

# The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



H.W. McCREA

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Nine  
Provinces

HALLOWE'EN SPORT

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



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TORONTO



# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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## Editor's Talk

**S**TUDYING men has always been the chief work of men—at least, one great English poet gave expression to that idea and his line has been quoted unto this day. The greatest work that Canadians can do is to study Canada—study themselves and their history. This is a point which is kept in mind when each number of this journal is being prepared. The present cannot be understood without a knowledge of the past; nor can the present be fully realised without some hope and ambitions for the future. Hence we are aiming always to give our readers either a glimpse of the past or a glimpse into the future.

**O**UR leading feature this week is a glimpse into the past—not-too-distant past—of the towns in Northern Ontario and beyond. What a marvellous growth in less than thirty years! What a country that portion of Canada will be if only the same rate of progress is maintained during the next thirty years! Then Fort William and Port Arthur will be one town, of two hundred thousand inhabitants, perhaps four hundred thousand. Winnipeg should have half a million, and the other Western cities will have grown in proportion.

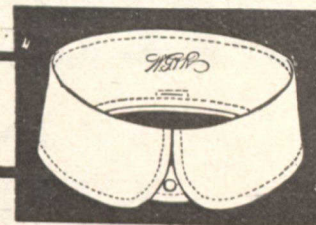
**O**UR Christmas number is looking promising. The presses will begin to print it early in November. But before it appears, there are many splendid features for the regular issues.

Your Collar, Sir!

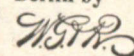
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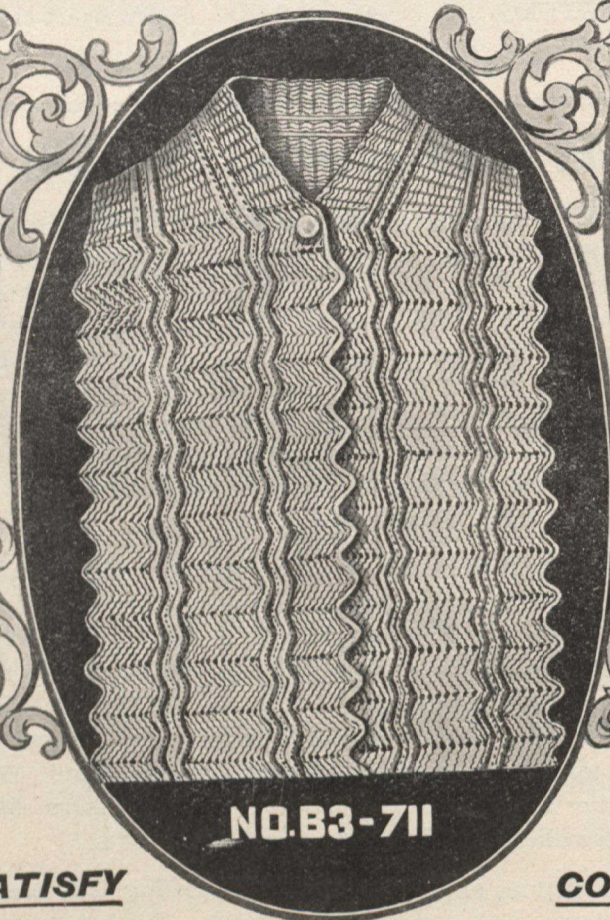


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# Canadian Courier

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

VOL. 6

Toronto, October 30th, 1909

No. 22



**M**ERGERS are fashionable just now in Canada. This is an old style, popular in Great Britain and the United States in "boom" periods. There is nothing particularly new in the fashion; all the details are clearly and definitely set forth in the industrial records of those two countries from which we get most of our ideas—commercial, financial, religious and literary.

Mergers are popular in new countries where there are many optimistic people with large savings. It was therefore reasonable that they should appear at this particular period in Canada's history. Money is very cheap just now. We have made a great deal of wealth out of agriculture, lumbering, mining, railway building and other like amusements. This money, like the small boy's copper, is burning holes in our pockets. Four or five months ago we had so much of it that we sent one hundred and twenty-five millions down to New York to earn two or three per cent. interest. It is in such a season that the Merger thrives.



**T**AKE the latest merger as a sample. The Rhodes-Curry Company at Amherst, N.S., made cars for street railways, steam railways and any other railway that needed them. The Canada Car Company and the Dominion Car Company of Montreal were similar concerns. The three are now merged under one management and one name—the Canada Car and Foundry Company. The factories are not picked up and set down together. They remain separate as before. They simply pool their ideas, their methods, their customers, their creditors and their earnings. They cease to be rivals; they become partners.

Incidentally the old "stock" or "capital" is changed into new stock. First there is an issue of \$3,500,000 of six per cent. bonds which are sold to banks, insurance companies and large capitalists who want first-mortgage investments, and who are content with an assured and reasonable rate of interest. Then there is \$5,000,000 of preferred stock paying seven per cent.; also sold to people who are willing to take second mortgage security for the sake of an extra one per cent. Then there is \$3,000,000 of common stock. This sort of stock is, usually, the sugar. Ordinarily it is divided among the men who thought of the merger, those who previously owned the plants and the various persons who are assisting in making the merger a success.

The common stock may or may not be worth much. A great deal depends on how the merger succeeds. If the combination works well, and the profits increase, the common stock sells at \$20, then \$30, then \$40, and eventually at \$100. Getting common stock for nothing and then selling it to the public at \$100 a share is the method by which merger-millionaires are made.



**L**ET no one think that we are trying to intimate that this particular merger will not be a success. Indeed, most Canadian mergers have been financially successful, though they may not always have reduced the price of the product. We are concerned only in pointing out what a merger means so that any of our readers who desire to make money may know the merger game. The main point is to have something to sell to the merger and then to sell it for a good price plus a fair amount of common stock.

If the Dominion Coal Company and the Dominion Iron and Steel Company had remained merged, all that long and expensive fight would have been saved. When two companies waste their substance in fighting each other, neither is as successful as it would be if all its energies were devoted to developing its business. These two companies were once merged and may be again. It was unfortunate when the combination broke up.

Mergers which are reasonable, not heartlessly over-capitalised, managed by men who are anxious to make the combination success-

## REFLECTIONS

By STAFF WRITERS

ful, and which effect real economies in production, may be good for the nation. They may increase the profits of each concern without increasing the price of the goods sold to the consumer.

The United States Steel Company and the American Tobacco Company are mergers which have effected great economies and eliminated much wasteful rivalry. Their profits have been enormous, and they have made many millionaires. They represent a phase of modern industry and finance which is well worth consideration and close study. That Canadian financiers have been bestowing much study on the merger problem, is shown by the number of mergers recently announced and the number which are as yet but "vague rumours."



**O**N two occasions recently we have pointed out that Canada is not entirely free of the problems which some optimistic Canadians think are pulling old England back in the race of nations. Last week, Winnipeg was singled out as a city which had a large social problem on its hands in connection with the handling of its varied foreign element. This week it is Toronto which is in the limelight. At the Tenth Canadian Conference of Charities and Correction, a Miss Cook pointed out that many places in Toronto were over-crowded. A fifteen-room house which has just been pulled down on the new General Hospital site was formerly the home of 200 men—Italians it may be assumed. She told of a number of homes where the girls and women had no privacy whatever but had to perform all their functions within the view and hearing of men. The commonest decencies of life are ignored, so she claims, in many homes throughout Toronto's crowded district known as "The Ward." The result is disease, debauchery and vice.

Mr. J. J. Kelso, the social expert, suggested that many of the old, unsanitary, ramshackle structures in the Ward should be ordered down by the Health Department. Mr. John Ross Robertson, proprietor of the *Evening Telegram*, advocated giving more power to both provincial and local Boards of Health. No one arose to deny Miss Cook's statements.

Surely, it must be patent to everybody that Canada is face to face with the social problem which has taxed the energies and the wisdom of the people of older countries. If the high standard of life, of home, and of morals which has made Canada famous, is to be preserved, it can only be done by improved legislation, wise administration, and by a serious concerted effort.



**C**ANADA'S relations with the United States are assuming unsatisfactory conditions. There is a grave possibility of a trade war which will cause financial loss in both countries. On April 1st, 1910, the customs dues on all goods sent from Canada to the United States may be increased twenty-five per cent., mainly because Canada desires to prohibit the export of pulpwood. On the top of this comes a rumour that the United States is inclined to overlook or render nugatory the Rush-Bagot Treaty of 1817 which limited the number of naval vessels on the Great Lakes. The number of United States naval vessels in these waters has grown considerably in recent years. The real or possible equipment of these boats is larger than the Treaty contemplated. Perhaps this state of affairs means nothing, but it is certainly causing uneasiness in Canada.

Commercial and national peace and concord are the most valuable assets which North America possesses. Canada is not likely to disturb these wantonly. As the smaller and weaker nation, she is willing to submit and has uncomplainingly submitted to some disparity. She cannot, however, regard the apparent national unfriendliness of the United States with any degree of complacency. It may be that what we mistake for unfriendliness is but the self-assertion of a great people following a natural development. It may be that the United



States is not aware of any intention which is unneighbourly. If so, the Rush-Bagot Treaty will be strictly observed in spite of all rumours to the contrary, and Canada will not be placed on Uncle Sam's commercial black-list. Time alone will disclose the real intentions of those who deal with national policies in United States official circles.



**A**NSWERING the argument that if Canada builds a baby navy, there will be graft and abuse and bribery of constituencies by naval expenditures, the *Toronto Star* says: "If the duty of maintaining a fleet serves to increase public interest in government and citizenship, so much the better for Canada." This is a statement which will bear some examination.

In connection with military expenditures in recent years, there have certainly been some abuses of patronage. In connection with the building of post offices there have been some abuses of a similar kind. But would anyone suggest that, for this reason, we should abolish the militia and cease the building of post offices?



**W**HEN it comes to making agreements with governments to build railways, Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann of the Canadian Northern Railway have all other railway kings fairly beaten. This newly announced agreement with British Columbia is only one of many such triumphs. The highest compliment they have ever received is embodied in this contract and in the statement made by the Hon. Richard McBride that "the company has already guaranteed from other provincial governments for interest on its bonds and has never yet defaulted in its interest, and the provinces have never been called upon to pay a single dollar." So that Mackenzie and Mann can both make agreements and keep them.

In spite of the resignation of two members of the British Columbia cabinet who do not approve of a guarantee of \$35,000 a mile for the 600 miles of road through Old Cariboo and the Fraser valley, it would seem likely that Mr. McBride will be successful in his November appeal to the people. The Opposition has just changed its leader; a policy of public expenditure usually wins votes; and the bargain seems a reasonable one.

It is an open question, however, whether this company will be able to build the road for the estimated \$50,000 a mile. If the National Transcontinental from Winnipeg to Lake Nepigon has cost \$100,000 a mile, this new road across the Rockies and down the narrow rock-bound valley of the Fraser should cost quite as much. This doubt, however, only serves to emphasise the value of the bargain which the British Columbia Government has made. No matter what the cost may be, the whole credit of these railway builders and of the Canadian Northern Railway is pledged for the completion of the road within four years from the ratification of the agreement. When that occurs, Canada will have her third transcontinental line. What a change in less than forty years!



**A** GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY managed by a Canadian board would be as successful as the Canadian Pacific or the Canadian Northern—Sir Charles Rivers Wilson to the contrary notwithstanding. The capital in these two successful companies is as largely British as the capital in the Grand Trunk. There is no reason, except the precedent of unsatisfactory years, in favour of a London management of the oldest Canadian railway.

The changing of the office of President from Sir Charles Rivers Wilson in London to Mr. C. M. Hays in Montreal is a step in the right direction. A further change of the offices of directors from men in England who do not know local conditions to men in Canada who do, would be a further improvement. The road has great possibilities. Its traffic is growing and will continue to grow. Its only incubus is the mismanagement of the British directors between 1850 and 1890. The only method by which the financial mistakes of the past will ever be rectified and a dividend secured on the common stock, lies in a change from an English to a Canadian board of directors. What would Englishmen think if a board of Montreal financiers were to endeavour to manage the London and Northwestern Railway?

Sir Rivers Wilson quotes precedent. The only precedent is the Grand Trunk. All other institutions, built up in foreign countries or colonies on British capital, are locally managed. A Canadian board for the Grand Trunk is as inevitable as was a Canadian tariff and a Canadian postmaster-general.

#### YACHT RACING SEASON BEGINS

**T**HE sailing season is safely over and the yacht racing season has begun, the opening event being the appearance of Sir Thomas Lipton in New York with his usual propositions for a race for the America's Cup. Sir Thomas' proposals are reasonable. As the rules now stand the challenger for the big yachting trophy must be capable of making the trip across the ocean, while there is nothing in the rules that requires the defender to be anything but speedy enough to hold the cup. This makes the race a contest between a sea boat and a skimming dish and keeps the yachting supremacy safely anchored under shelter of the New York Yacht Club.

Now 'tis said that the New York club does not want to race but simply wants to hold the cup. It is also whispered that Sir Thomas would be more surprised than pleased if the parties of the other part should suddenly concede what he asks and put him to the trouble and expense of building another yacht. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the wise ones of the yachting game are not sitting up nights figuring on the possibilities of the next race for the America's Cup.

However, there is a ground swell at work that may yet upset the calculations of the aristocratic heads of yachting on this continent or rather the waters thereof. There are murmurings among the smaller fry of the great wind game that are gradually reaching upward, to the effect that it is time for a change and that the New York Yachting Club should maintain its position as a sporting body rather than a holding corporation. In time, it may be a long time, this unrest is expected to reach the top. Then the New York club will be forced to get down to racing on a sporting basis and Sir Thomas will be again chased to the designers. But the time is not yet.

Canada Cup matters do not seem to promise much this season for the reason that no one has been discovered with the price and inclination to build a challenger. For doubtless you know the system under which the best yacht racing is conducted on the lakes. A man is discovered who has a thirst for fame and the price to satisfy it. He furnishes the money, some chap in Britain the boat, and a leading yacht club the sailors. They tell of one proud owner in Toronto who while a race was on danced from one foot to another on the wharf and anxiously enquired of the spectators, "Which is my boat?" They explained to him afterwards, as they have done to others, just why that boat didn't win and just which clause of the rules should be changed so the other boat would be disqualified. Naturally he's satisfied. So well satisfied that he quit right there.

Thus at times the available supply of challengers becomes exhausted. This is one of the times.

It has been a good sailing season and the men who are really the backbone of the sport are eminently satisfied, but as a yacht racing season the winter of 1909-10 promises to be a rank failure.

J. K. M.

#### MURDERS AND A MORAL

**C**ANADA has been for years given to patting herself on the back as a law-abiding and law-enforcing country, and has held up white hands of horror at the stories of lynchings in the Southern States and murders in the mining regions of the Western States. But it is high time for the enlightened Province of Ontario to ask itself what has become of trial by jury and the administration of justice. A judge calmly refuses to accept the twice-turned verdict of a jury in a case of extraordinarily distressing circumstances. On the other hand, juries bring in verdicts of manslaughter where crimes demand a verdict of absolute condemnation. The verdict and sentence in the Blythe case were such as to diminish seriously the public confidence and trust. The most brutal murder which Ontario has known for some years has been regarded with a leniency that is the greatest menace with which a peace-loving community can be threatened. The Blythe criminal is a creature deserving the severest penalty the law can inflict and he is treated with a sentimentality which is disgusting to any sane citizen. Such sentences merely encourage crime and brutality and show that we have lost a sense of civic responsibility. Nothing is more conducive to the anarchy, which is an even worse condition than tyranny, than the flabby condoning of offences which strike at the very root of civilisation. Capital punishment is, as the great statesman Burke has informed us, a solemn and awful act of justice. Are we prepared to abolish it? France tried the experiment and found that crimes of violence increased at such a rate that it was absolutely necessary to restore the extreme penalty. As matters appear now in Ontario, there is more law than justice. FRITH.



# MEN OF TO-DAY

## A Strenuous Premier

THAT stormy petrel of Canadian politics abbreviated as "B. C." has taken another spasm. A general election is imminent—more than a year before it was due in the natural course of a quadrennium. Two of the McBride Conservative ministry have resigned. The Liberal Opposition has just changed leaders. Hon. Messrs. Tatlow and Fulton have left the cabinet, both on account of a railway deal. Premier McBride begins to have the stern joy of being a king in times of defection. Mr. McBride stood for the guaranteeing of the bonds of the Canadian Northern Railway, which intends to run a line from Yellowhead Pass down to Kamloops, thence by way of New Westminster to Vancouver. The bonds were to be guaranteed at thirty-five thousand dollars a mile. The two ministers who have resigned oppose the guarantee. They are by some suspected of being in collusion with the C. P. R. The situation is highly interesting and will of course furnish a deal of campaign material for the election, which will be held on November 25th; nominations will be two weeks earlier.

Mr. McBride has been in politics most of his life. Furthermore, he has been in British Columbia almost ever since he was born in New Westminster in 1870. While a lad he left home to attend Dalhousie University in Halifax; but he soon got back to the West; into politics when twenty-six years of age. In 1898 he became member for Dewdney in the Legislature, which up to this time had been largely without party; composed of coalitions and double shuffles peculiar to a new country. He was the first member on a straight party ticket. In 1900 he became cabinet minister. In June, 1903, he carried his party ticket still further when he became temporary Conservative Premier in succession to E. G. Prior, whose coalition ministry had resigned. In November of that year he retained his seat and his premiership in a provincial general election. Again in February, 1907, he was re-elected both as Premier and as member for Victoria, where he has always lived since he became a public man. There seems to be little doubt that he will be returned to power in November; as the Opposition has been considerably disorganised and at the last election stood 16 Liberals to 23 Conservatives, with three Socialists in the House.

\* \* \*

## Ferrer and Socialism

THE shooting of Professor Ferrer, the Spanish socialistic-revolutionist, by order of King Alfonso, has become of greater interest to at least two continents than even the execution of Dhinagri the Hindu revolutionist, in London. Prof. Ferrer was a scholar, a gentleman, a man of wealth—and a socialist. He was a specialist in education. To all intents and purposes he was a man whose aim was to enlighten the people. He has been called the Tolstoi of Spain—with some latitude. Accused of complicity in the anarchist attempt upon King Alfonso at the time of the King's marriage to the Princess Ena, he became a menace to existing institutions. That he was an anarchist is not possible of proof. His socialism, however, was by no means of a gentle type. Whatever it was—he has paid the penalty; and he has set socialists agog on two continents. Victor Grayson, the English agitator, addressing a tumultuous meeting on London streets the other day, laid the crime of Ferrer's execution at the door of King Edward, the uncle of King Alfonso. However, Mr.

Grayson has been violent before without full cause. In New York about the same time, Mr. Charles Edward Russell chairmanned a meeting in which Alfonso and all such rulers were openly condemned. Mr. Russell is the author who a few years ago got on the trail of Jack London, the literary avowed apostle of socialism, for plagiarising from a Canadian writer. There seem to be all sorts and conditions of socialists. There is Bernard Shaw, the aristocrat, who makes socialism a hobby; Mr. H. G. Wells, the novelist, who makes it a study; and in Canada there are not a few sincere men of that stripe who have for years been labouring and in some instances agitating on behalf of the cause. There are already several Socialist members in the British Columbia Legislature. As yet we seem to be pretty well steered clear of the anarchist brand in Canada. But we have not as yet succeeded in defining socialism in this country; which may be largely because we have not the social conditions to make the cause urgent. No doubt, however, the execution of Professor Ferrer, whether merited or not, will do somewhat to crystallise public opinion, even in this country. The affair is dramatic in the extreme. Pathetic pictures are drawn of the daughter of the convicted revolutionist vainly appealing to the young King to spare her father's life. There are contradictory rumours from the palace of Alfonso's violent upbraiding of Premier Maura for interference with the King's prerogative to exercise clemency. There are stories that Alfonso is in the power of the Monks, the enemies of Ferrer. Certainly Spain has become heir to a vista of troubles of which it is difficult to foresee the end.

\* \* \*

## A Boy's Hero

TO be a hero is a precarious thing. So many heroes of to-day are the forgotten ones of to-morrow. Ten years ago Canadians began to make a new roll of honour in the Boer War. High among these was the somewhat unusual and altogether romantic figure of Baden-Powell, the man who held Mafeking for a hundred and so-many days, and became the most conspicuous character in that part of the field. After the war there were those who began to say that he was only an ordinary man; a mere spectacle; something of a military charlatan, and so forth. But Baden-Powell has lived long enough and done enough since the war to re-convince his detractors. Now he has been knighted. He has organised the famous body of boy scouts which is one of the most sensible phases of boy militarism. To become a boy scout a lad has to prove himself capable of at least two things: he must be able to track an enemy for a mile without being observed; and to light any fire with one match. The boy scouts organisation numbers many recruits among Canadian lads. One of the most enthusiastic congratulatory cablegrams received by the new K.C.V.O. was from the organisation of boy scouts in Toronto. Baden-Powell joined the British army in 1876.

\* \* \*

## A Fighting Farmer Leader

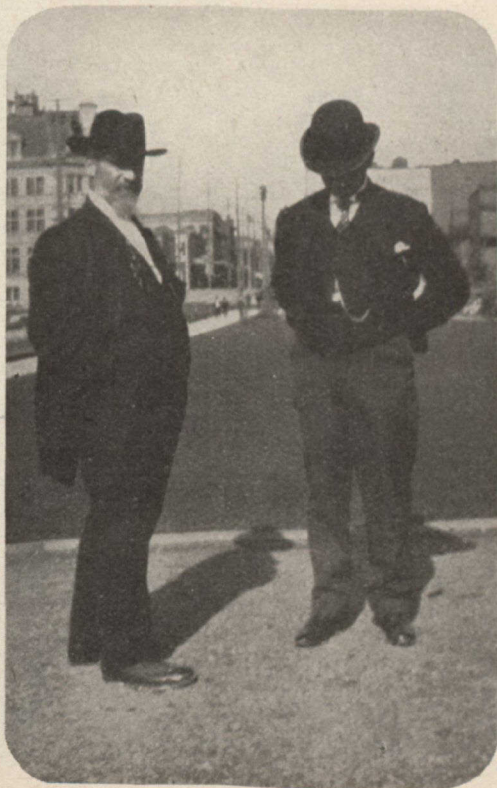
HON. JOHN OLIVER, M.P.P., is the new leader of the Opposition in British Columbia. He is an old-timer and a real farmer. His predecessor, Hon. J. A. MacDonald is to become a judge. Mr. Oliver is ready at any given notice to turn his plough-share into a sword. He is out to give the McBride government a warm time. It is rumoured that he will run in direct opposition to the Premier in the city of Victoria. In the illustration on this page he is seen talking to Mr. R. H. Drury, a former M.P.P. The Opposition leader's constituency is Delta and his post office address is Mud Bay—which seems to be combination enough to strand almost any man.



Hon. Richard McBride,  
Premier of British Columbia.



Professor Francisco Ferrer,  
Revolutionist Executed in Spain.



A Farmer Leader,  
On the left—Hon. John Oliver, M.P.P., new Leader of the  
Opposition in British Columbia,



Sir R. S. Baden-Powell,  
In his Boy Scout's Costume



## THROUGH A MONOCLE

YOU may have noticed possibly that a member of the Japanese Commission, which is visiting Canada, who happens to be a Christian, endorses Mr. Preston's contention that missionary work in Japan should be conducted by native preachers. They are at once cheaper and more effective. They understand both the people and the language; while the foreigner must be a genius who gets to understand either in any very short time after his arrival. I presume that the Canadian missionary authorities will say in reply that the seed must be carried from Christian countries, that the Japanese Christian is himself a product of missionary effort—though the truth may be that he caught the fire at college in either Britain or the United States—and that, so long as the Christian nations supply most of the money for missionary work in the Flowery Kingdom, they will keep their hands on the strings and their men in the field. Still it is likely that the bulk of the subscribers will prefer efficiency to everything else, and that, if they once become convinced that the exported missionary costs more and does less than the native product, they will demand a native missionary force, even if the sinews of war continue to come from the outside world.

\* \* \*

MR. S. TAMURA, who is the Japanese Christian in question, dropped a remark in the course of his illuminating interview which made me wish that I had been doing the interviewing that I might have probed his mind on the subject more deeply. Asked whether the Japanese would remain true to the theology of the West, Mr. Tamura said: "I will not discuss your theology as it may present serious problems. But if you will ask me whether the Japanese will, if largely left alone by the West, be true to the teachings of Christ, I will not hesitate to give you an affirmative answer. We Japanese Christians want less theology and more Christianity."

\* \* \*

NOW whatever did Mr. Tamura mean? What is the difference between Christian theology and Christianity? Christian theology includes such beliefs as that in the existence of one God, in the mediation and sacrifice of His "only begotten Son," in the Resurrection of Christ, in the miracles, in the vicarious atonement, in a system of rewards and punishments after death, and so on. These are—some of them—the distinctive features of Christianity. These are the beliefs which mark a Christian off from a Buddhist or a Confucian or a follower of any of the non-Christian ethical systems of which the Western world is full. There are loose thinkers who talk as if "Christianity" were an ethical system itself based upon what they vaguely call the teachings of Christ. But it is nothing of the

sort. Side by side with the Christian churches in Christian lands, there are institutions which teach systems of ethics quite as good as the churches themselves—some people think better and more advanced—but these ethical teachers repudiate any notion that they are Christian. They may share with Christianity the ethical principles which are common to our modern civilisation; but they emphatically do not share with Christianity its theological beliefs.

\* \* \*

NOW I do not suppose that Mr. Tamura meant to say that he was a moral infidel when he asked for more Christianity and less theology. But I would like to know what he did mean. A man may utterly discredit the miraculous side of Christ's life and regard the Bible as the wreckage of a human literature; and yet accept the ethics of the Christian churches to the last syllable and even go beyond many of them in social and economic reform. Such a man may be a good citizen judged by worldly standards, but he is not a Christian. He might as well pretend to be a Mohammedan while rejecting the claims of Mohammed. Still there can be no doubt surely that the bulk of the people who subscribe to the missionary funds intend their money to be used to preach Christ and Him Crucified to the "heathen." Mr. Tamura will pardon the use of the word "heathen." It is purely technical with me, though I fancy there are good dollars going to Japan from people who would not take this view of it.

\* \* \*

AND it is really on behalf of the missionary subscriber that I am penning these lines. I do not want him to be done out of his money under false pretences. If Christian missionaries in Japan and elsewhere are only going to tell the "heathen" about the best way to cure measles and the latest discoveries of science, if they are only going to preach a system of modern ethics which Robert Ingersoll and Charles Bradlaugh shared with General Booth and the Archbishop of Canterbury, if they are only going to sprinkle these countries with free schools where an aspiring native may learn English and get enough rice to live on, then I think this should be explained to Mr. Jonas Homespun who has all he can do to wrest a living out of his farm and give his own children a start in college. He might not be willing to "cough up" for these purposes, good as they are. Just now he is firmly under the impression that the "heathen" are being told the Old, Old Story—that all these other things are but sugar-coating to the pill—but that the essence of the contract is to tell them that Christ died to save them, and that, if they do not accept Him, they will infallibly be damned. Now, assuming that all missionaries, native and foreign, are preaching along these lines, what did Mr. Tamura mean by wanting less theology? Does he think that he can get Christian money without Christian theology? Does he imagine that Christians feel under an imperative obligation to go out into the uttermost parts of the world to preach any other Christ but the Risen Redeemer?

THE MONOCLE MAN.

### WITH THE BIG MEN IN THE HEART OF THE EMPIRE



Sir Hiram Maxim examining Shilling Aeroplane Models at the Engineering Exhibition. Sir Hiram invented a steam aeroplane 20 years ago.



H.R.H. the Prince of Wales opening the New Admiralty Harbour at Dover which encloses 700 acres of water.



# TORONTO GARRISON'S OUTING ON THANKSGIVING DAY



After the Field Day Exercises, the full garrison was reviewed by General Cotton, D.O.C., M.D. No. 2. Ten thousand spectators witnessed this event.



The Maxim Gun of the Q.O.R. at work.



The small boy gathering cartridge shells.

Photographs by Pringle & Booth.



The King Edward Institute, Montreal. Erected by Col. Burland and opened from England by telegraph and cable by His Majesty.



Sir George Drummond presiding at the opening ceremonies of Col. Burland's gift to Montreal. Sir Charles Fitzpatrick is seated.

Photographs by Gleason.



# CANADIAN TRADE WITH WEST INDIES

*Facts about the Land of Bananas and Pine-Apples, where many Canadians Spend their Winters*

CANADIAN trade with the West Indies is a very old question. It is as old as the tourist traffic between the two countries. For a quarter of a century now prominent Canadians have been wintering in Jamaica — though the total number of such tourists compared to those from the United States is so small as not to be noticed by the average Jamaican. Those Canadians who have gone, however, have brought back glowing stories of the trade possibilities with Canada. The luxuriance of the growth stimulates the imagination. Things grow so easily in the Indies. The price of labour is at a minimum and the climate favours exuberance. Hence the initial cost of things produced on those islands is very low. The trouble lies in the freight—and of course this depends upon a number of things.

Sugar, cocoanuts, fruits, salt, cocoa beans and molasses are the principal commodities which Canada buys from the British West Indies. Of this, sugar is almost ten to one of all the rest. In the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1908, Canada bought nearly ninety per cent. of all the sugar exported from British Guiana, besides buying from other islands. At the same time about the same percentage of the fruit grown in Jamaica finds a market in the United States. The United Fruit Co. of New York have a daily fruit-boat service to and from Jamaica. Very little of Jamaican fruit comes to Canada. For the year ending March 31st, 1908, the total amount of fruit imported into Canada from all the British West Indies was less than \$70,000; while molasses ran nearly a million. Of course the great trouble with fruit is the long, slow voyage by Canadian boats and the infrequent service. The Pickford and Black Co. have three boats, each of which takes five days from Kingston to Halifax with only a fortnightly service. Compared to the daily fast service of the United Fruit Co. this is remarkably inadequate. Jamaicans living in Canada invariably say that we seldom or never see the really good Jamaican fruit in this country. The pineapples we get they consider "culls." The oranges are smaller and inferior. So with the limes and the grape-fruits — while in bananas we import very slightly from Jamaica.

However, it is now twenty years since the late Senator Macdonald, after wintering in the British West Indies, read a paper before the Toronto Board of Trade on the trade relations between those Islands and Canada. Even in those days the United States disregarded the old adage that "trade follows the flag"; for they were doing the bulk of the trade with those British possessions which are supposed to lie contiguous to Canada. For instance, in sugar alone the United States bought eight hundred and thirty pounds to Canada's one. Such a discrepancy even on the buying end naturally attracted the attention of the Senator, who was a keen business man of the modern school of Canadian Scotchmen. The fact that in both buying and selling with the West Indies the United States were ousting Canada caused him to institute a comparison which holds as true to-day as then—between the claims of the United States and those of Canada on West Indian trade. Senator Macdonald put forward the claims of Canada as on a parity with the United States—"because of their contiguity to us as compared with France, India or other countries; from the similarity of commodities supplied by them and by us; from the fact they like ourselves are members of the Anglo-Saxon family and consequently possess no inherent advantages." Yet in spite of this he found that in Barbados the United States did four dollars to Canada's one; in Trinidad seven dollars; in British Guiana three dollars and thirty-seven cents.

This applied to both exports and imports. On the ground of exports alone the United States has always beaten Canada in that market even with many of those things in which Canada was supposed to have a preeminence. In cheese, butter, flour, cornmeal and oatmeal, lard, and meat—always the disparity in favour of the United States. In shingles, however, Canada held the advantage — though not in staves; also in lumber, oats, potatoes and fish—a big discrepancy in favour of Canada.

Some of the reasons for the adverse balance against Canada were found to be the need of a rapid and regular steam communication; a direct and inexpensive cable service; regular and prompt postal service; an efficient lighthouse service; a new departure bringing our merchants, millers, lumber dealers and manufacturers into direct contact with the great leaders in trade in those islands."

In twenty years some of this has been accomplished. But much of it still remains to be done. Postal and cable facilities have improved; also lighthouse services; but the direct contact is wanting very badly in the British West Indies. The fact is Canada has been so busy expanding her own internal markets in the west that she has begun to neglect some of the outside markets; especially those lying remote from the regular run of east and west trade. The north and south trade has been neglected. Tariffs have been tinkered up with France and Germany and they are still being retinkered. Tariffs with the British West Indies have been readjusted very little. There is complication with the West Indies tariff, owing to the dissimilarity of products in various of the islands. Jamaica, for instance, is almost wholly devoted to fruit-growing. A preference given to Canadian-made goods in Jamaica over those from the United States would of course hit hard at the biggest market Jamaica has for her fruit, while we should not be able to make up the deficiency.

Steamship service also has been neglected. We have fast freight and passenger service between Canadian Atlantic and European ports; a slow and almost mediaeval service to the British West Indies. To Europe we have cold storage; to the British West Indies—none.

However, Tehautepec is in a fair way to change much of this. If Canadian wheat can use the trans-Mexican route as freely and favourably as United States produce, there is no real reason why Canadian manufactures should not do the same

both *via* that route to Pacific ports and direct with Mexico and the British West Indies as ports of call. The Alberta farmer's wheat may swing down the Pacific and across the isthmus and away over the Atlantic. The eastern manufacturer's goods may swing down the Atlantic to Puerto and to the British West Indies *en route*; coming back with raw material from the Pacific and with products from the tropical islands.

Already New Brunswick is moving with energy towards a revival of trade between that province and the West Indies. Tariff legislation by the United States has accelerated action. The United States duty on potatoes hits New Brunswick on one end; that on Cuban bananas hits Cuba on the other. There is a desire in both Cuba and New Brunswick to swap bananas and potatoes—as a mere starter; and this is part of a desire in the Maritime Provinces to establish better trade facilities between the whole of the mid-Atlantic group of islands and the eastern part of Canada.

What affects the eastern provinces has a bearing on the interior of Canada. The manufacturers of Ontario are closer to the West Indies by water than they are to Western Canada by land—on a basis of freight charges. The sugar and the rum and the cocoa beans and the coffee of the West Indies are just as close. The only distinction is in case of the fruit, for some of which more rapid shipment facilities would need to be provided. But so far as bananas and pineapples are concerned, Canada might as well get them from the West Indies as from Florida and Cuba.

## UNAPPRECIATED GREAT MEN

*The 'Teddy Bear' is a Household Symbol, but the Literary Works of Lord Morley are known to only a few.*

By W. KENT POWER

IN the midst of all our discussions as to the best methods of drawing closer the ties of Empire and stimulating Imperial sentiment, it is remarkable what little effort is made to interest Canadians young and old in the personalities and achievements of the men whom we find at the head of governments in Great Britain. The incidents in the daily life of Theodore Roosevelt, and all the varying phases of his temperament, his impetuous manner of address, his tennis-playing, bear-hunting and wrestling, his views on all subjects from marriage to the navy, are known to us all. For this widespread and detailed knowledge his unusual personality may be said to be the explanation, but we find that Canadians were as well informed regarding men of more commonplace mould; photographs and cheaply printed biographies of the late President McKinley were even before his tragic and universally lamented death to be found in thousands of our homes. The only difference is that the more versatile man because of his natural gifts arouses the interests of more people and of all the people at more points than his predecessor.

What detailed knowledge, however, have Canadians of Mr. Asquith or of the brilliant men by whom he is surrounded and opposed? How many of us know that he is the first lawyer to have become Premier of Great Britain; or, turning to a field of more general interest, how many young Canadians remember that Sir Edward Grey was an amateur champion in tennis, or that Mr. Lyttleton achieved fame in cricket, or that Lord Alverstone was one of his university's best runners?

The versatility and breadth of achievement distinguishing her public men is one of the most notable features of public life in Great Britain. The members of the American cabinet are usually politicians and lawyers, or business men, but nothing else. On the other hand the delightful sanity and humour of Augustine Birrell in his *Obiter Dicta* and *Men, Women and Books*; the illuminating criticisms of history and literature in the essays of the now Viscount Morley, editor of the famous *Men of Letters* series of biographies; the philosophical works of Mr. Haldane and Mr. Balfour; and the writings of Winston Churchill have made their names familiar to thousands of people who frequently forget that the men, whose works they read with such pleasure, are engaged in directing

the destinies of the world's greatest Empire. Then there are the more widely known works of Mr. Bryce, the less well known translations from the French by Mr. Wyndham, and the *Life of Pitt* and *Napoleon, the Last Phase*, by Lord Rosebery.

In the face of a galaxy of brilliancy such as this what has the United States to offer of interest to us? With the exception of Roosevelt, John Hay and Senator Lodge, how many of their prominent men will be remembered for anything outside the line of their official duties?

Is it therefore not surprising that our newspapers do not contain more news of the personal, or non-political side, at least, of the Englishmen referred to? They fill their pages with presidential addresses, but how many of them reprinted the admirable and brilliant rectorial address of Mr. Asquith at Glasgow two years ago, or the address, of equal worth but widely different in subject matter and style, delivered by Mr. Haldane at Edinburgh about the same time? How many of them informed their readers of the victory of Mr. Wyndham over Dr. Osler for the lord rectorship of Edinburgh in the election just past?

We can afford to dispense with news of the golf score of Mr. Taft, able and honourable man as he is, if we are made better acquainted with a man like John Morley, who, to an executive capacity equal to that of the president-elect, adds a breadth of view and independence of thought gained from an intimate knowledge of the literature, history and thought of modern Europe during the last three centuries, and who expresses his ideas in a style of most unusual perspicuity and charm. Are not the opinions and actions of men such as these worthy of more attention than they at present receive from the Canadian press and people?

The interesting "great men" competition promoted by the *Courier* evidenced, it must be admitted, a certain lack of appreciation of the relative values of human achievements; and some aspects of the result would be amusing, were they not humiliating as well. If Canadian railway and bank presidents, whose like might be duplicated at least a score of times in the neighbouring republic, are entitled to be called great, our friends to the south would have to build an immense Hall of Fame, indeed; and could rightfully consider their country the birthplace of unnumbered geniuses.



## LAST OF THE LINGERING BROWN OCTOBER



Crows wheeling and Wild Geese honking southward, the meditative farmer crawls over the landscape, fall ploughing now for wheat next year.

### THE VISTA AUTUMNAL

By S. RUPERT BROADFOOT.

**I**N a cedar hedge  
By the forest's edge  
The Spirit of Autumn dwells,  
And the weird note, long  
Of her coronach song  
O'er plain and hill-crest swells.

The wood-folks know  
Its cadence low,  
And silence hushes all;  
For Nature grieves  
When the falling leaves  
Presage her own death-call.

See the slant rays gleam  
On the sullen stream,  
With fleets of dead leaves freighted,  
And the slightest breeze  
Robs the skeleton trees  
Of the beech-nut crop belated.

The Chinook blows  
On the serried rows  
Of the rusty, rustling corn;  
And a mystic haze  
Thro' the warm air plays  
On the fields of their harvest shorn.

To the eye's last sight  
In the soft half-light  
The tilled land stretches away,  
Like a checker-board,  
Upon it poured  
The red sun's misty rays.

Thro' shade and shine  
Old Nineteen-Nine  
Has come to its witching mood,  
And, its Autumn style  
Has the fruitful smile  
Of maturer womanhood.



As the fall of the year swings along into late October, the Turkeys get out further from the farm-yard, picking the wheat-heads dropped in July by the Binder.



In Thanksgiving time the cattle linger longer at the barn in the morning; waiting for the pumpkin-feed before winding out to the well-nibbled clover field.



In October the flax-fields turn brown for the old-style reapers, and in some little town a few miles away stands a cordage-mill, the flax-grower's market.



Sheep are not so common in Canadian fields as they used to be. In days of old down in Quebec the authorities used to hang men for stealing sheep.



And as long as snow hangs off in the fall, the threshers stay at the last big job of the year. The hum of the threshing-machine is part of the melancholy but joyful music of the Canadian out-of-doors.



# SERGEANT KINNAIRD

By W. A. FRASER

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

DAVID KINNAIRD, Sergeant in the Canadian Northwest Mounted police and Frank Somers constable saved a halfbreed named Dupree from a mob of infuriated Indians in the Rocky Mountain country. Dupree was given three months in the guardhouse, having attempted to murder his captors.

Kinnaird's term of enlistment having expired, he went to Stand Off, a little town supposed to be headquarters of a gang of whiskey runners, in hope of winning an inspectorship by breaking up the moonshining, and incidentally to save Somers from the alleged machinations of Chris, daughter of Thad Mayo, outlaw head of the illicit business. He was disguised as the Rev. David Black, missionary. His rugged manhood won the moonshiners' favour and apparently was winning the affection of Chris herself.

Kinnaird went through several critical experiences with the Moonshiners; but managed to allay their suspicions, and finally was appointed judge of the races on Stand Off's great day. Considerable tension was caused by the arrest by Mounted Police of two Stand Off inhabitants for horse stealing.

Mayo's suspicions are aroused and later when he hears that Somers has been seen hiding in the pound, evidently awaiting the coming of Black, he and his followers waste no time in planning a capture of the men. Chris, secretly listening to the plot, determines to save Somers and the preacher Black from her Father's vengeance, and with this daring purpose in view rides forth into the night.

STILL looking for a slope in the high cut-bank of the coulee, Chris had travelled fifty yards when the clink of iron shod hoofs against the creek's stony bed fell on her ears like the tinkle of bells. The sound came from straight ahead, a hundred yards. She knew it was the five riders crossing White Mud by the trail. Again she had lost the lead.

Dejectedly Chris made for the trail and dipped down into the coulee, her mind stunned by the failure of her race against crime. She was almost helpless now. It was less than a mile to the ford of Bleeding River, and again on the farther side only a mile to the buffalo corral. And the men riding ahead, their passionate resentment probably inflamed by liquor, would trap Preacher Black and the policeman like foxes in the hollow of the pound. Perhaps roped from its walls as they sat talking, they would be dragged to smother in the running waters of Bleeding River.

Tears of anguish and anger at her own helplessness coursed down the girl's cheeks as Chinook clambered over the stony bed of White Mud Coulee and climbed its steep side.

Chris had almost determined to gallop on and thrust herself among the men to declare that they must abandon their errand, when the horse, following the trail, turned sharply to the right. Like an inspiration a thought flashed through the girl's mind that she had one more chance. In five seconds it had detailed strong and vivid. For a mile the trail ran parallel with the river to the ford; while the buffalo pound, on the opposite side, lay in a straight line from where she had now checked Chinook. It was not more than a quarter of a mile and Chinook could swim the river. More than once he had carried her through waters as swift.

"At any price!" rang in the girl's ears, as, driving the chestnut straight on, his gallop carried her in a few minutes to the river bank. From the gloomy hollow floated the droning growl of Red Stone Rapids which reached from a little lower down to the ford, as down the sloping bank Chinook crept cautiously, his hoofs sliding in the red clay till they rattled on the graveled bar. Then the girl, slipping from the saddle, took off her skirt, and remounting urged him forward.

With an angry shake of his head and a rebellious snort, Chinook sprang away from the water, and fought his way half a dozen yards along the bar before Chris could check him, and with a wrench of her strong hand, turn him toward the stream. He obeyed the call this time.

Hazed in the mystic moonlight, the river, a hundred yards wide, glided smooth and placid; but as Chinook waded its sloping bed the waters raised a white crest of anger against his strong limbs, and hissed surlily as the girths dipped, and his broad chest raised them in a foaming furrow like the prow of a boat. There was a gliding, canoe-like move as the horse was swung off his feet. Spreading his nostrils, he answered with a snort of defiance.

Chris, familiar as she was with the running rivers, which still held the velocity of their moun-

tain birth, realised that in her eagerness to cross she had taken the river's power too carelessly. They were angling down stream at a swift rate, and none too far below began the rapids. She should have gone a hundred yards higher. She braved Chinook with a call of encouragement, and drew his head a little up stream with the bit. The horse seemed to understand. His ears, which had pricked forward, now swung back and forth impetuously, as though he gauged his distance by the sullen call of the rapids which grew louder as he swam.

They were halfway across, and Chris could see the combing turmoil of the lashed waters where the rocks churned them to foam. One glance at the snowlike line, another at the dark rim of the farther bank, and, doubling her skirt across the high horn of the Mexican saddle, she grasped the stirrup leather with fingers of steel and slid her body into the river down stream from Chinook.

The horse swam freer. Left to his own intelligence, he edged more into the current and fought stronger.

Once the girl's feet struck a rock that just broke the surface of the waters, sending a shiver of dread to her heart. If Chinook but legged a sunken rock and faltered, they would sweep into the seething caldron that seemed sucking them into its maw. Ten yards more to the bank, and half that distance were the swirling, rock tortured rapids.

There was a sudden lurch of Chinook's body that almost yanked the stirrup leather from the girl's hand. For a second she hung in affright. Then his barrel rose up, damming the current, and he lunged forward, his strong feet firm clutching at the river bed. They had just made it. The girl's legs rasped against a water lashed rock which stood like a post to the gate of death they had slipped.

On the bank the chestnut stopped, spread his legs wide, and shook himself till the saddle flaps beat against his strong sides like the drum of a pheasant.

Chris slipped into her wet skirt, sprang to the saddle, and as they angled up the sloping bank she caressed Chinook's neck, saying, "You brave, wise old chap! You knew more about it than I."

On the prairie she halted to listen. There was no sound of galloping horsemen, no clamour of strife; nothing but the sullen boom of the rapids growling in anger over her escape.

Chris touched Chinook with her heel, and he moved out into the prairie. The pound should be straight ahead, she mused, dipping her head low that the mound of its sides might show in the line of vision. Suddenly its banks loomed ahead and to the left. Ten yards from it she slipped to earth, threw the rein over Chinook's head where it dangled in anchorage, and, crawling cautiously up the circling mound which was like the rim of a huge bowl, peered into its depths. The gloomy hollow was silent. Indistinctly the blurred form of something grew into the girl's eyes. It might be a horse or a boulder.

She whistled. There was no answer. "Frank!" she called softly.

The clicking note of a revolver's hammer drawn to place came in answer on the dead night air.

"Don't shoot, Frank! It's me, Chris. I'm coming down to you. I'm alone." And down the gravel wall that had been sloped by prairie storms the girl glided to the floor of the pound, and, with the same low voiced assurance of her identity, crossed to the figure of a man she could now make out in the dim moonlight.

"You here, Chris! Heavens! what are you doing here?"

At the ring of Somers' boyish voice, the girl, with a sob of relief, asked, "Is Preacher Black here?"

"No," he answered. Then, suspiciously, "Why should he be here? Why are you here, Chris? What has happened?"

"First, start a fire, Frank."

"A fire! Are you mad, girl?"

"Quick! do as I tell you! I'll explain. You must trust me! I've ridden to-night to save lives! Quick! Is there any wood here? Have you a match?" Stooping, Chris swept the ground with her fingers.

"Yes—here!" With a knife Somers rasped shavings from a dry stick of poplar and touched them with a match.

Eagerly Chris topped the licking blaze with small wood, saying, "We must have light, Frank. In the dark men sometimes shoot friends as well as foes."

"What is it all about, Chris?"

"Preacher Black—you were to meet—you came to see him, didn't you?"

"He wasn't coming to meet me."

"You lie, Frank, to save him; but it's foolish. God knows I wish it wasn't a lie!"

"You are wet," Somers said evasively, touching the girl's leather coat, which in its wet tenacity threw the sweet curves of her symmetrical figure into strong relief. "Tell me, please, what has happened?"

"I swam the river to save your life, my boy."

"My life, Chris?"

"Yes; his too. Now will you tell me?"

The girl looked angrily into the man's face, which held only a sullen silence in the flickering firelight. "You won't answer—you cannot! Then I know. The fool! Listen, Frank! Five men from Stand Off have galloped out on the preacher's trail to-night, and now they are between the ford and here."

Somers grasped a pistol; but Chris, putting her hand on his arm, said, with a swing back into the post speech, "Quit that, kid! You wouldn't last a minute. Sit down beside me. Quick! Do as I tell you!"

"Are you mad, Chris? To be trapped here in this hole, one against five! Am I not to escape?"

"Whisper!" she commanded, her own voice just pitched to reach his ears. "You couldn't escape! Even now they're out yonder making the circuit of this pound; and if you did, wouldn't that seal his fate? Wouldn't they hear the gallop of your horse?"

"But the firelight—if I'm to fight it out!"

"You're not to fight, Frank. You're to make love—to me. Do you mind? When they come remember you're here to meet me; that I sent for you."

"Heavens, girl! I can't do that! What will they think of you?"

"If any man says what he thinks, I'll kill him. And isn't the price worth it—to save your life and his? Murder is worse than what men may say about me."

Somers put his hand on the girl's arm, and his voice, in its whispered intensity, vibrated a despairing note as he asked, "Chris, do you love Kin—Black?"

Her head drooped and her eyes rested on the red embers moodily.

"As you said of me a moment ago, Chris—you do not answer, and I know. But it is madness, little woman. It's worse—it's hellish if he has taught you to love him, because—"

The girl's arm suddenly stiffened away from Somers, and she interrupted him with a sharp "Hush!" Chris had averted her face at the man's passionate whisper, her eyes sweeping the pound's rim, and now they carried back to his face, wide in dread. "Don't flinch!" she whispered. "They're watching us from the bank. I saw a rifle thrust its black maw over the edge. Raise your voice and say you want to marry me! Hurry!"

Somers looked at Chris curiously. There was a tone of suspicion in his voice as he asked, "Is this—I don't understand—"

But the girl interrupted him with a low, bitter voice, "Yes, it's a plot to rope a tenderfoot youth into offering his hand to a girl who is trying to save the life of a man she loves—a man, I say, Frank, and your friend. Now speak, if you are a man, too!"

There was nothing very clear in it all to Somers except the terrible sincerity of the girl's manner. It was this that caused him to say, in a clear, firm voice, "I wish you'd marry me, Chris, and make me happy! I'm tired of all this dodging."

He was answered by a harsh voice, "Throw up your hands, Somers!"

"Quick! Do as you're told," Chris whispered as he hesitated.

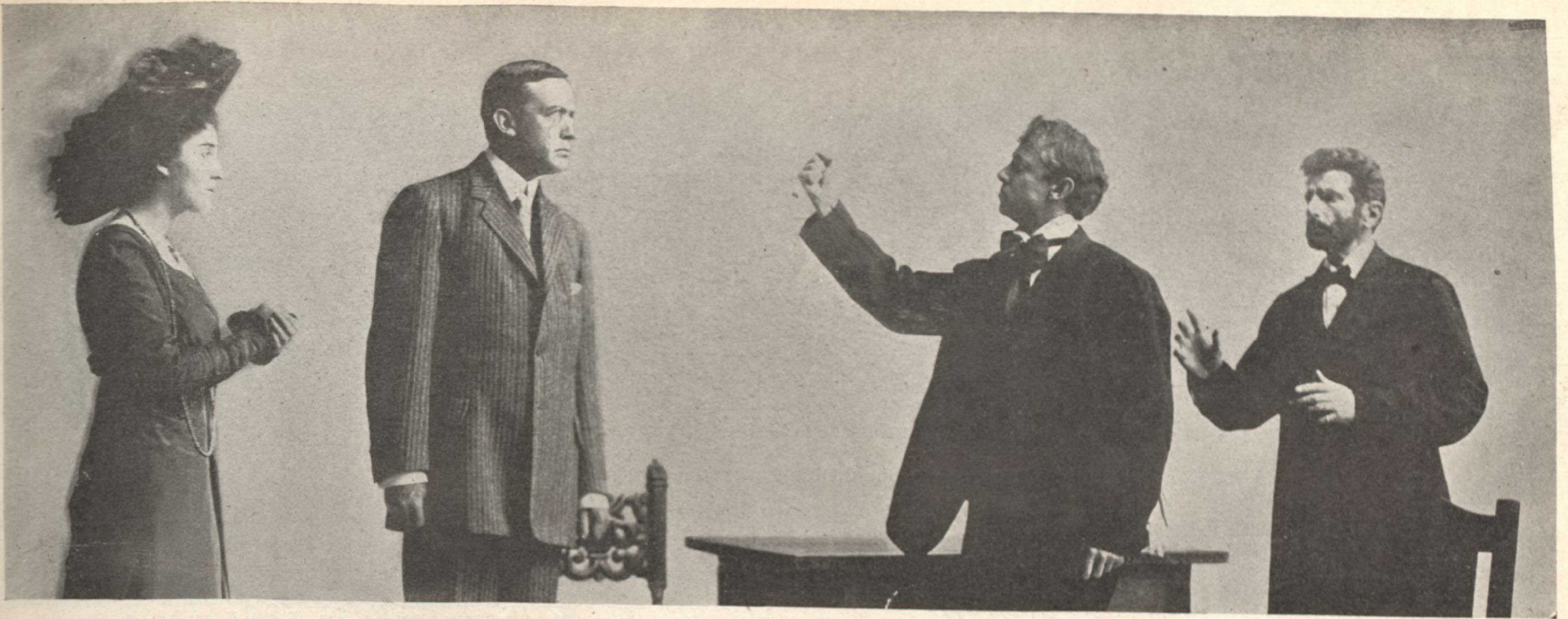
In compliance he swung on his heel till his upstretched palms faced a grim figure that loomed menacingly, rifle to shoulder, in a broken part of the wall.

"Chris," the snarling voice called, "relieve that skunk of his weppins and bring 'em here!"

"Trust me, Franks," the girl whispered as she unbuckled the belt that held the big revolver. Then with a defiant swing she stepped to her father, dropped the belt at his feet, and drawing her own pistol

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.





SCENE IN ISRAEL ZANGWILL'S DRAMA, "THE MELTING POT."  
As presented at the Comedy Theatre, New York.—Left to right, Chrystal Herne, Grant Stewart, Walker Whiteside, Sheridan Block.

# THE DRAMA IN NEW YORK

*Stage-Talk Story from the Home of American Drama; which in this case Involves the Success of a Young Canadian Tenor, Mr. Craig Campbell, from Winnipeg.*

THE season of drama is now at the height—both in Canadian and United States cities. Canadian playgoers are interested in the offerings on both sides of the line, because many of the plays seen this year in New York may be on tour in Canada in a year or two from now. Canadian cities are coming more and more to be recognised as the natural successors to the very best of the good things produced in New York. In some cases celebrated plays have been produced and rehearsed in Canada. Montreal and Toronto—especially the latter—are recognised as among the very best theatre towns on the continent. Winnipeg is coming to the fore. All are interested in New York, which is the home of the drama in America.

The drama in New York has started off this season in a much more effective manner than it assumed last year, when failures were frequent and successes rare. In fact, there is every prospect for a most prosperous season of drama. The plays, as a whole, are better than those of the immediate past, and the hints of those to come are promising. New Yorkers demand variety in their theatrical pabulum. There are, for instance, the gentlemen of respectable intelligence who patronise vaudeville and shows in which ladies in abbreviated attire play prominent parts. These gentlemen, when they wish to offer any explanation for their preferences, use that over-worked excuse about the busy business man who works so hard during the day that he finds he must, for the sake of his health, seek diversion of a light nature. There is the "first-nighter" who will go to anything that savours of a show provided he gets there on the first night. These people are habits; part of the machinery. But fortunately there is always a high-class, intelligent audience ready to attend plays of a serious and edifying nature.

Plays and operas of all varieties are to be seen along Broadway just now, and many of them promise to stay indefinitely. One of the chief among those of a more robust nature is a new play by the well-known Jewish novelist, Israel Zangwill. If Mr. Zangwill has not achieved a great play he has come dangerously near it. Of course the story deals with the Jew. A young Jewish musician—a violinist, and budding genius in composition—comes to America after having passed through a massacre of his race in Russia in which his mother, father, sister and brother were slaughtered by the troops. He is happy in his new home. In America he sees a land of liberty and freedom from oppression. He has come of a good family, and though poor and unknown, a strong affection springs up between him and a young girl who devotes her time to settlement work in New York. He learns that she, too, is a Russian, and of noble birth—one who has left her parents and her country to seek after liberty and a new life in a new world. The young Jew is perpetually haunted by the memory of the massacre, and a wound in his shoulder is another reminder of the horrible slaughter.

Baron Revendal, the father of Vera, to whom David is engaged, comes to America, and, despite his hatred for Jews, Vera persuades him to meet

By SYDNEY DALTON

David and hear him play. As soon as David sees the Baron he recognises "the butcher." When he realises that Vera is the daughter of the murderer of his family, David turns from her in disgust, but before the last curtain the inevitable occurs.

Mr. Zangwill has written a strong, original play which grips one from beginning to end. The entire cast of nine players have a chance to show their ability, and the two leading roles of David Quixano and Vera Revendal are full of strong situations which call for more than usual ability to achieve success.

The play served to give Mr. Walker Whiteside, as David Quixano, his first substantial foothold on Broadway. This young actor—who, I believe, is a Canadian, though I am not positive—well known in Canada and the Western States, has long de-

No manager has done more for light opera in America than Henry W. Savage. During the past few seasons he has shown a disposition to raise the standard, and the result has been that such excellent examples of this type of operatic work as "The Merry Widow" and the latest offering, "The Love Cure," have won enthusiastic support from the public, and praise from the critics. There are composers in America who can do just as good work as "The Merry Widow" or "The Love Cure." Reginald De Koven did it in "Robin Hood," for instance, but unfortunately they don't keep up to their high-water mark; the temptation to make a fortune by trading on a reputation being too strong to be resisted.

"The Love Cure" is a first class example of high type comic opera. It has an interesting story running through it; a story of the "David Garrick" variety.

In the cast of "The Love Cure" there is a young Canadian singer, Mr. Craig Campbell—a former Winnipegger who has made a good reputation as a tenor in New York. He was soloist for some time at "the Little Church around the Corner," and this is his first venture in opera. In theatrical parlance Mr. Campbell has "made good." He has a voice of excellent quality and sufficient power, and uses it with much skill. In fact he is much superior to the usual comic opera tenor. In his role of *Alfred Blake*, the admirer of the actress lady, he wins much deserved applause, both with his singing and acting. With a little more experience he should improve his acting and take his place as a permanent Broadwayite.

"Is Matrimony a Failure?" That is a question calculated to interest all people, whether they be experienced in the matter or merely observers—and givers of advice. And many of those who linger in the region of the bright light along Broadway have paused to inquire into the question and lend their aid in solving it by passing in their price of admission at the box office of the Belasco Theatre. It looks from the title as though it might be a very serious drama—something in the nature of a learned dissertation upon conjugal felicity and infelicity—but it isn't; it is just a howling comedy—one perpetual laugh from beginning to end.

The play turns upon a number of developments from the discovery that many of the marriages in the small town in which the scenes are laid have been performed by the justice's clerk, and are, for that reason, found subsequently to be illegal and invalid. Some humorous situations occur and are well worked out. Ten husbands and ten wives go on strike at various times. Arbitration proves unavailing, but the husbands' strike is settled by such small but significant matters as meals and the prevalence of undarned socks—they conclude it is advisable to surrender unconditionally—in the way of husbands.

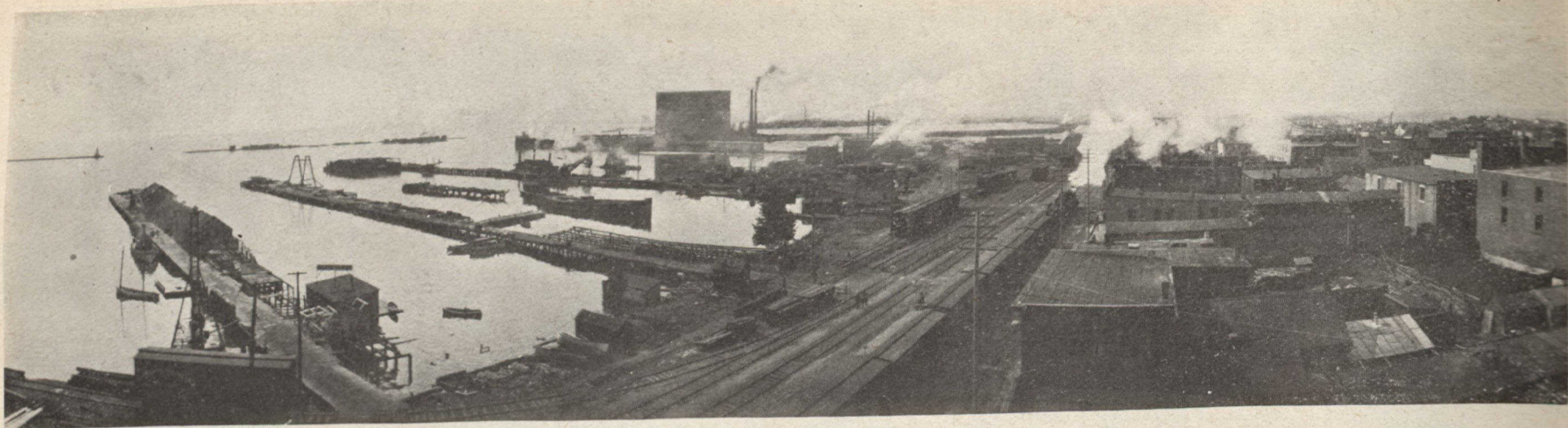
Margaret Anglin, the famous Canadian actress, is playing in "The Awakening of Helena Richie." It has proved to be one of the greatest successes of her career. More of this later.



WINNIPEG TENOR ON NEW YORK STAGE  
Elgie Bowen as Nelly Vaughn, and Craig Campbell as Alfred Blake, in Henry W. Savage's production of "The Love Cure," at the New Amsterdam Theatre

served a place among the best actors in America. He is an artist to his finger-tips; he has virility and intellect; his diction is flawless, and his voice is of such beauty that his words flow like music. Mr. Whiteside has been given many fine lines to speak in "The Melting Pot" and he delivers them with consummate finish, never exaggerating his effects, and never growing "stagy."





The Transformation of Port Arthur which in C.P.R. construction days was called Prince Arthur's Landing.

# THE WEST IN 1881—AND NOW

*With Extracts from a Book Written by Mr. W. H. Williams, who in 1881 was a Writer on the Toronto Globe*

**T**HE West that is—most of us are beginning to know that. The West that was—is very quickly passing away. One of these fine days Canadians as a people will begin to realise that once we had an outpost land full of epical interest and rugged virility and splendid poetry. We have heard and seen about the wheat and the elevators and the race of the railroads; we have seen the upcoming of the young cities by hundreds on the plains; we are conscious that the West is becoming no longer a limbo of undiscovered things, but an empire of communities which one of these days will hold the balance of population in Canada.

All this is very well. This is modern Canada. Earl Grey has just got back from a tour of the western provinces and the Yukon. He has been entertained at state and social functions. He has seen in the West as much upholstery and up-to-date-ness as in most eastern towns and cities. A few years ago Lord Minto went out when there was less; and he was beautifully jolted up from Calgary to Edmonton over one of the roughest railroads in America. Even that was luxury and ease compared to the epochal entourage of Lord Lorne in 1881—which it is the business of this article to portray—in part. Lord Lorne saw the West with his own eyes; went over the trails by saddle and buckboard; saw the land of no railroads; the land of fur posts and Indian camps; of half-breed shacks and buffaloes. He saw a buffalo hunt. He entertained thousands of Indians and listened to Indian legends; visited Poundmaker and Piapot and the chiefs of the six tribes down in the south-land hills. From Prince Arthur's Landing—now Port Arthur—to Winnipeg by the new C. P. R. as yet scarcely ballasted; thence to Portage la Prairie; from there north over the trails with an outfit of guides and an artist, a retinue—and a scribe whose business it was to write up the trip, and right well he did it; a journey, so far as the scribe was concerned, lasting from July till December; by means of which he saw all the towns that the trails ran into: Fort Carlton, Prince Albert, Battleford—thence across plains to Calgary, antedating the new route by railroad; from that down to Macleod in the cow hills; then up to Morley in the foothills; back to Calgary and then home, leaving the scribe to complete the long, tortuous traverse back to Winnipeg via Edmonton, Battleford and the Touchwood Hills.

## The Change of Twenty-Odd Years.

*Tempus fugit!* Twenty-odd years ago there was very little Brandon; no Regina save a spot called "Pile-o'-Bones"; no Saskatoon and no Lethbridge; no North Battleford and no Lloydminster; no Wetaskiwin and no Lacombe; not even a Dauphin or a Yorkton, a Medicine Hat or a Moosejaw—except a shack and a tent or two. There was not a single railroad running north and south; nothing but the "streak of rust" to Winnipeg and after that—trails; carts and camps and Indians; a Winnipeg of the boom time—a wooden Winnipeg with no wheat; a Calgary of cow camps and of tents—in short, just about everything that has since begun to pass away, and that makes it of the most absorbing interest to modern Canadians to read and to see what like was that vast limbo of Rupert's Land and the territories of which the capital was then old Battleford.

Extracts only from Mr. W. H. Williams' en-



Where Three Transcontinentals Cross.



Land on this old Hudson's Bay Co. Trail now Main St., of Winnipeg, is worth \$3,000 to \$4,000 a foot.

gaging book are given in this and an article to follow. The few modern pictures serve to show the contrast between the old and the new.

## Port Arthur as it used to be.

"Early this morning the beautiful little town of Prince Arthur's Landing was astir and busy with preparations for His Excellency's departure. A train, consisting of three flat cars, the caboose—facetiously christened by the contractors the 'Pullman,'—a wood car, and a powerful Portland locomotive, was in waiting opposite the Queen's Hotel, and by six o'clock the baggage was all aboard. The train moved off amid tremendous cheers from the large crowd assembled to witness its departure, and went rattling swiftly away. At Fort William a large crowd assembled to meet the train, His Excellency being lustily cheered as the train pulled up at the crossing. There was some delay here, as a box car, loaded by the caterer for the trip over Section A, had to be added to the train. The train was now made up as follows: Directly behind the locomotive was a flat car carrying an extra supply of wood, then came a box car containing the caterer's supplies, then a flat-car furnished with seats, then the 'Pullman' which had been handsomely fitted up with carpets, sofas, easy chairs, etc., then another flat-car furnished with seats and fitted with a neat, light awning, and last of all a flat-car furnished with seats.

## Railroading in 1881.

"Leaving Rat Portage on the evening of the 1st inst. I was taken by canoe to a point on the Canada Pacific Railway, about three miles west of the village, and nearly opposite to Mather & Co.'s handsome sawmill. After waiting there for about an hour and a half I had the satisfaction of seeing Mrs. Mackenzie Bowell (who was also starting for Winnipeg), seated in a hand car along with our baggage, and whirled away down the track about a mile and a half to where we were to meet a construction train. Arrived at the spot, which was just at the edge of a cutting, we had to wait about an hour before the train came along, and the mosquitoes were uncommonly active. Darkness came along before the train did, but at last a loud, shrill whistle announced the approach of the locomotive, and in a few seconds more on she came pushing thirty flat cars loaded with gravel ahead of her. The cars were none of them very heavily loaded, and with the aid of a gravel plough and a steel wire cable the ballast was quickly transferred from the flats to the fill. We were then invited to take seats in the driver's cab, and a run to Ostrausund was made at a rattling pace. It was the first time Mrs. Bowell had ever ridden on a locomotive, and it was the first locomotive that had ever carried a Cabinet Minister's wife.

So far as I could judge, about half the distance had been traversed, when arriving at a way station, we were informed that a sink hole had been developed in a piece of particularly soft muskeg since the evening before. At six o'clock on Monday night the rails at this point had been two feet above water, but that morning the water was found to be two feet above the rails. To meet this difficulty Mr. Schrieber sent a despatch to Cross Lake ordering a locomotive to meet us at the opposite side of the sink hole. Our locomotive was then put behind the passenger coach which it shoved slowly toward





PANORAMA OF PROGRESS IN THE CITY ON THE LOWER SASKATCHEWAN

Prince Albert in 1881 was a very respectable, rather slabsided place, built of logs, and half asleep by the big river; now a hustling young city of Lumber and Wheat.

the damaged spot of the track. Only about three rail lengths had gone down below the grade, but those had sunk so low that it looked as though it would be an impossibility to get the coach over them. While Mr. Schrieber and the train officials were inspecting the place the locomotive from Cross Lake arrived, pushing in front of it two flat cars. The flats were pushed slowly and cautiously down into the water and up the opposite side, until the buffer of the foremost reached that of the passenger coach. Then a start was made, and the coach towed very slowly and cautiously through the sink-hole, which by this time was so deep that the trucks were almost entirely submerged. Notwithstanding the delay thus caused, the special caught the regular train at Cross Lake, and the latter reached this city at a few minutes after three in the afternoon.

#### The Winnipeg of "Boom" Days.

"Winnipeg has been written of so often and so fully that it might be difficult to say anything new concerning it. It is more like Chicago than any city I know, notwithstanding the great difference in the dimensions and population of the two. I have seen very few unemployed people here, and they were invariably drunk. In fact I have seen some drunken people in Winnipeg who were not out of employment. I should be very sorry to have any unemployed young man in old Canada conclude from what I have said just here that Winnipeg is a haven for all who cannot find work elsewhere. I am not sure that young men would do particularly well in looking up work here. The reason there are very few unemployed people here is that those who are out of work cannot afford to live here. It costs them too much. Everything is costly in Winnipeg just now, and because city property is proportionately high many people say that a great crash in the real estate market here is not far off. Be this as it may, Winnipeg is thriving just now.

"It would take a long time to describe the general appearance of Winnipeg, and even then the reader who had never seen this Canadian Chicago might have a very vague and indefinite notion as to what manner of place it really is. In the first place their main street, which is by a long way the principal thoroughfare of the city, is a very broad avenue (two chains wide). It is almost as level as a billiard table, but by no means straight. It was once the old Hudson Bay trail, and it makes some sort of a mild pretence of following the trend of the west bank of Red River. The other streets are running nearly north and south or east and west, and these forming all sorts of angles with the tortuous main street, give rise to an unheard of number of gores and angles. Some of the inhabitants have faced the situation boldly, and building their houses in a regular rectangular form have left some curious little corners in their areas and lawns, while others have attempted to accommodate their houses to the shape of their lots.

#### Where Three Transcontinentals Meet.

"At Portage La Prairie there was a very large crowd in waiting to meet the train. The assembly was made up of both white people and red, but the former largely outnumbered the latter. This town, of all its sisters, is second in Manitoba to Winnipeg in population and importance. It is growing very rapidly, and appears located in the very heart of an

excellent farming country. There were two bands of Indians waiting here, but they kept aloof from each other, and occupied opposite sides of the railway. On the north side was a large number of Sioux, most of whom were hideously painted, and many gorgeously dressed. Some of the men sat on lachrymose-looking, cut-haired ponies. All these ponies, like the lotus-eaters, were 'mild-eyed' and 'melancholy,' but only a very few of them looked as though they were in the habit of eating anything, much less the consumption of an article of diet supposed to have an influence on their character, and which would be nearly, or quite, unobtainable in the Northwest, and, besides this, I never yet saw an Indian pony that needed a sedative. As a rule they are not at all apt to disturb themselves unnecessarily. These ponies were decked out with bright tassels at the throat, scarlet saddle-cloths, deer-skin saddles, elaborately ornamented with bead work, and all-in-all, despite the wretched condition and contemptible dimensions of the ponies, they, with their riders, made a most striking appearance as they were gathered in picturesque groups in the tall grass, on a little bluff not more than a hundred yards from the train.

#### The Lovely Valley of Qu'Appelle.

"The drive to-day has been the most delightful of the whole journey so far, the approach to the valley of the Qu'Appelle and the valley itself being absolutely indescribably beautiful. Leaving Mr. Nelson's camp on the prairie early this morning (a very few minutes after six), the trail led through some of the loveliest prairie scenery. There was just enough of undulation to relieve the monotony of jogging along on a dead level, and still there were neither enough of undulation nor poplar bluffs to obscure or even limit the vision. Away to the south and west was opened out a great plain that looked like an immense concave stretching away till the bright fawn-colour of the prairie rose in a sharp rim against the hazy blue of an August sky. Suddenly, as I was gazing about on the transcendent loveliness I looked to the westward, and there where but a few minutes before I saw nothing but the bright yellow and fawn-coloured grasses of the prairie, rose the north and west shore of the Qu'Appelle River. As the bright morning sun rested upon this bank it presented a picture which for brilliancy of colour and exquisite light and shade is unequalled by anything I have ever seen.

#### The Prince Albert of Old.

"During our short stay at Prince Albert I was enabled to collect a little information regarding this, one of the most important and interesting settlements in the great Northwest. This place is the highest latitude we have reached in our trip, being nearly or quite 700 miles further north than Toronto, and over 1,300 miles further west, making the distance between the two points something over 2,000 miles by an air line, but by the route we have travelled the distance is, of course, considerably greater. The settlement, or rather the aggregation of settlements, included in the Prince Albert District (extending from Fort Carlton down to the junction of the north and south branches of the Saskatchewan) includes a strip of territory about 80 miles east and west by 50 miles north and south. This district contains a white and half-breed popu-

lation of about 3,000 souls. Here there are about 10,000 acres under crop and fully 5,000 acres newly broken this year, the latter figure furnishing the reader with some idea of the rapidity with which settlers have been flocking in within the last year. The town of Prince Albert may be designated as about four miles long by half-a-mile wide along the south bank of the North Saskatchewan. The town is situated on a plateau considerably above high-water mark in the river, and is bounded on the south by a narrow and shallow ravine, beyond which rises another bench or bluff to the level of the surrounding prairie, which is considerably higher than the plateau upon which the town stands.

### Coming Into Port

I HAVE weathered the coming cape of storms  
Where the winds of passion blow;  
I have sheered by the reefs that gnash to foam  
The shallows that lurk below;  
I have joyed in the surge of the whistling sea,  
And the wild strong stress of the gale,  
As my brave bark quivered and leaped, alive,  
To the strain of its crowded sail.  
Then the masterful spirit was on me,  
And with nature I wrestled glad;  
And the danger was like a passionate bride,  
And love itself was half mad.  
Then life was a storm that blew me on,  
And flew as the wild winds fly;  
And hope was a pennon streaming out,  
High up—to play with the sky.

Oh, the golden days, the glorious days  
That so lavish of life we spent!  
Oh, the dreaming nights with the silent stars  
'Neath the sky's mysterious tent!  
Oh, the light, light heart, and the strong desire,  
And the pulses quickening thrill,  
When joy lived with us and beauty smiled  
And youth had its full free will!  
The whole wide world was before us then,  
And never our spirits failed,  
And we never looked back, but ever on,  
Into the future we sailed.  
Ever before us the distant bound,  
Whose dim and exquisite line  
Alone divided our earth from heaven,  
Our life from a life divine.

Now my voyage is well-nigh over,  
And my stanchest spars are gone,  
And my sails are rent and my barnacled bark  
Drags slowly and heavily on.  
The faint breeze comes from the distant shore  
With its odours dim and sweet,  
And soon in the silent harbour of peace  
Long parted friends I shall greet.  
The voyage is well-nigh over,  
Though at times a capful of wind  
Will rattle the ropes and fill the sails  
And furrow a wake behind.  
But the sea has become a weariness,  
And glad into port I shall come,  
With my sails all furled and my anchor dropped,  
And my cargo carried home.

—Blackwood's Magazine.



# THE DEMI-TASSE

## LOOKED LIKE A CANADIAN.

**I**N a police court in Old London the other day, says the *Chatham Planet*, a detective gave evidence against a band of confidence men, and told the magistrate that their leader first approached a man at Waterloo Station who "had the appearance of a Canadian." He did not enlighten the court as to what a Canadian appearance was; but the incident recalls one which took place in London last year, when a bevy of girls was sent over as part of an advertising scheme for a Montreal newspaper. One of the girls got lost in the British Museum or some place of that kind, and was compelled to ask the good offices of a "bobby." She told him of her plight and asked to be directed to the private hotel at which the party was staying, adding the chance remark that she was a visitor from Canada and did not know her way about. The "copper" surprised her very much by retorting: "Ho, Miss, yer needn't 'ave told me. I knew you was a Canadian the moment I clapped my h'eyes h'on yer!" And the girl from Glengarry has always wanted to know how the constable knew. Can it be that there is really a "Canadian appearance" and that the London police have got us classified? It is an interesting point. Perhaps Doctor Colquhoun, who is just back from a trip to the "Big Smoke," could solve the riddle: "What is the Canadian appearance?"

## TRANSPORTATION.

By CY WARMAN.

If all our cars were motor cars  
Encumbering the land,  
And shooting by like shooting stars,  
We'd have nowhere to stand.

If all our plains were aeroplanes  
Sweeping the curving sky,  
The railroads might sidetrack their trains  
Or put on wings and fly.

In many ways, in many things,  
God's wisdom He reveals;  
To some men He hath given wings,  
And others—they have wheels.

## JAMES' ANSWER.

**A** ZEALOUS prelate of the Established Church, whose wife was of a rather haughty and imperious nature, took advantage of an opportunity to do some missionary work on his gardener, whom he had reason to suspect of possessing more than a fair allowance of worldliness. Sitting down con-

descendingly beside him one day during the noon hour rest he began solicitously to question him as follows:

"James, who is it who sees everything we do, hears all we say, knows even what we are thinking about, and in whose presence such poor creatures as you and I appear as mere worms of the dust?"

To which James unsympathetically replied, "The missus, My Lord."

F. N.

## ICONOCLASTIC.

There was a Yesterday.  
There is a To-day.  
There will be no To-morrow.

## NOT WELL PUT.

**T**HOMAS NELSON PAGE, in the smoking room of the *Amerika*, criticised trenchantly the work of a popular novelist.

"This man," declared Mr. Page, "has no idea of precision. He doesn't say what he means; he circles about his meaning, about and about it; never once hitting it off.

"He is like a young soldier in the Philippines whom a nurse told me about. She nursed the lad through a fever. On his recovery he thanked her like this:

"Thank you very much, ma'am, fer yer kindness. I sha'n't never forgit it. If ever there was a fallen angel, you're one."—*Tribune*.

## ENCOURAGING!

**O**NE evening when Irving was playing *Macbeth* he worked his audience into an unusually high pitch of excitement. He was in his best mood and had just reached the point where *Macbeth* orders Banquo's ghost to leave the banquet table.

"Hence, horrible shadow! Unreal mockery, hence!" declaimed Irving in his most tragic manner, as with a convulsive shudder he sank to the ground and drew his robe over his face.

On the withdrawal of Banquo, a high-pitched, sympathetic voice shouted from the top gallery "It's all right now, 'Enery; 'e's gone!"

## WHEN ENGLAND GOT EVEN.

**T**HEY were commemorating the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown with the usual fiery speeches. At the close of the regular programme the chairman announced with a wink to those near him:

"We are happy to have with us on this auspicious occasion a representative of King Edward, if not of King George. Ladies and gentlemen, I

beg to present to you Major Arthur Forrester, of the First Royal Dragoons, who will now say a few words."

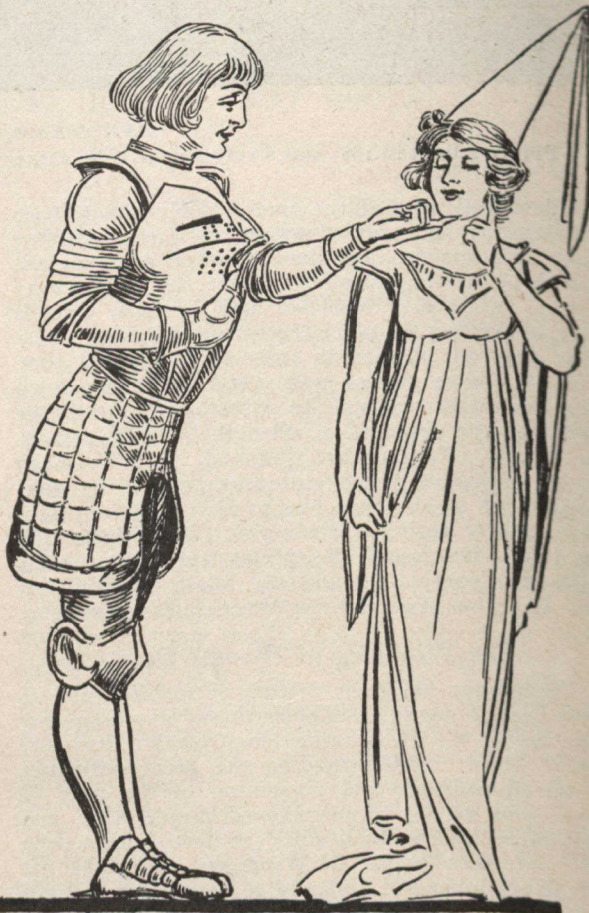
The Major looked a little surprised as he strolled to the front of the platform, polished his eyeglasses, and began with a drawl:

"It has long been a wonder to me how Cornwallis, with the pick of the English army, held Yorktown against a miserable force of militia for only a few weeks. But, ladies and gentlemen, I've seen your town to-day, and my wonder is now that he cared to hold such a forlorn looking spot for even one day."

"Shake!" broke in the chairman. "The drinks are on me."—*Wasp*.

## A SURE THING.

Minister: "And the child's name, madam?"  
Mother (firmly): "Name him Frederick Robert Cook Peary Smith. I'm not going to take any chances."



"IT WAS A FRESH AND LOVELY (K) NIGHT"  
—Life.

## CURRAN'S GRIM JOKE.

"I CANNOT sing; I really cannot," protested the famous Lord Norbody of "hanging fame" to a pretty and pressing hostess. "I have neither words nor voice."

"You are too modest, Chief Justice," said Curran, who was standing by, "for I know hundreds that have hung on your words and thousands that have been transported by your voice."

## FRIENDLY LANGUAGE.

**T**HE following story is recommended to the consideration of Sir James Whitney who enjoys vigorous invective:

A member of the Isle of Wight board of guardians thus answered a colleague from whom he had received what he took to be an insult: "I am not a bigger fool than you are, and I do not come here to be made a target for a censorious, cantankerous, scurrilous, insolent and illiterate cad from a Ventnor stable. Mr. Chairman, if you will allow him to turn upon me the rapier of insult, I shall plunge into him the dagger of sarcasm, and it will not be my fault if it does not go to the hilt!"—*St. James Gazette*.

## A BRIGHT BOY!

**I**N one of the public schools the other day, the teacher presented a problem for the scholars, which would require the use of fractions. She expected the answer, "I don't know." The problem was: "If I had eight potatoes how could I divide them among nine boys?" One bright-looking youngster raised his hand.

"Well?" said the teacher.  
"Mash them," promptly replied the young mathematician.



Small Boy: "Grandfather, did you tell the waiter that I wasn't a member of the Club."—Punch.



# FOR THE CHILDREN

## THE STORY OF PETER PUMPKIN—TOLD BY HIMSELF

**A** COW ate part of me as the fruit course of her breakfast. But before this happened I had several adventures. In the beginning I was just a little seed. One spring, about the first of June, Uncle Jerry put me in a warm bed in the ground and I began to grow. For weeks and weeks nobody took any notice of me and I felt hurt. I became a vine with large green leaves and bright golden blossoms. The blossoms contained such sweet honey that the bees came to see me. Of this I was glad, for I got lonesome waiting for three little boys by the names of Tom, Dick and Harry.

These were the little boys to whom Uncle Jerry had said before bringing me to my home in the garden: "This is going to be a Jack-o'-lantern."

Then the boys shouted and made fun. "Who ever saw a Jack-o'-lantern like that?" and they laughed.

But Uncle Jerry promised them, and the boys said they would be there to see me next Hallowe'en. So I waited. It did seem an awful long time. I didn't see that I was growing into anything like a Jack-o'-lantern. I was sorry, too, for I wanted to surprise the boys.

One day Uncle Jerry came out to the garden and, looking at me, said, "You'll make a fine Jack-o'-lantern." I felt glad, although I couldn't for the life of me understand how it was going to happen.

After that Uncle Jerry came often. When I got thirsty he brought me water and every little while he shook up my bed so that it felt soft. I tell you I felt fine. Nothing to do all day but to eat and grow.

At last I wondered if by any chance one of those large green things, which were where the golden blossoms had been, were what Uncle Jerry meant. One of these was larger than the others and growing fast.

Uncle Jerry was pleased when he saw this. I decided to surprise even him and make that green thing grow as large as could be.

Many weeks passed and then the nights began to grow cold. Sometimes I shivered a little. It was hard to grow when you felt so cold and I must have pretty nearly stopped.

Then a queer thing happened. The large green thing was changing to beautiful gold. Day after day passed and finally from my great yellow face I could look out over the garden. It was then that Uncle Jerry came with the boys.

"Here he is," said Uncle Jerry.

"My! Isn't that a dandy?" said Tom.

"Won't that make a fine Jack-o'-lantern?" said Dick.

"We'll call him Peter Pumpkin," said Harry.

So I became Peter Pumpkin. Uncle Jerry cut a circle about two inches around my stem and took off a sort of cover. Then he let the boys take turns digging me out with a big spoon.

Uncle Jerry made a great big picture of a face on me and carefully cut my rind so that it was very thin where the nose, eyes and mouth were.

A sort of a candlestick socket was made inside of me and around it were cut small holes to admit the air so that the candle would burn properly. In the cover were holes to allow the hot air and smoke to pass out.

The boys were much pleased, but how were they to carry me around? I was far and away the largest Jack-o'-lantern they had ever seen. I was too large for even Harry, the largest boy, to carry.

"I'll tell you what let's do," said Tom. "I will get my cart and we can put Peter on a box."

Uncle Jerry helped. He took an old soap box and fastened it securely to the bottom of the cart with screws. Upon the box he placed me, securing me with four sticks which were inserted in holes in the corners and tied together over my head.

I enjoyed this hugely. The boys shook hands, forming a ring, and danced around me and sang:

Peter, Peter, Peter;  
Peter Pumpkin Eater;  
Peter—Pumpkin—Peter.

Then Dick and Harry ran to the store to get a supply of candles while Tom carefully backed the cart into the garage to hide me from the other children until night. Tom must have been in a hurry for evening to come, for every once in a while he came and peered in at the door.

When Dick and Harry came back with the candles Uncle Jerry showed them how to put them in and how to light them. Then they shut the door while Uncle Jerry lighted a candle. I guess I must have grinned in a funny way, for every one laughed.

Then the boys ran away and I became more and

more impatient for the fun to begin. I did seem a long time to wait, but I wasn't disappointed.

As soon as it was dark Tom and Uncle Jerry came and then Harry and Dick. Harry lighted the candle inside of me and put the other candles in his pocket.

Dick brought some old sheets and the boys dressed up in them. You ought to have seen that procession when it started out. I was clearly the centre of interest. I grinned at people until they either laughed or ran away frightened.

Tom had an umbrella, which he put over me as we went down the street. There were some little girls and boys on the next street who went to the same school and I just shook with joy, thinking of the surprise we were going to give them.

As we turned the corner we came right upon the whole crowd of them. Tom pulled away the umbrella and all the boys howled. You ought to have seen those little children run.

Then the boys shouted and sang:

This is Peter, Peter, Peter;  
This is Peter Pumpkin Eater;  
Peter—Pumpkin—Peter.

At that the little folks came back and joined Dick, Harry and Tom. Then we went from house to house. How the babies squealed, and how the kiddies cried, and how the mammas and papas laughed!

As soon as one candle burned out Dick put in another and lighted it. I guess the good time would have gone on until now if we hadn't tried to cross the vacant lot and scare crotchety old Miss Morrell. She didn't like children and they kept clear of her except at such times as this. Tom and Harry had just lifted the cart over an uneven place under Miss Morrell's window when the old lady herself appeared. I don't know whether she was frightened or not but the boys were and they started on a run.

The cart turned over and I was broken in several pieces and left behind on Miss Morrell's vacant lot. The boys didn't even look back. It wasn't long before all those little folks were tucked shivering with fright into their little beds.

And this is the way it happened that Miss Morrell's cow, Jenny, had me for part of her breakfast.—*The Circle*.

\* \*

## CRACKER-JACK PARTY FOR BOYS

**A** LARGE room with an open fireplace is best for this entertainment. Pad the floor of the room with soft rugs or blankets. Request the invited guests to come in cracker-jack costumes, or, in other words, dressed as clowns. Of course, the funnier the dress, the better.

Let the boys do all kinds of stunts. Leaping, somersaults, standing on their heads, walking on their hands, in short, all sorts of things, known only to the inventive mind of the small boy. If agreed upon, an amateur show could be improvised, some of the guests performing and the others composing the audience.

Supper should be served in the dining-room, the boys sitting around the table. It should be remembered that the average small boy possesses a voracious appetite and a bountiful supply of good things should be provided, not forgetting the inevitable ice cream and cake, for boys, as well as girls, have a weakness for this popular combination. Sandwiches of all kinds, cold turkey and cranberry sauce, ham or tongue, olives, fruit, lemonade, and plenty of cracked nuts would be acceptable. Add a box of candy for each, for most boys have a sweet tooth.

After supper, have the lads gather about a roaring log fire (no gas abomination), crack nuts, pop corn, toast marshmallows and tell stories. A limited time should be agreed upon for each relater, and the stories confined to those of sport and adventure. A prize can be given to the one telling the best story, this to be decided by a vote from the whole party.

The prize should be something peculiarly attractive to boys. A bat and ball, tennis racket, fishing pole, or anything calculated to please the up-to-date youth.

A cracker-jack party will not fail to appeal to lads between ten and fourteen, and is both novel and amusing.

\* \*

## FALSE FACES

Here comes two eyes and a grinny mouth  
And a face all fierce and black;  
But it's only my braver playing ghost wif me,  
So 'at shivers 'll run down my back.



PUMPKIN TIME

**A** DOZEN little pumpkins lived in a field,  
In a field where sugar-corn grew,  
And the corn was young, and very, very green,  
And the pumpkins—they were green, too.  
Up to the summer sky the sugar-corn stretched,  
And rose so sturdy and tall,  
And the dozen little pumpkins hidden out of sight,  
Were they still green and small!



Why they grew broad while the corn grew high,  
And when husking time came 'round  
And the corn was cut and the field laid bare  
Lying there on the ground  
Were a dozen large pumpkins, beautiful and round  
And golden as the autumn sun,  
But pumpkins don't all turn to pumpkin pie,  
For this was the fate of one.



Now Hallowe'en is coming, with its taffy and its  
spooks,  
You'll be looking for a jack-o'-lantern, too.  
Wouldn't it be funny if you came across the field  
Where the other 'leven golden pumpkins grew!





## AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

AN EXPERT IN ART.

THE Joshua Reynolds portrait of Lady Elizabeth Taylor purchased among the famous Kann collection in Paris by the Duveen Bros., is one of the remarkable portraits by that great master—of whom casual masterpieces have got into Canadian households. Mr. Jos. Duveen, head of the firm of Duveen Bros., the greatest art house in the British Empire, was in Canada a few years ago, when he spent some days up on the rocks of northern Ontario; not buying masterpieces but hunting for sodalite and marble. At that time Mr. Duveen was much interested with Mr. Allom, decorator for Marlborough House, who was with him on the trip—in following up the idea promulgated by the Princess of Wales, who on her trip to Canada in 1901 got possession of some precious polished stones which came from that part of Ontario. She wished to have the find exploited, and commissioned Mr. Allom so to do; he along with Mr. Duveen spent a rollicking holiday on the rocks, and when they came down to Toronto they were so delighted with Canada that they were reluctant to go back to England. Mr. Duveen is perhaps one of the finest art experts in the world. No firm in the world spends such huge sums for masterpieces. The recent Kann collection cost nearly three million dollars, and the same firm purchased another collection from the same source not long ago costing half a million sterling.

\* \* \*

### THE BEAUTIES OF THE LEAFLESS SEASON.

"The year smiles as it draws near its death"

IT is at this season of the year, when most of the trees have yielded the largesse of their leaves at the urgency of King Frost, that we learn to appreciate the beauties which are not of the warm summer-time.

Individuality among trees is more sharply defined after the leaves have fallen; the trunks and heavy unswathed limbs appeal to our sense of form, and the delicate tracery of twigs and terminals outlined against the mid-day blue of the sky, or the warm sunrise or sunset lights, remind us of some patterns of the rare old laces of our grandmothers.\*

As never when covered with the leaves, we distinguish the graceful long bare arms of the elm; the refinement of the unadorned birch, which VanDyke calls the most lady-like of trees; the great thews and sinews of the leafless oak and walnut; the brooding, almost motherly configuration of certain nut-bearing and fruit-bearing trees; the divinely tall ash, which seems a sort of aristocrat in the tree world.

It is through the leafless trees we hear the wind playing minor, heart-searching airs on his harp of a thousand strings, accompanied perhaps by the wild cry of the lonely belated bird, which somehow fell behind its comrades in the grand procession South.

It is among the leafless trees we see saddled to the branches the appealing little birds' nests, reminders of sweet domesticity, and sweeter song.

Through the leafless trees, in some sheltered nook or corner, we catch glimpses of the purplish blue haziness, so resembling the smoke that was wont to ascend from the wigwam fires of the primeval Indian as to give this season of the year the name Indian Summer. Out from this mist and mystery there comes to us the note of the chic-a-dee; jubilant, as if he anticipated the time when he would don his white suit, and have the opportunity of being the star in the small remaining orchestra of birds.

After a night of autumn rain there is hanging to the tip of each brown leafless twig a clear drop which has all the prismatic qualities of the diamond. Look for them early some damp morning.

Walking among the leafless trees imagination can revel in the thought of the myriads of small creatures which have shut their bright eyes, and folded themselves away in some crevice of the bark, or in some hollow of a decayed tree, to forget the bleak cold days of winter in happy dreams.

For color notes at this season we can find many

a berry-vine or humble shrub which has turned crimson, purple, or yellow, according to disposition, at the rude touch of imperious Jack Frost; but our attention has been called particularly to the willow tree. Although the Hebrew captives hanged their harps on the willows, and thus associated it with gloom, Horace Macfarlane tells us that it "furnishes a cheerful note for every month in the year, and runs the whole scale of greens, greys, yellows, and browns, and even adds to the winter landscape, against the snow, touches of deep orange and bright scarlet." And he continues: "If people would only join a willow section to their mental observation outfit there would be much more to see and appreciate."

The family of the willow embrace one hundred and sixty species, although there are only twenty distinct branches. The weeping willow is perhaps the family beauty, and was brought from its native



"Elizabeth, Lady Taylor," by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Included in the famous collection of the late M. Maurice Kann, of Paris, and purchased by Messrs. Duveen Bros., at a cost of half-a-million sterling.

country, Asia, in the form of a withe which bound up a parcel. The parcel was destined for England, where someone, noticing the greenness of the withe, planted it; and such is the remarkable vitality of its kind that it took root and grew into a very beautiful tree. This tree with the romantic history is said to be grandmother of all the weeping willows found in America; perhaps the great great grandmother of some of them.

There are many legends in connection with these trees; mythology tells us that one day Phaeton attempted to drive his father's chariot, and caused such havoc that he was hurled into the river by the thunderbolts of Jupiter. He was greatly lamented by his three sisters, who sat by the river's edge with ceaselessly flowing tears. Their sorrow touched the hearts of the gods, who changed them into willow trees, so that they might stay forever by the water's edge.

The poplar is a member of the willow family, and it is the subject of much mythological tradition; persons offering sacrifices to Hercules were always crowned with branches of white poplar, and all who had conquered in battle were garlanded with it.

The aspen, or tremulous poplar, is another member of the family, and there is a very pretty tradition regarding the reason of the trembling of its leaves. It is said the wood of the cross of Christ was made of aspen, and ever since the tragedy of the crucifixion the leaves have trembled and shivered.

"Far off in the highland wilds 'tis said,  
But truth now laughs at fancy's lore,  
That of this tree the cross was made  
Which erst the Lord of Glory bore;  
And of that deed its leaves confess  
E'er since a troubled consciousness."

The "pussy willow" is a small variety of the family, but a very great favourite. Indeed it has become such a favourite that it is forced into bud to be sold on the city markets. To see it in perfection, however, we must look for it by some woodland stream.

It is generally known that the willow is the first tree, in our northern clime, which has the courage in spring to throw out the first banner of green; and a very exquisite tender green it presents to our hungry eyes; but few have appreciated the fact that the noble family of trees, after dropping leaves, continue all through the dull months of the year to change the colour of their leafless branches, some varieties assuming the most gorgeous tints of which we have any knowledge.

\* \* \*

LUCETTE.

By S. Frances Harrison (Seranus).

I seem to see you still, Lucette,  
Down in the Vale of the Richelieu,  
'Tis fifteen years since last we met.

Long gold earrings, chain of jet,  
Dark red dress and apron blue—  
I seem to see you still, Lucette!

A little taller, paler—yet  
Still but a girl, and merry, too.  
'Tis fifteen years since last we met

And I must not, my friend, forget  
The change Time may have wrought in you.  
I seem to see you still, Lucette,

Wearing that little amulet,  
Marie—*secours, priez pour nous!*  
'Tis fifteen years since last we met;

Heaven grant no pain, no wild regret  
Has touched you since we said adieu!  
I seem to see you still, Lucette!  
'Tis fifteen years since last we met.

\* \* \*

### 'IS ECCENTRICITY CHEAP?

PEOPLE who affect any eccentricity in dress must in the nature of things, it seems to me, spend more than ordinary time and thought on the matter; whereas, to hear them talk, they wish to convey the opposite impression. Some years ago we had in Canada a talented artist, a lady, of European extraction, and an extremely pleasant companion, but as she rashly modelled herself in attire upon the country-house costume of Rosa Bonheur, varying with reminiscences of George Sand among the *ateliers* of Paris, it was difficult to cultivate her. She imagined that in discarding everything pretty and feminine she was saving herself trouble and displaying superiority over more ordinary, but the idea

always uppermost in my own mind when I met her was, where did she procure those clothes and how much time and anxiety must have been squandered in getting them made! The result was something neither man nor woman, neither brute nor human, but a shapeless sack-coated priest-skirted Christie-hatted figure that made everyone stare, and sent nearly every woman who saw it to the bookstall for the latest issue of "Les Toilettes," and was really responsible for the swing of the pendulum in the immediate vicinity of this lady over to flounced and fretted creations of silk and lace and needlework. The sale of the *Lady*, the *Ladies' Pictorial*, the *Gentlewoman*, and the *Delineator*, rose to numbers unprecedented in that neighbourhood, and dress-makers searched in vain for explanation of the increased business which suddenly came their way. The eccentric artist, you see, had indirectly done some good in the world. The adoption of the severe and mannish mode of dressing robs a woman of half her feminine charm. Knowing this, it seems extraordinary that there be those among us who would select a Christie in preference to the Gainsborough's graceful lines.



# PEOPLE AND PLACES

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

## WIZARDRY AT MONTREAL.

LAST week at Montreal, invitations were out for the opening of the Royal Edward Tuberculosis Institute. His Gracious Majesty King Edward VII. three thousand miles distant was to perform the ceremony. The society of Canada's metropolis rolled through Belmont Park. It was a distinguished assembly that gathered in the beautiful new hospital so generously donated for the suppression of the White Plague by Lieut.-Colonel Jeffrey H. Burland. The orators of the occasion were eloquent. Some of the audience heard imaginary hoofbeats on the road, and had visionary glimpses of powdered footmen and gorgeous livery. All gazed intent past the speaker to a shiny instrument on a table at his side. Suddenly there was a burr, a click; a little brass bar dropped from its place. The flag of England began to crawl slowly up its mast; great heavy doors swing out on their hinges; the electric bulbs spluttered and blazed. The will of the king had come over the ocean.

Some say that poetry is dead. There is nothing in the chronicles of Aladdin which surpasses the romance of the King's telegraph opening of the Royal Edward Institute. Also, as the *Montreal Star* remarks, the event was one of the greatest of modern history. Montreal has had some history; none of it so significant as this new linking of the chain of Empire. Pictures of this event are presented on page 9 of this issue.

## ROMANCES OF 1881.

THE writer whose observations on the West are recorded on previous pages of this issue tells a few pointed stories about some Montreal and Ontario men who at time of the "boom" in 1881 went to Winnipeg to make fortunes. For instance:

This evening a beardless boy was pointed out to me as the owner of a bank account worth \$125,000. I was told that he came to Winnipeg in August with only \$25 in his pocket, and that he had made all his money by putting up margins and selling the property before the second payments became due. The boy looked to me very much like one of the average "candy butchers" that one meets every day on railway trains, and for aught I know he may have been one. It is also quite possible that the man who told me this marvellous story about the boy's success may have been misinformed or he may have been lying. I believe there is more or less lying about marvellous fortunes made in Winnipeg every twenty-four hours, and I see no particular reason why the man who told me about the large sum of money amassed in such an incredibly short time by this beardless boy who commenced with the small capital of \$25 may not have been lying also. Just as I was going out of the hotel I heard the name of an Ontario man that was comparatively familiar to me pronounced. Somebody had been enquiring how he had "made out" in Winnipeg. "Why," said the man of whom the question was asked, "he has only been here two months, but he has made \$35,000." I made up my mind that my friend from Guelph had done pretty well. Just as I entered the next hotel I heard a man remark that Mr. So-and-so, of Hamilton, was intending to return to Ontario in a day or two, having made his "pile." On subsequent enquiries I found that this Hamilton gentleman had been in Winnipeg six weeks; that he had had fairly good success, and that he had cleared \$25,000. Ten minutes later I was introduced to a gentleman from Brantford, and in due time I learned that he too had made \$35,000. Three men from Montreal had made \$35,000 apiece; seven men from Ottawa had done likewise, and finally some one told a story of a man from Muskoka who had made \$37,500. I need not add that the story was immediately discredited, and the man forthwith ostracised from the society of Winnipeg financial gossips. Of course I cannot pretend to discriminate as to who tell the truth and who lie regarding the big sums made by people in Winnipeg property.

## A THANKSGIVING PEOPLE.

THANKSGIVING and Hallowe'en are on the same page of the book this year in Canada. There are at least seven million people in Canada who have reason to be thankful this year. Of course it's somewhat a matter of form; most of us should be thankful we are not in jail most any time; that we are not slandered and down at the heels and hungry; so long as we are not like the Pharisee thankful that we are not as other men are. In truth Canada has good cause to proclaim a feast of thanksgiving this year. As a matter of fact we held a pretty decent festival of the kind last year when many of us were hard up and things looked a trifle blue. After all it isn't wheat and iron and railways and plethoric banks that we have the best reason to be grateful about. These things are always possible. But we have a heritage in Canada rather bigger than any of these. Character—of course it's not counted good form to talk about oneself that way; but so long as we realise the possibilities; how little we've got through with the contract and how gloriously much there

is to do yet: work—that is probably the thing most of us should be thankful for. Canadians are a nation of workers. We have done a good deal one way or another in coaxing a rude beautiful land out of the woods and the wilderness, making it blossom as the rose and smile with homesteads and hum with railways and jangle with towns. We have about as much work ahead of us in this country as any other people under the sun. What is more we feel tolerably able for the work; ready and capable however of receiving advice and stimulus from any other people that have got further along with the business of civilisation than we have done. We are surely thankful for the object lessons we have already got from other nations. We need them all. Our civilisation is about as complex as any and we are a very young people. We have succeeded to the era of invention and of science; and we are working out the problems of higher development even while we are concerned mainly with peopling unoccupied land and building communities and developing markets. Altogether we have an interesting time ahead of us. We are glad of it. By next Thanksgiving time we shall probably know a little better than we do now how we are squaring away to the big job of nation building and home building and general development.

## FACTS ABOUT ONTARIO.

NEW YORK State, the State of Maine, the State of New Hampshire, the State of Vermont, the State of Pennsylvania, the State of Ohio—these six great states of the Union do not equal in their combined aggregate of territory Ontario, Canada's premier province. Such is the information imparted in the statement issued by Mr. C. C. James, a sketch of whom recently appeared in the People and Places department of this magazine. Ontario, 1,000 miles x 750 miles, has a land area of 220,000 square miles, or 140,800,000 acres. Mr. James' interesting statistics illustrate that of this heritage 4,500,000 acres are settled; 14,000,000 acres are cleared; 6,500,000 acres are woodland; and 5,000,000 acres are swamp, marsh, or slashland. What has become to be called Old Ontario constitutes all but 1,500,000 acres of the total settled area. And the end of Ontario's territory extension is not yet! These figures take not into consideration the 16,000,000 acres of clay being opened up by the National Transcontinental Railway.

## A WORTHY EXPATRIATE.

"HE has been offered bribes that might buy a millionaire. He has been promised a career in politics, a fortune in law. He has been given the hope of worldly preferments that might seduce the highest ambition."

So writes Mr. Harvey J. O'Higgins, the Canadian novelist, depicting in *Everybody's Magazine* the career of Judge Ben B. Lindsey, the Denver legal luminary and "friend of the kids." Mr. O'Higgins' account is a vivid record of the corrupting influences which tend to down the man who sticks up for his principles in American public life. His article is attracting wide attention from the United States press.

Great interest is being evidenced in the young Canadian whose pen is contributing to American political criticism. Toronto 'Varsity men of a dozen or so years ago remember Harvey O'Higgins. He was a freshman up in Queen's Park in 1894—quite an extraordinary freshman; who had no gridiron ambitions; who neither gave a snap about the exams; but who dabbled in journalism a little on the Toronto dailies and day-dreamed whenever he sauntered into an occasional lecture. There were some other freshmen at 'Varsity in those days who were excused generally on the ground of the "vagaries of the artistic temperament." There was Arthur E. McFarlane, whose English "themes" were the silent envy of the half-baked football enthusiasts, and there was Addington Bruce, whose spirit perpetually dwelt in the realm of philosophical speculation. Arthur Stringer strolled across the campus then, too, his principal employment poetry of rather an ambiguous character; but he was an upper classman. O'Higgins never became a Bachelor. He attained the dignity of sophomore and then left, announcing the immediate prospect of a matrimonial alliance. He got a reporter's job on the *Toronto Star*. His friends said "Go to New York." He went, and toughed it with Arthur Stringer in a tenement attic for months. He offered a rehash of some *Toronto Star* stuff to the New York editors. They called for more. Then he sent in "Colonial Dames," a delicate phantasy which netted him fifty dollars. He got married. Shortly after this he began to see the romantic possibilities of fire-fighting. His "Smoke Eater" tales began to be a regular feature of the Sunday supplements. There was fire in those fire stories. On the strength of their popularity, a New York publisher accepted the manuscript of a novel dealing with college and circus life, which proved a profitable venture. Of late, Mr. O'Higgins has gone back to the short story field. His yarns cover a wide range of experiences and are of a very high order.



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(Incorporated under the Companies' Act, Canada)

Head Office: MONTREAL, CANADA

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	Authorized.	Now to be issued.
Preferred Stock, 7 per cent. Cumulative	\$2,000,000	\$1,200,000
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The Bonds will be issued only for the purpose of providing additional working capital and for extensions to the Company's plant.

The remaining \$900,000 of Preferred Stock of the total of \$1,200,000 being issued has already been taken up by firm subscriptions.

The Preference Shares rank both as to capital and dividends in priority to the Common Stock.

Subscriptions will be payable as follows: \$5.00 per share on application; \$15.00 per share on allotment; \$25.00 per share on 1st December 1909; \$25.00 per share on 1st January, 1910; \$25.00 per share on 1st February, 1910;

or the whole account may be paid up on allotment or on the due date of any subsequent instalment, under discount at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum. Interest will be charged at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum on any instalment not paid when due.

The following persons have consented to act as Directors of the Company. The remainder of the Board to be named later:

### DIRECTORS OF THE COMPANY

- J. B. TUDHOPE, Esq., President The Tudhope Carriage Company, Limited.  
 W. FRED HENEY, Esq., Vice-President The E. N. Heney Company, Limited.  
 T. J. STOREY, Esq., President The Canada Carriage Company.  
 H. MUNRO, Esq., President The Munro & McIntosh Carriage Company, Limited.  
 C. F. SMITH, Esq., Director Merchant's Bank of Canada, President James McCreedy Shoe Company.  
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 The Canada Carriage Company, Brockville, Ont.  
 The Munro & McIntosh Carriage Company, Limited, Alexandria, Ontario.

The corporate existence of the amalgamating companies will be maintained, and such companies will act as selling and distributing agents for the new Company.

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OR TO

## The Royal Bank of Canada

Montreal, or any of its Branches

together with the amount payable upon the application.

Should no allotment be made the deposit will be returned. Where a smaller amount of shares is allotted than is applied for the surplus paid on application will be credited in reduction of the balance due.

Application will be made to list the shares and bonds of the Company on the Montreal and Toronto Stock Exchanges.

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## MUSIC IN CANADA

CANADIAN MUSICAL SPEECH.

CANADIANS will never be a musical people till we have learned the simple art of musical speech. In this respect we are far behind English people. British voices are naturally softer. The Sheffield Choir here last year showed a mellowness of tone rather wanting in the Canadian voice; due in part to the soft sea air; in part to traditions and a more leisurely life. America is a land of hard, harsh speech. Our forefathers began with the old comfortable custom of "hollering" or yelping across the fields in the bush. The New England farmer established the nasal twang. Ontario and the eastern provinces got an importation of that. The West again got it at a later period. The West is now getting many of the hard voices of the western states. Through it all there is the polyphonic variety of the foreign tongues. French, of course, being as native to Canada as English, we must class as one of the softening elements. Quebeckers speak with far more mellow voices and with more diversified cadences than do most of the English-speaking Canadians. Again we must count as a favourable factor the direct English, Irish and Scotch.

Sum it all up and we are still quite ahead of our republican cousins in the South. But we have in Canada a composite voice of remarkable possibilities in choral utterance—as has been demonstrated. We have a large number of people who speak musically; a large number who affect the English style—sometimes disastrously but usually with some advantage to intonation. We have also the habit of shouting at the telephone, which is both unnecessary and abominable. We have the yelling in the street car. Our streets are noisy and we shriek to be heard. In a small room—even in a private house—we become so earnest over what we have to say that we talk loud enough to be heard half a block. We ignore the value of what may be called "over-tones" in conversation. We neglect inflection. Most of us speak in a high key and somewhat of a monotone. In the singing voice there is an effective range of an octave and a half to two octaves of sound. Our speaking voices are more often restricted to half an octave. It is one of the neglected arts—that a tone which is all tone, no matter if it be soft and low in pitch, carries quite as well and in some cases better than a loud tone which approximates to a yell. We have a good composite Canadian voice. We sing chorally well; in solo we have produced some of the world's better voices; and a large number of average. But till we have learned the simple art of musical talk we shall never be truly called a musical people.

### THE OTTAWA ORCHESTRA.

MR. DONALD HEINS, conductor of the Ottawa Symphony Orchestra, writes to correct us in one particular. His letter speaks for itself:

*Editor Canadian Courier:*

DEAR SIR,—In an article entitled "The Orchestra Season is On," issue of October 16th, 1909, I observe that no mention is made of the orchestra of the Canadian Conservatory of Music, Ottawa, of which I am the conductor. Further it is mis-stated that the Quebec Symphony Orchestra won the Governor-General's trophy last summer in Ottawa. Our claim to some slight recognition in connection with Canadian musical life may be found in the fact that our organisation (then a string orchestra) won the Governor-General's trophy in competition with the Quebec Symphony Orchestra in Ottawa, February, 1908, and won it again *this year as a fully equipped symphony orchestra* against two Montreal societies, the performance taking place in Montreal April, 1900. Our programme this season will include two movements from the Symphony Pathétique of Tchaikovsky; the overture to the Midsummer Night's Dream of Mendelssohn; Ballet des Sylphs, Berlioz; and the G minor Slavonic dance of Dvorak.

We are glad to insert this correction, and at some future date shall prepare an illustrated article on "Music in Ottawa"; for it is not all politics in the Canadian capital.

### THE PREMIER CANADIAN ORCHESTRA.

THE orchestra season in middle Canada opened on Thanksgiving with a concert by the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. Since last season—great changes. The T. S. O. is now an organisation of 65 players. The advance over last season, however, is not only in numbers. The programme was not quite so heavy as some given last year—which is a good fault. The playing was remarkably better. Most of the sections have been weeded and augmented. The problem of establishing a permanent orchestra on a professional basis has been taken hold of "by the horns" with great vigour; hence a fine programme, splendid interpretative playing, a huge and stimulative audience—and the assistance of so celebrated a *prima donna* as Mme. Galski, who made her initial appearance with the orchestra last year.

No more discriminating and enthusiastic audience ever sat in a Canadian hall than the 3,500 people who listened to this programme of the most ambitious Canadian symphony orchestra. Mr. Welsman—with Mr. H. C. Cox and a band of energetic guarantors behind him and a band of capable, earnest musicians in front—has begun to creep up on the standard set in Canada by big orchestras from over the border. Of course in a manner he began to do this last year; but this is the year that will not only test the hold which the T. S. O. has on the Canadian public but will show such advances in the production of large works as has never been surpassed by any other organisation in Canada.

The local critics have already sounded the high note of praise. It is no business of this paper to boost a merely local enterprise. The T. S. O. is not local. It is national—perhaps in a bigger way than any other of the orchestras in Canada, all of which are doing things that a few years ago would have been considered flatly impossible. A cycle of six orchestral programmes employing such world-renowned artists as Galski, Fritz Kreisler, Mischa Elman, Rachmaninoff, the Russian composer and pianist, and David Bispham, is enough to stamp Canada as much further ahead in the race for native musical development than the United States in a similar period of evolution.

Outside orchestras with immense capital and years of experience behind them have set the pace. Canadian taste in the larger centres has been developed by some of the biggest and finest orchestras in the world. Canadian orchestras must cater to the same demand. No native orchestra will be encouraged solely on patriotic grounds. The Toronto Symphony Orchestra, the Montreal Symphony, the Quebec Symphony and the Ottawa Symphony are putting on music this year as good as the best done by visiting orchestras.





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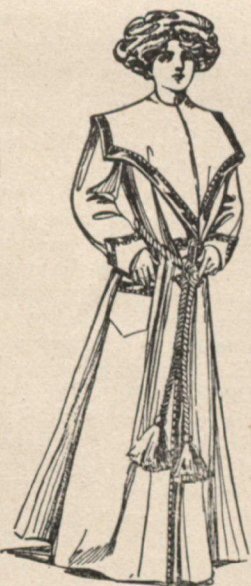
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### Literary Notes

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD has written about dukes and lords, brilliant young Romeos and skittish married women of un-Priscilla-like parts. Lately she has departed from the romantic side of European civilisation and has become possessed of a remarkable ambition—to write the great Canadian novel. This was quite unexpected in the Dominion. Mrs. Ward toured America last year and no one felt much surprised that a story from her pen had something to say about the smart Americans she saw in Washington. A month or so ago an announcement was made of a story to follow dealing exclusively with Canadian affairs. Then people began to talk. What did Mrs. Humphry Ward know about Canada? She had merely been in the country a few weeks—long enough to ride in a C. P. R. "diner" and sip a little of the scenery. What in the world did the niece of Matthew Arnold see in provincial Toronto, or flashy Ottawa, or the mercenary "Peg" for a whole novel?

Mrs. Ward's novel has begun a serial run and these questions are being answered. While it is probably non-politic to judge from the opening chapters of a story, yet it must be said that the distinguished author has caught the spirit of the Canadian people in its efforts of nation-building.

Mrs. Ward calls her story "Lady Merton." Elizabeth Merton, a young widow, inheriting a title from her father who helped swing the steel rails of the C. P. R. across the prairies in the early days—a Strathcona or a Mountstephen—is journeying from Quebec to Vancouver with her invalid brother, Philip Gaddenden. At Winnipeg they meet George Anderson, a very democratic Canadian engineer who has the assumption to take an interest in Lady Merton. Then comes upon the scene Arthur Delaine, the type of well-bred Englishman bored with novelty and interested solely in the cultured past. Delaine has entertained an affection for Lady Merton in England. East meets the vigorous young West. Will they be rivals?

Such is the first instalment. Its characteristics are the brilliancy of the dialogue—a merit rarely evidenced in the stories of native writers—and the faithfulness of the local colour. Mrs. Ward's "Lady Merton" will be read widely by Canadians as it progresses. It will be first-class advertising for Canada. Also it will be welcome in that it may spur the ambition of our native born for distinction in portraying the life of the Canadian people.

\* \* \*

THE Oriental problem is becoming to have a peculiar significance for Canadians as trade develops with the East. China appreciates Canada. She sent over an expert commissioner to Ottawa last spring to look permanently after the Empire's commercial interests. John Stuart Thomson, an American writer, has just issued a brilliant work on Chinese life and development, which, while dealing with the subject from the point of view of the United States, should interest Canadians, to whom the East must appeal in much the same way as to their neighbours.

\* \* \*

FRANK DANBY says she has ceased from novel writing. Her reason:

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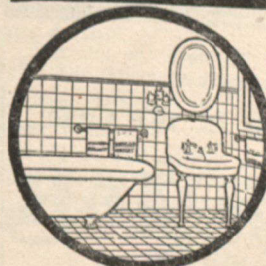
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**MONEY AND MAGNATES**

**T**HE Province of Ontario certainly played a prominent part in the big Canadian Carriage merger that has just been completed, supplying three of the four concerns included in it. There is a good deal of romance about the carriage business in Canada and in the case of all the three concerns given to the merger by Ontario all the men at the head of them, like the concerns themselves, rose from very small beginnings. Take the big Tudhope Company up at Orillia. Go back over half a century and you will find the grandfather of the present genial "Jim" Tudhope occupying a small carpenter shop from which it was quite an achievement to be able to turn out a buckboard, and yet it led up to the largest and most successful carriage manufacturing business in that part of the country. Then look at the big carriage plant of the Munro and McIntosh concern at Alexandra. At the outset young Munro and McIntosh had a common everyday blacksmith shop and it was due entirely to their energy and ability that it passed along the various stages till it was able to turn out all kind of vehicles and was making very large shipments to Western Canada. In the case of the Canada Carriage Works at Brockville, Ont., the President, T. J. Storey, can look back to the days when he was serving his time as a wheel painter in the concern of which he is now president and general manager. The fourth concern to go into the merger is the largest carriage company of Montreal and is known as the E. N. Henly Company, Ltd. It was founded by the late E. N. Henly a little over twenty years ago, but its progress was very rapid. Henly died when still a young man but his brother, Fred Henly, had been closely associated with him from the time he had started the carriage plant and he immediately took up the reins of management and has been one of the most active interests in the organisation of the merger.

Very little if any cash has been required in the organisation of the new big concern which will be known as the Carriage Factories, Ltd., the shareholders in the different concerns taking stock in the new company in exchange for their respective holdings. A very striking feature in this connection was that the various companies took up themselves the entire amount of the securities allotted to them and in this way \$900,000 of the 7 per cent. cumulative preferred stock out of a total of \$1,200,000 was taken right off the market, leaving only \$300,000 for the public offering. Such action indicated the marked confidence the carriage men themselves had in the new company. While a merger has been effected it is the intention that each concern should retain its identity and name and they will all have a representative on the first Board of Directors of the new company.

\* \* \*

**A DOUBLE COUP BY A GROUP.**

**A** FEW years ago the financial world of Montreal was surprised on awakening one morning that a group of young financiers had, by a clever move, secured the controlling interest in the old Canadian Rubber Company, which for so many years had been owned by representatives of some of the oldest families of Montreal. Since that time the group has sprung steadily into greater prominence till the other day it fairly electrified even old Wall Street interests by the announcement that they had effected one of the biggest coups that had been witnessed since the Cobalt camp had been discovered and were in full control of the big La Rose Mining Company. The group was perhaps the first of the younger group of men who have done so many big things in the financial world of Canada during the past few years, and was comprised of D. Lorne McGibbon, now President of the Canadian Consolidated Rubber Company; Shirley Ogilvie, the secretary and a director of the Ogilvie Flour Mills Company, who for years has been perhaps Mr. McGibbon's closest personal friend; George Washington Stephens, the chairman of the Montreal Harbour Commission; and Alex. Pringle. It was one night while the four were enjoying a game of cards that the plan was suggested that they should get control of the Rubber Company and they have been pretty closely united ever since. In the most recent achievement Mr. McGibbon, for some little time, had been quite a large holder of La Rose stock, and not being quite satisfied with the way things were being managed, decided that he would go quietly into the market and if possible buy enough stock to give him the control, and when he had done so (after the big slump that resulted in the La Rose stock selling off in one morning to \$5.75, a loss of \$2.25 for one morning) he immediately took steps to put in sufficient of his own friends on the Board to control it, and in so doing he submitted the names of his three friends, Messrs. Ogilvie, Stephens and Pringle. If the results are the same in the La Rose as they were in the case of the Rubber concern it will mean a very aggressive Board, who at all times are up and doing and anxious to show results. The day after the La Rose coup I was speaking to Shirley Ogilvie and he remarked in an off hand way, "We simply had quite a large interest in the concern and thought it would be better for us to control the policy of the company, so we went ahead and secured sufficient stock to give us the control we wanted." That is just the spirit of the group. If they are in anything they want to run it and generally regulate things so as to have the whole say. What is more, they are doing things all the time, seeking greater opportunities for their concerns, and when they are not to be found they create the opportunity. In a growing country like Canada they would seem to be just the kind of men the country wants to have, the men who are always up and doing things.

\* \* \*

**GREATEST FINANCIAL ACHIEVEMENT OF YEAR.**

**E**VEN in a year of great financial achievements in Canada there was one carried through in Montreal during the past few days of which very little mention has been made because of the quietness of the negotiations, and yet it caused leading banking and financial interests to fairly jump to their feet in amazement. The reason why so little attention was drawn to it was that all the plans in connection with it were carried through privately and all the securities of the new concern had been disposed of almost before the final details in connection with the organisation of the new big company had been arranged.

It was what is now known as the the car merger, the official title of which will be the Canadian Car and Foundry Company. Owing to lack of space we are compelled to crowd out the details of this interesting personal story until next week, when a most engaging chapter will be added to the book of financial achievements in Canada.

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SERGEANT KINNAIRD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.

from its leather pocket asked sneeringly, "Do you want mine too, dad?" "You'd better keep that popgun, girl. You'll need it when Stand Off sassyety falls to discussin' this event."

Three men slipped to the floor of the pound, and now stood glowering in silence at Somers, who had recklessly dropped his arms to fold them across his chest.

Mayo, coming forward, peered suspiciously about the pound and asked, "Whar's that other coyote?"

"Who do you mean, dad?" Chris asked.

"That sneakin', prayin' hypercrite, the sky pilot."

"Preacher? Did you think you had trailed into a wedding?" The girl's clear voice rang out on the night air in a mocking laugh. "That's too funny, dad! I see—"

"Shut up that jay chatter, Chris!" Mayo commanded angrily. "Whar's the preacher?"

"He lives in Stand Off, dad, and I shouldn't wonder but what he's in bed now."

Mayo stared with angry incredulity into the girl's mocking eyes. "What's he doin' here?" stabbing with his thumb in Somers' direction.

"It's no secret now, dad. You caught us, didn't you? Who put you on my trail? Was it the preacher, and you're running a bluff on me?"

"By Heavens! don't try to kid me, girl!" The father clenched his fist angrily; but the look of utter mystification in his eyes as they turned away sheepishly from Chris's fearless stare to rest curiously on the composed figure of Somers, showed that he was completely baffled.

"He's sure picked up my trail tonight," the girl continued with seeming anger, "and give you some church notions about it not being proper. I know his way. And what's it Dakota's business? And you, Tough Wilkins; and you, Kootenay?"

The three men addressed shrunk away, and Kootenay drew the back of his hand across his mouth in a shamefaced manner.

"Look a-here, Chris!" Mayo rasped. "That palaver sounds purty cute; most like an actress speech in a play. We may be plumb locoed by that fool breed; but the hands ain't played out yet. This individual of the Gov'ment's coyote pack jines us for a little passeer to Stand Off, till we see what cards Dupre has drawn, then we'll call a showdown. Git your broncho cinched quick!" he continued, turning to Somers. "We'll cross examine you when there's more evidence in."

"I've nothing to tell, Mr. Mayo, except that I'm fond of Chris. I'm sorry—it's all my fault—"

Though in verity this statement was literally true, the speaker was following the girl's lead in deception. He understood her plan now; though he realised that they were both at a tangent in their knowledge. When Dupre had escaped, Major Dixon had sent Somers off to warn Kinnaird, fearing that the breed would make for Stand Off, and, recognising the Sergeant, denounce him as a spy. Somers had cached himself and horse in the pound, meaning to ride in to the old mission through the night. He was mystified by the impression that Kinnaird knew of his presence and was coming to meet him.

As the constable stood irresolutely for a second, half expecting that Chris would in some way indicate the next move, a solemn stillness held in the walls of the pound as the echo of their voices died away. A rose-tinted moon hung in the eastern sky and its soft mystic light picked out in

faint tints the encircling walls, till, the figures blurred dramatically in the centre, it looked like the amphitheatre of a prairie coliseum. The fire had died to a heap of glowing embers, reflecting its red faintly on the tall, slim figure of Somers and the powerful, loose hung frame of Mayo. His lean, hungry face craned forward, catching more of the red blush of the firelight. A little deeper in the shadow stood the girl; and beyond loomed sinister forms, the moonlight glinting from the steel barrels of their rifles, penciled lines of silver white. A calling whinny from Chinook cutting with vibrant force the heavy quiet, startled in vociferous answer a loon that winged its night path over the river. Its harsh, demonic call, like the laugh of a maniac, caused Chris to shiver in her wet clothes.

Scarce less harsh was Mayo's voice as he snarled, "What the hell you waiting for, Somers? You want an orderly to saddle up for you?"

"Come along, Frank," Chris added, conscious that Somers was on the edge of a rebellious mood.

The constable turned to his picketed horse which, its first fear of the men passed, now stood eyeing them sleepily, and threw the military saddle on its back, cinched it up, clattered the bit between its teeth, kicked the picket pin loose, and coiling the line buckled it to the saddle.

"I'm ready, Mr. Mayo," he said.

"You sure are, Somers! And you'll sure unpack that picket line again, run it through the curb, and Dakota will most generous cinch the end of it to the horn of his saddle. You might wander from the trail 'twixt here and Stand Off, and sorter get lost."

Somers ran the line through the ring on his curb, and tossing the end of it to Dakota, lifted to the saddle.

"Come on, Chris! Pick up Chinook, and we'll hit the back trail for home," Mayo commanded.

In silence they passed up the slight incline in the opening of the wall, Dakota leading Somers' horse.

Bender was waiting on the prairie with the horses of his companions. Chris called to Chinook, and he came trotting up through the gloom.

"All right, Kootenay; you and Tough pull out in front," Mayo ordered. "Now, Dakota, you lead off with the guest, and the rest of us, promiscuous like, just trails."

Down along the river bank, as silent as a war party of Indians, they moved, splashed noisily through the ford, up the farther bank and broke into a trot for Stand Off.

Chris was wondering in nervous apprehension what had become of Preacher Black. How strange it was that neither he nor Dupre had been seen! Evidently her father's party had not encountered them on the trail. An unreasoning dread forced itself into her mind that perhaps the minister had encountered the breed. She knew that Dupre was as vicious as a wolf.


And Somers, with the fuller knowledge in mind that Dupre would recognise Black as Kinnaird, whom he had cause to hate, was a prey to an apprehension that could see no possible escape from disaster.

Mayo sat his horse in moody silence, angered by all these many things of suspicious mystery; lost in vain conjecture as to the movements of Preacher Black and Dupre.

And as they slipped like sinister shadows over the moonlit prairie the man of their tortured thoughts was trailing in the shadow of death.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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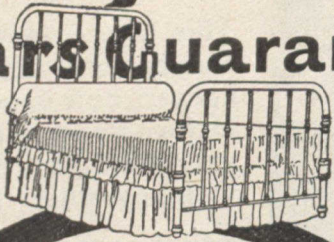
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## Preservation of Forests and Game\*

By ACHILLE BERGEVIN

THE history of all nations which have seen their forest wealth disappear, and the newer countries which have already seen a vast area of their forest domain depleted, fully demonstrate the great importance that we should not only protect our forests, but that we should also try to increase their area, if it is possible to do so.

The conserving of our forests means at the same time the protec-



Mr. Achille Bergevin.

tion of the fish and game, because the removal of the timber will inevitably cause a partial drying of our rivers and streams, and will mean the diminution of our fish and game. It is then from a triple point of view that efforts should be made to assure the protection of the forests, and as a representative of the Quebec Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, I desire to lay particular emphasis on this point, namely, that our forests already under reserve should be so managed as to guarantee the protection of the fish and game as well as that of the timber.

Our neighbours in the United States are alarmed, and with good reasons, at the rapid depletion of their forests and economists have predicted that twenty-five years will see the total disappearance of their forest domains. With such an example before us, our country owes it to itself to conserve its forest wealth, upon which so many of our people depend for their existence.

It is admitted that Quebec possesses practically the largest wooded domain in America, if we except the province of British Columbia. As the forests in that province are far away from the European market, and are not situated in as good a position as those in the Province of Quebec, or of our neighbours in the United States, it naturally follows that we may rightfully claim the largest available forest lands in Canada.

Laws have recently been passed, which are bringing about good results for the conservation of our forests, and have already created a better understanding between the settler and the lumberman, but further work remains to be done for the better classification of what is to be understood as agricultural land, and what is considered to be timbered soil. When this is accomplished, in my opinion, it will be better for both the settler and the lumber man, because he will be able to work on his own land without interfering with the rights of the other. Then only will their work be of a permanent nature and result in an advantage to both of them.

The pulp wood industry has  
\* Portion of an Address delivered before the Canadian Forestry Association

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brought to Quebec a large amount of foreign capital. This question is of the highest importance to us and the exportation of pulp wood has been the cause of many controversies. The manufacturer and exporter have their points of view, whilst our public men also have their opinions. In a great many cases these differ materially, and in my opinion the proper solution can only be reached by the work of a Royal Commission, as suggested at previous meetings of this association. The immense territory that we have under license, and the vast Crown Lands that are still as nature gave them to us, never having been explored, will yield to this country a large income, particularly through the pulp and paper industry.

In the Province of Quebec we have an area of 228,000,000 acres of land, of which 130,000,000 are timbered. This does not include that portion of the Province of Quebec known as the Ungava District, which is now considered as a portion of it. The Department of Crown Lands in our province, during the past year, has kept a closer surveillance over the cutting of the wood and the collection of the dues without neglecting the protection of the forest from fires and cutting contrary to the regulations.

A decision has been reached by the Government of the Province of Quebec not to sell any more of its timber limits by auction. Great areas of our timber lands have been sold at ridiculously low prices. The price of sales has increased, but the present Government has decided not to sell any more of these timber limits. Let us protect this source of national wealth for the generations to come.

Since 1897 some thirty odd new industries have been established at the mouths of the different rivers tributary to the St. Lawrence. Over \$15,000,000 has been invested in saw mills, pulp mills, etc., which are employing over 9,000 heads of families. These figures demonstrate that the Province of Quebec has gone ahead very rapidly in the development of her forest industry. The eyes of the world are upon us. From the point of view of those interested in these enterprises we must protect their capital in so far as investment is concerned, by protecting the source of revenue to us and to them. The province must afford protection to both the settler and to the financial men who have large investments in our wood-working industries.

Lately immense forest reserves have been created in our province, (viz., the Saguenay, Labrador, Lake St. John, St. Maurice, Maskinonge, Ottawa, Chaudiere, River Ouelle, Temiscouta, Rimouski), which with the Gaspé and Laurentides Parks, comprise a total area of 107,821,653 acres, one of the largest forest reserves in North America. This has all been done within the past few years, and we must congratulate the province for its efforts in that direction. Let us hope that our province will also deem it wise to evolve a scheme for the protection of the fish and game as well as for the protection of the forest.

We must not forget that besides what I have already mentioned we have also the James Bay Basin and the Hamilton River Valley—representing an area of about 93,000,000 acres, of which about 40 per cent. is timbered in Ungava district.

With this vast territory of forest lands in our province, I am sorry to say that we have not a sufficient number of forest officers, and very few fire wardens; and in many cases the men who hold these positions are unable to discharge the duties to which they are assigned.

In my opinion when a man is appointed to be either a game or a fire

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warden, practically placed in charge of a vast wealth belonging to the province, there should be a system by which he will be trained to realise the importance of his duties. His compensation should be made commensurate with the work that he performs. Since the preservation of the forest means also the conservation of fish and game, I would like to suggest that the forest wardens and fire rangers be also made fish and game wardens.

The Department of Crown Lands, realising the importance of technical training, sent two of their best forest engineers to Yale to make a study of the technical side of forestry. Since their appointment as Forest Engineers in the Department of Crown Lands, new measures have been inaugurated for the classification of lands, the proper protection of the forests, the prevention of excessive cutting, the reproduction of the forest by seeding or by planting, and a recommendation for the establishment of a fund for the following purposes: (1) The reforestation of abandoned farm lands; (2) the restoration of forest lands that have been ruined by reckless cutting or by fire; (3) the planting up of bare or sand lands where there are no trees, and the establishment of vegetation on rock lands; (4) the creation of forest reserves on a large scale; (5) the introduction and acclimatisation of new species of woods.

In my opinion if we are to take proper care of our forests, fish and game we should have a commission of competent men, free from any political ties, and having the direction of the sales, the cutting and everything else belonging to the exploitation of the forest. Such a commission should be under the control of the Government which is responsible to the people.

To this commission might be attached a technical staff that would be charged with the task of exploring the forests, preparing maps, and possibly also the management of the forests. The work has already begun in a small way, but we wish to know the exact regions that are suitable for the growth of the woods, and those that are suitable for colonisation purposes. It is important that this question should be settled in an independent and business-like fashion.

Another very important question is to educate the people as to the value of the forests, and the importance it is to them to protect and preserve them. We have already agricultural colleges and lecturers, and it seems to me that it would be an easy matter for these lecturers, in their talks, to give to the public some elementary ideas on silviculture and the care of woodlands.

We should have technical studies made of our woods, so that we may know their resistance, compression, tension, etc., to the end that we may be in a position to better inform our engineers and architects as to their mechanical value. We should also have tests made of our woods for pulping purposes so as to find out a substitute for spruce the day it may disappear; also have tests made to determine the value of the different woods for pulp and paper making, so as to know what is to replace spruce when the supply is exhausted.

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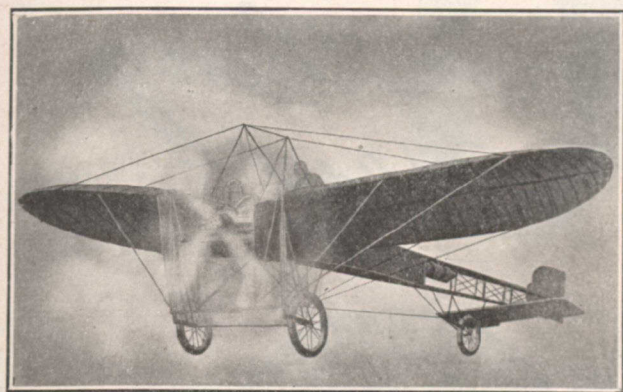
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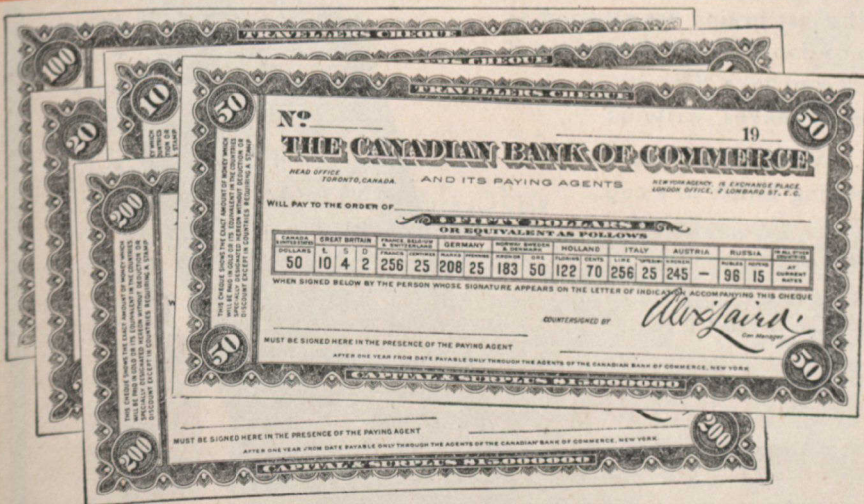
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