

Vol. I. No. 19

April 6th, 1907

Price 5 Cents

# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly



AUTOMOBILE NUMBER

MARTEN

JOHN A. COOPER, Editor

THE COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO

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# Automobile Tires

“Made in Canada”

The use of Automobiles for business or pleasure has developed most extensively during the past four years, and the number of auto factories on this continent manufacturing standard machines are being constantly added to.

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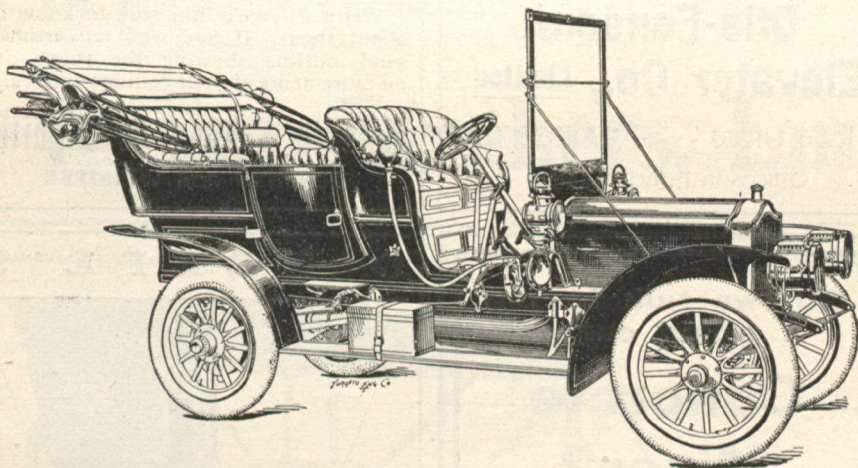
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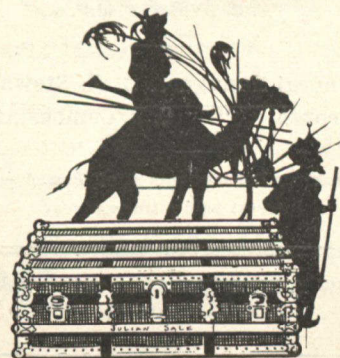
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the dairy land  
ideal: sends to  
Canada a  
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cious confection in

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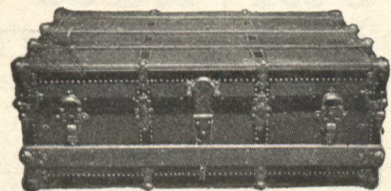
Unrivalled for delicate smoothness,  
sweet purity, palatability and nu-  
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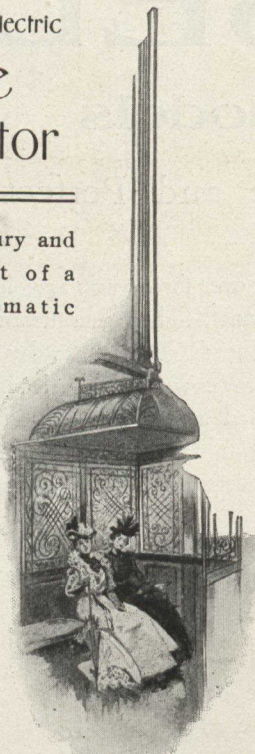
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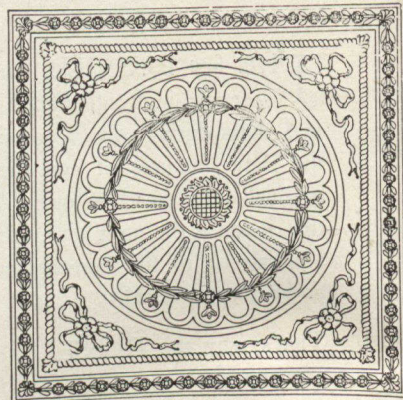
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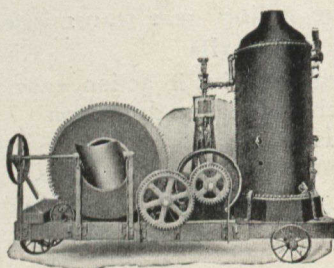
requires no present introduction. From the time it was ORIGINALLY put on the market it easily led, so far as a Malt beverage was concerned, in the estimation of the connoisseurs. This lead it still holds, by reason of the fact that the utmost care is exercised in the selection of the several ingredients that enter into its makeup, namely, the CHOICEST BARLEY, the CHOICEST HOPS, and FILTERED WATER—the utmost cleanliness being observed—all departments being under the superintendence of the ONLY Brewmaster who comes from the original "Salvador" Brewery, Munich, Germany, Mr. Lothar Reinhardt, and so we say

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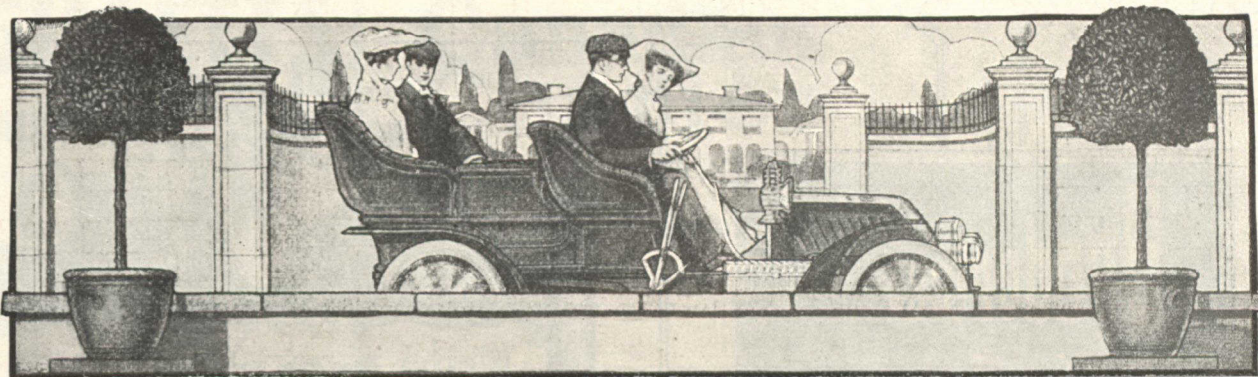
So Light is it and So Good is it that it Stands By Itself.

Brewed Right?  
Yes, indeed.

Bottled Right?  
Yes, Positively.

Acts Right?  
No one ever said it didn't.

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**T**HE demand for automobiles this year is way in excess of anything ever before known in Canada. More and more business men are enjoying the relaxation of motor trips, and those who have made money in Cobalt are not slow to catch this new enthusiasm. Anyone at all interested will find it distinctly to their advantage to place orders early, while we are sure of deliveries.

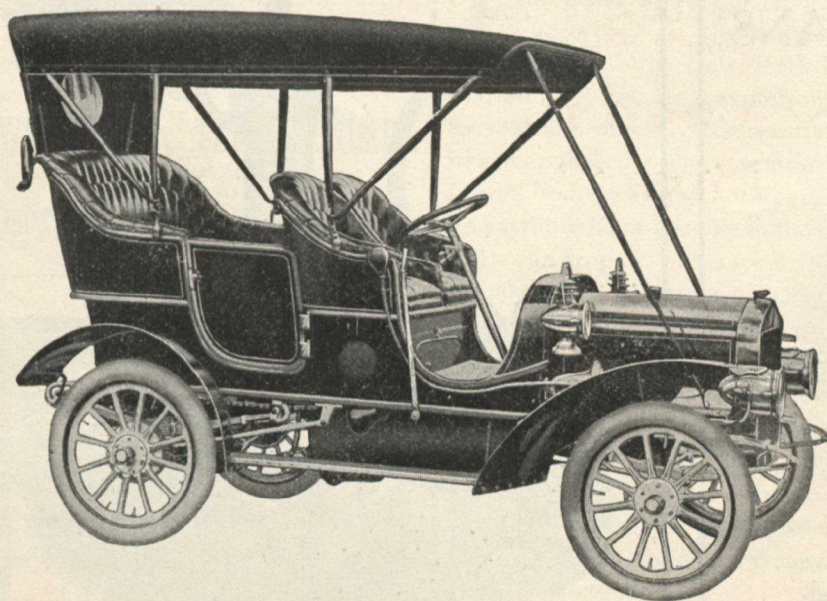
We specialize on the two best known makes :

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which are perfect for use under all conditions. The trouble will be to get enough of them to keep pace with the demand, and while we have enough on hand for immediate requirements there is no assurance that this will continue. You will do well to place your order now.

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The pen with **Ideal** the Clip-Cap

**Fountain Pen**

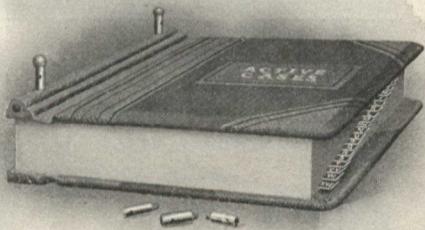
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Full particulars will be sent on application.

**The Copeland-Chatterton Co'y,**  
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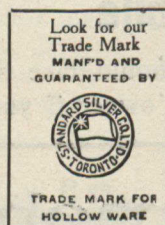


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Perfection in Workmanship and  
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All these attributes are found in our goods



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### Editorial Chat

**T**HIS is the fateful nineteenth issue, according to the experience of "Ridgway's," the New York Weekly started last fall to revolutionise the periodical business. Its twentieth issue never appeared. Our twentieth issue is well under way and nothing less than an earthquake or a strike in the printing trade can stop it. This week, the press of advertising matter has been enormous and although four pages were added to the size of the paper, more than two pages of advertisements were crowded out. This being popular and "striking the public fancy" has its draw-backs. We hope that in future issues there will be less crowding; we frankly admit that in this issue it is due to bad management.

Next week special attention will be given to the Doukhobors, some striking pictures of their villages having been secured. There will be something special on the Colonial Conference and two or three clever short stories. Contributions are invited from photographers and writers.

Subscribers who do not receive their copies regularly or in good condition are invited to communicate with the Circulation Manager who will deal promptly with all complaints. One or two suggestions received recently have been quite helpful.

## The Automobile Scarf Pin

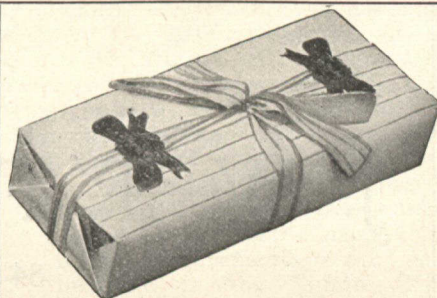
☞ A scarf pin for every necktie is the decree of Fashion for this season.

☞ The new automobile tie pin is very distinct for its exclusiveness in style and excellent finish.

☞ A fine 14k. pin, in rose finish, and diamond set at \$9.00 is much favored.

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**WINDMILLS, TANKS, PUMPS.**

Ask us for further information.  
No trouble to wait on you.

**Ontario Wind Engine & Pump Co., Ltd.**  
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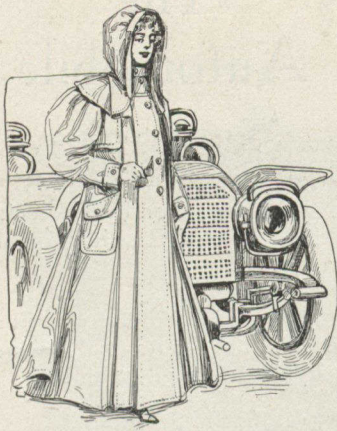


### CHILDREN THRIVE—

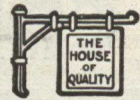
grow strong and active—on pure, wholesome Bread. That's the kind of Bread you can bake from **PURITY FLOUR.** It's full of nutriment, because it is milled entirely from the very finest Western Canada Hard Wheat in the best equipped flour mills in the world.

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**T**O be comfortable while motoring it is necessary to have proper wearing apparel—clothing made for that purpose. We sell all kinds of motor garments for men and women in Tweed, Gaberdine, Rubber and Leather; also Dusters, Lap Rugs, Hats, Caps, Gauntlets and Gloves. We invite inspection.

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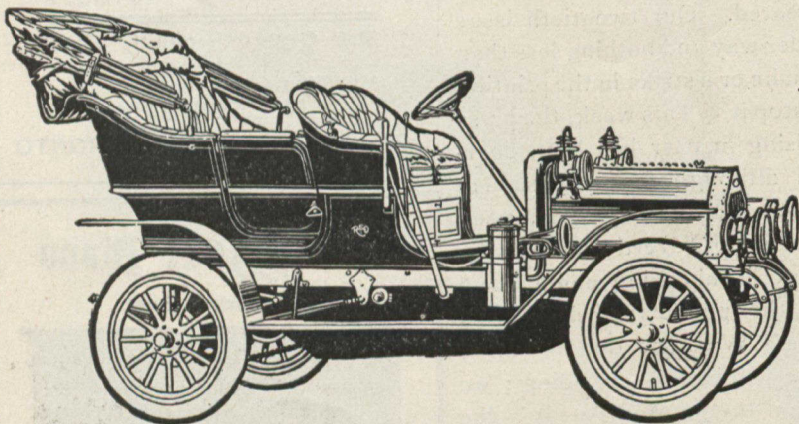
*English Motor and Sporting Clothing*

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REO LIGHT TOURING CAR. 16-20 H.P. 1,750 lbs. Detachable Side Entrance Tonneau.

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LET US TELL YOU WHY THE REO HAS  
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Write to-day for Catalog and nearest Agency.

## REO MOTOR CAR CO.

LANSING, MICH., U.S.A.

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## THE REOS HAVE COME TO CANADA

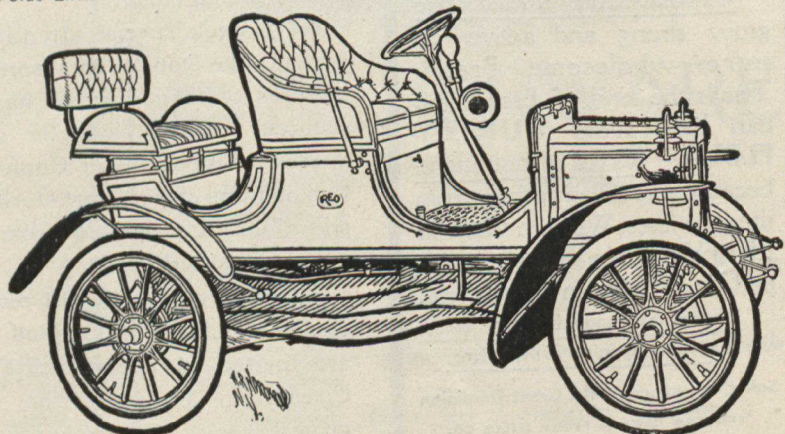
The REOS have invaded Canada. That means that the most practical, the most successful and the most economical of cars is within the reach of Canadian motorists. REOS are being used now with great success in both eastern and western Canada. Before buying be sure and investigate this popular line.

## A CAR THAT IS BUILT FOR SERVICE

In a REO you have a car that does the work, that stands up to real business on the road, that leaves high priced cars far behind in every sort of practical test to which a car can be put. REO cars lower every record they tackle, and win nearly every contest they enter—

**RACING, HILL-CLIMBING,  
ENDURANCE or ECONOMY.**

\$675



REO RUNABOUT WITH FOLDING SEAT. Four Passengers. 8-10 H.P.  
Seats fold down when not in use.



# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

NEWS CO. EDITION

Subscription : \$2.50 a Year.

Vol. I

Toronto, April 6th, 1907

No. 19

## Topics of the Day

**M**R. JUSTICE LONGLEY of Nova Scotia created a disturbance, according to press despatches, at Halifax the other evening by predicting the independence of Canada. As a reply to him, those present at the annual dinner of the Mining Society sang "Rule Britannia." The Hon. Mr. Longley is a thoroughly good Canadian but it was rather foolish of him to declare for independence at this juncture. Canada has almost as much independence as she needs, and when the treaty-making power in so far as Canadian interests are involved, is controlled from Ottawa, there will be little more to seek. Further, at a time when Great Britain is honestly seeking to promote colonial trade and emigration and just a few weeks before an important colonial conference, it is unwise to raise the cry of independence. In fact it is ungracious.

\* \* \*

Mr. Justice Longley is a clever, able and ambitious man, with peculiar little traits which have tended to diminish his reputation. That he has been greatly overshadowed in Nova Scotia by the more fortunate Mr. Fielding seems to have made him sarcastic and pessimistic at times. Consequently, while highly respected, he has not been a popular hero.

The other day when he was in Toronto, he was introduced by a friend to a leading K. C. as "Mr. Longley." He turned to the K.C. at once and inquired if it were usual in Toronto to introduce a judge as "Mr." The reader can easily imagine the effect on the minds of the two men concerned. The K.C., being a noble chap, stood by his friend and answered that it was quite usual.

\* \* \*

An interesting case involving the ownership of the Lawson Mine, Cobalt, estimated to be worth anywhere from three to five millions of dollars, was argued in the Supreme Court last week. In September, 1904, four men entered into an agreement to prospect in the district. Important discoveries were made and a lease secured in January, 1905 in the name of one of them, Thomas Crawford. In June, Crawford, without the consent of his partners, it is alleged, sold one-fourth of his interest to Mr. Lawson, who immediately began to mine. An injunction was secured against him, and the property has been in court ever since. A number of speculative people have bought portions of the various interests, and consequently many are now interested. A lawyer in Toronto, possessed of very little of this world's goods, blocked one settlement by refusing an offer of nearly half a million for his share. The case was adjourned at Ottawa to permit another attempt at settlement, and it may be taken out of court this week. The mine is quite valuable enough to make a dozen men comfortable for the balance of their lives. The shares will run from \$200,000 to \$800,000 each, while the largest investment will not exceed \$25,000.

\* \* \*

When the Imperial or Colonial conference meets on

April 15th, Sir Wilfrid Laurier will be present. In the House last week, he gave a comprehensive survey of his attitude towards many of the topics to be discussed. The occasion was made the more notable by the presence on the right hand of the Speaker of the Right Hon. Mr. Bryce, British Ambassador to Washington.

As to whether Canada should have a navy of her own, Sir Wilfrid had nothing to say, so that it may be inferred that he is not yet prepared to pledge his Government either one way or another on this point. Allied to this subject is that of Imperial Defence, and on this the Premier was quite definite. He maintained, as he did five years ago, that Canada should avoid "the vortex of European militarism," which shows that he has not been greatly influenced by the brilliant speeches of a certain McGill professor. Sir Wilfrid believes that the "armed peace" of Europe should not be encouraged; the "unarmed peace" of this continent is much more to his liking. Thus did he blot out once more the dream of a Canadian contribution to the British navy.

With regard to the proposed Imperial Council, which would act in an advisory capacity to all the governments which are included in the Empire, Sir Wilfrid is sceptical. He will not favour it, because it might disturb the existing pleasant relations with the Colonial Office. Apparently he is not even in favour of an Imperial Commission to investigate the problems of Empire and make suggestions based on information gathered. Here he fears faddists who might recommend reforms and changes which elected governments would find inconvenient.

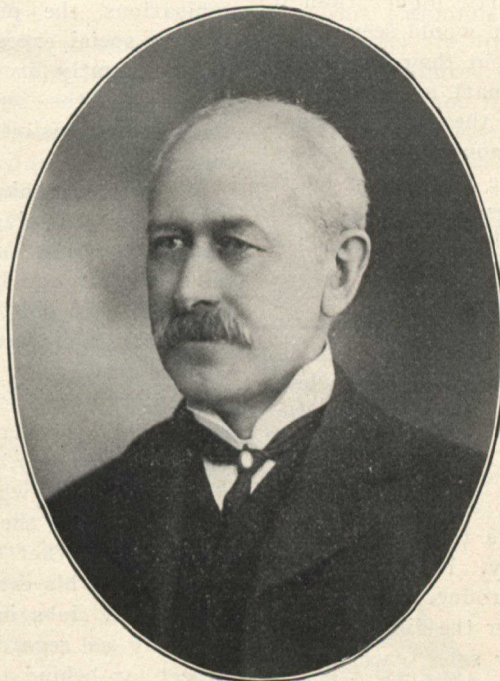
\* \* \*

With regard to preferential trade Sir Wilfrid points out that he is in favour of it. Canada has proved that. It is for Great Britain to decide as to its further development. The Empire's pleasant relations can only be maintained by "allowing to every nation composing it, the measure of liberty that it has and also the free choice of the fiscal policy it is to maintain."

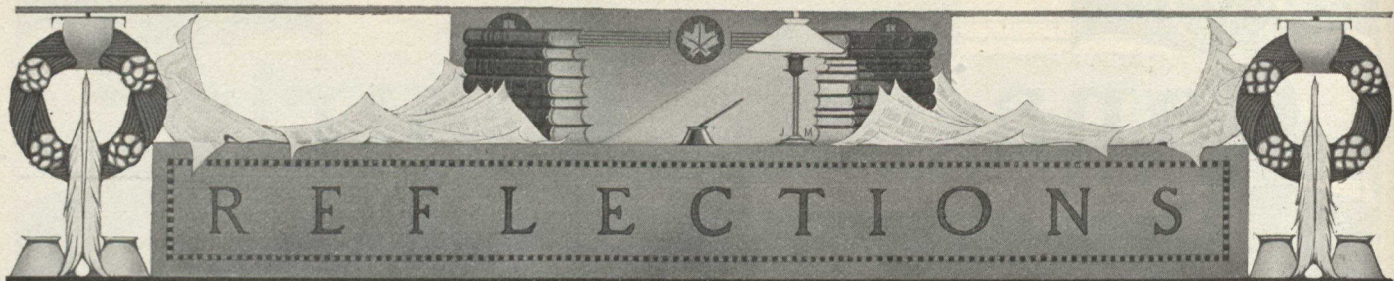
\* \* \*

Western Canada is not greatly interested in foreign trade except as it relates to wheat. Ontario and Quebec are interested in foreign trade on both oceans. Nova Scotia is particularly concerned with the West Indian trade.

Three representatives of the Canadian boards of trade have recently visited the West Indies with a view to promoting trade with the British Islands. They urged that the West Indies give a preference to Canadian goods, and their visit will probably have an important effect. New York's influence in the Islands is necessarily very great on account of the steamship connection and the quick despatch of goods. For example, Ontario manufactures or Western flour have a long way to travel to the Islands via Halifax. New York has great stores of all classes of goods and can fill orders quickly. Nevertheless, Canada is wise in cultivating the trade. It is not large, but it is important that what we have we should hold.



Hon. Justice Longley  
of Nova Scotia



Y I Y I B Y S T A F F W R I T E R S Y I Y I

**I**T is becoming the fashion for professional men to suit their fees to the patron's purse. A rich patient has appendicitis. The family doctor recommends the hospital and a specialist to perform the operation. The cutting

#### PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

is done, the wound sewed up, and the patient recovers. The appendix may or may not have been sound, and the operation may or may not have been necessary. The specialist sends in a bill for \$1,000, and the two doctors in attendance ask a fee of \$300 each. The patient can afford it.

A lawyer defended a bank president the other day and secured his acquittal. He sent in a bill for \$5,000. The president thought the bill too high and returned it. The lawyer promptly sent an amended bill for \$7,500 and now sues for that amount.

A lawyer is retained in a case for a government at \$100 a day. On certain days he spends fifteen minutes or half an hour on the case. At the same time he attends court for another client. Total time of two cases, two hours; total charges, \$200.

Of course the price of eggs is a little higher than it was and rents have gone up; still, it would seem as if the professional men were inclined to put their fees just a little too high. The public on their part are rather inclined to take a pride in paying these extravagant charges. The truth probably is that money comes pretty easy in Canada just now, and we are inclined to let it go easy. Perhaps when the hard times come, people will wake up and insist that professional fees be placed on a more equitable basis.

**F**OR some time there has been a discussion in Ontario as to whether all teachers in the Roman Catholic separate schools of Ontario, lay, clerical and semi-clerical, should possess regular provincial certificates. For

#### SEPARATE SCHOOL TEACHERS

many years the members of certain religious and educational communities, acting as teachers, were exempt. A Roman Catholic in Ottawa raised the point, and the courts decided all must qualify. Now the Minister of Education for Ontario has introduced a measure into the Legislature which will get over the difficulty and will probably satisfy both sides. Any such teacher who has taught for seven years, of which five were in Ontario, may get a permanent professional certificate from the Department. The competence of such person must be attested by an inspector or such person must have completed one summer session of training. Some classes have an easier condition imposed; some a harder condition. Those desiring a first-class certificate may be temporarily licensed as above, but they must complete all regular examinations by 1912.

By these regulations, the Roman Catholic teachers will shortly be placed on nearly the same professional basis as other public school teachers. This will tend to uniformity in the Province and will raise the standard of teaching in Roman Catholic schools. It will restrict the opportunities for members of religious and teaching orders who have conscientious objections to attending provincial institutions for professional training.

The Minister of Education is to be congratulated upon his solution of a difficult proposition. He has assisted

in bringing about a reform, without too much disturbance of existing conditions.

**T**HE last twenty years have seen a remarkable change in Canada in the attitude of certain religious bodies towards amusements. There was a time when dancing, card-playing, and the theatre were condemned wholesale in terms that Jeremiah might have used; and those who indulged to the slightest extent in what the old-time evangelist called "the trinity of evil" were summarily consigned to regions of eternal discomfort. There are some of these rigid disciplinarians among us yet; but it cannot be denied that many of the church members, even of the strictest denominations, take a lenient view of a game of whist and regard Willard and Forbes-Robertson as "all right," while a "little dance" is recognised as one of the natural diversions of youth.

But while all churches have adopted a more friendly attitude towards recreation and have wisely encouraged athletic and social clubs in connection with religious organisations, the pulpit still sounds a warning note against social excesses. Rev. George Jackson, of Toronto, recently drew attention in a discourse on social service to the over-indulgence in bridge. The speaker made some sensible criticisms of which the following is suggestive:

"I am no croaker, but I should be more hopeful for the future well-being of our country if there were fewer bridge parties in Toronto and more circles and clubs for the study of good literature and the discussion of pressing social and political problems.

"Think of the need that there is in this city alone for a more intelligent grasp of questions of local and Imperial policy, and for the study of sociological problems, which with ever-increasing urgency are forcing themselves upon us every day."

Mr. Jackson, who is a Scottish Methodist, admitted his fondness for the "royal game" and his desire to see some good cricket on his approaching visit to the Old Country. In his estimate of the dearth of good literary or political clubs in the city of Toronto he is correct, especially as regards Toronto women who are in this respect far behind those of England, or of certain other Canadian communities—Hamilton, for instance.

**I**N discussing the question of trade relations between Great Britain and Canada, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the other day, expressed the hope that ultimately there would be free trade within the Empire. But with characteristic astuteness he indicated that this was simply a pious aspiration looking for its realisation to the distant future. Those who argue for free trade within the Empire, whether at a near or at a distant date, have not yet shown how it is to be worked out. Leaving aside the important fact that Canada is forced to rely for a large part of the Federal revenues on the customs dues, there has to be considered the important question of industrial development. That a protective tariff will be, for a long time, essential to the development and diversification of Canadian industries is manifest. And this without claiming that the tariff is the

PROTECTED OR UNPROTECTED

only factor essential to this. So long as the United States possesses its present large scale industry, its enormous home market, and its developed system of standardised production, it is apparent that for a long time the condition will be that unprotected Canadian industry could not stand the American onslaught even for a brief time. If, while protection is maintained against the United States, the bars are entirely let down against Great Britain, what would be the immediate result? Except in the case of articles not suited to Canadian demand the advantages of Britain's start and large scale production would mean the swamping of Canadian manufacturing industry.

Would it be any real consolation to the Canadian manufacturer to know that his elimination had been effected by a British rather than an American manufacturer? But this is not the question of the manufacturer alone. It is to the interest of Canada to have diversified production. It should not have all the eggs in one basket. It is not by having Great Britain furnish the manufactured articles while Canada becomes a mere purveyor of raw material that Canada is to be built up. And the building up of Canada, and of every part of the Empire, is essential to the true development of the Empire. We wish Great Britain to prosper, but should this be at our expense? With free trade as an ideal it may be admitted that there need not be much quarrel, but it is for those who advocate an immediate change to bring forward some coherent plan of action. The present system has justified itself by results. But if the necessity for a change is to be proven what is needed is not the inflammatory oratory, of which we have had more than sufficient, but truly constructive criticism.

Of course Canadians are not nearly so smart as the people of the United States. The latter are the greatest race since Adam. They have everything that is "the greatest in the world." Nevertheless, it looks as if Canada and Japan would soon control the major portion of the trade on the Pacific Ocean.

CANADA ON THE PACIFIC

The Japanese are handling more and more of the

trade between the United States and the Orient. They are now carrying western wheat from Portland, Oregon, to Japan at one-third less than the merchant vessels of the United States can carry it. They are good sailors; their wages are low; their Government encourages them. Mr. Hill's three million dollar "Dakota" is on the rocks near Yokohama, and Mr. Hill announces that she will not be replaced. The "Dakota" and the "Minnesota" were to win the supremacy of the Pacific. The Japanese have won another battle.

The Oceanic Steamship Company announces that it is to relinquish its service between San Francisco and New Zealand. This will leave the Canadian Pacific Line to Australia, the only direct connection between the western coast of North America and Australia. Australia and New Zealand apparently prefer the C. P. R. line and their postal subsidies will go to it. Great Britain will probably support this all-British route to its most distant colony. Canada's aid is not in doubt. Freight and express traffic from California and other western points will now go up to Vancouver and Victoria and there be trans-shipped for Honolulu, Fiji and Australia.

The C.P.R. steamers from Vancouver to Yokohama do not seem to suffer much from Japanese competition, though they may later. At present, these vessels are in receipt of considerable British subsidies and carry part of the British mail to the Orient that once went entirely by the Suez Canal. With improvements on the Atlantic, on their transcontinental line and on the Pacific, the C.P.R. will increase its London-Yokohama carrying trade. Canada's shipments are also increasing greatly. The trade with China, Japan and Australasia will take wonderful strides with the settlement of the West.

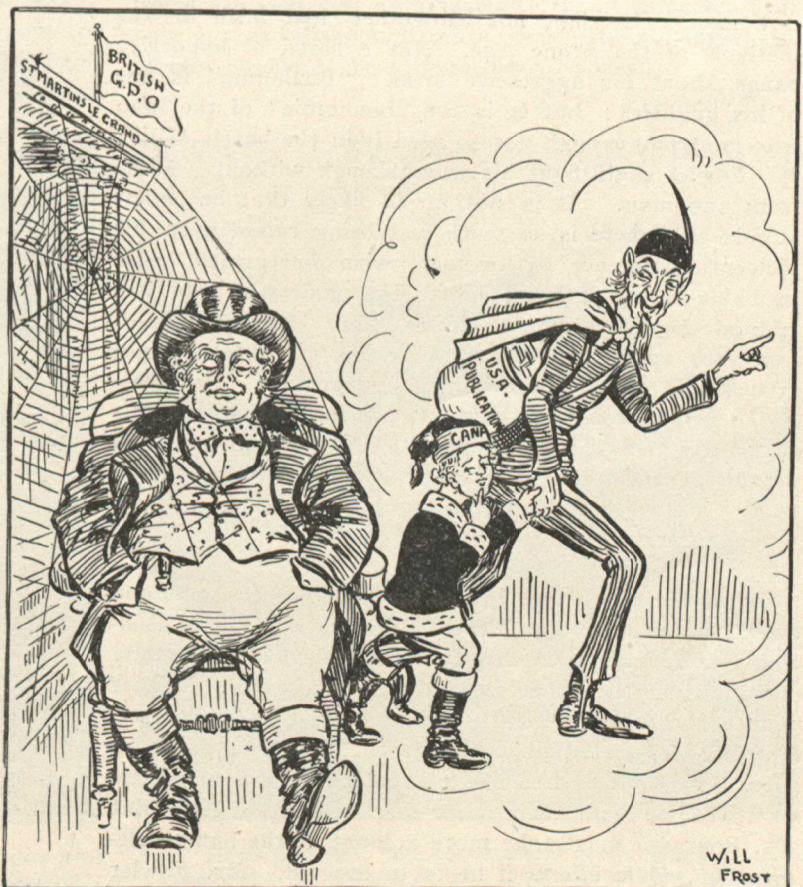
This summary shows that, given equal terms, the Canadians are not one whit less enterprising or capable than the United States transportation experts. Canadians need not fear the struggle for supremacy on the Pacific. The speculative and extravagant habits of the United States financiers unfit them for long, keen struggles. Canadians are persistent and patient and these are the qualities which win out. Let us have confidence and be steadfast, and the future is ours.

Will this be the Result on May 7th

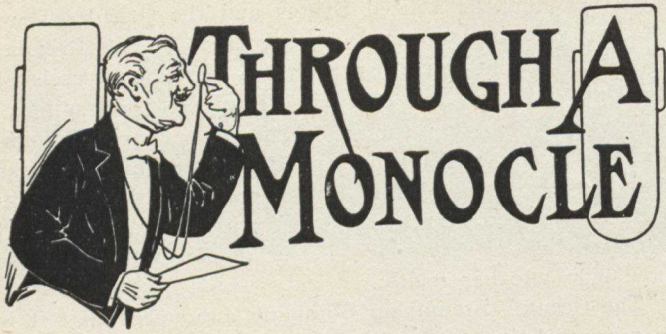
On the Seventh of May, 1907, there is to be a change in the Postal Convention between Canada and the United States. Under the present Convention, Canada has been delivering about ten tons of United States mail-matter for every ton of Canadian matter delivered by the United States. In this way, Canada has spent several million dollars which the United States should have paid. A new Convention or Treaty is now being negotiated. Will it be more favourable?

Then there is the other side to the question. United States periodicals have come in here so freely, that Canadian periodicals have been unable to exist. Canadian writers and artists have been forced to go to New York to make a living. These United States periodicals are good, but they are full of foreign sentiment. They are low in price; but Canadian periodicals would be produced at the same price if they were not retarded by unfair competition.

If you have an opinion to offer, write your Member of Parliament, the Postmaster-General or some Cabinet Minister. The decision will be made shortly.



Uncle Sam (as Mephisto)—"Ha, Ha! The old man sleeps, as usual. Come along, my little man and I'll teach you patriotism."



**H**ENRI BOURASSA is a statesman of the study. He is nearly unknown in the smoking-rooms at Ottawa. They complain of him that he does not meet his fellow members at the Club. He declines to sit in the House and let other members bore him with speeches on subjects in which he is not interested. He has no time to waste in this way. Neither is he a garrulous member joining in every debate. He only speaks when he has something to say. Ill-natured critics put it that he will only speak when he can have the centre of the stage and the "spot light." They charge him with being self-centred—if not selfish. Like the French students we were talking of a couple of weeks back, they think that he is hardly "human." Unanimously they accuse him of the great crime of ambition. To this last, it is likely that he would plead guilty. Most men who amount to anything are spurred onward by ambition. That he does not fraternise has probably not occurred to him. Yet that is a dangerous lack. A man who is to lead his fellow-men must not despise them. They may seem to him to lack purpose and to waste time and to give themselves to petty questions and pursuits; but he must disguise this impression and teach himself to dwell upon their lovable qualities. And most men have that in them which is worthy of love and esteem; and the poorest men, after all, are more educative and informing than the best books—if it is among men that you would work.

\* \* \*

George W. Fowler, on the other hand, is a man of the world. He loves and is loved by his fellow-men—and hates and is hated, too. In many ways, he is a primitive man. He has not altogether lost faith in the methods of the Stone Age. Not a shred of hypocrisy hangs about his aggressive form. "Bonhomie" is one of his qualities; but it is the "bonhomie" of the man who is strong enough not to need it in the battle of life. Mr. Fowler could fight his way through without a smile from any man. It is not at all likely that he understands why there is so much fuss being raised over his incidental reference to "women, wine and graft." He probably thinks it is all due to the panic which he has created in Government circles. He entirely fails—I fancy—to appreciate the shock he has given to a hypocritical and propriety-worshipping generation. He was—as he told a reporter—merely "serving notice" on his opponents to leave his private business alone; and serving it with the directness which his nature commends. He probably prides himself on calling a spade a mud-lifter.

\* \* \*

Thus these two men are as far apart as the poles and would never understand each other in a cycle of Sundays. One man takes his point of view from his study window and the other from the street corner. Neither point of view is sufficiently comprehensive to be correct. The delicate-nerved public prefer the Bourassa point of view because it is less likely to shock their sensibilities or to collide with their most cherished prejudices. But Mr. Bourassa must take more account of the human element in public affairs if he is to succeed. Mr. Fowler must become more civilised if he is to get along at all in this highly civilised community in which his lot has

been cast. The strength of Sir Wilfrid Laurier is that he combines the ideal with the real. He takes his range-finding outlooks from his lofty study window; but he has real men in at his fire-side and has never lost touch with the humanity which he leads so successfully. Mr. Borden has this combination, too, to a high degree.

\* \* \*

You will notice that when Secretary Root or Ambassador Bryce visits Ottawa and graciously permits the reporters to approach him, he immediately announces his willingness to talk about anything under the sun except the subject which makes him interesting. He will not talk of international politics. Now what is international politics in its relation to these two men when they visit Ottawa? Is it not the public relations of Canada with her neighbours—chiefly the United States? Now whose business is this? Surely the business of the Canadian people quite as much as of anybody else. Now what relation has Ambassador Bryce to this business? He is the man whom the British people employ to transact British business at Washington; and, incidentally, he transacts ours because we are a part of the British Empire. Indirectly, then, he is our agent transacting our business; and yet he will not take us into his confidence regarding what he is doing about our own business. But he must talk to somebody about it in order to do business at all. So he talks to our directly-appointed agents—our Cabinet Ministers. Thus our agents hold a decisive confab over our business and refuse to tell us a word about what they are doing.

\* \* \*

But we are quite accustomed to being "the silent partner" and the deaf partner in the transaction of our own business. A Cabinet is merely a committee of agents which we have appointed to do our business; but the Cabinet sits with closed doors and swears its members to secrecy, lest the Principal—i.e. the Public—find out how its own business is being done. When the finished product is ready for the public scrutiny, and the various Cabinet Ministers have compromised upon a policy which they have agreed to stand by in common—though few of them like it perfectly—then they let us know what is going to be done about our business; but they never permit us to find out what other policies were urged by members of the committee which did not succeed in pleasing the greatest number. They "fight like blazes" over our affairs; and they will not even give us ring-side tickets. Cabinet secrecy and diplomatic dumbness are quite necessary in the Old World where democracies must fence with despotisms; but are they not somewhat out of date on a Continent like our own?



Very Old Age Pensions.

Ancient Rustic.—"I'm a poor old man, sir, of seventy-five and past work. Can't you do anything for me?"  
Right Hon. H. H. Asq-th.—"Capital Idea! But I'm afraid you're too young. Now if you were over eighty I might perhaps manage it!"—Punch.



Joseph Howe's Old House, Bedford Road, near Dartmouth, Nova Scotia.

### Howe's Old House at Dartmouth

**T**ILL within a few months ago, when the house was burned down, there stood on the outskirts of the little town of Dartmouth, in Nova Scotia, the dilapidated dwelling depicted on this page. It was a veritable ruin, and a ruin of the squalid type. Somehow frame houses, like frivolous mortals, appear to have a difficulty in growing old gracefully. Doubtless there is a kind of pathos in broken glass, rotting siding and hingeless doors, but there is also a sorry lack of the dignity and beauty that long lingers about more substantial ruins. That tumbledown cottage near Dartmouth had however an interest altogether apart from any claim to picturesqueness.

Forty years ago, Fairfield, as it was called, was the home of Joseph Howe. It was then a pleasant cottage, standing in its own grounds, not too near to any neighbour. It commanded a fine view of the splendid Harbour of Halifax, and of the city lying along the opposite hills; and its beauty-loving master must have sat often in the little balcony on its western side, feasting his eyes at sunset on the glowing colours of sky and water.

In his home life, Howe, was happy with his children and his gifted and sympathetic wife. He had many friends, too, and the cottage, sheltered by a grove of trees, was the scene of some gay and festive gatherings. From time to time, the Howes gave there a large

"afternoon party" which was attended by people of all ranks in society from a British admiral downward.

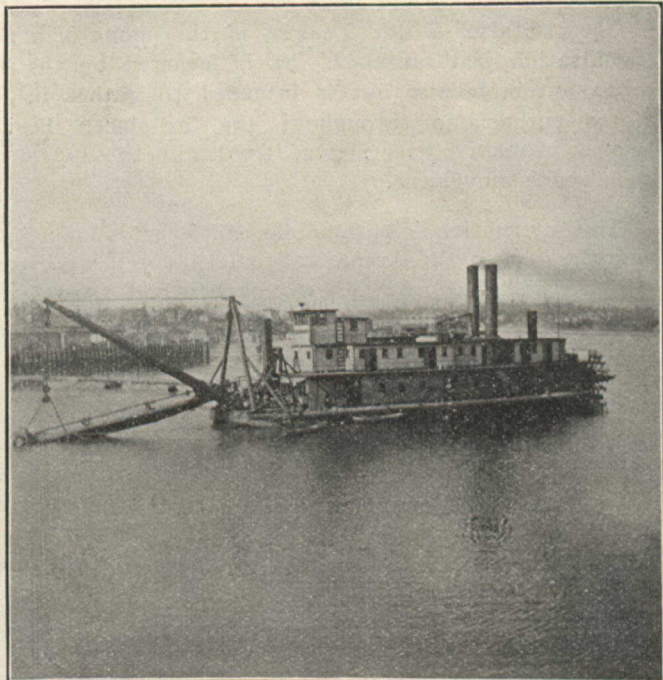
In the earlier years of his residence at Fairfield, Joseph Howe was himself an official under the Imperial Government. In 1863 he was appointed Fishery Commissioner under the Reciprocity Treaty, and every summer in the execution of his duties used to make long coasting voyages in H. M. S. Lily. He had always earnestly desired a closer union between the Mother country and her colonies, and for years, says Mr. Longley in his "Joseph Howe," had cherished dreams of "Imperial employment"; but the result of his appointment was somewhat unfortunate.

On account of it, he declined in 1864 to become a delegate to the Charlottetown Conference for the discussion of a union of the Maritime Provinces. This led to his being left out of the more important conference held at Quebec for discussing the larger plan of Confederation, and doubtless led indirectly to the unfortunate way in which the union was forced on Nova Scotia.

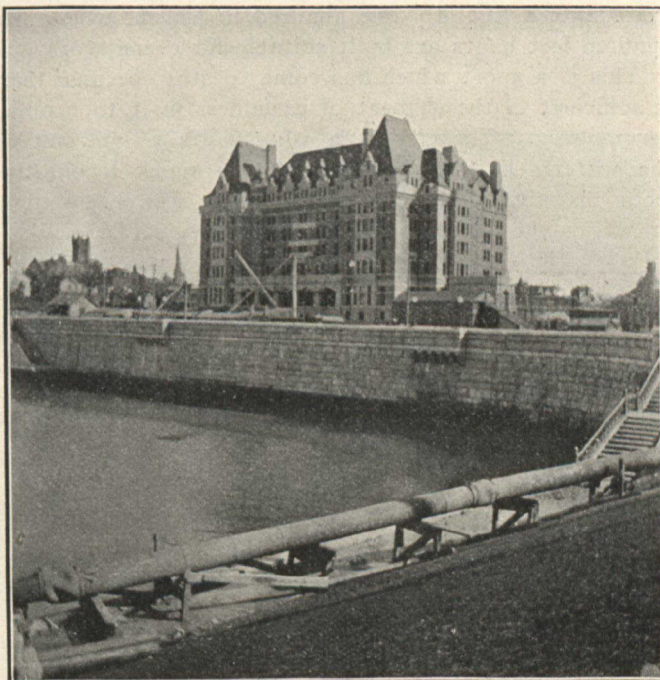
Howe's later years at Fairfield were perhaps the saddest, if not the stormiest of his unrestful life. From Fairfield, he went to battle against those who (in his view had betrayed their country. He was a dangerous adversary, and in this, his last great political struggle, he put forth his strength to the utmost. But, as he soon realised, it was a losing battle. When, after Sir John Macdonald's visit to Nova Scotia in the summer of 1868, Howe was seen by the anti-Confederates to be hesitating as to his course, one of their number visited him at Fairfield, and in carefully veiled terms, offered him a huge bribe of \$6,700. The amount, raised by subscription to defray the expenses of the delegates sent to London to protest against the union, had been refunded to the subscribers, when the anti-Confederate party came into power. It is needless to say that Howe, though by no means rich, declined, for the sake of any such consideration, to bind himself to continued opposition.

A few weeks later, on receiving assurance of "better terms" for his province, he entered the Dominion Government. The money, which he had rejected, was used by his late allies in a fierce campaign against him. They failed to accomplish his defeat, but unlimited obloquy was poured upon his devoted head and many an old friend branded him as a traitor. Thus, in bitter heart-burnings and disappointments, closed the stormy chapter of Howe's life at peaceful-seeming Fairfield.

E. P. W.

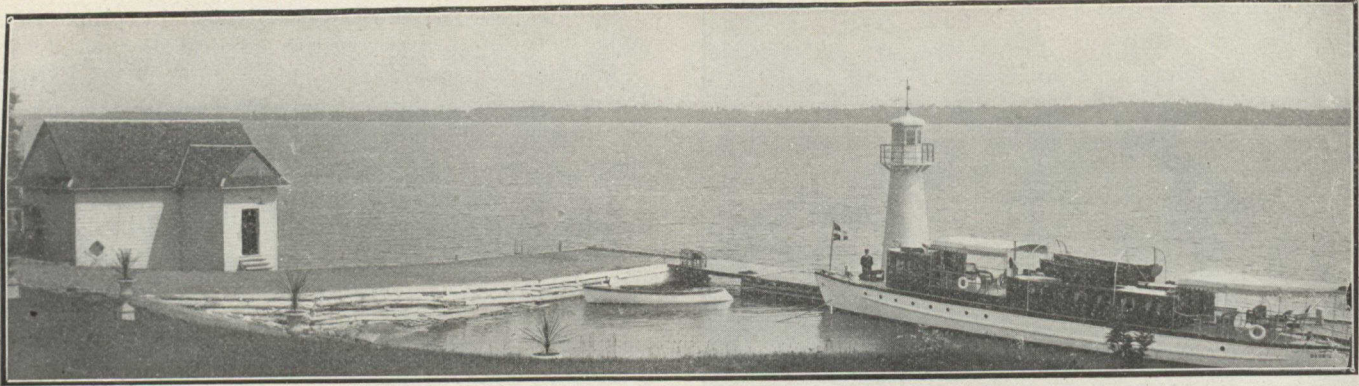


Dominion Government Dredge "King Edward", a very powerful suction dredge engaged in filling James Bay Flats, Victoria.



The "Hotel Empress," the new hostelry at Victoria, B.C., to be opened shortly. This is built on the flats now being filled in.

THE NEW C.P.R. HOTEL AT VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA.



Boat-house, Wharf and Motor Yacht on Lake Simcoe. A typical scene on one of the numerous small lakes in the Province of Ontario.

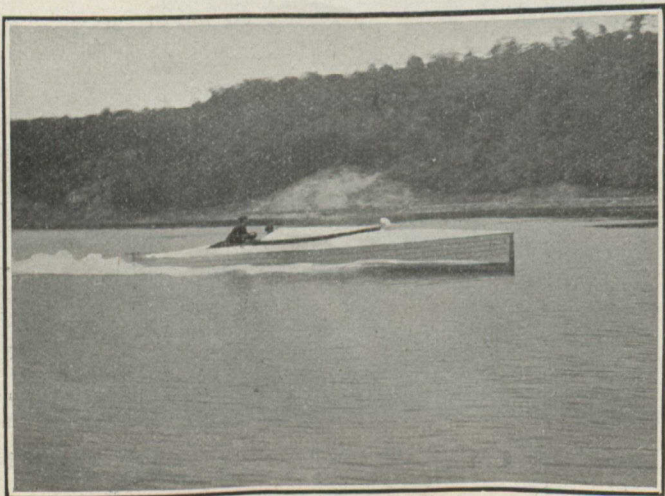
## Power Pleasure Boats

**J**UST as motor-cars are taking the place of touring coaches for country sight-seeing, so the gasoline motor or power boat is displacing the clumsy steam-yacht for lake and river touring. The sail-boat will only go when the wind is favourable; the small steam-boat is dirty and hot; the power boat is clean, roomy and easily handled. This is the summing up of the whole subject.

The little gasoline launch, with its  $1\frac{1}{2}$  horse-power engine is displacing to some extent the row-boat and the sailing dinghy. The larger power-boat is becoming a formidable rival to the larger sail and steam yachts both for pleasure and transportation. A revolution has been worked in the last ten, even six years. In Canada where the rivers and lakes are numerous, the change is noticeable. In the Muskoka lakes, in the various tourist resorts about the Province, among the Thousand Islands, in the various harbours—the song of the choo-choo boat is heard all summer long, especially in the twilight of the long summer evenings. It is the same wherever boats are to be found in the other provinces.

At first these boats were imported from the other side of the line, but the builders of hulls and gasoline engines in Canada were quick to seize their opportunity. Now any one may buy a gasoline launch with a speed of six to sixteen miles entirely "made in Canada." One firm in Toronto has been turning out good boats for five years: the Nicholls Brothers have been in the market for three years. At other points through the country, similar institutions are producing these little pleasure vessels for the lovers of out-doors. They run from sixteen feet to one hundred in length—even three hundred feet boats are built suitable for ocean work.

This is a sport which has come to stay, because there is sufficient of the element of usefulness in it to promise permanency. The city man who wants to get out on the water, the cottager who desires quick locomotion from his "island" the fisherman who wants his punt drawn to the "best spots" and the man who is looking



An up-to-date Motor-boat—Built for Speed.

for speed and excitement—all these have found in a power-boat something new, pleasing and useful.

## An Experiment in Roads

The Toronto Automobile Club has succeeded in inducing eight municipalities in the county in which that city is situated to enter into a competition for prizes offered for good roads. Three prizes are given for the competition—\$500, \$200 and \$100 respectively, besides a number of additional prizes to road commissioners, amounting in all to \$200. The prizes are awarded for the three sections of road showing the greatest improvement between March 31st and August 31st, to be awarded by a committee of which Mr. A. W. Campbell is chairman with two other members, one representing the county of York and the other the Ontario Motor League. The money offered in prizes has been subscribed by individual members of the Ontario Motor League.

## Automobile Notes

By an act of the Legislature of Quebec passed last month, the limit of speed in a city, town or village has been raised from six to nine miles. In more sparsely settled districts, the limit is fifteen miles.

\* \* \*

For the twelve months ending June 30th, 1906, 63 autos were imported from Great Britain, 367 from the United States and 30 from France. For the remaining six months of the year, 11 came from Great Britain, 161 from the United States, and 5 from France. The importations in the spring are heavier than those in the fall.

\* \* \*

The Ontario Motor League is the name of a new organisation just launched. It is fathered by the Toronto automobilists, but is intended to gather in all motor enthusiasts throughout the Province. Besides being a protective association, it will aim to support the good roads movement.

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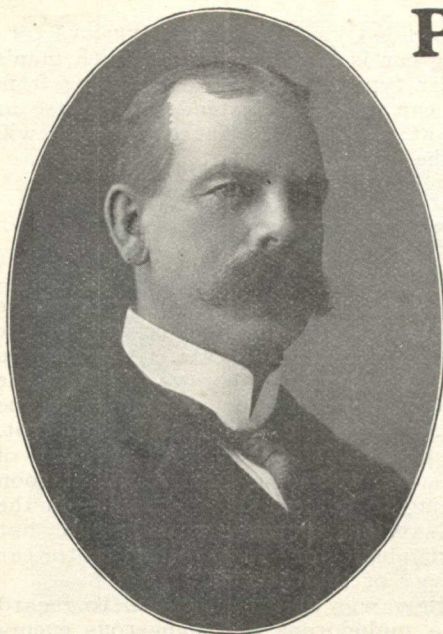
The International Automobile and Sportsman's Show is to be held in the Arena at Montreal for a week commencing with Saturday next. Toronto had a very good show last year, but there will not be one this season. A show requires a considerable expenditure and takes up much time and effort. It is a great education of course. Perhaps the Toronto people felt that the education was sufficiently far advanced to absorb all the supplies offered. Montreal is just a little behind Toronto in motor enthusiasm, which may account for the show there this year. Nevertheless, the exhibitors will be numerous and the show should be an excellent one. The management have laid their plans well, and it will not be their fault if the show is not as good as those which have become such great events in the leading cities of the United States and Great Britain.

\* \* \*

The Russell automobile is to be specially advertised by an exhibition express car which is to travel over Canada.

# Progress of Automobiling

BY AN ENTHUSIAST



Mr. Noel Marshall,  
President Toronto Automobile Club.

THE fascination of driving an automobile as a means of pleasure may be summed up as follows: The satisfying of the human desire to go fast and far, to go when and where one wills and wishes unfettered by time-tables, rules, regulations or acts of others.

The auto as a pleasure vehicle has come to stay, although in time it may lose a certain novelty to most people who at present enjoy the short country trip or the extended touring, notwithstanding the unavoidable dust and discomfort that may be encountered. These discomforts seem at present only to add a certain amount of adventure and daring to a trip which at any time is an exhilaration and excitement. Variety is the spice of life, and on an automobile trip one is assured certainly of a variety of exciting and pleasurable experiences which are entirely new to those who have not enjoyed a trip in a good machine.

On hot, stuffy days the rapidity with which one travels through the air creates a draught as if one were enjoying the attention of an Egyptian slave with the biggest of palm-leaf fans. On rainy days the top is put up, as is also the front, and one is as cozy as in one's own sitting-room, although there may not be quite so much space. Fresh air, a sure cure for the dyspeptic, a great nerve tonic, is plentiful. There is training for the eye, and a whole bunch of pleasure.

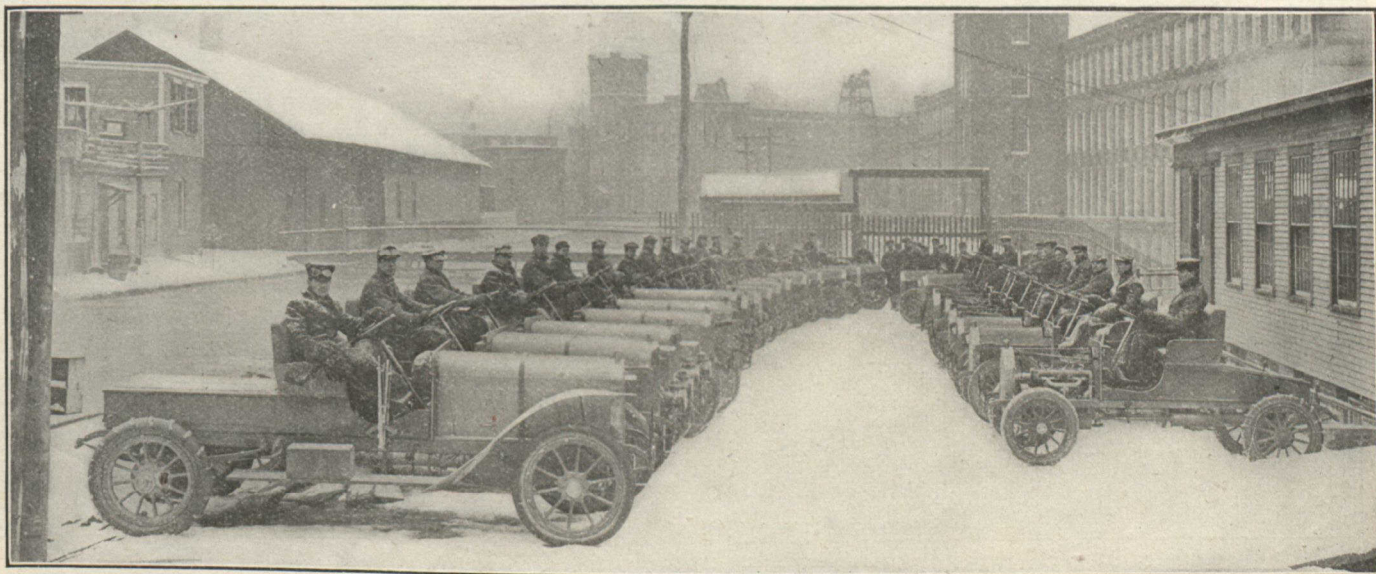
The touring car, however, is but the fore-runner of the great commercial proposition which is slowly but steadily gaining the attention of the manufacturer and merchant. Information has just come to hand that Copenhagen has ordered 750 motor-busses to be used as cabs in that city. The great American express companies are at present using some motor-cars and are gradually replacing all their horses. Our own Vancouver

ver has ordered two automobile patrol-waggon. Winnipeg already has an automobile police waggon. In London, England, the autos are supplementing the world-renowned hand-on bus. The Toronto Street Railway has an automobile truck for overhead wire work and all are giving splendid service.

All these are gasoline engine vehicles. The electric has not yet been produced which can give the required mileage and speed. It is debarred from competition in this line because of the enormous expense, although with Edison and other great inventors at work the future holds forth some very high prospects in this field.

The various departments and tests to which the completed engine and driving gear are subjected before they are given their final dressing and polish are interesting. When the engine is first assembled from stock and the parts securely screwed down, it is put in a frame and given thousands and thousands of revolutions to thoroughly polish the cylinder and pistons, after which it is set up in another stand and a like test given it running under its own power. The engine is then set in its "chassis" (running gear and frame), a pair of old wheels used for the work and usually an old body or what is called a "test body." This is usually a light box construction, with merely room for one man and a tool compartment. It is driven over the roughest kind of roads, over artificially constructed obstacles when nature has not been good enough or bad enough to supply them in reasonable proximity to the factory. Most factories have also a circular track on their own premises varying from one-fifteenth to one-quarter mile in circuit where these machines are driven fast, slow, stopped suddenly, jarred, reversed while going forwards and tested in every way, with the object of making them as "fool proof" as possible. After surviving such tests in a satisfactory manner the engine and chassis are transferred to the assembling room, their own wheels, tires and bodies attached, and they are ready for the lucky customer.

The doctors in Toronto are using autos with great results, giving up their horses entirely and relying on their machines. If they do go lame they are fixed up in half an hour. Until one learns the game there is bound to be some trouble, but three-quarters of the trouble is with the ignition. If you have an auto keep your electric wiring line intact and your contact points clean and you are free of three-quarters of the ordinary trouble. By keeping lots of oil flowing there is but little need of re-



A String of Testers—Light Bodies used for Testing "Engines" before these are put into the regular Automobile bodies.

This particular photograph was taken at the Stevens-Duryea Factory.

pairs. The American and Canadian designed car is superior to the foreign in appearance.

What surprises one most is the rapidity with which an owner develops the automobile disease. He purchases a small car just to get around with and have a little fun with. It is a very seductive procedure, and if he

can afford it he soon must have the more luxurious car.

The large touring car is looked upon as a rich man's luxury, but a smaller type of car, say one costing from \$700 up to \$2,500, can be used instead of a horse or pair at an expense at least equal. The automobile will cover three times the ground.

## The Auto and the Countryside

**Y**EARS ago, when it was the fashion to torment successful writers with the request for their favourite flower, favourite novel and best-loved poet, a candid New York woman, in reply to the question regarding what she liked best, said, "Country life and city society." Since her declaration of preference there has been a great change in the home life of her rich countrymen. Country residences have grown in favour to such an extent that the house away out among the hills or the fields has come to be regarded as the real home where the freedom of household life is best enjoyed. The less well-to-do citizens are following this example, so far as they are able, and will endure a long trolley-ride or the horrors of the suburban train in order to spend the night beyond the city. To this change the automobile has contributed to an extent hardly appreciated.

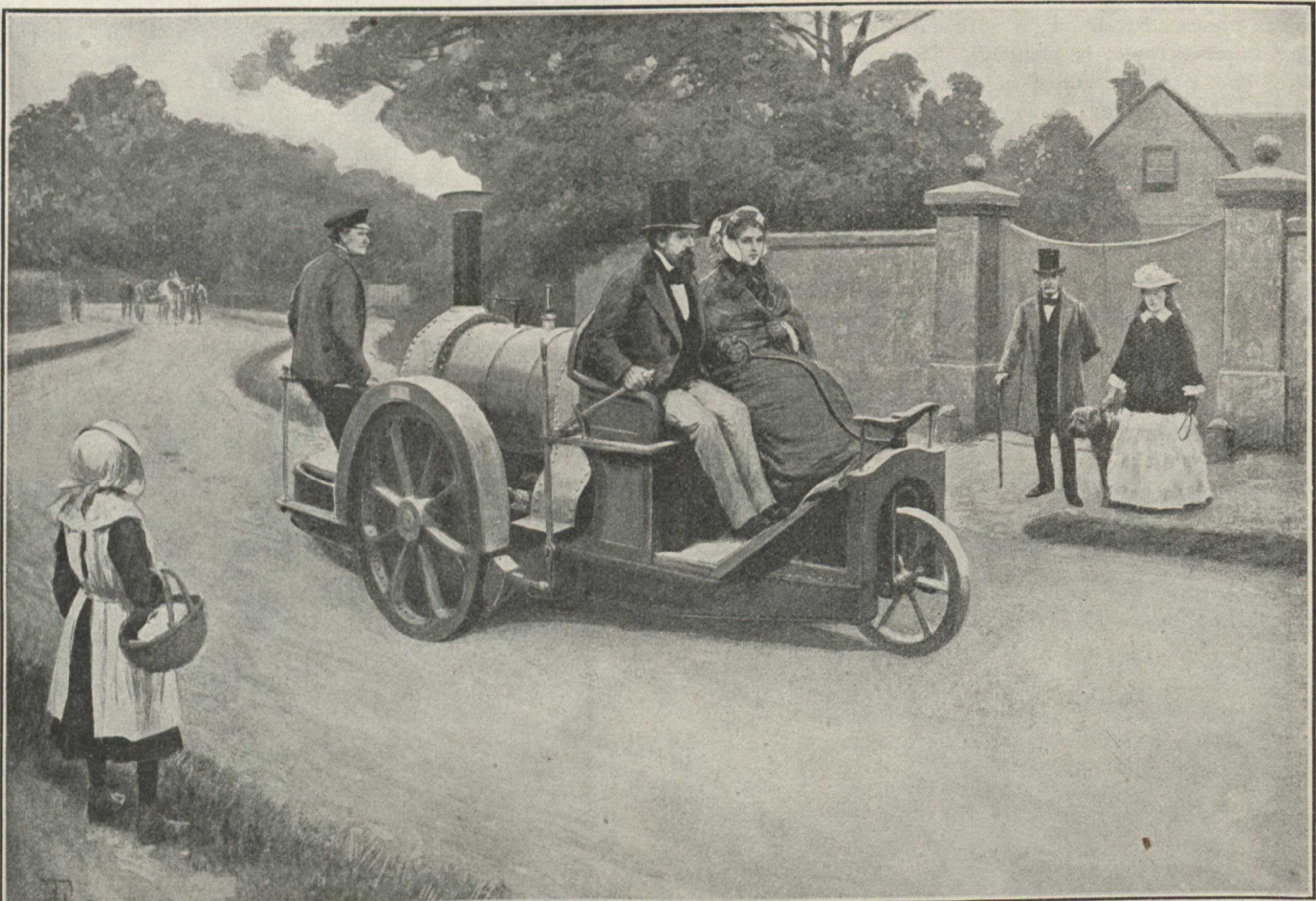
While Canada is a land of few cities, the change in favour of country homes for part of the year can be noticed in all our urban communities. Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg show this in a marked degree. "People never thought of going away for the summer when I was a boy," says the middle-aged merchant, forgetting that towns have grown into large cities since he first enjoyed the midsummer vacation. A multitude of small "resorts" spring up along the shore of lake or river and the "cottages" become more substantial every year.

But not only is the automobile one of the factors in what Sylvester Baxter in the New York "Outlook" calls "The Renaissance of the Country Home"—it is going to work wonders in the social life of the country itself. In speaking of the improved roads in many districts of the United States, Mr. Baxter says: "The improved highway, indeed, has become one of the great factors in the renaissance of the countryside. It makes for sociability as well as for convenience and economy. It has given us the bicycle for errands as well as for most wholesome exercise; moreover, the whole family thinks nothing

nowadays of jumping into an automobile to go 'neighbouring' for the day, announcing themselves by telephone and visiting friends, not only in the next county, or the next but one, but even in the next State. It is now no more trouble to do this than it lately was to take the family buggy and jog along three or four miles to the next village, going at a walk, or at most a slow trot, to favour poor old Dobbin. Not only with the man of affluence, but with every well-to-do farmer, will it soon be the regulation thing to possess an automobile—in the latter case not the luxurious touring-car, to be sure, but at least a good runabout or some other motor-car equivalent of the buggy or the carryall."

The Canadian farmer was at first disposed to regard the automobile as a malodorous and dangerous enemy and this hostile attitude was due in part to the folly of the earliest purchasers who seemed desirous of "showing off" the speed of their new machines. But the unfriendly phase is already passing and rural Canada is awaking to the possibilities of the automobile in agriculture, or rather in transportation of agricultural products. As Mr. C. C. James, Deputy Minister of Agriculture for Ontario, pointed out in an address at Guelph last autumn, one of the conditions bringing about vast changes in our agriculture, is increased transportation facility. While the new railways were primarily referred to, the automobile was taken into serious and practical consideration. Regarded at first as the luxury of the rich, the automobile may come to be considered as part of the ideal farm's equipment.

The modern relations of country and city are thus hopefully described: "The great forces of rapid transit are making for diffiusion. Hence it seems reasonable to expect that the processes now at work will gradually transform all the inhabitable parts of the country into what in effect will be one vast and interminable suburban region."



English Touring Car, in 1860—Rickett's Steam Carriage.

The vehicle was built by Mr. Rickett, of the Castle Foundry, Buckingham, and was shown to Queen Victoria and Prince Albert in the early part of 1860. It had a 10-h.p. two-cylinder engine. The weight was 30 cwt., and with a full load—water 12 cwt., coal 3 cwt., and passengers 5 cwt.—the gross weight was 2 tons. On good roads sixteen miles per hour was attained. The tank held ninety gallons of water, enough for a ten miles run. The consumption of coal was 8 to 10 lbs. per mile. Of the two hind wheels one was engaged by a clutch, so that when disengaged, they permitted the vehicle to turn in its own length without stopping. It is curious to contrast this vehicle with the touring-cars of to-day.





Photograph by Pringle &amp; Booth, Toronto.

Making the Horse acquainted with His Rival.

## The Law and the Automobile

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

**T**HIS story of how two United States motorists entangled the head and the arm of the law in a Canadian wayside town is not fiction. It was so.

Snoozeburg would be a good name for the place; it stands on the Talbot Road, the great motoring highway between Niagara Falls and Detroit. The tranquility of Snoozeburg had been conceived by here and there a poet as fit subject for a new variety of sleeping sickness in verse. It was the town that had been. The inhabitants of Snoozeburg had little respect for things that moved swiftly; moreover, they abhorred dust on the cherry trees and on the family washings.

But some pathfinder from Buffalo drove the first motor-car through Snoozeburg that ever had been; the dwellers in Snoozeburg got their first whiff of godeviline, and the spell was broken. The place became a way station for sundry huge cars with rear doors and goggled drivers. And it was noted that whenever there were veils in the rear part of the car, which is called the tonneau, the driver did not stop at the Snoozeburg sanitarium; otherwise he did.

These unholy machines were cause of much concern to Samuel O'Loane, the long-jointed town constable. O'Loane stood for all that had been in Snoozeburg and all that he ever wanted it to be. He was policeman, pathmaster, poundkeeper, weed-cutter, chief of the volunteer sprinting fire brigade, janitor at the fire-hall, manager of the Snoozeburg opera house which was a municipi-

pal institution over the post office, and that he might miss nothing whatever, he was caretaker of two churches and the grave-digger for all of them. What Sammy O'Loane wot not of concerning law and order was not to be found in Leviticus.

"Damn thim automobyles!" he said frequently when sitting on the curb in front of the fire-hall. "By dad," to one of his parsons, "it's my belief that if the divil iver goes intill the motor-cyarr business, it's all off wid the millenium."

O'Loane further contended that hell was full of gasoline; and sometimes he got thinking on this when digging a grave, when it became his habit to keep an eye on the road. At such times he was peculiarly afflicted with motorphobia.

"Shure we can't even have a daysent funeral anny more widout wan o' thim divil-wagons kickin' up a dust." And a favourite prelude to many a cool drink of O'Loane's at the Snoozeburg sanitarium, especially when he was under treatment by the town P.M., was: "Hop-in', y'r Honour, that a herrse will niver become an automobyle!"

All the lagerings of O'Loane and the P. M., however, had as yet failed to devise any scheme to entrap two young lawbreakers from Detroit who drove through Snoozeburg at least twice a month.

"Y'r Honour," said O'Loane once to his chief, "do you know phwat I herrd wan o' thim young devils say



The Automobile Club of Canada, (Montreal), at a meeting in October last.

Photograph taken at Montreal Hunt Club House.



A Scene in connection with an Outing for the Orphan Children of the City, given by the Toronto Automobile Club.—Distributing prizes and souvenirs at the Exhibition Grounds.

till the other? Says he wanst, says he, 'Damn the C'najun law!'"

O'Loane was so overcome that he bought another drink; and it was determined by both the head and the arm of the law in Snoozeburg that, even if it became necessary to lay a trap, these young law-damners should be beaked in the broad of day.

This was easier said than done, for the town guardian never got five minutes off, and it was the custom of the speed-crowding element among the motorists to begin slowing up out past the cemetery; so that the only proof O'Loane had ever got that they had exceeded the speed limit was the drunken dust-cloud that raged like a whirlwind over the grave-stones.

One day the chance came to O'Loane; and it was when he was digging a grave on a hot summer's afternoon—digging and watching the road. Sure enough just when he had got down hip deep he noted a reeling dust-cloud down the Talbot Road. With irreverent haste O'Loane scrambled out of the trench and with his trusty spade for a weapon loped to the fence, just in time to hear the rattle of the chain drive on the ugly, diabolical red car which now he hated with all his might. So that just as the car slowed down for its leisurely glide through town, O'Loane arose like a spectre in the middle of the road. Hectically waving his spade he screamed to the motorists to stop.

They did so. Did he want a ride into town?

"By dad an' I do that!" said O'Loane. "I'm the constable of Snoozeburg!"

As a logical deduction from this startling piece of intelligence and in spite of the sniggerings of the two smooth-spoken young men, O'Loane insisted on being permitted to ride in the front seat beside the wheel, so that he might be able to circumvent any unusual manoeuvre of the driver.

Thus they drove into town and round to the fire-hall, where the car was stalled. O'Loane relieved the driver of his spark-plug and took down the young men's names.

"Now, byes," he said severely, "we'll hale yez befoor the magistrate, so we will. Follow me."

Jocularly, the young nabobs accompanied the gaunt old constable down the hot street, past the hotel into which O'Loane grandly disdained to go at their invitation; along one block to the only law office in town, a weather-boarded shack close to the sidewalk.

But the legal temple was vacant.

O'Loane's jaw lengthened, and he scratched his long, bald head.

"Follow me, byes," he said graciously. "I know where he is."

At the sanitarium they found the head of the law; the place where any comfort-loving towns-

man would naturally be on so hot a day. The P.M. was in an inner room busy with a beer. It was difficult to believe that O'Loane had actually corralled the young nabobs who had been disturbing the peace of Snoozeburg and its environs now these many moons. And before he had quite risen to the occasion the young men had entered the sacred precinct of the inner room despite the dignified protestations of O'Loane.

Motoring caps on the floor. "What'll you have, Judge?"

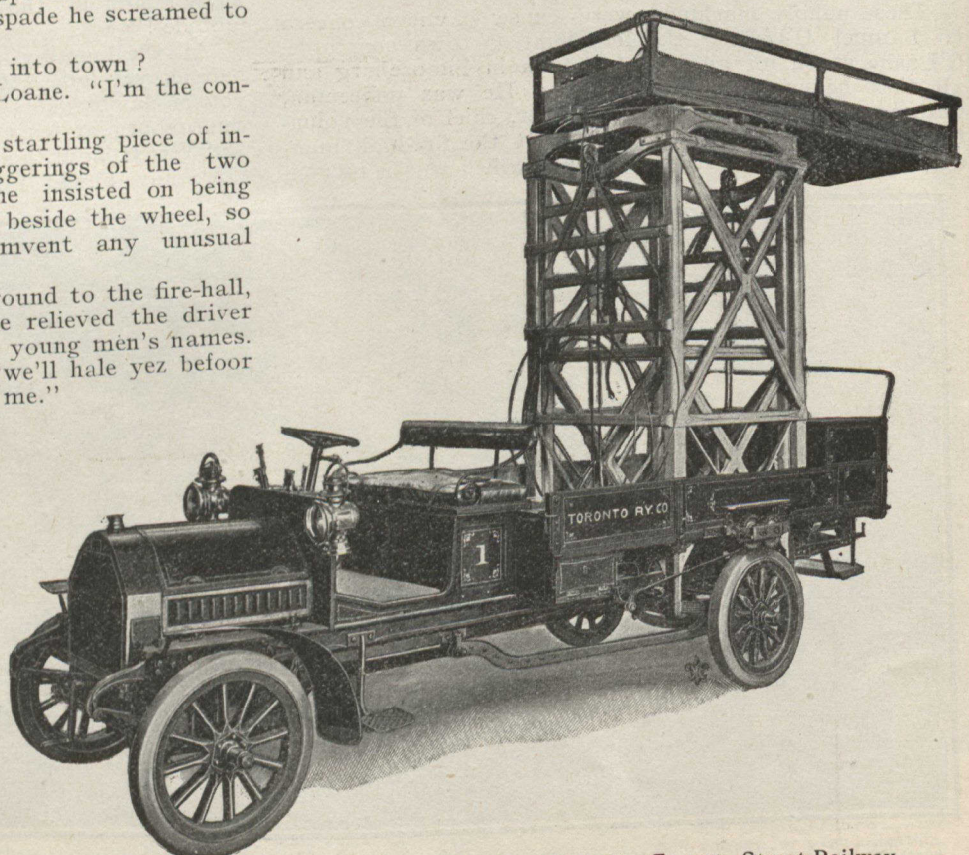
O'Loane screamed righteously. "Now, y'r Honour, I must protest. This is no time f'r drink. Here have I as it were leapt out a' me grave t' apprehend these young limbs, and it's an immejut stiff foine they ought to have, so they should!"

The P. M.'s stolidity was exasperating. He was known as a terror on the bench whenever he chose to move, and O'Loane had no doubt of his mulcting the young speed-fiends for at least enough to buy a new clock for the fire-hall.

"Sam," observed the P. M., "the law's a pretty dry affair and it's a very hot day—"

"Yis, yis, y'r Honour, I know, but law and liquor—"

"Order!" called the chauffeur. "Order in the court."



An Overhead Trolley Construction Motor, as used by Toronto Street Railway. 16-20 H.P. Motor. Speed, 18 Miles.

What'll you have, judge? Order up, constable. Best in the house."

This interruption gave the P. M. a chance to say over his spectacles, "You know, Sam, we're not exactly on technical grounds. As a matter of fact when you arrested these motorists you were in the capacity of grave-digger. Since your return to the fire-hall you are in the capacity of janitor—"

"Four Scotches and sodas!" broke in the chauffeur to the clerk. "Hustle 'm up, old man, We've got to make Buffalo to-morrow noon."

The drinks came before the P. M. had settled that O'Loane at that moment was not actually in his capacity as poundkeeper. They came again when they were neither beer nor ginger ale. How many more times, respect for the law forbids us to say.

It was now high time for the trial. The judge rose and supported by his henchman accompanied the offenders out by a side door.

"Come and see the car, judge," said the driver.

Following the precedent of distinguished justices who have left the bench in order to see things for themselves, the P. M. went with the culprits and the constable to



A Woman Chauffeur in Paris, France.

the fire-hall. Here between the car and the fire-engine O'Loane filling his pipe entered into a scathing harangue, vilifying the big red chariot in very bad Canadian-Irish with a flavour of Scotch.

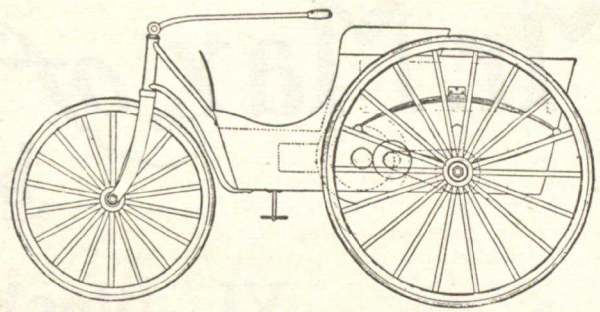
"Get in, judge," said the driver. "We'll show you just exactly how fast this car was going when Mr. Dooley stopped us. Come along, Mr. Dooley, the spark-plug if you please."

Nothing must do but the arm and the head of the law should bestow themselves in the tonneau. The car was backed out of the hall. To the amazement of all Snoozeburg the inhabitants beheld their guardian and their only absolutely just man riding up the street in a big sin-colored automobile.

When they came back the sun was setting; the car had been—heaven knew where, for the men behind did not. It was the P. M.'s first ride in an automobile; likewise O'Loane's. The sensation was too beautiful to be resisted. Both were now as cool as the proverbial cucumber. The dust-cloud behind neither had noticed. The big scarlet car was permitted to go on its diabolical way without any further hindrance.

### The Kaiser's Garage

**T**HE Kaiser's imperial garage is now pretty fine, having recently been added to in a most sumptuous manner. The new motors are electric and fitted in the most luxurious manner possible, besides being models of practical equipment. Pale turquoise is the colour of the rich upholstery in silk brocade, the walls and four seats of each car being covered with this material. Small letdown tables, wall cupboards, clock and book rests in natural wood and ivory complete the fittings of the imperial carriages. His electromobiles are painted ivory white on the inside, with touches of blue and gold, and doors and back panels of the vehicles bear the motto, a particularly appropriate one for motorists, "Gott mit uns," above the imperial crown. The chauffeur's seat is in pale blue leather.



The First "Olds"—Vintage of 1886.

### An Early Horseless Carriage

**T**HE first "Horseless Carriage," invented and designed by R. E. Olds, president of the Reo Motor Car Company, Lansing, Mich., in 1886-87, is shown here to illustrate the remarkable advancement that has been made in automobile design and construction during the past twenty years. Many of the older residents of Lansing, the home of Mr. Olds, remember when his first auto made its appearance on the streets of the city and was greeted with cat calls and derisive hoots from the small boys.

However, Mr. Olds, having spent some time in the study of gas engines, was convinced that they could be used in propelling vehicles. He continued his study along these lines and in 1892 brought out a machine which was sold to a patent medicine company in India and was used with success for a number of years. Then followed the organization of the Olds Motor Vehicle Co., later the Olds Motor Works, and finally the Reo Motor Car Company. The last-named company is manufacturing what is generally conceded to be a most serviceable moderate priced car.

### Motor Car and Ice Yacht

**I**N this day of continual smashing of speed records we wonder where the limit will be reached. A mile a minute is considered fast time, but when we think of two miles a minute, travelled by a locomotive of the New York Central lately, we hold our breath. Even this has been eclipsed. An automobile has made a mile in 28 2-5 seconds at Ormond Beach. Anyone who has had any experience with iceboats knows what terrific speed they attain with a good breeze. For a long time it has been desired to match an auto against one of these boats.

Recently this race was pulled off on Toronto Bay and a Canadian car, the Russell, carried off the laurels.

Sliding sideways, leaping to two skates, and sending the snow sifting off to leeward, like steam from a hard driven locomotive, Fred Phelan's iceboat "It" was beaten a length by a Russell motor car in the most unique racing event ever pulled off in Canada.



Motor Car and Ice-Boat Racing on Toronto Bay.

# Mr. Max of Scotland Yard

by Charles Oliver

## VI. Blackvalley Farm



"THIS is the last talk we shall have," said Mr. Max as we shook hands next day, "as far as we can see, that is, for tomorrow we should be on the river. I've been looking up my tools to-day. And that reminds me that I have never shown you my armoury. Come in."

He took me into his bedroom, which was arranged with a simple iron bedstead and the plainest of furniture. There were no curtains to the windows, and here, as in the other rooms, no lock to the door. Against one wall stood a large, half-glass cupboard, and the shelves of which lay rods, and reels, and fly-books, and other fishing necessaries, all in perfect order. I turned over his stock with a connoisseur's interest.

"This is a curious-looking beast," I said, holding up a rather coarsely-made, reddish-brown fly. "I have never seen it before."

"No," he replied, "it is a local production, pretty effective, too, in its locality, which is Blackvalley, in the Wrekin district of Shropshire. And the fly has come in at the right moment to suggest a topic for to-day. Would you like to hear just one more of my experiences? Yes? Well, then, let us sit in front."

We took our chairs out and he began.

"It was after my retirement. I had not had a holiday for years, and now that I had begun my great vacation, which might be as long as I wished, for I have no pecuniary necessity to work again, I hardly knew what on earth to do with myself. Then a month's fishing suggested itself, as combining the attraction of the sport with the opportunity of reflection on my future, and I took the hint of a friend and went down to the Wrekin country. I put up at a small village in Blackvalley, and found that my friend's recommendation was a sound one in every sense. There were plenty of fish, the prettiest runs and pools you could dream of, a magnificent country, and solitude. I was as nearly happy as it is in my nature to be.

"One day I had gone a long way up the river, throwing an occasional fly, but thinking rather than fishing. So I went further than usual, and came upon a little farm that I had never seen before. The afternoon was hot, and I was lazy. I stowed my rod away in the rocks and went up to the house to see what there was to be had there for a thirsty teetotaler.

"It was a snug little place, with a substantial cottage on one side of a clean-flagged court, and neat farm-buildings on the other three. On a stool before the cottage door sat an old man, who glared at me savagely, growled out something, picked up his stool, and went into the house. Then a woman came out.

"What can I do you for, sir?" she said. "You mustn't mind my poor husband. He's weak in the head, and a great burden on me, but, oh! it is so good for us to be in tribulation."

"I did not very much like the look of the woman. She was forty-five, perhaps, tall and upright, with a grim face and steely eyes which showed that whatever else tribulation had done for her it had not softened her. However, she was hospitable enough, brought out a little table into the court, and laid it with tea and eggs, and an excellent local clotted cream. She would not hear of any remuneration."

"We are told in the Blessed Book to entertain strangers hospitably," she said.

"Gar, you fool!" shouted the old man from inside. "I'll have the dogs onto him."

"The woman got up silently and went in. What she

said or did I do not know, but the old man made no more remarks.

"She came and sat down, and we talked for a few minutes. She told me that her husband's name was William Beevor, and that he owned the farm, which, now that he was decrepit, she worked with the aid of a bailiff, a certain Robert Williams. The bailiff came in at this moment and joined us. He was a man of fifty, a tall, slouching fellow, with a crafty eye and a bad smile, and I took the liberty of distrusting him straight away.

"Our conversation ran upon the weather, fishing, the farm prospects, and so on, and was lavishly garnished both by Mrs. Beevor and Williams with religious tags and ends. But it seemed to me that Williams was rather less spontaneous and to the point than Mrs. Beevor; it looked to me as if he were playing a part. And so it turned out to be, for when I went away he walked with me down to the river, and I never saw a man veer so sharp round as that fellow. Butter wouldn't have melted in his mouth before, and now granite would have curled up in it. But I preferred his foulness to his cant.

"I am glad to get away for a minute," he said, and I spare you his oaths. 'I can assure you it isn't any great catch livin' up here. To begin with, there's old Beevor; a wicked demon he always was; a graspin', cruel drinkin' hound, and now that he's soft in the head I can hardly hold my fingers off him. Then there's Sarah, a good sort, keeps the show together. But she's got religion to that extent that I go nearly silly at times. I've the trick of it well, though, haven't I now? Quite the real thing. And the worst of it is, not a drop of Christian liquor within two miles. Sarah won't have it near the farm, and it's more'n my place is worth to smuggle it in? Oh, I forgot, you're of her way of thinkin'. Not that I believe in her rigmarole, not I. She's precious down on that old brute, and there she's right, say I. But I suppose she isn't easy in her conscience, and she tries to make up with all this goody-goody. I wish the old lunatic would die; it would be quite simple then.'

"He followed me down the stream a little way, watching my fly and grumbling at his own hard fate. Then he wished me good-night and slouched away across the fields.

"I found myself a good deal at the Blackvalley Farm in the course of the next few days. I generally got there about five, and turned there for my homeward journey. Either Mrs. Beevor or Williams would be on the look-out, and would hail me from the window of the house. Then I would sit for a few moments in the court to smoke a pipe and talk. Old Beevor seemed to have taken an insuperable dislike to me, and the moment he saw me would pick up his stool and run into the house, with his head all fiery red and rage spitting out of his little bleared eyes. Mrs. Beevor, it seemed to me, lost patience with him more and more easily, and never forgot that chastening, verbal, at any rate, was a part of love. And Williams cast up his sly eyes at Mrs. Beevor and turned on the Spiritual tap till I could have beaten him. His game was so easy to read.

"It happened that one morning, the weather not being very favourable, I determined to reverse my usual programme, walk straight up to the Blackvalley Farm, and begin my fishing down-stream from there, on the chance of the elements being more propitious in the afternoon. I got to the farm about eleven o'clock and walked into the court, as I wanted to consult Williams about a fly of which he had told me, the same that you were looking at in my case. There was no one about, but from one of the barns came the sound of vigorous blows on a wooden surface. I went to the door of the building, as I thought I should probably find the bailiff doing repairs, perhaps, to one of the farm carts. He was not there, and the noise I had heard was produced

by old Beevor's iron-shod heels beating a devil's tattoo on the wooden partition of the barn. The tattoo was getting feebler, and if I had not arrived at that moment it would probably have stopped altogether, for the old man was hanging by his neck, and was already black in the face.

"You may imagine I did not lose very much time in setting up his stool, which was overturned at his side, jumping on to it, and getting him down. But, quick as I was, I had the opportunity of observing a very peculiar fact which I will refer to later. I laid the old man on the ground and loosened his collar, and when I saw signs that he had not turned the fatal corner I went into the court and called out very quietly:

"Mrs. Beevor! Mr. Williams!"

"The two immediately appeared, Mrs. Beevor at the kitchen door and Williams from an outbuilding. You would have said that they must have had some presentiment of the tragedy that had only just been averted, for they were both as pale as death.

"You, Mr. Smith?" they cried together. That was the name I was living under down there. You see I had a biggish reputation in those days, and I am not one of those people who like to be stared at. 'You, Mr. Smith? What is it?'

"Come at once,' I answered. 'Old Mr. Beevor has tried to hang himself, and a very good attempt, too.'

"Hang himself?' stammered Mrs. Beevor. 'Hang himself? Impossible? To go with all his sins upon him. . .'

"He hasn't quite gone yet,' I answered, 'and the best thing you can do will be to get some water and help to bring him back.'

"We got the old man to bed, and by means of the application of hot bricks to his feet and vigorous massage we restored him to a feeble degree of vitality. But it was evident that his wits were quite astray, and, to anticipate things, he never recovered them again. He recognised no one till the day of his death, and simply lay in his bed and flickered out like a lamp some three months later.

"When we had done all we could do for him we went downstairs, and Mrs. Beevor pressed me to stop for dinner. I had a thing or two to say to her and Williams, and I accepted her invitation. It was naturally rather a solemn meal, and the grace with which Mrs. Beevor commenced it was appropriately gloomy. We did not talk much, all being wrapped in our own reflections.

"It's puzzling to me, Mrs. Beevor,' I said at the end of the dinner, 'how your husband engineered it.'

"I don't see anything very wonderful in that,' she answered, quickly, with a catch in her voice as if I had startled her.

"No, Mrs. Beevor?' I asked. 'And he an old man, feeble, half-witted? It isn't such an easy thing to work as you seem to think. How did he manage to avoid you? How had he the strength to carry it all out?'

"You fancy, I suppose, Mr. Smith,' said Williams, brusquely, 'that we have the time to be hangin' around in that old dodderer's tracks, seein' as he don't hurt himself. Well, we haven't. That's plain spoken and plain meant.'

"I quite see that,' I answered; 'but you don't stick

to the point, Mr. Williams. And there's another thing I don't understand. How did he come by those discolorations on his arms? Quite fresh ones, too.'

"You made them yourself probably in lifting him down,' said Williams.

"No, because I put my arms under his. That is the natural way to lift a man. You only put your arms over his when you want to prevent his struggling. There wasn't much struggle in him when I came up.'

"I suppose he knocked into something, poor awkward old thing!' said Mrs. Beevor, with rather white lips.

"You're trying to make a lot out of a simple enough business, Mr. Smith,' sneered Williams. 'One would think you were a detective chap.'

"Oh, I dabble a bit; not seriously, though,' I answered, with truth, for my professional career was closed. 'And I am sure you are right. Simple enough case of attempted suicide. Give a man rope enough and he'll hang himself.'

"That's well said,' agreed the bailiff, with a grin.

"Only, Mrs. Beevor and Mr. Williams,' I went on, 'you must be careful to give him rope enough. If you do not, he can't hang himself. You would do well to remember this next time.'

"What do you mean?' shouted Williams, starting up with a great oath. Mrs. Beevor looked as if she would faint.

"I mean sit down you ruffian,' I said quietly. 'It's not a bungler like you can frighten me, if any man can.'

"Who are you?' growled Williams through his teeth, falling back into his chair.

"My name is Max,' I said.

"I have had some pretty compliments, and not undeserved ones, paid me in my day, but I think the best of all was the way those two wretches squirmed before me.

"Ah! I see you have heard of me, I went on. 'Well, it is lucky for you, my friends, that I am not down here in an official capacity, for I retired from the profession two months ago, and they can do their own dirty work now themselves. You see, you poor creatures, it was such a simple thing. Old

John Beevor's toes did not touch the stool which he was supposed to have used in the operation by two inches, so he could not possibly have hanged himself. It is no more complicated than that.

"The game is so plain that it is not necessary to go into great details. Old Beevor dead, Mr. Williams marries the widow, and they live happy ever afterwards. A simple and touching programme; but it must not be hurried on unduly or illegally.'

"I arose to go.

"I can assure you,' I said, 'that I take a very lively interest in all this happy family. It would be a pity if the declining years of Mr. Beevor were not made as smooth as possible; and I shall give the district medical officer, who is an old acquaintance of mine, a hint to investigate very carefully the decease of Mr. Beevor when it arrives. It would be a pity if, after to-day's experience, he were not to die a comfortable, extremely natural death.

"Then I hope you will carry out your idea of marrying, for I am sure that your married existence will be a complete atonement for your action of to-day.



"As I was fishing under a bit of a cliff, a big stone came toppling down."

Drawn by G. Butler

"I wish you good-afternoon."

"I heard no more of the Blackvalley people for some days. Then one afternoon, as I was fishing under a bit of a cliff, a big stone came toppling down nearly on my head. I scuttled up the bank, and saw Robert Williams crossing a field in a far too greatly unconcerned air. I caught him up in a minute, and treated him to my throw No. 8.

"It was only an accident," he muttered.

"Well, it's the kind of accident I don't approve of Mr. Williams," I said. "That's plain spoken and plain meant, to use your own words. The next time I might be inclined to give you a broken bone or two in with the throw, so don't you try it on again. And it will be as well for you to remember, Mr. Williams, if you should be unfortunate enough to get me on the head, that there is a sealed envelope in my quarters on the mantelpiece to be posted to Scotland Yard on the day of my death. I am no longer of the force, but I fancy Mr. Max's recommendations still have weight in high places. Once more, good-afternoon. This time let it be final."

"I never saw them again. I was still in the neighbourhood when, three months later, old Beevor died. My friend, the medical man, to whom I had dropped a hint, came in to see me after the inquiry.

"I don't know why you wanted to send me on that particular wild-goose chase, Max," he grumbled. "I've foundered a mare, and lost half a day over it."

"And the old man?" I asked.

"A quite natural case of senile decay, if there ever was one. And everything as clean and nice as possible. You could see that the old fellow had been well looked after. There were flowers all about, and—"

"I don't want to hear about the flowers," I interrupted, "nor about the widow's tears, or the bailiff's prayers. The old man used to drink. You didn't see any signs of that?"

"No, not a vestige," answered the doctor. "You would have said that the old man did not know what alcohol spelt. The widow, now; she seems a good sort of woman, nicely spoken, clean, serious."

"Yes," I answered, without enthusiasm.

"I can't quite make that bailiff out," chattered on my friend. "But he's evidently well in there, and I suppose he'll marry the widow."

"I hope so," I remarked.

"You're a puzzle to me, Max," said the doctor, shaking his head as he went off. "Well, don't send me on a fool's errand again."

"I did not send you on a fool's errand," I answered.

"Mrs. Beevor married Robert Williams, and, from what I am told, I believe they are both repenting of it now in the most satisfactory manner. He wishes to drink her into the workhouse, and she refuses the situation. Things are very uncomfortable at Blackvalley Farm.

"Thank you, Mr. Max," I said, as I rose to go. "You have helped me out with what would otherwise have been a precious dull week. Upon my word, I could almost have wished for another wet afternoon or two of it."

"Well, as a matter of fact, the Thousand and One Nights are not in it with my experiences—not in it," asserted Mr. Max, with great complacency. "I'd entertain that silly old Caliph for ten years on my head easy, if I knew his jabber. My! what a life I've had of it! Dear, dear—dear, dear!"

"Is there any chance of your returning to it again?" I asked.

"Yes, there is," answered Max. "There's exactly as much chance of it as there is of the moon dropping into the German Ocean. When that happens, and when my old chief crawls on his old knees to ask me to do it, I might perhaps go back. That's how the thing stands, Captain Grensley. No, there's only one Mr. Max of Scotland Yard, and, unless I am much mistaken they are beginning to realise that at headquarters. But it is too late. I'm a country gentleman now, and I like the position. It doesn't take much learning, I find."

"I suppose, Mr. Max," I said, with some hesitation. "I suppose that all you have told me is—is—in fact—is—"

"Is what?" he asked, coldly.

"Is—well—is, so to speak, founded on fact?"

"I had an idea what you'd be at, Captain Grensley," said Mr. Max, with great dignity, "and I take it somewhat ill of you. No, it is not founded on fact, it is fact. If you find a little grain of exaggeration in what I have told you, you may eat me down to the pickings. No, sir, I can do most things, but a lie is too big a job for me. Captain Grensley, Mr. Max of Scotland Yard never told a lie—he couldn't do it."

## Melba's Popularity

THE life of Madame Melba has been illumined, says M. A. P., by the friendships of many master minds, more especially those who have achieved greatness in her own art, and the list of the famous people she has met would mean a recital of the world's celebrities. On one occasion at a private dinner she had the unique privilege of sitting between Lord Kitchener and General Botha, but lately leaders of opposing armies. Another evening, at Mr. Alfred de Rothschild's, she was taken in to dinner by Cecil Rhodes, the great empire builder, who asked: "Tell me, madame—is it the art or the applause you like?" "How dare you ask me such a question?" replied Melba indignantly; and then in a half-meditative way Rhodes said: "I was wrong—yes, I was wrong. After all, it is the power we like."

Once at an orchestral concert at the Gewandhaus at Leipzig under the direction of Arthur Nikisch, Mme. Melba's share in the performance was given in the first part of the programme. For the second half of the concert the King of Saxony, who was present, summoned the diva to his box, and asked her to sit with His Majesty's party until the end. The presence of the King and the distinguished singer in the Royal box very naturally aroused the keen interest of the audience, and all eyes were turned in their direction. The busy adjustment of opera-glasses drew the King's attention to this fact, and, with a slight show of impatience, he remarked to Melba: "They are staring at us as though we were lions"; and then, with a smile, he added: "Well, I suppose we are

the lions of this evening," with Melba's acquiescence.

On the occasion of the memorable visit of the King of Spain to London, who during that visit won his Royal English bride, the youthful sovereign, in paying some compliment to Mme. Melba at Buckingham Palace, asked: "Why have we been neglected, Mme. Melba? How is it you have never been to Spain?" "Because, sir, nobody has ever asked me," she answered; and the gallant Alfonso, with a courtly bow, rejoined: "Then I ask you now." As a matter of course, the prima-donna visited Spain soon after, and one of the first compliments she received from the King was the honour of an invitation to the marriage of His Majesty's sister, H. R. H. the Infanta Maria Teresa. To show her appreciation of the cordial welcome extended to her, Mme. Melba gave a great charity concert at Malaga, in the peninsular kingdom, where the people in their exuberant homage wove carpets of flowers for her to walk on and heaped the whole stage with bouquets and baskets of blossoms.

Several of the lyric sovereign's interesting experiences turn on incidents connected with the Sovereigns of State, from whom she has received many of the beautiful jewels which go to complete her famous collection, of which pearls and turquoises are the great feature. From the autocratic Tsar of Russia to the liberty-loving President of the American Republic, from His Catholic Majesty of Spain to the Lutheran war lord William of Germany, from the King of Sweden to the President of the French—all have combined to do her honour.

# The Survivors

By THEODORE ROBERTS, Author of "Brothers of Peril."

Resume: Captain Francis Drurie and eleven of the crew of the "Brave Adventure" fall into the hands of Duval and his pirate associates, who carry them off to the West Indies, where they are sold to Senor Josef Alcazardo, of the Island of Madiana. They rebel against the brutality of the overseers and are beaten. Afterwards they are imprisoned in a hut, and it is found that Benson, one of their number is seriously ill. They are cruelly abused and beaten, but Pedro, one of the overseers, secretly sympathises with them and offers to help them to escape. Senorita Alcazardo, the niece and ward of their inhuman owner, gives them aid, and Pedro insists that they take her back to her English friends.

THE day following Drurie's conversation with Pedro was a full one for the Englishmen, and especially so for their leader. It proved also an important one for the senorita. Alcazardo was in a bad humour, for his ward had defiantly refused to join him at his first breakfast, and when he had gone to her room to exert his authority in person she had met him at the threshold with a look in her eyes that was new to him—a look that was all scorn without a shadow of fear. He had struck her in the face with his open hand—and, ye Gods, she had not so much as moved an eye-lash. So, without knowing the reason for it, the English slaves suffered more than usual that day. On their way to the cane-field they were joined by the planter, carrying a long and limber stick of that West Indian vine known as "supple-jack." Without preamble, he laid about him, slashing the legs and backs of the men nearest to him.

"I'll soon have you all on the dung hill where your ship-mate was thrown last night," he cried in English. "You shameless cur," cried Drurie. "The only Englishman you are not afraid of is a dead one."

The planter, stung to uncontrollable fury, struck the reckless captive across the face with his stick. Twice he struck, with all his strength; and at the second blow Drurie fell, without a sound.

When Drurie recovered consciousness it was to find himself on the earthen floor of the hut. His face and left eye ached with a dull throbbing that, at the slightest movement sprang into excruciating activity. He lifted his hand cautiously and felt that his head and face were generously bandaged in damp cloths. The hours dragged miserably by. At last he heard the shuffling of naked feet and the clanking of irons, and knew that one more day of toil was at an end. He could eat nothing of the evening meal; but an hour later Pedro, who was supposed to be on duty elsewhere, brought him a cup of rum and water, staying only long enough to raise his head while he drank, and to whisper a few words of encouragement.

Drurie had lain for several hours in a dreamless sleep, when he became suddenly aware of a light touch on his wrist.

"Pedro," he whispered.

"It is not Pedro," replied the voice that had spoken out of the darkness on that first night in the hut.

For a little while Drurie was silent. Could it be that Pedro had told the truth—that this ministering angel was his enemy's ward and niece? Was it possible that a woman of his own class, and partly of his own race, was close beside him at such an hour and in such a place?

"Tell me who you are," he whispered.

There was no answer. He put out his hand and encountered a woman's hand. His pulses throbbed and a fine valour blazed in his heart. Poor lad, it was long enough since he had touched the hand of a woman—and perhaps she was beautiful.

"You are the senorita," he said. He heard a stifled sob; and, in a flash, it seemed to him that the most pitiful thing about this accursed hut was that this unseen girl should be weeping in it. Very awkwardly, but very sincerely, he patted the hand that still lay beneath his fingers. His own desperate position was forgotten—ay, and his suffering men were forgotten.

"What is it?" he whispered.

"I am a coward again," she replied, "and I have been so brave since first I saw you—you and your men. But I am brave again, now."

"You brought us water," said Drurie. "That was both brave and merciful."

"I have water now, for you and your comrades," she said.

"Wait," said Drurie. His fingers tightened on her hand. He tried to speak, but failed.

"Pedro has told you that he will set you free," she whispered. "Will you save me when you save yourselves?"

"If I had a thousand lives," replied the captive, "I would blithely die a thousand times for you."

"And all for a little cup of water?" she asked, unsteadily. "You have never even seen me," she added.

"I know that you are as beautiful as you are kind and brave," replied Drurie, still maintaining his grasp of her hand. He felt that she bent close to him.

"Oh, if I were a man I should kill him for the suffering he causes. And to-day—to-day he has struck both of us in the face."

"You?" queried Drurie, in a harsh whisper.

Again the girl began to sob.

"Don't," exclaimed the wounded slave. "For heaven's sake, be brave a little longer."

Presently, in silence he raised his head and held the cup to his lips. As he drained the last drop—just as the cup was being withdrawn—he felt a light, light touch on his forehead, above the bandage.

Until dawn he lay awake, body and soul distraught with love for the woman he had never seen. For of such daring, mad recklessness and fire has God builded the heart of youth.

### III.

Duval tired quickly of the tropic seas. The north, and his old enemy the Hudson's Bay Company, called to him. His men sickened and lost heart in the unaccustomed climate, and the business of collecting toll on the high seas proved to be neither as easy nor as lucrative as he had imagined. Thoughts of Alcazardo were frequently with him—memories of the planter's unprotected estate, of his services of gold and silver plate and of the strong box from which he had made payment for the English captives. But most persistent and tempting of all was the memory of the planter's beautiful and wealthy niece. So he headed his ship about, and smiled at thought of what lay in store for the ill-mannered and over-confident Alcazardo.

The night was windless, and a mist hung between the stars and the earth. The eleven Englishmen, accompanied by Pedro, and armed only with cutlasses, stole from the boiling-house, leaving the three overseers gagged and bound behind them. Drurie still wore a bandage around his head and over his injured eye. At a gate in the garden wall they divided into two parties. Six, in command of the ex-boatswain of the "Brave Adventure," started down the slope toward the bay, where a lantern in the rigging of an anchored schooner glowed like a red star. The others, led by Drurie and Pedro, entered the garden and crawled slowly and noiselessly toward the planter's house. At last, by peering between the rose bushes, Drurie caught sight of Alcazardo taking his ease with the master of the schooner. They sat scarcely five yards distant, at a small table, at the top of the gallery steps. Two candles stood on the table, the flames straight as darts in the nerveless air. The men were leaning forward, smoking cigarettes and talking confidentially. Glasses and a round-bellied decanter gleamed between them in the soft glow of the candles. The heart of the decanter, being of choice and ancient rum from Martinique, shone red as a ruby.

Drurie remained motionless crouched close to the warm earth and gripping the hilt of his cutlass with fingers as unrelenting as steel. Passion flamed in him. He knew that his love awaited him, somewhere in that silent house; and before him, leering contentedly behind the candles, was the face of his enemy. His men stirred behind him, gripping and regripping their weapons and gasping nervously for a full breath of the heavy air. Suddenly Pedro touched his arm and whispered that the lantern was being lowered from the schooner's rigging. At that he got to his feet, paused for a second to hear his men rise behind him, and dashed for the gallery. The table went over with a crash of glass and silver and the candles were trampled underfoot.

The planter and the ship-master were securely held while the servants, who seemed to have no fear of the mutineers, ran through the house in the quest of lights. Half a dozen candles were brought and placed on a window-sill. The wreckage of chairs and table was tossed over the railing and the broken glass was swept away. Drurie now turned to Alcazardo.

"You have a chance for your life," he said, coolly. "I will fight you, on equal terms. If you disable me or kill

me without the practice of any foulness, my men shall allow you to escape, uninjured. In that case I think it would be wise of you to accompany the captain, who is to have one of your fishing-boats put at his service in a few hours. It would not be safe for you to remain on the island, with the blacks whom you have tortured." He paused; his uncovered eye fixed grimly on the quaking ruffian. "But you must give yourself no false hope," he continued, "for I intend to kill you, if only for the blow you struck the woman I love."

At that, amazement got the better of fear in the heart of the planter.

"What do you mean," he cried, thickly. "You have never seen her."

"And I have never seen the angels in heaven," replied Drurie. He motioned to his men. Alcazardo was straightway released and given a cutlass. Pedro and one of the Englishmen fenced off retreat by way of the steps. The others, still holding the master of the schooner, grouped themselves behind Drurie.

Alcazardo attacked strongly, ringing cut after cut on Drurie's guard. Both his eyes were at his service and his arm was long. For several minutes it seemed to the spectators that he would surely overcome his small antagonist. Then Drurie stepped forward. His short blade stabbed and circled, a rapier and a sabre in one. His bare feet moved lightly, now to this side, now to that, now forward an inch or two. A seaman chuckled, Alcazardo screamed at the bite of an inch of cold steel in his shoulder, and lurched to one side. A backhanded sweep of his blade sent the candles flying from the window-sill.

"He's gone," cried Pedro.

And, sure enough, the planter was over the gallery railing and speeding to cover in his rose-garden. During the confusion the followed the captain of the schooner also effected his escape. Pedro and the sailors rushed about in the dark, colliding with trees and falling into bushes; but Drurie stepped to the open door of the house and looked within. The great room was dark, but he made out a sheen of white close in front of him.

"Is it you?" he whispered.

He heard a fluttering breath and the stir of a tiny movement. It seemed to him that he listened with his heart rather than with his ears. Letting his cutlass fall, he leaned forward and reached out his hands. They encountered shoulders that could surely belong to none other than the wonderful lady who had come to him in

the darkness of his slavery with water and words of hope—ay, and with a touch of lips on the forehead. He moved closer, caught her hands in his, and knelt.

"Wait," she cried, softly. "Wait. You have never—seen me."

A shock of apprehension went through the toil-worn gentleman. Could it be that this angel of mercy—this being whose voice and presence had fed his very soul with life—was not as lovely in person as he had dreamed. Nay, the thought was rank treason, and unworthy alike of her, of himself and of the occasion. He lowered his head and pressed his lips to the slender unseen hands.

"I love you," he said. "All that I have, all that I am, I offer you humbly. The light of a thousand suns could not make you more beautiful to me than you are now."

She stooped, lowering her face close to his bent head.

"Though day-light was on you when I first loved you," she whispered, falteringly, "no darkness can ever ever hide you from my love."

At that moment two negroes, with torches in their hands, ran along the gallery and paused at the door. Drurie did not stir. The Senorita called to them, in Spanish. They entered, humbly enough, and held the flaming torches so that the light flooded the lady and the kneeling foreigner. Their eyes rolled in awed amazement at the scene.

"Please look at me," she whispered.

He raised his head slowly and looked with wonder and ecstasy into her face. Her marvellous eyes met his steadily, though they were a gleam with tears.

"Tell me now," she whispered.

"Nay, how can I tell it," he cried, and, springing to his feet, he enclosed her in his arms.

\* \* \* \* \*

Duval sighted the planter's island shortly before noon and as he drew near, a small schooner passed across his course, not half-a-mile distant and headed north-east.

"Let her go," said he to his mate. "She'd not be worth the trouble of overhauling."

When he entered the little bay he beheld a smouldering ruin where the planter's house had stood, and a mob of blacks, armed with cane-knives and all manner of agricultural implements, shouted defiance from the beach. And if he had been fool-hardy enough to force a landing he might have stumbled across the lifeless and mutilated body of the Senor Alcazardo.

FINIS.

## Righted

By ARCHIE P. MCKISHNIE

THE music of a fiddle came from Steadjoy's saloon. Occasionally a burst of laughter proclaimed the fact that the boys of Eagle Camp were indulging in a good time. The red light from the lamps tossed a sickly glow through the unshaded windows.

James Williams, Jr., came along the path and halted forty paces from the saloon.

"To go in or not to go in," he mused. "That's the question. We'll toss, Jimmie. Tails you go in, heads you sheer off. Tails win. So here's for it."

James Williams, Jr., found himself inside Steadjoy's place.

The music recalled to his mind an old-time dance he had attended; the smell of bad whiskey and cigars reminded him of his experiences as a circus-rider. He laughed a little at the memories. They were pleasant in a way, but—he told himself that he would enter into the spirit of the fun.

He was not dressed for it, though. His black suit and white linen didn't seem in harmony with his surroundings.

"From the east, I reckon? Thort so," as Jim Jr. nodded in reply. "Well, jes' don' let th' boys get next thet yeour a tender 'un, an' you'll do. Get a partner an' do th' fantastic."

"Guess I will," said Jimmie, as he edged away.

Over in a corner a young woman stood by herself. She was dressed in blue, and wore a bunch of artificial roses in her hair. She was looking across the room and Jimmie thought her face pretty in profile. As he watched her, she turned, and James Williams, Jr., had a full view of her face. He recognised her.

Slowly he made his way to her; and the woman seemingly impelled by some fascination, turned to meet him.

He motioned her to a seat, and stood looking down at her. His face wore an expression she had seen there before.

After a time he asked a question, the words coming from his lips slowly, decisively.

"Where is he?"

From the far end of the hall came the wail of a fiddle. The woman pointed to the long bar.

"Ah! Then it ends to-night," he said.

He turned and left her.

At the bar rough men were drinking and swearing. James Jr. staggered against two of them, and apologized with a drunken leer. They laughed, and cursed him for a "hell-fool tenderfoot." He called for brandy, and gazed along the line of faces. The one he sought was there.

A drunken miner was singing a song, and treating his listeners between verses.

James Jr. lurched past the group. At the other side he met his man, face to face. For a moment each gazed his hatred; then simultaneously two shots rang out.

Both men lay on the floor. Jimmie's blood was fast flowing. The other man was dead.

A little this side of the Great Divide, the woman and James Jr. met again. She held his head upon her arm.

"Righted, Mamie. Righted at last!"

The old boyish look, the look she had known and loved, was on his face. So life and hatred ever ebb hand in hand.

"Our boy will meet you, Jimmie."

She spoke as one who had found a new joy, for her soul had groped through heavy shadows in one moment of time. She was the other woman again.



**P**OSTAL rates on newspapers and periodicals are being discussed by Canadian and United States officials. The Postal Convention between the two countries has not been revised for thirty-two years and it needed bringing up to date. It was a wise measure when it was made, but the circumstances have changed. These changes have made it a burden on Canada because about ten tons of matter were sent to this country for every ton sent back. This meant an annual loss of nearly a half million dollars to the Canadian Post-Office. The despatches from Washington where the new convention is being negotiated indicate a much higher rate on publications sent from the one country to the other. As the great bulk of the shipments are to Canada, the burden of the higher rate will probably lessen the number of publications coming this way. It will also cause much that now goes direct to subscribers to be sent by express to newsdealers who are likely to profit considerably by the proposed change. The Convention must, however, be ratified by both governments before it becomes law.

Mr. W. S. Goodhugh last week completed his forty-fourth year as a member of the Montreal Board of Trade. He is 83 years of age, and worked in the "Examiner" office, London, when Charles Dickens was a daily visitor there.

Mr. John C. Miller, past president of the Canadian Lacrosse Association, will shortly take a Canadian team to Australia. The expenses will be met mainly by the people of Australia, who are to deposit a guarantee of \$9,000. Each member of the team will be taxed a certain sum, but this is necessary to cover the cost of the return trip via Great Britain.

The British Columbia Legislature has decided that the extra subsidy of one hundred thousand dollars annually for ten years is inadequate. They claim that the Dominion Government was not sufficiently generous in making the settlement. Both Conservatives and Liberals are agreed on this point, and the Legislature has decided to memorialise the Secretary of State for the Colonies, asking that a special tribunal be appointed to investigate the whole subject.

The Southern Alberta Automobile Club has recently been formed at Lethbridge.

All the newer provinces are working towards provincial universities, well endowed by lands and subsidies. British Columbia, Alberta and Saskatchewan have each passed acts this session creating universities and providing machinery for the establishment of various faculties, the erection of buildings and the employment of a staff. Prince Edward Island, the tiniest of the provinces, is arranging to have a college affiliated with Mc-

Gill in which the young Islander may complete the first two years of his McGill course.

The rifle associations of western Manitoba have formed a Western Rifle Association, which includes Virden, Fleming, Oak Lake, Brandywine, Minnedosa, Douglas, Brandon and other places. J. B. Noble of Brandon is president.

In the next general elections, says the Winnipeg "Free Press," there will be thirty-six members elected from Western Canada; one of these will be from Ontario, one from the Yukon, seven from British Columbia and seventeen from Alberta and Saskatchewan.

The Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk Pacific will have joint terminals in Winnipeg. The National Transcontinental Commission is also a party to the joint-lease which is for 999 years. The value of the present terminals of the C. N. R. is placed at \$2,625,000 and this will form the basis.

Manufacturing jewellers of Canada are strongly opposed to the proposed



Mr. J. C. Miller,  
President of the Canadian Lacrosse Association,  
1906-7.

amendment to the Gold and Silver Marking Act of 1906. The purpose of the amendment is to admit into Canada British goods of nine carats, while the lowest grade now recognised by the Canadian standard is only ten carats. The manufacturing jewellers form quite an important section of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association.

According to the Ontario Gazette, eight mining companies have been incorporated during the past week, representing a capitalisation of \$5,200,000. Most of these new organisations look to Cobalt for their silver prospects to come true.

The Yamaska River overflowed its banks in the lower part of St. Hyacinthe last week through the breaking of the ice at the rapids, but no considerable damage was done.

A survey party on the National Transcontinental Railway, who were with Engineer Cotton in the Abitibi

country, may be in some danger. There are grave doubts if they have enough supplies to last until warm weather.

At a recent meeting of the Real Estate Owners' Association in London, a resolution was passed endorsing the utterance of Premier Whitney regarding trashy novels in the public libraries. A reduction in the tax rate for these institutions was suggested. Is it possible that Mr. Carnegie is not a benefactor after all?

One of the official photographers of the Russian army during the Russo-Japanese war, Gouseff by name, was in Toronto last week on his way back to St. Petersburg. His business in wartime was to use the camera to assist the army, but chiefly to show the results of various kinds of shells and explosives, and to photograph wherever possible, bridges, pontoons, earthworks or other defensive devices of the Japanese. He has about 600 photographs of historic quality.

A sensation has been caused in Roman Catholic circles in Montreal by the action of Archbishop Bruchesi, who, in a pastoral issued last Sunday, denounced improper theatrical performances in general and named a Montreal theatre in particular.

Mr. F. H. McGuigan, who lately left the Grand Trunk Railway service to accept a position with the Great Northern, was given a banquet at Montreal on his retirement by the officials of the Grand Trunk and the Grand Trunk Pacific, Mr. William Wainwright presiding and Mr. E. H. Fitzhugh, third vice-president of the Grand Trunk proposing the health of the popular guest.

The Ontario branch of the Canadian Labour Party was organised last week at Toronto with Mr. Walter P. Rolls of Hamilton as president. The convention was attended by over six hundred trades unions' delegates from all parts of the province. A resolution that the Socialist party should be endorsed was defeated overwhelmingly amid much clamour.



Hon. J. W. St. John,  
Speaker of the Ontario Legislature.



**Not in His Class**

**D**URING the session of 1903, the members of the Ontario Legislature discussed in committee the regulation of automobile speed. Col. J. M. Gibson, at the time the Attorney-General admitted that after indulging in considerable automobile exercise he had somewhat changed his views regarding stringent legislation in the matter. Then arose an energetic member of the Conservative (then the Opposition) forces. He is a physician with a large country practice and is known as an excellent horseman. He protested warmly against reckless chauffeurs and asserted that eight miles an hour is a satisfactory speed for automobilists near city limits, urging the greater enjoyment that comes from moderate driving.

"But, Doctor," said a genial Reform member, who is now a front-row man in Opposition, "you must remember that we're not all so accustomed to following funerals as you are." Even the injured member relaxed into appreciation of the retort.

**Adventures of Gentle Jane**

Gentle Jane at a bazaar  
Won a lovely motor-car;  
And before she fairly sensed it,  
Gentle Jane was up against it.

Gentle Jane was skilled, no doubt,  
But a back kick threw her out;  
And in spite of her elation,  
Jane succumbed to sheer prostration.

Gentle Jane whizzed through the town  
Running many people down;  
Still she gave her car but praise,  
Said: "It has such killing ways!"

Gentle Jane her balance missed,  
Cut both hands off at the wrist;  
Jane just smiled and said, "Good-day,"  
In her pretty, offhand way.

Jane was 'neath the car at work,  
When the old thing gave a jerk,  
As it rolled across her breast,  
Gentle Jane felt quite depressed.

Gentle Jane was wrecked one day,  
Crushed to bits she moaning lay;  
Though she didn't scold at all,  
Gentle Jane felt rather small.

With a rod right through her neck,  
Jane was pinned beneath the wreck;  
"Ah," she said, "I must depart;  
Such things cut me to the heart!"

Jane, when on a lonely road,  
Heard the gasoline explode;  
When this sorrow filled her cup,  
Gentle Jane was all broke up.  
—Carolyn Wells.

**His Own Petard**

Last summer, a gentleman known both to the medical fraternity and to political circles set forth from Toron-

to to visit a friend who was spending the summer near the shores of Lake Simcoe. The motorist arrived at Queensville to find himself and his machine the objects of considerable local interest. A rather loutish chap with an expression of rustic admiration came forward and surveyed the car as if he had never seen such an invention before. The auto party were amused by the impression made by their arrival and when the unknown admirer asked questions, they were only too willing to reply. They told him they had come from Toronto and he asked slowly:

"And what time might you take gettin' here?"

"A little over an hour—hardly an hour-and-a-quarter," said the Doctor with easy mendacity. But that afternoon, the bewildered rustic accompanied by an official-looking person, walked smartly across the lawn near a certain summer cottage and made from the medical motorist the depressing demand that the fine for exceeding the speed limit should be forthcoming. Inasmuch as he had made his pretty boast to a detective in disguise, the victim promptly saw the joke and paid his fine like a little man. But for the rest of the summer he trusted no rustic ignorance of his motor or craving for information as to his rate of travel.

**The Very Latest**

The latest New York "freak dinner" was given backwards, beginning with black coffee, crackers, and cheese, and ending with soup and oysters. The guests, says the English "Bystander," of course, all arrived intoxicated, took their seats under the table, and told

before-dinner stories. As the meal progressed, they got blind sober, and, after the oysters, adjourned to the drawing-room to be introduced to each other.

**Collecting from the Motorist**

When young Vanderbilt was in Europe, a native of France, taking him for his own chauffeur, told him what he thought of those dogs of Americans who rush about French country roads trying to kill people.

"I have a sick dog," said the peasant, "which I will drive into the road and you kill it. Then I will collect from your master and divide."

**Enough Trouble**

A highwayman held up a gasoline runabout on the outskirts of Rome with a shot in the air. Then he ran forth from the tomb that had concealed him—the holdup happened on the Appian Way—and found, to his surprise, only a woman in the little car.

"Where, madam, is your husband?" he demanded, sternly and suspiciously.

"He's under the seat," she answered, flushing.

"Then," said the highwayman, "I won't take nothing. It's bad enough to have a husband like that, without being robbed into the bargain."

—Argonaut.

**With a 'Y'**

There was a young lady named Alys,  
Of whom people stated in malys,

During poverty's reign  
'Twas Alice—just pleign—  
But not since Dad builded a palys.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

**The Public Anarchist**

Lady (to new milkman): "Now, Mr. Jones, I hope I can rely on the purity of your milk. I had to give up Mr. Smith because the milk was two-thirds water."

Mr. Jones: "You can rely on this, mum. It's bin paralysed by the public anarchist."

—Punch.



Caller.—"So sorry to hear of your Motor Accident."  
Enthusiastic Motorist.—"Oh, thanks, it's nothing, expect to live through many more."  
Caller.—"Oh, but I trust not."—Punch.

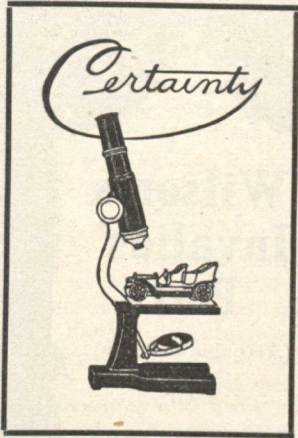
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 S E N S E                      A B O U T                      A U T O M O B I L E S
 

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WHEN the automobile as we know it nowadays was a new thing, some forgotten writer in some obscure trade paper voiced the theory that "any good car costs about so much per horse-power." Though that half-truth has cost some makers their reputation, and many buyers much ill-spent money, it still persists to this day. Plenty of men will buy cars on a horse-power basis—and quite a few of them will not get what they thought they were buying. Here, again, the expert's judgment ought to be summoned by the average man, who is no specialist in automobile real values, and who has only a hazy idea what horse power really means. As one exasperated, experienced owner said to a glib-talking, catalog-wise acquaintance: "What do you care what the horse-power is, if the thing won't 'keep going?'" This organization takes extraordinary pains to know that the car it sells will "keep going," which means more than mere hill-climbing. Our experts have to be shown a car's actual performance under every conceivable condition before that car gets on our list. When it does get there, depend upon its having not merely the horse-power the catalogs talk of so easily, but the construction that will use that horse-power in the one way it should be used to give the service you buy a car to give. Certainty—this is what we offer you. Certainty, created by critical study and rigid test,—certainty backed by our separate and independent guarantee,—certainty of money's worth for your money, such as you could not possess from individual inquiry except at huge expense. Shall we tell you more about it?

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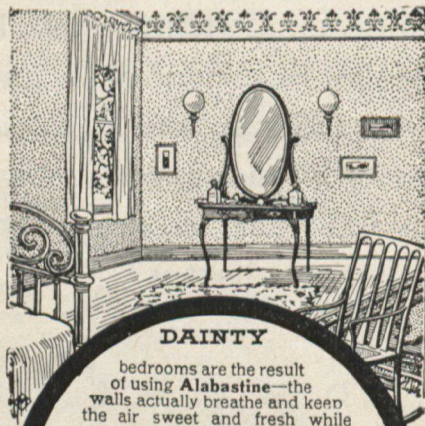
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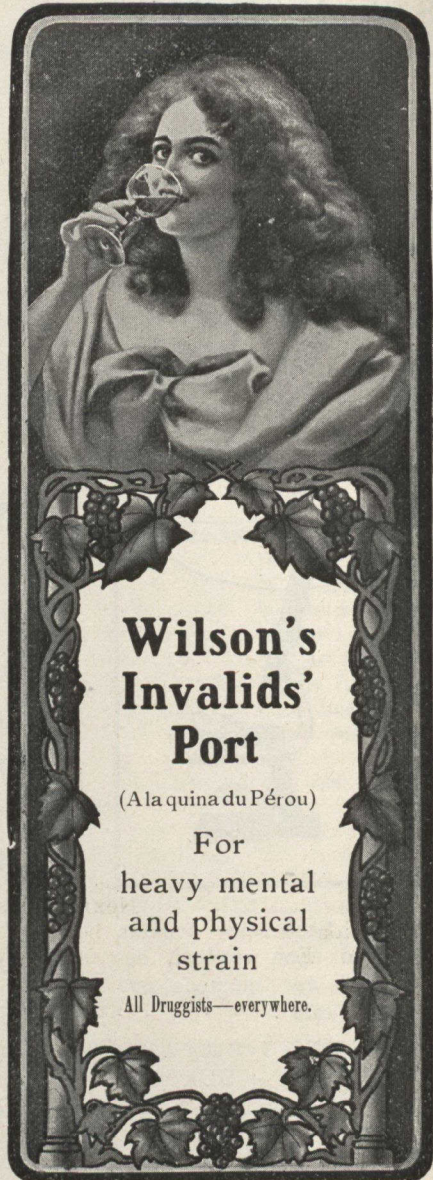
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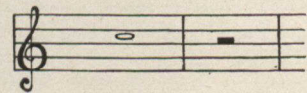


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# MUSIC & THE DRAMA

**T**HE Earl Grey Musical and Dramatic Trophy Competition will probably be an annual event hereafter. It was formerly known as "His Excellency's Musical and Dramatic Trophy Competition," but the name was changed by the executive last week. It was also decided to hold another competition of the same nature next year, owing to the success of the contest of last January. Col. Hanbury Williams was again nominated as chairman of the executive committee with Mr. F. C. T. O'Hara as honorary secretary. The chairmen for the sub-committees were selected as follows: Competition, Mr. J. S. Ewart, K.C.; Finance, Mr. J. W. Woods; Reception and Entertainment, Mr. C. Berkeley Powell; Transportation, Lt.-Col. J. Lyons Biggar; Press, Mr. E. Norman Smith.

Plans were submitted for the enlargement of the competition with the view to having similar competitions in each province of the Dominion. The idea is to have committees in charge in each province and have the winners in each sent for competition in the contest at the Capital. Next year's competition in Ottawa has been arranged for February 24th, 1908.

\* \*

At the Conservatory Music Hall, Toronto, Mr. A. T. Cringan recently gave an interesting lecture on "Music of the North American Indians." The songs of the Iroquois, the lecturer stated, are of great antiquity. Music enters into every phase of his life and plays an important part in the ritual of each of his numerous ceremonies and feasts. The peculiar tonal effect produced by Indian music consists, not in the addition of tones to recognised scales, but in the omission of some of the tones of which these consist. . . . The Indian's method of emphasising the conclusion of a song consists of a loud whoop usually commencing high in pitch and gliding through the compass of a complete octave. Mr. Cringan's lecture formed a valuable contribution to a subject that has not been much explored in this country.

\* \*

Under the patronage of His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, the People's Choral Union, conducted by Mr. H. M. Fletcher, will give a concert in Massey Hall, Toronto, on Tuesday, April 9th. Madame Le Grand Reed and Mr. Watkin Mills will be the assisting artists.

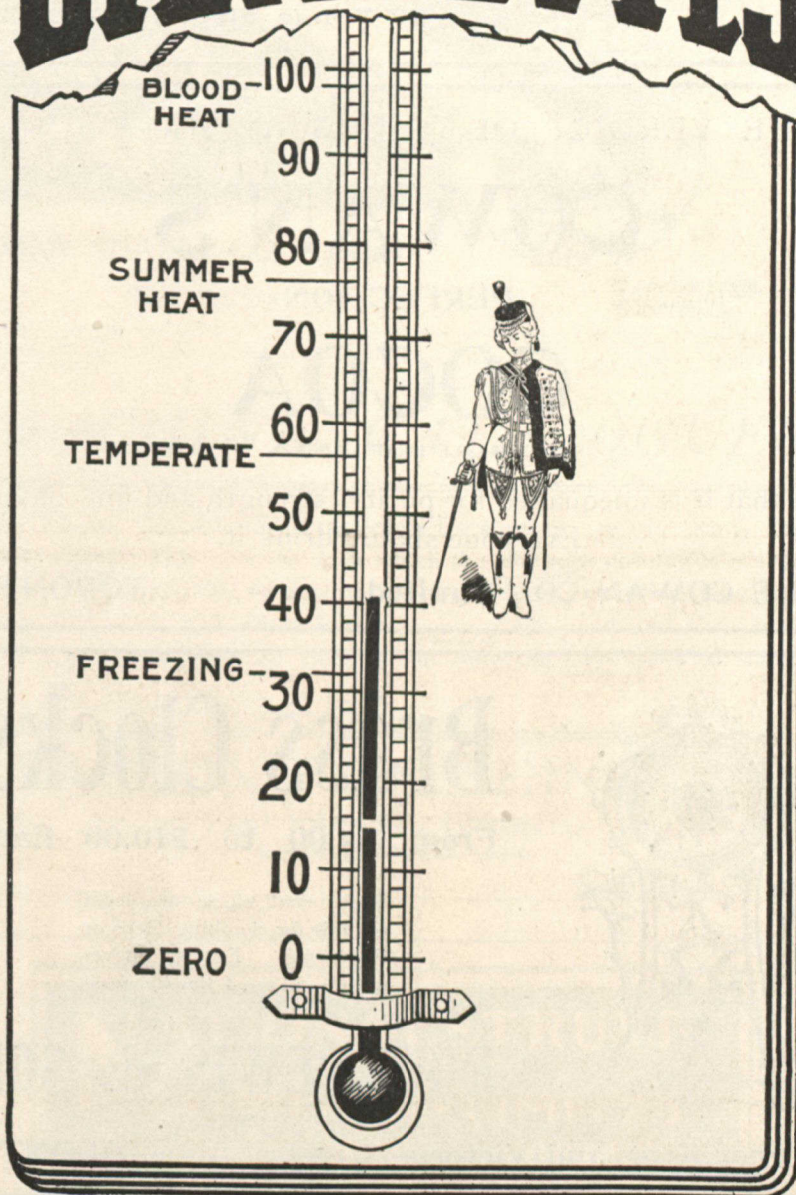
\* \*

The appearance of Mr. Henry W. Savage's company next week at the Princess Theatre, Toronto, in Puccini's "Madam Butterfly" is eagerly anticipated by those who have seen former productions by the great Italian composer and also by those who appreciate Mr. Savage's efforts towards proper stage setting for the best of modern operas.

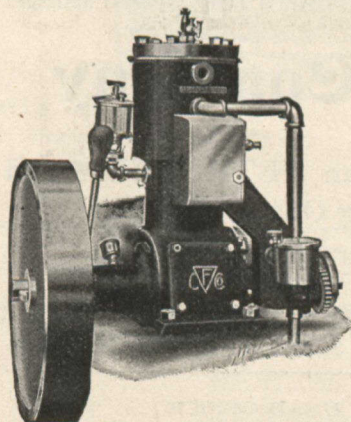
\* \*

Miss Ellen Terry has returned to America this year to play in Mr. George Bernard Shaw's "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," and also in several of her former favourites. She

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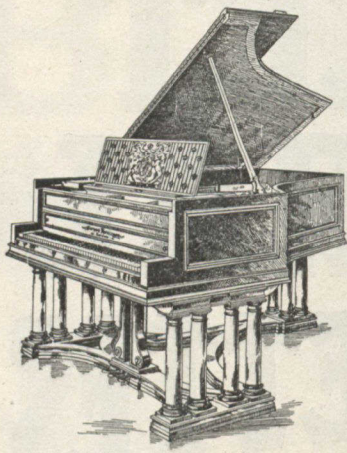
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appears in Toronto this week and is playing to large houses. The Shaw comedy is thoroughly amusing and Miss Terry shows much of her old-time brightness and vivacity in the role of the "Lady Cecily Waynflete."

\* \*

Mr. Louis V. De Foe, speaking of Miss Terry's recent American success remarks: "In a month in which most of the notable successes of the metropolitan stage have been confined to the naturalism of Ibsen, the symbolism of Hauptmann, and the psychological clinics of Sudermann—three intellectual giants of the European continental drama—I am impelled to pick Miss Terry and the Shaw play as the event of greatest popular interest. They have injected the only airiness into a period in which play-goers have had to take most of their entertainment sadly."

\* \*

Mr. A. S. Vogt has decided on Brahms' "The German Requiem" as the principal choral production in connection with next season's concerts of the Mendelssohn Choir. The scenes of the Choir's foreign appearance have not yet been decided upon, although Buffalo is almost a certainty. New York and Boston are both freely discussed as possibilities, while it is said that only three concerts will be given in Toronto. The question of a visit to the Old Country has been mooted and there is no doubt that such a visit would be a great event in Canada's musical history, while it would be given to the English public to realise that Canada produces something beyond grain and cheese and is not so hopelessly material as she is sometimes painted.

\* \*

Madame Donalda and her husband, M. Paul Leveilhac, were the guests of the Canadian Club at dinner in New York last week. The occasion was of the nature of a farewell, as Madame Donalda has been engaged at the Opera Comique in Paris and will not be in America again for some time. This is the second time that the Canadian prima donna has been the guest of her compatriots in New York.

\* \*

The members of the famous "Boz Club" recently held their annual dinner in London. Mr. John Hare, the well-known actor, who proposed the memory of Dickens, remarked that the greatest cause contributing to the popularity of the novelist was that it was reserved to him to see good in everything. "He saw the soul, not the shell. From simple lives and simple hearts he extracted romances more stimulating and engrossing than many of those who followed him have achieved with all the wealth of sordid, morbid problems at their command."

Mr. Hare has been playing the part of "Napoleon" in "The Great Conspiracy" at the Duke of York's Theatre in London, England. The announcement is made from time to time that Mr. Hare will make another American tour, but to the disappointment of his admirers on this side of the Atlantic, Mr. Hare refuses to be attracted to New York.

\* \*

From the "Saturday News" of Edmonton, eastern readers learn with interest that a Russian concert was given recently with encouraging success. Mr. Michael Gowda aroused enthusiasm by his folk-songs which appealed with native force to many.

THE VERDICT OF ALL WHO HAVE USED

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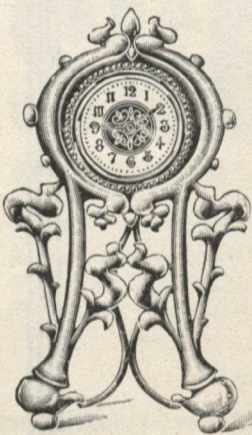
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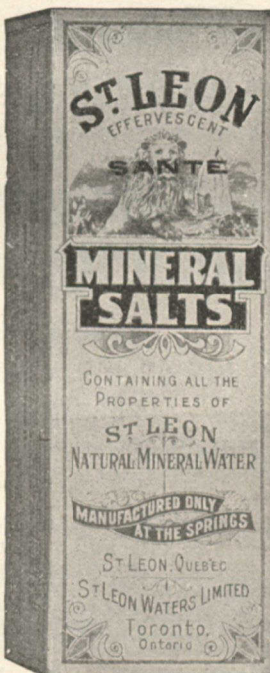


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## For the Children

### Compensation

I came with her birthday, last Wednesday morn,  
And look at me now, all tattered and torn.  
There's only a part of my golden wig left,  
There's a chip off my nose,—of one arm I'm bereft.  
There's a hole in my body, (this may be amusing),  
But I faint at the thought of the sawdust I'm losing.  
I've simply no voice left—small wonder say I,  
With nary a stitch to my back—and my eye!  
Did I happen to mention that one was pushed in?  
You may notice how rattled I am with the din.

Now wouldn't you think that a doll in her senses,  
Would rightly object to such awful offences?  
And yet when that blue-eyed young mistress of mine  
Swung off my arm and fractured my spine,  
Poked in my eye, and chipped off my nose,  
Pulled off my wig and purloined all my clothes,  
Then hugged me up tight in her businesslike way,  
And whispered with rapture "Me 'n you'll go an' play."  
I felt that though rare and though fleeting my charms,  
They were well worth the price of being held in her arms.

M. H. C.

\* \*

### Home Work

A little fellow in Altoona, Pa., not long ago hustled into a grocery with a memorandum in his hand.

"Mr. Jones," said he, "I want fourteen pounds of tea at twenty-five cents."

"All right," said the grocer, noting down the sale and instructing a clerk to put up the purchase. "Anything else, Tommy?"

"Yes, sir. I want thirty pounds of sugar at nine cents."

"Loaf sugar? All right. What else?"

"Seven and a half pounds of bacon at twenty cents."

"Anything more?"

"Five pounds of coffee at thirty-two cents; eleven and a half quarts of molasses at eight cents a pint; two nine-pound hams at twenty-one and a quarter cents and five dozen jars of pickled walnuts at twenty-four cents a jar."

"That's a big order," observed the grocer, as he made out the bill. "Your mother wants it charged, or do you pay for it now?"

The boy pocketed the bill. "Mother hasn't a thing to do with this transaction," said he. "It's my arithmetic lesson, and I had to get it done somehow."—Success.

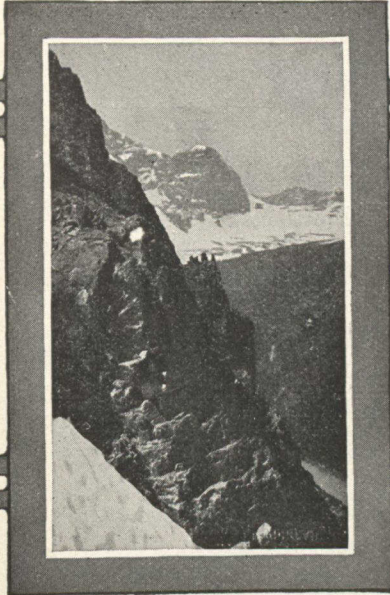
\* \*

### Teddy's Toys

Teddy had a Noah's Ark,  
With elephants of brilliant hue,  
With lions of a tender pink  
And tigers painted brightest blue.  
But Teddy left them in the rain:  
And now their looks would give you pain.



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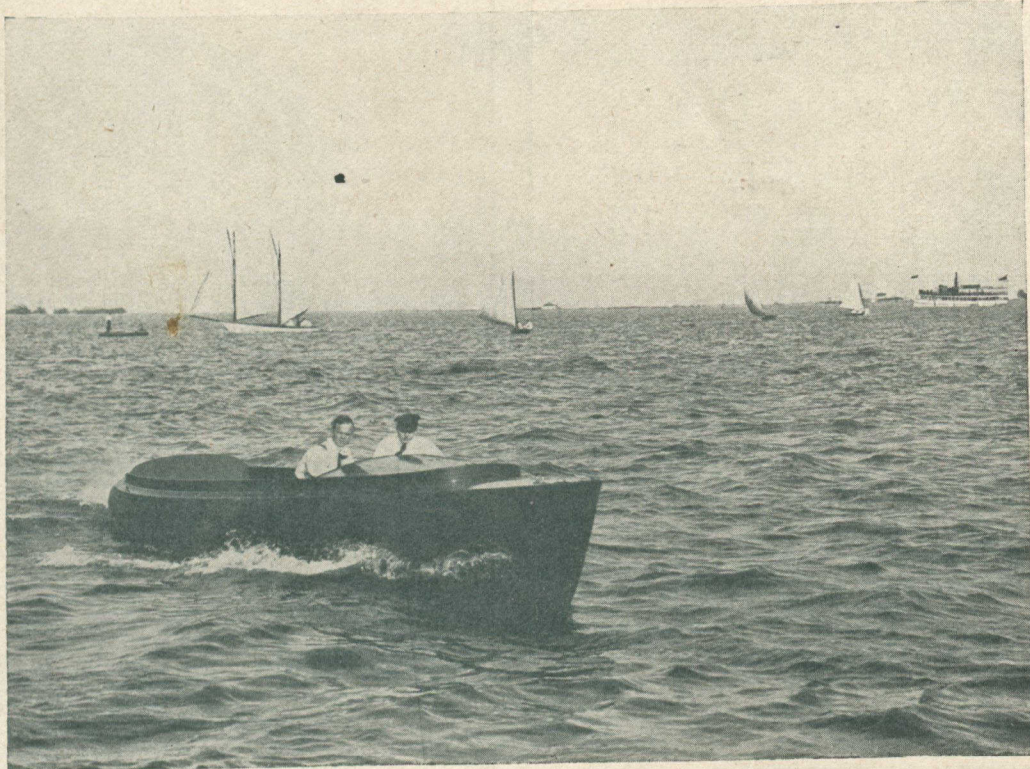
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