

The Canadian Courier

W R Haight
446 Parliament St
506

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



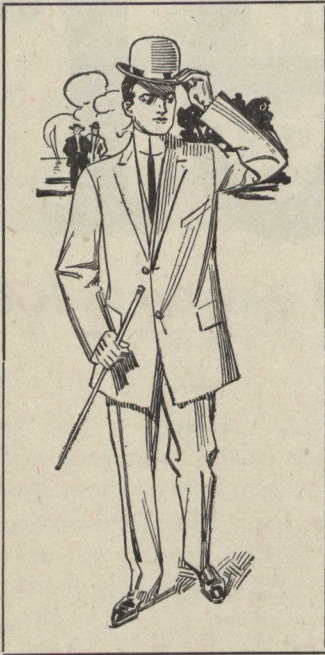
Read in
Nine
Provinces



◆ On First ◆

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

The Right Kind of Hat



¶ The hat that "men who know" will be wearing for the next month is a medium height CHRISTY hat with a curl brim; when we say "Christy", we mean a hat actually made by this famous English firm.

¶ We have just received a large shipment of the newest designs, and these are now on sale **\$2⁰⁰** at each - - -

WHEN ORDERING, BE SURE TO ASK FOR THE NEW "1910 K CHRISTY" AT TWO DOLLARS.

This is a very unusual price but you'll get precisely the same hat as you'd pay a dollar or so more for elsewhere.

The Robert **SIMPSON** Company Limited
TORONTO

A May Sale of Lingerie Dresses Wonderful Value

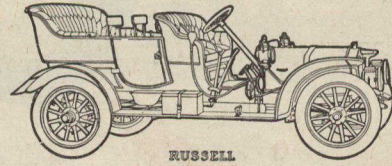
We have just received a special shipment of lovely Lingerie Dresses for Summer wear, received from one of the foremost designers of the States---made of fine quality mull and batiste, handsomely embroidered and trimmed with fine Val. lace and insertions. All very dainty dresses that are sure to be popular; also some charming overskirt models---shades of sky, pink, heliotrope and white.

Prices from \$10.50, \$15, 18.50, up to \$75.00

W. A. Murray & Co. Limited.

17 to 31 King St. East, 10 to 20 Colborne St.,
Victoria St. King to Colborne St.
TORONTO

Russell



RUSSELL

A RUSSELL owner is never the butt of an experiment. The car he buys represents the very last word in tested-and-proven automobile development in that particular class.

We are too jealous of our reputation, the most valuable asset we can hold, to put the car on the market which is not perfectly sure to give satisfaction.

Russell "30," \$2,350, fully equipped, is a shining example of this policy. The abilities of this car are as accurately gauged as the abilities of any fine piece of mechanism can be. Back of the general all-round dependability is merit in detail which is the secret of the whole thing. Every part must stand a specific test before it is considered sufficiently good. To the average mind the technicalities of tests, resistance to strain, etc., is a complicated subject difficult to follow, but the result of it all is apparent to any one.

Russell "30" is a wonderful car in endurance and in power, an achievement in its riding qualities and a triumph in value.

Full Standard construction, including shaft drive, selective transmission, metal to metal clutch, full floating type of rear axle, etc.

Four styles of bodies — five passenger touring, toy tonneau, surrey with removable rear seat, and special roadster.

See this car at our nearest branch.

WRITE FOR THE CATALOG

Canada Cycle & Motor Co. Limited

West Toronto

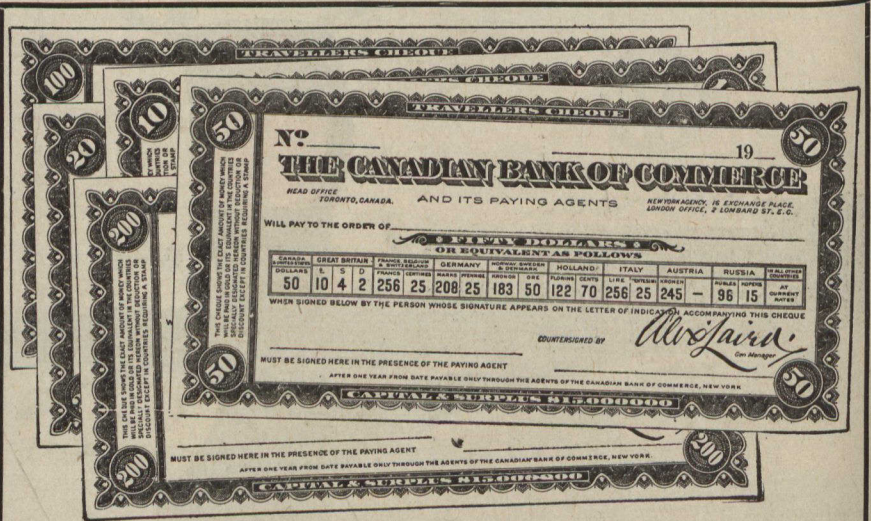
MAKERS OF HIGH-GRADE AUTOMOBILES

Branches: Toronto Hamilton Montreal Winnipeg Calgary Vancouver Melbourne, Aust.

THE EVERLASTING BOY:

We want 50 more of this sort—the kind that don't tire out when on the trail for new subscribers for THE CANADIAN COURIER. About 100 bright lads have lately joined our Circulation Bureau in Toronto—and we want more!

Circulation Manager - - - Canadian Courier
12 WELLINGTON STREET EAST



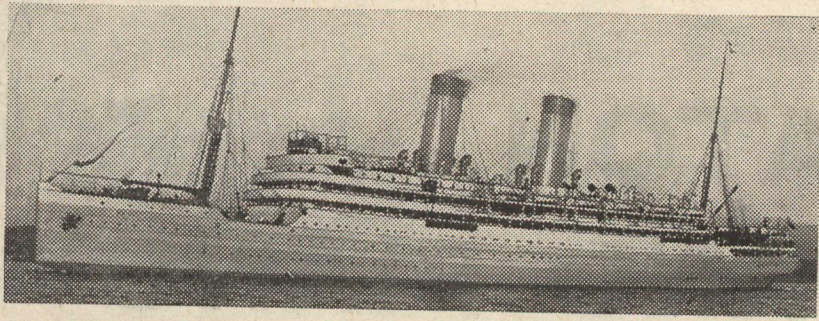
FACSIMILE OF . . . TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES

ISSUED BY

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

¶ These cheques are a most convenient form in which to carry money when travelling. They are **NEGOTIABLE EVERYWHERE, SELF-IDENTIFYING** and the **EXACT AMOUNT PAYABLE** in the principal countries of the world is shown on the face of each cheque.

Canadian Northern Steamships Limited



THE ROYAL LINE TRIPLE SCREW ROYAL EDWARD
TURBINE STEAMERS ROYAL GEORGE

The New Fast Route between MONTREAL, QUEBEC and BRISTOL

Sailing from Bristol		Sailing from Montreal
May 12th.	ROYAL EDWARD	May 26th.
May 26th.	ROYAL GEORGE	June 9th.

and fortnightly thereafter

Tickets and full information on application to any steamship agent or
H. C. BOURLIER, General Agent for Ontario Toronto, Ont.
GUY TOMBS, G. F. and P. A., C. N. Q. R., Montreal, Que.



The Pioneer Route to
MUSKOKA

AND THE ONLY LINE REACHING ALL THE
PRINCIPAL TOURIST RESORTS OF ONTARIO.

For Descriptive and Fully Illustrated Literature Regarding:---
MUSKOKA, LAKE OF BAYS, TEMAGAMI, AL-
GONQUIN PARK, GEORGIAN BAY, KAWARTHA
LAKES, ORILLIA AND LAKE COUCHICHING,
LAKE HURON, Etc., address---

J. D. McDONALD, D.P.A. J. QUINLAN, D.P.A.
Toronto Montreal



TROUT FISHING

The season opens May 1st.
and it is not too early to plan a
Spring fishing trip—commence by securing
copy of 1910 "Fishing and Shooting," *Sports-
man's Map* and literature descriptive of
Canada's fishing grounds best reached by the
Canadian Pacific Railway.

Write or Illustrated Literature and all Information to
R. L. Thompson, District Passenger Agent, Toronto

ARE YOU

on the list for a copy of

"Tours to Summer Haunts"

describing

Canadian
Tours

to

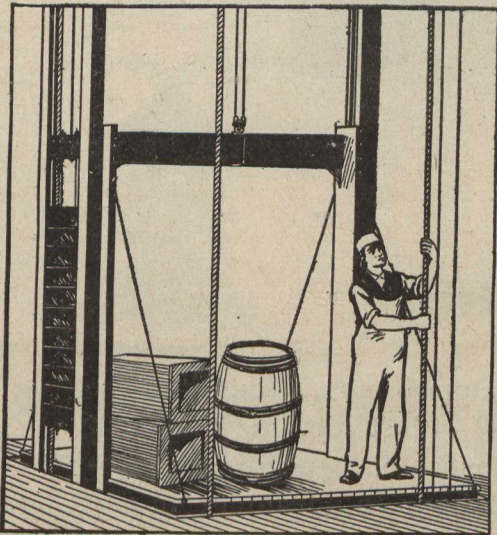
Canadian
Resorts

BY THE SEA

in Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince
Edward Island.

Write Advertising Dept Intercolonial Railway,
Moncton, N. B.

Hand Power Elevator--\$70⁰⁰



**Otis-Fensom
Elevator
Company
Limited**

Head Office, TORONTO, ONT.

BRANCH OFFICES:
Montreal - 368 St. James St.
Ottawa - 9 O'Connor St.
Winnipeg - - McRae Block
Vancouver - 155 Alexander St.

FOUR SPLENDID TRAINS

Toronto
to
New York
Via the
Canadian Pacific Ry.



"America's Greatest Railway System"

that land you at Grand Central
Terminal—the only railroad ter-
minal IN New York. (Subway,
in the basement—Surface and
Elevated trains from its doors to
any and all parts of the City), less
than 15 minutes to Brooklyn.

Trains from Union Station at
9:30 a. m., 3:45 p. m. and 7:10
p. m., except Sunday and 5:20
p. m. daily. *Parlor Car Service
Day Time—Sleeping Cars Night
Time—Dining Service Mealtime
—Coaches on all trains.*

Tickets & Sleeping-Car Accommodations
Railroad and Pullman tickets can be secured at
Canadian Pacific Ry. Ticket Offices or at New
York Central Lines city ticket office, 80 Yonge
St. Toronto or will be delivered on request, by
special representative, who will furnish any
information desired. Address

Frank C. Foy, Canadian Passenger Agent
80 Yonge St. Toronto. Phone Main 4361

NATIONAL TRUST CO

LIMITED

18-22 King Street East, Toronto

Capital and Reserve \$1,650,000

Modern Deposit Vaults for the safekeeping of bonds,
stock certificates, insurance policies, deeds and other
valuable documents. Annual rentals from three
dollars upwards.

J. W. FLAVELLE,
PRESIDENT.

W. T. WHITE,
GENERAL MGR.

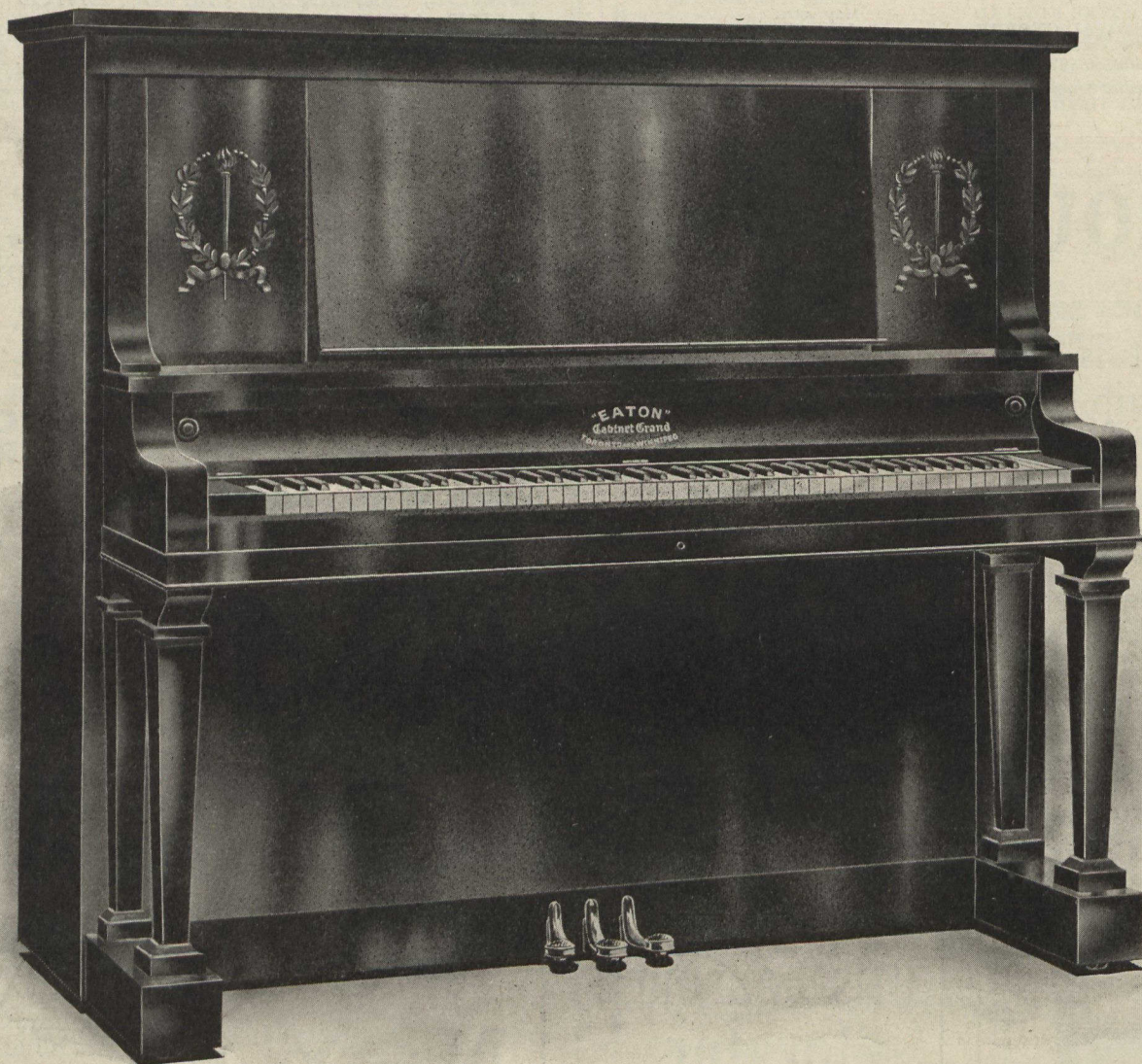
**TOURIST AND SUMMER RESORT
INFORMATION BUREAU**

WHETHER you are a subscriber to the CANADIAN
COURIER or not, our Information Bureau is at
your service. On application we will furnish information
concerning Summer Resorts, Summer Hotels and Board-
ing Houses, also Trips by Land and Water to any part
of the Dominion. Address

INFORMATION BUREAU, COURIER PRESS, LTD
12 WELLINGTON ST. EAST, TORONTO, ONT.

Please enclose stamped envelope for reply.

THE EATON CABINET GRAND PIANO



GUARANTEED FOR 10 YEARS

¶ The **EATON** Cabinet Grand Piano combines all of those features which appeal most strongly to the connoisseur, namely, elegance of style, beauty of finish, ease of action, absence of lost motion, a full rich singing quality, and durability which is unsurpassed. The accompanying illustration, which is a photograph of the original, should convince you that the **EATON** Piano will appear to advantage in any drawing room and we assure you that its mechanism is in perfect keeping with the outward appearance. We will give you a ten year written guarantee which covers every phase and feature of the workmanship and material. Furthermore you are allowed three months in which we ask you to test the instrument in every conceivable manner and should it prove unsatisfactory—you to be the judge—we will refund your money in full and pay the transportation charges both ways.

EATON PRICE **\$185⁰⁰**

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
TORONTO - - - CANADA

Old As You Feel
It's a simple matter of
Stomach and Liver. Take

Abbey's
Effer-
vescent **Salt**

SOLD EVERYWHERE. 31



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, the 24th JUNE, 1910 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between Utica and Uxbridge from the 1st JULY next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Utica, Uxbridge and Epsom and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT
Mail Service Branch.
Ottawa 6th. May 1910.
G. C. Anderson
Superintendent



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on FRIDAY the 24th JUNE 1910 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between Carlisle and Hamilton from the 1st JULY next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Carlisle and Hamilton and Route offices and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch
Ottawa, 6th. May, 1910
G. C. Anderson
Superintendent.

By Royal Warrant



to His Majesty the King

G. H. MUMM & CO.

EXTRA DRY

The most exquisite dry Champagne imported

Selected Brut

A superb Brut Wine of unsurpassed style and flavor.

There is probably not a club in the world where men of taste gather where the name of **G. H. MUMM & CO.** is not a synonym for the best champagne that can be had.

Royal Warrants have been granted to Messrs. G. H. MUMM & CO. by His Majesty King Edward VII.
His Majesty The German Emperor.
His Majesty The Emperor of Austria.
His Majesty The King of Italy.
His Majesty The King of Sweden.
His Majesty The King of Denmark.
His Majesty The King of the Belgians.
His Majesty The King of Spain.

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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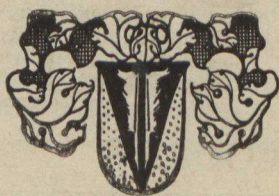


Editor's Talk

BASEBALL has at least a spectacular interest for the general reader, even if he be not interested in "safety zones" or "advantages of the bunt." Two teams of nine grown men struggling with each other for victory is not quite as much of a study when the players are workmen out for a holiday, as it is when the players are professionals drawing salaries from \$1,000 to \$10,000 a season. However, if professional play-actors, why not professional baseball players? Again—Mr. Hewitt, in this issue, opens up the question as to the influence of baseball on our national life. Here is a subject for the consideration of our musty old professors and those who have the Canadian-Club habit.

IN pursuance of our recent discussions as to whether the British preference has been lessened by the new commercial treaties with Germany, France and the United States, the question has arisen, "Will British goods ever be sold in Canada in large quantities?" Some phases of this are discussed in this issue by Mr. Arthur Hawkes, who recently wrote a series of letters for the *London Times* on this topic. Mr. Hawkes states some plain truths which should interest the business men of Canada as well as the British exporter. His conclusions, strangely enough, are much the same as the writer of "Reflections" in this issue reaches in regard to Canadian manufacturers. Both writers believe that the superior advertising of United States goods is the chief explanation of their present undoubted success.

NEXT week we hope to publish another of Professor Roberts' famous animal stories and another of Mr. Heming's graphic studies of Canadian life. Other special features will make the issue quite attractive.

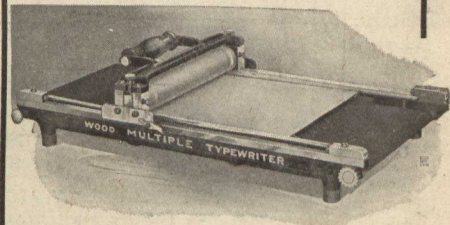


Excels for making



PURITY FLOUR

Wood Multiple Typewriter



PRODUCES original typewritten letters, notices, price lists, form letters, etc.

METHOD—Prints from metal type, through a ribbon. Type set by anyone. Speed, 800 copies per hour.

SAVES work of a dozen stenographers. Secures attention. Business results.

OUTFIT and PRICE—One Multiple Typewriter, type cabinet and accessories, etc. F.O.B. Toronto, \$75.00.

HEW. R. WOOD, LIMITED
STAIR BUILDING, TORONTO

CANADIAN HOTEL DIRECTORY

The New Russell

OTTAWA, CANADA
250 rooms
American Plan \$3.00 to \$5.00.
European Plan \$1.50 to \$3.50.
\$150,000.00 spent upon Improvements

La Corona Hotel

(The Home of the Epicure)
European Plan, \$1.50 up. Montreal

King Edward Hotel

TORONTO, CANADA
—Fireproof—
Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up.
American and European Plans.

Grand Union Hotel

TORONTO, CANADA
Geo. A. Spear, President
American Plan \$2-\$3. European Plan \$1-\$1.50

Hotel Messop

TORONTO, CANADA. F. W. Messop, Prop.
European Plan. Absolutely Fireproof

RATES
Rooms without bath, \$1.50 up
Rooms with bath, \$2.00 up

Calgary, Alberta, Can.

Queen's Hotel Calgary, the commercial metropolis of the Last Great West. Rates \$2.00 per day. Free 'Bus to all trains. H. L. STEPHENS, Proprietor

The Scrap Book

A Cutting Reply.

HE rejoiced in the pleasing name of Wood, and he prided himself on his jokes and smart repartee. One day he met a friend whose name was Stone, and, naturally, a name like that was too good a chance to miss.

"Good morning, Mr. Stone," he said, pleasantly; and how is Mrs. Stone and all the little pebbles?"

"Quite well, thank you, Mr. Wood; and how is Mrs. Wood and all the little splinters?"

* * *

Turning Away Wrath.

THE Abbe de Voisenon had been unfortunate enough to offend the great Conde and lose his favour. When the Abbe went to court to make his peace with the offended prince, the latter rudely turned his back on him.

"Thank Heaven, sir," the Abbe exclaimed, "I have been misinformed! Your Highness does not treat me as if I were an enemy."

"Why do you say that?" the Prince demanded.

"Because, sir," answered the Abbe, "your Highness never turns his back on an enemy."

The Duke of Wellington answered a similar insult with equal if more crushing cleverness. When the French King introduced one of his field marshals to Wellington, the marshal turned his back on his former enemy.

Louis Philippe was naturally indignant, and apologised to the Duke for such rude behaviour. "Pray, forgive him, sir," the Iron Duke said quietly. "I am afraid it was I who taught him to do that in the Peninsula."

* * *

He Missed It.

SMALL boys are not always as sympathetic as their relatives wish, but, on the other hand, they are seldom as heartless as they sometimes appear. "Why are you crying so, Tommy?" inquired one of the boy's aunts, who found her small nephew seated on the doorstep lifting up his voice in loud wails.

"The b-baby fell d-downstairs!" blubbered Tommy.

"Oh! that's too bad," said the aunt, stepping over him and opening the door. "I do hope the little dear wasn't much hurt!"

"S-she's only hurt a little!" wailed Tommy. "But Dorothy s-saw her fall, while I'd gone to the g-grocery! I never s-see anything!"

* * *

Lord Rosebery and the Bishop.

AMONGST the many good stories told of Lord Rosebery, one of the best is the tale of his walking from Berkeley Square one morning to his hatter's in Piccadilly to buy a new hat. The shopman took his lordship's hat to the back of the shop, leaving him standing bareheaded to be fitted on.

While Lord Rosebery was waiting a Bishop rushed in, and snatching off his hat, exclaimed to Lord Rosebery, whom he had obviously taken for the shopman: "Have you a hat like that?"

"No," replied the peer as he examined it critically for a moment, "and if I had, I wouldn't wear it." — *M. A. P.*

* * *

She Meant Well.

TEAZER: "Benedict does not seem happy with his wife."

Weazer: "No wonder. She tries to make home happy according to rules printed in a woman's paper." — *Cassell's Magazine.*

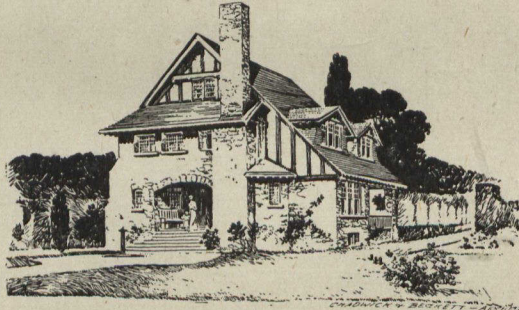
CALABASH



High Grade SMOKING MIXTURE

2 oz. tin costs	25c
4 " " "	40c
8 " " "	75c
16 " " "	\$1.50

PACKED IN HUMIDOR TINS



NATURE HAS BEEN GOOD TO LAWRENCE PARK

Nature, herself, performed the work of adornment long before the first sod was turned by man.

High above the turmoil of the city—640 feet, to be exact—Lawrence Park receives full benefit of the breezes from Lake Ontario, while the city's smoke and dirt are missed entirely. There are well laid lawns—beautiful winding avenues, marked by luxuriant shrubbery and shade trees; cement walks and pavements, houses of the newest architectural design, courts, beautiful terraced lawns, pergolas and seats.

A visit to the property will prove to you beyond a shadow of a doubt that Lawrence Park is the proper location for your new home. Investigate.

We have an unusually beautiful booklet which we will send to anyone interested in

LAWRENCE PARK ESTATES

(Dovercourt Land, Building and Savings Co., Ltd.)

24:ADELAIDE STREET EAST - - - - - TORONTO MAIN 7284
YONGE ST. OFFICE OPP. GLEN GROVE. OPEN 9 TO 5. PHONE N. 4894

Advertising and Profits

SEVEN DAYS
vs.
SEVEN HOURS

NOT every advertisement that is printed brings a profit to the advertiser. An advertisement must be planned for the medium used. The medium must go to readers who want the article advertised. These are the first and second commandments.

As for mediums there is an abundance, all of them good if properly used. The CANADIAN COURIER will sell some articles because it goes to the best buyers in every province of Canada. Its advertisements live for seven days, whereas an advertisement in a newspaper lives for seven hours. That explains why its space is worth seven times that of a newspaper with the same circulation. Can you figure that out?

CANADIAN COURIER

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TORONTO



T H E

Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL. 7

Toronto, May 21st, 1910

No. 25

REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

RECIPROCITY is being discussed by the manufacturing interests. The Canadian Manufacturers' Association is trying to devise a campaign against it. Last week the Council of the Montreal Board of Trade passed a strong negative resolution and the Chambre du Commerce also showed considerable opposition to the idea. In the near future, other resolutions of a similar nature will be numerous.

The Canadian manufacturer will not allow the promised negotiations to proceed without a strong protest. He has little fear of the British manufacturer except in a few special lines, but he has a genuine fear of the United States competitor. And justly so. The American is energetic, enterprising, and daring. He has a big, well-protected market at home and he has developed his business to a point where he can sell cheaply abroad. He realises that Canada is his nearest and most valuable market and he would like freer access to it. Therefore his Canadian rival does well to be afraid.

PERHAPS the greatest source of the American manufacturer's strength is his mastery of the art of advertising. He knows how to make a big noise and to keep the public informed of what he is doing. In this art, he can beat the Canadian manufacturer, who is a mere novice at the game. The best advertisers among the manufacturers of Canada are Americans running branch factories of United States industries. The American, more than the Canadian, realises the power of the press. He believes in "standing in" with the newspaper and the periodical publisher. He freely patronises the advertising columns and then sees that the newspaper publishers pursue a policy which suits his interests.

An example of this occurred some time ago in connection with the Canadian Courier. A paragraph appeared in one of our articles which, to the mind of an American manager of the Canadian branch of a United States factory, reflected upon his native land. He promptly drew our advertising manager's attention to it and withdrew from the paper.

Not that his advertising is done to influence the papers, but he counts on their being friendly in a business sense. He recognises that newspapers are business propositions, managed by business men.

ON the other hand the Canadian manufacturer is a poor advertiser. The International Harvester Company, for example, has a branch at Hamilton but does not do as much business in Canada as the Massey-Harris Company which is a purely Canadian concern; yet the International does a great deal of advertising and the Massey-Harris almost none. Again, take the boot and shoe business. Not a single Canadian manufacturer of boots and shoes does any advertising, although the Slater Shoe was advertised for a while. No one, outside the trade, knows the name of one of the dozen or more successful boot and shoe manufacturers in Canada. Yet American shoes are regularly advertised in Canadian publications.

Indeed, it would be safe to predict that reciprocity with the United States would mean millions of dollars additional revenue to Canadian newspapers and periodicals. If the barriers were lowered, American advertising would flow over the line in great quantities and every large publication would get its share, especially those with national or provincial circulations.

THE Canadian manufacturer is content to place his advertisement in the trade papers or in the C. M. A. organ, *Industrial Canada*. Why, think you, is it placed in the latter journal? It does not reach the consumer, since its circulation is confined to the members of the Association. That advertisement is inserted there because *Industrial Canada* advocates the manufacturer's interests. He forgets, or over-

looks, the fact that it is the buyers of goods to whom he should be advertising and it is to the great dailies and weeklies he should be looking for sympathy and support. That an advertiser should confine his announcements to other manufacturers, instead of to the great buying public seems so ridiculous that no sensible man would be guilty of it. Nevertheless it is largely the case. There are certain classes of manufacturers in Canada, making a combined annual profit running into the millions, whose announcements never appear in any journal except the organ of the Association, or in the trade paper which represents their industry.

HOW little support the average manufacturer extends to Canadian publications may be illustrated by an incident in which the writer was one of the participants. Some years ago when the low postage rate on United States periodicals and the high rate of duty on periodical printing paper gave the United States periodical publishers a monopoly in this market, a deputation from the Press Association met the Executive of the Canadian Papermakers' Association. The latter were asked to use their influence to bring about a better condition of affairs. Some of the paper-makers were quite sympathetic, but one large manufacturer absolutely refused to countenance any move in the matter. After the meeting was over, those in favour of helping the deputation from the Press Association apologised privately for the narrow attitude of the objecting paper-maker. That objector is now vice-president and prospective president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association.

Eventually a reform in postage rates was secured, and Canadian periodicals got a slight chance to do business, but no thanks are due to the Canadian Paper-makers' Association. They have never turned an official finger on behalf of the publishing trade, in which they are so vitally interested. Indeed, one of the greatest legal fights which ever occurred in Canada was undertaken by the publishers to prevent extortion on the part of the paper-makers.

THIS story is not told and these arguments advanced with any idea that the Canadian manufacturers can bribe the press of Canada to oppose reciprocity. That is impossible. Nevertheless it is best that the manufacturer should know just where he stands. As an advertiser of goods he is an infant in arms. As a cultivator of the press and of public opinion he is not a success. As a man who takes broad views on national questions, he is unknown. As a manufacturer he has done fairly well; as a maker of friends he has done poorly. When the question of reciprocity comes up for discussion, the Canadian manufacturer will get cold justice from the press of Canada and little more—since cold justice is all that he has given.

THE manufacturer should realise that the day of high protection is nearly run on this continent. In the future, the market will be for the man who can make the best goods and put out the most successful advertising. The United States tariff is coming down shortly; the Canadian tariff will never go up. The next moves will be for freer trade between Canada and Great Britain and between Canada and the United States. The Canadian manufacturer can meet these conditions only by making sure of his home market, by making his name or his brand a household word and a guarantee of quality. Unless he does this he will be ultimately displaced by the United States and British manufacturer who know the art of advertising. The cry "Made in Canada" was good advertising as far as it went, and the official of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association who coined and popularised that phrase did good work. But that one excellent achievement will not last for all time. Ultimately, the greater test will come, and only the manufacturer or the publisher

who produces the best article and the best advertised article will survive.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER is shortly to tour the West and he will listen to what the people of that portion of Canada have to say. He will find few people who will coax him to avoid reciprocity negotiations. He will find very few persons who desire to be protected from the well-advertised goods of the United States manufacturer. He will find that most people are quite willing that the United States business man shall reap the advantage which he has gained by keeping Canada flooded with United States advertisements.

While Sir Wilfrid is West, Mr. Fielding will be arranging the details of the reciprocity negotiations with the Washington authorities. This double campaign movement should be sufficient to convince the Canadian manufacturer that it is time to be up and doing. His day of idle autocracy is nearly over. There is to be a fight, a great fight, a fight for the control of the fastest developing market on the continent. Will the great body of public opinion side with Sir Wilfrid Laurier in his efforts to promote freer trade or will it side with the Canadian manufacturer?

TALK about how the farmer would be injured and how our natural resources would be depleted under reciprocity with the United States will not suffice to stay the hand of the Government. A cry that our relations with Great Britain will be injured will not go down with the public. The Canadian manufacturer must show that he is making honest goods at reasonable prices and that he is earnestly anxious to avoid taking any undue advantage. He must win over the politicians, the press and the public, none of whom are with him to any great extent at the present moment. No doubt there is much to be said on his behalf, but a strange silence fills the air. No doubt reciprocity with the United States would injure certain industries unless great care is taken in the framing of the treaty, but if those industries are unpopular how shall they be saved?

Will Mr. Borden and the Conservative Party turn in and save the manufacturers if they are threatened with a sweeping reciprocity treaty? Hardly. The Conservative party owes less to the manufacturers than the manufacturers owe to it. Will the farmers save the manufacturers? Not likely, because more farmers are free-traders to-day than in 1878. Will the press? This seems to be their only hope, but the interests of the press naturally lie with the American manufacturer who spends his money freely in printers ink.

The outlook is decidedly blue. There remains only the railways and the labour unions, and goodness knows what they will do.

BRTAIN has many peculiar journals, and occasionally the *Morning Leader* is more peculiar than *Reynold's Weekly*. The former in a recent editorial states that it is becoming clearer "that Canada's intention is to bar her doors to the British artisan." It goes on to show how soul-grieved it is over our ungenerous conduct in insisting that every immigrant shall have five pounds in his pocket when he arrives. It wails thus: "So we have the extraordinary situation of a British colony, won with British blood, protected by British arms and British ships, financed by British money and developed to a great extent by British toil, closed to British men."

Such tommyrot from a prominent London newspaper shows that all the ill-informed, ill-mannered journalists do not reside in Canada.

WESTERN Canada is booming, but the West must not get into the habit of thinking that the East is effete. Most of the eastern cities are growing steadily and surely, and almost as rapidly as the larger cities in the West. In spite of the drain on the East, of the large numbers moving West, the East is growing in population and wealth.

Toronto claims to have doubled its population in fifteen years and to now have 400,000 people. Its real estate is booming with the same fervour as in Winnipeg or Vancouver.

Montreal claims to have over half a million of people within its boundaries, and that this will shortly be increased to 600,000. Its citizens are as enthusiastic as any Westerners could possibly be.

St. John is now on the way to the 75,000 mark. Its bank clearings have more than doubled in ten years. Its winter shipping business has shown an increase of twenty millions in a decade. It is to have

a new dry dock, a new sugar refinery, eight new shipping docks, and a host of other improvements.

Halifax is booming also. The new naval college, the advent of the Canadian Pacific Railway as a real factor, the general growth of shipping and other features are stimulating the old city into new life.

And so it is all through the East. There is progress everywhere, except in a few of the smaller towns where the trade was mainly agricultural. The growth in the West is marvellous; the growth in the East is satisfactory. The difference in adjectives is more nominal than real.

NET earnings of the Canadian Pacific Railway show an increase of over eight million dollars in nine months. It looks as if the company would soon be forced to pay that ten per cent. dividend and allow its transcontinental rates to come under the tender care of the Railway Commission. Indeed, the ten per cent. is really being paid now. In 1909, the stock bonus was worth 9½ per cent., in 1908 about 7¼ per cent., in 1906 about 12 per cent. and in 1904 about 5½ per cent. Thus in seven years, 1904 to 1910 inclusive, the bonuses amount to 34 per cent. on an average of 5 per cent. a year. Five per cent. bonus plus seven per cent. dividend equals twelve per cent. Twelve per cent. was greater than ten per cent. when we went to school, but perhaps the laws of arithmetic have since been changed.

MONCTON'S Canadian Club has made a suggestion to the other Canadian Clubs of Canada and it should be acted upon. They have resolved that these organisations throughout the leading cities should emphasise the historical importance of Dominion Day and suitably commemorate the anniversary, with greater significance to the history, institutions, literature and resources of the country. The educational value of such work would be considerable. Most of our older citizens know too little of Canadian history and many of our newer citizens know nothing at all. If Dominion Day can be made a medium for the distribution of historical information it would acquire more significance as a national holiday.

CHICKEN LIVERS AND THE NAVY BILL

ON high, or thitherwhere they went, the constitutional authorities must have squirmed during the closing days of the debate on the Navy Bill. Or perhaps they grinned, as Roman augurs are said to have grinned when they met one another. One is disinclined to believe that the augurs did grin. On the contrary, the chances are that they took their auguring with the utmost seriousness.

So with the constitutional authorities; Maine and Bagehot, May and Creasy, Todd and Bourinot; not a man of them and their compeers who was not as earnest and as serious as any augur that ever looked into a chicken liver. And the connection between chicken livers and the Navy Bill lies this way:

In the year 67, the famous augur, Q. J. Remus, composed an obscure but monumental work on Divination by Chicken Livers. Of course, it was all utter tommyrot. But subsequent augurs studied it diligently, and then felt that nobody had any right to speak upon the subject of divination by chicken livers unless he was as well acquainted as themselves with the great work of Q. J. Remus. Subsequent augurs wrote commentaries upon Remus and then commentaries upon the commentaries—all of which every augur in good standing was compelled to study. One augur might passionately contend that a certain chicken liver portended storm, citing the eighth chapter of P. T. Brutus' disquisition upon the third book of Remus; while another might as vehemently maintain that, according to the decision of the augural general staff in the year 389, it portended calm. But both together would indignantly fall upon any contumacious outsider who suggested that there was no relation between chicken livers and the weather. What did he know about it? Had he read Remus and Brutus? Did he have the decisions of the general staff at his finger tips?

Just the same at Ottawa. The question was: Will the King be in command of the Canadian Navy? "Sure!" said both sides of the House.

"Why are you sure?" roared the Opposition.

"Because it's so stated in the Bill," answered Sir Wilfrid.

"Fiddlesticks," retorted the Borden hosts. "It's because the B. N. A. Act says so."

And then were invoked the shades of Todd, Maine, May and Co. The two sides believed the same thing, but they wanted to prove that they were right because of the dicta of their favourite augurs.

There should be a Q. J. Remus elected by the constitutional experts, living and dead. That the dead ones are really the live ones the believers that the former times are better than these will contend.

But there ought to be a supreme umpire to decide such cases for the parliamentarians of to-day.

RODEN KINGSMILL.

MEN OF TO-DAY

OUR SECOND OLDEST REGIMENT

TWO regiments of Canadians have attained the half century mark, the 1st Prince of Wales and the 2nd Queen's Own. The age of a regiment of militia, in this country, is indicated by its numeral. Number 1 is the oldest; number 2 the next, and so on up to somewhere about 110, which is a baby regiment in the newer West.

The Second Regiment, Queen's Own Rifles of Canada, to give them their full title, will celebrate their semi-centenary next month, the date of organisation being early in 1860. It is expected that about 5,000 ex-members from outside Toronto, and as many in Toronto, will join with the present members in a series of parades, at-homes, smokers and historical pageants. The latter is the chief feature and will be second only to the famous pageants at Quebec two years ago. Sir Henry M. Pellatt, the colonel of the regiment, has generously guaranteed the cost of these, and has brought a pageant-master from London to ensure their success.

On another page in this issue will be found a special flash-light picture of the regiment taken last week, with an inserted portrait of its commanding officer. The strength of the regiment is over nine hundred.

* * *

SIR HENRY M. PELLATT, KNT. A.D.C.

HENRY MILL PELLATT was born in Toronto and educated at Upper Canada College. He might easily have taken a university course, but he preferred to go into business at an early age. At fifteen he joined the staff of the firm of Pellatt & Osler, brokers, his father being the senior member of that firm, and the other partner being Mr. E. B. Osler, the well-known capitalist. When Mr. Henry Pellatt and Mr. E. B. Osler dissolved partnership, the firm became Pellatt &

Pellatt. Later, Mr. Henry Pellatt, Sr., retired, and the firm now consists of Sir Henry Pellatt, Mr. Norman Macrae and Mr. Reginald Pellatt, Sir Henry's son. Though still on the sunny side of fifty, Sir Henry is associated with some of the largest Canadian undertakings. He has been a director of the Crow's Nest Coal Company, and is still one of its largest shareholders. He is president of the Toronto Electric Light Company; a director of the Toronto Railway Company; a director of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company, and the British American Assurance Company. He has been one of the leaders in the recent amalgamation of the Dominion Coal Company and the Dominion Steel Company, and is a director of this huge new corporation. Sir Henry is also president of the Electrical Development Company and of the Toronto and Niagara Power Company—very large and important enterprises for the generation of electrical power at Niagara Falls, and its transmission to Toronto and throughout Ontario for commercial use. These undertakings alone involved an expenditure of \$10,000,000.

He is also vice-president of the Toronto Power Company, now in control of these two companies. Only this year he was highly complimented by United States capitalists who have elected him a director of the Twin City Railway Company of St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Outside of business Sir Henry has been interested in public movements of many kinds. As an evidence of this he is one of the trustees of Trinity University and a large benefactor of that institution. He is also one of the most prominent supporters of Grace Hospital and several other charitable institutions. However, his work in connection with the militia is probably even better known than his other public services. Starting as a private in the ranks about 1876, he found himself

in 1901 in command of the second oldest regiment in Canada. Four years previously he had been one of the officers from Canada to attend the Queen's Jubilee in 1897. The year after receiving command of the Queen's Own Regiment, he was given command of the Canadian contingent which visited London on the occasion of the coronation of the late sovereign. On the King's birthday in 1905 he received the order of Knight Bachelor for his services to the militia in Canada, for his assistance towards all Imperial objects and for his successful promotion of commercial and industrial undertakings.

Under Colonel Pellatt the Q. O. R. has become the largest and strongest military organisation in Canada. He found it a battalion and he made it a regiment. He found it in command of a lieutenant-colonel and adorned with two majors; he made it into a regiment of two battalions in command of a colonel and two lieutenant-colonels and with four majors as ornaments.

* * *

A HARD-WORKING OFFICER

THE second senior officer of the Queen's Own is Lieut.-Col.

Percy L. Mason, a prominent member of a well-known Toronto family. Lieut.-Col. Mason is not to be confused with Colonel James Mason, president of the Home Bank who was at one time Commandant of the 10th Royal Grenadiers. Lieut.-Col. P. L. Mason is by nature a soldier and by vocation a commission merchant. He joined the Queen's Own Rifles in September, 1882, became captain five years later, major in 1901, and lieutenant-colonel in 1906 when the regiment was divided into two battalions of six companies each. He has held prominent positions in the staff ride of 1899, two Niagara camps, and at the Royal Review of 1901. He was one of the officers of the Coronation Contingent in 1902, for which he wears a decoration. He also wears the Colonial Auxiliary Forces Officers decoration.



Premier Briand of France
Once a Socialist, now an Ultra-Conservative

FIRST CITIZENS OF FRANCE

WITH officially a bi-lingual Parliament, a French-Canadian Premier, a phalanx of seventy French-speaking members, with more than 30 per cent. of our population French, and a French treaty to boot—Canadians are supposed to be interested in French affairs. Some years ago Sir William Mulock, then Postmaster-General, learned French. Before breakfast every morning he took an hour in French conversation with a tutor. Sir William made good use of his French. When he visited France the year of the first Imperial Conference he was the guest of President Loubet, with whom he spent some days on the President's farm. They were both farmers. And the English-speaking Canadian minister talked to the French President in French.

President Fallieres, who has been head of the French Republic since 1906, is a lawyer. He was born in 1841. His first public office was the mayoralty of Nerac when he was still a young man. In 1876 he became a deputy. Four years later he was made Under Secretary of State at the Home Office. Thereafter he was successively Minister of the Interior, Minister of Justice, Minister of Education and Prime Minister. Eight times he was re-elected President of the Senate. Now as a genial, venerable, quick-witted old man he is nominal head of the great Republic.

The French Presidency is a great honour. But a French President may spend a good deal of his time merely figuring out the mathematical relations of the numerous factional parties. At the last election there were 2,678 candidates for 588 electorals; which is an average of five candidates to a constituency. The factions into which France is divided are Republicans, Radical-Socialists, Radicals, Independent Socialists, Progressivists, Royalists, Nationalists, and Conservatives — with symptoms of some others. How they manage to run a general election in France has never been included as a branch of higher mathematics. But the split vote problem must be extremely bewildering. One result of the party potpourri at the last election was that 231 of the candidates had to run all over again.

The French Premier Briand is example of a man who has run the gamut of political emotion. He was once so fiery a Socialist that a red tie on him would have looked pale green. He is now an ultra-Conservative. Having burned out his enthusiasm fires he is now an intellectual cynic. He is one of the most remarkable cases of political evolution on record.

It is generally taken for granted that a man holding a position of such high authority should be of unchangeable views. But M. Briand has proved that the impossible is occasionally possible.



President Fallieres
Of the French Republic



Lt.-Col. Percy L. Mason,
Queen's Own Rifles of Canada.

THROUGH A MONOCLE

THE ORIENTAL BAZAAR

THERE is much to be said for the Oriental bazaar as a shopping place. It is a little like an individualistic departmental store, except that it contains the wholesome element of competition. That is, you go down one alley-way, and you find a dozen shoe shops, cheek by jowl; and down another and you get a dozen hat shops. If you cannot get suited either as to article or price in one shop, you may in the next; and it is no farther from one to another than it is from one clerk to another behind the counter of the same store. Few merchants in the truly Oriental bazaars keep shops any larger than the reach of an arm when they stand up, and these little rooms are packed in together in rows like lockers in a golf club house—to use a modern simile. So shopping does not call for much walking. Moreover, each merchant provides a stool outside his shop on which the customer may sit while shopping, and, if the bargaining be prolonged—as it is likely to be when the customer is a native—he will probably send for a cup of coffee to refresh the bargainer.

* * *

NOW if you are through buying shoes and want shawls, it is quite possible that they are in the next street, which means no more in a bazaar than that they are in the next aisle. It is really no farther as a rule to go from one set of shops in a bazaar to another than it is to go from one department to another in a departmental store; and you have the advantage of going in the open air and finding brisk competition when you arrive. In Cairo, the bazaars have in some streets developed into something more like a street of modern shops—spacious and elaborately stocked places with a number of clerks. But this is the effect of European and American demands. Our people like to shop in large stores such as they have at home, and the alert Orientals are quick to meet their fancy. But the older and more native streets in the bazaars of Cairo still preserve the old character, and, while they may not sell so much to tourists, they are of far greater interest to travellers.

* * *

THE bazaar is usually covered. In Tripoli, its streets were chiefly roofed over with vines which had the advantage of being a shelter in summer and letting in the light and air in winter. The Oriental street is narrow—not as Europeans are so apt to imagine because he does not know any better—but for the beneficent purpose of making them cool. They are usually in the shade, and the roofed bazaars always are. An English colonel who had served long in India told me that the English had discovered the folly of abandoning the native custom of narrow streets in Bombay. Under the natives, Bombay had been a comparatively cool city; but where the English had run their broad boulevards across it, the heat was now intolerable. So the roofed bazaar is not a mistake but a wise precaution against the heat. As the air blows through it at will, it is never stuffy like our larger stores; and as the Oriental does not relish walking all over a city to make a few purchases, it really enables him to economise exertion. He could economise time if he valued it, but, as it is, he prefers to economise money by careful and patient bargaining.

* * *

A FEATURE of the bazaars is that they frequently make the goods there that they sell. One of the most interesting bazaars in Cairo is that of the goldsmiths, where in a couple of little lanes, in which two people can only pass with difficulty, scores of real artists produce the most costly things in fine gold. The value of the stocks here is enormous, but the diminutive huts in which they work would set our factory inspectors wild. Boys pass up and down selling soap for the workers, and it is very seldom that any one offers to sell the precious gold work to the passing traveller. These are not articles to be picked up at a chance bargain, but jewels and plate to be purchased after careful consideration and with still more careful examination. They have scales to weigh the gold that is in any object purchased, but the minute work costs more than the metal. The brass workers have another bazaar which is sufficiently noisy, and announces its position—like that of the perfumers—from far away.

* * *

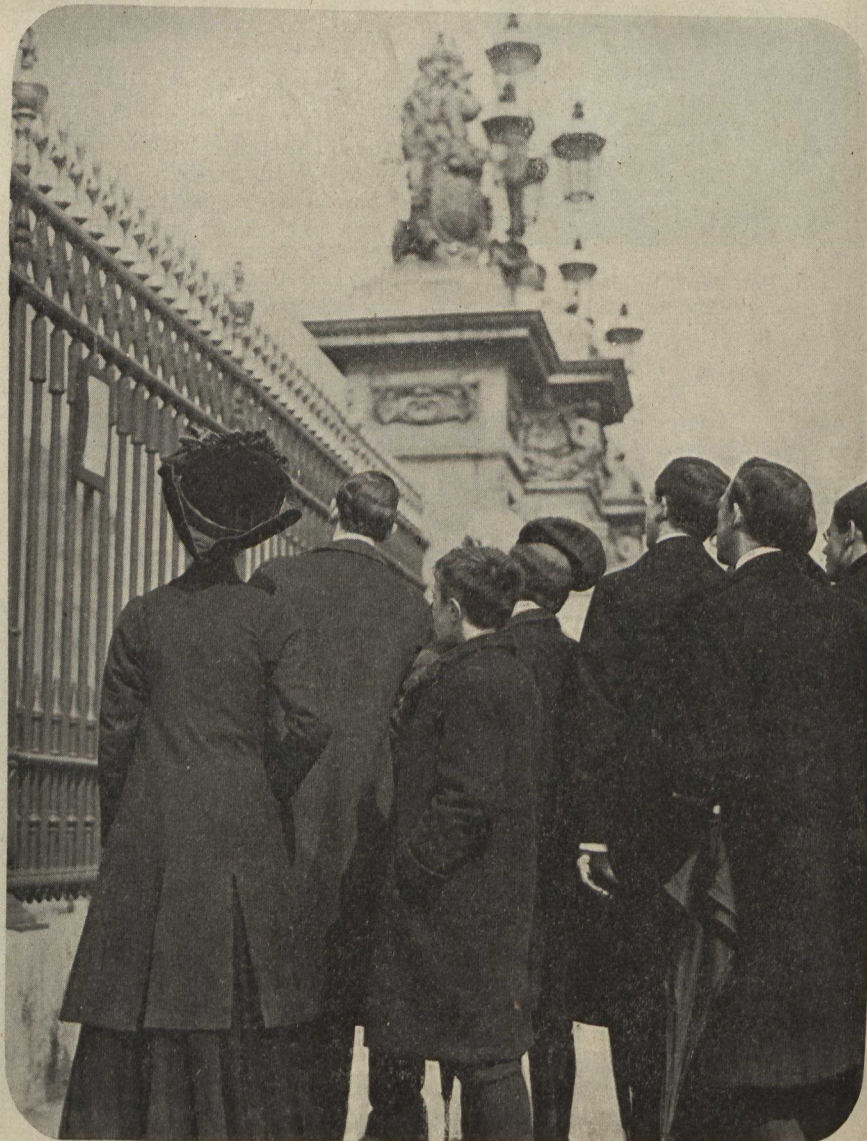
HERE in the East, you see the evolution of the shop from the workshop. What could be more natural than that the worker should sit in his workshop, open to the street, and hang his finished wares

on the walls about him where possible purchasers could suit their fancy. Then when they want to buy, he will stop work and bargain with them over the price. Under such circumstances, he would not be likely to have a fixed price, but would be influenced by the state of his stock and the power of the public demand. Our system of wholesale manufacture, middlemen and rapid and numerous sales compels a fixed price, but where a single workman merely sells off his own output as he gets it ready, and deals with the chance customer who appears at his door, he naturally gets what he can for each article, knowing that the laws of supply and demand are more powerful than any calculation of his as to the worth of his labour. This, too, accounts for his willingness to spend time in bargaining. Money which he earns by keeping up the price is quite the same as money which he could earn by making other articles; and it affords a change of occupation which must be restful. There is not, as with us, a worker who goes on working while another man sells, and who must have a fixed price for each article. In the East, the middleman is largely eliminated; but so is division of labour.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

HOW greatly the British royal family has become united with the royal houses of Europe is being summarised by the press. Princess Victoria, King Edward's sister, married Emperor Frederick of Germany and Emperor William II is their eldest son. King Edward married Princess Alexandra of Denmark and her brother is now King of that state. Princess Alice, another sister, married the Duke of Hesse and their daughter is Alexandra, Empress of Russia. Prince Alfred married the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia and their daughter is Princess Ferdinand of Roumania. Princess Beatrice married Prince Henry of Battenburg and their daughter is Queen Victoria of Spain. King Edward's daughter Maud married the King of Norway. These are the principal descendants of Queen Victoria, but there are also a score of princes, princesses, grand dukes and dukes who are grandchildren of Her Illustrious Majesty, to say nothing of great-grandchildren. Perhaps this enumeration partly explains the distinctive influence of Edward VII in European affairs and the great gap caused by his decease. King George can never hope to gain a similar prestige, because he is of a newer generation.

THE BULLETIN AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE



This picture shows a reverential group reading the simple announcement which indicated that the Greatest Monarch of His Time had passed away. This simple bulletin and the Royal Standard at half-mast, were the only symbols, but the telegraph wires and cables of the whole world were flashing fire in their effort to convey the news to millions of people—black, brown, yellow and white.

Copyright Photo by Central News.

A CALAMITOUS EXPLOSION IN A CITY OF CALAMITY



The great Vitrite-factory Explosion, at Hull, on Sunday Evening, May 8th. In this wrecked building two men were killed.



A Cement Mill, over one hundred yards from where the explosion occurred, but which was completely wrecked.



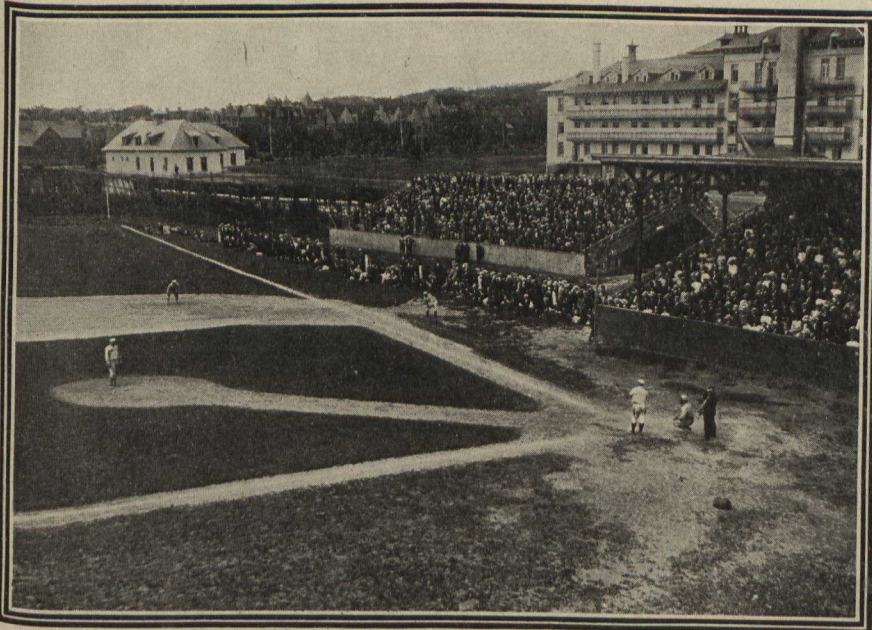
The Home of a man who was killed while sitting on his own doorstep. The two Cities of Hull and Ottawa were badly shaken.



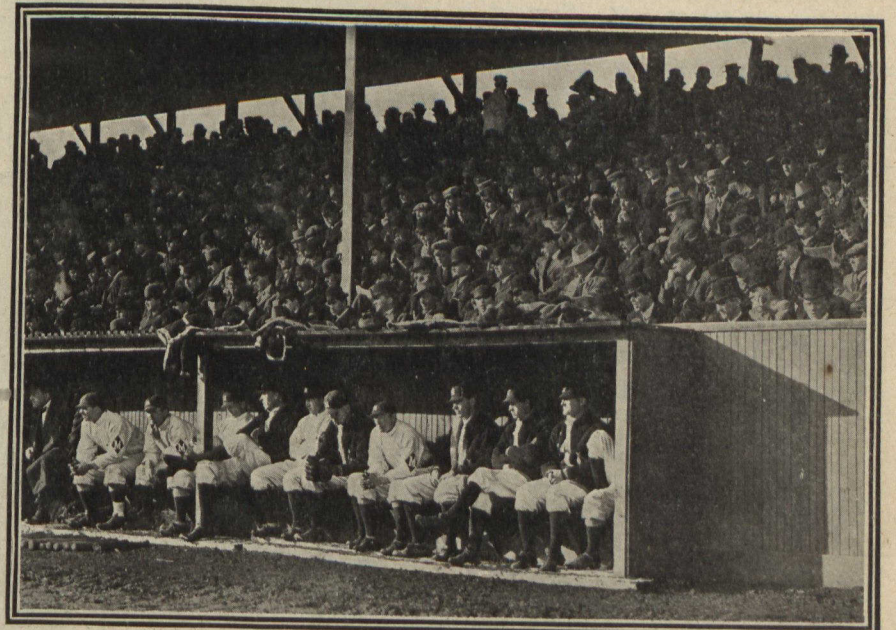
Here two little children were killed by the falling of the stones hurled from 150 yards away.

Photographs by Pittaway.

AMERICA'S NATIONAL GAME IN THE CITY OF MONTREAL



A Professional Baseball Game at Atwater Park, Montreal.



Opening Day—The Players' Bench and part of the Crowd.

Photographs by Gleason.



Toronto and Baltimore Baseball Teams at the Opening of the Season in Toronto on May 9th.

THE VITALITY OF BASEBALL

By W. A. HEWITT

THE revival in lacrosse throughout Canada this year has not retarded the progress of baseball to any appreciable extent; on the contrary it has stimulated the interest in the American national game to a degree hitherto unlooked for by the most ardent supporter of the game. The same boy that handles the lacrosse stick swings the baseball bat, the same adult that cheers him on throws his hat in the air when the home player at the ball game makes a difficult play, or jeers the unfortunate member of the visiting team should he happen to make an error. It is evident that it is in the blood—this wild sporting instinct—and is accentuated by any movement directed towards any particular game.

The inroad of baseball into this country has not been a matter of sudden or rapid development but a gradual and most thorough inculcation of a pastime that is presumed to have its beginning and its end in the great country to the south. The imaginary boundary line has not served to arrest the progress of the sport in the least, until to-day it can fairly be called "the game of the continent to which we belong." Frequent attempts have been made to popularise the game elsewhere, notably in the countries of Europe, but without success, although much has been written in the press the past year of the introduction of the game into Japan, where it has found a certain amount of favour.

Probably this phase of the situation has not appealed to the average Canadian or if it has he has passed it over lightly and has not given it second thought. Whither are we drifting? What effect on the national life of Canada has this irresistible invasion of a foreign game? What ideals are inculcated into the youth of the country? What manner of men will they make? It has been said that the battle of Waterloo was won on the cricket fields of Eton. What will baseball do for Young Canada?

Vital questions these that affect the growth and development of the country, political and otherwise. We are, I hope, truly loyal citizens, swearing allegiance to that great Empire on which we proudly boast the sun never sets. England is our mother country, yet we scornfully reject her national game of cricket. Spasmodically efforts are made to revive the sport but the experience of the promoters is usually a sad one. One of these periodic revivals is in full bloom in Toronto at the present time, but as yet has not met with any wonderful success. To tell the truth the game does not appeal to the Canadian temperament, being considered too ponderous and slow. There is not enough action for either the players or the spectators and by "action" is meant life and snap and verve. Like our American cousins we want our sport like our meals, hot off the griddle, sizzling and steaming with excitement.

What is it that makes us jump from our seats in a furious frenzy and hurl verbal imprecations at an inoffensive individual in a blue suit? Why do we rise in our fury and berate the unfortunate player who happens to fail at the critical moment to perform an impossible play? Why do we throw our hats in the air and shove our neighbour off his seat when the idol of the team knocks the ball over the fence and breaks up the game?

Why? Why? Why?

The answer is not so easy. We all do it, but we don't know why. Probably it's the spirit of the game that permeates the spectators as well as the players. In the motherland such an exhibition of feeling would not be tolerated. A feeble hand-clap

or an unemotional "Played sir," is the highest praise while a heavy silence covers a multitude of defects. The gentlemen in the long linen dusters are not subjected to ridicule or scorn and their decisions are always held in respect.

Baseball apparently gives us a very different code of sporting etiquette. We are taught to regard



The two little girls who presented President Powers of the Eastern League with a bouquet.

the umpire as the natural enemy of the home team. We cheer a decision in our favour; we jeer when the verdict is against us. The merit of the case seldom enters into our calculations. We are always looking for the long end of it and if it is not forthcoming the umpire gets his in copious quantities.

We sometimes lose our proper perception of the ethics of sport in the mad desire to win. Some of us cannot take defeat with good grace even though it has been a mighty struggle and the better team has won. Nearly 10,000 people witnessed two games in Toronto last Saturday. The first game went twelve innings and was, without exaggeration, one of the finest exhibitions of baseball ever seen in that city. Notwithstanding this, the fact that the home team lost had a curious depressing influence on the crowd and when the visiting team secured an insurmountable lead in the second contest the thousands in the stands jeered and ridiculed the players whom an hour before they had been praising to the sky.

Incidents such as this give us cause to reflect and wonder what effect such a game will have on the character of the rising generation and the national life of Canada.

Care of Immigrants at Winnipeg

THE frequent inquiries regarding, and the comments upon, the system of caring for and distributing the British immigrants in the prairie provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta has led this magazine to secure the following authentic information regarding the method in vogue.

From the 1st January of the present year until the 31st March, 3,956 British immigrants have made use of the Immigration Hall at Winnipeg, 2,956 of them having slept one or more nights in the building. Of this latter number 186 arrived in January, 299 in February, and 2,471 in March. The names and final destinations of these British immigrants were taken and recorded. The balance, slightly over 1,000, are British immigrants who used the Hall for greater or lesser portions of the day, and who were in Winnipeg in transit to destinations either in Saskatchewan or Alberta, or through the mountains to British Columbia.

Every train reaching Winnipeg from the east is met by at least three immigration officers in uniform of the Department, whose business it is to meet, greet, and advise British immigrants arriving in the city, either for farming in the province, residence there, or to change trains for points farther west and north. Such immigrants, having already been advised by uniformed officers at Port Arthur of the existence of a Government Immigration Hall at Winnipeg where they can have comfort and shelter without cost, are again informed of the existence of the immigration building and directed to it through the door at the east of the train shed. This work is conducted by English-speaking officers in uniform. The trains are met by them at any hour of the day at which they chance to arrive.

The Immigration Hall is open night and day; officers are on duty Saturday and Sunday, and are there to welcome and assist all who reach the Hall, either for temporary shelter of a few hours or a few nights, as the case may be. In the case of women and children these officers assist with the baggage, frequently carrying the young children, and doing everything that could reasonably be expected to assist the immigrant women with the little ones to the interior of the building.



Thirteen thousand people in the new Stadium at Toronto Island on May 9th, watched the players hoist the Union Jack to half mast in memory of a famous sovereign and a good sportsman.



King George as a Gunning Enthusiast



He has all the Englishman's love of Cricket.



The King as a Globe Trotter

King George V

ONE consolation in the death of King Edward and the accession of King George V—we've at last got kings so into the front of the stage that Col. Roosevelt becomes a temporary "super." It began to look as though the lion-killer was himself to crowd the British lion off the scene and become the real lion of Europe. Which he was in a fair way to do—when the King died and the new King came to the throne.

Nevertheless one of the sincerest mourners at the funeral of King Edward will be ex-President Roosevelt; and there could be no American citizen better worthy to represent the United States at the coronation of George V. Kings are the particular concern of America—including Canada; especially Georges. Two great Georges created the United States; George III and George Washington. It is in many respects a greater George who stands before the world to-day as the ruler of an Empire



The King Reviewing Naval Volunteers at Lambeth, London
One of King George's First Messages as King was Addressed to the Navy.

vastly greater than that which was reduced by the loss of America.

By no means an heroic figure—is King George. Taller than "Bobs," he sits not nearly so well on a horse. He is a little man; five feet six, about the height of his father. He looks so much like his cousin, the Czar of Russia, that he might almost be a twin brother—but between King George of England and Nicholas of Russia there is a very huge difference.

It is a fiction that the kingly office makes the man. But in these Imperial times the man who worthily occupies the throne of Great Britain has a great deal to do with making the office. King George has every care that his father had—and care helped to kill King Edward. He has had just as good parents as his father—and somehow for fine parenthood the world has never been able to beat the House of Guelph. The influence of that grand old mother at Windsor Castle still lives. One of the first things anybody in this part of the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.



King George V. as Prince of Wales, Inspecting 12,000 Canadian Troops at the Quebec Tercentenary, July, 1909.
Photograph by Pringle & Booth.



This is a suburb of the Town of Bassano in Southern Alberta. The string of box-cars in the background contains the settlers' effects of American Farmers, who pitch their tents here before hitting the trail north to the irrigation farms.

The Northward Hegira

Across the Border to Southern Alberta

By NORMAN S. RANKIN

"THE West is in a class by itself, these days, and moves quickly," said the Old Timer to the Tenderfoot, as they stood on the station platform at Bassano, and gazed at the surrounding scene. "This is the Last West, too, an' these men knows it," and he pointed a lean, brown forefinger at a string of newly arrived box-cars, from which threescore odd settlers were busily engaged unloading household effects. "Why, Lord love ye, boy, I mind this here town but two years ago, when it weren't no town at all, but jist plain, virgin prairie, same as that out yonder."

The Tenderfoot shifted his gaze from the busy scene before him, and looked over the prairie. North, south, and east, it undulated away into the distance, where unbroken it melted into the horizon or lost itself in the indigo tints of the sky; to the west—120 miles away—a range of mountains, the Rockies, white-capped and jagged, thrust themselves aggressively heavenwards, demanding consideration.

"Some Country and Some Town, Too."

A sense of openness, bigness, freeness, saturated the atmosphere, and he felt himself possessed of a peculiar exhilaration of spirits. "This sure is some country," he said, as his eyes returned to the busy homeseekers, and he drew a deep breath.

"Some country, and some town, too," returned the Old Timer, in a confidential tone, "and these here settlers from across the line is what done it—aye, an' is doin' it yet. Why, Bassaner, as I know'd it fust, was only a jumpin' off place—a pitchin' spot fer the night; a grazin' ground fer the buffaloes and fer thousands of cattle; it weren't no good, the land, 'ceptin' for cattle runs, they sez, when they axed 'em; no use fer ter plant nothin' in; nothin' 'ud grow; nothin' 'ud thrive; nothin' 'ud live. Of course the cowmen didn't wanter see no bloomin' farmers buttin' in on their territory. Not on your life, sonny, not on your life."

"Well, and it's growing something now," queried the Tenderfoot inquiringly.

"Growin' somethin'! Growin' somethin'!" ejaculated the Old Timer, savagely, biting into a huge plug of tobacco. "Wall, I calculate. Growin' the finest grade o' spring an' winter wheat ye ever heard tell on. Anywheres from 25 to 40 bushels to the acre. Growin' the highest class o' barley, flax an' oats; oats 60 to 100 bushels to the acre; growin' the tarnationist largest class o' potatoes ever seen—200 bushels to the acre. Growin' somethin'! Wall, I just reckon, but say, you can't know nothin', kid; you must be a stranger round here," he finished disgustedly.

"No, I don't know much about this country yet," said the Tenderfoot quickly, "I just come in, like the settlers you spoke of, just blew in with all my spare cash in my hip pocket, and youth, health and enthusiasm to back it with; perhaps, as you say, like the rest of us in the box-cars over yonder, I'll



Glad we came? Well, I guess yes! "You certainly can't beat this country." No sir!



Artesian Well in the Dry Belt, water at 35 feet.

help make it, too. Heard across the line that it was a great country, and thought I'd come over and see; got sick of farmin' down East, long cold winters, harder kind of work, small returns, abnormal rent, precarious future, and all that sort of thing. And," he finished frankly, "this looks good to me."

I was an interested listener to the foregoing conversation, as I stood, unseen, leaning against the platform railing behind the speakers. They were typical representatives of the West's past and present; the rough, successful, ungrammatical, good-hearted old pioneer, who had ridden the plains for twenty years past, had chased the buffalo, and mingled with the redskin in the picturesque days now gone forever, and the self-reliant, aggressive, determined young fellow, satisfied in his ability to make good, happy in the move he had made, and confident of ultimate success.

Beginning the Big Trek.

Across the track, in the deepening twilight, the settlers busied themselves preparing for the night. From the box-cars in which they had travelled from the States, they tumbled their effects in great stacks on the prairie, covering them with huge canvas sheets, or loaded them directly into prairie schooners, which they backed up against the car doors for the purpose. Others pitched diminutive tent shelters into which mother and father and children retired for the night, with the cow, the horse, and the pig and the chickens tethered nearby. A regular village of tents they formed. What a significant link they made, I thought, as I looked them over, in the great chain of settlers, so steadily streaming northwards into the far Red Deer country. Day after day, in a cloud of dust, they disappeared over the rising prairie in their great lumbering wagons, children, dogs, poultry, utensils, lumber to build the house, seed for the farm, hay for the horses and implements for operations, all packed promiscuously together into the carts; so characteristic of the hegira that is taking place back to the land, on the part of our neighbours from across the line.

As a whole, a fine-looking lot of people; people with fine faces, full of character; splendid physiques, evidently filled with optimism and ambition, happy in anticipation of the fact that they themselves would soon take possession of farms of their own. Three thousand of these people have already trailed north this year from Bassano and one or two other points in the Irrigation Block, and still they come—never ceasing. And they bring capital, most of them experience, and all of them determination, courage and zeal.

Of course this is not one-half, one-third, or even one-eighth the total number of homeseekers who have already, this season, crossed the border into Canada, and settled throughout the three great prairie provinces. The April immigration from the United States to Western Canada numbered 20,000, while last week alone our neighbour sent six thousand to swell our population.

So great has been the rush this season that officers of the Colonisation Bureau of the Interior Department have pitched tents, 16x24, near the Canadian Pacific Railway station at Bassano, one to be used as a kitchen, amply supplied with cooking utensils, and the other as a dormitory, furnished with bed springs, mattresses and blankets. Both of these tents are at the disposal of the settlers, who, needless to say, take full advantage of them. The Dominion Government has also caused to be erected similar tents at camping points throughout the Red Deer country, to aid the settler who has not an over-abundance of funds.

It is evident, from the appearance of these settlers, that Alberta is securing a class of farmers of most desirable character, experienced, competent and capable of developing into citizens who will be a credit to their adopted country, and who will eventually cause the virgin prairie to blossom like a hothouse rose.

The West of the Old-Timer.

A WRITER who toured the plains by buckboard in the old range days of 1881 well depicts the cowboy days that came before the railway era and the wire fence. Speaking of the country round about Calgary, some of it the irrigation belt now being invaded by American farmers, he says: "On the ranch they have now about 6,000 head of cattle, including 55 good bulls. It is intended, however, by the end of October, to bring the herd up to 7,200. The cost of Montana and Oregon cattle (the kinds brought in here) is about \$23 per head, as the transport from Montana is rather slow and expensive, the average day's march being only about ten miles. There are three kinds of bulls employed on this ranch, Shorthorns, the Herefords and Polled Angus. There is plenty of timber easily available, but as yet nothing worth mentioning has been done in the way of building on account of the difficulty of securing labourers and mechanics. There is plenty of room for farm labourers in this country. Good handy 'cowboys' receive \$40 per month and board, and halfbreeds from \$35 to \$40 with board of course. City-bred men are of little use here until they have learned to rough it and 'got into the ways of the country,' but for farmers' sons and energetic farm labourers the opening is an excellent one. The sort of life they lead here is very different from that of farm labourers in Ontario. A great deal is done here on horseback. It is unwise to go near a herd of Montana or Oregon cattle on foot, and those who have had the most experience with them will always be the last to venture in doing so, as the danger of being trampled to death merely to satisfy the curiosity of the cattle is altogether too great. There are also in the Cochrane ranch 260 broncho mares, which it is intended to breed to stallions of various breeds. They also intend to put large numbers of sheep in the range. At this point in the conversation Dr. MacGregor asked one of the gentlemen what he thought



Business part of the Town of Bassano, where thousands of new farmers will become customers.

of the agricultural capabilities of the Bow River country. His reply was particularly unique in its character. He said: 'There is plenty of excellent agricultural land'—his companion here gave him a very peculiar glance, and he finished the sentence by adding—'five or six hundred miles from here.'



Happy family! Washing-machine good as new, baby carriage good for years to come; all ready-loaded for the outward trail.

Again he eulogises the splendid scenery of that part of the West:

"During the afternoon there had been several rain storms and snow squalls careering among the peaks, and even the trail was threatened once or twice with rain, but just before sunset the sky cleared in the western horizon, and the warm sunlight peering through the cloudy passes and dark, sullen ravines made them send up curious little puffs of vapour, that, curling over some of the sharp conical peaks, were singularly suggestive of a smoking volcano, while others floating higher in the clear sky and catching the slanting sunbeams, looked like little islands of fire floating in a translucent sea of amber and lemon gold. As the sun sank lower the heavy curtain of rain cloud that still hung over this bright horizon caught the declining sunlight; first its festooned edges were fringed with gold, but swiftly its great curling folds changed from leaden blue to dun and buff and from that to rich gold and bronze, and as the sun sank still lower they grew brighter and brighter till away up almost to the zenith the great cloud curtain was all aflame with orange and crimson. The sun was now hidden behind a great pyramidal mountain, but a misty plume hanging from its peak and trailing down its northern slope caught the sunset splendour and looked like a fiery volume of lava pouring down its dark shadowy side. Still, though the snow peaks were edged with fire, all below was in deep shadow and shrouded in a dark thin vapour of purple and blue, while the inky storm clouds in the east drifted about in threatening billowy masses, with here and there a rift revealing a dark cold sky of intense steely blue."



United States box-cars over the Soo Line into Southern Alberta. Three thousand settlers and families, horses, cows, chickens and household goods have traileed North into the Red Deer country this year.

BRITISH GOODS IN CANADA

By ARTHUR HAWKES

The problem of how the British manufacturer is to sell goods in the greatest British self-governing colony is at present very much alive. It got a strong boost at the time of the tariff settlement between Ottawa and Washington. It was earnestly raked up at the repeal of the German surtax and the readjustment of the French treaty. Fore and aft and from all sides critics contended that the British Preference was being swamped for the sake of foreign bargains. On the other hand it was argued that the Preference has been very largely an optical illusion; the British manufacturer had not risen to the occasion; in short it was Canada's business to buy anywhere she chose at most advantage to herself; if need be let sentiment flicker and John Bull

go his own gait, working out his own salvation.

In the following article Mr. Arthur Hawkes ably sets forth the actual conditions, previously alluded to in the editorial columns of the CANADIAN COURIER. Mr. Hawkes is an Englishman who after years of studying public questions as an English journalist, came to Canada, first as editor of the Toronto World, later as managing editor of the Monetary Times, and now as chief of the publicity department of the Canadian Northern Railway system. His articles on Canadian development are among the foremost appearing in the very best magazines both in America and England. He has recently been back again to England studying commercial problems at first hand.

FROM the British point of view, the commercial side of Imperialism is the dominant side, however keenly you may feel that patriotism should flourish in a pure flame of self-denial. Wherever the English-speaking man has subdued some remote part of the earth he has always managed to make a profit out of the venture. The Empire has been made that way. It must be maintained that way.

No amount of trading with the alien could compensate for decline of commerce between ourselves. The British position has been fundamentally affected by the industrial development of other countries. Great Britain must buy food or perish. Other countries are not so dependent on importing her manufactures as she is on securing the staff of life from them. Canada has no need to worry about a market for western wheat. Western Canada would never suffer, observably, from the lack of British goods. The British manufacturer has to fight for the Western Canadian market; for the American is there, and the German, having obtained the removal of the surtax, is a twice formidable competitor.

There has been a great increase in British sales to Canada. But, as Cecil Rhodes used to say, the comparative is everything. If, with all the emigration of British-born people to Canada the American is increasing his sales in Canada faster than the Britisher is, it is time for the Britisher to take more careful stock of the situation.

People Buy What They Want.

No device that you can induce a free people to accept will compel them to buy what they don't want. The sum of statesmanship is the intelligent anticipation of events. The sum of commerce is the intelligent anticipation of wants.

"These are the goods we make. If you like them will be glad to sell them to you. If you don't like them, I'm sorry. Good-day." That is the proper attitude of him who imagines that trade travels in cast-iron ruts.

"I hope you'll like these goods, but if you don't, and will tell me how you would like them made up, we will try to meet your requirements." That is the attitude of the man who knows that trade moves in liquid channels.

There has been a fine increase in the number of British business men who visit Canada to size up conditions. There has been a lessening of the eagerness to press advice upon us—a growing acknowledgment, if you like, of the simple truth that the customer is king. There is room for more intercommunication. The British Government has recognised that in the appointment of Mr. Richard Grigg as His Majesty's Trade Commissioner to Canada, with correspondents reporting regularly to him, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. But that service, admirable as it is, is only a circumstance to what it ought to be, when His Majesty's Board of Trade really becomes a master in the Israel of Trade.

The United States Government has trade correspondents in every minor as well as major commercial centre of Canada, whose reports appear in the daily bulletins that are distributed, in myriads, from Washington. The American manufacturer has another advantage—last year the Canadians spent three million dollars in buying American periodicals filled with the advertisements of American goods. Now, advertising brings results in North America, and continues to bring results whenever the goods justify the advertisement.

The Britisher, then, is up against two propositions—preparation and propaganda. He starts with one tremendous advantage, the blessing of which he too often fails to turn to account—his goods are honestly made. When you allow the disadvantages of your advantage to outweigh the advantages, you are journeying in the wrong direction. Take an example.

English shoes are stronger than those that are chiefly bought in Canada. Shoes are a grievous burden to thousands of fathers whose children are

as numerous as they ought to be, and as mobile as Canadian children are. It takes no more leather to make a shapely shoe than it does to construct an ugly one. The English maker can buy outright the best American machinery, whereas the American maker can only rent it, on less advantageous terms. The Englishman could do exceedingly well in Canada if he would make shoes that look as good as they are. A beginning has been made. As one of the fathers who watches his children's capers with mingled pride and alarm, I hope it is only a beginning.

It is as necessary to rub in this kind of thing as it is to insist in Canada that the Old Country is not merely an aggregation of decayed industries, holding out their hands for alms. "We should like to sell to Canada," said a manufacturer to a London friend of mine, "but our goods are not suitable"—and left it there. The German does not talk like that.

The Sublime Indifference.

Two years ago, I came east from Edmonton with a party of British journalists. At Port Arthur we inspected the Atikokan Iron Works, just started as the first smelting industry between Lake Superior and the Pacific Slope. One of the journalists, from Tyneside, did not trouble to inspect the furnace. "Why should I?" he asked. "It is a very tiny affair beside ours at home."

In 1905 I visited the largest wholesale dry goods house in London. They boasted that, in a nine-storey building they had neither a passenger elevator, a typewriter nor a telephone. At another famous dry goods house I was told that they did not like new customers with small orders.

The Blackburn Chamber of Commerce sent a delegation to investigate the market conditions in China and other countries, including Superintendent Parker of the Textile Department of the Technical School. Mr. Parker collected specimens of weaving. He showed a book of Russian prints to a Blackburn manufacturer. "Dost ta me-ean t' sa-ay 't these wor ma-ade i' Rooshia?" asked the manufacturer. Mr. Parker said they were. "Then I we'ant believe tha," was the answer.

Assume that your British manufacturer is ambitious for Canadian trade, that he realises he must really compete against Canadian and American manufacturers, and that he is prepared to adapt his goods to the market, what is his propaganda to be? Here is the veritable crux and test of his capacity. Manufacturing is comparatively easy, because you can absolutely control your machinery and staff. But the art of salesmanship is as various as human nature itself. A mechanic who can make a motor car can make ten thousand. But to sell the ten thousand—ah! there's the problem.

The Problem of Salesmanship.

Hugh Chalmers, before he was thirty-one, rose from office boy to general manager of the National Cash Register works at Dayton, Ohio. He abandoned his job and salary of seventy thousand dollars a year to start an automobile factory. He knew nothing about the making of automobiles, but he did know how to sell. He has orders that will keep his enlarged works busy for two years. But he is advertising just as strongly as if he were beginning business. He believes in a waiting list. More, he understands that advertising, properly done, is an investment, and not an expense, to be charged against to-morrow's returns. Here, again, is a vital test of British trade extension in Canada.

Nobody objects to capital expenditure on a building in England in which to produce all the goods he expects to sell in Canada. He does not expect the first batch of orders to pay for the factory. But the bricks and mortar which shelter his plant from the weather are the least essential part of the structure in which his profits are really to be produced. What is the good-will of a business except the public's favourable knowledge of it?

Burn the factory and the good-will is unimpaired. Advertising is good-will. By judicious advertising you lay reputation on reputation exactly as you lay brick on brick in the factory. Good-will is a house, not made with hands, but with brains, and kept standing with brains.

If you expect to build up a trade in Canada, you must, therefore, go about the job in the same way that you tackle the location and erection of a factory. You will no more produce a trade from a single advertisement than you can protect your plant by a single brick. You must not be content with the kind of advertising that was satisfactory twenty, ten, even five years ago.

Next to your customer—perhaps before him—the most important man to think about is your competitor. He advertises; and you must meet efficiency with efficiency. Many advertisements are mixed with printers' ink. Mix yours with brains. Using big space is not the only way to advertise. All great intellects are not housed under big hats.

Jones and His Boko.

I have seen British advertising in Canada that makes the American competitor laugh, and the British sympathiser sorrow. Here is a commodity that was in use everywhere in England before this age of liberal advertising arrived—when, to talk of the psychology of advertising was to put yourself down an ass. Jones' boko was the only boko on the market for twenty years. Every grocer sold it long before it appeared on the hoardings. So, in England, if a lady asked her grocer for Jones' boko she was sure to get it.

But in Canada nobody uses Jones' boko. Other bokos are plentifully used, and therefore if Jones wants to make a mark in Canada he has got to do something more than say in newspapers, "Jones' boko." He must secure the housewife against disappointment when she asks her grocer for it. And in his advertisement he had better tell the good lady something more than that his boko is the best. For if people will read seven words of an advertisement they will read seven lines—if the lines are written with knowledge of the housewifely round and of the qualities of boko.

No sane man will think of proposing hard and fast lines for business propaganda in Canada. Advertising is wooing the public. A "Complete Guide for Lovers" will never be published. The most experienced practitioner of the art can only hope to give a few general hints, and to leave the application of them to the time and place—and the girl.

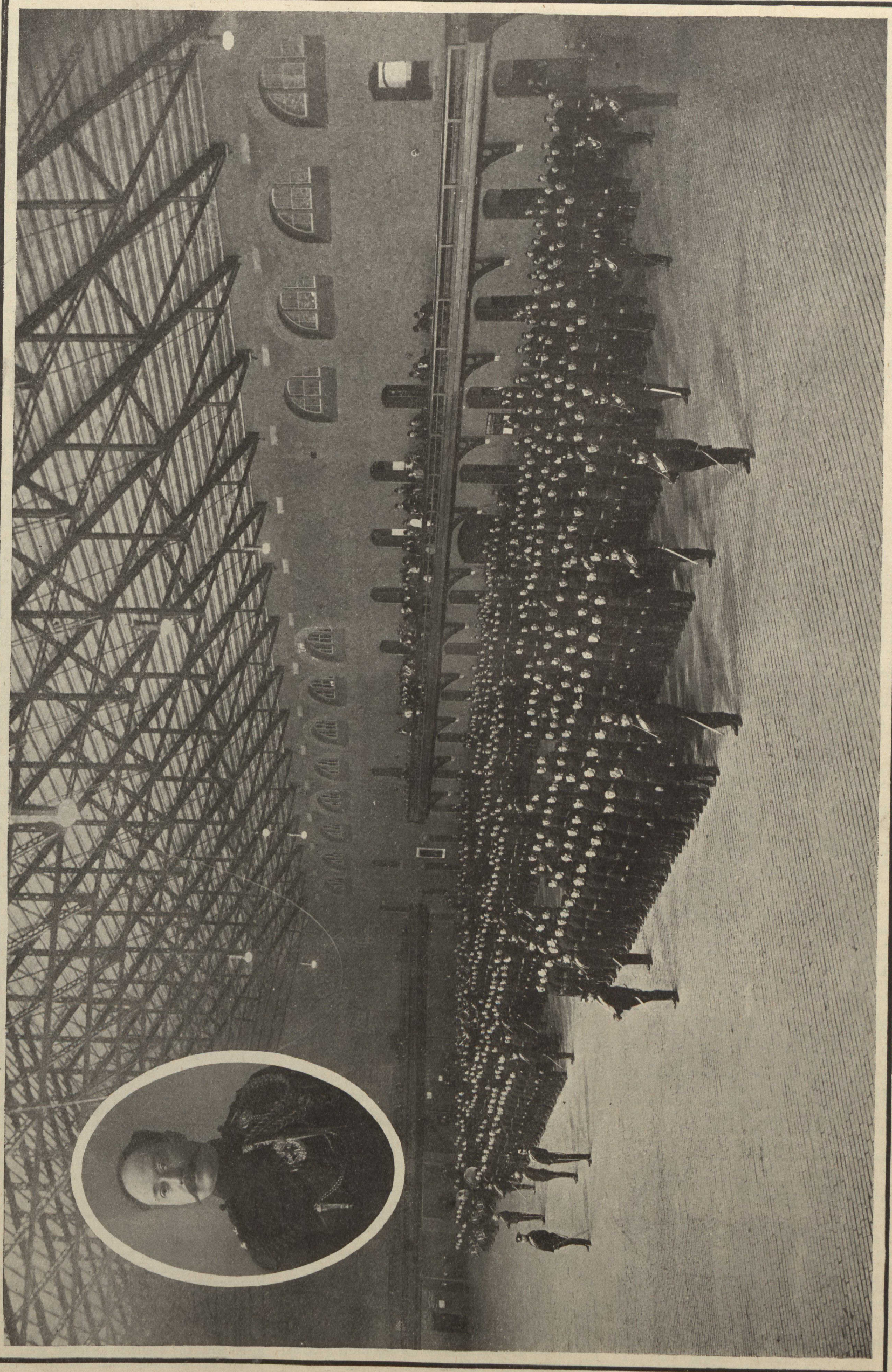
The Premier Province

ONTARIO still leads as the wealthiest province in the Dominion. The increase-ratio is remarkable. It is necessary only to note the figures for ten years. Note the increase in the values of farm lands, buildings, implements and live stock in 1908 as compared to 1899:

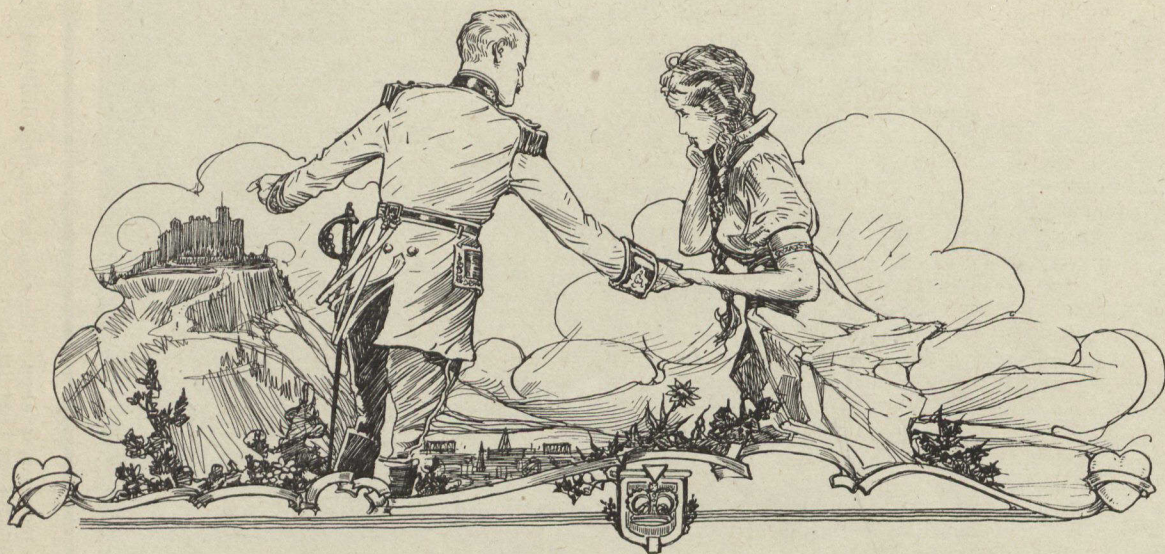
Land—	1899.	1908.	Increase.
	\$563,271,777	\$ 671,531,018	\$108,260,241
Buildings—			
	213,440,281	288,180,121	74,739,840
Implements—			
	54,994,857	74,485,730	20,490,873
Live Stock—			
	115,806,445	186,014,756	70,208,311
	\$947,413,360	\$1,220,211,625	\$273,099,265

To this it is only necessary to add that the production in 1909 aggregated over \$200,000,000, being almost double that in 1899. These striking results, coupled with the elaborate efforts to foster agriculture, prove that in spite of the keen competition of the young giants of the West, Ontario still maintains her premier position and Ontario is still a good place to farm.

THE LARGEST AND SECOND OLDEST REGIMENT IN CANADA—1860-1910



The Queen's Own Rifles of Canada will celebrate their Semi-centennial, June 18th to 24th. It is expected that about 5000 ex-members will gather from all over the Continent. The above picture was taken at the regular evening drill last week. There were 760 men on parade. In the upper left is the portrait of Colonel Sir Henry M. Pellatt, Knt., A. D. C., the Commandant. Lt.-Col. Percy L. Mason commands the First Battalion, and Lt.-Col. E. F. Gunther, the Second Battalion. Lord Roberts is Honorary Colonel. Copyright, Canada. 1910, by F. W. Micklethwaite, Toronto



A Mummer's Throne

A New Serial by the Author of "The Sun-Dial," etc.

By FRED. M. WHITE

CHAPTER III.

LE ROI S'AMUSE.

THE hope of Montenana went off, clean shaven and flannelled and immaculate to his destruction. As in duty bound, Prince Florizel made something in the way of a protest, but the thing lacked conviction, and the king merely smiled. Was not he released from bondage now? Was not Rutzstin still imprisoned in his darkened room? Besides, it was perfect May weather, and all the world was sweet and young and fair.

"There will be a devil of a row presently," Prince Florizel said. "Really, old chap, you are going it, you know."

The king turned up his moustache complacently. "Oh, I know it," he said. "My dear Florizel, this is the chance of a lifetime. Besides, it isn't likely to last long. And she really is the dearest, sweetest, most fascinating—"

Prince Florizel went off hastily. He had heard a good deal of the adjective complimentary for the last day or two. Besides, he was young himself, and he had his own dish of little fish to fry. So the king went off into the heart of the sweet May morning, whistling blithely, as gallant a specimen of a young gentleman as the heart of shy maiden would like to meet in a day's march. There was nothing about him regal now. He was not borne down by the spirit of his ancestors. He was merely a healthy, wholesome young man, very much in love and bent upon making a fool of himself without the least possible delay.

So it came about presently that he and Nita Reinhardt were drifting down a silver stream under the shadow of the city walls out into the shade of the woods where the bluebells lay like a carpet, and the air was faint with the smell of pale primroses. It was nothing to King Fritz now that in yon frowning tower an ancestor of his had been put to death. It was nothing to him that another progenitor had set siege to that fair city, and carried it at the point of the sword. He had forgotten his pedigree, his ambitions and expectations, he had even forgotten grim old Rutzstin himself. It was impossible that he should remember these trivial things, or recollect the sighs of hopeless princesses whilst he was looking into the fathomless blue eyes of his companion. He did not know and, incidentally, he did not care that certain rumours were floating about the cheap press, and that already some enterprising journalist had proclaimed the fact that the ruler of Montenana was missing. What did it all matter?

They drifted on and on down the bosom of the shining silver stream till they came at length to the place where they were going to lunch. It was a fairy meal altogether, the kind of feast that Oberon and Titania might have sat down to what time Puck stood slyly by and made fun of them. And when it did come to an end they went back to the boat again, and floated on between the level meadows down to Camelot, or so it seemed to King Fritz. It was enough for him that he should lie there on those silken cushions listening to the voice of his companion. And then he began to sketch out

plans for the future, whereupon the little actress sighed.

"Do you object?" the king asked anxiously.

"Object, why should I? But it is altogether nonsense, delicious nonsense, but nonsense all the same. Have you already forgotten your hopes and aspirations?"

"I did not know that I had any," the king replied.

"Why, of course, you have. You would be the first of your name if you hadn't. Think of the possibilities of life before you! You are young and brave and clever. You are the first popular ruler that Montenana has ever had. Under your guidance she may be a great country some day. I shall want to feel proud of the old place. It will be a great joy to me if anything I said encouraged you."

The king glanced at the sweet, grave face.

"What do you know of Montenana?" he asked. "I was born there," Nita went on. "It is my native place. My father lived up in the mountains beyond Rusta where he had a farm. Some time when I know you better I will tell you the history of my life. But not just yet."

"Tell it me now," the king commanded. "It is not for a subject of mine to speak to me in that fashion. And so you are of the same country as myself. Well, I am glad to know that. It will be a pleasant surprise for my people one of these days."

"Don't they know it already?" Nita asked, with a demure smile. "But they are a simple people, and would have but little sympathy with a life like mine. Some day, when you are married, your wife might be amused when you tell her of this episode. But I am talking nonsense now. I have been thinking about you, and I see now that I had no right to come on these expeditions at all."

"Why not?" the king asked eagerly. "Don't you feel safe with me? Because I happen to be born to a throne, am I to be deprived of all pleasures? Besides, I shall never marry now unless—"

Discretion stood by the king's elbow for a moment. Perhaps he was conscious that he was going just a little too far. But the scent of the spring was in his blood now. The air was fragrant with the subtlety of the primrose.

"I won't marry one of those women," he declared vehemently. "Why should I be hawked about Europe like this? Why should I have to consult Russia and Austria and Germany before I can make my choice? And between ourselves, my dear child, these princesses are a pretty commonplace lot. When I marry I shall please myself, just as my great ancestor, King Boris, did. Didn't he marry a shepherd maiden, and didn't they found Montenana between them? Besides, we want some good healthy blood in our veins. We are getting feeble and anæmic. Oh, my child, what a queen you would make yourself!"

Nita hardly appeared to be listening. But the last few words touched her and fired her imagination. A subtle pink flush came over her cheeks, her blue eyes appeared to be far away. And why not? she asked herself. Kings and queens are only mortals like other people. They are swayed by the same passions and impulses originally. They had come from the same stock as herself in the good old days when might was right, and the sword had the

last argument kings were commonplace enough.

And she could do it; she knew that. She would have no fear of the future before her eyes. Her little foot would be pressed firmly enough upon the footsteps of a throne. She would tenderly guard the best interests of her people. And why should she not be a queen? The suggestion of the romance fired her. Her heart was beating faster now. Her breath came quickly through her parted lips. And such a king, too! Any woman would be happy with the present ruler of Montenana. With a sudden impulse she bent forward and brushed her hand softly, almost caressingly over the king's crisp, brown curls. He thrilled to the touch of those moist, cool fingers. They stirred him to a sudden energy.

"Don't do that," he said. "At least, I mean it is dangerous. We are very good friends, Nita."

"The very best of friends," Nita murmured.

"Very well, then. Why shouldn't we set an example? Why must I go from court to court until I find the passable woman with whom I might manage to live? There is something horrible about the whole business, something so cold-blooded and commercial. And, then, all the papers will gush and scream and cackle over King Fritz of Montenana and his love match. They will photograph me and paragon me, and when I part from my future queen they will swear that my eyes are wet. So they will be with tears—of laughter."

Nita smiled under her long lashes.

"Is it as bad as all that?" she asked.

"Worse," the king said gloomily. "I tell you, I won't have it—I won't put up with it! What difference does it make to the Chancelleries of Europe whom I marry? What is the good of being a king if one can't please oneself? Besides, it is easily managed. And once I am married according to the laws of our church, who is there who could part us?"

"I am afraid you are talking great nonsense," Nita smiled. "It would never do. Besides, the queen you have in your mind is impossible, she does not exist."

"She does exist," the king cried. "She is here at this moment. Ah! my sweetheart, it is not for you to pretend you do not know what I mean. I can read your knowledge in your eyes and the colour on your beautiful cheek. Besides, I am no headstrong boy who does not know his own mind. I am twenty-five. I shall have all the world before me. And what more would you have? Let people say what they please. You should not laugh. Remember that I am offering you all that I possess. What more could I say?"

"The throne," Nita faltered, "the crown?"

"Aye, everything," the king said passionately. "The throne, the crown, my heart and home. Before Heaven, you were born to be a queen—the fairest and best and sweetest that ever helped to rule over a fortunate and delighted people. They will worship you. Ah! they have a fine eye for beauty, those dogs of Montenana. And why should it not be, Nita? Why do you smile when you see that I speak from the bottom of my heart? And the thing is so easy, so simple. The world need not know until after we are married. And then, what matters what the people say?"

She should have checked him. She should have reproved him. She knew that perfectly well. But she sat there smiling and quivering with the suggestion of tears in her deep fringed eyes. She let him clasp her hand, and carry it passionately to his lips. She was only a girl after all to whom fortune had come swiftly and unexpectedly. She was floating down the stream of life, and not swimming as the more experienced do. There was something sweetly subtle to her in the flattery of the king, in the knowledge that this brave young man who lay at her feet controlled the destinies of a free and enlightened people. And he loved her, too. There was no doubt of that. She needed no lessons, no finishing hints in the art of coquetry to tell her this. She could read the admiration in the king's eyes, she could feel it in the grip of his fingers. And she could be a queen, too. Had she not displayed the fact nightly to a score of delighted audiences? In imagination she could see her way now through all the difficulties and dangers that lay in her path till her foot was planted firmly upon the footstool of a throne, and she had compelled a nation to love her despite themselves.

"You cannot mean it," she whispered.

"Sweetheart, you know I do. You know that I was never more serious in my life. And why not? You are good. You are beautiful. You are all that Heaven allows woman to be. Before God, I could not commit the blasphemy of a loveless marriage now. I swear I would rather abdicate and leave the throne to my cousin. What would it be to go back to Montenana without you?"

He was pleading wildly and passionately now,

and every word he said went straight to the girl's heart. The thing was preposterous, ridiculous, and she knew it; and that was, perhaps, the reason why it seemed so natural and easy.

"I cannot listen," she whispered. "I have no right to let you talk like this. And, then, besides—"

CHAPTER IV.

"I CROWN THEE QUEEN."

THERE were voices in the woods close by—loud, clear, gay voices—that had no suggestion of trouble or thought in them. The boat had been pulled up under a bank all emerald with dripping ferns, and gay with starry, yellow blossoms. It was an ideal setting to a love duet, but the king frowned despite the noisy buoyancy of the voices in the woods. A king is not used to intrusions of this kind, and he of Montenana resented the fact accordingly. Then a half-smile touched the corners of his lips as he saw a pretty piquant face glancing

through an opening in the leaves, and regarding Nita and himself with unmistakable mischief. The girl was dressed in some light, summer costume, her great, grey eyes looked half reproachfully, half-mischievously from under the brim of her straw hat. She did not appear to be unduly embarrassed; she made no stammering apology for the intrusion; on the contrary, she laughed merrily.

"Found," she cried, "found at last! What ho! my comrades. Come and see how our gracious queen passes her time!"

"Clarette," Nita cried, with confusion.

"Oh, the same," the vision through the trees said airily. "Why do you look at me like that? Do you suppose that you have the exclusive right to the river and these beautiful woods? Are you different to the rest of us because you play the queen night by night for two hundred francs a week? Oh, I am not saying you don't earn your money. And who may this gentleman be? Introduce me."

The king was fast giving way to amusement. There was something deliciously cool and audacious in the speaker's manner. Her innocent enjoyment was contagious. She climbed down to the edge of the water, and drew the boat into the bank.

"You are one of us, I can see," she said, addressing herself to the king. "Where are you playing at present?"

"I am resting," King Fritz said gravely. "Before long, I have an important part to play at Rusta. I am trying to induce Nita to join the same company."

"But who are you?" the intruder asked. "Come along and join us at tea. We are all here."

"The whole crowd from the 'Oderon'?" the king asked delightedly. "My dear Nita, I see I am going to enjoy myself."

A distressed look came into Nita's blue eyes.

"I pray of you do nothing rash," she implored.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.

THE WILL OF LE BON DIEU

A Tale of French Canada

By CAMERON NELLES WILSON

WITH a broken paddle, Honore Bruneau vigorously stirred a huge cauldron of soft soap whose unsavoury odors mingled audaciously with the delicate fragrance of acacia trees and the wind-blown fragrance of riotous garden bloom. Occasionally his keen, deep-set eyes flashed angry glances at his son, who sat dreamily upon an inverted tub, scattering with idle hand the petals of a crimson-hearted rose.

An hour of vehement persuasion had produced no outward and visible sign of yielding on the part of the silent Michel. It was the same old question—one that had been threshed out many times in heated argument and in calm debate.

Michel Bruneau was an only child and in the ordinary course of events the modest farm of one hundred acres would become his own. But the mighty hand of ambition had laid hold upon the youth and was ruthlessly drawing him from the heritage of his French-Canadian forebears to a life strangely at variance with their simple annals. It was life he sought—life rich with the red blood of youth, blatant with the passionate outcry of frenzied activities. The limitations of his father's lot smote upon his sensibilities with a force almost akin to physical pain, and the narrow routine of daily life, the grey placidity of days tragically similar, repelled him at every turn.

The smell of freshly turned soil as he followed the uneven furrows made by his lagging plough seemed as the odour of perennial self-sacrifice; the sight of grain-wrapt field, of clustered vine and weedless garden growth, were as the proffered first-fruits of his youth's vintage. It was all hateful to him, disgusting in every phase of replete monotony.

As a boy of fourteen he had been brought into touch with a world other than his own. The new railroad, that cut through a corner of the sugar-bush, brought in its wake a vast wealth of knowledge, sweet beyond words and within the boy's heart a strange sense of untried potentialities was set astir. As the piles of well-seasoned ties dissolved into a regular bed for the gleaming rails and the fascinating hand-cars rolled over blue-flashing lines of steel, creeping through verdant fields and mid the pine-scented freshness of fresh cut woodland paths, they carried with them the heart of Michel Bruneau. In the construction camp he talked to the men of his own race with all the quick vivacity of an enquiring mind; the Canadians, Italians and Swedes he watched with eyes alert to interpret every gesture, every smile, and every warning scowl. Frequently would he flee from allotted tasks, and, while old Honore fumed in spirit, lived to the full each exquisite minute of those stolen hours. And then—day of days!—when the first snorting engine had made its way over the new line with a veritable paean of bell-ringing and shrill whistles, he had stood by the gap waving his battered straw hat with a wistful, hopeless enthusiasm that seemed the end of all things. The driver had slowed up at the sight of his tense figure and eager upturned face and lifting him bodily into the cab had given him his first taste of living verities. Beside it, all former experiences paled into insipid nothingness. As far as St. Hyacinthe itself, with a quick return in the greyness of oncoming night, when twinkling lights marked the scattered farms and a silver crescent shone mirrored in the purling

Yamaska—back once more at the familiar gap, with the beacon stars of his home shining amid trees. Ah—no wonder the wide-eyed boy crept wordless and supperless to bed, anxious to be alone with his thoughts and the memory of that passing glory! That one exquisite moment when the grimy hand of Pelang Valiquette had gently seized his own brown fingers and closed them upon the throttle—that one touch of his palm upon the cool metal, had forever sealed the crowing hope of his young life. A driver he would be, a man at whose hand the monster of intricate mechanism would seem as a mere toy, responsive to his command, regulated by the measure of his desire. His beautiful dark eyes glowed with a new and altogether mysterious light, and as he went about his homely tasks, the strident cry of the road forever drowned the silent, pleading call of wood and plain.

AND so, no wonder that Honore Bruneau shifted his position to windward of the bubbling cauldron, and laid his paddle against its dripping side. Lighting his stubby pipe of blackened clay, he prepared to play his trump card. His finesse was so apparent that Michel's well-closed mouth parted smilingly.

"You go to de town—you drive de trains—who den get de farm—*hein?* I mak for to sell de place an' geev de mon' to de Hotel Dieu or to M'sieu le Cure at St. Anne de Beaupre, but, mon Dieu, Michel—it is yours an'—your leetle ones! Is it not so, my boy?"

His voice took an unwonted tenderness as he glanced at the handsome, well-made figure of his son. To the old man he was a picture as he sat silent and distraught, with brown, rumpled hair, his graceful neck and sun-browned throat disclosed by the careless arrangement of his blue flannel shirt. Honore yearned to the boy, and pride of race, born of six generations, welled through his veins as he looked at the land of his fathers—a birthright madly repudiated by this last scion of his line.

"Bimeby, you marry Ninon Leblanc an' have a nice leetle home here wit' Elmire an' me—you have fine boys an' girls of your own—seven—eight—*twelve*, mebbe—an' den you get de bounty of de King. T'ink of de honour, Michel. M'sieu Michel Bruneau—winner of de King's bounty—*hein?* Parblieu! But it is a gran' t'ought, n'est ce pas?"

Michel smiled and rose to his feet. Stretching his arms, he tossed his fine head and laid his hand affectionately on his father's shoulder.

"Fader, I no care for to stay. The worl' it call me every day—every night. I loove you an' de moder an' de leetle grey house. I loove Ninon an' I would lak' for to have de bounty of de King, but—" He shrugged his shoulders suggestively and old Honore clasped his hands in a passion of pleading.

"Stay, oh, stay, Michel. Your moder an' me—we are not young no longer now. De night come for us soon an' w'en it come we wan' for to hear de voice of our chil'—an' our gran'chil' too. De leetle house will be so lonely—" His voice broke and seizing the paddle he stirred savagely at the odoriferous mixture of fat and lye.

An air of finality had settled on Michel's handsome face. He hated thus to inflict pain but the flood of regret was stemmed by the longing to take

his part in a world of men with the prospect of great deeds.

"Ah, fader, if you onlee knew! To feel dat mighty engine throbbin' an' pantin' over de road—to feel it stop or speed on at de touch of my han'—so! To see de fields an' houses slippin' by an' de fences whirlin' into de sky! To hear de golden-rod an' de brier-rose bend before de beeg wheels! To feel de win' singin' in de ears and blowin' cool upon de cheek and t'rough de hair—mon Dieu, but dat is de life dat calls to me an', fader, I mus' listen to de callin'."

"An' de call of your moder an' Ninon an'—me?"

"It is de will of Le Bon Dieu," whispered Michel in the voice of one who sees far beyond, beholding things unutterable.

All anger died from the old man's face and the youth turned from the sight of its poignant misery. Neither spoke. With unseeing eyes Honore raked little heaps of white ashes over the glowing coals, gave the soap a final stir, and walked slowly to the house.

WITH many a backward glance at the blossom-covered cottage wrapped in the opal mists of early dawn, Michel made his way through the dew-wet fields. Within the house his mother sobbed out her loneliness before her cheap little statue of the good Jean Bateese, while in the steaming cattle-shed Honore, dry-eyed and with a strange ache in his kindly old heart, measured out the morning's ration for his kine. It was all past and there seemed a great darkness over the world, with an endless, impenetrable future.

As the noon hour drew near, Michel was entering the small office of the divisional superintendent. His heart fluttered wildly and for a moment he devoutly wished himself back at the farm. But the noise of shunting trains, the brisk calling of brakeman and engineer, the clangour of bells and hissing of steam, brought the warm blood to his cheeks and a comforting sense of completeness to his excited imagination.

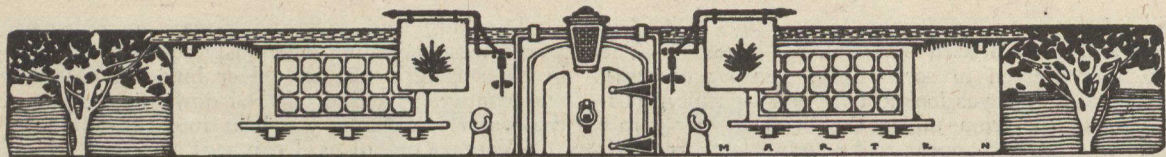
In a plain, winning fashion he made known his ambition to the grey-eyed Scotchman who scanned him so critically from the revolving chair. Honest admiration of the good-looking youth betrayed itself in his kindly glance, and the deep tones of a sympathetic voice made Michel feel singularly at ease. He answered each question with a quiet gravity that at times amused the young superintendent, whose r's burred softly from his tongue. The examination was evidently satisfactory and the candidate's heart throbbed a shade faster as each question was disposed of.

"I think we can find something for you, my friend. You have picked up a good deal of practical knowledge for a young fellow. I have but one more test." Opening a drawer he drew forth a tangle of many coloured strands of wool, which he threw upon his desk.

"Now for the colour-vision. Pick me out a thread of green, please."

Michel's cheek paled and his trembling hand hovered over the variegated pile. After a momentary hesitation he made his selection which he laid in the superintendent's broad palm. The quick glance of surprise was lost upon him as the low voice said, "And now—a brown."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

The New Queen.

IN this epoch-making hour in England's history it is only natural that the keen searchlight of human curiosity should be directed upon those central figures in the great drama, King George V, henceforth the ruler of Great Britain and Emperor of India, and Her Majesty, the new Queen Mary. On account of her comparatively quiet and secluded existence very few details of Her Majesty's life and characteristics have reached the public eye, therefore the accounts which come to us at this time concerning her bear an added interest.

The present Queen is the daughter of the late Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, and was born at Kensington Palace one minute before midnight on May 26th, 1867. As a child she and her brothers were intimate friends of the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales, there being very little difference in their ages, and many happy hours they spent in gay company with one another. Her girlhood was passed in close companionship with her mother, and the tender relations which existed between them was a very beautiful phase of their lives.

The Princess attended her first royal drawing-room in the spring of 1886, at the age of nineteen years, and later was very often seen with her mother at private gatherings and at the theatre. The Duchess at this time was deeply interested in charitable work in which the Princess took an active part and the work accomplished by their joint efforts was of tremendous magnitude.

Her engagement to the Prince of Wales was announced in May, 1893, although she had previously been betrothed to his late brother, the Duke of Clarence, and the marriage was celebrated in July of the same year. During the years that followed six children were born to them, five sons and one daughter, and never was there a more loving or devoted mother than the Princess proved herself to be. In spite of the vast number of her obligations her children always had first claim upon her time and attention and in consequence there exists a very charming air of understanding between the little ones and their royal mother.

Queen Mary, as she is to be called at the express desire of the late King, has very strict views with regard to propriety, and it is the popular supposition that the members of London's smart set will find little favour in her eyes. Naturally of a reserved and retiring disposition, the pomp of court life has never appealed to her, and she has always held herself aloof from the showy side of royal existence.

Above all, the Queen is a womanly woman, possessed of the sterling qualities which make her a most desirable sharer of England's royal throne. Whatever feeling of uncertainty there may be in the minds of her people at the present time, will no doubt be soon dispelled when the strength and beauty of her nature become common knowledge.

* * *

The Heroines of Hardy.

WE occasionally encounter the person who considers herself well read but is apt to confound Thomas Hardy with Arthur Sherborne Hardy, the names of whose works one forgets. One does not forget "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" or "Far from the Madding Crowd," but it seems as if these books were not sufficiently in circulation. The annual meeting of the Society of Authors, London, Eng., took place the other day, when Mr. Hardy was elected president in place of Geo. Meredith, deceased, Meredith himself having succeeded Lord Tennyson in an office which is probably a good deal of a sinecure. Thomas Hardy was warmly spoken of at this meeting as one who as "poet, philosopher and moral force" was easily the most distinguished writer in England. Certainly the word of praise is not too eloquent for all those who admire the sincerity, truth, and humour of over a dozen novels, nearly all of which are laid in the southwest of England. The immense sensation created by the

appearance of the novel "Tess," followed by the equally striking interest taken in the play based on the book, has perhaps blinded the critical faculty of many who delay in becoming familiar with his earlier works. Doubtless few are entirely aware of the talent he has shown in depicting the various phases of womanhood. Fancy Day, the inconstant maiden in that pretty pastoral "Under the Greenwood Tree," is a kind of preparatory sketch of or understudy for the more tragic and ill-fated Tess. How graceful is the picture of Fancy in her blue gown and curls as she fascinates the young minister and manly Dick, not quite knowing her own mind but not intending deceit! The transition in Fancy's case from an unsophisticated country girl to a school teacher deeming herself superior to the vil-



Her Royal Majesty, Queen Mary of England.

lage folk is managed with consummate skill. The end is artistic if disappointing. The minister will always remember and Fancy will never forget, the one tender passage between them, while honest Dick will never know. In those days Thomas Hardy did not trouble himself much with Nemesis and after-results; he only concerned himself with setting before us some intimately painted picture of girlhood or more mature charms. One of the most poetic and alluring of his maidens is the dark-haired Eustacia Vye, whose tragic fate seems hard, yet we feel that moral justice must be done. Poor Eustacia! Always sighing for a wider sphere and fated to turn the head of every man she meets! Mrs. Charmond, the chestnut-haired widow, in "The Woodlanders" is drawn also with lifelike touches; her languor, love of admiration and warm, impulsive heart seem to suggest another lovely figure in "The Mayor of Casterbridge," that of Lucetta, who is brought before us in absolutely living lines. Her mastery over men, her costume of cherry-red sent down from London with hat and parasol to match, her inability to steer her fortunes wisely and her sad end make her a very convincing person indeed. Poor Lucetta—we echo! Elizabeth-Jane, her more fortunate rival, is just the reverse in all her characteristics and her creator here proves himself entirely capable of doing a very difficult thing, that of drawing for us an every-day sort of young girl, who is innocent, open, natural, and simple-minded,

without being in the least dull, prim, awkward, or commonplace. Dear Elizabeth-Jane, who marries happily after all and who floats into serene waters while she is young enough to enjoy the good things of life—we rejoice with her when the stormy Henchard and the elusive Lucetta are at rest.

What of the brilliant Ethelberta and the lovable if unequal Bathsheba? These are two fascinating figures of English origin; the one, a study of a woman who makes her way, despite disadvantages of birth and station, into society, and the other, a portrait of a type almost unknown in America and rare in England, the woman, country-bred but well-to-do and her own mistress, sought by several men and for a long time without the necessary standards in her mind to judge them by. Bathsheba, in her black silk gown talking to her men, and Ethelberta, dining at an aristocratic table where her own father serves as butler, cannot be matched in literature for distinction and reality. But many others remain almost equally attractive; perhaps more charming than any of those quoted already would be deemed the unhappy Viviette, or Lady Constantine, so sympathetically drawn for us in "Two on a Tower." Cytherea, in "Desperate Remedies," and Thomas in the "Return of the Native," are intensely sweet and feminine, full of domestic virtue and gentle feeling. The figure of Grace in "The Woodlanders" appears at first a little wooden but that is, no doubt, the result of her mixed origin and schooling.

* * *

Queen Alexandra's Message.

EVERY Canadian woman will desire to read, and many will wish to keep, a copy of Queen Alexandra's message to the people of the Empire on the occasion of the King's death. She wrote as follows:

"From the depth of my poor broken heart, I wish to express to the whole nation and our own kind people we love so well, my deep felt thanks for all their touching sympathy in my overwhelming sorrow and unspeakable anguish.

"Not alone have I lost in him my beloved husband, but the nation, too, has suffered an irreparable loss by their best friend, father and sovereign, thus suddenly called away. May God give us all His divine help to bear this heaviest of crosses which He has seen fit to lay upon us. His will be done.

"Give to me a thought in your prayers which will comfort and sustain me in all that I have to go through.

"Let me take this opportunity of expressing my heartfelt thanks for all the touching letters and tokens of sympathy I have received from all classes, high and low, rich and poor, which are so numerous that I fear it would be impossible for me ever to thank everybody individually.

"I confide my dear son into your care, who, I know, will follow in his dear father's footsteps, begging you to show him the same loyalty and devotion you showed his dear father. I know that my son and daughter-in-law will do their utmost to merit and keep it."

* * *

The Shadow Man.

BY VIRNA SHEARD.

LITTLE honey baby, shet yo' eyes up tight.
(Shadow-man is comin' in de door!)
You's as sweet as roses, if dey is so pink an' white
(Shadow-man is creepin' cross de floor.)
Little honey baby, keep yo' footses still—
(Rocky-bye, oh! rocky, rocky-bye!)
Hush yo' now an' listen to dat lonesome whip-po'-will—
Don't yo' fix dat lip an' start to cry.
Little honey baby, stop dat winkin' quick—
(Hear de hoot-owl in de cottonwood).
Yes, I sees yo' eyes adoin' dat dere triflin' trick.
(He gets chillern if dey isn't good).
Little honey baby, what yo' think yo' see?
(Sister keep on climbin' to de sky.)
Dat's a june-bug—it ain't got no stinger lak a bee.
(Reach de glory city by-an'-by.)
Little honey baby, what yo' skeery at?
(Go down Moses—down to Phar-e-oh).
No; dat isn't nuffin' but a furry fly-round bat.
(Say he'd betta let dose people go.)
Little honey baby, shet yo' eyes up tight.
(Shadow-man is comin' in de door.)
You's as sweet as roses, if dey is so pink an' white
(Shadow-man is creepin' cross de floor.)

—Canadian Magazine.



For The Children



When King George was a Boy

Stories of the "larky" little Prince who is to-day our King.

THERE are times when we read about monarchs and rulers, about their wonderful kingdoms, and the power that they possess, that it does not seem possible to us that they ever could have been just little boys and girls, with a great love of fun and frolic, and no more weighty cares to trouble their curly heads about than a lesson in geography or a sum in arithmetic. However, it is surely the case that they were, for just as you are a boy or girl now and will one far-off day grow to be a strong man, or a splendid woman, so they were boys and girls too, before they grew to be kings and queens.

And now we see that King George V, who has come to rule on the throne of England since the death of his father, King Edward VII, was not so very long ago a little boy, and a very lively little boy, too, if we are to believe all the stories that are told us of his childhood. Prince George, as he was then called, had only one brother, Prince Albert Victor, who was just a little more than a year older than himself, but he had three small sisters so that he was never at a loss for plenty of playmates to share in his fun. They were a gay party, these five little royal children, and Prince George and his sister Princess Maud, whom they nicknamed "Harry" from her love of mischief, were always found to be the ringleaders of any pranks that happened to be on foot.

At their home at Sandringham, where the children lived, they had a menagerie of animals. There were bears and monkeys, tigers and elephants, kangaroos and wild-fowl, which their father had brought home with him from India, and which it was the delight of the children to feed and care for. This menagerie they called their "Zoo." They had a dear little Indian pony, too, that they called "Nawab." Nawab had a wonderful red and gold harness and was always decorated with a gay ribbon. It was a favourite game of the children to ride the tiny steed up the staircase of the house to their mother's sitting-room on the first floor. The children all loved Nawab and there seemed to be nothing that he would not do for them.

When Prince George was about twelve years old, his father decided that he and his brother were old enough to begin their more serious education. Up to this time they had received their lessons privately in the schoolroom in their own home by a tutor. Now it was decided that the two boys should enter the training-ship *Britannia* as naval cadets, and receive a thorough course in the use of their hands as well as their brains. The picture of the two boys on this page shows them in the uniform of sailor lads, although it was taken some six or seven years before they really went to sea.

The two young princes and their fellow-cadets had gay times on board the *Britannia*, particularly on the half-holidays that were allowed them when a picnic would be arranged to some beautiful spot on the shore not far distant. There they would gather sticks, build a fire, boil the kettle, make tea and do justice to a hearty meal in true sailor-boy fashion.

Being very natural and jolly they

became great favourites among their companions, who playfully nicknamed them "Herring" and "Sprat," names which clung to them for some years after. A funny story is told about them during a two-years voyage which they took to Egypt, Australia, Japan and South Africa. At



KING GEORGE V.

This picture was taken when he was but a baby of two years of age.

one time they landed at the Island of Bermuda, where a representative was sent to present them with a huge bouquet of lilies and offer them loyal greetings. Being unable to distinguish the princes from their comrades, and as no one would point them out to him, the embarrassed official was obliged to bow low with



SAILOR LADS.

The smaller of the two is our present King with his brother, the Duke of Clarence. Taken when the King was five years old, and his brother six.

great solemnity before half a dozen grinning young middies before he discovered the young princes themselves. This was great amusement for the whole crew, who enjoyed the trick that had been played on the poor man. But that was not all. Their father, who was then Prince of Wales, was greatly astonished to hear that his two sons had entered

this port with their noses tattooed with yellow anchors. Think of it! However, it turned out to be only the yellow pollen from the lilies with which they had been decorating themselves, and everybody laughed heartily over it as being a good joke.

Now this little sketch will give you some idea of the boyhood of the man who is to-day our King, and who has a girl and boys of his own. And these same stories that we have here told to you, these children love to hear, for to them they are stories of "when papa was a little boy."

A Holiday Dream.

Maud E. Sargent.

IT is holiday time, and little Jack
Has nothing to do but play,
So weary now, he has gone to sleep,
As the twilight gathers grey.

And he dreams that his toys are all
alive,
And the house is built of blocks,
White sheep feed under the stiff
green trees
That grow in the farmyard box.

The beasts march out of his Noah's
Ark,
On the bell-rope Jappies swing,
The brownies drive to a match at
Lord's,
He can hear their laughter ring.

But the goblins climb to his resting
place—
How their bright eyes flash and
gleam!
They grin, and pull at his curly
hair—
He wakes—it is all a dream!
—Little Folks.

A Polite Inquiry.

A FEW days after a farmer had sold a pig to a neighbour, says a writer in the *Cleveland Leader*, he chanced to pass the neighbour's place where he saw the little boy sitting on the edge of the pig-pen, watching its new occupant.

"How d'ye do, Johnny?" said he.
"How is your pig to-day?"
"Oh, pretty well, thank you," replied the boy. "How's all your folks?"

The Hay-Loft.

Through all the pleasant meadow-side
The grass grew shoulder-high,
Till the shining scythes went far and
wide
And cut it down to dry.

These green and sweetly smelling
crops
They led in waggons home;
And they piled them here in moun-
tain-tops
For mountaineers to roam.

Here is Mount Clear, Mount Rusty-
Nail,
Mount Eagle and Mount High;—
The mice that in these mountains
dwell,
No happier are than I!

O what a joy to clamber there,
O what a place for play,
With the sweet, the dim, the dusty
air,
The happy hills of hay!
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

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chitis, Colds,
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DEMI - TASSE

Newslets.

HALLEY'S comet has a tail of 20,000,000 miles in length. A gown named after Halley would be a pleasing feature in the fall fashions.

Inspector Kennedy of the Toronto "force" says he will stop "Hamlet," if that play is attempted in the most inconsistent city on the continent. Mr. Kennedy refuses to have Polonius killed, and, as for allowing Othello to choke Desdemona it simply is not to be thought of. He hates to think of little boys at Sunday School learning about David and Goliath.

A banker of Hartford has become an editor while in the State prison. It is wonderful how genius requires a congenial environment for its development.

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt is in Christiania. The Capital of Norway is feeling somewhat shaky and Sweden is so scared for fear he will upset Stockholm.

The Local Council of Women in Hamilton does not want a vote. The Ambitious City retires this time in favour of the Sherring sex.

The United States' population is now estimated at over ninety millions. Well, we had 1,500 immigrants from Hungary the other day.

A Fatherly Estimate.

AN old lady, who has vivid recollections of the late King Edward's visit to Canada, about half a century ago, was speaking of the great popular interest in the young Prince and of the delight of any girl with whom he danced.

"I remember how excited I was when I came back from a reception where I had actually won a smile from the royal personage. My father could not be persuaded to go, and when mother and I broke into the library to tell him all about it, he was provokingly calm. After I had exhausted all my girlish enthusiasm about the charms of the Prince and the dignity of the Duke of Newcastle, my father observed with condescension: 'Yes, he seems a nice enough boy.'"



"A little French Dressing."—Life

A Convenient Comet.

"**I** WISH that old comet would soon come and then disappear for another seventy-five years," said a weary wife the other day. "Why, the comet needn't disturb us," said an unsympathetic friend. "It gives Henry the most beautiful

excuses for playing poker till all hours of the morning. He has developed the greatest taste for astronomy you ever heard of."



"D' you recollect' old wot's-is-name?"
 "Im with the collar?"
 "Ay!" "Wot abaht 'im?"
 "'E 'ad to go down—(jerk of the head)—you know—they giv' 'im wot you call it—didn't arf git it, I don't think!"
 "Reely!"
 "'Adn't you 'eard then?"
 "I did 'ear somefink, but no details, not afore now."—Punch.

A Royal Definition.

THE Royal Family of England has been noted, ever since the Victorian Era set in, for its essential good sense and courtesy in meeting all classes of the British people. A lady from Yorkshire, now living in Canada, told a story the other day which illustrated these qualities.

Away back in the "seventies," Queen Alexandra, then the Princess of Wales, was spending a few weeks at the seaside with her two small daughters. They went down to the beach one day with the intention of spending the afternoon in a boat. A rough-looking old fisherman offered his hand to the younger child and said in a grandfatherly way, "Now, my little lady, let me help you into the boat."

The child drew back with an impatient gesture. "I'm not a little lady." Then with the remembrance of an indiscreet remark she had overheard, she added: "When I'm grown up, I'm going to be a princess."

The mother turned in time to grasp the situation and said with that grave sweetness which seemed characteristic of the "Sea-King's Daughter": "Tell this kind friend that you are not a lady yet — you are only a naughty little girl. But some day, if you are kind and polite, you may become a lady."

The old fisherman was delighted with Her Royal Highness' ready appreciation of the true quality of gentleness and was a devoted adherent of the "little lady" ever after.

Not Even Sandy.

LITTLE Wilfred was sitting upon his father's knee, watching his mother arranging her hair. "Papa hasn't any marcel waves like that," said the father laughingly. Wilfred, looking up at his father's bald pate, replied: "No, daddy, no waves. It's all beach."



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The Harmonic Tone-prolonging Bridge—Acoustic Rim—Grand Piano Construction — Noiseless direct motion metal Pedal Action — perfect repeating Brass Flange Action—patent round head Bridge Pins—Hung Bass Bridge, with resounding chamber — all these are but a few of the many points of superiority of the

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Ask YOUR Doctor.

BIG BOTTLE

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Everywhere.

King George V

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

world knew about the present King, was that as midshipmite on the *Bacchante* he was grandson of Queen Victoria. And one of the most remarkable things about the King as we know him now is that he has been most of his life a sailor.

Comparisons even among kings are odious. It will never do to put King George up against his father. It would be unfair to both. Each is the product of his time. King Edward stood for the nineteenth century. He was in his prime in the mid-Victorian era which had a character of its own. He was an old man at the beginning of the twentieth century when he began to be King. King George is a young man in the tenth year of the twentieth century. So far as a King of England can be he is a thorough modern. The navy which he knows from super-Dreadnought to torpedo as a real sailor-man, is as different from the navy ruled by King Edward as that was different from the navy of the first Queen's Jubilee.

The King in the Navy.

In that year 1887, the first great all-Imperial spectacle, King George was a naval officer of twenty-two. He had been just ten years in the navy; entering with his elder brother as cadet; two years on the training ship *Britannia*; three years after that in a voyage round the world on the *Bacchante*—the first heir to the British throne who had ever sailed the seven seas. At the end of that voyage he was made a midshipman on the *Canada* in the North American station. Two years afterwards he got a lieutenancy; and in 1890 he got command of the gun-boat *Thrush*; year afterwards Commander. One year later through the death of his elder sailor brother he became heir-apparent.

So that when Prince George stoked the *Indomitable* on her return trip from Quebec two years ago he understood as much about the anatomy and the Imperial functions of a ship as any officer on board. His most eventful years were spent on deck. When he left the sea he entered the House of Lords and the estate of matrimony. The Princess Mary would have been Queen of England in any case, for she had been previously engaged to the Duke of Clarence.

Seeing the Empire.

For eight years the Prince passed a happy domestic life devoid of adventure and of much travel. He had a good knowledge of the world—and of Europe. He had a good sound education, though he was never a university man. He knew most of the princes of Europe. But after his marriage to an English princess he began more than ever to study England, which his father knew better than any man. When the Boer War came just before the accession of his father, Prince George understood perfectly what a complex organism the Empire is. He saw the effect of that war on the mother country. The very year the war closed he went on a tour of the Empire—immediately following the accession of King Edward. There was more than globe-trotting in this trip. King Edward sent his son and heir over the Empire as an object lesson. He himself had been able to see only the fringes of Empire. Prince George saw the inside of it; and he helped very largely to consolidate it in feeling. Of India he saw little during that voyage; of Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa—much. He opened the first Parliament of the Australian commonwealth. With

the present Queen he made an over-land tour of Canada. He was the first heir to the British throne who ever saw Canada between the great lakes and the Rockies. He saw the little towns of the wheat belt yearning for the railway; the old fur-post towns hungering to become cities and centres of influence. He saw Canada in the waking as well as in the making. And when on November 1st, 1901, he and the Princess landed again at Portsmouth he was a much wiser man than the day he sailed on his Imperial trip.

A Student of Empire.

Some of the things the Prince said when he got back to England show how keenly and practically and democratically he had studied the colonies. Here are two of them:

"If I were asked to specify any particular impressions derived from our journey, I should unhesitatingly place before all others that of loyalty to the Crown, and of attachment to the Old Country; and it was touching to hear the references to home, even from the lips of those who never had been, or were ever likely to be, on these islands.

"No one who had the privilege of enjoying the experiences which we have had during our tour could fail to be struck with one all-prevailing and pressing demand—the want of population. Even in the oldest of our colonies there were abundant signs of this need. Boundless tracts of country yet unexplored, hidden mineral wealth calling for development, vast expanses of virgin soil ready to yield profitable crops to the settlers. And these can be enjoyed under conditions of healthy living, liberal laws, free institutions, in exchange for the overcrowded cities and the almost hopeless struggle for existence, which, alas, too often is the lot of many in the Old Country. But one condition, and one condition only, is made by our colonial brethren, and that is: Send us suitable immigrants. I would go further and appeal to my fellow-countrymen at home to prove the strength of the attachment of the Motherland to her children by sending them only of her best. By this means we may still further strengthen, or, at all events, pass on unimpaired, that pride of race, that unity of sentiment and purpose, that feeling of common loyalty and obligation, which, knit together, and alone can maintain the integrity of our Empire."

The Modern King.

This is the modern King. Such is the practical world-education and equipment of the world's greatest ruler. In preparation for his high office no British ruler has ever surpassed King George. He may not know Europe and kingcraft as well as did his father in 1901. But he has fifteen years to live before he is as old as King Edward was when he came to the throne. What King Edward learned as Prince, King George will learn perhaps much better and more rapidly as King. He may not be the diplomat that his father was. But he knows the value of diplomacy. He has a strong mind of his own. There are story-mongers who make him out to be a brooding, solitude-loving monarch, liking better than the throne his own fireside. Perhaps in a manner he does. But King George is of a breed that knows the grip of duty and of responsibility. He has many years in which to become a great world figure. He has problems at home that are bound to develop his powers. His father would have finished the great job between Lords and Commons if he could have lived. But he knew that King George would finish it with the mind of a man and the courage of a King.

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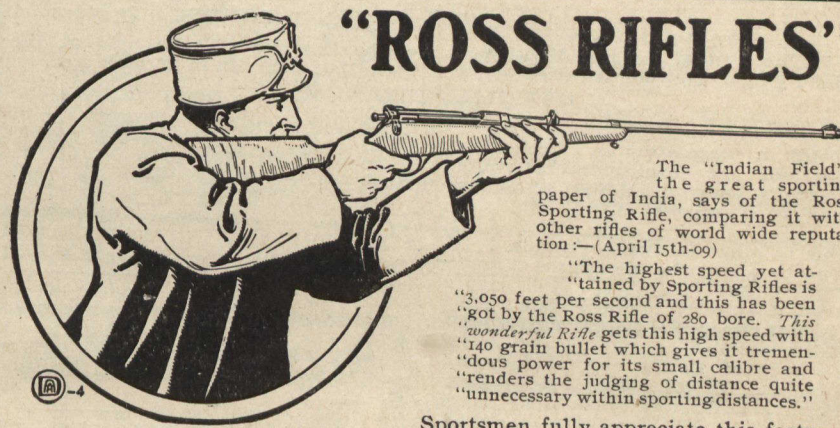


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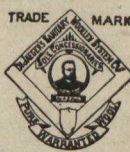
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TO THE SHAREHOLDERS:

The Directors beg to present the following statement of the result of the business of the Bank for the year ending 30th April, 1910:—
 Balance on Profit and Loss Account, 30th April, 1909\$ 36,714 67
 Premium received on Capital Stock..... 24,244 57
 Profits for the year ending 30th April, 1910, after deducting charges of management, etc., and making provision for bad and doubtful debts, and for rebate on bills under discount 92,832 04

Making a total of\$153,791 28
 Appropriated as follows:—
 Dividend 1¼ per cent. paid 14th August, 1909\$10,519 66
 Dividend 1¼ per cent. paid 15th November, 1909 10,573 61
 Dividend 1¼ per cent. paid 15th February, 1910 11,428 06
 Dividend 1¼ per cent. payable 16th May, 1910 11,580 65

Transferred to Reserve Fund from Profits 50,000 00
 Transferred to Reserve Fund Premium on Capital Stock 24,244 57 \$118,346 55
 Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward \$35,444 73

RESERVE FUND.

Balance at credit of account, 30th April, 1909\$207,372 30
 Transferred from Profit and Loss Account 50,000 00
 Premium received on Capital Stock..... 24,244 57
\$281,616 87

G. T. SOMERS, President.

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at the Head Office, Toronto, on Tuesday, the 17th May next, at 11 o'clock a.m.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

Liabilities.

Notes in Circulation\$ 765,908 00
 Deposits not bearing interest\$ 727,864 61
 Deposits bearing interest (including interest accrued to date) 4,355,803 23
 Due to other Banks in Canada 5,083,667 84
 Due to Agents in the United Kingdom..... 116,692 63
 36,035 30

Total Liabilities to the Public\$6,002,303 77
 Capital Stock Paid up 926,467 48
 Reserve Fund 281,616 87
 Balance of Profits carried forward 35,444 73
 Dividend No. 13, payable 16th May..... 11,580 65
 Former Dividends unclaimed 1,067 17
\$7,258,480 67

Assets.

Specie\$ 29,849 91
 Dominion Government Demand Notes..... 566,857 00
 Deposit with Dominion Government for Security of Note Circulation 37,520 00
 Notes of and cheques on other Banks..... 362,992 90
 Balances due from other Banks in Canada 11,928 80
 Balances due from other Banks, elsewhere than in Canada and the United Kingdom 87,148 87
\$1,096,297 48
 Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks 836,867 15
 Call and Short Loans on Stocks and Bonds in Canada 998,976 62
\$2,932,141 25
 Bills Discounted and Advances Current\$4,088,684 29
 Overdue Debts (estimated loss provided for) ... 13,680 15
 Bank Premises, Safes and Office Furniture 155,039 09
 Real Estate other than Bank Premises 18,154 75
 Other Assets not included under foregoing heads 50,781 14
\$4,326,339 42
\$7,258,480 67

F. W. BROUGHALL, General Manager.

Toronto, April 30th, 1910.

MONEY AND MAGNATES

Toronto Handling Big Flotations all by Itself.

There has always been a great deal of rivalry between Toronto and Montreal, more particularly in commercial and financial circles, and every little while there have been indications that Toronto has been going ahead a little faster, at least, than most Montreal interests desired to give it credit for.

Recent developments, for instance, have shown that Toronto by itself is well able to pull off big financial deals as well as to successfully engineer public issues of large amounts of securities. In the past, Toronto financiers as a rule, just took on the western end of some big deal that Montrealers were handling and have evidently been somewhat apprehensive regarding the success of any big offering that they might undertake to handle all by themselves.

The pronounced success that attended the \$2,000,000 offering of the preferred stock of the Maple Leaf Milling Co., Ltd., showed conclusively that provided the proposition itself was all right, a very large public following could be obtained throughout the Province of Ontario. Such a success will mean that Toronto will become more and more the centre of large flotations and that a number of very important industrial enterprises will be carried through from that point. In this respect Toronto may rightly say that it has no longer to help out Montreal but can act independently for itself.

* * *

Is There a Perpetual Pool in Canadian Pacific Stock?

If there was ever anything like a perpetual pool in any Canadian security it certainly seems that such a term may be applied to the Jefferson Levy group that operates every once in a while in Canadian Pacific Railway stock.

That there is a pool in the stock almost every market follower firmly believes, notwithstanding the periodical denials that are made by interests close to the railway. C. P. R. has always been one of the puzzlers of the Wall Street market because it nearly always has a habit of going up when nearly every other stock on the list is going down.

Such a condition you will decide would greatly help the moneyed interests that make a specialty in C. P. R., as they evidently figure that the general run of speculators are so busy watching their margins in the commitments they have already made that they will not be in a position to take on much more stock of any kind, and in this way cannot hamper the upward movement in C. P. R. in the same way that they usually do movements in other stocks like Union Pacific, Amalgamated Copper, Northern Pacific or Reading.

The only interests that even most Canadian investors now have in their periodical balloon ascensions of C. P. R. stock is that of spectators.

Long since, back when C. P. R. first crossed \$100 a share was when most Canadian holders cashed in on their stocks, and then it started going in very large amounts into the strong boxes of British and Dutch investors, and at a somewhat later period that clever Wall Street operator Jefferson Levy evidently decided that the proposition looked good to him and after he had become a large shareholder himself, started in and formed different pools in the stock.

He had never been out over the C. P. R. lines, but he became well posted as to just what business the company was doing, and besides was pretty intimately acquainted with some of the leading directors and whenever he wanted any information he always seemed able to get it. During the last couple of years Canadian Pacific practically ceased being an active issue on the Montreal and Toronto Exchanges, and nearly all the operations in it were confined to the London, and a great deal more especially to the Wall Street market.

On different upward movements sometimes quite a large amount of the stock would be purchased on the Montreal Stock Exchange, but in almost every instance it was for shipment down to Wall Street, and all the time the Jefferson Levy group were adding to their already large holdings, but at the same time were apparently disposing of large blocks of it either in London or through London houses in Belgium, Holland and Germany.

During the last few weeks C. P. R. has again been enjoying one of its old time movements and has managed to score a fifteen point advance, from around 180 to around 195, and this just at the time when most of the other standard issues were having all they could do to hold their own, after experiencing a decline of from eight to fifteen points.

The average Canadian speculator, while quite ready to admit that C. P. R. may be well worth the price at which it is selling hates to have to pay such a high price for it because he missed his chance of buying it lower down. As a rule the speculator seems to prefer something far away, that he knows very little about, to the sound investment right close home. And so it is that so many Canadians must stand by and while witnessing the rise in C. P. R. be unable to share in it.

But then, that Jefferson Levy group have not been bullish on C. P. R. alone, but for some years past have insisted that the securities of that C. P. R. subsidiary concern, the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie Railway, would also sell at very much higher figures, and talked of great things ahead for Hudson Bay shares.

What is more, they have always made good, but they have always acted at such a peculiar time that it was very difficult for the average trader to know just what they might do.

* * *

Where the Canny Scot Showed the Financier that He Knew Something About a Game of Cards.

FROM all accounts the Montreal group who went down by private car to New Glasgow with the avowed intention of carrying off the control of the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Company, had pretty tough luck all the way through during their stay in the little town of New Glasgow and incidentally enabled the natives to walk off with a nice amount of their loose change.

The most amusing incident in connection with their becoming separated from their money occurred the night before the meeting when a number of them, including Mr. J. N. Greenshields, the lawyer, Mr. Rodolphe Forget, Mr. Neuville Belleau, broker, of Quebec City, Mr. Lorne Webster and Mr. H. A. Lovett, formerly of Halifax but now Corporation Counsel at Montreal,

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dropped into the New Glasgow Club and engaged in a friendly little game of cards with a number of the local men. At the outset it rather looked as if it would be a case of a little easy money for such experts as Greenshields and Forget, but after the game was under way for a while, it became quite evident that the canny Scot knew what he was about and when the party broke up somewhere about two o'clock in the morning, the Bluenoses had taken something like seven hundred dollars out of the Montreal group, who had rather expected that they were going to make their expense money out of the evening's fun.

The *Standard* newspaper also made about three hundred dollars rather easily out of the visit of the Montreal group. The visitors on their arrival in New Glasgow, found that the population had been rather worked up over a report that the Montreal group intended if they secured the control to remove a portion of the works away from New Glasgow. Feeling ran so high that late in the afternoon, the Montreal group decided to have a special edition published of the *Standard* and have copies circulated to each house containing a story showing that far from it being the intention of the Montreal group to remove any portion of the works, that it was the intention to increase the number of men employed from about eight hundred to about fifteen hundred. Other matters were also dealt with in pretty strong language and as a result there was immediately some difference of opinion between the proprietor of the paper and the editor as to the advisability of allowing any such special edition to be put out in the home town. Interests friendly to the management of the company, when they were seen by the men who owned the paper, were told to go ahead and get the copy and it could then be decided what should be done. The agreement as between the proprietor of the paper and the Montreal group was that he should receive three hundred dollars for setting the matter up and seven hundred dollars for putting the special issue out.

Nobody seems to know just what really did happen after the local interests learned the nature of the copy that was to be inserted in the special edition, but the only report that went out from the *Standard* office was that the newspaper press had broken down and that it would be impossible to turn out the special issue.

Mexico and Canada

"A BUENOS DIAS SENOR!" Mr. D. C. Ansell answered the greeting "con mucho gusto," and seemed rather surprised that Canada should welcome him in Spanish. The Mexican Consul-General for Canada had much to say of Mexico: "That is the country of the future. In eight years it will be the greatest gold producing country on the face of the globe. The capitalists there easily get 10 to 20 per cent. on their investments. Mexico City is very beautiful and its people are fabulously rich. There are over 4,000 auto cars in the city. The climate is perfectly delightful. It is a city not only of the future, but of the present; in fact, it's the city of to-day.

"When President Diaz took the reins of government over it was bankrupt; to-day its credit is exceptionally good.

"Mexico owes much to England, the first country to recognise it after it drove out the French under Maximilian. I played a humble part in securing the recognition of England, and I told Diaz at the time that it would be the making of Mexico—and it was. All Mexicans have a warm place in their hearts for England, which was shown in a spontaneous manner during the Honduras boundary dispute. President Diaz has surrounded himself with strong men—great men, clean men. There's Limontaur, the Finance Minister, who beat the great Harriman, the American railway Emperor, to a standstill, when he tried to secure control of the Mexican railways. Carral, too, the Vice-President of the Republic, is another great man and has the full confidence of foreigners as well as Mexicans.

"Speaking of trade relations," continued the Consul-General, "there are great opportunities for Canadian trade in Mexico. The value of this trade is now about \$2,500,000 per annum. Yet Canadians made no effort to develop their trade in this direction. If they did, if they sent out young men with a knowledge of the Spanish language to boom their country's products, Mexico would soon be one of Canada's most important customers. But, unfortunately in Canada the young men are taught Latin and Greek instead of Spanish and German and French. Canada should wake up to the fact that nearly 70,000,000 people in the western hemisphere speak the Spanish language."

A Canadian's Success



Edmund Burke.

MR. EDMUND BURKE, the celebrated Canadian basso, who after several seasons in Royal Opera at the Hague, Holland, has been singing with great success in London, England, was born in Toronto, in 1876, and lived in Hamilton until he was eight years of age, when his parents moved to Montreal. He was educated at Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Quebec, where he was head prefect and captain of the football team, and from which he graduated with the Governor-General's Medal in 1894. He matriculated into McGill University and obtained the degree of B.C.L., and is, therefore, a barrister by profession. While at McGill was leader of the Glee Club, and also was prominent on the football and cricket teams. He left Montreal in September, '02, and studied under Chevalier Alberto Visetti and Sir Hubert Parry at the Royal College of Music, London, in 1902 and 1903. In Paris in 1903 he studied under Duvernoy and Varney, and made his debut September, 1905, in Montpellier, France, in Halevy's "La Juive."

Our portrait shows him in the title role of Rossini's "William Tell," a part to which he is admirably suited, both in voice and physique.

Mr. Burke has signed with the Royal Italian Opera for next season, and will make his debut at the Covent Garden Theatre on May 5th, as Mephisto in Gounod's "Faust."

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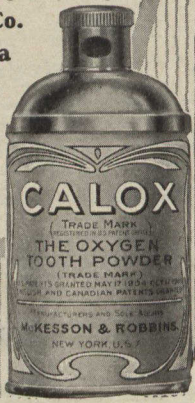
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The New Terror

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The *Colossus* has a displacement of between 22,000 and 23,000 tons, while her length from stern to bow measures 546 feet.

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The New Order

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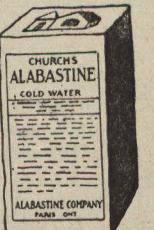
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POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT

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Ottawa, 6th May 1910

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Superintendent.

Les Canadiens-Français dans Ontario

By L. R. GAGNE

LA semaine dernière nous donnions un aperçu de l'établissement des Canadiens-français dans la capitale de la province d'Ontario. Aujourd'hui nous allons considérer leur nombre et leur développement dans toute la province. Comme on le sait déjà ils se sont adressés à la Législature afin d'obtenir l'enseignement de la langue française dans certains districts, et il est bon de faire connaître leur nombre toujours croissant et leur influence politique qui commence à se faire sentir, quoiqu'en disent certaines gens. Les quelques notes et statistiques suivantes auront pour effet de faire connaître la situation de la race Canadienne-française dans notre province et le public sera plus à même de juger si leurs réclamations sont justes ou non.

Le principal centre Canadien-français est la région du Territoire du Nouvel-Ontario, contenant six grands districts à savoir: Parry Sound, Nipissing, Sudbury, Algoma, Thunder Bay, et Rainy River. Cette partie du pays est très riche, en mines, en bois, cours d'eau et lacs. En 1901 on y comptait une population entière de 100,401 dont 20,284 Canadiens-français. Dans l'espace de neuf ans ces derniers ont plus que doublé leur population, car aujourd'hui leur nombre est de 49,060 sur un total de 160,240. Dans une vingtaine d'années les Canadiens-français seront près de la moitié de la population dans cette partie de la province.

Maintenant jetons un coup-d'oeil sur l'ensemble de la province en nous basant sur les chiffres du recensement officiel de 1901. Les statistiques citées plus haut sont extraites des travaux lus au Congrès d'Ottawa.

Voici une liste des comtés ou la population Canadienne-française était plus de 1,000 en 1901; Addington, 1,291; Algoma, 4,990; Bothwell, 1,258; Carlton, 2,533; Cornwall et Stormont, 7,004; Dundas, 5,394; Essex North, 13,208; Essex South, 4,177; Glengarry, 7,219; Hastings West, 1,130; Hastings East, 1,549; Hastings North, 1,049; Kent, 4,253; Nipissing, 15,384; Ottawa, 19,027; Prescott, 19,190; Renfrew North, 3,118; Renfrew South, 3,196; Russell, 17,512; Simcoe East, 4,950.

En calculant la population de tous ces comtés on atteint un total de 137,494. A ce nombre il faut ajouter 20,333 dispersés dans tous les autres districts de la province. Il ne faut pas oublier que les nombres mentionnés sont extraits du recensement de 1901 et que depuis, dans certains comtés surtout, on constate une augmentation considérable et voici une comparaison en certains endroits. Bothwell en 1901 comptait 1,258 Canadiens-français; en 1910, 1,446. Essex, North et South, en 1901, 17,385; en 1910, 19,933; Ottawa, en 1901, 19,027; en 1910, 23,000. Kent en 1901, 4,253; en 1910, 4,891. Simcoe, en 1901, 4,950; en 1910, 6,043. Par conséquent dans ces cinq comtés on compte déjà une augmentation de 7,440 depuis 1901 et il y a d'autres districts où elle est beaucoup plus considérable. Il ne paraît pas exagéré de dire que les Canadiens-français sont aujourd'hui au nombre de 225,000 dans la province d'Ontario. Combien seront-ils dans une vingtaine d'années avec leur augmentation naturelle et avec ceux qui émigrent des Etats-Unis et de la province de Québec? Lorsqu'ils s'établissent en un endroit quelconque il ne s'écoule peu de temps avant qu'ils soient en majorité. Il y a quarante ans on comptait peu de Canadiens-français dans les Cantons de l'Est de la province de Québec, et aujourd'hui ils y sont la grande majorité de la population. La même chose s'est produite dans certaines parties des provinces de l'Ouest.

Descendants de colons, les Canadiens-français de l'Ontario sont aussi des colons et des défricheurs. Ce sont les Canadiens-français qui ont ouvert les districts du Lac St. Jean et du Temiscamingue à la colonisation et ce sont eux, actuellement, qui défrichent les plus beaux territoires de la province d'Ontario. Déjà ils ont fondé plusieurs villages importants et c'est avec une légitime fierté qu'ils continuent l'oeuvre de leurs ancêtres.

Certes, on y voit aussi quelques ouvriers qui vivent dans les grands centres. Généralement ces derniers sont très bien vus de leurs patrons. Paisibles, ils fuient autant que possible les grèves et surtout ils n'entendent pas se laisser conduire par les meneurs américains.

Quelques Canadiens-français se sont dirigés vers les professions libérales. On en compte à peu près une trentaine, tant avocats que médecins. Cette année quatre étudiants suivent les cours de Droit à l'Université de Toronto. Dans un avenir rapproché on verra sur le banc, un juge de leur nationalité.

En fait d'instruction publique les enfants Canadiens-français sont obligés, en grande majorité, de suivre les écoles publiques ou le français n'est pas enseigné. Il y a bien quelques écoles séparées, mais les Canadiens-français sont obligés de les entretenir à leurs propres frais. Dans plusieurs de ces écoles séparées on n'enseigne pas un seul mot de français et les institutrices n'en connaissent pas les premières lettres de l'alphabet. Depuis quelques années, grâce à l'initiative de M. Aubin, député à la Législature Provinciale, les Canadiens-français possèdent une école normale bilingue à Sturgeon's Falls. Ce dernier endroit est un centre Canadien-français et dans toutes les écoles on y enseigne l'anglais et le français.

Aujourd'hui les Canadiens-français ont cinq représentants à la Législature Provinciale dont un, l'Hon. M. Rhéaume est ministre des Travaux-Publics. Les autres sont M. Aubin, de Sturgeon Falls, M. Pharand, de Prescott, M. Morel, de Nipissing, et M. Racine, de Russell. Ce dernier est le seul qui figure parmi les membres de l'Opposition. Les autres sont conservateurs. Ils n'ont qu'un seul représentant au Fédéral, M. Proulx, de Nipissing. L'hon. M. Belcourt est leur représentant au Sénat. Depuis quelques années des démarches sont faites pour en obtenir un autre et il y a tout lieu de croire qu'elles seront couronnées de succès.

L'influence politique des Canadiens-français peut surtout se faire sentir au Parlement Provincial. Déjà ils ont la majorité des votes dans une dizaine de circonscriptions électorales et avec une bonne organisation, ils pourront certainement en contrôler une vingtaine. Pour en arriver là il leur faut mettre de côté tout esprit de parti et s'occuper exclusivement de leurs intérêts. Qu'ils soient avant tout Canadiens-français, et aidés par une presse franchement indépendante ils pourront former un certain parti dont l'influence augmentera d'année en année, avec la croissance prodigieuse de leur race. S'ils le veulent, avant longtemps ils détiendront la balance du pouvoir et les deux partis qui se disputent la suprématie seront obligés de compter avec eux. Mais il leur faut faire bien des choses avant d'en arriver là. Tout d'abord, il leur faut mettre leur apathie de côté. Il leur faut s'intéresser à la chose publique comme tout Canadien, et surtout se mettre dans la cervelle qu'ils sont autant que ceux des autres nationalités.

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THE WILL OF LE BON DIEU

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 19.

Again Michel hesitated.

"Now—blue. Take your time." A note of mingled reassurance and perplexity sounded in the Scotchman's tones. When at last he rose from his chair, he laid his hand kindly upon the applicant's shoulder.

"My dear young man," he said with sympathy, "did you know before that you are colour-blind?"

Michel passed his hands in bewilderment over his fine eyes, his mouth set with a strange sternness. What calamitous fact was this? What hideous deformity.

"Yes, it is most unfortunate, when you are so well equipped in other ways, but I find that you cannot distinguish the colours at all. You chose brown for green, pink for blue—in fact you never once chose the colour for which I asked. You must see how important this is in the life of a railroad man—the mistake in a signal light might mean the death of hundreds of people or the loss of many dollars. We have to be most particular in this and I am sorry."

Michel's head sank upon his breast; his cap slipped to the floor from inert fingers. It was a terrible revelation.

"Of course," continued the superintendent, "I can give you a job in the works—in almost any department. I'd like very much to do that—"

"Non, non, M'sieu—t'anks. Dat is not de life dat called. I am obleeged, M'sieu—you are mos' kind, but—eh, bien, I shall go home to my fader.

McGregor smiled as he clasped the boy's brown hand. "I think that perhaps after all, Michel, that will be best. I'm glad you came to me and

I'm honestly sorry that I can't help you out. You understand, don't you? And now, good-bye and good luck."

As he returned along the familiar path leading through the sugar-bush Michel's heart gave a sudden throb of gladness. It was almost dark and the distant lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep, and the faint singing of frogs at the river's edge, sounded wondrously sweet to his ears. For a moment he stood at the gap surveying the familiar notice, "*Un traverse du chemin de fer*," and as he looked it was as if he were bidding a last farewell to the road and the dead dream of his youth. Yet, strangely enough, his regret was quietly dispassionate.

Slowly he stole through the perfumed garden and for a moment stood in the trellised porch with its wealth of trailing honeysuckle. Within all was still but by the fading light he could see his mother and father sitting together at the open doorway. Honore's rough hand held that of his wife as they looked out upon the neat garden from which all pleasure had vanished in a day.

"Moder—fader!" With mingled cries of astonishment and joy they rose at the sound of his cry and threw themselves upon him in a passion of gladness and adoration.

"I have come back to de leetle house—an' to you an' Ninon. De colour-sight it is no good but I need it not here wit' you, fader. I t'ink I marry Ninon now an'—p'raps I get de bounty of de King. It is de will of Le Bon Dieu. *Hein?*"

A MUMMER'S THRONE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.

"You don't know what our people are. They are good natured and kind hearted to a fault, but they are terribly indiscreet. Clarette, I am going to place myself at your mercy. I beg you to go back to the others and say nothing whatever as to our whereabouts. This gentleman is his Majesty the King of Montenegro."

King Fritz waited for the listener to be properly impressed. But from that point of view the announcement was a dismal failure. The little actress threw back her head and laughed like a peal of silver bells. Even the king smiled.

"Oh, this is delicious," she cried. "Much flattery has turned the poor thing's head. She actually believes that she has found a king. Your Majesty, I am pleased to make your acquaintance. All sorts and conditions of men I have met, but a king before—never."

"She does not recognise me," the king said, *sotto voce*.

He threw an imploring glance at Nita over his shoulder. She bit her lips, and was conscious of her own indiscretion. After all, it would be a stupid thing to betray the identity of her companion. Doubtless, it would lead to all kinds of complications. It was better far to let the thing go, and to accept Clarette's point of view. Besides, the king was standing up in the boat now, and had drawn it close to the bank. The spirit of adventure was upon him. There was something in the close contact between these actors and actresses that appealed to him. Like most people he was more or less fascinated with the stage, and here was an opportunity to make the acquaintance of a whole crowd of them, which was not to be neglected. He held out his hand to Nita, and helped her from the boat.

"Don't say anything," he whispered. "Let it all pass as a joke. I wouldn't mind so much if it wasn't for those confounded newspapers. If they get hold of this, I shall have half my ministers coming post haste to take me back home again."

"Come along," Clarette cried. "Come and have tea with the others. I will introduce your king to the crowd. I am sure they will be delighted; as things go he is a very presentable king indeed. And now, what is your name, your Majesty?"

"Mr. Fritz," the king said gravely. "I am sure I shall be delighted."

They came presently to a little valley in the heart of the woods where a fair white tablecloth was laid upon the grass. A kettle, boiled in gipsy fashion, bubbled merrily on a tripod, and an actress with a European reputation was making tea. A score of men and women, chattering and laughing gaily, were gathered round, and the king had no difficulty in recognising most of the company which he had seen at the "Oderon" Theatre. One or two glanced at him curiously, and some of the women smiled. It was only natural from his clean-shaven face and alert air that he should be mistaken for one of the profession. With a laughable suggestion of melodrama Clarette raised her hand, and introduced him.

"Behold the missing queen," she cried. "Now we know what has become of her for the last few days. We might have saved our tears. We might have saved ourselves from picturing her bent over the bedside of a dying friend. Deal with her gently, girls, for her case is hopeless."

"How so?" asked the lady with the teapot.

"Mad, my dear, hopelessly and entirely mad. She swears that she is born to the purple, and that her in-



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genuous companion is no less a person that the King of Montenegro.

"He is in the city," one of the men murmured.

"My dear boy, he is here. Gaze upon those classic features. Look in to that regal and commanding eye. But sit down and make yourself at home. Even a king might do worse than drink a cup of Bertha Venis' tea."

A fine confusion stained Nita's cheeks. She was trembling with apprehension now, for it was more than humanly possible that some member of the crowd would recognise the features of Montenegro's ruler. But the whole thing passed for a joke. The gay company fell in with Clarette's humour, and something like a throne was hastily improvised for the king. As to himself, he was delighted with the warmth and freedom of his reception. Nobody seemed to care who he was, nobody asked any questions. It was all the same to them so long as he wore the attributes of good fellowship, and was properly introduced as a member of the clan. He had forgotten his regal position now. He threw himself heart and soul into the pleasures of his companions. He would have been better pleased, perhaps, if Clarette's little joke had been allowed to die a natural death. But the whisper went round the gay chattering circle, and to his great amusement the king found himself treated with a mock deference which he heartily reciprocated. Clarette had snatched up a handful of flowers, and deftly woven them into a green and yellow circlet. She came demurely over to the king where Nita was sitting, and cast them lightly on her yellow hair.

"I crown thee queen," she cried. "Ladies and gentlemen, let me introduce you to the Queen of Montenegro. You did not know when you came out to-day how great an honour would be conferred upon us all. May I be allowed to have the felicity of giving his Majesty a cup of tea? I assure you it is not poisoned."

The king held out his hand smilingly.

"We are infinitely obliged to you," he said gravely. "Permit me to drink to the health of this excellent company. I assure you that I am charmed and delighted to make your acquaintance. Is not that so, my queen? Tell them you agree with all I say."

The colour came into Nita's cheeks, red and white chased one another like dappled shadows on a windy summer morning. The spirit of comedy was upon her. It was her mood to respond to the king's gaiety. Yet in a measure she was afraid. For this was getting a serious matter now. And the King of Montenegro was carrying the joke too far. Yet his voice was so clear and buoyant, and his face so boyish that she had not the heart to repel him.

"Of course," she said demurely. "I will never forgive Clarette for betraying my secret. When I am the Queen of Montenegro, she shall never be a guest at my court."

The others laughed merrily enough. They were in a mood when little seemed to please them. And from his throne amidst the spring flowers King Fritz surveyed the whole scene with unalloyed amusement. This, he told himself, was life, this was enjoyment. How different from the stern, hard creeds and shibboleths with which he had been fenced in up to now! What a contrast to the grim old castle at Rusta where he had passed the best part of his existence guarded by sentinels, and with no choice of company other than old Rutzstin and his ministers for companionship. What mattered affairs of State now? Why should

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The ordinary way to make Fashioned Hosiery is to stretch it into shape while wet. Such hosiery loses its shape after one or two washings.

Ask your dealer to show you Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery. Our guaranteed lines have a guarantee slip in each box. Pen-Angle trade-mark is on the hosiery, too.

If your dealer cannot supply you, state number, size and color of hosiery desired and enclose price, and we will fill your order direct.

FOR LADIES.

No. 1760. Black Cashmere hose. Medium weight. 2-ply leg. 5-ply foot, heel, toe and high splice, giving strength where strength is needed. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1150. Cashmere hose. Medium weight. 2-ply leg. 4-ply foot, heel and toe. Black and colors. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1720. Cotton Hose. Made of 2-ply Egyptian yarn, with 3-ply heels and toes. Black and colors. Box of 4 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$1.50.

FOR MEN.

No. 2404. Medium weight Cashmere half-hose. Made of 2-ply Botany yarn with our special "Everlast" heels and toes, which add to its wearing qualities, while the hosiery still remains soft and comfortable. Black and colors. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 500. Winter weight black Cashmere half-hose, 5-ply body, spun from pure Australian wool. 9-ply silk splicing in heels and toes. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 330. "Everlast" Cotton Socks. Medium weight. Made from 4-ply Egyptian cotton yarn, with 6-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

Dept. PENMANS, Limited, Paris, Canada.

Pen-Angle Hosiery



The Road to Success is Lighted by Electricity

Dark Streets are not attractive. People with money. in their pockets select the bright streets.

And it naturally follows that they select the brightly lighted stores

Electric Light is the brightest, cleanest, most truly economical artificial illuminant obtainable.

Mr. Merchant: Attract the people with money in their pockets to your store by using Electric Light. Ask

The Toronto Electric Light Co., Limited

TO SEND A REPRESENTATIVE
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Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 20th MAY, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years three and six times per week each way, between Stayner and Strongville, from the 1st July next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Stayner, Strongville and route offices, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,
Ottawa, 6th April, 1910.

G. C. ANDERSON,
Superintendent.

Tea Time Talks

*It's always tea time when
you are tired or thirsty.*

The Best Tea at its Best

The best tea in the world is hill-grown Ceylon Tea. "Salada" is *this* best tea at its best.

"Salada" plantations have the best soil; the tea plants are of the best variety; the fragrant buds and leaves picked for "Salada" are the best production of the best plants.

This best tea is protected from contamination and deterioration every step of the way from plantation to purchaser. It comes to you in air-tight lead packages.

Bulk teas rapidly deteriorate. "Salada" is never sold in bulk.



Yearly sale over 20,000,000 packages

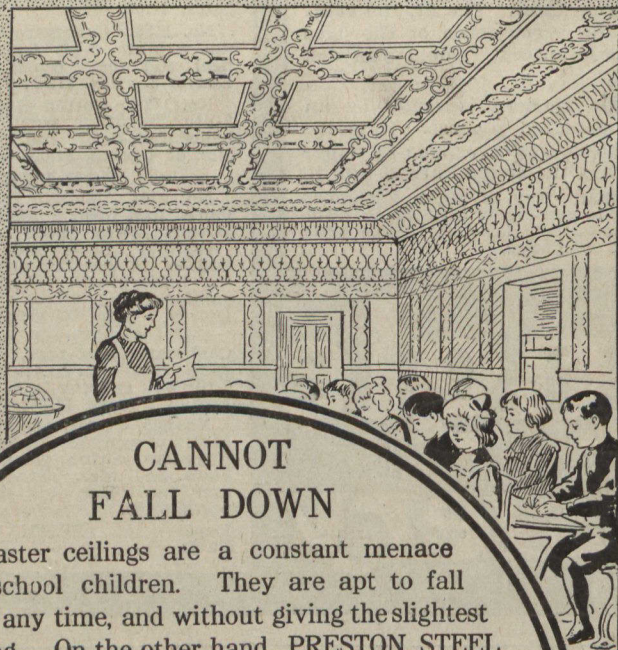
Ask your grocer for "Salada" Tea or send for a free trial package which makes 25 cups of delicious tea. We will mail it to you without charge. Say whether you use Black, Mixed or Green Tea and the price you pay per pound.

The "SALADA" TEA CO.
32 Yonge Street Toronto

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will confer a favor by reporting promptly any failure in the delivery of their copies of the Canadian Courier. City subscribers should receive theirs by not later than Friday evening. Out of town readers may assist by kindly giving the number on the label.

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Plaster ceilings are a constant menace to school children. They are apt to fall down any time, and without giving the slightest warning. On the other hand, PRESTON STEEL Ceilings are absolutely safe. They cannot crack, cannot fall down. Will last as long as the building stands. Fireproof. Sanitary, too. Do not absorb odors or disease germs. Easily cleaned with soap and water. Cost compares favorably with plaster or wood. Send for decorative suggestions, booklet and estimates.

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11

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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THE "CANADIAN COURIER."

he care if Austria was fidgeting about the new frontier line and Russia was stirring up strife on account of the Hinterland Provinces? For he was young, and the spring day was fresh and fair, and was not the face of his companion the sweetest he had ever seen?

Why not? he asked himself. And yet, why not again? It seemed to him now that he was an actor, and that these mummies were the creatures who extracted every drop of the honey of his life. It was a revelation to him, a new harmonious existence which he had only read of in books, and every moment brought a fresh surprise; the tall woman, with the dark eyes and ivory complexion, was known far and wide as a great tragic actress. The little man, with the wrinkled face and Trilby hat, was the very prince of comedians. King Fritz picked up the names as they fell from lip to lip. He felt distinctly honoured that he was appreciated in such select company. And, meanwhile, old Rutzstain was laid by the heels beyond the power to interfere for Heaven knows how long a period.

And nobody asked any awkward questions, they all seemed to take the thing for granted. There was a charming gaiety and abandon about these actors. They tossed their quips and cranks from lip to lip, the purple silence of the woods rang with their innocent laughter. And they were not idly curious either. They did not seem to care who the king was, or where he came from, so long as he attuned himself to their melody and danced to their merry air. Here was life, then, fresh and vigorous, and full of sap as an oak in an April wind. The king was young, too; he had the command of means to make the adventure successful.

The talk for the most part was theatrical, and Fritz listened with the keenest possible interest. With one accord the company addressed him as "your Majesty"; it seemed tacitly to be understood that the jest must be kept up.

All the same, there was something almost pathetic in the droop of Nita's lips and the wistfulness of her smile. The thing was utterly wrong. She checked an inclination to start up there and then and tell the truth. But the king's enjoyment was so wholesome and heartwhole that the necessary courage failed her. Still, it did not matter. The little romance would be ended in a day or two, and that frivolous-minded crowd would forget that they had ever met the handsome stranger by the margin of the silver stream. The chaplet slipped from Nita's hair. The yellow flowers lay unheeded in her lap. Under cover of them the king possessed himself of her hand. Her little fingers lay unresistingly in his.

"Sweetheart," he murmured, "don't be unkind. This is a glimpse of paradise to me. Ah, you little realise what a drab existence has been mine. I know you won't spoil it."

"Why should I not?" Nita whispered.

"Because it is going to last," the king said solemnly. "Dear heart, do you think I am going back now? Do you think that I would return to Montenegro without you? No, not for the reversion of a score of crowns. I mean to have a real queen not a human puppet trained from the cradle to be an automaton and a figure head."

Nita sighed gently. The whole thing was wildly extravagant to the last degree, but it held something real for her. Her lips trembled in a smile. It seemed as if she were about to say something warm and palpitating, when a burst of laughter from those gathered round the tea table drowned her voice.

"Oh, I assure you it is true," Clarette cried. "Nita told us so. Think of the audacity of it! None of us ever conceived such a gilded lie. Behold him! Let me introduce you to his Majesty, the King of Montenegro."

A little man in gleaming spectacles had come up and joined the group. He was a veritable note of exclamation. With a shrewd little smile on his lips now he ceased to play with his waxed moustache. There was something like consternation on his face.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed. "Why, this is actually——"

"What is the matter?" Clarette demanded shortly. "Boys and girls, here is Louis Benin actually lost for speech. The brilliant journalist, whose mission it is to govern Europe is actually embarrassed. Dear little man, have you ever been in the presence of Royalty before? Give him a glass of water, one of you."

The spick and span journalist forced a smile to his lips. He ceased to stare at the owner of a throne as if he had been some rare and curious animal. His snug self-complacency was coming back to him now.

"There is a likeness to his Majesty," he said. "Ha, ha, that is a good joke of Nita's. I did not know that this was one of her *metiers*. I hope you are well, sir."

The little journalist was swaggering now. He was apparently quite at his ease. Yet, there was a restlessness about him, and a queer glitter in his eyes which filled Nita with uneasiness.

"That man has recognised you," she whispered.

"It is more than possible," the king said coolly. "Indeed, I wonder that some of your companions have not already done so. I suppose they did not spot me out of one of those confounded uniforms that I am always decked in. But why so grave? Who is the little man, and how can he harm any of us?"

"He is a journalist," Nita explained, "and a very brilliant one, too. Everything he says is listened to; in fact he is quite a prominent figure here. I don't know what is passing through his mind, but assuredly he recognised you. I should not feel so anxious if he had not kept the fact to himself. You see, there is Bertha Venis telling him that there is an understanding between you and me. Oh, I wish she wouldn't. I wish we had never come here to-day."

There was another burst of laughter from the group round the table. One or two of the girls had laid hands upon the newspaper man, and were trying to detain him. He was desolate, he said. He was distracted to tear himself away from such pleasant company.

"I only looked in for a moment," he said. "After the theatre, this evening, perhaps. Meanwhile, the slave of duty as I am, I must hurry back to the city. Au-revoir."

The shining light of the fourth estate hastened back to the city. He hurried along the boulevards in the direction of his office. People smiled and bowed, while a man more emphatic than the rest tried to detain him. But he shook him off and went his way.

"Is it so important?" the other asked. "Is there a fortune waiting at the office of *La Cigale* for you?"

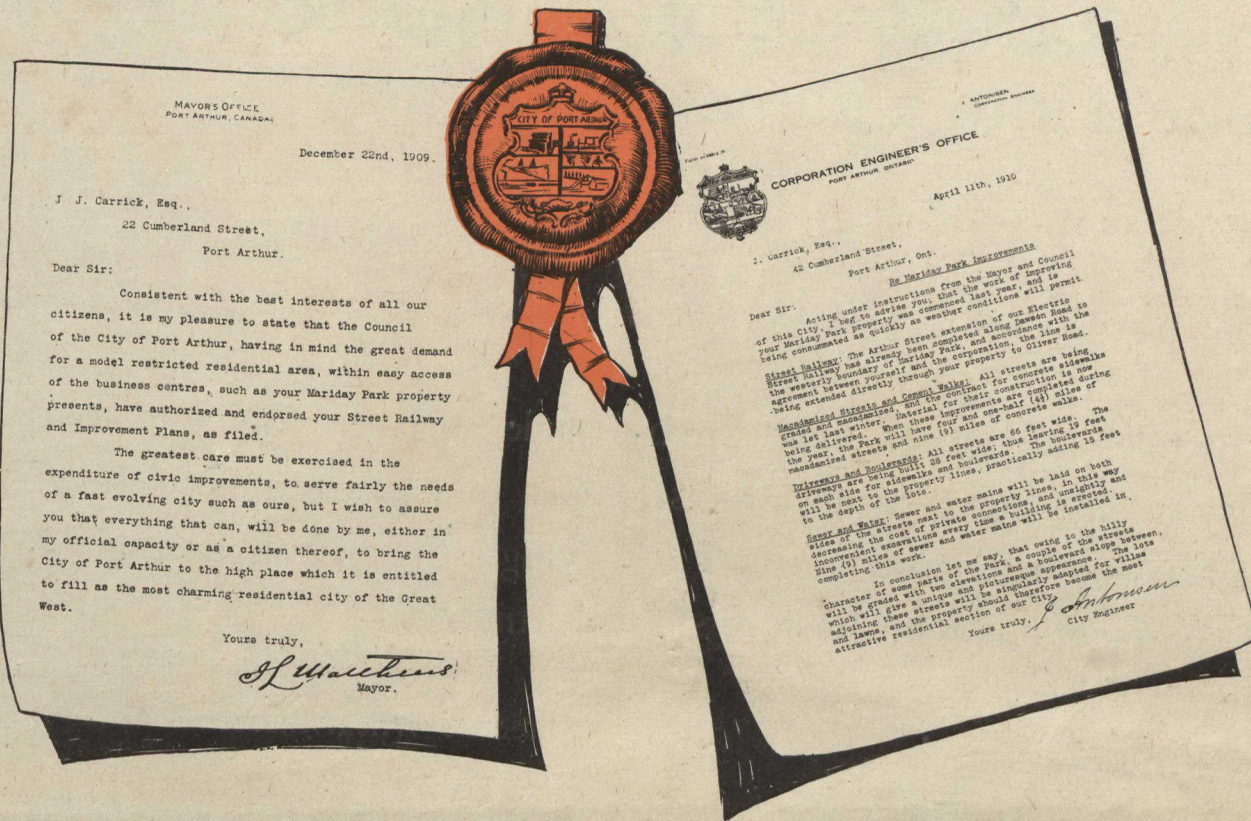
"Something like it," Benin cried gaily. "Fortune? Yes; if it is served up hot enough. And exclusive, my friend, exclusive! Come to me to supper at the Cafe Continental after the Theatre to-night, and I promise you a feast of the gods with the wine of the widow galore. But not if you detain me, Alphonse."

TO BE CONTINUED.

MARIDAY PARK

The Seal of Civic Approval

We reproduce below facsimile of letters received from the Mayor of Port Arthur and from the Corporation Engineer of the City. These letters afford the best possible reference for Mariday Park—such a "Seal of Approval," from such a source, indelibly stamps the property as a high-grade, bona fide investment.



MARIDAY PARK

PORT ARTHUR

This exceptional opportunity for either investment or home-building, is knocking at your door. Mariday Park—Thunder Bay's Home Elysium—is a restricted, residential sub-division. It has an electric railway running right through the property. There are four and a half miles of macadam streets. Within its borders are nine miles of granolithic walks. Building restrictions have been imposed, calling for buildings of from three to five thousand dollars. There are water and sewer connections to every lot. If you have ever been in Port Arthur you will remember that the city rises on a succession of terraces, from the shores of Thunder Bay—culminating, in less than half a mile, and at an altitude of 198 feet, in the broad plateau of Mariday Park. This location affords the city's most magnificent view of the panorama of Thunder Bay and the surrounding beautiful country. We welcome the searchlight of investigation. Your request, addressed to any of our offices mentioned below, will bring by return mail a copy of what we consider the most superb booklet ever published on the subject of real estate. The book is called "The Portal to the West"—and it's free. With the book we will send you sub-division plan and map of the city.

PRICES AND TERMS

Lots are all of fifty foot frontage. Prices range from ten to thirty dollars per foot. Purchasers have five years to complete their payments. Terms 20% cash—balance in ten equal semi-annual payments—6% interest. Allotments commence May 24th, 1910—sale 1st of June, 1910. Early selection is advised, as those who are first to inquire will have the best opportunity for selection.

J. J. CARRICK

Head Office: 22 CUMBERLAND ST., PORT ARTHUR
 Branch Offices: 420 Victoria Ave., Fort William; 1307 Traders Bank Bldg., Toronto; 226 St. James St., Montreal
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LOOKING FOR A COOK?

Man can live without books, but not without cooks. The passing of the culinary art is the despair of the modern housekeeper. The departure of the cook need not throw the household into a panic if you know

Shredded Wheat Biscuit

and the many wholesome dishes that can be made with it. Being ready-cooked and ready-to-serve it is easy for the inexperienced housekeeper to prepare a nourishing meal with it—a meal that is deliciously strengthening and satisfying. Its biscuit form gives opportunity for a great variety of combinations with fresh or stewed fruits.

Shredded Wheat Biscuit is made of whole wheat, steam-cooked, shredded and baked. Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits, eaten with a little hot or cold milk, salted or sweetened to suit the taste, will supply all the energy needed for a half day's work. Contains more real body-building nutriment than meat or eggs, is more easily digested and costs much less. Always the same price—always clean—always pure—always the same.

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