

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly



JOHN A. COOPER, Editor
THE COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

Report of the Proceedings of the
Annual Meeting of Shareholders
Tuesday, 8th January, 1907

GENERAL STATEMENT

30TH NOVEMBER, 1906.

LIABILITIES	
Notes of the Bank in circulation	\$ 9,199,204 68
Deposits not bearing interest	\$22,626,899 72
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date....	64,525,687 10
	87,152,536 82
Balances due to other Banks in Canada	177,623 57
Balances due to Agents in Great Britain	398,781 58
Balances due to other Banks in foreign countries.	1,063,750 89
Dividends unpaid	500 94
Dividend No. 79, payable 1st December	350,000 00
Bonus of one per cent., payable 1st December....	100,000 00
Capital paid up	\$10,000,000 00
Rest	5,000,000 00
Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward	103,562 43
	15,103,562 43
	<u>\$113,545,960 91</u>

ASSETS	
Coin and Bullion	\$ 4,041,456 76
Dominion Notes	5,935,008 25
	\$ 9,976,465 01
Deposit with Dominion Government for security of Note circulation	427,450 00
Notes of and Cheques on other Banks	4,361,228 00
Balances due by other Banks in Canada	38,986 50
Balances due by Agents of the Bank and other Banks in foreign countries	2,460,680 49
Government Bonds, Municipal and other securities	6,201,456 95
Call and Short Loans	9,001,395 08
	\$32,467,662 10
Other Current Loans and Discounts	79,303,228 33
Overdue debts (loss fully provided for)	125,812 19
Real Estate (other than Bank Premises)	89,472 14
Mortgages	37,336 63
Bank Premises	1,300,000 00
Other Assets	222,449 52
	<u>\$113,545,960 91</u>

B. E. WALKER, General Manager

The fortieth Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of The Canadian Bank of Commerce was held in the bank-house on Tuesday, 8th January, 1907, at 12 o'clock.

The President, Hon. George A. Cox, having taken the chair, Mr. F. G. Jemmett was appointed to act as Secretary, and Messrs. A. Emilius Jarvis and W. M. Alexander were appointed scrutineers.

The President called upon the Secretary to read the Annual Report of the Directors, as follows:

REPORT.

The Directors beg to present to the Shareholders the fortieth Annual Report, covering the year ending 30th November, 1906, together with the usual Statement of Assets and Liabilities.

The balance at credit of Profit and Loss Account brought forward from last year was	\$ 58,871 76
Net profits for the year ending 30th November, after providing for all bad and doubtful debts, amounted to	\$1,741,125 40
	<u>\$1,799,997 16</u>

Which has been appropriated as follows:—

Dividends Nos. 78 and 79, at seven per cent. per annum	\$ 700,000 00
Bonus of one per cent.	100,000 00
Written off Bank Premises	341,434 73
Transferred to Pension Fund (annual contribution)	30,000 00
Subscription to San Francisco Relief Fund	25,000 00
Transferred to Rest Account	500,000 00
Balance carried forward	103,562 43
	<u>\$1,799,997 16</u>

The entire assets of the Bank have as usual been carefully revalued, and ample provision has been made for all bad and doubtful debts.

Last year we were able to show earnings which were the largest in the history of the Bank. This year we have again made satisfactory progress, our net earnings amounting to \$1,741,125.40, or about \$370,000 more than last year. In view of these handsome profits, your Directors decided that the time had come to increase the annual distribution to the shareholders, and, in addition to the usual dividend at the rate of seven per cent. per annum, they have declared a bonus of one per cent., making a total distribution of eight per cent. for the past year. After providing for this increased distribution and for the annual contribution to the Pension Fund, we have been able to write \$341,434.73 off Bank Premises and to add \$500,000 to the Rest, which now stands at \$5,000,000, or 50 per cent. of the Paid-up Capital.

In April last a terrible calamity overtook the city of San Francisco, where we have a large and important business. Having regard to our long connection with San Francisco through the Bank of British Columbia, your Directors thought it only fitting that we should express in a tangible manner our sympathy with the sufferers, and they accordingly voted \$25,000 as a contribution to the Relief Fund.

In accordance with an agreement made in the early part of the year, this Bank took over, as on the 1st of June last, the business of the Merchants Bank of Prince Edward Island, which gave us new branches at Charlottetown, Summerside, Alberton, Montague and Souris,

all in Prince Edward Island. The branch which that Bank had at Sydney was amalgamated with our own branch there. The six months' experience which we have had with our new business gives us every reason to be satisfied with the purchase.

In addition to the offices thus acquired the Bank has opened during the year new branches at the following points: in Alberta, at Bawlf, Crossfield, Gleichen, Leavings, Stavely, Stony Plain, Strathcona and Wetaskiwin; in Saskatchewan, at Canora, Humboldt, Kamsack, Langham, Lashburn, Radisson, Vonda, Wadena, Watson and Weyburn; in Manitoba, at Norwood, and at Alexander Avenue, at Blake Street and at Fort Rouge, Winnipeg; in Ontario, at Fort William, Kingston, Latchford, Lindsay, Ottawa (Bank Street), Parry Sound, and Wingham, and at Parkdale and at 197 Yonge Street, in the City of Toronto; in Quebec, at West End, Montreal, and in the City of Quebec; in the United States, at the corner of Van Ness and Eddy Streets, San Francisco. The branches at Sackville, N.B., and Canning and Lunenburg, N.S., have been closed. Since the close of the Bank's year, branches have been opened at De Lorimier, Que., and Innisfree, Alta.

It is with deep regret that your Directors record the death of their late colleague, Mr. W. B. Hamilton, who for nearly twenty-two years had been a Director of the Bank. Until his health began to fail Mr. Hamilton was rarely absent from the meetings of the Board, where his long experience in business made him at all times a wise and prudent counsellor. To fill the vacancy the Directors elected the Hon. W. C. Edwards, of Rockland.

An amendment to the By-laws will be submitted for your approval, increasing the number of Directors from twelve to fourteen.

In accordance with our long established practice, the branches and agencies in Canada, the United States and Great Britain, and the various departments of the Head Office of the Bank, have been inspected during the year.

The Directors have again pleasure in recording their appreciation of the efficiency and zeal with which the officers of the Bank have performed their respective duties.

GEORGE A. COX,
President.

Toronto, 8th January, 1907.

The motion for the adoption of the report was then put and carried.

An amendment to the By-laws, increasing the number of Directors from twelve to fourteen, was then passed, and the usual resolutions expressing the thanks of the shareholders to the President, Vice-President and Directors, and also to the General Manager, Assistant General Manager and other officers of the Bank were unanimously carried. Upon motion the meeting proceeded to elect Directors for the coming year.

The meeting then adjourned.

The scrutineers subsequently reported the following gentlemen to be elected as Directors for the ensuing year: Hon. Geo. A. Cox, Robert Kilgour, M. Leggat, Jas. Crathern, John Hoskin, K.C., LL.D., J. W. Flavell, A. Kingman, Hon. L. Melvin Jones, Frederic Nicholls, H. D. Warren, B. E. Walker, Hon. W. C. Edwards, Z. A. Lash, K.C., E. R. Wood.

At a meeting of the newly-elected Board of Directors held subsequently, Mr. B. E. Walker was elected President and Mr. Robert Kilgour Vice-President.

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Capital Subscribed, 4,000,000.00
Capital Paid up, 3,953,470.00
Reserve Fund, 1,255,000.00

DIRECTORS

RANDOLPH MACDONALD - President
A. A. ALLAN - First Vice-President
D. M. STEWART, Second Vice-President
HON. D. McMILLAN
HON. PETER McLAREN
ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, M.P.
JOHN PUGSLEY
W. K. McNAUGHT, M.P.P.
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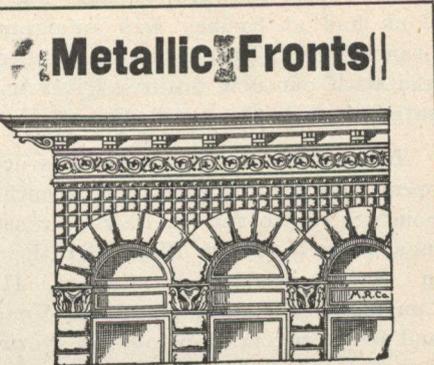
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Editorial Talk

Some foolish people imagine a national weekly can be made and established in a few weeks. It can't. We say this feelingly, because we have had several weeks' experience. However, we feel that this is the best attempt Canada has yet seen and that for a five cent weekly it cannot be beaten. The covers and the coloured pictures make it worth that. Mr. Marten's cover on this issue is worthy of a frame.

Next week one of the features will be an article on "Civil Service Reform" by J. S. Willison, editor of the Toronto News. It will be worth reading, although our recommendation is not necessary when this writer's work is being considered.

The staff desires to thank the many friends who have sent congratulations and cheques. Each will help us a little farther up the mountain. This morning one arrived from Shanghai, China. An expatriated Canadian saw a notice somewhere that the paper was coming and he posted his order at once. Another stranger called and asked us to send it to him in Cuba for six months—he was just leaving for that semi-Canadian republic.



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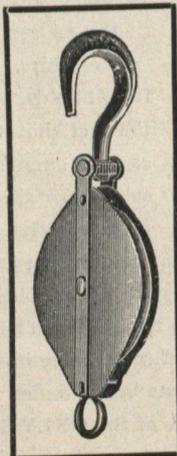
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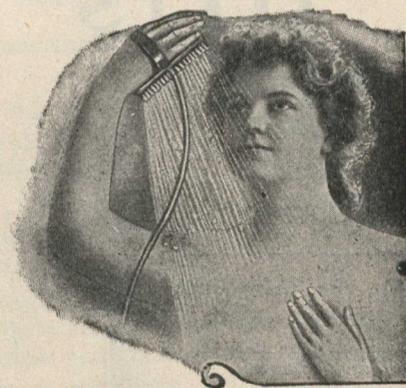
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BOX 502 - - TORONTO JUNCTION

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

Subscription: \$2.50 a Year.

Vol. I

Toronto, January 19th, 1907

No. 8

The Bank President

A BANK president in Canada is an important and influential person. In the United States such a general statement could not be made since the banks there may be small or large, and in no case have they any branches. A bank in Canada means an institution which has offices in all the leading centres and in many of the smaller towns. It issues bank notes which must be as available in Victoria as in Halifax. The number of branches vary with the strength and enterprise of the institution, but speaking generally all Canadian banks have branches. Because of this complex and far-reaching character, a chartered bank necessarily bestows upon its president considerable influence.

The president in most cases shares these qualities with the general manager. If the president prefers to stay in the background, and the general manager is a man who can speak and write well, the public may know him better than his chief. If, on the other hand, the conditions are reversed, the president may be the better known of the two. After all, no matter what the system, it is the man who makes the position.

There is a considerable difference between the duties of the president and the general manager. The former has great responsibility because it is to him that the government looks for an observance of the laws under which his bank works, for correct returns of the standing of his bank and for the general conduct of its affairs. There have been cases where bank presidents have been punished for neglect of duty. At the same time, the president must rely to a great extent upon his general manager, who is the working head of the institution. Just how far the president may do this in the eyes of the law, is not definitely determined, but will probably be made clearer before the present Ontario bank tangle is straightened out.

Going back into history, we find that one bank president at least was also general manager. When Mr. E. H. King was in charge of the Bank of Montreal he made a record for daring which has never been equalled. It was during the period of the civil war in the United States and gold was scarce in New York. The United States Government issued so many "greenbacks" that it could not redeem them all in gold. Millions of them were outstanding. Mr. King had plenty of gold, so he took it to New York and mulcted the Yankee for its use. The profits were enormous, as the risks were great. As the months and years went by, he almost drained little Canada of its gold and its capital to supply New York.

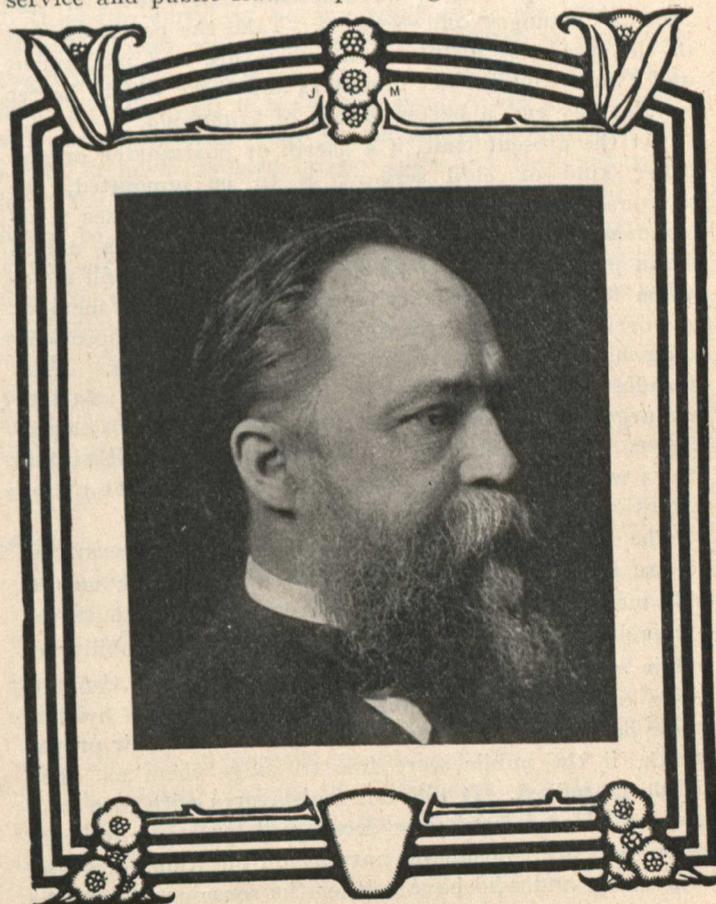
It was this occasion which gave an opportunity for the founding of the Bank of Montreal's strongest competitor. Canadians could get little accommodation from Mr. King, and a new bank was founded in 1867. This was the Bank of Commerce. Like many other banks, its history has been one of long and steady development. To-day it is attracting attention because of its change in management.

For nearly seventeen years, the Bank of Commerce

has had as president the Hon. George A. Cox, a man who has been prominent in railway, financial and insurance circles for thirty years. Under him the Bank has prospered and developed. While all of its success may not be attributed to him, he must get a large share. There has been nothing revealed to the public to show that his general judgment has not been of the highest order.

With Senator Cox, Mr. B. E. Walker has been associated as general manager. Mr. Walker's connection with the institution dates back to 1868, a year after the founding of the bank. In eighteen years after entering the service, he was occupying the highest office an employee could occupy. Moreover, in that short period he had transformed himself from a junior clerk into one of the best known bankers on the continent. He mastered the theory as well as the practice and became known as a writer and speaker on banking matters. In fact, to-day, there is no higher authority on Canadian banking theory than Mr. Walker.

It is not often that a general manager becomes president of a bank, hence Mr. Walker's promotion is the more notable. It is believed that his growing wealth has made him independent of his general manager's salary and that he desired to have more time to devote himself to general public matters, and to the studies in which he is interested. His literary and intellectual sympathies are broad and one may say, without flattery, that he has attempted to set a high standard of public service and public leadership among his fellows.



MR. B. E. WALKER,
President of the Bank of Commerce.

REFLECTIONS

BY STAFF WRITERS.

A RATHER good story is being told in the Clubs of Toronto about two gentlemen who were each more or less closely connected with reputed combines. The year 1906 revealed more on this subject than any previous year.

OUR FUNNY SELVES

A publisher of school books had a house built and in it he had considerable plumbing done by a well-known firm. Just about the time when it was necessary to pay for the work, the investigation into the plumbers' combine occurred. The publisher naturally doubted whether it would be wise to pay the bill without a protest. He thought it only fair to himself to point out that the plumber was under suspicion and that before the bill was paid there would need to be an investigation. The plumber bore it patiently and thus the matter stood for a long time. Then came the Text-book Commission and an investigation into the publishing business—the improperly called "School-book Ring." There were some disclosures which, if they did not show a combine, gave reason for believing that there was an understanding which was almost as effectual. The plumber thought that this would be a good time to again render his bill. He did so. It was paid promptly and without a demur.

A LL good citizens who desire better political conditions in this country should raise a cry against patronage committees and patronage evils. It is this question of patronage which makes our political life

PATRONAGE EVILS

lower than that of Great Britain. It is the present method of appointment to civil service positions which breeds partisans, ward-healers, ballot-switchers and crowds of hungry office-seekers. Take the patronage out of the hands of members of legislature and parliament and away from cabinet ministers and there will be better legislatures and a better House of Commons.

At the present time, if a sheriff or postmaster or any other kind of civil servant is to be appointed, the patronage committee meets together and makes a recommendation to the members. In other words, a half dozen party workers choose a party worker to fill a position for which he has no qualifications. The member is worried to death with applicants of all kinds, pressing upon him their claims—not their qualifications. The grandfathers, uncles, cousins and other male relatives are urged to see the member and worry him into taking notice. The member's time is thus taken up with interviews which are mostly useless and which prevent giving attention to the duties of his position.

The practice is rotten, if one may be permitted to use the word. It fills the civil services with unsuitable men; it degrades the members who distribute the offices; it detracts from the importance and nobility of public service; it leads to a distorted view of the purposes of the voting power. It is maintained by low grade politicians who would be estimated at their proper worth, if the public were free to judge them as they should be judged. It fills our legislatures with men who have no idea of dignity or decency of language or argument, who are continually harping on questions of slight importance and who have neither the sense or the ability

to apply themselves to the work for which they were elected.

Civil service reform and the abolition of patronage committees is the crying need of to-day.

THERE seems to be a dearth of men willing to serve as town councillors in some of the Ontario towns. When the yearly nominations are held, they close without sufficient candidates. In the town of Renfrew this

TOWN COUNCILS

has happened two years in succession. In another town it has occurred in each of the last seven years. Another nomination is required, and new candidates must be induced to come out. The work of the council is thus delayed several weeks.

In the town of Milton, they have a meeting of rate-payers before nomination day and a committee is appointed to see that sufficient and proper candidates are nominated. The consent of each is obtained, of course, before being put in nomination. The plan is one worthy of earnest consideration in towns where good men neglect or refuse to take office.

That there should be a dearth of public-minded citizens is probably due to the fact that good men hate the personal canvass. They would sooner be considered to be lacking in public zeal than be found buttonholing their fellow-citizens and asking them for votes. If the public would make it known that they will vote for the best man independent of any canvass, better men might offer themselves. But, after all, this is almost too much to expect of us. John Smith asks us for a vote. We know he does not deserve it, yet we hate to refuse him because it might hurt his feelings. Hence we weakly promise. It is not very creditable but it is human nature. Fortunately all the voters are not so weak as some of us.

FROM the Maritime Provinces there is a steady migration of girls to the United States. The stream of ambitious young men from the Provinces by the Sea now runs toward Western Canada, but the ambitious young women still go to the States by the hundred. Such is the lament of the St. John "Globe" and other journals. They conclude that if the young men go away, the girls must go too; otherwise, how are they to find mates?

Speaking to a Nova Scotia audience several years ago, I advocated a policy of keeping the young men at home. I didn't think then of the argument, that it would also keep the young women at home. I advocated the founding of Canadian clubs, and the spreading of the sentiment that young men have no right to leave the country that gives them a birth-right and an education. The Canadian club movement in Toronto in 1896 was based partly on a desire to kill the old feeling that the smartest young man in the community was he who went to the States. There were smart young men staying at home, and we wanted to increase our numbers. Perhaps it was egotistic and selfish, but it aided in strengthening the national feeling.

For forty years, the Maritime Provinces have sat back and grumbled. In that period they have lost—what? About half a million of the finest young men

and young women ever reared—worth in round figures at least five hundred millions of dollars. If you think the estimate high, work it out for yourself, my friend. A little over ten million dollars a year in young men and young women, given away absolutely without return! Is it any wonder that the population is stationary, that people think that the Maritime Provinces cannot be developed farther?

If these three provinces would only forget their petty jealousies and unite for the common good, they could get back a hundred million dollars' worth of those people. I have talked with many of these exiles, and they have declared their desire to go back. It is time for a revolution down by the sea—a real, genuine, bloodless revolution.

ARBITRATION of labour disputes is to be a feature of Parliamentary debate and probably of legislation during the present session. Perhaps the incipient organisation of a labour party has spurred on the political leaders to an effort to deal

ARBITRATION AND LABOUR

with this much vexed question.

The principle of referring labour disputes to arbitration is very old and originated from the practice, still prevalent, of referring trading disputes to expert arbitrators in cases where judges of the courts felt the need of such services to guide them. As far back as 1701 there was legislative enactment to deal with this question. The Statute of 1 Anne provided for a reference in the case of "woollen, linen, fustian, cotton and iron industries," to two Justices of the Peace, "to prevent the oppression of the work people and ensure payment of wages in the current coin of the realm." This Act was for ten years only. In 1710 it was revived, made perpetual, and subsequently extended to various other trades.

Provision for arbitration in labour disputes by law is thus not a new principle. Unfortunately, however, not one of the multitude of laws that have been passed since the time of Anne by legislatures the world over, has proven a panacea for the difficulties involved. Strikes there have been since the great one organised by Moses in the land of the Pharaohs, and strikes there will be until the end of time. This may seem pessimistic, but it is written with a knowledge of the important part played by the evil side of human nature in causing strikes and lockouts. You might as well hope for universal peace among all nations as among all employers and employees.

This is no reason why parliamentarians should not try to deal with the matter. As a matter of fact, legislatures have done much to prevent strikes and lockouts in the past, and, wisely guided, can do more in the future. The legislature has a duty to perform other than to deal fairly as between employer and employee. There is always the general public to be considered, and, while this nondescript body is made up principally of employers and employees, the largest part of it, in this country at least, is not liable to be directly involved in labour disputes, and is interested only in industrial peace.

Legislation, to be successful in the matter of arbitration, must recognise certain principles. The tribunal should be a permanent board, consisting of arbitrators who will deal judicially with the question submitted. Temporary boards, as proven by experience, are merely compromise makers and an encouragement to demands on the part of ill-disposed labour or capital not averse to making a gain at the expense of an opponent.

The only proper means of enforcing the arbitrators' award is the indeterminate but all-powerful public opinion. To punish, by imprisonment or fine, labour or capital that refuses to submit or conform to an award, is contrary to all principles of freedom and against sound economics.

There are trade disputes involving questions of princi-

ple that are not properly the subject of arbitration. For instance, the claim for the closed shop. The rights and privileges of non-unionists are as sacred as the rights of unionists. The Pennsylvania Anthracite Coal Strike Commission determined some very interesting matters, and among their decisions is to be found this dictum: "The contention that the majority of employees in an industry, by voluntarily associating themselves in a union, acquire authority over those who do not so associate themselves, is untenable." Fair-minded men will accept this view, and, if the principle of the closed shop is untenable, then it cannot be placed in arbitration, although, next to wages, it is the most prolific cause of strikes. The employer should not be compelled to give the unionist a preference and should not be allowed to discriminate against him.

The proceedings before any arbitration tribunal must be at once simple and inexpensive. Organised labour in some instances has accumulated large funds, but in more instances it has not, and at all times capital will have the advantage in collecting and presenting evidence to an arbitration tribunal.

The matter should be subjected to a thorough threshing out in committee and on the floor of the House. If the members will vote according to the dictates of their best judgment, regardless of currying favour with either of the two great parties affected, we may have in the statute book of 1906-07 an Act that will go a long way towards mitigating the strike evil. But no matter what law is passed, we are inclined to think that, after a few years' experience, most people will say with the president of the New South Wales Arbitration Court, "Arbitration is certainly a bigger problem than we anticipated."

TORONTO is beginning to enjoy the benefit of power from Niagara. About six thousand horse power is being received now and this will be increased to twenty thousand by the end of the week. This power was just in time, or at least only a few minutes late.

**TORONTO AND
N I A G A R A** The city has been growing very rapidly and the demand for electricity increasing extensively. The Toronto Electric Light Company's plant was inadequate to deal with the increased demand put upon it.

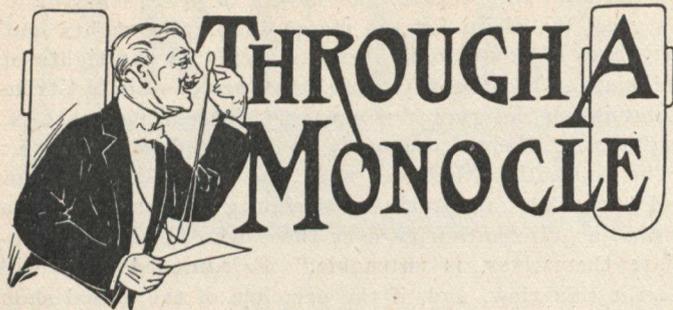
It is too early yet to say what effect the coming of Niagara power will have on prices. Were it not that the citizens have threatened to put in a municipal supply line, it is doubtful if the effect would have been noticeable for some time. The people who have brought the power in have invested large sums and they naturally look for considerable profit. Hence they would not likely be hasty about reducing prices. The enormous vote cast in favour of the power by-law on January first, may or may not modify the view of those who are selling the power now available.

Mr. Frederic Nicholls states that about 40,000 horse power is being developed at the Falls and that, as the Government restricts the exportation to fifty per cent., there is likely to be plenty of power available for the whole of Western Ontario for some time to come.

THE sympathy of Canada will flow freely and generously towards Jamaica in this her hour of trouble. The white population may be small, but both white and black are subjects of the same sovereign as we are. We feel for those in distress anywhere, but we may be pardoned if our grief is more keen

COLONIAL SYMPATHY

when the pall of disaster covers a portion of a member of the colonial sisterhood. Canadian relations with Kingston, the capital of the island, are close—both in a trade and a social sense; consequently the news of Monday came to us with something of a personal shock.



ARE the Dominion elections coming this year? We noticed a newspaper paragraph in which Mr. Borden was reported to have said that he expected them but then, on the other hand, Mr. Emmerson told his New Brunswick Convention that he did not look for any election this year. Still, Mr. Emmerson may not know all that is going on; and then, again, his ignorance may be merely official. Every public man has two minds in which he knows things—one is his official mind in which he only knows what is convenient for him to know, and the other is his private mind in which he knows a lot more than he is paid to know by the State. A politician is one of the few men who can make ignorance pay—official ignorance. He very frequently makes greater progress because of the thing he does not know than because of those he knows. Just as a bad memory is a good asset for an election trial witness, so a bad "knowery" is a proof of great wisdom on the part of an astute politician. But still again, Mr. Emmerson may know that the elections are not coming on; and Mr. Borden may be merely mistaken.

* * *

An election this year would probably be a good stroke of business on the part of the Government. The Opposition is disorganised. The country is still prosperous; but Mr. Byron E. Walker has recently told us to look out for squalls. Disorganisation is becoming apparent, too, in the ranks of the Ministry; but it has not yet gone far enough to produce any great weakness, though there may be a different tale to tell next year. That Mr. Emmerson does not feel too secure in New Brunswick, the calling of his convention showed. Bourassa has disturbed Quebec; and, if rumours of the early retirement of Sir Wilfrid should become credible before the elections came on, his disturbance might amount to a cleavage in the party. In Ontario, things are bad; but they are not likely to become much better. Railway building will probably keep the two new Western Provinces safe, and their representation is about to be increased; but it is still small. Should young McInnes capture British Columbia, that might be the signal for battle.

* * *

These rumours of the retirement of Sir Wilfrid are becoming as little credited as the advertisements of the "farewell tours" of great artists. The Premier's health is now, happily, quite as good as that of any man of his age who is under so great a strain. There is no likelihood that he will be driven from his seat in the Commons to an invalid's chair. Nor, as age advances, is he likely to consider any more favourably the idea of retirement. It is only young men who can toy pleasantly with the notion of stepping aside from the battle of life, and ending their days in calm and comfort and intellectual ease. Older men are too near the borders of compulsory retirement—feel too chill upon their cheeks the icy breath of man's last resting-place—to look upon the cessation of activity as anything but a prelude to the cessation of life. They have all but too few years before them, and they feel that they must live them—every minute. The young man thinks of retirement as a state of leisure from which he can return at will. To the old man, it has the dread sound of an euphemism for "the end."

Gladstone retired with great good will in 1875 with twenty years of active life yet before him; but when, having returned to the arena, failing health more and more steadily demanded a second and final retirement, the dying gladiator waved his sword to the last. Sir John Macdonald did not retire at all—he fell in battle. Sir Oliver Mowat did not retire. Alexander Mackenzie sat in the Commons for years after he had ceased to be a factor in its deliberations. Retirement is not a habit of public men; and there is little reason to expect that Sir Wilfrid Laurier will now retire so long as he can do his work. Yet the tradition of his bad health—which at one time had all too much foundation—is so strong in the country that people are always talking as if it were about to occur; and, as he grows older, this expectation is bound to weaken him and his party, especially in Quebec. This, however, is one reason against an election this autumn. Should it be brought on after only three sessions of this Parliament, the rumour would at once gain ground that it was to be followed by the transfer of the baton from Sir Wilfrid to Mr. Fielding.

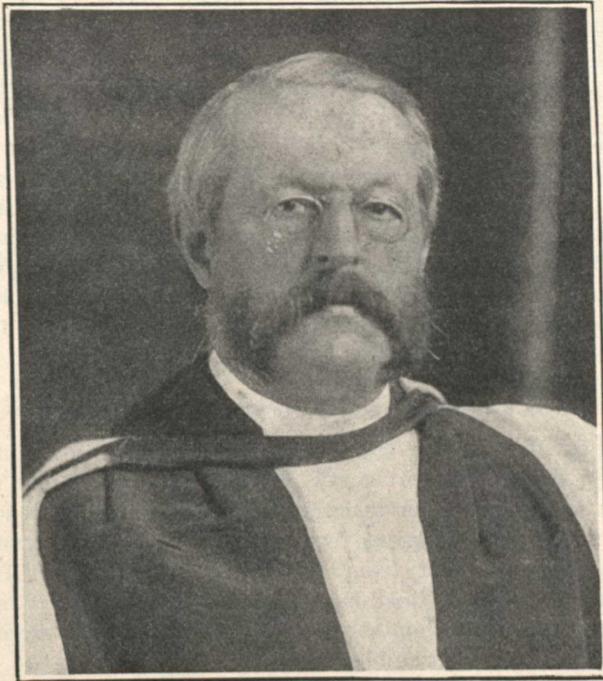
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The position of the Liberal party in Ontario comes as near as possible to a surrender. The position of the Conservative party amounts to the occupation of the surrendered field by an unorganised and quarrelsome mob. The Whitney Government is the one effective organisation in the Province. The Liberals ought surely to produce Provincial and Federal leaders for this Province without delay; for, in such a case, the policy of drift is a policy of disaster. The Federal Conservatives, on their part, want a local leadership—distinct from that of Mr. Borden; a local loyalty, this time including Mr. Borden; and a policy. What can be done in the way of policy-making, Adam Beck has shown; and what aggressive leadership will accomplish, even when the aggressive leader singularly lacks the confidence of the people, "Billy" Maclean is demonstrating. If the Conservatives would let Maclean write their policy, and then get E. B. Osler to advocate it, they would make the Liberals "sit up." If, on the other hand, the Liberals could produce just one leader of the Mowat-Mills-Sifton-Joly-Blair-Fielding-Fitzpatrick-Tarte calibre, they could put their opponents in a serious position.



Without Prejudice.

Britannia.—"Accept my congratulations, Sir, on the splendid growth of your Navy, and, since I have your assurance that your programme is not an aggressive one, I feel sure you will be interested to see what I have been doing in the last three years!"—Punch.



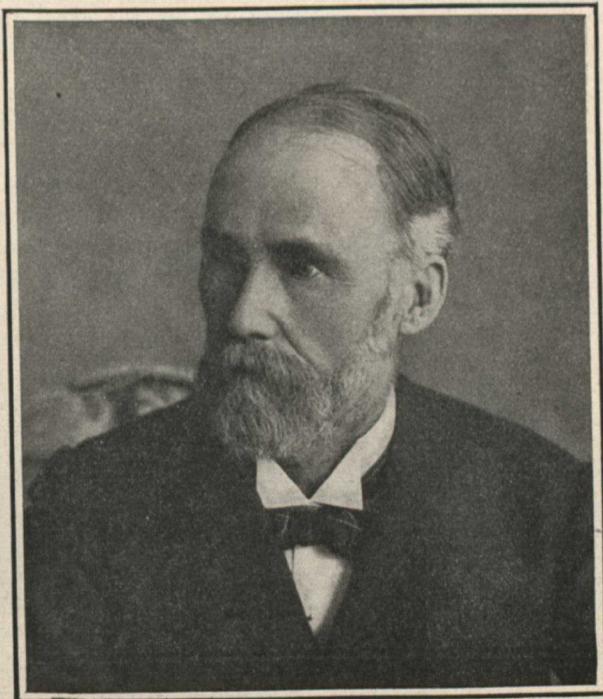
Right Rev. Arthur Sweatman.
Lord Bishop of Toronto.

The New Primate

HIS Lordship Bishop Sweatman of Toronto was elected, on Wednesday morning, Metropolitan and Archbishop of the province of Eastern Canada, and from thence he took his title as Archbishop of Toronto, by which he will be henceforth known. In the afternoon another meeting of all the Bishops of Canada took place, at which the Bishops from the West, with two exceptions, voted by proxy. The result of this election was to declare Archbishop Sweatman of Toronto primate of all Canada.

An early celebration of the Holy Communion was held at St. Alban's Cathedral in the morning, at which Bishop Sweatman officiated, and all the Bishops who attended the election were present. A very pleasing feature of the election was the presence outside St. Alban's Cathedral of the pupils of St. Alban's School, who loudly cheered the new Archbishop on his return to his home, after his election, when His Grace and Mrs. Sweatman entertained the Bishops to luncheon.

The following Bishops were present: Their Lordships Bishop Du Moulin of Niagara, Bishop Williams of Huron,



Hon. G. W. Ross.
Lately appointed to the Canadian Senate.

Bishop Mills of Ontario, Bishop Thornloe of Algoma, Bishop Hunter Dunn of Quebec, Bishop Carmichael of Montreal, Bishop Worrall of Nova Scotia, Bishop Newham of Saskatchewan and Bishop Holmes of Moosonee. His Grace, Archbishop Matheson of Rupert's Land, was ill and unable to be present.

Higher Education in the West

WITH all their business nerve and incessant pursuit of material success, the Western Canadians show no desire to neglect "the Humanities," as the Scots forebears of a good many of us would have phrased it. Within the past week three notable announcements have been made concerning higher education beyond the Great Lakes. British Columbia has arranged with the Governors of McGill University that a McGill College for the Pacific province shall be erected. Therein students proceeding to their degree may take their first and second years before joining the parent foundation at Montreal, where the course will be finished. This plan should be of great benefit both to the students and to McGill, which will be enabled to widen her scholastic territory.

In Manitoba, where the Provincial University is purely an examining body, Premier Roblin and the heads of

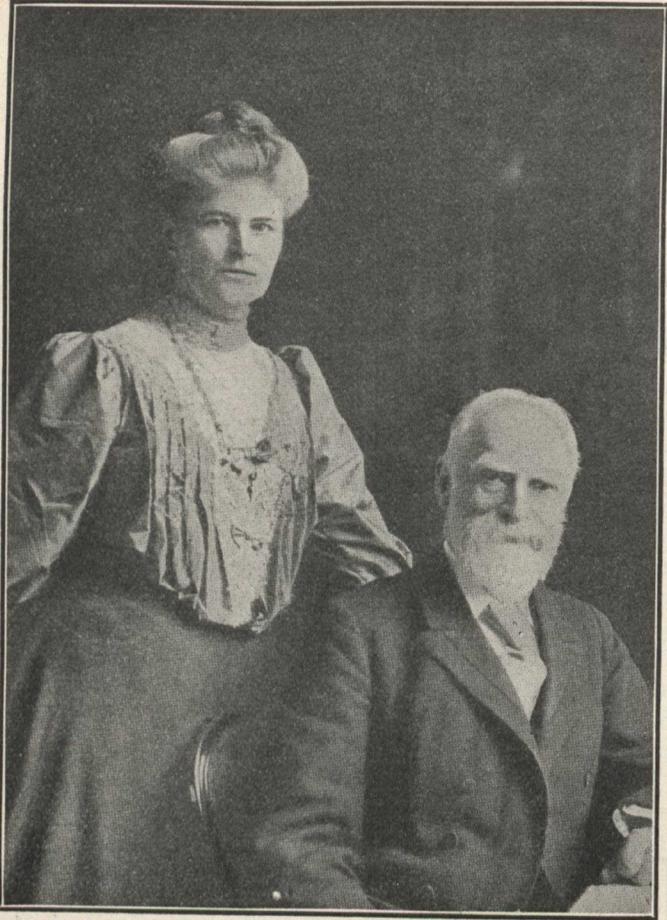


The University of Manitoba, Winnipeg.

the denominational colleges have made great progress towards federation on the Toronto University plan. Doubtless a university college will be instituted, the growth of population and the demand for increased academic facilities making such a course advisable.

In Alberta the Minister of Education assured an Edmonton audience that a provincial university would be established with all speed. "At first it cannot be large or complete," said the Minister, "but we intend ultimately to make it second to none."

That remark of the Alberta statesman was redolent of western optimism. The people next the Rockies will be satisfied with no half measures, and the Minister's business is to let Canada know his province must have the best. Energy and optimism! What they have done and will do! In one of James Bryce's most engaging chapters he tells the reader of the American Commonwealth about his quaint experience in the diminutive capital city of a new western state which must at the time have been of about the same age as Alberta. Professor Bryce—or rather Ambassador Bryce—had been introduced, among other notables, to the president of the state university. The local educationist was so dazzled by the glory of the great man that he insisted upon doing all the talking. And his talk concerned exclusively his beloved State University. During the monologue Professor Bryce noticed that the president often spoke of "the faculty," "our faculty," and so on. Finally, when the visitor could interject a word, he asked:



Hon. James Bryce and Mrs. Bryce, the new hosts of the British Embassy at Washington.

"Pardon me, Professor Jones, but how large is your faculty?" The president reddened a tinge. "Well," he said, nervously, "at present there are only two—myself and Mrs. Jones. But," enthusiastically, "we shall have a third before three years are gone!"

The small university has its place in the world. But in the great West most of us will see some day prosperous institutions which will be the young but worthy rivals of the great fabrics of Toronto and McGill, Laval and Queen's.

The New Ambassador

THAT a man of letters should be chosen instead of a member of the diplomatic service to represent Great Britain at the court of Washington (will our United States readers please excuse the phrase?) has occasioned much comment. The only excuse seems to be that Mr. Hay, a distinguished literary man, represented Washington in London and that compliments should be exchanged. Perhaps the real truth is that there was no suitable diplomat available to succeed Sir Mortimer Durand and that, as author of "The American Commonwealth," and a sincere admirer of the Republic, Mr. Bryce was likely to be acceptable. Moreover, Washington is an important world-capital, and the diplomacy there is becoming more and more important.

There has been some talk of a Canadian coadjutor for Mr. Bryce. This would doubtless please this country, but it may be doubted if it would be workable. The experiment might be tried, for certainly the questions which come up will often be Canadian. Even if this does not occur, it is likely that Mr. Bryce will carefully guard colonial interests. He knows Canada fairly well.

In stature Mr. Bryce is small, his face is thin and angular, his eyebrows shaggy and his general appearance and manners those of a diffident college professor. His strength, and he has strength, is carefully concealed. The writer discussed British postage, on periodicals mailed to Canada, with him in 1905 at a private dinner and

found him open-minded and considerate—even to an unknown and over-enthusiastic colonial.

Little has been written about Mrs. Bryce—Her Excellency, as she must now be called. I believe her mother was American born, but she herself is of Manchester. Mr. Bryce did not marry until seventeen years ago, when he already had a reputation as an historian and politician. The younger Elizabeth Marian Ashton had thus a task to fit herself in with a ready-made career. Like most English women, she knew politics well and has apparently found little difficulty in accommodating herself to her new conditions. As a political hostess both in London and Dublin, she has made a success.

The Chase for Peace

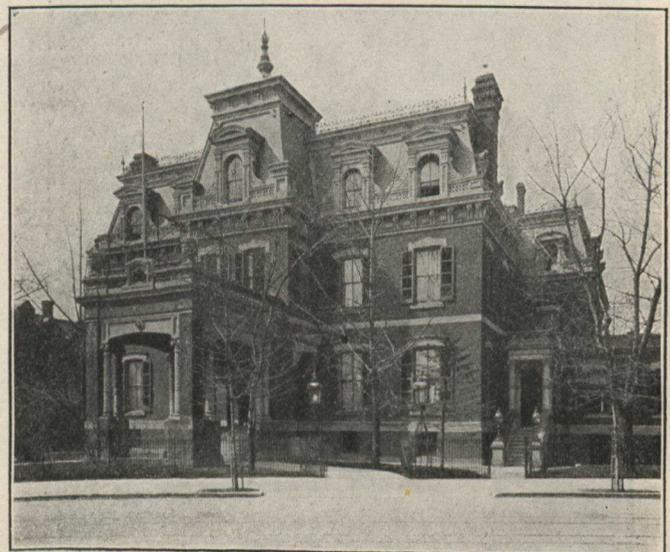
MR. W. T. STEAD, who loves to travel by limelight, has sent forth a message from Rome in which he proposes an international pilgrimage of peace, in which notable persons from all over the world would take part, to start from the United States for The Hague, by way of London, Paris and Rome, and to arrive at the Netherlands capital at the time the second peace conference assembles there.

Who would go on this modern crusade? President Roosevelt has declared in favour of the strenuous life with peace thrown in but he is entirely too busy for stray adventures such as this. Probably Mr. Stead and Mr. Andrew Carnegie would have the pilgrimage to themselves, which would be an excellent thing for the rest of the world, which is rather weary of Stead's scolding and Andrew's Views on everything, from Homer to the Himalayas.

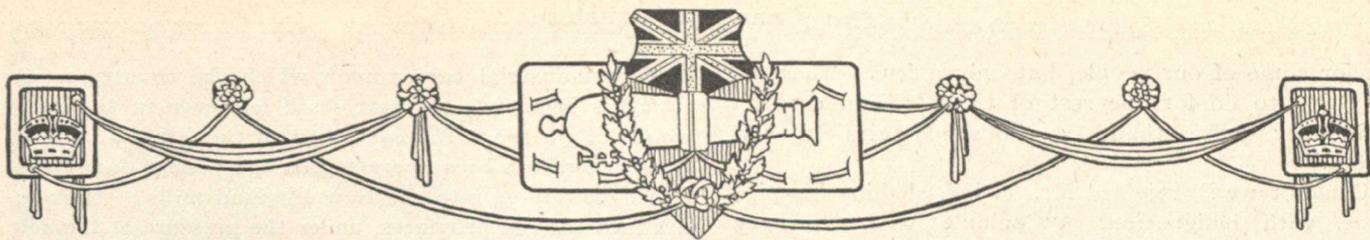
Some of these apostles of peace remind one of the Irish school-master who declared that he always had peace even if he had to thrash every boy in the school. The noisy insistence on the quality is not consistent with its nature and it is rather curious that dissension follows the entrance and utterance of the professional exponents of "calm." It is just possible that peace, like mercy, is not strained and "droppeth * * * from Heaven upon the place beneath."

The last peace conference was regarded by many hopeful observers as a kind of curtain-raiser for the Millennium. But a gloomy philosopher remarks, concerning the last eight years, that the very talk about peace seemed to set the nations quarrelling. The United States had an interesting six months with Spain, Britons and Boers found it necessary to vote by bullets and Japan straightway showed Russia that the Orient is not always to play the part of passive resister. We are all fond of peace if we can have it and the earth at the same time. Let us love one another, keep our powder dry and have the very latest thing in submarine destroyers.

J. G.



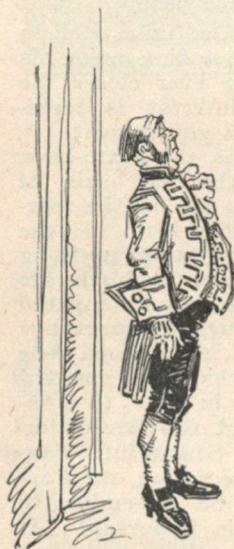
British Embassy at Washington



Mr. Twigg Advocates an Aristocracy

THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF INTERVIEWS WITH A PHILOSOPHER.

By WILLIAM HENRY



MR. TWIGG was a philosopher. No one in the village disputed it. He had been about everywhere and had seen about everything. He had ideas; they were his own and never like other people's. When he told me Canada should go in for a titled aristocracy I was only mildly surprised, although only a week ago he was a violent republican. Mr. Twigg was seated in a rickety rattan chair in the back yard having an after dinner clay pipe, when I asked him how he had become a convert to aristocracy.

"Business, my boy, pure business—dollars and cents," he replied. "If you read the papers as

much as I do you would know that after all the only road to fame is by the acquisition of wealth. Do you ever see a leading editorial devoted to the poor but deserving citizen now-a-days?"

"No," I confessed, "But how can aristocracy lead to wealth?"

"Why it's so easy that I marvel that none of the other great philosophers of this country have ever thought of it before. Canada is poor compared with the free and independent Republic to the South. I am sick and tired of hearing of our great undeveloped resources which everyone talks about and few develop. If we don't want to wait until the end of time to get rich, we must import money, and where better than from the United States?" He paused to relight his pipe.

"But how would an aristocracy bring money from the United States?"

"It's the only way to get it from the United States," said he. "Did you ever figure out the millions and millions of money that the Yankees spend in England and on the Continent? They don't go there for scenery and change of air. Those are only palpable subterfuges. They go to gaze at

Royalty, to shake its hand, put their legs under its table, and, if possible, get related to it. Our mountains and lakes and rivers are just as good and our air is better. But we lack a setting—a halo over our scenery. We need castles and lodges and stone fences with placards—'This estate belongs to Lord Billinghurst. The public not admitted,'—and a vener-

able powder-wigged porter to open the gate and show the public around when generously tipped. It is true we get some of the common people from the United States in Muskoka and on the Saguenay, but the fools with money are getting to be about as numerous and infinitely more profitable. They all go across the water."

"Besides the tourist," continued Mr. Twigg, "there is the matrimonial market. Think of its possibilities. We could provide enormous incomes for the deserving young men of our first families if only they were peers—some of them haven't enough brains for business. The French Canadians would make Counts and the English Canadians, Lords. What country is better adapted for turning out both brands, and both are in demand. The Goulds of New York sent away over to Paris for a count and then didn't get a real good one. How much better if they had been able to run up to Quebec, drive out to Bellechasse and pick one out with a decrepit but historic chateau on the St. Lawrence. The chances are he would have been able to count his relations as far back and would not have travelled so much nor as fast. Certainly he would have been better behaved.

"Then think of the Chicago market—right on the main line of the Grand Trunk. We could dispose of hosts of Lords over there. They like Lords better than Counts in Chicago and no one would be quicker to take advantage of our superior transportation facilities than the acute Chicago pork millionaires."

"But, that's not all," continued Mr. Twigg, so interested in his subject that he laid his pipe down on the grass beside him, "There are the people like William Waldorf Astor who want to break into society. They would come across the border in droves after they had made their millions, to mingle socially and familiarly with our Lords and Dukes. Of course," he continued meditatively, "by rights, we ought to have our own King and Royal Court. But that would come in time" he added hopefully. Mr. Twigg stopped, pulled a plug of tobacco from his pocket and proceeded to cut a pipe full.

"Well," said I, "you have mapped out a very nice



"The Matrimonial Market—Think of its Possibilities."

plan for some of our people, but only a few. What are you going to do for the rest of them? You couldn't provide for more than a thousand peers in this country."

"Couldn't we?" rejoined Mr. Twigg, shaking his pipe at me with indignation. "Couldn't we? Seventy million people in the United States, wouldn't support more than a thousand peers? What nonsense. They'd support ten times that many right now and it'll grow on them. I figure that when once we get properly established we could have their exclusive patronage in aristocracy. Besides, it's the one thing they could never produce at home. Why the laws of the country prohibit it. Under the constitution all men are free and equal in the United States."

"Of course there are some people in this country," and Mr. Twigg looked rather sharply at me over his spectacles "that Nature has rendered ineligible to the ranks of nobility. But they wouldn't be deprived of all its blessings. Many of them would find congenial occupation in attending to the wants of the peers, and profitable employment in providing for their fathers-in-law, mothers-in-law, sisters-in-law, brothers-in-law and cousins-in-law from the United States. Besides," added Mr. Twigg, "Canada's somewhat limited experience along this line leads me to believe that many of our own people would take real pleasure in following the doings of an aristocracy."

The French in Canada*

By JAMES A. HOBSON

THE rush of new, raw American energy in Canadian development is tempered by the presence of another older element. The old French stock, with its persistent clinging to the language, the laws, the religion, the agriculture, and the village life of a bygone epoch in the life of France, gives a distinct flavour of romance to the older provinces. The long period of French rule, in which monarchy wielded absolute government through feudal seigneurs, has left its mark even on the politics of to-day. Accustomed to regard the State as a power above, an arbitrary dispenser or withholder of favours, the French Canadian peasant is still too much disposed to regard "politics" as a method of extracting laws and public money for the improvement of his local interests. His politics, his religion, and even his mode of speech belong rather to pre-revolutionary France than to the France of to-day. To the habitant of Quebec, Great Britain still remains a foreign country, and so far as a sense of "nationality" is present to him, it is French rather than American nationalism that affects his mind. Not that there is any strong sympathy with the democratic secularism of the modern French republic, or any desire for a reversion to political relations with the old country from which their blood, their laws, and their culture are derived. There is no disloyalty, active or latent, to the British Empire, no present sympathy with the conception of independent Canadian nationalism, still less with the notion of a political merger with the United States. So far as such feelings can be gauged at all, it seems as if the body of the French in the old provinces cherish a half-conscious desire that Quebec and Ontario, old Canada, could stand aloof from the larger opening life of the Dominion, so that the French, by virtue of population, racial solidarity and habits, might have their own way in the government of the districts to which they are attached. Such a hope, once seriously entertained, is, however, now being reluctantly abandoned. For though the separateness between French and British Canadians in the more intimate relations of life remains strongly marked, the

* Mr. Hobson, a well-known writer on economics, visited Canada last year and wrote a book, "Canada To-Day," from which we quote the seventh chapter.

modern industrial career upon which the country is entering is beginning to make itself felt even in the backwoods of Quebec. The contagion of the States has now for a generation been operating on the young Canadians, who have poured into the New England mills; their reflux into the old provinces, under the pressure of the new developments, brings new ideas and ways of life. Railroad development, the working of great lumber reserves, and the utilisation of water power, are breaking down the old isolation. * * * * *

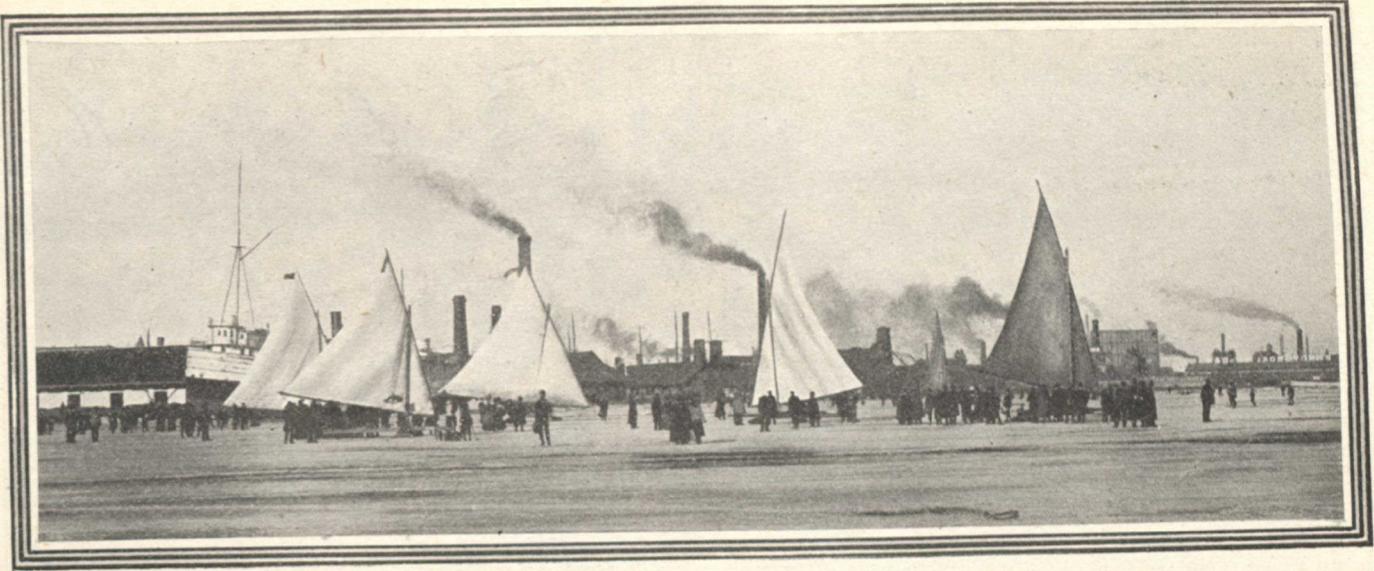
A few of the dying generation may still entertain the notion which Mr. Goldwin Smith expressed fifteen years ago when he wrote, "Quebec, at the present day, though kindly enough in its feeling towards Great Britain, is not a British colony, but a little French nation." But it is not alone the invasion of American industrialism that sweeps away this old order. Canadian unity is visibly swelling; railways are binding ever closer the diverse provinces, and community of interest is represented in a strengthening of the federal government.

The growth of the new north-west is the death-blow to the old French aspirations. For the real basis of French domination in Canadian affairs lay in the preponderant growth of population. Nowhere in the British Empire is the fecundity of population anything like as great to-day as in Quebec, where the birth-rate at the last census was 36.83 per thousand as compared with 28.80 for the whole country. Though the mortality in the French villages was always high, the size of their families yielded a large overflow, which has annexed large sections of Ontario and bids fair in time to dominate the politics of that province. But the rate of immigration from Europe and the United States into Manitoba and the north-west has turned the scale: the Canadian nation of the future cannot be pre-eminently French, though this leaven will remain important; it will be a blend of all the European peoples, resembling that of the great Republic, except that the peoples of southern Europe will be less prominently represented.

Forming nearly two-thirds of the population of Montreal, they are seldom found at the head of any considerable business, though not a few achieve success in the professions, especially in law, for which they possess great natural aptitude. But though nearly all the big bankers, railway men, manufacturers and traders are British, there are signs that the French are beginning to encroach. Entering more largely into town life, they are coming to the front in engineering and other pursuits where science plays a controlling part in the business.

The ordinary British attitude towards the French Canadian is one not of personal dislike but of some contempt mitigated by suspicion, in essence the same attitude as that which the Ulsterman adopts towards the uneconomic Irishman, the smart Johannesburger towards the unprogressive Boer. The solidarity of the French Canadian, based on religion, speech, and attachment to the soil, prevents all vital understanding between the two races. The ordinary British theory imposed upon the visitor to Toronto or Montreal is that the French are a slow, dull people, content to struggle along in poverty and to hand over the chief control of their lives, with all their spare cash, to the priests, who are their real local rulers. But a little cross-examination will often disclose the fact that your informant has never been on visiting terms with any single French family, that his knowledge is confined to purely economic relations with French workmen, and that his large general judgments are mere caught-up phrases from newspapers or platforms. * * * * *

The few British who have been in close sympathetic touch with the French are disposed to think the talk about priestly tyranny exaggerated. It is quite true, they say, that in the past the Church has sucked great wealth from this nation of staunch believers, and has undertaken the practical control of their politics, but this power is shaken. The habitants of the most remote parts are affected by the new manners brought in by the easier access to cities; industrialism is making its way, the old-fashioned implements of agriculture are yielding to the products of the Harvester Trust, new comforts are coming into the standard of living; most of the families have some member in the United States or in one of the rising Canadian cities. All these things are stirring up the old-world routine complacency of life; with economic changes come new ideas regarding politics and religion. * * * * *



Ice-Boating on Toronto Bay.

Winter Sports

SOME FACTS AND PHOTOGRAPHS SHOWING HOW CANADIANS ENJOY THEMSELVES DURING THE WINTER MONTHS.

CANADIANS manage to enjoy themselves at most seasons of the year, but joy in sport is at its greatest height in mid-summer and mid-winter. In mid-summer, sports are mainly aquatic, though tennis, cricket, baseball and bowling on the green have considerable attention.

In mid-winter, sport attains even greater enthusiasm. When the frozen earth is well covered with snow, when the air is cold and bracing, when all sorts of exertion but serve to keep the blood coursing naturally, all stirring sports are keenly enjoyed. The sun sinks early to rest, the days are short and the evenings long. Therefore there is much time in which it seems natural to forget study and business, and to seek pleasure in healthful form.

There are those, no doubt, who believe that snow and ice prevent the Canadian winter from being enjoyable. These have not lived in Canada. Every race adapts itself to its environment and Canadians have learned to make the most of their winters. In fact, mild weather in December, January and February makes the people dull and sad. They are looking for cold weather, and if it does not come their plans are frustrated and their enjoyments cut off. When the sleigh bells jingle and the ponds and rivers are thronged with merry-makers, hilarity attains a height not otherwise possible.

In mid-winter, the country boys and girls drive long distances to dances and social evenings. What can be more pleasant than a few miles under a bright star-lit sky, seated on the straw-covered bottom of the sleigh-box, protected from the cold by warm robes, with the laugh and chatter of a half-dozen companions to make the moments speed faster than the prancing horses? The merriment of a farm-house kitchen in winter time when the "neighbour's" boys and girls come in, is of the highest grade.

In the towns and cities, the covered rinks are frequented by enthusiastic curlers, skaters, or hockey-players. The toboggan slides are patronised by all classes. The sleighing parties to neighbouring villages or rural hostelries are sufficient to keep many livery-stables empty. On the bays, harbours and rivers skating and ice-boating furnish day-sport as well as evening. For those who love tramping in the open air, snow-shoeing offers limitless delight by sunlight or starlight.

True, one must be warmly clad, but warm clothes are cheap because they are not necessarily fashionable. There

is less style in winter clothing than in summer and few people seem to suffer from the cold. If all the world might come and see, they would discover that winter brings no fears to the Canadians but rather a sense of happiness and jollity which seems natural and essential.

Tobogganing

TOBOGGANING and sled-riding are almost synonymous. The Canadian toboggan is of Indian origin; the sled of European. The long, thin toboggan with its turned-up bow to throw off the loose snow was designed by the Red Man to enable him to transport his family and belongings in winter with the greatest ease. Sled runners would sink in the unpacked snow. The toboggan, presenting a broad surface, glides over the surface with slight resistance.

Canadians have taken the Indian means of winter transportation, unhitched the dog and made it a vehicle of pleasure. In the districts of which Montreal, Ottawa and Quebec are the great cities, tobogganing has long been a popular sport. This popularity is said to date from the time the British officers with the Guards, Rifles and Line, quartered in Canada at the time of the Trent Affair in the sixties, tried to make the sport fashionable and exciting. At least so says Lady Macdonald in "Murray's Magazine" of January, 1888. In a later article in "Outing," a writer says that it "originated in the city of Montreal * * * Fletcher's Field, Bre-



Tobogganing in Montreal, Park Slide.



Winter Sports—Tobogganing in High Park, Toronto.

hauts Hill and Paul Street were the hills most frequented."

Be the historical facts as they may, the artificial toboggan slide is comparatively modern. From a single slide, it has come to have a series of chutes divided by ridges of snow and ice, so that steering dangers are lessened. This sort of track-slide is said to have been first built at Saratoga, N.Y., in 1887. It was a three-track iced slide, with a length of 2,300 feet and a fall of 112 feet in the first 600 feet.

At Montmorency Falls near Quebec is perhaps the most famous of all Canadian natural slides. The spray is there frozen into huge cones, 150 feet or more in height. To go down one of these and then across the frozen surface of the river is rare sport. There swiftness of movement is attainable under the most natural conditions.

At St. Moritz in Switzerland, there is wonderful tobogganing. But the toboggan most popular there is a light steel sled which carries only one person. At Parliament Hill, London, England, and other points in Great Britain, short, flat toboggans are used for one person. The Canadian toboggan runs best with three persons on board. The greater weight of the load adds to the speed. The Canadian toboggan is used in Switzerland but has not been able to hold its place in racing against the American sled with round steel spring runners.

The thrilling, breath-taking dash down a toboggan slide paved with ice is terrifying to the inexperienced, but gloriously exhilarating to those who have learned to love it. It is a sport which leads the young people out

into the open, fresh air; strengthens their lungs and develops their muscles, teaches them self-control—and as such it may safely and sanely be encouraged.

Hockey

THIS week there will be more than a hundred hockey matches in Canada between the Rocky Mountains and the shores of Cape Breton. There is hardly a city or town in that three thousand miles of territory which has not an ambitious hockey team. In the larger cities there are scores of teams. Hockey is skating with a purpose and yet it is something more. It is an ice-game into which goes much that makes football and lacrosse popular. Seven young men face seven other young men in a struggle for fame and renown. The little rubber puck is mercilessly tossed and driven about the ice in a series of vain or successful attempts to drive it between two stakes at either end of the open or covered rink. Why? Mainly to prove that the boys of Smithville are smarter and cleverer than the boys of Jonesville.

There are junior matches, intermediate matches and senior matches, there are local leagues, provincial leagues, inter-provincial leagues, and intermediate leagues, and then, greatest of all, there are Stanley Cup matches. For further particulars see the sporting page of any Canadian daily newspaper.

Snow-Shoeing

IN the West, snowshoeing is a matter of business; in the East it is a question of pleasure. The trapper, the engineer and the bushman use the raquets in their



Winter Sports—Hockey Practice on McGill Campus.

business: in Montreal, Ottawa and Quebec, the snowshoe is used for exercise and fun. The Toronto people had a good winter for snowshoeing in 1904-5, but last winter and this have not been so favourable.

One night last week, Montreal tried to revive the big snowshoeing days, but only two hundred turned out to answer the bugles. With coloured lights ablaze and rockets spitting out their vari-coloured sparks, the procession wound its way out of the city to Lunkin's. There were all sorts of uniforms and many in ordinary street dress. It was a revival, an enthusiastic but not overly successful revival.

The Lachine Snowshoe Club and Le Montaguards were perhaps the best represented. Among the other clubs whose members were noticeable were the Alert, the St. Jacques, St. Patrick's and the Holly.

Winter Carnivals

IT is a question whether the old carnival times will ever come again. Canada has suffered so much from being regarded as a land of ice and snow that the old-time sports are frowned down to some extent. Perhaps when the country gets so big that it doesn't care about the world's remarks, the good old days of fun and frivolity will come again.

Just at this point, one may talk a little history. In 1894, Quebec held her great Winter Carnival. Up to that time Montreal had possessed a monopoly of the "mid-winter sprees" but Quebec took up the idea when Montreal grew tired of it. Here is Julian Ralph's description of it as published at the time:

"It is worth while to tell some of the queer things that Quebec has done this year. She has absolutely peppered her surface with artistic devices in ice and snow. The laughing carters, who carry people round under loads of luxurious furs in the public sleighs, cannot drive five blocks without coming upon some fort, or arch, or statue, or pyramid, or palace built of ice, snow or evergreens. These ingenious Frenchmen have a way of cutting blocks of snow and then playing water upon them in freezing weather, so that each block becomes silver-plated with ice. Then they build the most beautiful things out of these blocks.

"They do the same thing with ice. The great St. Lawrence, as mighty as Long Island Sound in appear-



A Unique Hockey Team.

ance, is a river of crystal water, and when they cut the ice upon its surface each block glitters with a greenish hue like an emerald. They find it easy enough to sprinkle palaces and forts around the city, but that is too easy. They have a talented man named Jobin, and he has soldered the blocks of ice together with freezing water and carved this material into the most beautiful statues. Three of them stand in front of the Basilica, the golden cathedral of the French Canadians in Quebec. One statue is a life-like presentation of Laval, the first Missionary Bishop of the city. Number 2 is a frigid resurrection of Champlain, the founder of Quebec. Number 3 is Missionary De Breboeuf, a scholarly priest, who fell into the hands of the Iroquois and was treated most sacrilegiously. They said to him, "You teach baptism, eh? We also baptise," and they poured scalding water under his shirt. "You like circumcision, eh?" and they cut out his entrails. "You like burnt offerings, eh?" and they lighted ten cords of wood under his feet.

"Jobin has carved these people to the life and in the middle of the Jacques Cartier ward of the city he has



Snow-Shoeing—"Bouncing" a New Member of the Club.



Winter Sports—Ice trotting, Delorimer Park, Montreal.

put a solid emerald statue of Jacques Cartier on top of a structure of evergreen, which looks like the base of the Eiffel Tower."

Ski-ing

THE ski does not belong exclusively to Canada, nor has it yet reached the popularity here that it has attained in Norway which claims it as the national sport. But while ski running is comparatively unknown in southernmost Canada, it has become a fashionable and exhilarating sport in what we might call our winter cities. In Europe, travellers go hundreds of miles to see the Norway races and on this continent, New Yorkers have awakened to the bracing effect of the ski sport as it is practised in the province of Quebec.

The true ski differs from the Canadian snow-shoe. It is usually as long as the wearer can reach upwards with his arm. Its width is from three to five inches. The front (toe) is pointed and bent upwards so as to prevent it from cutting down in the snow. Ash is considered the best material and the most used. It is most important in ski running to have the feet firmly fixed to the middle of each ski. The foot must not be allowed to slide sideways or backwards; but the "binding" must not prevent the "on toe" movement of the foot which accompanies the sliding. Beyond the ski, to complete the equipment there should be a long stick, and the laupar shoes, made out of thick, soft leather, pointed and bent upwards at the toe.

While Canada has no "Holmenkol" day, which is the Derby of Norway, the ski-ing sport has aroused enthusiasm wherever it has been adopted. The Countess of Minto, like the true sportswoman she always showed herself, became almost a professional in dexterity and encouraged ski running at Ottawa. So far, the Canadians who have "gone in" for ski-ing have been wise enough to adopt the bright colours of the Norwegian sportsmen, and hence it is one of the most picturesque experiences in the world to see the gaily-clad figures against a background of dazzling white.

Curling

SOMETHING about the curling season appeared in these pages several weeks ago and general remarks are thus out of order.

There is no greater bonspiel in Canada than the annual one at Winnipeg which opens this year on February 6th. There are nine competitions, including the three big open events, the Dingwall, Empire and Tetley Tea.

The Walker Theatre Trophy, or International Cup, replaces the Alfred Doige Cup, and is the only change in trophies from those offered for competition a year ago.

The Tuckett and Royal Caledonian are restricted to district winners, while the Blue Ribbon competition represents the city against the visiting rinks. The Mc-Millan Cup, which is up for competition for the first time, forms a consolation prize while the Whyte Cup is

open to veteran curlers only. The points competition closes the bonspiel, with the grand aggregate prizes and a special uniform prize offered by Thos. Johnson to the individual rink having the neatest and most appropriate uniform at the bonspiel.

The bonspiel is the nineteenth annual event, and, judging by prospects, it will eclipse any previous efforts. It will doubtless attract many outside rinks, and the number of local rinks to enter is expected to break all records.

It is almost ten years since we left the plough, the desk and the office to write a reply to the frosty title of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's poetic lines concerning our jubilee tribute. But by this time the world has had opportunity to realise that Our Lady has more than one Canadian costume. It would be hard to tell which is the most becoming—the misty green of spring, the rose and blue of summer, the russet and gold of autumn, or the sweeping ermine splendour when she becomes Our Lady of the Snows. Our poets seem to have a warm preference for the ripe fulfilling of the months "when the river blue is deepest." But most of us can recall no more glowing memories than the sweep down a snow-covered hill-side or the skater's flash across an ice-bound stream. King Winter may be a stern ruler in some lands, but Canadian youth regards him as a jolly old soul who smiles his broadest on a January night.

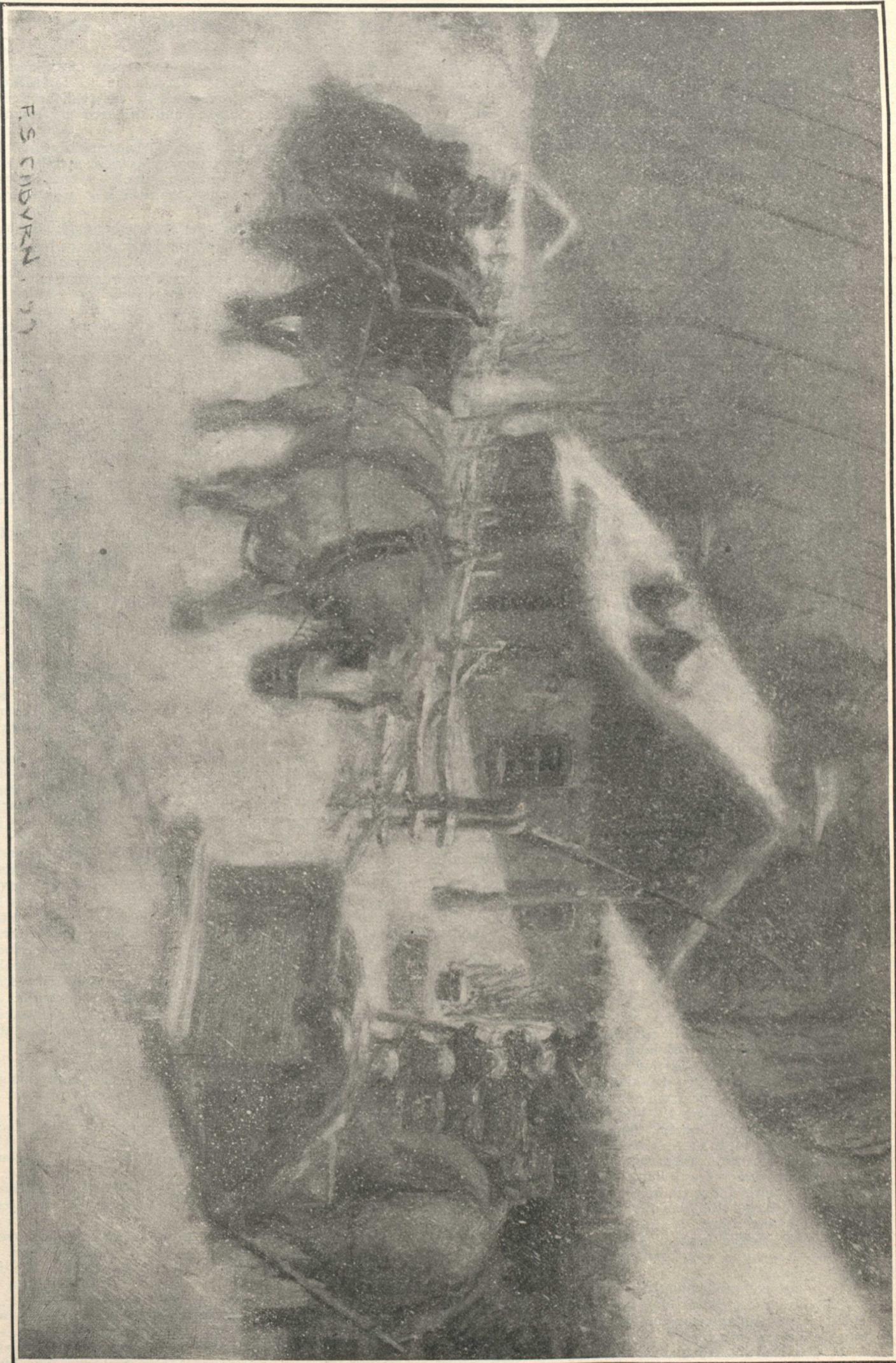
Cold and keen is the wind of the North
As the snow heaps under the moon;
But the jewels blaze on the fields afar
With the Winter's largesse strewn.

Strong and bold are the sons of the North,
As they turn to the whirling blast,
For they know the strength that belongs to him
Whom the Northern hand has clasped.



Ski Jumping.

H. R. Drummond, Montreal, making the amateur record jump.



F. S. COBURN.

TRAVELLING ON A SNOWY DAY IN QUEBEC.

Louis Frechette, in one of his Stories of Quebec, "In a Snow Storm," describes an unusually severe winter trip from Quebec to St. Tite, especially on the road known as La Miche. They had a tandem team but were nearly lost. Frederick Simpson Coburn, the well-known illustrator, made a picture for the story which is reproduced here, by permission of Morang & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Garou the Cast

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

MY log shack hung like an eyebrow on a bulging clay bank of the Athabasca; just below me the huge river pushed with the fury of mountain flood at the mud abutment. From the door wound a flesh-coloured foot-trail, soon lost in a muskeg from which isolated tamaracks leaned toward the river as though anticipating its eroding force.

Presently along this ribbon of trail came Gabriel—Phillipe Gabriel, the morose, solitary half-breed, whom his Cree people had named Lone Man.

I could hear the soft suck of his moccasined feet on the hard earth at my door; then his huge figure crumpled itself through the narrow, low-topped entrance, and Gabriel slouched awkwardly to a three-legged stool, growling the salutation: "Ho, boy! Mewasin?"

He swung one long leg across the other, spat voluminously upon the floor, took from his sash a beaded fire-bag, and filled his pipe with thoughtful deliberation. Then picking the blue-headed end of a match with his thumbnail till it sputtered yellow, his vast lungs kindled the tobacco to a blaze.

I wondered why had Lone Man come. With this breed travelled the essence of evil always; the sign manual of his craft was in the wolfish jaws, and gorilla arms, and restless, shifting eyes.

Lone Man smoked silently for a time; at last he spoke, saying, "M'sieu Ogama, s'pose I lak some potat' me."

I stared in astonishment. The bag of potatoes, brought a hundred miles of trail, was not for these red-skinned eaters of meat, so I refused his request sharply.

The heavy, wolfish face took on a deeper shadow of fierceness as the red-brown giant rose, dipped under the door crown, and swung sullenly over the pencilled trail. Going, I could hear the slipping catch of his huge feet; it was like a muffled imprecation. I almost regretted my refusal, for it was not good to stand ill with Lone Man.

Three days later Joe Savarin wandered into my shack and said: "S'pose me you hear dat Gabriel's brudder he's die las' night."

I hadn't.

"He can't eat not'ing—jus' mak' face at de damn sow belly de Comp'ny sell. Dat Gabriel he's try for mak' he's brudder eat, but he can't. Is M'sien's potat' good for sick mans?"

Then I knew that I had misjudged Lone Man. But why had he not told me his brother was ill? Bah! the way of an Indian is but that of a wayward child; and, no doubt, Gabriel had reviled me to the others, for Savarin's allusion to the potatoes was the glint of a hidden trail.

Living with me for a time was Henly, a young Mission school teacher, on his way to Wapiscaw, and the boy's death gave him chance for zealous occupation. He was English, and seven times a juvenile. Six months of Canada had not blunted his self-sufficiency, and he arrogated to himself full vicarage over burying Lone Man's brother.

Out of remorse I sent by Henly a tribute of tea and tobacco to the wolf-like man who sorrowed.

For ten days I saw nothing of Gabriel; on the eleventh day his heavy-shouldered form shut from my doorway the sunlight that for hours had glinted up from the glassed surface of the river. As his shadow fell across the floor I looked up. A sinister smile curved the breed's face into ravines till his teeth showed like fangs.

"Come in, boy," I said, thrusting the one stool forward with my foot.

Gabriel entered. From his hand a shaganappi cord led to something that clung with persistence to the open; but with a wrench of the breed's strong arm, the something, large and black, hurtled through the air to the floor of my shack.

"For M'sieu the Ogama," Gabriel explained. "I hear me dat de Ogama want for mak' bully good train ob dog."

I nodded comprehendingly.

"Here's de bes' damn dog for leader in Alberta; an' I don' want no train dog me dis time, so I s'pose I mak' him for presen' my fren'."

It was the old story of a half-breed's present, which is the dearest kind of a bargain. But because of the dead brother I took the dog, as a tenderfoot might have done, and returned his value doublefold—gave Gabriel

thirty skins, and passed the large plug of tobacco that is the crowning grace of a bargain in the Northland.

And when he had gone back by the trail between the hermit tamaracks. I sat and tortured my mind over Gabriel's latest move.

Could a bad Indian soften to compunction and bring me as a present a good dog, just because I had shown regret and dowered him with gifts? I put the troublesome thing from me; there was the dog, whatever was in the heart of Gabriel.

Yes, most certainly there was the dog; huge, and gaunt out of starvation. The letter page of his breeding had been crossed and recrossed until it was unreadable. There was the broad, flat, brainless forehead, studded on either side by a short, thick, rounded ear—which part was "huskie." The black, long-haired coat, white-streaked on muzzle and legs, was of indefinite origin. The dog's lofty stature might have held from a Scotch stag-hound sire, but there was no corroborative evidence of this strain. The legs carried the cannon-bone of a mastiff; the tail short as a bear's, suggested the rudimentary narrative of an English sheep dog. And over this fret-work of canine tracery dominated the spirit of a wolf; it lighted the eyes with malevolence, and twitched the nervous snarling lip with suggestion of blood thirst.

Gabriel had not named the dog to me; and, somehow, through my mind flitted an embodiment of the impression the animal created, the name "Garou."

I threw Garou scraps of bacon, bannock, a tin of fat; he snapped everything with famished eagerness.

When Henly saw Garou his eyes smiled with joy. A train dog! The very thing he had longed for. And he had thought Lone Man bitter against me at the boy's death, but this showed that the poor fellow was all right. In my mind was something I did not speak of; I knew this breed and Henly did not.

From the first Garou was content. Instinct told him that he had come to a place of rich feeding. His hard skull carried the war map of a sanguinary life; scars left by the loaded dog-whip traversed his scalp like mole-furrows in a field of loam. All day he lay in the sun on the chip yard at my door and ate and slept; and sometimes sought with strong-clawed feet to dislodge the army of fleas that homed in the thick hair-forest that crowned his back like a wolf's crest. He was almost voiceless—having neither the wolf's howl nor the dog's bark, nothing but the low "Ghur-r-rh" of a guttural growl.

Garou was a solitary. When Indians passed our way with their dogs of burden he took no notice of the canine pack animals. When they snapped at him the provocation did not even excite retaliation.

One night my little log storehouse was looted by train dogs. The starved brutes had dug an entry below the sill log and wrought destruction. The storehouse looked as though fiends had played havoc with my supplies; the bacon was gone utterly; flour bags were ripped, and their contents plastered the earth, floor and walls.

Garou, sleeping in the chip yard, had evidently taken no interest in the proceedings. I was tempted to shoot him.

One day I acquired another unit for my team of four dogs—a rare huskie. His yellow-white coat hung in huge rolls, for he was taking on his winter garment and casting off the old.

When I brought the huskie to my shack, Garou looked at him ominously.

"He's as big as the other," said Henly joyously, and of course he's hungry."

I sat and smoked my pipe while the Englishman broke bannock into a pan and decorated it with bacon fat.

"Better put it outside," I advised; but I had spoken too late, for Henly had placed the dish on the floor.

The huskie shoved his white nozzle into the food with eagerness.

I heard a low gurgle in the throat of Garou, and yelled, "Marse! A'tim!" I might as well have called to the Athabasca.

The dog became a black incarnation of ferocity; his rush was demoniac in its sudden fierceness. The huskie had fought for food all his life; each white fish had remained in his possession because of his strength. For

the dish of food he was most willing to battle with Garou—with twenty Garous.

The black dog's fangs gashed the huskie's neck at the first fierce snap. But the white dog, knowing of this thing and its ways, was up in the air like a bear, and his jaws closed on Garou's loins. The black was brought to the floor.

I watched the two, thinking that the indifferent Garou would take his lesson early and quit.

Henly was up on the table—the missionary spirit alayed by the English interest of a battle.

Suddenly the huskie shot into the air, his grip of the loin broken, and a hind foot crushed to pulp.

"The black devil! nailed him by the foot!" I heard Henly say.

Next the huskie's teeth were buried in Garou's back; the black dog's huge jaws swept downward, and I heard a bone crushed like a pipestem, the noise drowned by a whine of agony from the huskie.

I seized a stick of firewood and aimed a blow at Garou's head. I missed, and was thrown half under the table as the fighting brutes swept against my legs.

Then my camp stove was rolled to its side, and the pipes clattered to the floor. The turmoil was terrific. Now up on their hind legs they clinched and tore at each other's throats; now down on the planks, the black alays underneath, trying for the foreleg of his enemy.

I was up again raining blows upon the mad brutes. I might as well have battered two wolves. Again Garou closed on a leg with his iron jaws, and again I heard the bone crushed.

The white dog was done for. As he sought to rise with a game effort, he pitched forward on his shoulder, and Garou had him by the throat, his teeth set like a vise.

By the hind legs I dragged Garou out to the chip yard—dragged the two of them, for the black's hold was a hold of death.

The insatiate ferocity of Garou angered me. I sprang for my Winchester, but as I threw it up to my hip there was a slipping step behind me, a hand was laid on my arm, and the harsh voice of Lone Man said: "Don' do dat, my fren'; de train dog is free from de gun." Then, before I could retort, the breed's voice bellowed, "A'tim! Marse!" Garou's jaws loosened; he slunk away cowering, his eyes fixed apprehensively upon Gabriel.

"Don't kill him, sir; I'll buy him," Henly broke in.

"No, no," Gabriel interrupted, "I mus' tak' him back. I bring de money an' give you."

"You can't have him," I retorted. "I give him to you, Henly—I don't want the brute."

Gabriel's heavy face settled into its habitual sullenness, and without another word he turned on his heel and strode away.

In three days Henly pulled out for Wapiscaw, going down the Athabasca in a canoe with two Indians. With him went Garou.

The next forenoon I saw from my shack door the Mission lad's Indians leaning to the leather collars of the tracking line as they crept, ant-like, up to the farther bank of the river. Something had happened. Was the boy ill?

On past my shack they took half-a-mile of lee-way, then in the canoe cut across the swift rushing current, and landed at my feet, as I stood in apprehension at the water's edge.

"What's wrong, lad?" I cried.

"Is Garou here?—I've lost him."

I answered angrily, "No, I haven't seen the beast."

"He cleared out last night, and I was jolly sure he had hit the back trail for your camp"

"He wasn't worth coming back for," I declared.

Henly waited till the next morning; but there was no sign of Garou, and once again the Englishman hit the water trail for Wapiscaw.

In August, with Cayuse Brown as guide, I floated down the Athabasca toward the stalking ground of big game.

On the third day we pulled our Peterboro' canoe up the low mud bank at Pelican portage. We had brought mail for Wapiscaw, and it had been arranged that a messenger from that post would meet us on this date at the portage.

Higher up, on a shelf of the terraced valley, was a log storehouse of the H. B. Co., and beside it a gentle blue ribbon of smoke fluttered softly skyward from a tangle of red willow.

"The Wapiscaw outfit's here, right enough," Cayuse said, nodding toward the evidence of camp fire. And presently the English Henly came down the poplar-

studded slope and greeted me with enthusiasm. He had come himself for the mail.

In half-an-hour the young missionary, with his two Indians, climbed from our sight up the thick-wooded hill to his canoe, that was a mile away on the Pelican River.

We made camp for the night; in our ears the sonorous song of Pelican Rapids, where the waters boomed at the sounding rocks a mile and a half below.

As Cayuse sliced little white slabs of bacon, he suddenly dropped his knife, stood erect, and peered into the wolf-willow undergrowth.

"If I ain't got 'em again there's a b'ar prowlin'," he grunted.

As we stood motionless, gazing at the bushes, a big, black form slipped cautiously to the open, and stood with lowered head eyeing us suspiciously.

"My God! if that's not The Cast may I be lariatied with a squaw's shoe string," swore Cayuse.

"Who's The Cast?" I asked.

"Lone Man's locoed pup."

I started. Yes, the glint of evening light showed me the white streak in his forehead. "Garou!" I ejaculated.

"You've called the turn, pard—Loup Garou!" Cayuse reached for his gun and raised it to his shoulder.

"Don't shoot him, Cayuse," I said.

"Different here; I shoot no nichie's dog; an' I'm not takin' on Lone Man's grudge, neither."

"But—"

Cayuse interrupted me: "I'm goin' to nip the trail at his toes. I'd rather camp with Old Nick than sleep with that cast-off wolf prospectin' the outfit."

As he ceased speaking a red tongue darted from the black mouth of his Winchester; a puff of dust spat upward from the dog's feet, and with a huge bound the animal disappeared. I drew a breath of relief.

As Cayuse fried the bacon I told him of my experience with this dog that seemed shrouded in an atmosphere of mystery.

"How d'ye touch Lone Man wrong in the fust place?" Cayuse questioned.

"Why?"

"Cause if Gabriel outfitted you with that devil he'd got it in for you big an' plenty; you can bet your bead-worked soul he meant doin' you up. An' as fer dogs raidin' yer grubstake, it was this same pup that led 'em. There ain't no nichie from here to Fort Resolution but what'd like to see that huskie dead."

"Why don't they poison him?"

"Say, Boss, don't they cache their eyes under a blanket at night, allowin' they're skippin' Geitchie Manitou? Well, that's just why they don't monkey none with this black imp. Besides, it's agin the laws of health to trifle with Lone Man's property. Not but what it's come to pass that dope's been sent out so's to come the dog's way; but he's slicker 'n forty wolves, an' seven wolverines, an' the slipperiest kind of a human. You can't fix up a dope-bait he'll take. He was cast from the police-train-dogs for bein' bad. There ain't nobody in the Northwest 'cept Gabriel would trust himself alone in the bush with that devil."

"It's a good job he deserted Henly then," I said.

"Deserted nuthin'; you can bet yer whiskers Gabriel stole him back."

"Why should he do that, Brown?"

"Well, Gabriel's a nichie, ain't he—an' he plays agin the man he don't like. This kid of a sky-pilot sort a-teeped in with him when they planted his brother. Perhaps he sort-a felt the Cockney had staked him a bit in the Happy Huntin' Ground, an' he didn't want Garou chewin' the Englisher up."

The hot sun had drawn his yellow robes about his shoulders and stalked from our sight over the brow of the western uplands. The singing agents of unrest, the mosquitoes clouded the air rising in fierce strength with the slow-growing gloom of the coming night. A coyote whimpered plaintively from a spruce-covered point of land that cut the river into a bay above our camp. Cayuse had staked out our mosquito bars, and spread the rubber sheets and blankets.

"Now I lay me pretty soon," he drawled lazily, heaping moss on the smudge fire till clouds of suffocating smoke rose in vain battle with the ever-returning creatures of torment. Then he rolled his coat into a pillow, and, stretched on his blanket, lay driving the last mosquito from his curtain with the fumes of a black pipe.

As I sat and smoked the pipe of reflection, the sinister image of the black dog persistently present in my

memory, the sound of something slipping through the grass of the river-flat came to my ear. Gently I pulled a rifle across my knee, and waited; Garou would trouble me for the last time.

Closer the steps came with steady persistent throb; the bush parted a dozen yards away, and Three Deers, one of Henly's Indians strode solemnly to our fire.

"Is the Mission Ogama here?" he asked.

"No; is he not with you?" I replied.

"Then the moneas (greenhorn) is lost. It was this way," he continued. "As we tracked up the Pelican River with the canoe, at the big bend, which is an hour of canoe travel and but half a mile by trail, the Ogama went through the forest. When we came to the place of the trail meeting Sturgeon Fish and Three Deers waited long, then I came back looking and calling, but the Ogama was not. Yes, the Ogama had with him only the little gun which was in the leather bag at his belt."

Cayuse rolled from his bed and ejaculated: "A tenderfoot for trouble always! If the sky pilot's lost his bearin's he'll never come back no more. There's a thousand miles of muskeg over there in the back yard."

He was buttoning on his coat. "'Tain't no use trailin' him in the dark," he grumbled, "but I sabe we can't sleep none with that kid playin' babes in the woods."

It wasn't any use, but we went; up over the hill, silently stepping in each other's tracks, and then, on the uplands, through the great muskeg, the gaunt branches of life-sapped poplars holding their skeleton arms, mocking finger-posts, against the shivering, aurora-lighted sky.

Like the tolling of a bell Three Deers sent a weird cry through the forest with monotonous regularity as we trailed. Sometimes a startled owl hooted back in derision; once a timber wolf howled angrily as the cry startled him. Drab-coated hares darted through the low-stunted spruce and vanished in the grey shadow that was over all. To the feet there was no seeming trail; the earth was carpeted with moss and ferns and wintergreen, and all was of an even softness. But Three Deers set his face for the giant buttonwood that marked the meeting-place of the land-way and the river-way. To this goal he led us, as an arrow flights to a mark—but of Henly there was nothing.

Sturgeon Fish, crouched over a smouldering fire beside his tethered canoe, shook his head in solemn silence when we asked the vain question that the lone camp fire had already answered.

"There's nuthin' to do but go back an' wait for mornin'," Cayuse declared; "the nichies'll trail him in the light, right enough."

We went back in the canoe and slept a little; Three Deers and Sturgeon Fish camping just over the hill portage. I knew from "The Dipper" we had rounded the turn of another day as I turned on my side and slipped off the brink of reality into nothingness. As I fell, floating, floating, I was snatched back by the strong hand of Cayuse. My shoulder ached from his rough shake, and he was saying, "Grub pile's gettin' cold." I had slept three hours and it was day.

The two Indians had come down the hill, and sat eyeing the huge pan of bacon Cayuse had fried.

"Three Deers says that Lone Man is camped down at the rapids, huntin'; an' he says that he don't play none too strong a hand himself at this trailin' game, bein' somethin' of a canal mule fer totin' canoes. But he banks on Lone Man's findin' the kid if he leaves a trail as big as a mouse's," my guide said.

"Send the Indian for Gabrieu—tell him I'll give twenty-five dollars for finding the boy."

In an hour Three Deers returned, in his hand a scroll of birch bark on which was written in the Cree characters, "Gone for make kill of mooswa; two, three days, 'spose."

It was headed Monday; this was Wednesday.

Cayuse made a small pack of bacon, bannock, and tea, and, taking our rifles, we started for the finding of Henly. We found his trail where he had left the canoe on the south bank of the Pelican, and for a time it led us toward the buttonwood. Of my knowledge we were following the shadow of nothing—the indiscernible memory of one who had passed hours before. Trail! There was only the flat map of earth, scratched by the wind and littered by the leaves.

"The Sky Pilot's lop-sided—he's circlin'; every lost man does that, havin' one short leg mostly," Cayuse ejaculated, as we fought our way through a tangle of rasp-berry bushes. The hooked claws clung to my

clothes fiercely; a stem swinging back cut a red canal down my cheek.

"We're going south, aren't we?" I asked, for the sun on my left cheek had whispered this.

"Mostly," Cayuse answered; "mostly biddin' bye-bye to the Pelican, an' headin' fer Montana, or the Rockies."

But in five minutes Three Deers stopped like a hound at fault—he had over-run the scent.

"The kid ain't slept at all," Cayuse muttered, as we waited; "he's just wandered like a loose broncho; chased hisself round in the dark, like a buck-rabbit keepin' from freezin' to death. An' we're cinched tight to a fool game that a sandhill crane'd laugh at. That damn nichie, Three Deers—three gray mules, that's what he is—he's a packer, a tracker of canoes—a treaty payment man—anythin' I'll allow, but a wood Indian—"

Three Deers stumbled upon the broken trail at that minute.

We followed the tracker deeper, always deeper, into the huge caverns of giant spruce, or the meadow-like spread of muskeg, or across birch and poplar-clothed ravines, and always the way leading farther and farther from the paths of men.

Many times as we trailed Sturgeon Fish sent a loon-like call echoing through the forest. A dozen times my Winchester spoke querulously to the wilderness; but from the silent waste, tomb-like in its solemnity, came nothing but the attenuated echo of my harsh-voiced rifle. A screen of gray lace drew across the upper blue, blotting the sun, and I knew not whether our course lay north, or south, or east, or west.

Once the hyphened marks we followed, led into an ambush of fallen timber—a sea of dead trees slain by forest fire, their bodies intermingled like dead soldiers on a battle field. In the darkness the lost one had plunged madly forward, fighting each obstacle in reckless haste. Three Deers circled this forest graveyard and picked up the trail beyond.

Next it was a morass of a muskeg through which Henly had struggled, taking an insane chance in the dark. We picked our way cautiously from tuft to tuft of strong-growing sods that were like stepping-stones set in the bottomless mark. I shuddered as I thought of what a slip—a false plunge meant. Every yard of our way might mark the ending of the footsteps we followed. Once sucked into the black mud the victim's struggles would churn the shifting sand into smothering ooze.

"Thank God!" I exclaimed, as we reached to where the morass ran into bayland, firmer to the tread.

When we found Henly's cap, a dozen yards to the side of his footsteps, Cayuse groaned.

"The kid's mad as a locoed broncho—he's stark, starin' flighty! God help him now, for he's just buck-jumped through this goose pasture, and it's nuggets to a strip of shaganappi, he'll take to the woods scart if he hears our guns."

It was as though the definite tangibility of the cap, so much in nearness to the man we sought had come our way in fantastic mockery, for in half-a-mile the writing blurred in the page we read, and there was no sign of the lost boy's erratic going. The sinuous search led to nothing but the effacement of our knowledge of locality. Intent upon his tracking, Three Deers had slipped gradually beyond cognizance of his own whereabouts. The gray sky above was as unreadable as the bottom of a pot.

"'Tain't no use," Cayuse growled; "we'll have a try for our camp—only Lone Man can trail this lost gosling."

Three Deers climbed a tall poplar, and when he dropped back to earth said, "Our tepee is that way—it is not far."

"How does he know?" I asked of Cayuse.

"Parleyed the timber. In this God-forsaken, wind-wrestled land of fat pork and blizzard, the poplars hump their backs in a lean toward the south, and he seed their tops."

Three Deers took a mental photograph of the spot where we abandoned our search, and set his face for the portage. In an hour, weary-limbed to the edge of collapse, we grew into the roar of Pelican Rapids; and soon, thrusting loose-jointed down the hill, we came in dejection to our camp.

Again Three Deers was sent for Lone Man, but there was nothing of life at his camp except the prowling Garou, wolf-like in his starvation. I was in despair. We must wait till the half-breed returned. Because of the mind-strain, sleep was slow coming; and then it

held my wearied senses until the morning sun burned away its holding thread.

As I laved my face at the river side I saw a birch-bark creeping up the farther bank. Opposite, the solitary tracker got into his craft and came across. It was Lone Man. Fate had drawn the breed's far-reaching eye to our camp-fire smoke as he came to the river; a camp-fire meant food, and the hunter had been outwitted by Mooswa and was hungry. I had sore need of Gabriel, and Gabriel had sore need of food, so we met as blood brothers, great in our dissimulation.

Cayuse cut at the bacon until his arm was lame; and Gabriel ate until I feared he would trail not that day. But when I told him of Henly he shoved the hunting knife in its sheath, lighted his pipe with a coal, and said eagerly: "Marse! Marse! Marse! I mus' go quick me for look dat fell'. By Goss! I like dat mans. By Goss! Lone Man find dat mans or he don' sleep. Dat moneas he come for my little brudder when he die, and he spik wit' good heart. We mus' go quick, I can't wait. Dat nichie, T'ree Deer, he can't track not'in'; he's jus' good for pack grub ober de portage."

When I spoke of a money reward, Gabriel stopped me. "By Goss! don't spik dat when you don' want mak' row. I don' want not'in'; I find me dat boy, 'cause he's been good when my brudder he's die."

Lone Man's words were an inspiration; his unholy face lost its wolf-like fierceness as he spoke, and became good to look upon. Hope carried in his voice, and his eagerness reached into my tired frame until I raced up the steep hill to the leadership of his long stride. To the left we turned. Gabriel's huge rounded shoulders were low hung; and beyond the ridge of his greasy black hair, his sharp eyes were picking up our trail of the past evening as though he trod a boulevard. Suddenly he stopped, dropped to his knees, and picked from a foot-print leaves and twigs.

"Well, I'm damned!" growled Cayuse, "if the kid didn't come clean to here, an' then light out!"

Again we followed Lone Man; and again, in a hundred yards he stopped and examined the trail.

"A wolf!" I exclaimed in dread, for there, set in the soft earth, was an oval pug.

The eyes of Cayuse shifted from mine evasively as I looked at him for information.

"Must be a timber wolf," I asserted, addressing Cayuse pointedly; "it's too big for a coyote."

"Too big for a wolf," Cayuse added.

"You think—"

But Cayuse interrupted me: "He knows—just look at him," and Cayuse jerked his head toward Lone Man.

"Garou?" I asked.

Cayuse nodded.

"Trailing the boy?"

"The black devil ain't out here for no promenade."

Lone Man's long stride carried us fast. The wind in the dreary pines whispered to us "hurry, hurry, hurry"; and at our feet, sometimes in patches of mud, the marks of a huge spreading paw fair atop a boot track beckoned us forward in haste.

"What do the tracks say?" I asked Cayuse once. "Has the dog caught up?"

"He's leadin' the kid off into the bush; the kid's trailin' behind, thinkin' the beast's headin' for home."

On, on, ever deeper into the forest; sometimes in the sand of a jack-pine knoll reading the horrible tale of Garou's guidance; sometimes marking the footprints of dog and man in the black mud of a muskeg; sometimes listening to a reading of the signs from Three Deers—I went, my heart full of unuttered dread.

Three times as he fled through the forest Henly had lain down to rest; only to jump up again and speed onward, frightened by something. How the Indian read aright this fine print I know not, but I believed.

In front of me Three Deers threw some guttural Cree words down the wind to Cayuse.

"What is it? I panted.

"Garou's struck mates," Cayuse answered.

"Dogs?" I queried.

"Timber wolves—a pair."

"They're trailing the boy?"

"Behind Garou."

I was too weary to follow the thread of this new horror, and silently we struggled on. Trees, trees incessantly; white birches like marble pillars; evil-gnarled jack-pine; tamaracks, slim-growing in colonies, like the tapering spars of yachts riding at anchor in a bay. And

suddenly, Lone Man, standing motionless, his hawk face thrust forward, reading a story etched on the sand-hill we had breasted.

Toward evening I felt that we were going down grade.

"We're close to the Athabasca," Cayuse muttered, as we struggled side by side over the body of a giant spruce.

In half-an-hour I caught a glint of mist rising above the trees in a valley.

"Old Athabasca," Cayuse said, nodding.

It was sundown when Lone Man led us out through a tangle of gray willow to a low reach of graveled bank, and at our feet swept the majestic river in rapid flow. There was the double trail, dog and man, set in the little belt of sand like letters cut in a copper-plate. How the boy's heart must have leapt with joy at the changing relief of the river, I thought.

Lone Man pointed toward a curious double mark in the sand. Its meaning was plain—a pair of knees had left the silent memory of a prayer—a prayer of thankfulness to God.

Cayuse touched me on the arm, and said: "We'll stow this tucker pretty damn fast. If the boy bucks up—if he sleeps, I'm thinkin' good an' strong we'll be too late." Lone Man suggested that we send the two Indians to the Portage for our canoe, saying: "Dat boy he's been long tam for hit de trail, an' don' eat not'in'—he can't walk for de portage."

Then, in the long northern afterglow, we made our way over the terrible tracking trail that threaded the river bank, calling, and firing our Winchesters. Sometimes the willows were impenetrable, and we waded waist deep in the water; sometimes the spruce-lined bank was gloomy as a cavern. Eager though I was for the finish of our suspense, I hailed with joy Lone Man's dictum that we must rest through the hour of darkness that remained, lest we pass the boy. Even as Gabriel spoke I fell wearily in the low bushes at my feet, and, falling, passed into a sleep that was deeper than the reach of dreams. When the gray light spurred us on again, my clothes clung to me plastic in the wet they had sucked from the river mud as I slept.

For an hour we followed the footprints, full of their terrible reading; plain was the tale of the final struggle even to me. Short and wavering the steps; many times leading to the water's edge where the fevered lips had been moistened.

Once Gabriel spoke to Cayuse. "He's mak' for keel fish; he's plenty much hungry, dat poor boy."

"By God! I don't like the looks of that," Cayuse had added to me, pointing to the wet sand that was mapped with scratched lines as though Garou had made a rush at Henly and had been driven off.

Gabriel from this point hastened to a lope. The tracks looked fresh—we must be coming close. A point cut the river into a bend in front of us, and the trail we followed clung to the river edge. Leaving it, Gabriel pulled himself up the bank by the roots of a birch, and we followed. As we fought our way through the thick bushes on the point, suddenly a thin, tremulous voice carried to our ears: "Dearly Beloved, the spirit moveth us—"

The words of the prayer trembled through the spruce forest like an echo stealing from the doors of a cathedral.

As we stood for a second trying to locate the boy, his voice reached us again: "Sneer and gnash your teeth, Satan; the Lord casteth out devils!—Listen, Satan:

"There is a happy land—"

The weak voice was drowned by a snarling growl. With a curse on his lips Cayuse crashed through the bushes. As I followed, tearing at the thick undergrowth suddenly my feet slipped, and I hurtled down the bank to the river sands.

Twenty yards from where I had fallen sat Henly, his back against a boulder; and just beyond crouched Garou, in his face and snarling lips the story that we were just in time.

As I threw my rifle to my shoulder, a Winchester rang out sharp and clear, and Garou, with a howl, rose to his haunches, spun around once, and fell, dying on the sands.

As I turned I met the eye of Lone Man, sullen and fierce.

"I lak for shoot my own dog myself," he said.

A Prisoner of Hope*

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By MRS. WEIGALL

Resume : Esther Beresford is a beautiful and charming girl, who has lived in England with her French grandmother, Madame de la Perouse, and has taught music in a girls' school. Her step-mother's sister, Mrs. Galton, appears on the scene and it is arranged that Esther is to go out to Malta to join her father and step-mother. But before her departure, Geoffrey Hamner, an old friend, declares his love for Esther who promises a future reply to his proposal. She embarks with Mrs. Galton and her two exceedingly disagreeable daughters. Captain Hethcote and Lord Alwyne, two fellow-passengers admire Esther extremely, and Mrs. Clare-Smythe, a cousin of the latter also seeks her friendship. The Galtons become vulgarly jealous of Esther's popularity. The "Pleiades" reaches Gibraltar at sun-rise and some of the passengers are on deck for the sight.

TO Esther, fresh from her country school, every detail of the scene was a revelation. The green-painted boats that swarmed alongside, the piles of golden and scarlet fruit, the bright-coloured dress of the boatmen, all amused her. There were pedlars with lumps of pink coral, and shell necklaces; Spaniards with coins and medals, and the quaint green china of the country, over which realistic scorpions and crabs crawl in sprawling varieties. Esther hung over everything longing to buy, yet fearing to be extravagant, and it was Nell Clare-Smythe who, coming up from below like a whirlwind, swept her out of temptation.

"Nonsense—nonsense, my dear girl—that is all rubbish! Come along now and have breakfast, because Frank and I want to go on shore at once. You know our uncle, Colonel Maturin, commands the 'Westshires,' and he is a dear old thing, and has not met us for ages!"

"But I shall be in the way perhaps," Esther answered timidly.

"Is a pretty girl ever in the way at a lunch-party? Sometimes I wonder if you have your ordinary senses, Esther!" cried the gay little woman impulsively; "how do you like my frock?"

It was a beautiful gown of white serge and silk, and Esther hastened to admire it. "I hope that I shall not be too plainly dressed?" she ventured.

"Little goose—they won't get any further than your face!"

"You seem very much taken up with your new friends, Esther," said Mrs. Galton with a sniff, as Esther came dutifully up to tell her that she was on the point of departure. "It is very selfish of you not to have insisted that Sybil should go too."

"Oh, but Mrs. Galton, it is a lunch-party at the 'Westshire' barracks—Colonel Maturin is Mrs. Clare-Smythe's uncle."

"H—m!" said Mrs. Galton; "you will find that none of these people will speak to you again when once you set foot in Malta. Do you suppose that people who have neither money nor influence are ever thought twice of in a big garrison?"

"I never thought about it at all," cried Esther, distressed. "I am so sorry that Sybil cannot go on shore with us."

"Oh, Sybil has plenty of other friends, thank you," shrilled Mrs. Galton with vehement annoyance; "you need not disturb yourself about her!"

Esther's bright eyes of wonder delighted her new friend. Everything was novel to her, from the muleteers with their jangling chime of bells, to the vultures on the hillsides with their repulsive, unfeathered necks. Alwyne watched her with a face of deep interest as he sat opposite to her in the "carroza." He was beginning—four days out from England—to find that this girl with the lovely serene eyes and the strange unselfish outlook on life, was troubling his mind to its inner depths. He was annoyed with himself, for it seemed to him as though he were running a grave risk of allowing his feelings to become seriously entangled by this girl in the blue serge gown, and he directed his eyes firmly towards the far view of sea and sky in Gibraltar Harbour, and away from the sweet face under the brim of the straw hat, that now and again appealed to him to share in her innocent delight. Colonel Maturin was standing at the gate of the barracks as they drove up, a stout, pleasant-faced man, clothed in a well-fitting khaki jacket, breeches and jack-boots.

"Halloa, Nell—welcome to you, my dear! And why

did you not bring Budge? Very remiss of you! How do, Frank, my boy? Very pleased to see you. Miss Beresford—I have soldiered with the 'Wiltshire Rifles' a good bit in India, and knew your father."

And Esther, shy and blushing, found herself being led across the cool square hall into the ante-room that seemed to her confused eyes to be full of young men in scarlet uniforms.

"Tiffin will be ready in five minutes," said Colonel Maturin, introducing his niece and her friend; "so we will wait here, and Kershaw can look after Miss Beresford."

It seemed to Esther that half-a-dozen young men must answer to the name of Kershaw, and in another moment she had become the centre of a kindly interested group, all anxious for the last news from England as they said, but as Nell Clare-Smythe declared afterwards to her cousin, more anxious for a glance from a pair of fine eyes, and a word from the prettiest lips in the world. Lunch in the long mess-room, where she sat between the Colonel and the senior major, was a thing to remember for ever, with its long stretch of table shining with silver, regimental cups and trophies, and a well-drilled servant behind every chair.

"My niece tells me that this sort of thing is quite new to you," said Colonel Maturin, looking kindly down at the glowing face. "I am glad that your first experience of a military lunch-party should have been given you by the 'Westshires.'"

"I have been at school in Dorsetshire ever since I was a child," Esther said, half wishing that Miss Jenkins could see her now; "and before that I can hardly remember India."

"You will enjoy life in Malta," said the Colonel confidently; "next week I have a daughter just your age coming out to me from school, and I think I shall enjoy her impressions very much."

"And I think she will be a happy girl to come out to so kind a father," said Esther prettily, and Colonel Maturin said:

"Thank you, my dear," with a sudden hope that his Muriel would be very like this gentle, sweet-voiced girl. "Nell," he said suddenly, a little later, when they were sitting once again in the ante-room, and Esther was looking over a book of views with Captain Kershaw. "I just want to tell you something about that girl's poor prospects in Malta as to happiness in her home life."

"My dear Uncle Ned," said Nell Clare-Smythe, "what on earth do you mean?"

"I can see just the sort of girl she is—the same sort that your aunt was when I married her—and I want you to know that Major Beresford is a bit of a waster, as we soldiers say. He is a good enough fellow at heart—and indeed he was a fine, smart soldier when his first wife was alive—but this woman, his second wife, does nothing but pose as an invalid all day long, and Beresford himself has got tired of trying to keep his end up, I expect. It is a pity he ever married her, for as Miss Monica Trinder she was older than he, and had angled for half the regiment in vain."

"But is he fit to have the care of Esther?" cried Mrs. Clare-Smythe, in dismay.

"Oh yes—kind enough and fit enough—but she will be absorbed into the vortex of the slough of despond which is the home—and slip into being a regular drudge, if you don't give her a helping hand."

"I will look after her as if she were my own sister," said Nell warmly; "and Adela Stanier is a friend of her grandmother, so I think between us she will enjoy herself, if only she does not take a too exaggerated idea of her duty."

"Can one do that?" said Colonel Maturin comically; "anyhow, I should think, Nell, that you would be an excellent antidote to any such mistaken outlook on life!"

"I don't know if you mean that for a compliment or no," said Nell Clare-Smythe petulantly, "but at any rate, I will take it for one, and now, since I have to show Esther the beauties of Gibraltar, I must tear Esther away from the blandishments of the man with the ginger moustache, who appears to be almost in-

sanelly interested in a book of photographs that he must have seen fifty times before!"

"What about Frank?" said Colonel Maturin, as they rose to go; "is he likely to be a successful A.D.C., and is he going to fall in love with our pretty little friend?"

"My dear Uncle Ned, Frank has far too lofty a sense of his own importance to fall in love with a woman without a penny or a handle to her name—and if he is a failure at his new job, it will not be my fault, for I shall use both whip and spur to him!"

"You are a wonderful woman, Nell," said Colonel Maturin drily; "and I think it is fortunate for your husband's peace of mind that he has struggled already to the top of the tree, and is a flag-captain at five-and-forty."

"Perhaps it is," said Nell softly; "but then, Uncle Ned, Neville is just Neville, and nobody else ever was or could be like him. He makes me feel small and imperfect when I am with him, and just filled with longing to be a perfect woman."

Colonel Maturin watched his niece drive gaily down the hill again with a smile, and then turned back to his work. The one passion of Nell's life was for her grave, handsome husband, who kept her in strict order, and the very mention of his name brought a new look to her face.

"She is a good girl at heart—one of the best!" said Colonel Maturin to himself; "and I believe she will make the child happy, for when she likes Nell can be as thoroughly unselfish as any woman could be," and aloud, "By Jove, Kershaw, I believe you want an excuse for going on to Malta in the "Pleiades," and I don't blame you, my dear fellow, I don't blame you! I should have been just the same at your age," and Colonel Maturin patted the adjutant on the shoulder, while Kershaw tried to explain, in the middle of a sheepish fit of stammering, that he had not been looking after Miss Beresford's carriage at all, but merely across at the guard-room, with an eye to correcting an irregularity as to the chin-strap in the helmet of a sentry.

The rest of the afternoon passed in a blissful dream for Esther. They drove to the Spanish frontier, and out as far as the race-course, then came slowly back to spend an hour among the "curio" shops in the old town, where Nell bought heaps of things for which she could never have any use, and where Alwyne spent a few lavish shillings on "loquats" and purple figs, which, with an utter incapacity for carrying parcels, he would have left behind, had not his cousin pressed a Spanish boy into service.

"Here we are, having all bought things, except you, Esther," said her friend, suddenly reproachful; "why don't you buy that lovely lace scarf—it would be so useful to you after the opera in Malta; or stay—I will give it to you!"

"No—no—please not," cried the girl in distress. "I do not want the scarf, dear Mrs. Clare-Smythe, and it would pain me to think you had given it to me because I had admired it." She drew her friend away anxiously from the shop.

"But why don't you buy things for yourself?" persisted Nell curiously.

"I have no money to spare—I shall probably want all I have for my brother's and sisters, if report speaks truly," said Esther simply. "I am afraid that things are not too comfortable at home."

But when she went down to dress for dinner that night in the solitude of her cabin, she found a little parcel in her berth directed to herself, and in it the lace scarf, and a card on which was written, "A little souvenir of a pleasant day, from F. A."

And with a quick flush of pleasure she recognised that the writing was Alwyne's. When she came up on deck again, she went across to where he stood, and thanked him shyly.

"It was so kind of you—I wanted the scarf so much—and the lace is beautiful," she said.

"Don't thank me, Miss Beresford," he answered in a more earnest voice than she had ever heard from him; "rather I should thank you for making me feel an unwonted spasm of generosity. I am too fond of spending my money on myself, but I think it was the sight of your constant unselfishness on board this ship that has made one or two of us ask why we should lead such different lives."

A moment later he was ashamed of his outburst, and moved away before the astonished girl could answer him, and when she looked round at a touch on her elbow, she found Sybil Galton in a bright blue dress standing at her side.

"We have had the most dreadful day, Esther—I don't

advise you to go near mother!" she said; "we all went on shore, and stupid Sir Solomon Brown had a quarrel with a cab-driver over sixpence, and I thought the man would have stabbed him. Then mamma got a bad oyster at lunch, and that was enough to upset her for the day—but the worst of all was when Carry's young man—you know the army doctor who is going out to Cairo, and rather likes her—attached himself to me—I really thought that Carry would burst out crying at lunch right in Mr. Loring's face—and after all I could not help it!"

"I am so sorry," said Esther, gently.

"What sort of a time had you with your swells?"

"We enjoyed ourselves very much indeed," said Esther; "everyone was so kind."

"You had better not let Mamma hear you say so," chuckled Sybil, in an unkindly mood; "she thinks that you ought to have manoeuvred so that she was asked to join your party."

And later in the evening Esther found herself visited by the cold displeasure of Mrs. Galton to such an extent that she retired to her cabin in tears.

"I shall certainly give my poor sister an outline of your character, Esther!" said Mrs. Galton, who found herself no longer on friendly terms with the Browns after some plain speaking on the subject of her share of the day's expenses. "I call you thoroughly time-serving and selfish; for I see, although you have been very busy helping your fine new friends half the day, yet you have never mended that piece of lace I laid out for you to do yesterday, and you know what a bungler Jeanne is at darning!"

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Galton," said Esther, gently. "I will get up early to-morrow, and mend it for you."

"There you are, making a martyr of yourself at once! Not that early morning rising is not very encouraging to a flirtation; and I can see what is going on as well as most people!" sneered Mrs. Galton; and the girl fled without another word.

And so the days went by until they had reached the last night at sea, and there was to be a concert to celebrate the parting from some of the most popular passengers in the "Pleiades."

"You are surely not going to sing, Esther?" said Mrs. Galton, putting up her glasses to read the names on the programme. Dear me! I am surprised at your boldness! Of course Sybil and Carrie have had lessons from Signor Quassia, the best man in town; but surely you are not going to make an exhibition of your country teaching!"

"I hope I shall do nothing to disgrace my teacher," said Esther, with a smile; for her teacher had borne a very famous name, and she knew her own powers. Carrie's hard soprano, trained until all freshness had gone out of it, met with little applause, and Sybil's "coon" song, with its attendant dance, scarcely possessed the poetry of motion.

"O dear me!" said Nell Clare-Smythe impatiently to her cousin; "why should Mrs. Galton have gone to the expense of teaching a wooden doll to dance a hornpipe? What an appalling concert it is, Frank. I should feign an attack of faintness to go below to think about seeing Neville to-morrow, if it was not for Esther. I expect she sings like a corncrake or a Jenny wren, but you must applaud her whatever—"

"Hush!" said Alwyne, and Nell Clare-Smythe sat arrested suddenly to attention by the fluting of a voice like a nightingale, rapt with the passion of the summer and the woods.

"It is Esther!" said Nell. "O! good gracious!"

Esther Beresford stood straight up by the rail in her black gown, her hands folded lightly together, her face pale. Her song, "The Calling of the Past," was beautifully accompanied by the purser of the "Pleiades" who was a genuine musician, and he lingered with joy over every exquisite note that fell like silver from the girl's lips. When she had ended her song, with its pathetic cadence, there fell, upon the last word, a hush that was more complimentary than even the roar of applause succeeding it. She bowed timidly then, with a growing sense of pleasure at the kindness of the audience, and sang again, "Bid Me no More," and retired into the background with the memory of Mrs. Galton's amazed face in her thoughts. M. de Brinvilliers came up to her a moment later.

"Thank you, Miss Beresford," he said, with tears in his eyes. "You have the voice of Madame de la Perouse, the golden voice that won half Paris in the old days." And Esther delighted in her simple triumph.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE TALK

A PECULIAR story comes from Edmonton concerning a coal fire. About sixty miles up the Saskatchewan there is a seam of coal twenty-two feet thick. It has been burning since August 23rd last, having been ignited from a prairie fire. Thirteen men dug a trench 22 feet deep and 400 feet long and the fire was stopped. The despatch adds that there is a seam "some nine miles up the river" which has been burning for nine years and cannot be extinguished. And this, too, just at a time when the people in the West wanted coal very badly!

Since Regina advanced from the capital of the Territories to the capital of Saskatchewan, it seems to have entered on a new era of prosperity. The building permits issued last year in the budding prairie city amounted to two million dollars. This is an excellent record for a city of 10,000. The Regina "Standard" figures it out that this means \$198 per head of the population as against \$127 per head in Winnipeg, and feels quite jubilant over the comparison.

Swift and Armour are great names in the beef trade, but it appears that there is a greater. The largest exporters of cattle in the world are said to be Gordon, Ironside & Fares, of Winnipeg, who during 1906 exported 73,500 head of cattle and 41,000 sheep. Of the cattle, 50,000 came from Western Saskatchewan and Alberta and the remainder from Western Ontario. It is well to remember that the West has products other than grain.

The Old-Boy-Association system is moving westward. The other day in Vancouver, the Bruce County Old Boys met and formed an organisation with T. F. Paterson as president and J. H. Kilmer as secretary.

A Government wheat elevator is being requested by the Vancouver Board of Trade. The Government has put elevators in for Montreal and is building one at Port Colborne, why not one in Vancouver? Alberta grain

is likely to increase her western shipment to the Orient and an elevator is a necessity. In 1905, over two million bushels went that way, in 1906 over three millions, and in 1907 five millions may go.

About a million dollars' worth of furs come into Edmonton every year. This season the furs are expected to be plentiful and of good quality, because the cold weather will make a thick growth of fur on the animals. About the middle or latter part of January the trappers come in from Lesser Slave Lake and Lac La Biche. Those from more northerly districts come later.

Montreal business circles are discussing a project to have a terminal company handle all wharf business. For nearly fourteen years the C. P. R. and G. T. R. have each handled their own cars on the wharf and this has occasionally led to attempts on the part of one to block the other, with consequent needless delays. The C. P. R.'s lease expires this year, and the Harbour Commissioners may make a new system.

This sort of suit is worth while. The Dominion Iron & Steel Co. is suing the Dominion Coal Co. for a little over fifteen million dollars damages, being the value of a ninety-year contract for coal of which the latter company grew tired. This is getting to be a big country.

The St. John, N.B., Board of Trade would like to have another railway west. The C.P.R. is all right, of course, but a little competition would not come amiss. They propose that the Intercolonial take over the New Brunswick Southern and extend it into the State of Maine.

The Ontario Government got nearly two hundred thousand dollars for the mining rights in the bed of Kerr Lake and 10 per cent. of the gross value of the output. If this mining business keeps up, Ontario may suffer the fate of Spain.

The provincial elections in British Columbia are to occur shortly. Premier McBride expects to be returned to power; Mr. J. A. MacDonald, member for Rossland and leader of the Opposition (Liberal) expects to defeat him; and the Socialists hope

to still hold the balance of power. It is not known yet what the electors expect.

Ontario is slowly but surely increasing its revenue from the railways. This year it gathers \$375,000 in taxes, one-half of which goes to the municipalities. The latter will thus receive 8 cents per head of the population. This is about double what they got under the old act.

McGill University is about to make its first appeal to the public in twenty-five years. Each student costs it from three to four times as much as he pays in fees. The annual expenditure is \$400,000, and another million dollars of endowment is needed to meet increasing needs.

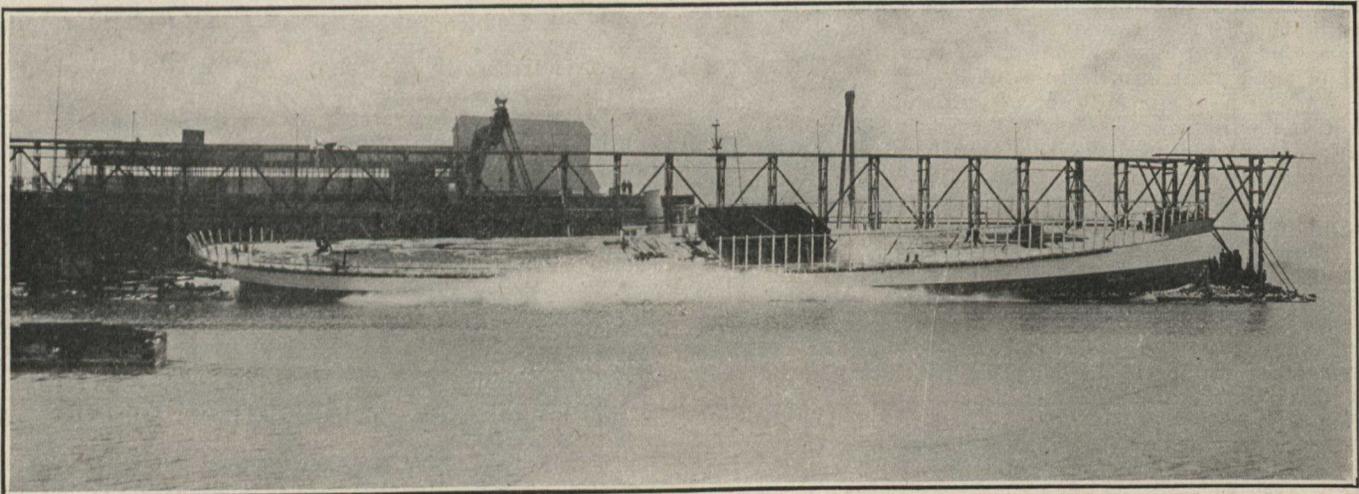
Last week the C.P.R. motor rail car was pictured. The announcement comes from Moncton that the Intercolonial Railway will build three such cars in time for the summer traffic.

Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux seems to be trying to beat the record of Sir William Mulock. He proposes to put a postal clerk on all west-bound steamers from Great Britain, to sort, assess for duty, and route parcels. This will enable them to be delivered more promptly.

English methods of crime detection are sometimes worthy of Sherlock Holmes. In order to conduct a betting raid on a public-house at Dudley the police drove up in an ambulance. This is even more adroit than the way in which Premier Whitney and Attorney-General Foy gathered in the Toronto Junction gamblers.

Provincial Mineralogist Robertson says British Columbia's mineral output for 1906 will reach \$24,000,000. He also states that he had visited the section of B.C. to be traversed by the G. T. P. and says that Guggenheims and other Americans are investing there. It is popularly selected as the site of the next mining boom.

The West is still struggling with the severe snow storms of an exceptional winter. The dark cloud as usual has its silver lining, for the snow must melt and moisten the earth. The West has more to fear from dry years than from severe winters.



Launching of "Rapids King," the R. and O. Navigation Company's new steamer, to be used on the St. Lawrence route. She was named by Mrs. Caverhill, of Montreal, wife of the chairman of the R. and O. Navigation Company's Executive Committee. Built by the Canadian Shipbuilding Co., Toronto.

British Gossip

THE Aberdeens had their Canadian admirers, especially among the serious set. But in Dublin, where they are enjoying a second reign, their popularity is warm and unwavering. During this month, Lady Aberdeen's lace ball shows how dear to her Scottish heart are Irish industries. Quadrilles named Carrickmacross, Limerick and old point are sure to appeal to the Celtic imagination.

It has become the fashion for a young aristocrat anxious for political honours to begin on the democratic rung of the London County Council. The Hon. Neil James Archibald Primrose, the second son of Lord Rosebery, is one of the latest candidates for such a position.

It's an ill wind that blows nobody an unexpected fortune and the slight uncertainties in Russian and Austrian politics are sending a shower of foreign gold into the lap of "The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street." The Czar is said to have six millions sterling in the Bank of England, the religious houses of France have a neat little pile somewhere in the vaults, the Kaiser has a good fortune in British securities and the royalties of Southern Europe also like to put away some of their frugal savings in London strong-rooms. This is a tribute which talks.

Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, the sturdy suffragette who served a term in Holloway Prison for the cause of would-be voters, spent some of her spare time in sketching the characters about her and the illustrated periodicals are the richer for her sufferings. Miss Pankhurst and other fair prisoners were given a sumptuous banquet on their liberation, when they announced their determination to continue an aggressive policy. Poor Mr. Asquith! There is a cloud in his sky the size of a woman's fist.

London is still talking about the mysterious Mr. Yates, the millionaire from Nowhere, who suddenly appeared in Covent Garden and bestowed one hundred pounds in notes on por-

ters and other deserving characters. One chap preferred to take hard cash and received five sovereigns; but Mullins who was content with notes was made happy, if left gasping, with one hundred good pounds. The mysterious benefactor has sailed for New York. A Winnipeg rumour says he is a Yukon miner.

Since motoring has become so fashionable, old houses have risen in value because they are now more accessible to the cities. A historic old residence, York House, Twickenham, the home of the Duc d'Orleans, in which Queen Anne was born, has been sold to Mr. Ratan J. Tata, a Parsee gentleman. The Orleans family have been connected with Twickenham for over one hundred years.

Miss Marie Corelli has broken forth in prose once more, to the effect that America does not love England, but is merely playing Wolf to John Bull's Red Riding-Hood. The nursery tale comparison is hardly happy, as under no circumstances can one imagine John Bull's rosy countenance peeping from anything so demure as a hood. Happy thought! Perhaps "God's Good Man" did not have a large sale in America and Marie is merely "mad."

In Great Britain they have the smoke nuisance much worse even than in America. Toronto and Montreal are suffering from the "tall chimney," but in England there are places where the said chimney will not let the grass grow. Cleopatra's Needle, the famous Egyptian monument erected on the Embankment in London, is said to be suffering severely. Half the beauty of Westminster Abbey is lost because of grimy carbon deposit. Even Canterbury Cathedral is being ruined by modern smoke, though it has stood time's ravages since the eleventh century.

The method of furnace-heating is being decried by some English journals which assert that the open fire is more home-like and healthful and that home would be anything but sweet, had it always in winter an atmosphere reminiscent of the Commons.

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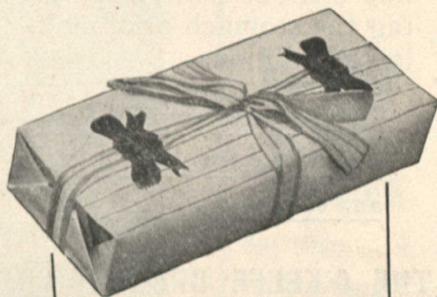
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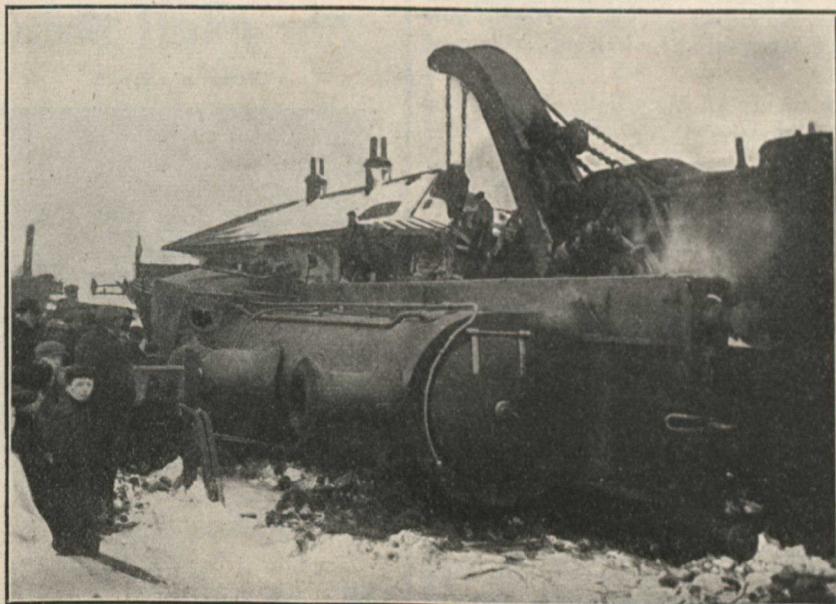
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The Railway Disaster in Scotland where 22 lives were lost. This picture shows the big engine on its side. The driver escaped with a bad cut on the ear, but the fireman was pinned under the tender for eight hours.



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MUSIC & THE DRAMA

THE Montreal judges appointed to act in the theatrical part of the Governor-General's musical and theatrical trophy competition have decided in favour of the University Dramatic Club, which will give a presentation of Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man." There was no entry for the musical trophy.

* *

Montreal has enjoyed a musical sensation in the concert recently given by Miss Ellen Ballon, a nine-year-old pianiste, in the Convocation Hall of the Royal Victoria College. The "Standard" publishes an interesting photograph of the small genius and also of the audience which became so enthusiastic during her performance. Miss Ballon has gone to New York to take a two years' course in piano tuition under Joseffy, on the conclusion of which she will go to Europe for further study. We may yet hear great things of this small Montrealer.

* *

Canada always has a warm welcome for her clever comedian, Mr. Reuben Fax, who appeared last season with Miss Eleanor Robson in a Jerome play which most of us have forgotten by this time. But we have not forgotten Miss Robson's appearance as "Merely Mary Ann" and consequently read with interest of the doings of that delightful actress as "Nurse Marjorie," another Zangwill heroine. Mr. Pollock places this later comedy far below "Merely Mary Ann" but he has a few good words to say about Mr. Fax.

"I have left Reuben Fax until the last because I remember the Biblical injunction that the last shall be first. Mr. Fax, who is one of the few good actors in America, is first—not only the first actor in Miss Robson's company, but the first actor of this season. His characterisation of the plebeian shipbuilding father must be seen to be appreciated. The only two performances of recent years in New York that have excelled Mr. Fax's are David Warfield's 'Von Barwig' and Frank Keenan's 'Jack Rance.'"

* *

The return of Mr. Digby Bell in the delightful Thomas comedy, "The Education of Mr. Pipp," is an occasion for rejoicing. No better production of the class has come to Canada in recent years. Perhaps it was all the more pleasing because it was a surprise. We went to the theatre in the autumn of 1905, wondering what sort of drama could be manufactured out of a series of Gibson drawings, in which everyone took a deep interest about seven years ago. But we had not been in the company of the masterful "Mrs. Pipp" and the hen-pecked "J. Wesley" for a quarter of an hour before we realised that here indeed was such stuff as laughter is made of. Mr. Digby Bell's characterisation of the gentle, bullied and yet adroit husband is one of the cleverest bits of drollery on the modern stage. His support is excellent but the one memorable figure is the dejected, yet not destroyed little man who goes despondently upstairs or nimbly de-



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scends at the bidding of his majestic spouse. "The Education of Mr. Pipp" is a genial satire on the ways of the Pittsburg "millionaire" who finally realises the folly of her ways.

* *

The Toronto committee of judges has appointed the Dramatic Club of the Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression to represent Toronto in the competition at Ottawa for His Excellency's theatrical trophy. Under Mrs. Scott Raff's direction, "She Stoops to Conquer" will be presented.

* *

The National Chorus concert at Massey Hall last Monday night in association with the New York Symphony Orchestra was distinctly beyond former efforts of this organisation and might be regarded as a personal triumph for Dr. Albert Ham, whose devotion to his choral work has been assiduous and unsparing. The most important dual number was Sir Frederick Cliffe's setting of Charles Kingsley's poem, "Ode to the North-East Wind," which is a fine example of melodic and imaginative interpretation of a robust piece of English literature. The semi-mockery of the poet's reference to the "luscious south wind" is transformed into sentiment which, however, affords an excellent opportunity for the lighter graces of feminine voices. Dr. Leopold Damrosch's setting of "Ring Out Wild Bells" and Pinsuti's "Silent Tide" showed the unassisted choral work in delicate and artistic achievement with a distinct advance in unity and effectiveness. The final number, "Canada," set by Dr. Ham to the words of Mr. W. A. Fraser, proved a stately and stirring composition of popular appeal. The New York Symphony Orchestra opened the programme with Brahms' First Symphony in C minor, a work which, in its range from an intellectual complexity to a warm emotionalism, was a supreme test of the versatility of the conductor, Mr. Damrosch. Several movements from Tchaikowski's "Nut Cracker" suite were exquisitely rendered and a thoroughly inspiring number was the Saint-Saens' "Serenade" for violin, viola, piano and organ.

* *

Mr. George Alexander is generally admitted to be the most finished actor-manager in England and he finds his wife the severest critic of presentations at the St. James Theatre. No play at the St. James is ever staged without Mrs. Alexander's tastes and originality in dress design being called into requisition. She is indeed dress-designer "in perpetuo," according to the "Bystander," of her husband's plays and for this comparatively easy employment, Mrs. Alexander draws a very handsome salary.

* *

In spite of the savage fashion in which certain modern critics are attacking the plays of one Shakespeare, it is comforting to those of us who are old-fashioned to note that Mr. Beerbohm Tree has produced "Antony and Cleopatra" after a rich and rare fashion at His Majesty's, London, and that thousands of benighted creatures who think that Shakespeare once lived and wrote plays and died at old Stratford, have derived pure enjoyment from this great historical play and pageant.

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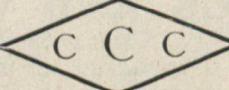
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Uncle Sam and Gibraltar

DURING the Christmas holidays a small boy from Boston was visiting his Canadian cousins. One day he became involved in a fierce dispute about the relative greatness of the republic of the United States and the British Empire. The young Canadians held their own and began to give a list of British possessions. When they came to Gibraltar, the small Bostonian exclaimed:

"Hold on! That don't belong to you. It's owned by one of our insurance companies."

A howl of protest came from his young relatives, but the claimant produced a magazine, where, sure enough the "key of the Mediterranean" looked as if it were mounting guard over the interests of a certain well-known company. Histories and geographies were resorted to in vain and the youthful Jonathan remained convinced that Gibraltar has been bought up by "those enterprising insurance men."

What Might Be

R. R. Gamey, M.P.P., awoke one winter morning at his island home to find a belated copy of the "News" at his bedside.

"What's this?" exclaimed the stormy petrel politician, "E. F. B. Johnston for Liberal leader! Maybe, maybe, I won't do a thing to him." And he gently hummed: "That will be glory for me."

True to His Creed

A hungry Irishman who belongs to the "Mother Church" went into a restaurant one Friday and said to the waiter:

"Have yez any whale?"

"No."

"Have yez any shark?"

"No."

"Have yez any swordfish?"

"No."

"Have yez any jellyfish?"

"No."

"All right," said the Irishman. "Then bring me ham and eggs and a beefsteak smothered wid onions. Hivin' knows I asked for fish."

No Disturbance Desired

An Ontario senator was asked this week what he thinks of the recent appointments to the "Honourable Body" and replied:

"Well, all I can say is that I hope they won't snore."

Not a Soft Answer

Out in a small western community where men have risen rapidly a heated political contest was going on. The opposing candidates met on the platform one night and finally personalities began to fly. It was well known that Mr. A—'s mother had supported her two sons on the "family washings" of the neighbourhood and that the candidate had often carried bundles and baskets for his mother's customers. Mr. B—, losing control of his temper to an unprecedented degree referred somewhat scornfully to his opponent's early occupation.

"It's quite true," replied Mr. A—

with unruffled composure; "my widowed mother took in washing until we were big enough to support her. But the poorest work she ever did was a clean job in comparison with my opponent's record."

It is hardly necessary to add that the name of A— appeared with an overwhelming majority at the top of the polls.

Emmy and Emmerson

"I want your beach," said Emmerson,
"To run my trains upon;
The folks can just move out at once,
'Tis time that they were gone."

"Now wait a while," said Emmy
bold;
"Toronto's got some rights,
And ere you run the choo-choo cars
There'll be some pretty fights."

So Emmy went to Ottawa
And talked to bland M. P.'s,
Who thought it was a horrid shame
A Tory town to squeeze.

Though Emmerson attack our shores
Where Balmy Beaches grow
It will become extremely cold
Ere Emmy flees the foe.

J. G.

A Barrie Anecdote

A story comes from England to the effect that a certain theatrical star fell ill and his understudy was suddenly called upon to play the part. The understudy, scorning false modesty, despatched telegrams to all the critics and others interested in the drama informing them that he would be appearing that evening. In the afternoon Barrie was at a certain club frequented by dramatic critics.

"Did any of you receive a telegram from X to-day?" he asked. They all had. "What did you do?" They had not answered it, of course. Had Barrie replied? "Yes," said Barrie.

"What did you write?"
"I wired: 'Thanks for the warning.'"

A Fond Farewell

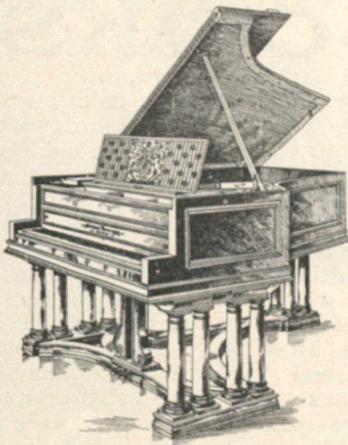
There once was a leader named Ross,
Who found he no longer was Boss.
To the Senate he went
With a sigh of content,
And said: "All elections are dross."

The Penalty of Fame

The Bishop of Albany, the Right Reverend W. C. Doane, follows the custom of English bishops in signing formal communications, using "William of Albany" instead of giving his name in full. One day the bishop alighted from an express train in the station at Albany, to find himself besieged on all sides by cabmen. One of the cabbies, on perceiving the bell-crowned hat, long clerical coat and other indications of the calling of the passenger, recognised Bishop Doane and held up his finger, calling:
"Cab, William of Albany? Cab? Right this way, William!"
—Lippincott's Magazine.

Explained

Teacher: "Freddie Brooks, are you making faces at Nellie Lyon?"
Freddie: "Please, teacher, no ma'am. I was trying to smile and my face slipped."



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7.50 a.m., 12.10 p.m., 1.25 p.m., and 4.25 p.m.Trains leave Tweed for the south at 7.00
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north leaving Tweed at 11.30 a.m. and 4.50
p.m.Trains run between Deseronto and Napa-
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11.30 a.m., 12.40 p.m., 12.55 p.m., 3.45 p.m.,
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6.30 a.m., 6.35 p.m., 7.55 a.m., 10.30 a.m.,
12.05 p.m., 1.20 p.m., 11.00 a.m., 4.30 p.m.,
6.50 p.m., 8.15 p.m.The Deseronto Navigation Company
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IT is difficult to pick up a New York magazine this month without finding either a story by Charles G. D. Roberts or an announcement that his work is to appear in a later number. In the January issue of "McClure's Magazine," "On the Night Trail" is a stirring tale of adventure among New Brunswick wolves, which reminds the reader of that story of ten years ago, "They Do Seek Their Meat from God," the best animal yarn that a Canadian writer has told. The fight between the huge lynx and the gray pack is told in this latest story with a vivid realism that gives one authentic thrills. We Canadians are recovering from our sensitiveness on the subject of wolves and snow-banks, and do not resent the wild scene in the woods.

* *

Two books of Canadian verse are promised for next month—"Lyrics from the West," by C. F. P. Conybeare and "Songs of a Sourdough" by Robert W. Service. The "proofs" of the latter promise an unconventional and original volume from a land which is full of suggestion to the untrammelled bard. These books are to be published in Toronto by Briggs.

* *

The stories of the North-West Mounted Police by Lawrence Mott begin in January "Pall Mall" magazine with "The Current of Fear," gnastly enough as a narrative, but crudely and tamely told. Just what the Mounted Police have to do with Black Dan and English Jack is rather difficult to understand. In fact, the narrative strength of Mr. Mott seems to be decreasing with his recurring stories. It is to be hoped that the scenes he has chosen will some day be treated by a more artistic hand.

* *

For some years the stories of G. B. Lancaster have attracted the attention of English readers who were somewhat surprised when the announcement was made that the stern narratives of New Zealand's early days come from a woman's imagination. "Sons o' Men," published in New York by Doubleday, Page & Company, deserved wider reading in Canada than it received. Miss Lancaster's style is vigorous, almost to brutality, but it has real, not feverish strength and she is steadily making her way as one who knows her people and how to tell their life. It is rather curious that such uneven workmanship as that of Mr. London should be exploited, while such well-knit material as these New Zealand studies should not yet have come into its own.

* *

Mr. Harvey J. O'Higgins' well-executed novel, "Don-A-Dreams," has won appreciation from all quarters, that conservative magazine, the "Atlantic Monthly," declaring that in this book, "genuine study replaces the too customary demonstration of character, to such an extent as to suggest the passive truthfulness of Russian novelists. Only the last page (which is easily skipped) has a conventional sound, and that rings like an afterthought, loosely attached in deference to a publisher's natural mistrust of the unusual."

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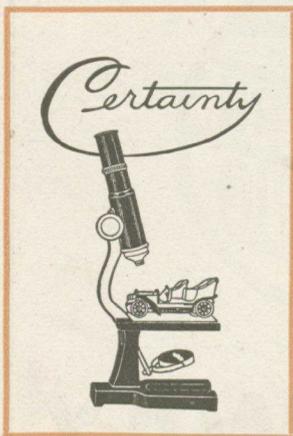
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