupting your attention. A glance sideways betrays the newspaper bore deep in your paper. He may look away quickly at your glance, returning his fascinated gaze to the types as you resume, or he may throw his attention for a time to the paper the other side of him. The effect is the same; you feel like crunching the paper up in a ball and hurling it at him. If he's a stout bore, your first intimation that he's got you is a breathy gurgle, and a weight on your right shoulder as he butts in.

All you can do is to buy him a paper, or change your seat, and if he's a hard-shell, he may follow you.

The world is full of the empty laughter of the individual who constantly exclaims, "That reminds me," and who proceeds to tell you a story. As a general axiom, he has no right to essay a narrative of any description, but you catch the infection of his grin, and wait patiently for the point, hoping it will reward you for the ordeal. So he ploughs along, stopping several times to remove his grin, and explain that he's going too fast, that that wasn't the way it went; it was this way. You encourage him to get the thing off his mind, and he resumes. His glee becomes more and more marked as he gets deeper into it, and you are becoming impatient to ascertain just how what he has said can be cumulatively illuminated by the point of the thing. A dreadful fear comes over you that the whole thing is original, and that the fellow is hunting for some sort of a good ending, but you reflect that you must have heard it or read it some place, and that it must have a point. It must have a good point, you consider, or this man would never have seen it, much less keep it in mind long enough to repeat it. So, just as you feel that it's coming at last, this bore utters or emits one wild last whoop of compressed glee, and with tears in his eyes suddenly says: "Well, you know I've forgotten the rest, but it was a good story, anyway."

You become indignant, and if you are not careful he starts all over again. He has no friends, and the only person that can put him in his place is his wife.

A man with a six-cylinder car and a one-cylinder brain, dressed like an anarchist and with a voice like his own horn, can qualify for the third degree in boredom, if the gasoline so moves him. It is possible to get this

man to listen for a short time to another subject, but the call of the wild gets him, and he starts off about cranks, and radiators, water-cooled and carburetter, till you have a dizzy feeling that something is going to happen. He won't go out to dinner because he can't wear his leathereens and goggles. There is only one possible happy end for him, and that is to be run down by a friend in a large car who discovers he has only an hour to travel four miles.

The above are the backbone of the bore type. Others will suggest themselves to you. The least any of us can do is to so live that when the final chiseller sharpens his tool, it will be without the sanction given him by each one of us, to carve "bore" on our shafts.

Aspects of the Tariff

(Fredericton Gleaner)

THE new Washington tariff is evidently designed to conserve the natural resources of the United States by using Canadian timber, pulpwood, iron ore and wheat to build up American industries, points out the *Toronto News*. The latest advices from Washington also indicate that the tariff framers aim at preventing Great Britain from granting Canada and the other outlying dominions a preference. Canada's preference to the mother country will not bring the maximum American tariff into force against us, although the minimum schedules probably will be high enough to shut out most of our products excepting only raw materials which the United States needs to keep its factories running. But if Great Britain adopts a tariff and gives a preference to Canada, she will face the maximum schedules in sending goods into the American republic.

Navy and Evangelism

(Winnipeg Telegram)

A CITIZEN of Winnipeg stood in the pulpit of one of the city churches yesterday and stated that Great Britain would be better employed in spending her millions to evangelise the world than in taxing her resources to maintain her supremacy on the sea. This is a narrow and shortsighted view of the situation which fortunately is shared by few enlightened Canadians. Where, it may be asked, does the labour of the evangelist find its greatest field to-day. Is it not among the peoples of the earth where the flag of Britain gives protection to the evangelist, where British freedom and its civilising and Christianising influences are carried to the millions who are without the pale of the Canadian church? The power of the British navy is the power that has opened the doors of the heathen nations to the evangelists, has protected them in their labours and extended the scope of their Christianising efforts. The power of the British navy is the power under whose protection and guidance the un-Christian millions of Africa and India are being led to a higher civilisation, to higher ideals and to intelligent conception of the Divinity that rules the Christian world. To talk of the money spent in ensuring Britain's supremacy on the sea as in conflict with the spread of Christianity is to utterly ignore the vital significance of British naval power.

HA! HA! HA!

"Well, I'm blest! So this is one of those so-called metal roofing guarantees I've read about," laughs the Wise Man of Metal Town.

"It certainly is a good joke, for it doesn't really guarantee anything to anybody, and isn't legally binding. Ask your own lawyer and you'll find I'm right."

"Stripped of all its exceptions and provisions I don't see how anyone could be serious about it."

"I go by what I know has been done, not by what is promised. For instance, I know that 'Eastlake' Metallic shingles have been in use for twenty-five years right here in Toronto, where they're made, and that those same shingles are in perfect condition now."

"Just listen here a minute. I'm getting serious now. The Metallic Roofing Company began to make metallic shingles years before anyone else in Canada. They were made right when they were first made. The Metallic Roofing Company have been continually making new designs for ceilings and walls, fronts and cornices, but as for shingles they have never seen an improvement on the 'Eastlake' steel shingles which have been made, laid and proven for twenty-five years."

"I've noticed that most metal shingle manufacturers change their pattern so frequently that I'm led to believe they, themselves, haven't much confidence in their own goods. Yes, they even change the name to cover up some weakness in a previous product."

"TWO OTHER PERSONS' SAY-SO'S"

The Metallic Roofing Co., Limited,
Toronto.

Simcoe, Ont., April 9th, 1908.

Dear Sirs:—"We have handled your 'Eastlake' Shingles for nearly a quarter of a century. They have been on the Court House, Free Library and other public buildings in this town for 18 years. We have used very large quantities during the past 25 years, and they have always given first-class satisfaction, and have never required any repairs."

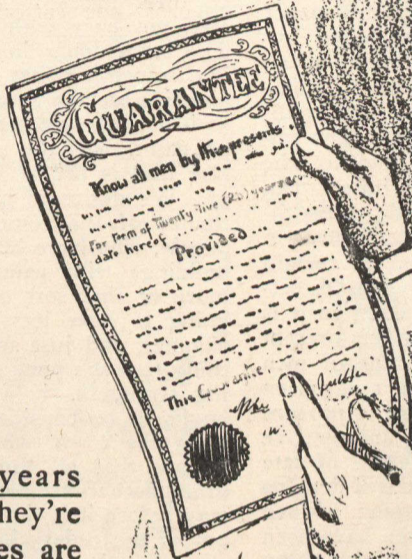
(Signed) MADDEN BROS.,
Tinsmith and Hardware Merchants.

The Metallic Roofing Co., Limited,
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Lucknow, Ont., April 9th, 1908.

Dear Sirs:—"I take great pleasure in testifying to the good qualities of your 'Eastlake' Shingles. We put your painted shingles on our Town Hall here in 1885, 23 years ago, and although they have only been painted twice since that time they are in good condition yet. I consider the lock on the 'Eastlake' the very best, and believe that a roof covered with the galvanized 'Eastlake' will last for ever."

(Signed) THOS. LAWRENCE,
Hardware Merchant.



"I'm prejudiced, you say? Of course I'm prejudiced, but it's a prejudice founded on years of active use of the metallic goods made by The Metallic Roofing Co. It's an old man's prejudice based on a long experience."

"Write for booklet which tells more about 'Eastlake' Metallic Shingles. They are sure proof against fire, lightning, rust or weather in all climates. They are the easiest and quickest to put in place and the most durable when laid. If you send the measurement of any roof an accurate estimate of cost will be sent free."

—The Philosopher of Metal Town.

The Metallic Roofing Co.

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What Canadian Editors Think

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

land and put them in a creek near New Westminster. They have multiplied so rapidly that he can now walk over his creek. But that record is matched in Vancouver where, as is well known, couples who have given up hopes of a family come here and raise one. We are in fact a close second to Quebec. Not for us the sterile streets of the cities of Ontario. We can look with derision at Hamilton, and with pity at Toronto. We wonder at Toronto, and try not to be Pharasaic as we do so.

* * *

BEHIND THE SCENES.

(Kingston Standard)

WHAT drivel has been written concerning the danger of an invasion of England by a German army! The causes of all this excitement are not difficult to ascertain. In the first place the great English ship-building firms are in need of work, so are their workmen, so are contractors for naval supplies. In the second place an attack of this kind for political effect would have a tendency to weaken the hands of the present government. In the third place both naval and army officers

are always keyed up to look for trouble and spoiling for a fight. Then there is a strong faction in the British House of Commons favourable to Admiral Beresford and unfavourable to Admiral Fisher, who is now at the head of the navy and responsible for its condition.

* * *

POPULATION MOVING.

(Lethbridge Herald)

ONE cannot take up a newspaper these days without being impressed by the fact that there is an unusually large movement of immigration in progress, with this country as the objective point. The Immigration Department hold to the opinion that this year's influx will beat all previous records, notwithstanding the legislation adopted in 1908 to check emigration of certain classes. This legislation was directed against the poorer classes, so it is quite safe to assume that this present influx is all of a good type of men and women. Heretofore it has been the aim of the government to procure immigration at all costs, irrespective of quality. But the demand of late has been for a class that will develop the land by settling thereon. Much suffering in our cities may have been avoided had proper measures been taken in time. The booking on all trans-Atlantic liners is exceptionally

heavy and there will be a big movement from the United States. Prospects for a busy spring loom large for it cannot be gainsaid that these settlers bring with them much capital while they add ultimately to the country's wealth by increasing the output from the soil.

* * *

PAINTING THE TOWN.

(Victoria Colonist.)

IT is about time that the people who own houses in this most excellent city, got busy with the paint brush. The town looks in too many places like something that had been laid to one side to take care of itself, whereas it ought to blossom in all the glory of paint, like the rose or anything else that is bright and good to look at. We desire to put on record the thanks of the community to a few people, who have brightened up their buildings with paint. Let there be more of that sort of thing. We are going to have lots of company this summer, and just as it is the correct thing to wash your face before meeting strangers, if it needs it, so it ought to be considered necessary to paint the town, when we know for certain that all the world and his grandmother are likely to come this way before it is time to take our furs out of the cedar closet or the pawnshop, as the case may be. So let there be a crusade in painting. Let us bedeck our messages in decent

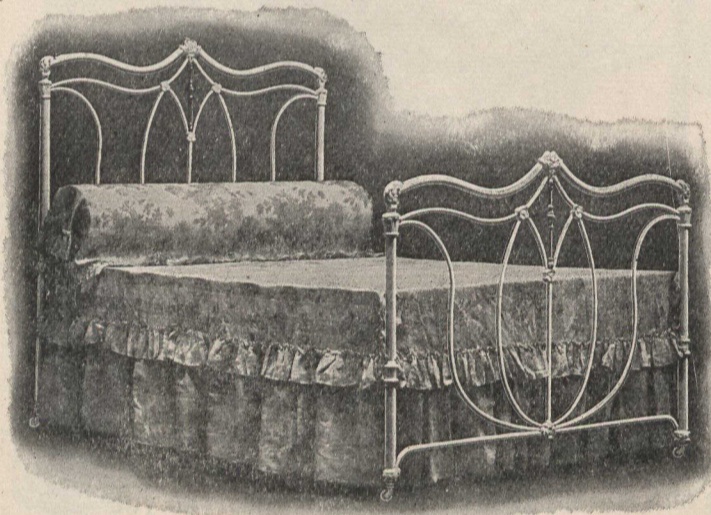
colours. Let us generally have a cleaning up time. Let us get ready for company.

* * *

THE GREEDY GAMESTER.

(Winnipeg Telegram)

THE amendment to the Manitoba Game Act takes special and unmistakable cognizance of the existence of the game hog in the province of Manitoba. This biped is indigenous in every country where game animals exist and where vanity, blood-thirstiness and greed can assert themselves in the guise of sport. His destructiveness has been resented and thwarted by almost every legislature in civilisation to a greater or less degree. The last enactment regarding the preservation of game in the province of Manitoba, places him and his wanton methods not only without the pale of seemly sports afield but definitely without the pale of the law. The action of the Manitoba government in bringing down legislation and consummating into a law of the statute book restraining the greed of the pot-hunter and vainglorious sportsman, whose ideas of sports afield are limited to the size of his bag, indicates that an opportune time in the history of the country the provincial government is keenly alert in preventing the ruin of sports afield with rod and gun.



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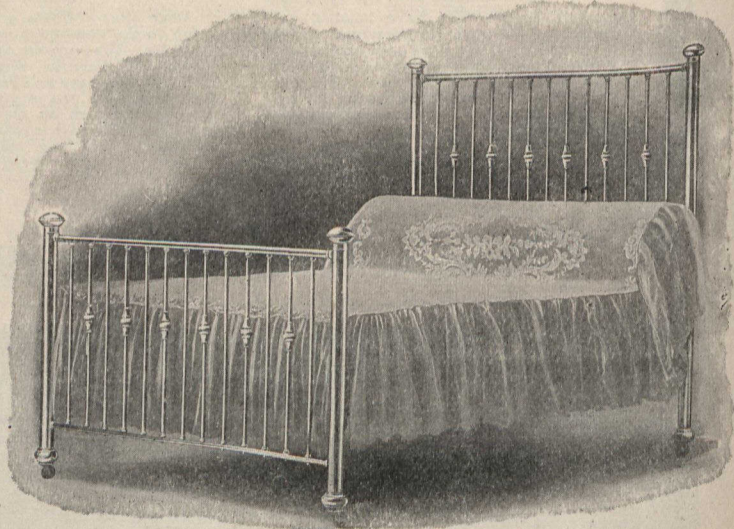
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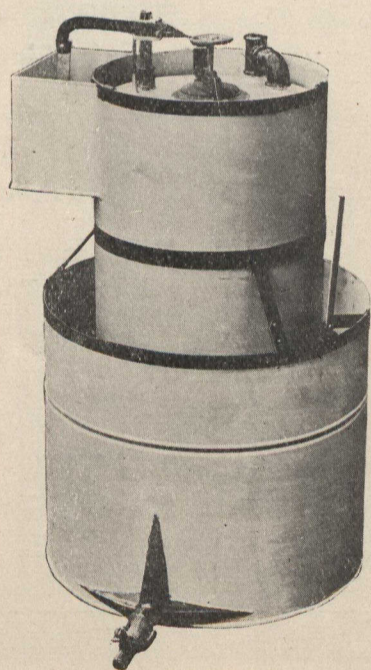
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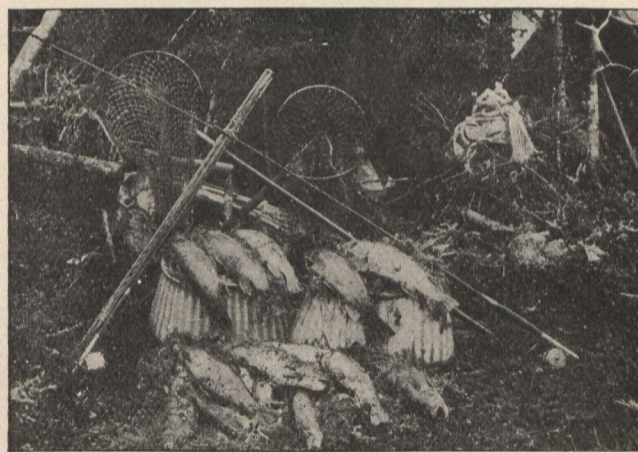
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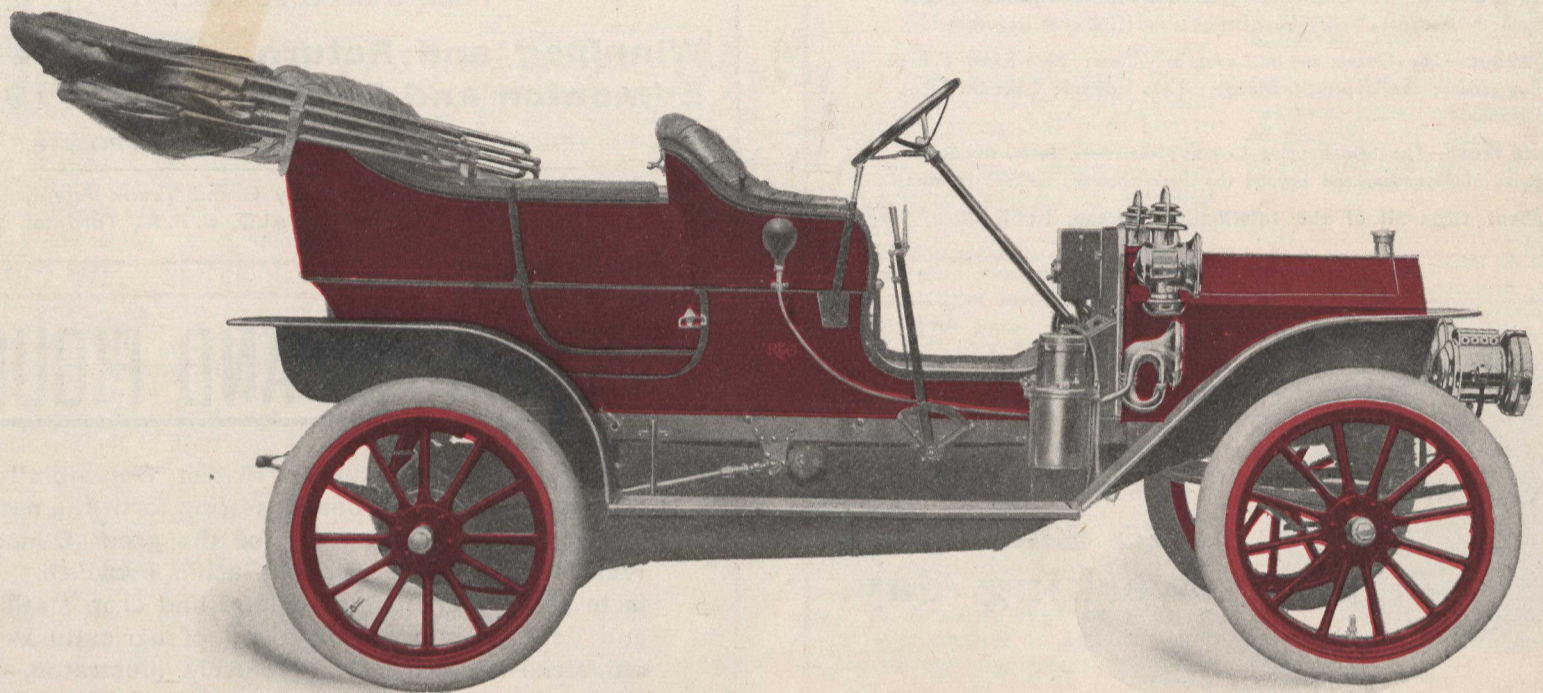
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