

The Canadian

# Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

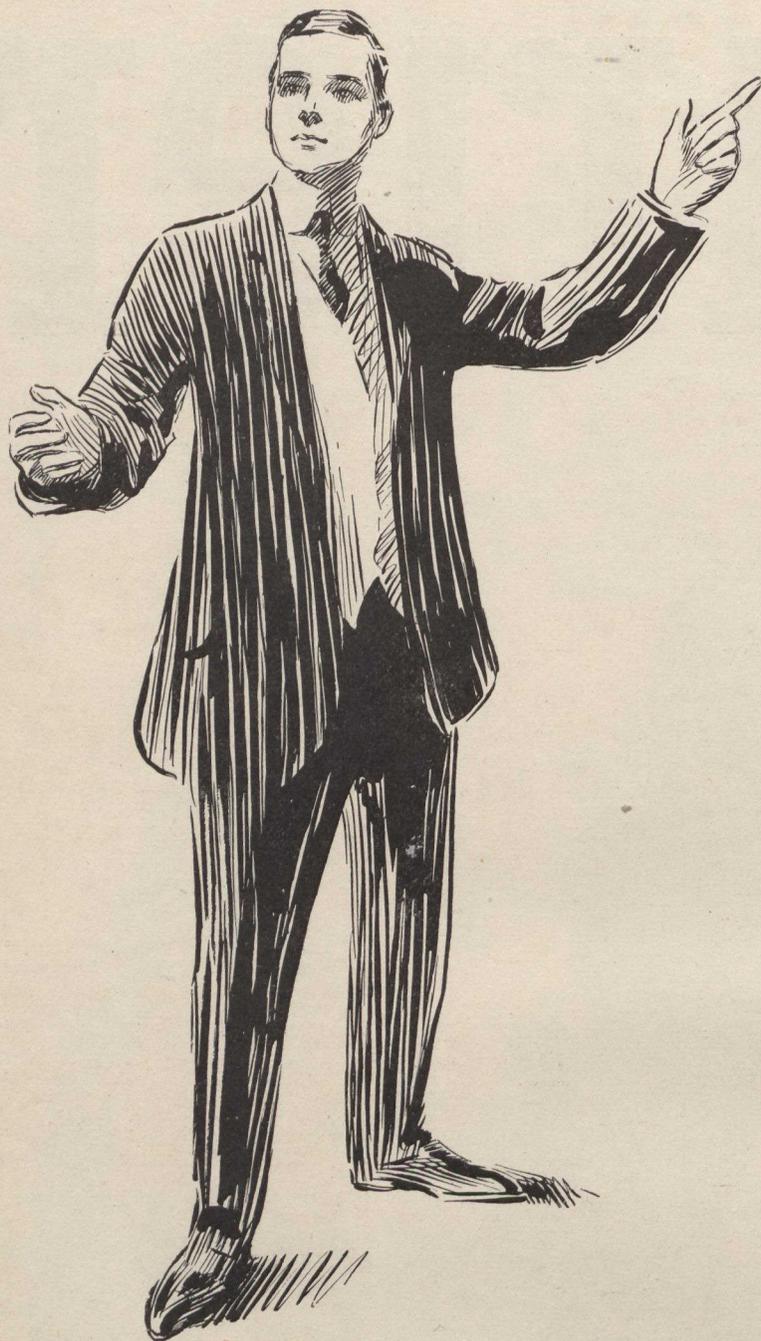


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EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER,  
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Some W. G. & R. Collar suits every taste and occasion. Quarter sizes.

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Matriculation Examinations will commence on June 14th and September 23rd and Examinations for Second Year Exhibitions and Third Year Scholarships, will commence on September 23rd.

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Write for Samples & Measurement Chart  
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In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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## Editor's Talk

ALL subscribers are valuable, but all are not of equal value. Those who have ideas to express and who write to the editor occasionally are the most valuable kind. The one who protests against certain editorial practices or policy is just as great an asset to a publication as the one who congratulates and selects certain features for special praise. Both these classes rank with the class which writes letters for publication. The least valuable subscriber is the one who never says anything which the editor or his fellow-subscribers may hear.

IN America, too often, when a subscriber differs with the editor he simply pockets his disgust and cancels his subscription. In Great Britain the usual custom is to write a letter to the editor combatting his views, and insisting on his printing it. The latter is much the better method. In Canada we are rather inclined to be American and "stand-offish." We agree or we disagree, and if we disagree with the editor we too seldom try to discuss the question at issue. We are not a nation of letter-writers.

IF Canada is to be great and to have a unified national opinion, there must be an interchange of views between the people of the various sections and between those who have opposite or diverse aspirations and ambitions. No periodical is in a better position to facilitate that exchange of opinion than the "Canadian Courier." Hence we invite correspondence on any and every national topic.



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SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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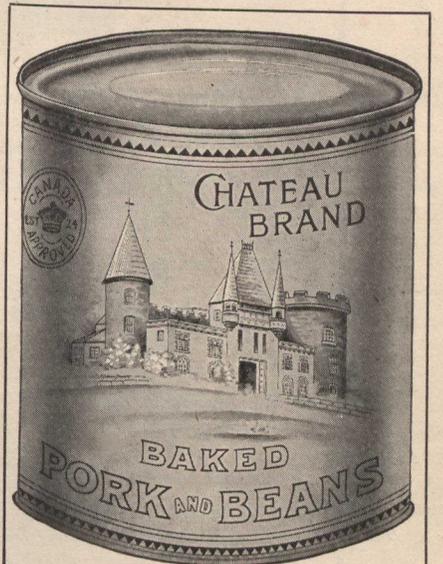
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**J-1022.** Made of Imported Repp in white or tan, in thirteen gore circular flare style with wide bias fold of self ending in points and trimmed with pearl buttons; two bands of self make an effective trimming. Price **3.25**

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3.50**



**J-1025.** Made of White Repp in the new fourteen gore open front style; the front is fastened with detachable pearl buttons, (like a man's wash vest) and can be opened out and ironed flat like a table cloth; the top is fastened with hooks and eyes. Price **3.50**

**Skirt of White  
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**J-9383.** Handsome Skirt of White Repp in fifteen gore circular flare style, beautifully trimmed with Filet embroidery insertion and four stitched straps of self, finished with pearl buttons at the points. A very dressy and serviceable skirt. Price..... **3.50**

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# Canadian Courier

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

VOL. 6

Toronto, June 12th, 1909

No. 2



### MEN OF TO-DAY

#### A Progressive Professor

PROFESSOR ROBERT RAMSAY WRIGHT of the University of Toronto is no shop-talking "old fogey" of a pedagogue. That is why he is one of the most versatile of Canadian educationists. Pre-eminently he is a biologist—a leader in that department on this continent; then he is a linguist, a musician, a literary enthusiast, a traveller, a society man and sportsman. A common impression of Ramsay Wright is that he is English; on the contrary he is a "brawny Scot," born at Alloa in 1853. His accent causes the mistake. It is exclusive "Edinburgh." That university gave him the degree of M. A. in 1871, and B.Sc. two years later. He migrated to Canada in 1874 and commenced his life work as Professor of Biology at the University of Toronto in 1887. His career as occupant of the chair of Biology has been distinguished by a remarkable display of constructive ability. The Toronto School of Biology and Medicine, among the foremost in America, are in a great measure the result of his genius for organisation. There were many difficulties to overcome, but Professor Wright has realised his desire—advanced, up-to-date facilities for teaching biology in conjunction with the medical sciences, in order that aspiring young doctors may obtain a more comprehensive appreciation of their profession than the mere technical knowledge of it requires. Incidentally academic "frills" in the shape of degrees have lengthened out his name; but honours do not worry him. Professor Wright is content to appear as he is, a man of wide culture, a gentleman, and an ever active power in higher Canadian thought.

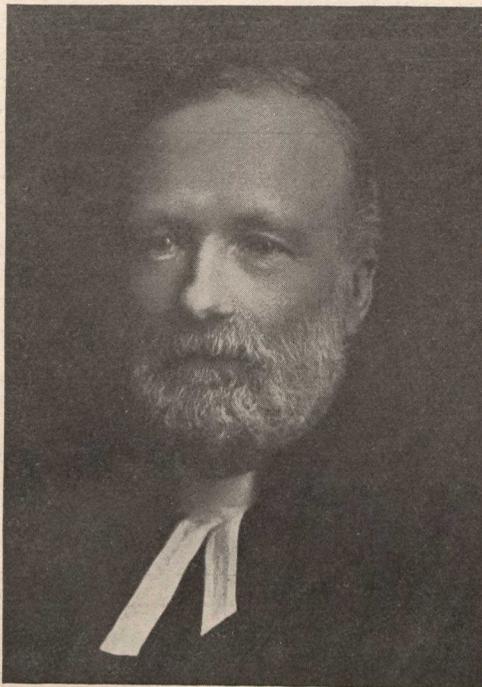
A few days ago he received his latest honour; he was elected vice-president of the Royal Society of Canada.

\* \* \*

#### Two New Brunswick Appointments.

THE men chosen to fill the two vacant seats on the Supreme Court bench of New Brunswick have evidently satisfied public opinion in that province. The press agree that they are acceptable to all interests.

Mr. Jeremiah Hayes Barry, K.C., of Fredericton, is one choice. Born at Mougerville, Sunbury County, N.B., in 1858, he received training in the public schools of St. Mary's and Fredericton, till the law claimed him. His devotion to the legal grind has been assiduous and fraught with success to no little degree. For years he was a legal partner of the late Hon. A. G. Blair, but during the greater part of his career he has carried on a private practice. His achievements as Crown counsel in important criminal cases won him his silk in 1899. Mr. Barry has never sought political honours, though several times the Liberal party have camped on his trail. He has devoted his spare time to educational and philanthropic work, holding at present, among other offices, a senatorship in the University of New Brunswick, and a membership in the governing body of Victoria



Rev. Samuel Lyle, D.D.,  
Moderator-Elect Presbyterian Church.

Brunswick. His present position is a recognition of faithful service to his province.

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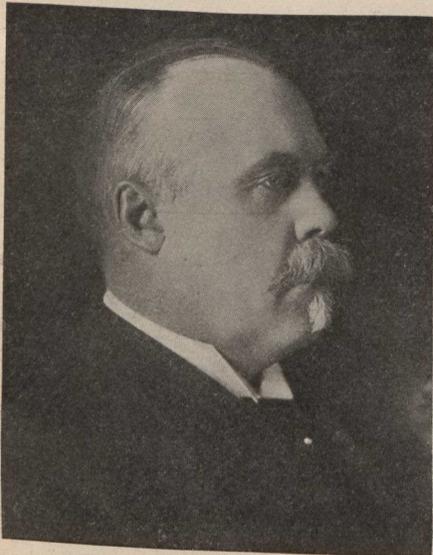
#### The New Moderator

THE Presbyterians did not find it necessary to go beyond the walls of their convention city for the new Moderator. In Hamilton, they found a man in the full power of a thirty-years ministry. He was never very prominent in the great church councils, though he did some quiet work in some of the lesser movements. He was Moderator of the Hamilton and London Synod in 1896. He never sought position; the position sought him. The General Assembly could not pass over the worth of his pastorate; so Rev. Samuel Lyle is the head of the parliament of the Canadian Presbyterian Church. Dr. Lyle is an old-countryman—Irish, born in 1841. Scotland gave him his education at Glasgow University. For a time the field of his labour was Connor in his own country. The call to his present charge, Central Church, Hamilton, came in 1877. He has been preaching the Gospel there ever since, and has found time to take a keen interest in such social activities as the Art School, the Public Library Board and other movements which tended to improve the life of the people. His methods, eloquence and wit have endeared all classes to him. He is indeed a "hallowed influence for good."

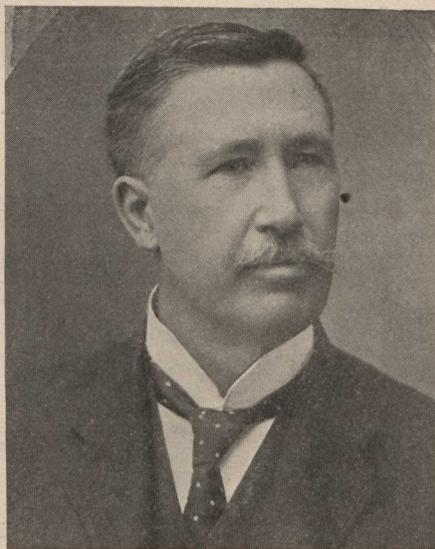
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#### President-Elect Ontario Medical Association

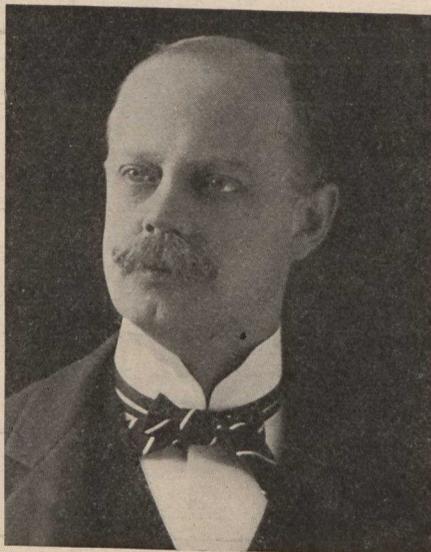
DR. H. R. CASGRAIN, president-elect of the Ontario Medical Association, typifies the new spirit among modern practitioners. He is up-to-date with the progress of his profession. The old idea among the "saw-bones" fraternity was that in the struggle for



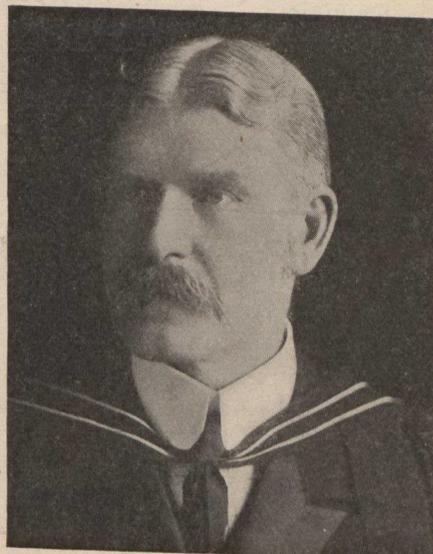
Dr. H. R. Casgrain,  
President Ontario Medical Association.



Judge J. H. Barry,  
Fredericton.



Judge H. A. McKeown,  
St. John.



Professor Ramsay Wright,  
Vice-President Royal Society of Canada.

the M. D. degree the embryo doctor gained complete knowledge of the science of medicine. Now, the swift strides which medical knowledge makes in this scientific age necessitates an entirely different attitude. A modern doctor is not through with study when the privilege of M. D. is his. He is only beginning. Some more of the joys of student life are in prospect. A conscientious man to-day takes his college course over again every three or four years in the way of investigating new discoveries at the big hospitals in the United States or Europe.

Dr. H. R. Casgrain practises at Windsor, Ont. He is a son of the late Senator Casgrain and was born at Sandwich, Ont., in 1857. After receiving early education at Assumption College, in that town, he began his first medical studies at the Detroit College of Medicine. That institution conferred on him the M. D. degree in 1879. In 1886 Trinity College, Toronto, granted him the M.D.C.M. degree. Since then, Dr. Casgrain, in order to keep pace with the times, has taken frequent post-graduate courses at the hospitals of Paris and London, and at those of New York and Chicago on this continent.

Outside of his medical work, the military is Dr. Casgrain's hobby. He is at present Surgeon-Major of the 21st Regiment Essex Fusiliers. He saw active service in the Riel Rebellion.

## REFLECTIONS

EVERY officer of the Militia will fully appreciate the example set by Mr. F. W. Thompson, managing director of the Ogilvie Flour Mills Company, in ordering that every employee who is a member of the militia shall have an extra week's holiday during his term of service. He also orders that in event of any of them being called out for active service, they shall have their positions held for them and shall not lose any possible promotion.

Heretofore, almost the only large employers of labour who encouraged the militia spirit were the banks, most of whom have openly or tacitly approved of their clerks serving a term as militiamen. Other corporations, more narrow in their view, have been inclined to object when their clerks asked for a few days off to perform military training. The result has been that, in the larger cities, especially during busy seasons, it has been almost impossible to parade the full strength of the local militia except on a Sunday or general holiday.

Military service is a form of self-sacrifice and self-improvement and should be encouraged by all employers. It is important that every young man should have the discipline, training and knowledge which comes only through a period of three or six years in the militia. It is valuable to the young man himself; it is even more important to the country at large.

THE Edmonton *Bulletin*, owned by the Hon. Frank Oliver and edited by Mr. Duncan Marshall, M.P.P., agrees that the land grant to the South African veterans was a mistake. Of the 8,000 grants made, only about 2,000 have been located. Of those located, only about 700 have been located by veterans themselves. Like all previous land grants, it simply opened the door for speculation. There could have been no cry for such grants, if only 700 out of 8,000 were anxious to go at farming. The whole movement must have been engineered by persons interested in buying certain valuable sections at a low price. The *Bulletin* sagely remarks: "This should be the last attempt to discharge a national obligation with a gift of land."

SPEAKING of lands, it is pleasant to be able to point out that the Dominion Government is now trying to get the best available price for some of its western lands. At Emerson, the other day, there was an auction of school land and many sections were withdrawn because the prices offered were too low. An up-set price was placed on each range, and the sections withdrawn if this was not reached. The prices realised varied from \$5 to \$16.75 per acre, according to location.

These were Manitoba lands. In Saskatchewan and Alberta homesteads and pre-emptions are still available to such an extent that sales are not necessary. There is little doubt, however, that within a few years, Dominion lands properly handled will bring an average of ten dollars an acre in all that portion of the West lying south of a line drawn from Prince Albert to Athabaska Landing and extended either way.

FEW people will agree with the *Toronto News* that Canada should put a duty on United States lumber coming into this country. There are portions of Canada which are dependent more or less on United States supplies. In those portions where the people are not

in this position, the lumbermen ought to be able to meet United States competition. If the lumber interests of Ontario and British Columbia cannot get along without protection against the diminishing forests of the United States, then they had better shut up their saw-mills and leave the trees standing.

The *News* and the lumbermen are strangely inconsistent. They are asking for forest preservation and conservation and at the same time demanding the exclusion of United States lumber. Surely one way to conserve our lumber supply is to let United States lumber come in freely so long as it will.

THE United States Senate is not dealing kindly with Canada in its tariff revision. Wherever they find a line of goods or a natural product going from Canada to the United States, they seem inclined to raise the duty—for example, on oysters and barley. They have a perfect right to do so if they wish, but their action must be highly disconcerting to those few free-trade editors in Canada who have been trying to prove that the days of high protection in the United States are numbered. Especially must such action seriously upset the calculations and pet theories of the leading Liberal journalists of Western Canada who have been predicting freer exchanges between the Dominion and its Great Neighbour. No one may forecast what will happen when the committees of the House and the Senate get together for the final revision or what influence President Taft will bring to bear on both, but at the moment it looks as if High Protection would rule serenely in the United States for another decade at least.

IF the Canadian lumbermen must remain dissatisfied because they cannot get a lower duty on their shipments to the United States and cannot get a duty placed on competing shipments from that country, the Canadian pulp and paper makers have been pleased by Sir Lomer Gouin's recent announcement. The Premier of Quebec has announced that he will adopt the Ontario policy and prohibit the free export of pulp wood to the United States. This is in line with the conservation policy so long advocated by the Canadian Forestry Association and other bodies and persons. The restriction in Quebec will apply to pulp wood only; in Ontario it was made to apply to all logs. New Brunswick and Nova Scotia should adopt similar regulations.

The arguments in favour of this policy are clear. A cord of pulp wood makes about a ton of wood pulp or a ton of paper. Exported as pulp wood, it brings a revenue of from \$3 to \$5. Exported as ground wood pulp, it brings four times as much. Exported as chemical pulp or paper it will bring from \$40 to \$50. Moreover, Canada's supply of pulp wood is, comparatively speaking, running low. We still have enough for our own demands, even looking a century ahead, but free export would soon deplete the easily accessible supplies.

The *Winnipeg Telegram*, which is enthusiastic over Sir Lomer Gouin's announcement, says: "In course of time, Canada should become par excellence the paper manufacturing country for the whole civilised world." The *Toronto Globe* remarks: "The eagerness of foreign paper makers and consumers to buy Canadian pulp wood in advance of the demand has caused a general awakening to the strength of Canada's position and the need of taking full advantage of it."

THE continued fine weather has had an excellent effect on the growing crops and consequently on general trade conditions. For a few weeks, the feeling in Western Canada was one of hesitation, but the beautiful weather accompanied by a reasonable rainfall has changed all that. For example, at Calgary the customs returns show an increase of 75 per cent. over May, 1908. The clearing house returns show an increase of over 50 per cent. The homestead entries were 897 as compared with 148 in May, 1908. The building permits amounted to \$405,550 as compared with \$77,350 in May of last year. Similar reports come from other western cities.

In the East there is an almost equal revival of business. Toronto especially is "on the boom." Building operations are more extensive than at any time in the history of the city. For the five months of 1909, the increase in building permits amounts to \$2,870,000.

The coal-mining disputes in Alberta and some trouble among the cotton-spinners are almost the only industrial difficulties which are apparent. The inflow of British capital continues and the increase in imports has brought the Federal revenues back to the high figures of

1907. Immigration continues to show weekly increases over last year. The bears have been driven off the stock exchanges and the pessimists have gone into hiding.

#### THE LION AND THE BEAR

THE whirligig of Time has brought about a change of startling colour when a German semi-official organ reports that Great Britain and Russia have assumed joint suzerainty over Persia. For so long has Russia been considered the sworn foe of Britain in all the latter's Asiatic ambitions, that it requires a distinct effort to rid oneself of the conviction that the Russian Bear, prowling about north of the Indian frontier, is only waiting for Britain's unwary moment. The war between Japan and Russia appears to have worked Great Britain a double benefit. It made the Empire of the Mikado a tacit ally of the Empire of Edward VII, while it reduced Russia from the rank of a first-class enemy. Then the Balkans, those States of everlasting turmoil, have once more been disturbed by Austrian ambition, which is a thin disguise for German schemes. St. Petersburg straightway took alarm at the understanding which placed Vienna and Berlin on a confidential footing and stood ready to guard Russian interests in the vicinity of the Danube. The Kaiser's delicate toying with Turkish bonds, and Germany's vital interest in the new railway to Bagdad have doubtless created in the British breast a desire to check the Teutonic advance in the East. Then, on a peaceful Sunday afternoon it is announced that the Shah is henceforth to take his orders from London and St. Petersburg, and that Persia is to be reduced or reformed into Egypt's condition. This is a state of affairs difficult for the old school to grasp, since a whole generation has listened to warnings against Russian guile, prophecies of what Russia will do in India, and has been inspired by a proper dread of "The Truce of the Bear."

One of the most interesting features in the modern game of nations, as played in the Asiatic or African arena, is the part assumed by railways. The locomotive of the Twentieth Century is hardly inferior to the *Dreadnought* and the aeroplane in the calculations of those who would guard the colonial interests of the great European Powers. He who "gets there first" has an advantage over late-comers which astute diplomatists are not slow to grasp, and the railway to Bagdad has unquestionably disturbed the dreams of Great Britain's Foreign Minister far more than the Kaiser's interviews with aspiring journalists. Transportation is a new development of the East and a railway in Arabia or Persia is disturbing to all traditional notions of those lands of the caravan. Commerce is not the only consideration when a railway is sent on its shining way through countries which have a certain strategic importance. The Persian Gulf has an interest entirely apart from aesthetic charms and the "Arabian Nights" are not the only Oriental stories which make diverting entertainment. In the meantime the Shah may be considering the restored Constitution of his beloved kingdom and may be grateful for the alleged assurance that Great Britain and Russia will protect him against all acts of violence on the part of his not-always-appreciative subjects.

FRITH.

#### THE INEVITABLE NAVY

COUNT VON BERNSTOFF, German ambassador to the United States, has declared that Great Britain has no need to worry about an impending or probable war with Germany. He claims that between the two governments there is neither misunderstanding nor enmity, that the sentiment of the two peoples toward each other is only a healthy, temperate and good-natured rivalry. This is a pleasant assurance, and one which the whole British Empire will be glad to have. Even if the Count is too optimistic, or even if he is mistaken, we are glad to have his opinion.

There is no doubt much misapprehension in both Britain and Germany as to each other's feelings and intentions. Each is filled with ambition, the one to maintain its world-supremacy, the other to widen its sphere of influence. It is a physical impossibility for both to attain or retain world-supremacy. One must be greater than the other, whether that greatness is measured by an invincible navy or by a superior commercial importance. As Britishers we do not feel that Britain's supremacy has ever meant or will ever mean disaster to weaker peoples. If Germany aims to attain supremacy by crushing British power, then Germany is a greater world-danger than Great Britain.

If Great Britain and Germany were concerned only in a healthy, good-natured rivalry such as Count Von Bernstoff indicates, it seems strange that there should be such great naval activity on the part of each. Trade rivalry may be friendly even though keen. Naval rivalry which includes more battleships, forts, military docks, and war-like airships, cannot be either healthy or good-natured. The householder who buys half a dozen revolvers for fear his neighbour may attack

him cannot be said to be engaged in a healthy, good-natured rivalry. If both countries were to cease straining every nerve in their efforts to increase their military and naval resources, the Count's statement would be more readily accepted.

\* \* \*

Rightly or wrongly, the British people have imbibed a strong feeling that the day of universal peace has not yet arrived, and that the freedom and glory which have been won by the sword, must be so maintained. No doubt, the jingoists have accentuated this feeling. No doubt, the political situation in Great Britain has assisted in its expression. Yet, making allowances for these occasional influences, there is no possibility of denying the existence of a national fear of a future war which will test British resource and British power. The bright light of royal favour rests on those who are doing most to bring Britishers to a fuller realisation that every citizen must be more or less a soldier, and that every citizen must be a generous supporter of a greater navy. Formerly, royal favour was divided between philanthropy and military excellence; now we have swerved to the German position and have put military leadership ahead of philanthropy in the race for royal honour. It has become "fashionable" to help the army and the navy—rich men, politicians, statesmen, diplomats, and all other ambitious people are hurrying to help in the military and naval development.

\* \* \*

Canada is vitally interested in this situation. Willingly or unwillingly we shall be drawn into the scramble. Indeed, we are already in it. We have recently developed a fair army; we are about to begin the construction of a navy. French-Canadian influence in former times retarded this military development but to-day French-Canadian feeling is much more tolerant of military and naval expenditures. Already, French-Canadian leaders are talking freely of the debt which their race owes to the British flag, and of their manifest duty and interest to come to the assistance of Great Britain, if British institutions are ever endangered. For the first time in its history Canada is solidly imperial. The only anti-imperialists are a few isolated iconoclasts and a score or so of selfish manufacturers.

\* \* \*

The Imperial Conference in July, though not a full conference, will be important. The Motherland thinks the defence of the Empire should have its great nerve-centre in London, and that the Imperial forces shall be directed from that point. They have not hitherto been anxious to see local colonial fleets. On the other hand, the colonies have been loath to admit that the thought and brains of the Empire are centred in London. They have been loath to put their military forces at the free and absolute disposal of the monocled and frock-coated administrators of the War Office. They prefer that colonial armies and colonial fleets be directed in time of peace by the local authorities and in time of war by an Imperial Staff on which they would be represented. At first, the Imperial Staff idea did not find many supporters in London, but apparently it is to be the feature of the future. Just what authority this body will have remains to be seen. It cannot be authoritative in the fullest sense; it must be mainly advisory and consultative.

The despatch sent out from Montreal on Saturday last saying that Canada would place orders for eight first-class cruisers, ten torpedo boat destroyers and ten torpedo boats is premature, to say the least. It is to be hoped that the report that the whole order will go to British firms is equally premature.

It is quite evident, however, that a Canadian fleet is in sight. The pressure on the Government to begin construction has been tremendous. The leaders of every shade of public opinion are in favour of definite action. Before the year is out, perhaps at an early date, there will be a definite announcement. Only some unforeseen disagreement at the July conference can cause further delay.

The vessels will undoubtedly be built partly in Great Britain and partly in Canada. The better ships could most economically be built in Great Britain; the lesser will be built here. This will mean the establishment of a new shipyard in Canada which will sooner or later be able to repair or to construct almost any size of war-vessel. The first yard will probably be at Halifax, the only place on the Atlantic coast which already has the necessary dry-dock.

\* \* \*

This Canadian navy will add to the "superb sense of nationality" which has been growing steadily in Canada of recent years. With her rapid growth in population and her still more rapid growth in wealth, she has become ambitious. Her people believe that the greatest development in America in the first half of the twentieth century will be the development of the Dominion. French and British critics to the contrary notwithstanding, the possibilities of rapid expansion are tremendous. Timber, manufactures of wood, paper, minerals of all kinds, and agricultural products will be sent in increasing quantities to all the large markets of the world. In natural wealth and agricultural potentialities, Canada is unequalled by any country in the world, with perhaps two exceptions. It is these possibilities and potentialities which have made Canadians an ambitious and somewhat bombastic people. To defend these possibilities and to bear her share of the burden of Empire, she has practically made up her mind to build a navy, which will be auxiliary to that which has hitherto been the Mistress of the Sea.

## THROUGH A MONOCLE

### THE STORY OF A BANK PRESIDENT

**D**ID you read the account of the arrival of the Hon. Philippe H. Roy, ex-Speaker of the Quebec Legislature and ex-President of the Bank of St. Johns, at the St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary? It is long since I have read a bit of terse realism which seemed to me to be so pathetic. Just the other day, Philippe H. Roy was a big man in the community. He was a bank president, a member of the Legislature, Speaker of the House of Assembly—there are two Houses in Quebec—a political potentate with positions in his gift and the financial life of many a business man at his discretion. The eyes of his world rested on him with envy. He reached out for the Mayoralty of Montreal; and no one thought that he was reaching too high. Then came the suspicion, the exposure, the trial; and presently the very jailer for whom Speaker Roy had secured his position in St. Johns, was carrying prison meals to his benefactor. The sentence followed quickly; and Convict Roy was on his way to St. Vincent de Paul.

\* \* \*

**T**HE Warden was an old friend. Probably they were political "fellow chips," for they belonged to the same party. Ex-Speaker Roy naturally greeted his old friend as such; but the Warden—we are told—remembered his duty and told the guards to put the prisoner into a prison suit. It only took fifteen minutes to turn Philippe H. Roy into "No. 5204," with his hair and beard cut and his own individual clothes exchanged for the common uniform of the convict; and, at the end of that "mal quart d'heure," he was standing with his hammer on the stone pile of the penitentiary. There is a figure for the imagination! It is no shock to us to think of Burglar Bill or Loafing Larry hustled into a bath and a prison suit, and set to work with others of his kind. But haven't you a sneaking idea that it would be unconstitutional to treat such a man as you are in that way? Of course, you have no intention of committing a crime. Crime is vulgar. But if by any unexpected accident you should find yourself in conflict with the clumsy law which politicians make, wouldn't you rather expect a distressed community to condole with you, and beg you to "think no more about it," and tell you that they knew perfectly well that it was a harmless oversight, and show a polite inclination to call in question the law which has so stupidly tripped you up? Well, if you are inclined to think that way, remember that amazed, stunned, helpless, protesting, soft-muscled, soft-handed figure on the stone pile at St. Vincent de Paul; and you will know better.

\* \* \*

**I**T is not likely that many who read these lines are as high up the ladder as was Philippe Roy. Are you a Bank President? Or do you consider that Bank Presidents are less regarded by the public than you are? Are you a member of the Provincial Legislature? Even if you are, Philippe Roy was the First Member of his. Yet when he neglected to do his duty as President of his Bank, the community sent him to the stone pile where he will rub shoulders with the very rascals against whom he must have inveighed many a time in his character of Public Man, Bank President and Eminently Respectable Citizen. There is no safety in good clothes or polite manners. I remember one day, when a "cub reporter," having this truth brought home to me very vividly. I was on the criminal assizes assignment, and had been watching a procession of seedy chaps file through the prisoner's dock for days; and it all seemed quite proper and fitting. Then one morning there appeared a Respectable Citizen. He was watched from the public benches by his sorrowing family, all quietly but carefully dressed. He had two lawyers. But he had to stand in the same dock where I had seen the housebreaker, the slugger and the sneak thief. The Crown Attorney made no bones of calling his crime by the right name. He was given a short, sharp trial, found guilty and sent to the Central. I knew then that it was not against the Magna Charta to send Respectable Citizens to jail.

\* \* \*

**O**F course, there is another side to this picture. These sentences upon Respectable Citizens show that our law in this country is no respecter of persons. There is no immunity for the rich and the powerful. Perhaps I would have hit it more closely if I had said that our judges are not respecters of persons, and that the administration of such law as we have is fair and even-handed. Our law—like the law of most countries—has not been able to keep pace with the

ingenuity of the wholesale thief. We still send to jail the man who "steals the goose from off the common," while extending quite different treatment to the genius "who steals the common from the goose." But, at all events, wealth and influence cannot stay the wheels of justice. That sad figure on the stone pile at St. Vincent de Paul is a guarantee to every bank depositor in Canada that his interests will be better safeguarded. It will also serve as a hint to neglectful Bank Presidents—if there are any such. No man has a right to accept a position of trust and then fail to live up to it. If he neglects his duty it must be at his own risk. Unfortunately other people are compelled to carry a part of his risk; but, at all events, he can contemplate the uniformed prisoner known as "No. 5204" and reflect that he is buying his "hours of idleness" at the price of a terrible risk.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

### Horse Racing as a Function

**H**ORSE-RACING prospers in Canada. To an old-timer the recent Toronto meeting at the Woodbine course was a refreshing reminder of Washington Park in the palmiest days of the sport in Chicago. The combination of a well-equipped, well-kept course, large crowds, the patronage of society, big fields of fair to good horses, and the maintenance of the betting ring as a subservient and not the main issue, all made for healthy sport. A racing meeting as a function is one thing; racing as a business venture only is quite another. There was the sport and the spice of life as well and the people who paid at the gate enjoyed themselves accordingly. From the Governor-General to the newest among the climbers, society showed its bravest coat of many colours, and that sort of a lead is one which from time immemorial has spelled honour and profit for the turf.

Conditions elsewhere in North America indubitably did their share toward making the class of the horses the best ever seen at the Woodbine. Universal satisfaction of the many-headed throng at a race meet never was and never will be recorded, but in this instance the public in the main got the best kind of a run for its cash. What is more, speculators got better odds than are usual. On several occasions even money or better was in offer against horses that should have been one-to-three shots at least. It is presumable that the public fared well. Objectionable features there were, of course, but these are unavoidable in all spots and places where many people congregate. These are mere incidents of the sport—incidents which no one need bother with or notice unless he so desires.

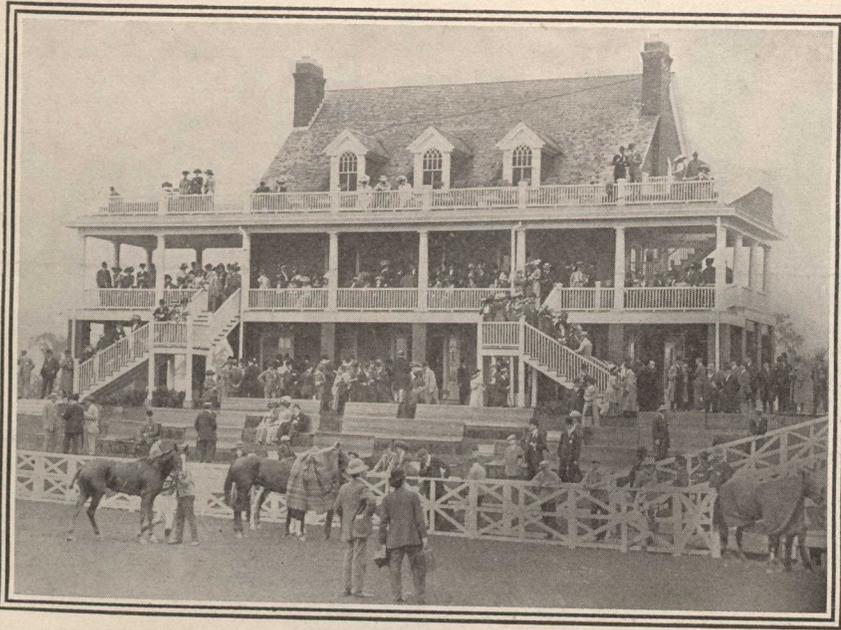
Financially the meet was a grand success. A very little figuring will prove that the Ontario Jockey Club took in well over \$200,000. Another year it can surely afford to offer more money in stakes and

### FIRST N. L. U. MATCH IN TORONTO



President St. Peri, of the N.L.U., hoisting the Championship Pennant, won by the Tecumseh Lacrosse Club, of Toronto, last season, previous to the big game with the Nationals. of Montreal, on June 5th, at Toronto Island.

FEATURES OF THE OPENING DAY AT BLUE BONNETS, MONTREAL



The handsome Club House, where gather the members of Montreal's elite.



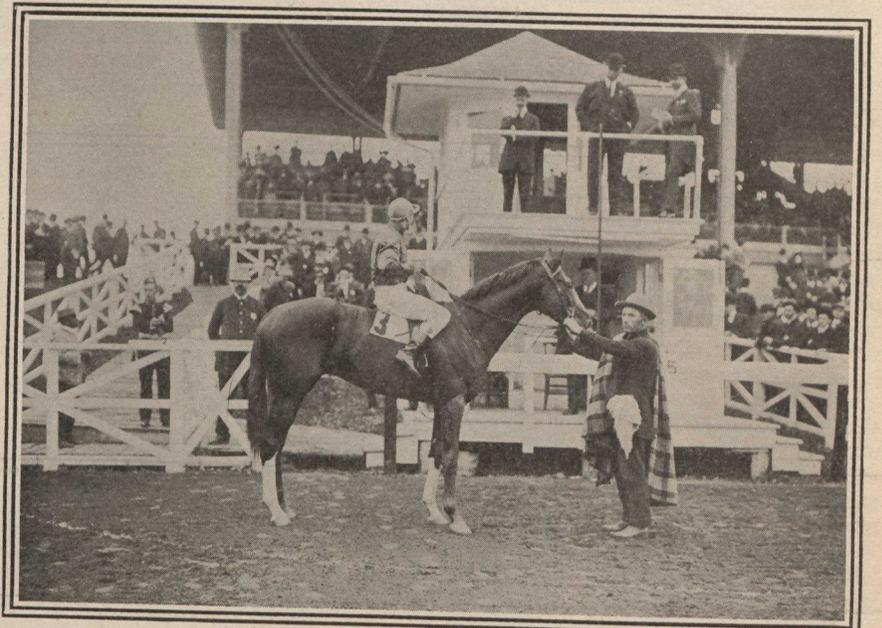
Here "information," and a closer view of the steeds may be obtained.



Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, there was a good attendance on the lawn.



S. S. B., Winner of the King's Plate, owned by Mr. Robert Fraser.



Hon. Adam Beck's Jack Parker in front of the judge's stand, after winning the St. Lawrence Handicap

purses. A policy of liberality to the owners of the horses has always paid. People in Ontario want to see good horses run. Only a progressive management, which is absolutely free from contamination by the porcine habit of sticking both feet in the monetary trough, can hope to keep on succeeding in these twentieth century days.

And not only is racing on the up grade in Toronto—Montreal is also reaping the harvest which follows high-class sport on which the

seal of society's approval has been set. For the first time in history all the great Canadian stables are engaged at the meeting now being held at the Blue Bonnets track. The Seagram, Hendrie, Dymont, McKenzie, Beck and other strings are all contending for the Montreal money. Everything looks bright on the racing horizon in Canada so long as the management continues to play the game as it should be played.

J. H. S. J.



H.M.S. Flora, damaged off Comox, Vancouver Island, in 1906—Being raised by a Salvage Vessel.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONES & CO., ESQUIMAULT

# AN ABANDONED NAVAL STATION

By BONNYCASTLE DALE

According to a despatch sent out from Victoria, B.C., last week, Mr. Dale has solved the mystery which surrounds the disappearance of H. M. S. *Condor*, off Vancouver Island, in December, 1901. Mr. Dale has been exploring the coasts of Vancouver Island for nearly two years, and during that period has written many special articles for "The Canadian Courier." The real story of the *Condor* will not be told until the British Admiralty conducts an investigation, but the boat is supposed to lie a mile and a half off Long Beach, midway between the southern entrance to Berkeley Sound and the settlement of Clayoquot, on the west coast of the Island. The following article describes a visit to the place where H. M. S. *Flora* was wrecked on the east coast and the deserted rifle range at Comox and the one-time naval target on Denman's Island nearby.—Editor.

WE left the desolated Esquimault behind, with its big dry dock, its great storage sheds for fuel, its mighty harbour—the Royal Roads—empty, empty; all empty. In the glorious yesterday the British man-of-war, the swift cruiser, the gunboats, the destroyers tugged at anchor, awaiting a summons against any that would dare offend this distant member of the Empire—this Canada of ours. Now we have empty harbours, coaling stations, rifle ranges, deserted big gun ranges.

Come with Fritz and me away from Esquimault on Vancouver Island, away past the capital city of Victoria that rests like an English city, with the sea at her feet, away from these Straits of Juan de Fuca, away up through the thousand islands that dot the Straits and Gulf of Georgia, past the smelters, the cement works, the big sawmills that tell of towns and villages, past the coal mining town of Ladysmith and the growing town of Nanaimo. All the way north we see the high hills of Vancouver Island overlooking the towns that fringe its shores. We are off to Comox to see the celebrated big gun ranges of the British navy.

All the way is among islands, with the everlasting hills of the big Vancouver Island rearing their snow-crested heads to the westward. At last our good steamer has covered half of the entire length of the big Island—an island 285 miles long and 80 miles wide that has not been much more than half explored as yet. Ahead we see Denman's Island, and on this, its western side,

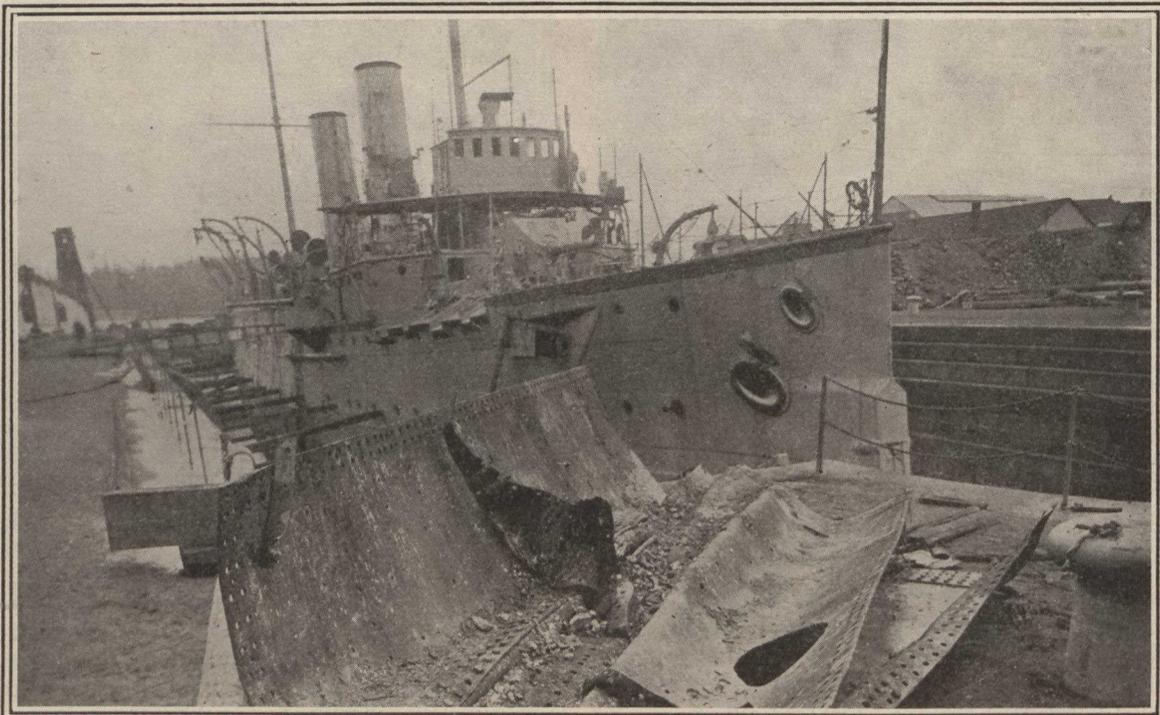
the long point of rocks and the reef upon which the unfortunate man-of-war *Flora* poked her nose about three years ago. Through the kindness of the owner of the salvage vessel, Mr. Bullen, I am enabled to show you just how this huge warship looked jammed upon this island shore. Luckily they got her into Esquimault and once there they made her as good as new; but she had some severe wounds as the picture indicates. Her keel-piece and plates were crumpled up like an old tin can—but there is a salvage company out here which picks up these leaking, torn hulls, pumps them out and tows them back—oftimes over a thousand miles—to the safety of the dry dock.

We stood at our good ship's rail looking at the northern point of Denman's Island. It lies in

Bayne's Sound, far up the Straits of Georgia. It terminates in a succession of long, low sand spits, divided in places by tide passages. The main sand spit has a clump of red firs on it. Even at this distance we could see where the tops had been torn off by the big projectiles of the fleet. Still on our west the heights of the big island frowned upon us. Mount Arrowsmith, its highest peak, is heavily snow-burdened. As the steamer forged along we could see the glacier that glitters far up the valley of the Comox.

We left the boat at the clean little village of Comox and Fritz and I were soon exploring the deserted rifle range on the sand hook that forms Comox Harbour. Looking from here towards the north one sees the huge sand cliffs that edge the western side of the Straits of Georgia, some two miles northeast of Comox. Looking south you can see the high northern sandy point of Denman's Island—now tree clothed. For ages the waves have undermined these, the sweeping and boring of the wind has poured the clean sand like a river into the sea, so that now we have a series of sand spits that extend clear across the seven miles that divides Comox from Denman's Island.

On this mile-and-a-half long, Comox sand-hook stand many excellent rifle ranges, pits, cement barriers, targets, positions, butts—all sand-swept and grass-grown. The butts are literally one mass of crumpled and smashed bullets and lead. The 100 to 600-yard ranges mark off the range in front of the bullet-proof cement circle. A semi-circular iron shield



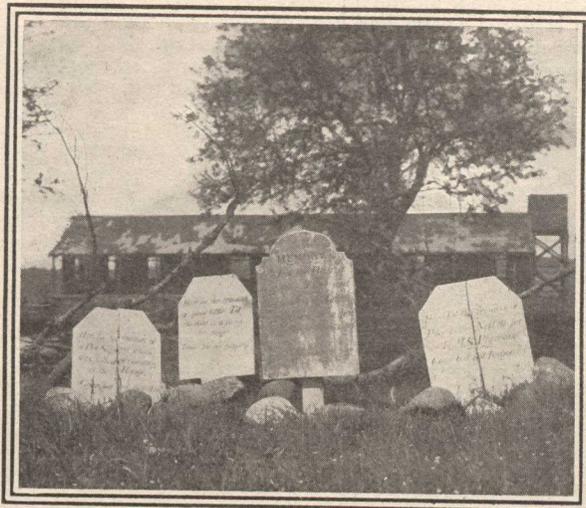
H.M.S. Flora in Dry Dock at Esquimault, being repaired. Torn and crumpled Plates in foreground.

still stands where the signal man was once ensconced. The broad walk that leads from the "Imperieuse Gate" to the messroom is laid with discarded boiler pipes. The mess house is nearly a ruin. The spirit of destruction that dwells in the boy has caused the breaking of every window, the hacking of every bit of light woodwork. The heavy southeaster that sweeps this sand hook each winter has torn off the shingles. Some vandal has uprooted the tall flagstaff. But the main point of interest lies in the little graveyard that contains the bodies of the pets of the Navy Jacks. "Gone but not forgotten" was the favourite phrase that finished each inscription. Poor little bears and squirrels and goats and monkeys! Fritz with loving hands re-erected the tossed and broken headboards. These very inscriptions and rude boards tell of the loneliness of the human Jackie and the outcropping of that almost paternal spirit of love that makes us cherish the least of our pets.

It was a long row over to the first sand spit on Denman's Island. Here we had the good fortune to meet an itinerant artist photographer and under his guidance we had a good opportunity to learn the ground. The first spit, at the extreme end of the island, was patted into numerous smooth depressions by the daily visit from the herd of hair seals. The next spit bore a few coast Indians' fishing shacks, rude huts built almost without the aid of nails. The third and largest spit—Sandy Island—is the one with the broken-topped grove of red firs on it. Here we can see the terrific force of the projectiles, that after ripping their mark in the canvass and board target had decapitated and dismantled this grove as if it had been formed of

grass instead of the tallest, stoutest vegetable that grows on this continent.

Our kind guide showed us the eagles' nests in the uninjured trees; they must have been some-



The "Pets" Graveyard at Denman's Island.  
PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR

what alarmed when the screeching, whizzing projectiles swept in. The artist and a friend were out here one day in the autumn duck shooting. Above the mimic reports of some rival hunters' guns they heard a deep, loud bang that fairly shook the earth.

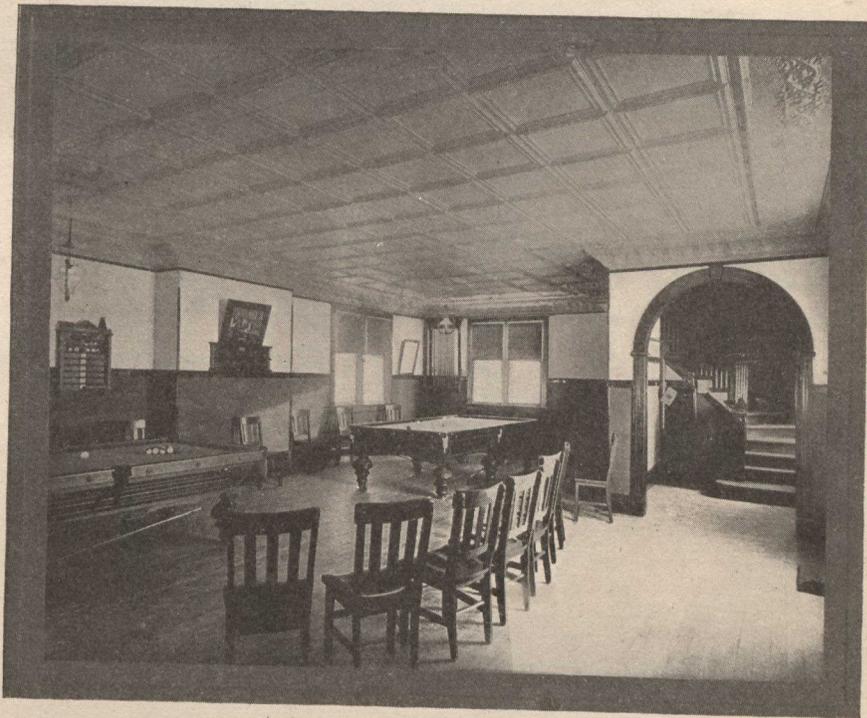
Knowing that a warship had arrived on the range they dropped instantly into a sand-furrow—too late had the six-inch shell been directly on their line, for they heard it tear through a fir-tree trunk and smash a huge boulder on the tide flats beyond. He says it was his first experience of actually being under fire. The big, grey warship fired all her secondary port battery—kicking up a tumult of sand and broken branch, shell and splintered rock; then she wheeled and pumped all her starboard shots right at the sandy island which so poorly sheltered them.

The scream of a nice new six or eight-inch within two thousand yards of the gun is nerve-wracking—boom, whizz, screech, bump and then a thousand whirrs. We had been industriously digging into the hollow until we were fairly well hidden, but no sooner did the grim-looking man-of-war circle for another battery than we scampered for the back of the island and crouched down behind the big sea-piled bank. Here the full force of the impact of the projectiles was visible. The great boulders went up in the air like fountain jets of rock and the shot bounded and ricocheted along the water, throwing up englighted streams whenever it encountered an incoming surf.

We wandered out to the edge of low tide, looking for, and finding, the broken-ended projectiles; some we found almost intact. We marvelled at the terrific force that had readily wrenched apart rocks as big as modern locomotives. Then the tide, mightier even than these engines of man, warned us to begone, and we went back past the targetless sand spits, past the deserted rifle ranges, wondering when Canada would recreate so mighty a fleet.



General Room—Camrose Canadian Club.



Billiard Room—Camrose Canadian Club.

## A Canadian Club Home

A CANADIAN CLUB with a home is unique. The Hamilton Canadian Club some fifteen years ago attempted to maintain permanent quarters, but after several years of experiment changed its plan. It is now merely an organised society, as are all the other large Canadian Clubs throughout the country. It seems strange that only one of the twenty-odd Canadian Clubs, with memberships ranging from 100 to 1,700, has permanent quarters. In Camrose, which is a new town in the Province of Alberta, the circumstances were exceptional. The town had no club and those who favoured a Canadian Club similar to those in other cities and those who desired a club owning a club-house were able to unite. The constitution contains the customary statement as to the aim of the club, viz., that it shall "foster patriotism by encouraging the study of the institutions, history, arts, literature and the resources of Canada," and it then adds "for the development of the social life among our members." The latter clause is unusual.

The club is open every day from noon to midnight. Every Friday evening the members have an address from some prominent man, a debate, a mock parliament, a musical evening or a smoker. Ladies have the privileges of the club every Wed-

nesday and are also invited to the Friday meetings. It will thus be seen that the club is the centre of the town's social activity.



Home of the Camrose Canadian Club.

Mr. F. Pike, of the Merchants Bank, is the first president of the club and is the person who has

been mainly responsible for its existence. He was chairman of the finance committee and bore the brunt of the building troubles. The lot on which the building is erected cost \$600; the building itself cost \$4,000, the billiard tables \$700 and the furniture \$800. To meet these expenditures, debentures to the extent of \$4,000 were issued and the remainder paid out of the current revenue. If the present rate of progress continues the club will have more than enough money on hand to meet the debentures when they are due.

The photographs which are published herewith give some idea of the style of the building and of its furnishings. Any person interested in the details of this unique experiment can get fuller information by writing to the secretary of the club.

Judging from the enthusiasm of the Camroseites the club has performed a most important function with manifest success. There is, therefore, no reason why a number of the newer towns throughout Canada should not emulate the example which Camrose has set in the Canadian Club world. The ordinary town club is apt to be a place where men go for pleasure and relaxation rather than for social and civic improvement. A Canadian Club with a double function may provide the amusement and the meeting place, and at the same time cater to the intellectual requirements of the better class of citizens. It may also be a rendezvous for the keener and more ambitious young men of the town who have no desire to spend all their spare moments in idle pleasures.

# EN ROUTE FROM DEMERARA

Our correspondent has completed her trip from Halifax to Demerara and back to St. John. She has described these British possessions in order that Canadians might be more interested in the outlying portions of British North America. Sugar, Molasses, Pineapples, Limes, general tropical products and other commodities necessary to Canada are available for exchange with our manufactures and our food-stuffs. The great difficulty is that Canada has not sufficiently encouraged that exchange. By giving West India Sugar a preference, the Canadian Government took the first step. The second has yet to be made. While Canada sleeps, the United States has captured most of this trade, and even Canadian goods are largely sold through New York and our West India purchases made through the same channel.

Off St. Kitts, S.S. *Dahome*,

May 14th, 1909.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—This afternoon I had my last excursion ashore in the British West Indies. We arrived before breakfast off the Island of St. Kitts and anchored in the harbour of Basseterre. After lunch I went ashore and landing after a fairly rough row, engaged a vehicle to take me out to "Brimstone Hill," eleven or twelve miles from the town. Perhaps this drive gave me a better idea of the native's manner of living than all my other visits ashore. The roads, like most of the other islands I have seen, are remarkably good, and the scenes as we went through the town and outlying villages were most picturesque. Passing by the cathedral, which I regret I had not time for, and leaving the hospital and grammar school on the left, I soon found myself going through a vast district of sugar cane estate. Here was the staple commodity of the country in every stage, from the freshly planted tops of the old crop just taking root in the ground, to the ripened canes which numerous natives were cutting, previous to transferring them to the waiting waggons, each drawn by six oxen. A little way across the estates the tall chimneys marked the various places where the juice was being crushed out. Not a scrap of this great tropical grass is wasted. When the canes have been removed the roots and remaining undergrowth are ploughed up to manure the ground for the next planting. When all the sugar has been extracted, the crushed canes are cut up by machinery for fodder, the remaining dry grass is used for thatching, and, as I saw to-day in very many cases, for making the entire dwelling-house. Other houses are of wood, frequently raised on piles and reminded me strongly of bathing boxes. Life here seems to go

in a "happy and lucky" fashion. The negro has few wants, fewer cares, and is proportionately content. A good-humoured smile seems to be always lurking about his mouth, he is courteous and respectful and apparently hard-working. As almost everyone we passed on the road saluted us, I really found considerable occupation in returning the civility. At times we left the sugar canes, over which tall cocoanut palms waved, to follow the road as it wound round by the sea, and there with the great Atlantic washing in on one side and the other bordered by the prickly pear cactus or the acacia-like tamarind trees, I had ample variety as we sped along. Once a mongoose ran out of our way, but I saw no lizards as at Dominica.

Arrived at "Brimstone Hill," the carriage led up to a house where a small fee is expected for the upkeep of the place and an autograph registry is kept of the visitors; from this point one has to ascend to the top of the hill on foot, and on this is the now abandoned fort, which had a stirring history in olden days. Here in 1798, or thereabouts, a little garrison of three hundred tried to hold their own against the attack of fifteen hundred Frenchmen encamped below. The fortress was practically impregnable, being, so to say, the "Gibraltar" of the West Indies; but man must eat and at last the surrender came. On that very day it appears that Sir R. Brooke left Barbados with reinforcements, and arriving at Basseterre ten days afterwards, speedily put the French to flight. That is an old story now, and to-day the tourist wanders through the vast, forsaken pile as an interesting showplace. The only cannons he sees are doing duty in an inverted position as posts at the high arched gateways, and the soldiers who once patrolled the ramparts are sleeping in the little graveyard within

the walls. To-night we weigh anchor once more and make for Bermuda.

May 19th.—This morning after a good run we anchored off "Ireland Island," where the naval station, dock-yard, arsenal and fortifications are, and nearer than this Bermuda will not suffer us to approach. We had been at Barbados, where they had some cases of yellow fever a short time ago, and although we have been welcomed since at St. Lucia, Dominica, Antigua and St. Kitts, Bermuda "will have none of us." As we are perfectly harmless as regards the fever, we flatter ourselves that the loss is all on their side. However, they have sent us some more passengers—we had a goodly supply before—and some more cargo, and now, as soon as all is "aboard," we get under steam again, this time for St. John. And so good-bye to the blue waters of these southern latitudes, these sunny isles of the sea with their rich tropical fruits and flowers, their stately palms, their cool verandahs in which you gladly rest during the noonday heat; good-bye also to their sunny-minded inhabitants and so on for the Gulf Stream.

May 23rd.—This evening, just as the dinner bell was ringing, we came up to the docks at St. John. For the last two or three days there has been little to record, no more pleasant runs ashore, no new flowers to covet, no strange fruits to sample—nothing but an ominous chill which warned us that we were approaching the bleak north once more and made us enjoy the comfortable steam heating of the *Dahome* almost from the time we left Bermuda. However, if I go on in this strain, my Canadian friends will tell me that I am abusing their climate, and I shall never hear the end of it. So I think perhaps the best thing I can say is to recommend them strongly to do what I did. Go up to Halifax and take a "Pickford and Black" steamer down to Demerara, if not so far, at least to some of the beauty spots of the British West Indies. If they enjoy the trip half as much as I did, they will bless me for the advice, and if they don't—well, I feel pretty sure it will be their own fault.

Yours truly,  
SIDNEY A. GIBSON.

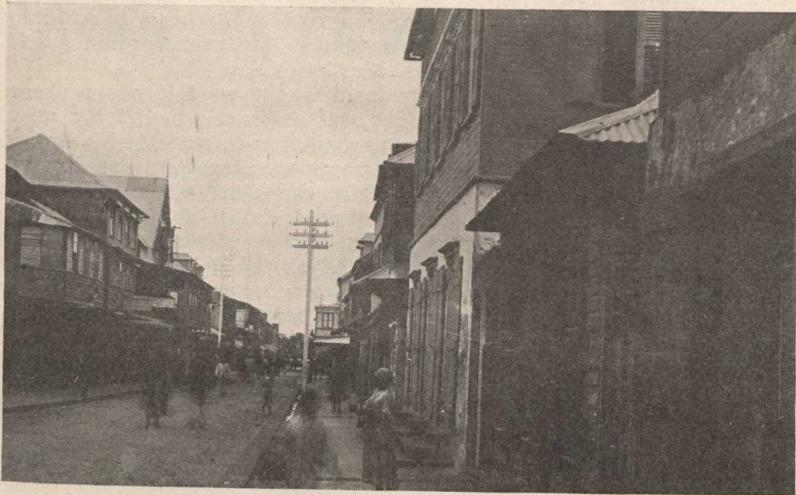


## OUTCLASSED

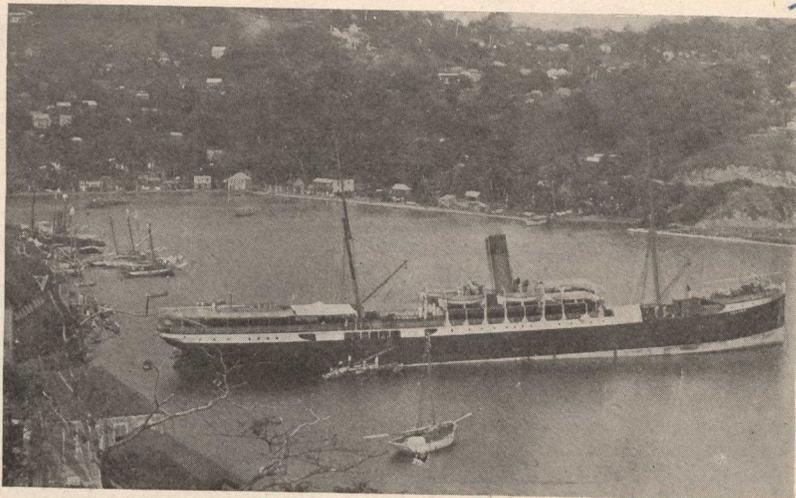
Father Time.—"Whew! What with electricity, race-horses, wireless telegraphy, turbines, automobiles and areoplanes, and now the Daylight Bill chasing me, I begin to feel like an 'also ran.'"

DRAWN BY C. W. JEFFERYS

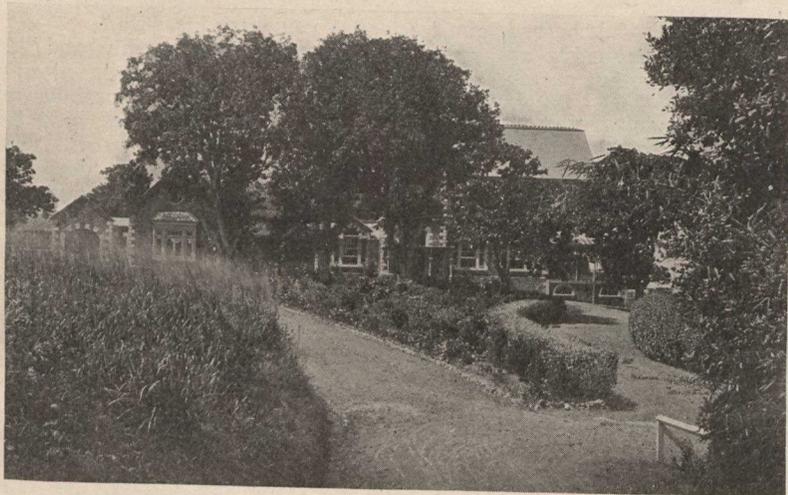
TYPICAL SCENES IN THE BRITISH WEST INDIES



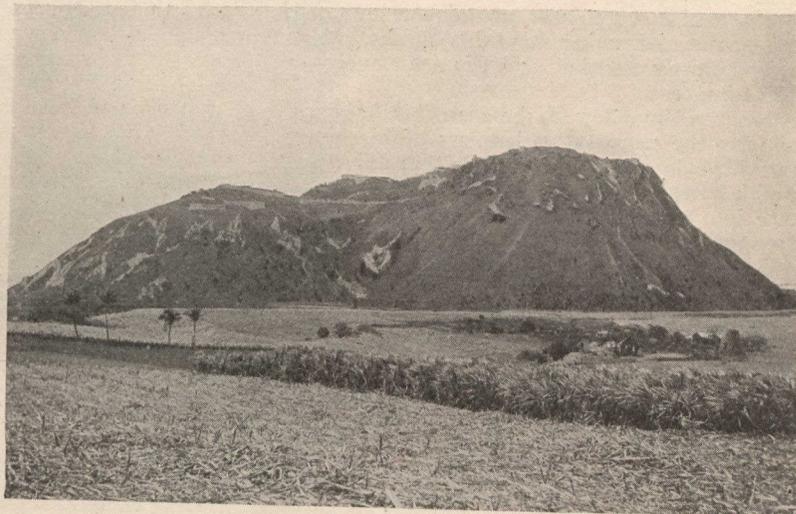
A Street in Castries, St. Lucia



S.S. Dahome in Granada Harbour



Government House, St. Lucia



Brimstone Hill, St. Kitts—the Old Gibraltar of the West Indies



Avenue of Palms, Bridgetown, Barbados



A Typical Field of Cultivated Pineapples

# THE FUGITIVE\*

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK



"WHO'S that? What are you doing here?"

There was a small strip of garden in front of the flats; something moving in the shadow of the privet hedge by the railings caught John Greville's eye as he closed his umbrella at the entrance, and turned back to see what it was.

"It's all right," came a husky whisper. "I'm doing no harm."

"Eh! What are you after, then? If you're only sheltering from the rain you'd be much better off in the doorway."

"Not so loud, sir!" The man had risen, a wet, shivering miserable object, and stood before him in an attitude of abject entreaty. "For heaven's sake, don't give me away! Let me pass, and I'll go."

"Give you away? What do you mean?"

"I'd no business to be in here, I know."

The poor wretch's mouth was grotesquely agitated, and the tears were running down his cheeks. "I've had no food since yesterday, and I'm a bit queer—a bit weak, I suppose."

The tone and manner of the man, his haggard, anxious face, the nervous restlessness of his hands were so full of dejection and despair that John was moved with compassion for him.

"Come into my place," he said, shortly. "You're wet through already, and this rain's coming on worse. I can give you a meal, anyway. Come on; you needn't be afraid. I don't know what you've been doing, and don't care, but you'll be safer up in my room than you are down here, that's a sure thing. Come on!"

For a moment the man seemed to hesitate; then as John touched his arm and reiterated his invitation he yielded resignedly, and they went in together.

There was no lift in the building; they climbed the stone stairway to the top floor. John opened his compact bachelor's flat with a latch-key and switched on the electric light.

Within a very few minutes he had cooked a meal of eggs and bacon on his gas-stove, and sat thoughtfully smoking and looking on from the other side of the kitchen table whilst the stranger fed himself ravenously.

"Rather rough and ready," John remarked, apologetically, "but I keep no servant, and, as a rule, get all my meals out, except breakfast, though I flatter myself I'm a fairly good cook at a pinch."

The stranger nodded appreciatively.

"I tried living in apartments and at hotels, but it didn't suit me—not my style," John continued. "I hate ceremony, and can't bear to be tied to time, so I prefer a flat of my own where I can be as free and easy as I choose. I'm that sort of chap."

The stranger nodded again, and John, refilling his glass for him, added, sympathetically:

"Things may have been free enough with you lately, but you don't look as if they'd been particularly easy. Eh? What's wrong?"

"I am in great trouble. If you knew the truth about me"—his voice quavered, and his eyes were blurred with tears of self-pity—"you would turn me into the street—if you didn't fetch the police to me."

"You are my guest, and I am not a cad," said John, quietly. "Besides, you don't look like a man who could do anything uncommonly bad. Whatever it is, I always leave the police to do their own dirty work. But don't tell me more than you feel I can be trusted with."

"You will think me a contemptible fool—but I can't help it," he said brokenly. "I have been wandering about for these last three days and have gone hungry since yesterday, and I suppose that's upset me and made me a bit weak, you know." He paused to control his agitation. "I was on my way home to see my wife, and then—I can't stand it any longer—I had made up my mind to go and confess and let the police take me."

"Some money trouble?" queried John, with gathering interest.

"Partly that, but it—it's also—" The word choked him, and he stopped and began again. "You read the papers? Well—I am Richard Murdock."

John started, and stared at him aghast. "Good heavens!" he ejaculated; and when he had somewhat recovered himself: "Of course, the papers have been full of you. I've read all about it, and—oh, well, on the whole, I think, with most people, that

there were excuses for you, and the other fellow pretty well deserved what he got."

"Thank you," said Murdock, hoarsely; "but I'm afraid the law won't say that."

"I'm afraid not," John agreed.

A silence fell between them, and by-and-bye, having finished his meal, Murdock gloomily resumed:

"I must have been mad. If I was, he drove me mad. You've read how it all happened? I was married to the best woman in the world, and was happy enough, though we were beggarly poor; then my uncle, my mother's brother, died three years ago and left me a fortune and his share in a great business, on condition that I adopted his name. I knew nothing of the business, and was glad to leave the management of it in the hands of my uncle's partner, and he robbed me, as it turned out he had been robbing my uncle. I believed in him, and he did what he liked with me. He induced me to invest practically the whole of my fortune in the concern; he was anxious to extend it, and it would be shortly yielding double my previous income. Then the crash came, and when the creditors were satisfied I was ruined—as poor as I had ever been—but he had plenty still; in some underhand fashion he had taken care of himself. That was hard enough, but on top of that my wife told me—she had to tell me—things he had dared to say to her last year, when she had ordered him out of the house. And now he thought he could take advantage of my poverty—thought that would make a difference in her; and, without letting her know, I took my revolver and went round to him that night, and— But I've gone over and over it whilst I have been wandering about the streets till it has driven me half mad again."

"In your place," said John, emphatically, "I should have done the same thing."

"And you're not going to give me up?"

"You didn't think I was?"

"No. I felt sure I could trust you. But it won't matter. I was on my way to see my wife, and as I was passing here a policeman turned in at the end of the road, and I'm so unnerved that, before I knew what I was doing, I dodged in at the gateway and was hiding in your garden. I'll go and see her now, then I'll let them arrest me. They are bound to have me sooner or later. I have no money, and I can't bear the misery and suspense any longer."

"Don't be a fool! Don't go yet," said John, sharply, motioning him to sit down again. "I'm not usually a sentimental person, but, to tell you the truth, when I read this case of yours I sympathised with you entirely, and hoped to goodness you might get safely out of the country. If it isn't a hanging job—and I'm none so sure that it isn't—it will mean a life sentence, and if I can help you to escape that I will. Have you any children?" he asked.

"None."

"That simplifies matters. If your wife could join you secretly"—John seemed to be planning the escape in his mind whilst he was speaking—"if we could lead the police to believe that she was still at home, the two of you might slip out of the country with less likelihood of rousing suspicion than if you tried to go alone."

Murdock shook his head doubtfully; but this idea of saving the man from his pursuers had got hold of John; he believed the crime was amply justified and his sympathies were, as he had said, entirely with the criminal.

"It can be done, I tell you," he insisted, "and you and your wife can start life afresh somewhere abroad, and be happier than ever. All it wants is pluck and a little money. Has your wife any cash?"

"She has relatives who would find some for her," said Murdock, beginning to be infected with his host's optimism.

"I'll manage a trifle myself if she hasn't," cried John. "Give me her address. Write a note to her, and I'll take it."

"But they might follow you back."

"That's true! I'll guard against that. I often hire a motor-car from the garage of a chap I know round here; I'll ride there in that, and I'll take care they don't follow me far when I come away. You write the letter; as quick as you like. You can stop here safely for three or four days if necessary. Just tell her where you are and what we are up to, and when we know about money matters and when she will be ready, and whether she is sure she can give the police the slip, we can arrange everything else."

A MAN of such headlong, irresponsible impulses, on the first tide of this sudden enthusiasm, with the sense of risk and of generous champion-

ship thrilling and exhilarating him, John hired the motor-car, and within twenty minutes was knocking at Mrs. Murdock's door.

The maid who opened it was reticent and subdued; she was not sure whether her mistress could see him; inquired the nature of his business, and if he was a newspaper reporter; and, finally, shut him outside whilst she reluctantly carried his card in.

She returned almost immediately, and this time ushered him into the drawing-room without demur.

He looked at the pallid, beautiful face of the woman who came forward to greet him, and for the moment could scarcely believe his eyes. She held out her hand, as if she were taking for granted that he had come expecting to see her, but he could only stare at her in sheer and speechless astonishment.

"Maggie!" he ejaculated at length; and then, seeing his own bewilderment reflected in her gaze, he went on confusedly. "I did not know—I thought your husband's name was— Of course," he interrupted himself, remembering, "he told me—he changed his name when he came into his fortune, but—I never dreamt—it never occurred to me that he was—that you were his wife."

"Have you come from my husband?" she asked, eagerly.

"From Richard Murdock—yes," he replied, absently, for he was still absorbed in a blind chaos of thought and emotion.

"Where is he? Can I go to him? Is he safe? Oh! they haven't—they haven't found him?"

"He is quite safe," said John; then, recollecting the letter, he took it from his pocket and gave it to her.

A curious constraint had come upon him; his enthusiasm had sunk as rapidly as it rose, and he was dull, depressed, vaguely resentful. The sight of her tears and her agitation as she read the letter touched him more with anger than with pity; and when she looked up, tremblingly, and would have thanked him, he stopped her with something of irritation.

"I did not know who he was. He came to me a mere stranger," he said, "and I offered to bring the letter to you."

"He says you will arrange—"

"If I can," he interrupted, rousing himself with an effort. "I came to let you know where he was, and to see if his friends could find money—"

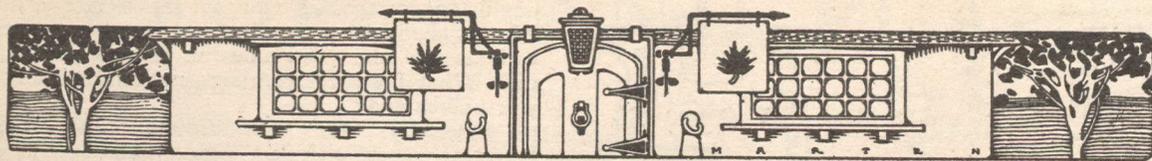
"They have," she broke in, excitedly. "I have money here ready for him, and have been waiting till I could hear where he was. Will you take me to him? Can I go back with you now?"

"That would never do," he declared, sharply. "The house is watched, and if you leave it with me we shall be followed, and—" He shrugged his shoulders significantly.

This strange, unexpected meeting with her had so shaken him that he scarcely knew what he said; he was simply talking at random. One minute his old anger against her was rekindling, and he could almost have reproached her with this sorrow she had brought upon herself by her unfaithfulness to him, and the next he was wrung with pity for her and with wrath against the man who had broken her heart and her pride.

She questioned him closely, as if his reticence dimly alarmed her, or she were troubled with some instinctive distrust of him; but he dissuaded her from any intention she had of accompanying him, promised that he would contrive to send a message to her to-morrow, and was glad to be out of the house, driving off through the dark streets, free to surrender himself wholly to the shameful, sinister imaginings that were working like madness in his brain and subtly overmastering all but his sense of personal wrong and a rankling desire to retaliate.

He did not head the car for home; he wanted time to think, and all his thoughts urged him in the same direction. All the frenzied rage and mental agony he had endured four years ago when he knew that this woman he loved had broken faith with him, and was to marry the rival he had never seen, came back upon him, and his soul seemed to shrivel and suffocate again the flame of it. What a fool he was to be playing deputy providence and running into danger to save the neck of the man who had blasted the best hopes of his life! There was no sort of obligation on him to protect the fellow; he was a murdered—there was no getting away from the fact that he was a murderer—and it was the right, the humane, thing that he should be handed over to justice and punished for his dastardly crime. This



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

THE MONTH OF WEDDINGS—JUNE.

“TO marry in May is to rue the day,” is a superstition that dates back to ancient times, but superstition or not, facts show that May is a month usually avoided by the prospective bride and bridegroom for the formal plighting of their vows. When June arrives, however, doubts and fears take everlasting flight, and the chief interest of life is centred in the June bride and the wedding with its paraphernalia of bridal equipment, ornamentation and activity, with its halo of romance encircling the young couple, and the broad outlook into a future of immense possibilities for success—or failure. But success is the watchword, and if a tinge of non-conventionality is introduced into affairs a proportionate interest is still further added.

Somewhat recently a marriage, rather the reverse of the usual international wedding, was celebrated at Irton Hall, Lancashire, England, the bride being Miss Violet Brocklebank, daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Brocklebank, and the bridegroom, Mr. George Westinghouse, Jr., son of the inventor of the famous Westinghouse air-brake, and heir to many millions. There is a bit of romance connected with this, as the bride first met her future husband when he, incognito and attired as a workman learning the business from the bottom up, showed her over the establishment about seven years ago. The favourable impression then made grew into the romance that culminated in one of the most picturesque weddings of the year. As Sir Thomas Brocklebank and Mr. Westinghouse, Sr., had long been friends, and the young people were introduced in the Westinghouse home in Pittsburg, the match is looked upon with much favour by both families.

The accompanying illustration shows the wedding party leaving the bride's home for the station in a coach-and-four driven by Miss Sylvia Brocklebank, sister of the bride and a famous whip. The bride is beside her sister.

An entirely different but an entirely novel wedding was that of Captain Morgan and Mrs. Skerry. Captain Morgan was at one time a rancher in the Canadian West, and is at present the principal of the school in London for training intending emigrants for the colonies. The pupils of the school and a great many of Captain Morgan's colonial friends attended the wedding in cowboy costume, as the photograph shows, and the bride and bridegroom were escorted from the church by mounted cowboys who formed a guard of honour round the motor car.

Still, as for weddings they are legion, and as for style they are of all sorts and conditions, some of the most lowly being some of the most romantic. But as romance is a respecter of neither condition nor place, it is apt to shine with equal splendour in the royal palace and the peasant's cottage, in the crowded city where a thousand diversions combine to smother it, and in remote and thinly populated districts, but wherever the June bride may be or whoever she may be, may all happiness and prosperity attend her.

THE GARDEN BEAUTIFUL.

COMPENSATION is now at hand for those who have not allowed the day of grace to pass disregarded, but in faith believing have raked up the fallow ground, arranged the garden plots, patted down the foot paths, and, recognising in insignificant seeds and bulbs the possibilities wrapt up in the invisible life germ at their hearts, have embedded them in congenial soil whence they could absorb the vivifying elements of warmth and moisture and air. The reward of the faithful is theirs now for the month of June roses is at its height, the garden is clothed in beauty as the forest is in verdure, and bloom rides rampant over the tree-tops in the orchards. The dull hedgerows are impenetrable masses of green, rockery mounds are overspread with flowering plants and falling rivulets, and the dull pastures have burst into glorious

blossom, while on the surface of the pond, water lilies float in confiding security. Everywhere the vine has clambered and formed shady arbors “for talking age and whispering lovers,” and in this work of transformation the magic touch of the skilled gardener is everywhere apparent.



When Miss Brocklebank of Irton Hall, was married to Mr. George Westinghouse, Jr., a rich young American, the bride's sister drove them to the railway station. The bride is sitting beside her sister.

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“He is weaving, day by day,  
Beauty for the sun to slay,  
The fleeting pageant of delight  
That dwells within a garden bright.  
He this Persian carpet spread,  
And named it a Sweet William bed.  
He painted this great lambent screen  
Of larkspur, liliated white between.  
He hangs vine garlands, low and high,  
Ripe for Bacchus reeling by.  
He is the over-lord of grapes  
And plums, and all alluring shapes  
To win the eye and tempt the tongue  
Globed liquid honey, leaves among.”

Yes, Canada is at her loveliest in June when out of her storehouse of priceless treasures nature showers her freshest floral tributes upon her devotees, and beams with promises of abundant harvests in the autumn.

\* \* \*

A VALUABLE ATTRIBUTE.

IT has been asserted, and without fear of contradiction, that if good manners—pleasant, persuasive, fascinating manners—could be “placed on the market,” there would be keen competition in bidding for such a desirable commodity. The foregoing remark is made by Lady Onslow who goes on to say that fabulous sums might be paid for a choice article in this department, and with good reason too, for few attributes are more likely to confer success on man or woman.

A charming manner is often a more potent possession than beauty, although no one would disparage the latter, and just as lasting or more so; and it is remarkable how much easier and pleasanter life is where gentle, agreeable manners prevail. Even the faculty of appearing sweet-tempered and sympathetic goes a long way in smoothing out rough places. Yet, possessors of an exaggeratedly sweet temper and flattering tongue are often, but not always rightly, considered insincere, and so are distrusted; and, again, when a very different tone of voice and manner are adopted towards “inferiors”—or even children—it is resented by those who are impelled to speak in the same style in which they are spoken to.

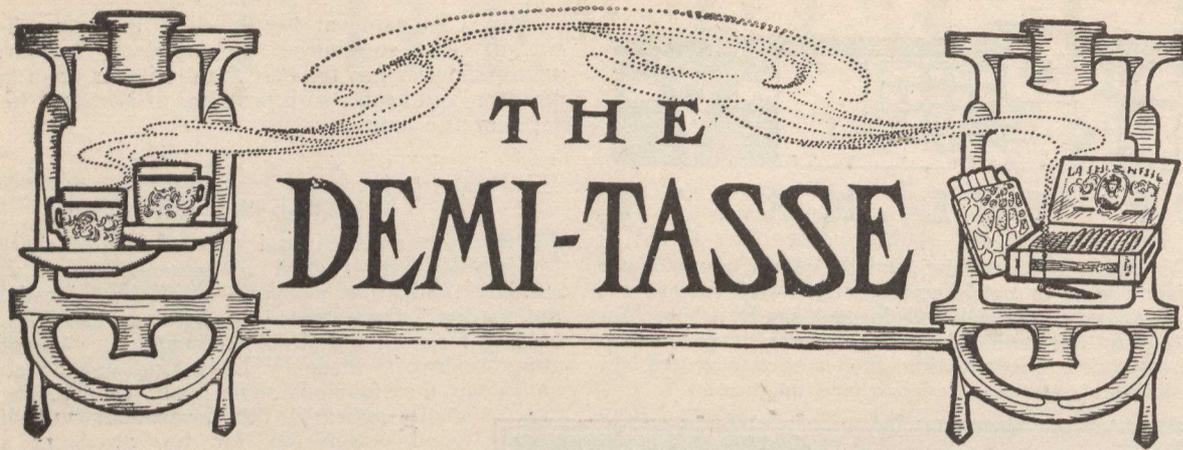
It is said that a keen observer can usually tell just by the voice of his hostess whether she has visitors or if the family alone are present. Probably there is more endearment in the family tone, or more naturalness and sincerity. That seems to be the charm. A sincere interest in those about one is apparently the keynote of those fine manners so beautifully, if simply, displayed by some people; and whether this interest pervades the home, society or the world of business it bears a fascination that expresses itself in the most trivial circumstances. Indeed, straws show which way the wind blows, and the little things of life reveal the spirit.

Following in this train is a tendency to dispense with affectation which is assisted, doubtless, by the present conditions of living that throw people so constantly together, and yet there are those who still prefer the privacy of their own domestic dominions and who, perhaps, have tasted the same bitterness which Mrs. Poyser in “Adam Bede” describes by saying: “I'd sooner ha' brewin' day and washin' day together than one o' these pleasure days. There's no work so tirin' as danglin' about an' starin' an' not rightly knowin' what you're goin' to do next, an' keepin' your face in smilin' order iike a grocer o' market day for fear people should no think you civil enough.”

In Mrs. Poyser's frank utterances these lovers of home will find their sentiments aptly described.



A Cowboy Wedding in England, last December. The bride and groom (Captain Morgan), were escorted from Church by mounted cowboys.



## WHERE SHE WENT.

**T**HERE was a breach of promise case before the court in a town of Ontario and the usual interest was aroused in the letters written by the gentleman before he transferred his affections. The plaintiff in the case was a spinster of severe aspect, of whose charms her fiancé had wearied after he met a fascinating widow who added dollars unto her graces. However, the faithless one was obliged to listen with what fortitude he might summon to the letters in which he called the forsaken lady by all manner of endearing terms. The counsel for the plaintiff waxed properly eloquent upon the cruelty of a man who could write such epistles and then prove false to the beloved creature to whom they were addressed. However, the letter written by the defendant when he was informed by the forlorn lady that she would go to law, took an entirely different tone.

"In this letter," said the legal gentleman solemnly, "the lover who had once written the fond letters you have just heard actually becomes brutal to the woman who had given him her trusting heart. In fact, he uses language such as no woman should ever be compelled to hear or read. He tells her to—go to—the Devil. After that callous reply to her appeal what was there left for her to do but—to come to me?"

There was unbecoming applause in the court.

\* \* \*

## IN NEED OF A REST.

**D**R. G. M. MILLIGAN, pastor of Old St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, has recently been quite ill and his recovery is hailed with profound satisfaction by the people to whom he has ministered so long and among whom he is regarded with personal affection.

"He's getting along fine," said a prominent member of the congregation last week. "All he wants to do is to have a good rest and let Higher Criticism alone. It's fooling with the Book of Genesis and the Minor Prophets that sends the ministers to the sanitarium. I say, let Jonah and Jeremiah alone and just preach against the Woodbine."

\* \* \*

## NOT THE CORRECT TITLE.

**T**ACT, which is supposed to be the sixth sense, is not always in evidence even in the circles of polite society. At the Woodbine, one day last week, a man who is noted for saying the wrong thing to the wrong person, happened to meet an acquaintance whose husband was knighted not so very long ago.

"Ah!" said the blundering one, "I haven't seen you for ages, Mrs. Brown. Oh, I do beg your pardon, dear Lady Brown. I always forget that you are a lady."

The wife of the recent knight glared at the offender, who made matters worse by saying in blushing confusion: "Of course, I only mean that it is so much more natural to think of you as plain Mrs. Brown."

\* \* \*

## A NEW ONE.

**T**HERE is a literary magnate in Ottawa whose views on religious matters are somewhat variable and, therefore, he has "moved" from church to church until Anglicans, Presbyterians and Methodists feel doubtful of his ultimate creed. Finally, the gentleman decided to call his convictions by a name new to the general public and the members of his family were duly informed of the latest doctrine. A census expert happened to call at the house a short time after the latest change of heart, and, as the father was at the office and the mother was making afternoon calls, the children were interrogated as to certain facts in connection with the family history.

"What church do you go to?" asked he of the blue documents.

"We used to have a pew in St. Andrew's," said a small boy cheerfully, "and before that we went

to the English church. But now we are—oh, what's the name of it, Susie?"

Susie looked up rebukingly and said to the census man:

"We're Gnostics and we don't need to go to church any more."

"Gnostics!" gasped the weary statistics expert, "that's where I get off. That's a new one on me, all right. I've had Christadelphians and New Jerusalem people, but I've never been up against a Gnostic before."

And he left the literary atmosphere, musing, as he went, upon the vagaries of the artistic temperament.

\* \* \*

## ENCOURAGING.

**M**ARK TWAIN at a dinner at the Authors' Club the other day said: "Speaking of fresh eggs, I am reminded of the town of Squash. In my early lecturing days I went to Squash to lecture in Temperance Hall, arriving in the afternoon. The town seemed very poorly billed. I thought I'd find out if the people knew anything at all about what was in store for them. So I turned in at the general store. 'Good afternoon, friend,' I said to the general storekeeper. 'Any entertainment here to-night to help a stranger while away his evening?' The general storekeeper, who was sorting mackerel, straightened up, wiped his briny hands on his apron and said: 'I expect there's goin' to be a lecture. I been sellin' eggs all day.'"—*The Argonaut*.

\* \* \*

## HE WAS JUSTIFIED.

**"Y**OU are charged with having violently assaulted the plaintiff while in a public resort. What have you to say?"

"Judge, the orchestra was rendering the 'Sextette' from 'Lucia,' and that fellow sat right behind me and persisted in whistling it through his teeth."

"The prisoner is discharged. The plaintiff is fined eleven dollars for action calculated to provoke an assault."—*The Commoner*.

\* \* \*

## SPEED.

**M**R. NEWCAR (about to start on his first trip in his recently-purchased motor-car, to his new chauffeur): "Now, William, I want it thor-

oughly understood I will *not* have fast driving. Always keep well under the legal limit—not as close to it as you can. Ten miles an hour is enough for me. What I want is comfort—not excitement. Do you understand?"

Three days later: "Er—William, I *must* be back home at seven o'clock. This road seems very straight and wide. Don't you think you might go just a little faster without danger?"

Two days later: "William, this dust is very unpleasant. If you could pass that car ahead, now—it seems to be going rather slowly."

Next day: "Put on a little more pace, William. There's no use being a crank. This road's too good to lose the chance."

A week later: "Open her up, Bill! There are no police within five miles, I'll bet; and, if there are, who cares? I'm out for fun! Let her rip, my boy—let her rip! This isn't a steam-roller! Let's have some speed!"—*Answers*.

\* \* \*

## UNCERTAIN OF THE RANK.

**L**ITTLE JEAN'S parents were enthusiastic bridge players, and Jean was more or less familiar with the sight of cards. At Sunday School one day the teacher had been giving a talk on David. Finally, she held up a little coloured print of David dressed in royal robes, and asked: "What child can tell me who this is?"

Out of the silence piped little Jean's voice: "I think it's a King, but it may be a Jack."—*Saturday Sunset*.

\* \* \*

## HAREM-SCAREM.

**Q**UAKING with suppressed amusement, the Grand Vizier Pasha Bey Pasha approached the Sultan's throne.

"Contemptuous cur of the Dog Star," roared out the greatest Turk in Turkey, "do you dare to bubble with unseemly mirth in my radiant presence?"

"Most Enlightened of all Lights," cringed the Grand Vizier, salaaming, "I crave indulgence. But I have a most excellent joke. I informed the ladies of the harem that you were going to behead them, and they were all most humorously scared."

Long and loud laughed the Sultan, but at length, recovering his dignity, he ordered that the Grand Vizier should be executed.

"By Yildiz and Kiosk," he murmured, "'twas a good jest! But I am growing sick and weary of these harem-scarem fellows!"—*Answers*.

\* \* \*

## EVER HEAR IT BEFORE?

**B**EING pursued by a farmer and his three sons after being caught in the chicken yard, a young coloured person had just made up his mind that he was not eluding his followers as quickly as might be, when a long-eared jack rabbit jumped up from the roadside and started down the road ahead of him. The would-be chicken thief had run a few hundred feet farther when the farmer and his boys were astonished to hear the negro shout, in a voice that quavered with fright, though unrestrained: "Say, for de Lord sake, you rabbit, get out ob de way and let some one run who can run."



## PEACE AND STABILITY

He: The Captain says we're hard and fast on a rock.  
She (very sick): Thank Heaven!—*Life*.

# PEOPLE AND PLACES

## THE MILK RIVER MUDDLE.

INTERNATIONAL rivers are sometimes troublesome. The St. Lawrence and the Niagara and the Detroit and the St. Clair are big boundary rivers, but though they have been the subject of a good deal of international attention on the part of Canada and the United States, they are not half the bother that some of the rivers in New Brunswick are, and not nearly so perplexing as a couple of vagrant streams out in the West. The trouble rises when a river chooses to rise in one country and run into the other, instead of running quietly along the border and making a boundary line. The newest complication of the rivers that belong to both countries is the Milk River and the St. Mary's. These rivers do not part their hair nicely in the middle, giving one side to Canada and the other to the United States. The Milk rises in Montana; so does the St. Mary's. The Milk is a pure vagrant. It runs into Canada for a part of its course and then back into the States again, entering the Missouri. On the lower part of its course the United Statesers have been damming it up, which they had a perfect right to do since the river rises in Montana. On the other hand there is the St. Mary's, which rises not far from the Milk in a large lake known as St. Mary's Lake. This lake holds a lot of water. The Milk River is a little stream—with a lot of land to irrigate in Montana. But Canada has been getting the water of this lake and Canadians have been damming up the St. Mary's, in the same way that the other fellows have been muzzling the Milk. Now the Reclamation Commission in the United States proposes to even things up by diverting the St. Mary's Lake into the Milk River, thereby utilising not only the Milk River but running the St. Mary's dry—and leaving the poor irrigationists along the St. Mary's up in Canada entirely without water for the land. This is one of the nice international problems into which the Minister of the Interior finds it necessary to inquire.

\* \* \*

## PARKS AT LETHBRIDGE.

LETHBRIDGE is in need of parks. The young city which claims to have beaten Edmonton and Calgary for building permits during the month of April, has a population of eight thousand—but no parks. Forty acres belong to the fair ground; but that is not civic property. In the whole town lying there amid boundless laps of green there is not a plot of ground where people may sit and rest on public property, except the public square, which does not belong to the corporation. But the people are determined to have parks. They realise that in a few years more Lethbridge will have as many people as Calgary now has. Calgary has acquired nearly two hundred acres of parks. Now while land in Lethbridge is at a comparatively low figure seems to be the time to get land for parks there also.

\* \* \*

## DRY-DOCK AT ST. JOHN.

THE visit of Sir Robert Perks to St. John has aroused a good deal of interest in the dry-dock question. Sir Robert has spoken of the need for such a dock in St. John. He is regarded as an authority. There was really no need for such an expert opinion. Many years now the citizens of St. John have been convinced that such a project is the only logical development. As the editor of the *Telegraph* points out, St. John is the terminus of the C. P. R. and in a few years it will be the winter freight terminus of two other transcontinental lines. It has been for years the winter port. The ships of St. John are as much a part of Canada as the box-cars of Winnipeg. They have been poetised; but they are not merely poetry. They are part of the industrial life. St. John is a great harbour. Prince Rupert and Vancouver and Fort Churchill may be great harbours; but the harbour of St. John was doing business with ships and men that go down to the sea in such things long before any of these had a place on the map.

\* \* \*

## GIVING AWAY LAND.

SEEMS to be something the matter with Ontario farms. There is for instance a farm up in Simcoe County which is advertised as an improved farm—for sale. This farm is a real improved farm. It is not one of the "improved" sort that sometimes are sold out West to the tenderfoot after successive crops of wheat have improved the life clean out of the soil. It is a farm that has taken three generations of people to improve. It has a hundred acres—all chopped out of the bush, logged and burned, stumped and ditched and ploughed by the sweat of the brow. Every acre of it spells trouble and toil. Ninety-five acres are cleared; clay loam, spring wells, a brick house of eight rooms, a big barn, two acres of fruit trees; school a quarter of a mile away, church convenient; all within six miles of Barrie. Yet all the owner asks for this farm is \$5,000, which is fifty dollars an acre; not the price of the improvements, let alone the price of the

land. So the *Toronto Farmers' Sun* asks very pertinently—"What is the matter with Ontario?"

\* \* \*

## THE BARBERS' COLLEGE.

OTTAWA is the source of much enlightenment to this country—but perhaps never anything originated in the House of Commons or the Senate quite so radically brilliant and so pleasantly heterodox as the suggestion to hold examinations for barbers. The Ottawa tonsorial artists who have put in time shaving legislative chins and exploring the bumps of law-making craniums have become imbued with the legal idea. They perceive that barbering is an art; just as much an art as teaching school or practising medicine; so they recommend that in future no man be permitted to practise with razor or scissors on the human face and head until he has shown by a written examination that he possesses the requisite knowledge to do so according to scientific principles. In this way we shall banish barbers' itch. We shall be able to standardise the hair-cut. When a man goes into a shop and pays fifteen cents for a shave that he considers worth only ten cents, he will have some recourse. A hair-cut costing a quarter and not so good as some other barber's cut at twenty cents with a shoe-shine thrown in, will be just cause of complaint before the Board of Examining Barbers who will have power to suspend the barber's license. The barber who persists in giving you tips on the races when all you ask for is a shave will be dealt with summarily. The tonsorial artist who insults you by suggesting that your head is full of dandruff and that a shampoo is your only hope of salvation, or that your face is complete with wrinkles and is in imminent need of a massage—will be disciplined by the Board.

\* \* \*

## THE LORD OF ONION LAKE.

ONE of the most influential and useful among the pathfinders of the West is Rev. John Matheson, of Onion Lake, Sask. Born to as pure a Scotch accent as ever breathed, brought up as a prairie roustabout and converted at a Methodist revival in New Westminster, B.C., he was ordained and inducted as a missionary by the Anglican Bishop of Calgary. He was a farmer on the Sturgeon River near Edmonton when the fur metropolis had not population enough to fill a street car; he drove the Royal Mail by dog-train from Winnipeg to Edmonton, which by the trail of those days was a thousand miles. He was a miner in New Westminster; at the same time an amateur prize-fighter and champion wrestler of the camp—a man able to beat his way through any crowd without a word. But when a pair of Methodist evangelists began the first revival ever held in that mountain camp, John Matheson, the champion slugger, became converted. From that day to the present he has been torch-lifter to the Crees at Onion Lake, which is north and west from the site of old Fort Pitt on the Saskatchewan. Cree he talks fluently with a Scotch accent. He keeps a store; he superintends the school; preaches in the church; makes his own hay and floats his own scows from Edmonton down the Saskatchewan.

Last time I saw Matheson he was watching a game of checkers in an Edmonton fur room. Checkers is the fur-trader's game and Matheson has never been far from the fur. He was waiting for the load-up of his scow down at the flats of the Hudson's Bay Company. Burly shoulders and a tremendous neck thickened by the tump-line on the pack-trail; broad, quizzical face, red hair and freckled, hairy fists—he was the same Matheson whom I had known at Onion Lake in 1901 but the Thor-like red beard that had made him terrible in the mining camp was gone clean away and Matheson lighted his pipe as as told how he had lost it through the machinations of a French barber in Montreal.

The sacrifice of Matheson's beard took place on the occasion of the Onion Lake missionary's first journey to the cent and culture belt in the east. A general Synod was convened at Montreal. The Onion Lake divine found himself the only cleric in the assembly with a red beard. Years of Saskatchewan wind, snow and rain had beaten upon that beard which no barber had shorn or trimmed. Matheson walked into a palatial French barber shop and desired a trim. He had never been in so luxurious a barber shop; never had he beheld such smooth and cultivated barbers. Overcome by the soft, seductive elegance of the salon, he forgot his hay camps and his trading-scow with the firebox aft at the sweep. That wheedling, hypnotic barber—fingers like silk:

"Uh—" Matheson opened his eyes. "Y're not cett'n me too claus to the sken?"

"No, messieur; no"—the rest was a dream.

The barber went on with the fantasia, till again he was arrested by the hard, blue eye and the piercing voice compounded of Scotch and Cree; and again the fears of the missionary were lulled.

When the job was done and Rev. John Matheson of Onion Lake beheld himself in the glass he perceived that his worst fears had been worse than realised. The barber had imparted to the missionary's natively Thor-like visage the trim elegance of a goatee!

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## MONEY AND MAGNATES

*Sometimes Directors Do Direct.*

**I**N these days when so much is being heard regarding directors who do not direct, consequent in the Ontario and Sovereign Bank troubles, it will be quite interesting to know that there are quite a few concerns which can boast of having directors and even presidents who do their work without receiving any remuneration for it.

Perhaps the most striking instance of the latter situation is that of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company, whose president, Mr. Robert Meighen, is also managing director. Although, as is the case with many other Canadian corporations, Mr. Meighen is entitled to salary both as president and managing director, he has always refused to accept any remuneration as president. Not only this, but even at the meetings of the Board of Directors, Mr. Meighen refuses to accept his proportion of the allotment made to the members of the Board, his reasoning being that the shareholders have accepted him as managing director and he should not receive any return from any other office. Again, in the case of the Dominion Coal Company Mr. James Ross, for many years, has occupied the position of president and worked almost harder than any other officer or official without receiving any remuneration.

As an indication of how actively some directors do try to direct, mention might be made of Mr. George Caverhill and Mr. Haig Sims, directors of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company. Not a week passes by during the season of navigation but they take a trip by one of the company's boats just to see how things are going and to co-operate with the general management.

Perhaps the most active president that has ever been at the head of any Canadian bank was Mr. Thomas E. Kenny, the late president of the Royal Bank. Mr. Kenny, almost all the year round, was travelling through the country meeting the customers and making new friends for the bank. In the Maritime Provinces, in particular, there was not a single town that Mr. Kenny could drop into without having a number of personal friends drop over to the hotel or the bank to see him. He certainly was a great business getter for his institution and all who knew him held him in great esteem.

As a rule, however, it must be admitted that the directors of most of the big Canadian corporations have so many irons in the fire that they cannot give much time or attention to any one concern.

\* \* \*

### London Jumps After Asbestos Stock.

**T**HE big Canadian stock exchanges, more particularly that of Montreal were treated to rather a new experience during the past week when the securities of the Amalgamated Asbestos Corporation were traded in for the first time. This corporation represents a consolidation of a number of the principal asbestos properties situated in the Eastern Townships of the Province of Quebec. As asbestos stocks had never been traded in to any great extent even the promoters were somewhat doubtful as to just how the market would treat the new securities.

In the underwriting plans quite a portion of the new issues were placed in London England, and in Philadelphia as well as in Montreal and Toronto.

It remained for the London interests to show just what they do with a stock when they fancy it and they made the Canadian interests fairly sit up in wonderment. When the new Asbestos common stock at the beginning of the week was first handed in it sold around \$15 a share. Then it jumped to \$18 and then to \$20 a share, and the insiders here thought it was advancing rather too fast. The disposition of the latter was rather to keep the stock down than to allow any runaway market in it. The demand for the stock was so persistent however that the price quickly advanced to \$25 a share and with a view of checking the market the insiders let out quite a little stock. But the Londoners were not to be denied. They were out to accumulate the stock and it did not seem to matter to them that there was not likely to be any dividend for the stock for at least a year and a half. From \$25 it jumped to \$30 and the same afternoon it sold at \$32. Then next day there were more orders by cable and the effort to fill them caused the stock to go as high as \$37.50 a share as compared with \$15 a share at the beginning of the week. Montreal had never seen anything like it and people said the stock would not be able to hold the advance. But it did and there seemed to be orders on the market for all stock that was offering. London, it was said, was simply doing with the stock what it had done, with marked success, with other Canadian issues, that is, putting it away in strong boxes till it should acquire a value that only a few thought possible at the present time. At the same time Asbestos preferred stock made a considerable advance, opening at \$88, moving to \$90 and then jumping at one session of the Exchange to \$100 a share.

It may be stated that the clients of the London house who were doing most of the buying, had already made quite a little money in Asbestos bonds and in the common stock of the Shawinigan Water and Power Company and they were simply investing some of their profits in the new Asbestos issues.

A very large number of Canadians will benefit by the success attendant upon the listing of the issues as almost every town in Eastern Canada had some representatives on the list of underwriters.

\* \* \*

### Realising Its Importance

**W**ITH the very rapid increase in its business, the Montreal Stock Exchange must be said to be awakening to the full realisation of its importance. Formerly when some of the members thought it would be a nice thing to have a holiday in order that they might steal off to the golf links, a notice of motion was put in and after one of the sessions of the Exchange the president would call the members together and have them vote on the proposal. In many instances it would be found that the younger element, keen for the holiday, would be ranged on one side while on the other would be the older clique more anxious to have the Exchange regarded as a regular business institution just the same as a bank. In past summers the Saturday morning session was usually dispensed with in this way. Now, however, all is changed, because the Exchange has a Governing Committee. When the members have any proposal to make it will now be referred to this committee instead of simply being voted on by the members and the committee will decide what should be done in the best interests of the Exchange.

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THE FUGITIVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14



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was the one clear course he saw open to him—it was his duty to society to see that the murderer paid the penalty of his villainy, and whether or not his doing so might involve any present gratification and future possibilities for himself was beside the question.

Once his mind was made up he did not hesitate; he allowed himself no time for reflection or self-analysis, but stopped the car at the local police station, and was inside the office and had lodged the fatal information before he actually realised the baseness to which he was stooping.

"He's at your flat now?" demanded the inspector.

"I left him there—yes," said John. "He is no friend of mine; in fact, he treated me very dirtily a few years ago, and only came to me now by accident. He would never have come if he had known who I am. He asked me to take a note to his wife for him, and I took it, as a blind. If you let a couple of your men come back with me she will suppose I was followed from her house. I don't want it to be known, you understand, that I have given him away. At the same time, I wouldn't lift a finger to save the scoundrel, and if he knew who I was he wouldn't expect me to. It'll mean a lifer for him, any way, and I hope to heaven it'll mean something worse!

It was not till he was in the car with the inspector and a plain-clothes officer that a quick revulsion of feeling set in, and he began to wonder at himself, with horror and amazement, as one is horrified and amazed with hazy memories of things one has done and fancied in the throes of some black delirium. He remembered Maggie's agitated face, the tears that had clouded her eyes, her looks and tones when she spoke of this man whom she loved, and whom he was betraying, and he repented already of what he was doing. He marvelled at his own unutterable baseness; but he had said too much, he had gone too far now to have any choice. The most he could hope to do was to keep the knowledge of his treachery from her.

"I don't care for him to know I have put you on to him," he reiterated to the inspector, who sat beside him. "You and your man had better wait at the foot of the stairs, or at the gate, and I'll go in and tell him the way is clear, and he can safely slip round and see his wife, and then you can drop on him as he comes out."

"We don't want to have any blundering," the inspector demurred. "How shall I know him for certain?"

"I'll slam my door loud enough for you to hear it after he's gone out, and you'll hear his footsteps as he comes down; there can't be any mistake. It will be pleasanter that way for me, and better for yourself—you can have the full credit for taking him."

There was only one way into and out of the flat, and, satisfied of this, the inspector accommodated himself to John's suggestion. He posted his man by the wide entry, went at John's heels up to the first floor, and waited there.

It was now near eleven o'clock; the place was as quiet as if all its tenants were already abed; and, listening, he heard John far above let himself into his own flat with a latchkey. Then came a minute or two of silence, then the sound of a door slammed, and a hurry of feet on the stone stairs.

The inspector ran nimbly down, gave a word of warning to his man, and stood a few yards beyond him

at the gate. The steps on the stairs grew rapidly louder, and suddenly—it was John himself who reappeared, breathless and excited.

"Gone!" he ejaculated.

"Oh! How's that?"

"Can't understand it!" John rapped out an oath exasperatedly. "He was to stay here whilst I took the note to his wife. I expect he must have doubted me—fool that I was!—and wouldn't wait till I came back, because he guessed I should bring you with me. . . . But we are losing time. He would have gone on to see his wife himself if I hadn't undertaken to carry the letter for him. Let's go straight on there at once. It's a hundred to one we shall catch him there. Come on!"

They scrambled into the car, and were off again in a twinkling.

The officer's disappointment was a small matter beside John's irrespressible chagrin. He cursed his folly in giving the blackguard the slightest chance to trick him so, and swore he would scour all London but he would have him again.

At Mrs. Murdock's house the startled servant came to the door and assured them that her mistress was out. She had not heard her go, and could not say when she went, but she was certainly gone; and as she made no objection to their searching the house, the inspector soon convinced himself that she was speaking the truth.

He was completely at a loss; and, having left them for a space to discover and consult with the two detectives who were covertly watching the premises, he came back with a report from them that Murdock had not called, and Mrs. Murdock had not been seen to quit the house that day.

"I'll come and take a look through your flat, Mr. Greville," he said, shortly.

"What's the good of that?" asked John. "Just as you please, of course, but I can't see the use of it."

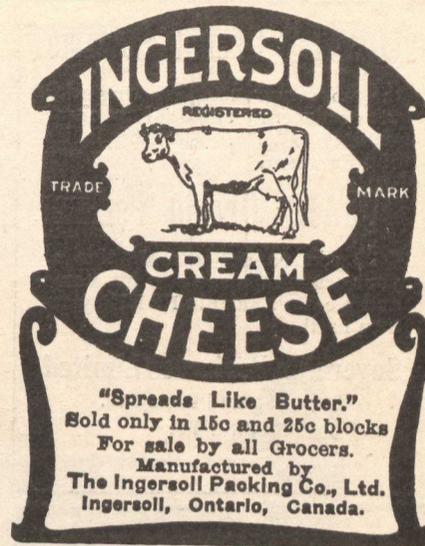
"He may have dropped a letter or a clue of some kind," observed the inspector. "Any way, I'll come and make a search on the chance."

"Certainly," John agreed, readily. "Jump in, then, and the sooner we're there the better."

The light still burnt in the kitchen, but they saw immediately that nobody was there. John preceded them into each of his other two rooms, and as he switched on the light threw a quick, nervous glance round as if he half expected to see his guest cowering in the sudden glare of it; but the place was unoccupied. The inspector and his man searched everywhere; they peered under the bed and into the cupboards, they examined the mantelpieces and floors assiduously, but found no sign of the fugitive who had been there.

After they had accepted refreshments, made elaborate notes in their pocket-books, and asked every shrewd or futile question that happened to occur to them, they departed moodily, and John bolted himself in for the night.

WHEN he walked back into the kitchen and stood with his hands deep in his pockets, thinking. Just now he had noticed, hung loosely on the pegs in his bedroom cupboard, a suit of clothes that did not belong to him. The inspector had assumed that they were his, and he had not disowned them. And as he stood thinking, with his hands in his pockets, he recalled the scene that had passed in the kitchen there less than an hour ago.



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Less than an hour ago, when he had left the police officers on guard at the door below and came upstairs, he had not quite decided what he was to do. He was even deciding that he could only tell his visitor he had been followed, advise him to go at once, and let him take his chance. But the moment he was inside the flat he altered his mind, and was instantly resolved.

For as he crossed the small vestibule he saw that Murdock was still there, but Maggie was with him.

"I couldn't wait," she said, wistfully, coming to meet him. "I felt I must see Dick to-night, but I have been very careful."

"There is no time to spare," John interrupted her, with a warning gesture. "The police are waiting downstairs now. If they didn't follow you they must have come closely after me. They are there, but if you do exactly what I tell you, we can dodge them even yet. Go into my bedroom"—he turned abruptly to Murdock—

"shave off your moustache, put on my cycling suit—you'll find it in the cupboard there—change your appearance as much as you can, and five minutes after I have gone go out, both of you, without any hesitating or caution, get to the other side of London to-night, and then—you have money?—live quietly somewhere till you can safely slip out of the country. Don't write to me, unless you need my help. It's safest not to."

He showed Murdock into the other room, and ran back for a minute to Maggie. "Maggie," he said, brokenly, "I want you to forgive me. I had not dreamt it was you I was going to see to-night, and when I saw you it brought all the old misery back to me. I was mad—I am ashamed—but because I love you and hated the man who took you from me—I went to the police—I brought them here—and if you had not been here now I might have sent him down to them—I don't know. But it's him you love, and not me, and for your sake I can't do it. Do as I say—get away from here quickly, within five minutes after I am gone."

Her lips quivered and she made as if she would have spoken, but could not. She gave him her hand in silence, and he knew she had forgiven him, and believed him, and was not afraid to trust him.

For some days the papers were dark with mysterious rumours of clues that were in the hands of the police, and the probabilities of an early arrest. Then, by degrees, the subject faded into the background, and ceased to be mentioned; and when the weeks and months had lengthened to a year and no news of her came to him, he guessed they had evaded pursuit and were happy somewhere, and had no need of him.

**Advantage of Timidity**

SOME weeks before M. Anatole France left for the Argentine a well-known Argentine journalist, M. Rossetti, called on him. "I shall precede you, master," he said. "Is there anything that I can do for you before your own arrival?" "Oh, yes," said M. France, in the quiet little voice which gives such salt to his remarks. "I want you, if you will, to work up a reputation for timidity for me before I get out there. I don't know that I am particularly timid, but I should like to be thought so. A timid man can do anything. If he is silent when he ought to speak, people say 'How charming! He's so timid.' And if he speaks when he should be silent, they set that down to nervousness. A timid man can dare so much with sweet impunity. Please tell your compatriots that I am very timid."—*Daily Express.*



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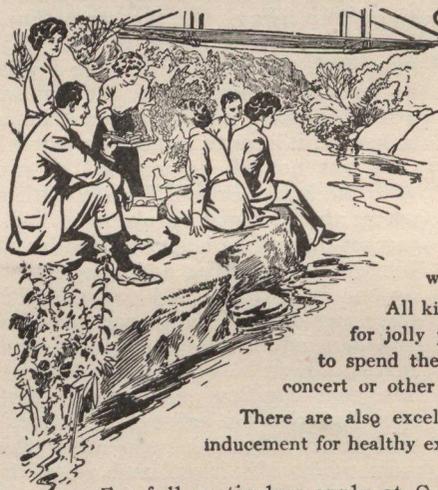
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9

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The attention of Canadian boys is everywhere directed to the offer of the Canadian Courier to help them play the game this summer.

We ask you to undertake the sale of Couriers in every town and village in the country—any place especially where we have no agents. We pay you a good profit on your sales, and, as a special summer introduction of the Courier, we are giving away as rewards unlimited baseball goods. What do you need?

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We have a very attractive proposition to be had for a postal card. How many copies can you sell? Manager, CANADIAN COURIER, Toronto.

## WHAT CANADIAN EDITORS THINK

TORONTO THE PARADOX.

*(Victoria Times)*

THIS city of Toronto is held up to view upon every possible occasion by evangelists, and often by good men who do not pose as evangelists, as a model for all other cities upon the face of the globe. It is shut up tight on Sundays. It has more churches per head of the population than any of its less conspicuous neighbours. It has fewer saloons than any place that is not under prohibition. There is a solemnity upon the populace as it moves sedately to its various places of worship upon the first day of the week which shows that it feels the weight of the reputation it has to live up to. Yet along comes this man Gipsy Smith and candidly tells the people they are not what they are cracked up to be. If anybody on the outside, or any newspaper say in Montreal, Hamilton or Victoria, were to insinuate that the three hundred thousand odd citizens of Toronto are mostly hypocrites, sniveling, shuffling, canting humbugs, whose religion is but a sham, what a fuss there would be!

\* \* \*

EDITORIAL POETRY.

*(St. John Sun)*

YESTERDAY'S dull grey broke, at evening, into a sunset of fiery colour and a rainbow of wonderful perfection. The heavy curtain of cloud fell just short of the western hill tops and the sun, as it dipped in the horizon, poured under the low-hung fringe a flood of vivid yellow light which struck strangely across the glistening city, where the rain was still falling, and crowned the eastern sky with a double tiara of prismatic beauty. From end to end the glorious arc swung unbroken, better than half-circle and reaching near to the zenith. The outer bow, though perfect in its sweep, blended its colours somewhat indistinctly, but in the inner every line of the solar spectrum shone wonderfully clear, from its outer red, through orange and yellow and green to the blue and indigo and the purple mystery of the interior violet, almost phosphorescent in its glow. The yellow deepened into gold, into rose colour, till the rain washed it grey again and the night fell dark.

\* \* \*

THE SELKIRK PIONEER.

*(Manitoba Free Press)*

THE Selkirk settlers brought with them a realisation of the responsibilities of citizenship which enters to a very large extent into the present national spirit of Canada. From Ontario and other Eastern provinces there likewise came many who, though they spoke the same tongue with a different accent as those who came by way of Hudson Bay, were akin with them in custom, speech and aspiration as Britishers. But the immense material development that has occurred since the early efforts and struggles of the old timers has brought thousands who came among us without the qualifications required to make them good Canadians forthwith. Our city is taking upon itself aspects that are out of harmony with Canadian ideals.

\* \* \*

A BIT OF MORALISM.

*(Halifax Herald)*

THE man in the shop thinks that he would pitch in and be the best workman in the whole establishment only he isn't strong enough to work

like that, though he really has strength and to spare. The man who ought to improve his mind by evening study says that he would do it only of course he hasn't time, though as a matter of fact he has time to kill and does slaughter it by doing nothing for whole hours at a stretch. All these excuses are simply crutches by which we make ourselves walk lame. We fool ourselves into the belief that we need them and by using them day by day we finally get so accustomed to them that we feel that we must have them. By constantly using them our positive faculties are weakened our lives are blighted. We blame others for our non-progress when as a matter of fact we are like the lazy man in the bed. We are alone to blame.

\* \* \*

NEED TO TRAVEL.

*(Lethbridge Herald)*

THE Ontario editors are backing out of their proposal to make an excursion to Western Canada. The reason is that so few of the members of the association expressed a willingness to come. Just why they do not want to come is not stated. There is one thing sure, however, and that is that they need to come. Of all the editors in Canada or the United States the rank and file of the editors in Ontario are the most densely ignorant of Western Canada. Perhaps they are afraid to come, for if they do they will not be able to restrain themselves from sounding the country's praises and thereby be the means of inducing some of their readers to go west and be somebody and as a result the editor would get into trouble with the merchants who give them advertising. They would rather remain in ignorance and display it, as they so beautifully do on sundry and various occasions, than to come out and see the mighty nation growing in their own land with the prospect of a calling-down from the local general merchant for his write-up of the trip.

\* \* \*

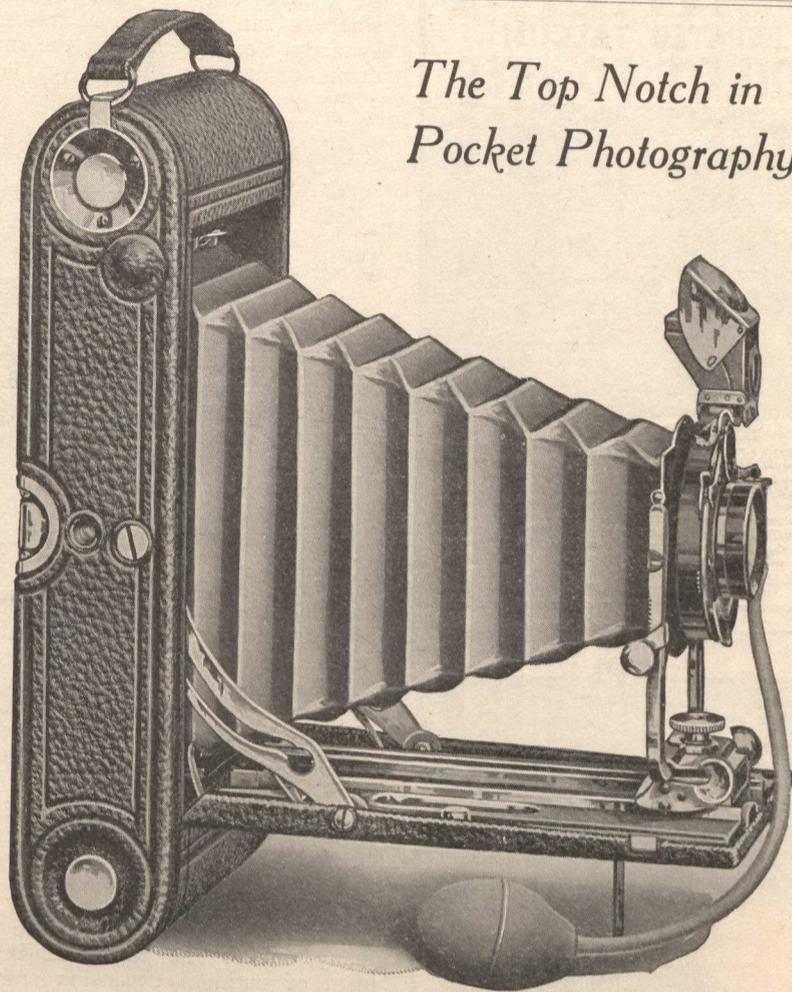
SMALL POTATOES.

*(Toronto Star.)*

TO describe the action of the Senate in raising the duties on hops, oysters, and potatoes as the act of a hostile nation or of a nation seeking to coerce Canada is to give it too much importance. The total export of oysters in 1908 was valued at \$3,829, of hops \$33,567, nearly all the hops went to England, only \$891 to the United States; the export of potatoes was valued at \$517,576, but only \$18,480 went to the United States; the export of barley was worth \$1,239,972, of which \$862,446 worth went to Great Britain, \$166,296 to Belgium, and \$139,573 to the United States. Out of a total export of \$66,069,939 worth of agricultural products, only \$3,123,689 went to the United States. Out of a total export of \$55,101,260 worth of animals and their products, only \$7,729,157 went to the United States.

The probability is that the Senators who represented barley, hops, oysters, and potatoes were not striking at Canada, but were trying to please certain grain and vegetable growers and oyster men in the various localities which they represent. Small local considerations have more weight in the Senate than in the House, because the smallest State in the Union has as many representatives in the Senate as the largest. Moreover, the Senators are not elected directly by the people, but by the Legislatures, a procedure which lends itself to wire-pulling and small poli-

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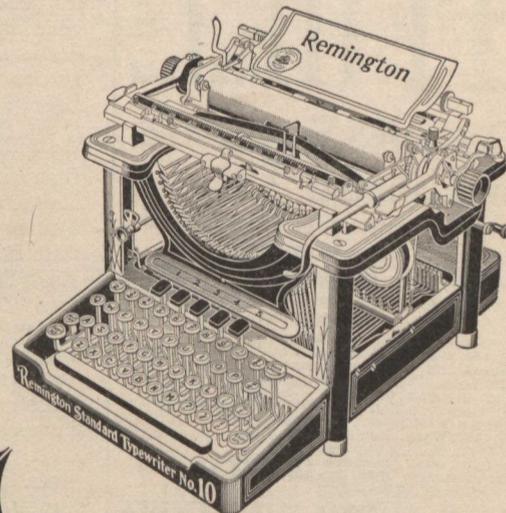
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In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

tics. The question is local, and cannot be raised to the dignity of an international issue. Canada has passed a long way beyond the stage where it can be shaken to its centre by a duty on oysters and the ingredients of beer.

\* \* \*

EXTRACT FROM ARTICLE ON  
CANADA AND WASHINGTON.

(Toronto News.)

FOR years we have been told that free trade was making progress in the United States. It was represented that the American farmer was rising against the "robbery of protection." It was said that the forces favourable to reciprocity with Canada were becoming influential in Congress. The Republican party, under the leadership of Mr. Taft, declared for a revision of the tariff downward. But the result of all this preaching, prayer and prophecy is that, after months of investigation and deliberation, the American tariff is to retain its prohibitory features so far as Canada is concerned, and all its rigid protectionism in so far as it affects other countries.

There is no movement amongst American farmers for lower duties. There is no demand from American labour for reduction of imposts. There is no disposition to deal favourably with Great Britain in return for the Mother Country's free admission of American products. The truth is the United States, like Germany, makes the tariff an instrument of national expansion and national strength, and treats all outside nations as aliens and strangers. This would not be so if the Mother Country were armed with power to penalise American goods in British markets, and the action of Washington ought to strengthen materially the movement for imperial preferences, and lead us in Canada so to reform the Canadian tariff as to meet the action of Washington, and so to readjust our whole scale of duties as to give still more favourable treatment to British manufactures.

In Canada we have a situation not so different from that which existed in the United States sixty or seventy years ago, and which twenty-five years ago had its counterpart in the relations between the West and the old manufacturing States. There is no doubt that to-day Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta favour low tariff, or at least they are generally opposed to any increase of existing imposts. It is likely that the West would sanction a reduction of duties in return for a substantial preference in British markets. This, indeed, is a possible event of the near future, whether a Conservative or a Liberal Government rules at Ottawa.

As the years pass, however, industries will be established at Port Arthur and Fort William, at Winnipeg, Calgary and Edmonton, and in the Pacific Coast cities, and protection will steadily increase the number of its adherents in the West. In the meantime the political balance between East and West must be maintained. It may as well be understood that in any readjustment of duties Western opinion must be fairly and sympathetically considered.

It is manifest that Washington does not propose to extend tariff favours to Canada. This means that we must retain our own markets, and in so far as possible send trade from East to West through Canadian channels. A part of the burden of this situation must fall upon the railways and the manufacturers of the older provinces. It is sometimes said that the East has sacrificed much for the West. The truth is that we have sacrificed nothing. We are engaged in making a nation, and it is out of

the question to talk of sacrifices upon the one side or the other. The West is entitled to pull its own weight in the Confederation, and is under no obligation to make sacrifices to the rest of the country.

\* \* \*

A TRIBUTE TO THE PRESS.

(Montreal Star.)

SIR ROBERT PERKS, an English Liberal, paid an indirect tribute to the press in the course of a speech before the Toronto Empire Club the other day. By way of explanation to his audience why outsiders got what he claimed was an erroneous impression of the purposes and principles of the Liberal party, he said that "the fact was that the Liberal party had no powerful exponent of its opinions in the British press. Nearly all the leading newspapers were in the hands of the Conservative party, and hence it was that the case for British Liberalism was not presented fairly in the extracts cabled from the British press."

Without discussing whether or not Sir Robert gave a quite just estimate of the work of the largely independent press of Britain, it is perfectly clear that he is convinced that his party is at a most grievous disadvantage because of its weakness in newspapers. It has a record majority in the House of Commons; it has a splendid organisation throughout the country; it has literally thousands of good speakers who frequently present its claims to the people; and it has a "front bench" in the Commons that has seldom been beaten for ability. Yet it finds itself in an altogether false position in the minds of people who are not closely in touch with its propaganda because it lacks support in the press.

This is the opinion of a publicist and a speaker. It is the verdict of the platform on the incalculable value of its great rival, the press. The spoken word may set an audience alight, but it cannot carry across the seas and the continents. The Liberals of Britain would be in far worse plight if the entire press did not fully report the utterances of its leaders. When Mr. Asquith makes a great speech, it appears verbatim in every British paper of note, and has at least as good an effect on behalf of his party as if the editors of these papers had given just so much of their space that day to Liberal writers. Denied access to the press entirely, no great party could live. Even when the editorial pages are steadily against it, it is heavily handicapped, and fails especially to reach distant audiences.

\* \* \*

CONGRATULATIONS, DR.  
LYLE!

(Hamilton Times.)

THE election of Rev. Dr. Lyle to the honourable position of Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church is a compliment to an able, devoted and worthy minister, and to the city in which he has given so many of the years of his life to the service of the church. For over thirty-one years Rev. Dr. Lyle has ministered to a Hamilton congregation. Few occupants of Canadian pulpits have won such wide and enduring respect and esteem. He is a man of culture, breadth of view, wide tolerance, and unlimited devotion to the propagation of the simple Gospel of Christ as set forth in the Scriptures. To such a man the honour conferred by the Assembly comes with excellent grace; and on his part, he will do the office credit. The Moderatorship has been held by a long line of worthy captains in the Church; but by none more worthy or capable of upholding the honour and dignity of Presbyterianism than by Rev. Dr. Lyle.

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Scald two cupfuls of milk and dissolve therein 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar. Stir in thoroughly while warm 1 teaspoonful lemon juice and two teaspoonfuls BOVRIL. Cool and freeze as usual.—

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gives health and strength.

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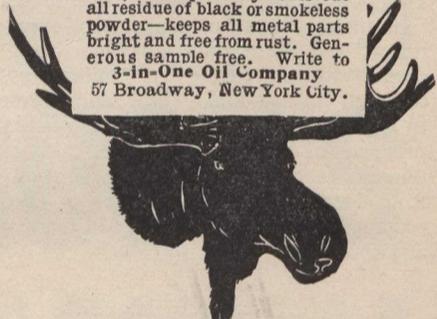
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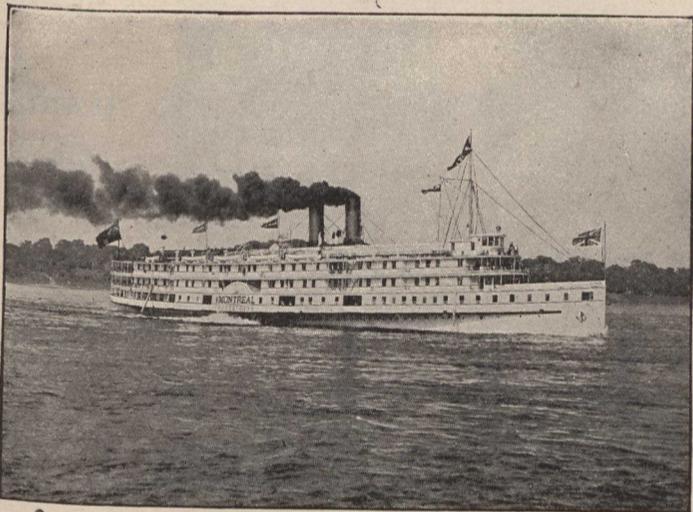
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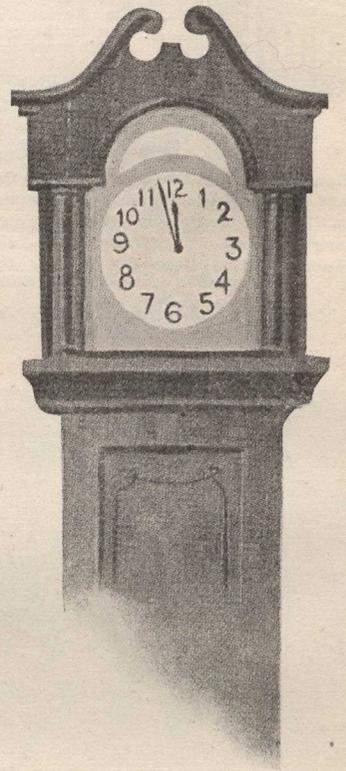
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