

The Canadian
Courier
 THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

The GOVERNOR'S
 DAUGHTER
 BY
 HERMAN WHITAKER

A TORPEDO IN
 FEATHERS
 BY
 CHARLES C. D. ROBERTS

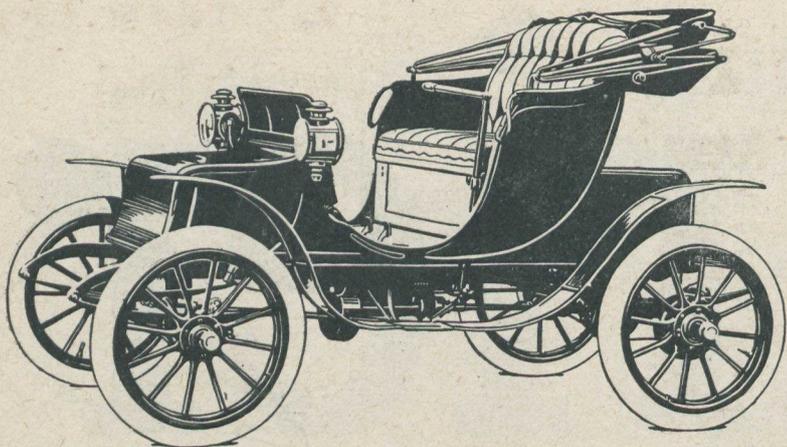
The MYSTERIOUS
 COLONEL DROUSKI
 BY
 W. A. FRASER

ANTI-NAVY FIRE-
 WORKS IN QUEBEC



"LIKE A MAD TIGRESS."

Illustration by Arthur Heming for "The Governor's Daughter."



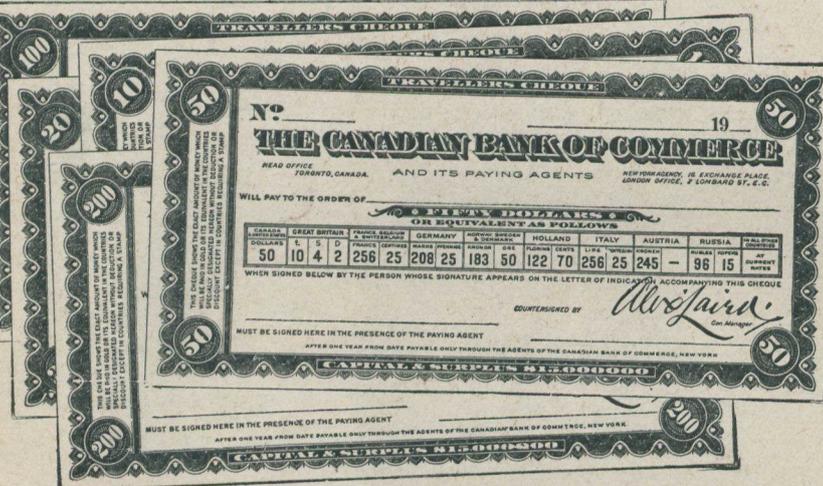
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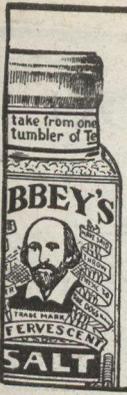
13
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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CONTENTS

SWAMBA, THE WONDER-MAKER YACHT	5
REFLECTIONS	6
MEN OF TO-DAY	7
WHEN RAILROADERS FAIL TO AGREE	8
THE NORTH ATLANTIC FISHERIES TRIBUNAL	8
HOME-COMING FESTIVAL UNDER TWO FLAGS	9
A TORPEDO IN FEATHERS, story by Charles G. D. Roberts; drawings by Charles Livingston Bull	10
ANOTHER LUMBER TOWN GONE UP IN SMOKE	12
CITIES AND EMIGRATION	12
ANTI-NAVY FIREWORKS IN QUEBEC	13
THE MYSTERIOUS COLONEL DROUSKI, story by W. A. Fraser; illustration by T. O. Marten	14
ON THE ROAD TO SOUTHERN ALBERTA, full-page photo by Norman S. Rankin	15
THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER, story by Herman Whitaker; illustrated by Arthur Heming	17
DEMI-TASSE	19
PEOPLE AND PLACES	20
FOR THE CHILDREN	21
MONEY AND MAGNATES	22



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THE
Canadian Courier
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Vol. 8

Toronto, July 30th, 1910

No. 9



The Swamba (twenty-footer) of Toronto was the wonder-maker at the Kingston Regatta last week. In the international race for the George Cup, she beat all competitors. She was skippered by the youthful son of Aemelius Jarvis, the most famous skipper on the Great Lakes.

Photograph by F. H. Foster

REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

SPEAKING generally, Canada has been fairly proud of the Lemieux Act which was intended to prevent strikes on railways and other large public service institutions. The results of its operation were such as to bring a great deal of credit to those who framed the Act and those who were superintending its enforcement. It is the fate of human laws to be weak in certain particulars, and the Lemieux Act is no exception to that rule. It comes close to being a compulsory arbitration law but it just falls short. It compels a reference to arbitration on the part of both employers and employees before a strike or lock-out may take place. When, however, the board of arbitration or conciliation has made its report, it is open to either party to reject the award. This is the weakness.

In the case of the Grand Trunk Railway which is now suffering from a strike, there was an arbitration or conciliation board and it made a recommendation or award. Apparently neither side was willing to accept that award and after some weeks of fruitless negotiations the men walked out. As only the conductors, brakemen and baggagemen were affected the railway has been able to continue its service in a limited way. If the Lemieux Act had been a compulsory arbitration act both sides would have been forced to accept the award and the strike would not have occurred.

IT would seem as if the time had come for strengthening the Lemieux Act. It has been of considerable benefit but it has failed to prevent two of the worst strikes that have ever disturbed Canadian commerce and industry. The strike among the coal miners of Cape Breton dragged along for a year and caused a great financial loss to both employers and employees. The present railway strike will cost the Grand Trunk a great deal of money and will mean an almost equal loss to the employees who have gone out. No country in the world has been able to prevent strikes. No law yet on the statute books of any country has proved equal to the settling of all disputes between employers and employees. Nevertheless, it seems reasonable to believe that such an act could be framed.

In these days commerce and industry have become so important that any interruption caused by a strike or lock-out causes much inconvenience and great financial loss which must be borne by innocent parties. It seems ridiculous and it certainly is not economic nor scientific. When a strike occurs on a railway, the people in the towns which are served only by that line suffer greatly by their inability to receive and ship supplies. The factories in the town are handicapped, the producers in that district find their perishable products going to waste, and the wage-earners are compelled to live in idleness. All these are innocent parties who are forced to sit quietly by and wait patiently for the end of a struggle which is not of their making nor ending.

THERE seem to be only two remedies available, compulsory arbitration and public ownership. There are grave objections to both but the thinking man will give these remedies serious study and consideration and try to make up his mind which will be best for the country as a whole. With the evidence of the past three years before us Canadians must realise that the situation is most serious.

Most people will shy at compulsory arbitration. A railway, telephone or telegraph company will hesitate about accepting a compulsory arbitration act which will allow a board of arbitrators to settle the rate of wages it shall pay its employees. A company which is not at liberty to look over its accounts, examine its revenues and expenditures and decide what rate of wages it shall pay its employees would feel itself seriously hampered. A compulsory arbitration act might gravely affect the willingness of capitalists to invest in public service corporations. For example, if Canada were to pass a compulsory arbitration act which would apply to all Canadian railways it would be difficult for these railways to float their bonds and sell their stock to foreign investors, with the result that the progress of the country might be arrested.

Again, the railway unions have always opposed compulsory arbitration. The unions claim that if their right to strike is taken away from them and they are compelled to work on a schedule of wages fixed by an arbitration board, that their individual and corporate liberty is reduced to a minimum. They claim that they must always have the privilege of using their one great weapon in a fight for higher wages and better conditions when these are absolutely necessary to the well-being of the men concerned.

Nevertheless, in spite of this historic attitude on the part of both

employers and employees the general interests of a people demand that industrial warfare shall be controlled and limited. It is not wise and neither is it fair that the country as a whole should suffer because a small fraction of its people are not able to agree as to whether a certain workman's wages shall be \$2.45 or \$2.50 a day. The loss to the workingman if he is compelled to take the lower wages is small as compared with the loss which must be borne by his neighbour who is thrown out of work because of the strike and does not receive strike benefits. In the same way the loss to the stock-holder in a company which is forced to pay the extra five cents per day is small as compared with the loss of the investors in other companies whose business is interrupted by a conflict in which their companies are not directly concerned.

The question of compulsory arbitration should certainly be taken up at the next session of parliament and an attempt made to find out whether the people would prefer to abolish or to amend the Lemieux Act.

LAST week there was some discussion in this column with reference to the "Made in Canada" campaign of the Canadian manufacturers. Regret was expressed that this campaign was not being pursued with the same vigour that it was ten years ago. Our discussion has caused one manufacturer to write us a letter of congratulation which has given both pleasure and pain. In the course of his remarks he used these words: "We hope by persevering to live down the prejudice that now exists against Canadian goods." This is a statement which, if true, is strong enough to disturb the mind of every patriotic Canadian.

Is this manufacturer correct? Is there a prejudice amongst Canadian buyers against Canadian-made goods? We are inclined to doubt it. There are a few foolish consumers with more money than judgment who buy foreign-made goods in preference to domestic. Yet this class of buyers is not very large. There must always be special classes of goods made in foreign countries which will vie in quality and workmanship with similar goods produced in Canada. There are certain classes of manufactures in which Great Britain excels the world. There are other classes in which France and Germany and the United States excel the world. Therefore it is natural that the man who has plenty of money should occasionally prefer some foreign article irrespective of the price. The Canadian manufacturer must face this in his own country just as the United States manufacturer must face it in his own country and the German manufacturer in his.

With the majority of the goods sold in our retail shops this argument does not apply. In the main the customer buys that brand of goods which is most familiar to him. If the goods are not branded the customer must go it blind, and trust to his own judgment and the judgment of the salesman. If the goods are branded he trusts to the brand. If the Canadian brands were as well known as the United States brands, the Canadian consumer would naturally prefer them, but he cannot be expected to prefer unadvertised Canadian goods as against well advertised foreign goods.

IF the Canadian manufacturer will exercise as much patience and persistence in his advertising campaign as the foreign manufacturer has exercised, he will have equal results providing his goods are equal. The difficulty with the Canadian manufacturer is that he is neither sufficiently patient nor sufficiently persistent. This is well illustrated by a letter received some time ago from a manufacturer in Montreal who told the story of how he spent five hundred dollars in one paper advertising a brand of household goods without getting any direct return. This man was not aware that to make that brand of goods familiar to the buyers in Montreal alone, would probably require an expenditure of five years' patient effort and fifty thousand dollars of advertising space. If he had consulted an advertising expert that expert would probably have told him that he would be wasting his five hundred dollars in indulging in such a picayune campaign.

If the Canadian manufacturer intends to impress his wares upon the imagination of his fellow citizens he must use arguments and methods which are convincing. He must wait patiently ten, fifteen, or even twenty years for his results. Rome was not built in a day, and neither is a manufacturer's reputation made in a year. While this is true of the individual manufacturer it is also true of the Canadian manufacturer as a whole. There was a time when the people of Canada bought ninety per cent. of their manufactured goods from Great Britain and the United States. To-day the people of this country buy a larger quantity of Canadian-made goods than they do of foreign goods. The Canadian manufacturer has gained tremendously in twenty-five years. If he will pursue his task with the same energy and ability for another quarter of a century there will be comparatively few foreign goods sold in this market.

It is hard to believe that there is a prejudice against goods made in Canada. Where foreign goods displace Canadian goods it is more likely to be the result of Habit or Better-Value.

APPRECIATIVE

The Canadian Courier (Toronto), is thoroughly up to the times. In its current issue it contained a full page of sketches of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his party at Port Arthur last Saturday, and a carefully prepared article on the result of the Manitoba general elections on Monday, together with any quantity of seasonable pictures and stories. To one familiar with the getting up of an illustrated weekly, the wonder is how they did it so quickly. "The man behind" must have been on the job every minute. — Cornwall Freeholder, July 15.

MEN OF TO-DAY

PASSING GLIMPSSES OF PUBLIC MEN AT HOME AND ABROAD

WILHELM THE PACIFIC

THE Kaiser seems to have grown mellow of late. He has lost his new Chancellor Von Bethmann Hollweg, who is not suitable for the post anyway. Since his visit to England during the funeral of King Edward he has advocated the marriage of his eldest son to the eldest daughter of King George and Queen Mary; thereby taking a pacific leaf out of his late uncle's note-book. This the terrible Kaiser! who a while ago was considered the disturber of Europe.

At the same time the subjects of the Kaiser are not quite so pacific. There is quite as much political unrest in Germany as in England, though of a different character—with one point of agreement. The Socialist agitation in Germany bears some resemblance to the popular upheaval in England against the Lords. But opposed to the Socialists are the Pan-German party who are not so anxious to reform social conditions within as to adjust matters without. The Pan-Germans desire war. They do not see the use of building a huge fleet and maintaining a vast conscriptive army unless the fleet and the army get something to do. This unconscionable utility! Even the bellicose Kaiser is often credited with the enunciation of a pretty political theory when he says that German ships and soldiers are necessary to preserve the peace of Europe. But the party within are not enamoured of the peace of Europe as long as that means a military dumb show in Germany.

Perhaps after all even in autocratic Germany, the home of egoistic emperors and iron chancellors, the people rule.

* * *

IS IT BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW?

EVER since the days of Pharaoh there seems to have been trouble in administering Egypt. Col. Roosevelt succeeded in bringing the present mal-administration to the notice of the civilised world by his Guildhall speech—which when it is sifted down seems not to have been so bumpiously offensive after all. On one point Mr. Roosevelt agrees with scriptural history—in advising a swift exodus out of Egypt unless conditions can be changed. He had no complaint to make about British domination in any of the other Africas—including the Soudan, Uganda and East Africa, which latter, being under the efficient hand of a Canadian, Sir Percy Girouard, might be expected to have good government. But in Egypt, that riddle of history, he alleges: "Where the effort made by your officials to help the Egyptians towards self-government is taken advantage of by them to try to bring murderous chaos upon the land, then it becomes the primary duty of whomever is responsible for the government in Egypt to establish order." He added also—or get out.

Mr. Roosevelt was hitting at the growth of the Nationalist party which was responsible for the murder of Boutros Pasha, the Christianised Prime Minister. He virtually accuses England of letting self-government get ahead too fast; not so in the Philippines. Of course the United States had experience with the black race long before Mr. Roosevelt entertained Booker T. Washington at the White House; about which time the ex-President seems to have been favourable to more enfranchisement among the blacks. Before leaving for mid-Africa, however, he seems to have hinted that Jeffries should be able to whip Johnson—which has not turned out to be the case; hence the jubilation of American Africa.

Whether the dusky Nationalist party in Egypt consider themselves one of the tribes that made the exodus from Egypt in the reign of Pharaoh or not, it seems they have taken considerable advantage of the leniency of Sir Eldon Gorst, K.C.B., British Agent and Consul-General in Egypt. And it was Sir Eldon Gorst's leniency which Mr.

Roosevelt was criticising. Sir Eldon has been Consul-General in Egypt three years. He succeeded Lord Cromer. Twenty-four years ago, however, he first went to Cairo as an attache. At that time he had put in twenty-five years in British politics and foreign administration; civil commissioner in Waikato, N.Z., '61-'63; M. P. for Cambridge and Chatham; solicitor-general '85-'86; under-secretary for India for five years following; British plenipotentiary to the great labour conference at Berlin in 1890; financial secretary to the Treasury '91-'92; for three years deputy-chairman of committees in the House of Commons; vice-president of committee in the Council of Education; Lord Rector of Glasgow University; besides being adviser to the Ministry of the Interior.

Sir Eldon Gorst's apparent failure to keep the Nationalist party in check cannot be set down to lack of experience. Just what the real causes and conditions are will be better understood when the British public have had time to digest Col. Roosevelt's criticism.

It may be a case of Sir Eldon trying to make bricks without straw; which was the last straw that broke the camel's back a few thousand years ago. At any rate British statesmen have for a good while been content to let things flicker in some of the spheres of influence. Now alleges the *Daily Telegraph*: "The basis of our position is unshaken in Egypt; we intend to stay there; Nationalist agitation on recent lines will be impotent to dislodge us." On the other hand the *Telegraph* admits: "The political status of Egypt is ambiguous. We have substantial control, but not formal sovereignty."

* * *

A CRYPTIC PRESIDENT

PRESIDENT HAYS of the Grand Trunk will be known as the cryptic communicator. His recent letters to Hon. Mackenzie King on arbitration deserve to go on record with the letters of Junius—if not with those of Chesterfield. The Minister of Labour exhorts the railway president and the representative of the strikers to be amicable enough to let the Government arbitrate, paying full cost of the same. Mr. Hays replies rather acidly that in a previous communication he so advised the minister who at that time ignored the advice on the ground that it was not within his province. Mr. King earnestly requests the president to be more explicit. Mr. Hays replies with a two-line note to say that he has nothing to add. We seldom have such curt correspondence

between the head of a railway and the head of a department of government. The President understands his position; also his power. Just at present he is not dealing with what Disraeli called "the amenities of literature."

* * *

A CZAR IN THE AIR

THE Tsar of Bulgaria is the only European monarch who ever went up in the air—in a flying machine. He is said to be the most unpopular monarch in Europe, yet one of the most diligent, determined and effective. He has done more to pull Bulgaria together than any of his predecessors. His kingdom may not be large; but the head of it rules. He is a real czar; which cannot be said of his confrere, Nicholas of Russia. Ferdinand believes in absolutism. When he went up in an aeroplane lately he took occasion to look down upon his subjects from a loftier height than a throne. A few of them hoped he would never come back.

* * *

PUBLIC TRAMPS ABROAD

THIS is a moving season for public men. Half a dozen Canadian dignitaries are cod-fishing at the Hague. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has another aggregation touring the West to find out what the people want—and then not do it; incidentally to inquire why the postage stamp province doesn't cover the envelope. Leader Borden has been touring Ontario telling Conservatives what ails the Grits. Messrs. Bourassa and Monk have been holding open-air demonstrations against an Imperial-colonial navy. Hon. Frank Oliver is reviving his Red River cart days by roughing it over the Yukon, finding out what that part of the interior has by way of new gold fields on the Portland Canal and what it needs in administration. Finally Earl Grey is about to start on a canoe voyage from Lake Winnipeg to Hudson Bay, coming out by way of Labrador.



The Kaiser (left), Admiral Von Holtzendorff (right), and Admiral Von Terpitz (centre), on board the "Hohenzollern," in Kiel Harbour.

This was the first outing of the Emperor after his indisposition. The anxiety apparent in the Imperial countenance is possibly due to the Ministerial Resignations which have been so very frequent of late.



Sir Eldon Gorst, K.C.B.,
Probably does not love Col. Roosevelt either
wisely or too well.

WHEN RAILROADERS FAIL TO AGREE

A pair of Men and a couple of Scenes in the Grand Trunk Strike.



Mr. S. N. Berry, President Railway Conductors, the leader of the strikers.



What happens when some hoodlums interfere with a switch "point." This particular accident happened to the North Bay train while entering Toronto.



Cars collect in the Yards in the early days of a strike.
Photographs by F. H. Foster.



Mr. Todd, Director in Toronto, when Mr. Berry is out of town.

The North Atlantic Fisheries Tribunal

Notes of a Canadian on the dignified assemblage now sitting at the Hague.

A CANADIAN at The Hague sends the Courier his impressions of the North Atlantic Fisheries Tribunal in a personal letter in which he says:

The argument proceeds without intermission at the Tribunal. Sir Robert Finlay opened the British case in an address extending over the sittings of two weeks. He was followed by Ex-Senator Turner of California on behalf of the United States at equal length.

No greater contrast could be offered to the conduct of legal proceedings before dignified tribunals than the mode and manner of these representatives of the two contending countries.

Sir Robert Finlay was dignified, respectful and polished in his manner and matter. His assistants anticipated his every argument by noiselessly placing on his desk the authorities that he desired to read from time to time.

The western senator was noisy, assertive and at times aggravating, especially when interrupted by members of the Tribunal asking questions. The frequent pounding on his desk while speaking only seemed to cease when brusquely turning to his assistants, he asked either for a document or a reminder of a phrase that he wanted to use.

Several times the worthy Senator got at cross-purposes with Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, the Canadian representative on the Tribunal, and considerable temper and want of dignity was displayed on both sides.

Upon one occasion the Canadian Chief Justice appealed to the chairman of the Tribunal for protection against the alleged want of courtesy shown to himself by the Senator, but the chairman evidently thought that the more dignified way was to quietly ask the addressing counsel a question on another phase of the subject under discussion.

The Tribunal is somewhat differently constituted than the one that heard the argument on the Alaska Boundary. Three of the members of the present Tribunal are foreigners and their study of the English language has been strictly that of students. Plain, unvarnished Anglo-Saxon they understand, but the flowing periods of western declamation, it is safe to say, were unknown in their curriculum. They did not say so, of course, but they looked as if they wondered what possible connection some of these expressions could have with cod and mackerel and herring.

From many standpoints it is the first impartial tribunal before which Canadian interests have appeared in opposition to the official contention of the White House.

In the Alaska Boundary, a strong case was presented before a tribunal, the majority of which was prepared almost from the beginning to place the interests of the Dominion secondary to the state or

diplomatic interests of Downing Street, with a result that has yet a bitter taste to Canadians. It has ceased to be a secret confined to official circles that high honours were suggested for the Canadian members of the Alaska Tribunal, provided they would be parties to the Alverstone decision, so anxious was British officialism at that time to placate the republic to the south at the expense of the Dominion.

Nothing of that kind can take place with the tribunal now sitting on the North Atlantic Fisheries at The Hague. The majority of the members of the tribunal are foreign jurists of high reputation, and it is fair to entertain the conviction that no partiality whatever will be shown towards either nation. The verdict of the tribunal, therefore, will likely be a clear and conscientious exposition of the rights of each party under the Treaties of 1783 and 1813, and in no sense on the lines of placating or sacrificing the interests of either of the great contending parties.

Hambourg's Experiences in Canada

MARK HAMBURG, the Hercules of the piano, who last winter made a long tour of Canada, has been relating his experiences in *M. A. P.* Mark saw a great deal more of Canada than any other pianist that ever travelled here, for he played in scores of little towns on side lines, clear from Halifax to Victoria. He says:

"I have recently returned from a four months' tour through Canada, and, like all other tours, it has been productive of more than one amusing incident.

"At a certain junction where we had to wait for our train I noticed an obviously theatrical gentleman on the same platform. He was evidently not given to over-washing himself, and a shave would not have exactly spoiled his beauty; but he seemed very well pleased with himself, and, noticing me, at once sauntered over to where I was standing.

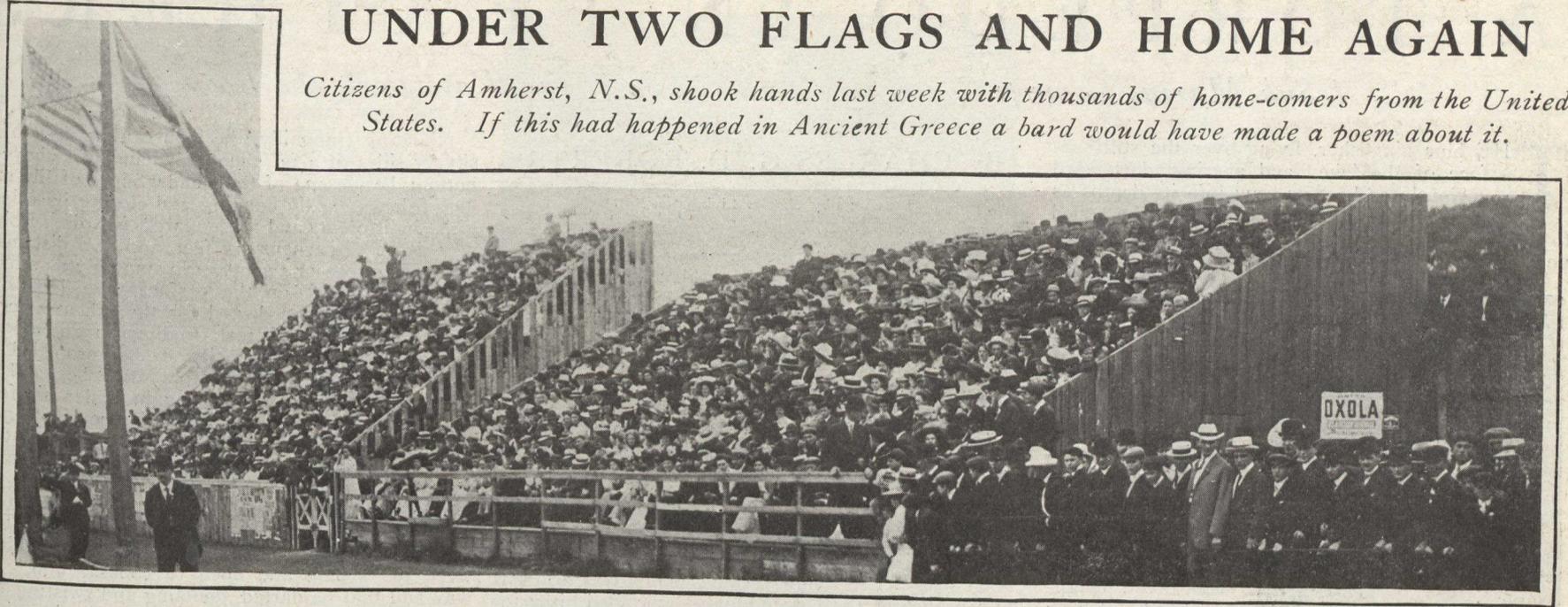
"'Belong to the profession, my boy?' he queried affably. 'Come, don't be proud,' he continued, noticing that we did not regard him very favourably. 'I am on the boards myself, and my wife is a palmist. Now, what are you?' he asked once more.

"'I play the piano,' I said. And you should have seen the look of scorn.

"I met with a peculiar experience at St. John, New Brunswick, where I played in the big Presbyterian hall, which was filled to overflowing. In the middle of my performance of a Nocturne of Chopin, every single light in the hall went out, without the slightest warning. As you may imagine, the results would have been very serious had there been anything like a panic amongst the audience. But I went on playing as though nothing had happened."

UNDER TWO FLAGS AND HOME AGAIN

Citizens of Amherst, N.S., shook hands last week with thousands of home-comers from the United States. If this had happened in Ancient Greece a bard would have made a poem about it.



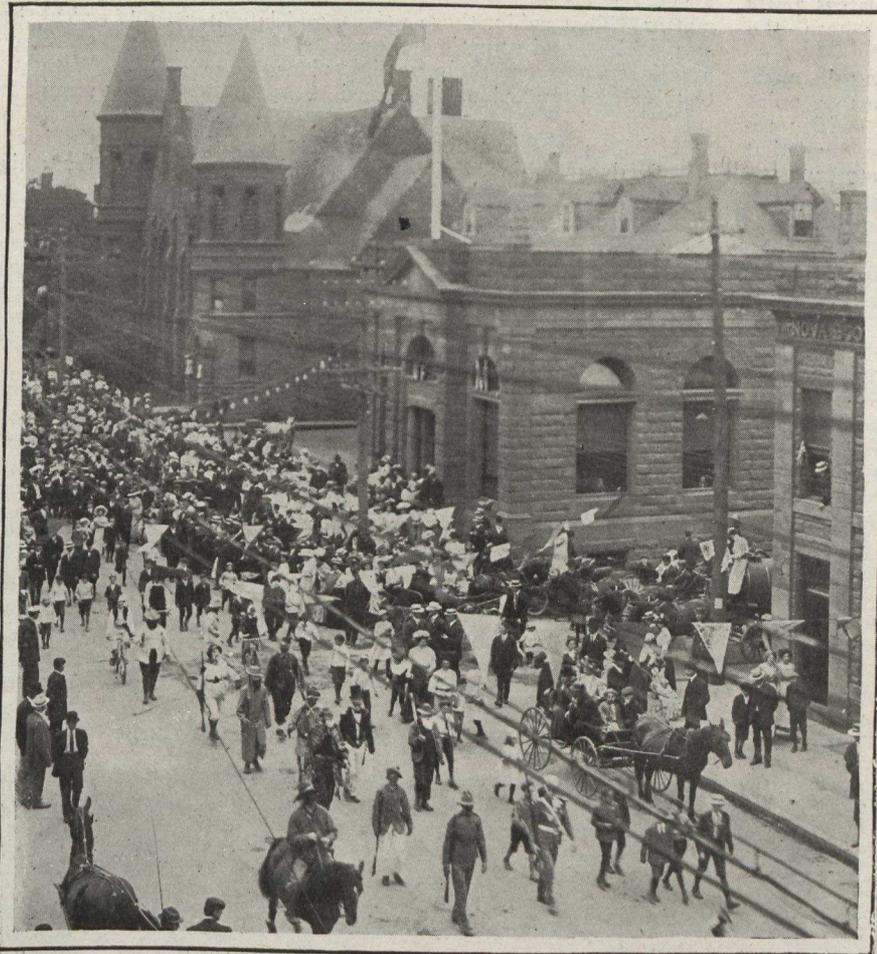
CITIZENS OF AMHERST AND HOME-COMERS FROM THE UNITED STATES WATCHING THE FIFTEEN-MILE RACE

Amherst undertook to make a holiday week as a compliment to hundreds of people who wanted to see the old home town again. It was somewhat an inspiring spectacle, especially to those who remembered the day when from the coast towns and cities along the Atlantic thousands of young men used to go to the United States to get jobs. That exodus is now over. The young men of the Maritime Provinces do better in Canada than they can do elsewhere. Those who went abroad are glad to come back to see the progress made in scores of such old-new towns as Amherst. And the same story is true all over the older parts of Canada.

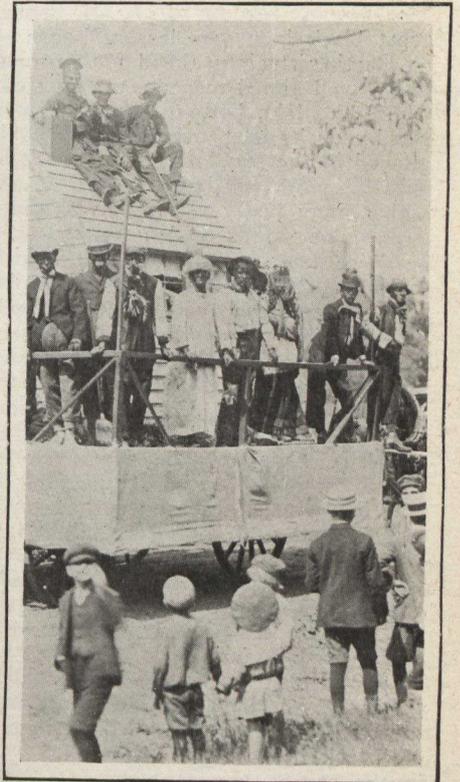


The "Pilgrims" Band and the Donkey.

Canada used to be a good country to leave; but not now. The never-come-back club is getting smaller every year.



Home-Comers' Festival Parade on handsome Victoria Street.



A Float and a Bird's Eye View.

Two Flags, but one Town and one People. Nova Scotia in the 20th Century has changed the exodus into a home-coming.



Decorations and Festival Arch on Victoria St. The citizens of Amherst know how to spend money wisely in a good cause.



Start of the International 15-mile race. Cameron, of Amherst (to the left), was the winner in one hour and twenty-six minutes.

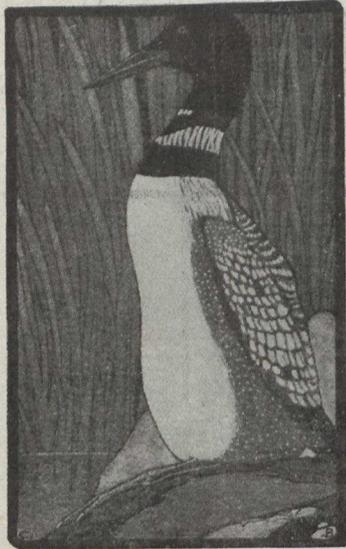
A TORPEDO IN FEATHERS

A Sub-Marine Comedy Concerning that Clown of the Waterfowl, the Loon.

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Drawings by Charles Livingston Bull

THE blue kingfisher, flying over the still surface of the lake, and peering downward curiously as he flew, saw into its depths as if they had been clear glass. What he hoped to see was some small fish—chub, shiner, yellow perch, or trout—basking incautiously near the surface. What he saw



"The loon was a beauty."

was a sinister dark shape, elongated but massive, darting in a straight line through the transparent amber some three or four feet below the surface. Knowing well enough what that meant—no fish is so foolish as to linger in such dread neighbourhood—the kingfisher flew on indignantly, with a loud clattering laugh like a rattle. He would do his fishing, according to his usual custom, in the shallower waters along shore, where the

great black loon was less at home.

Darting straight ahead for an amazing distance, like a well aimed torpedo, the loon came to a point where the lake bottom slanted upward swiftly toward a bushy islet, over a floor of yellow sand that glowed in the sun. Here he just failed to transfix, with his powerful dagger of a bill, a big lake trout which hung lazily waving its scarlet fins beside a rock. The trout's golden rimmed eyes detected the peril in time, just in time, and with a desperate screwlike thrust of his powerful tail he shot aside and plunged into the shadowy deeps. The heavy swirl of his going disturbed an eight-inch chub which chanced at the moment to be groping for larvae in a muddy pocket beneath the rock. Incautiously it sailed forth to see what was happening. Before it had time to see anything, Fate struck it. Caught in the vise of two iron mandibles, it was carried quivering to the surface.

All power of escape crushed out of it by that saw toothed grip, the victim might safely have been dropped and devoured at leisure; but the great loon was too hungry for leisure. Moreover, he was an expert, and he took no risks. With a jerk he threw the fish into the air, caught it head first as it fell, and gulped it down.

For a moment or two he floated motionless, his small, fierce, and peculiarly piercing eyes warily scrutinising the lake in all directions. Then, lifting his black head, which gleamed in the sun with green, purple, and sapphire iridescence, he gave vent to a strange, wild cry like a peal of bitter laughter. The cry echoed hollowly from the desolate shores of the lake. A moment or two later it was answered, in the same hollow and disconcerting tones, and from behind the islet his mate came swimming to meet him.

For a few minutes the two great birds swam slowly round each other, uttering several times their weird cry. As they floated at their ease, unalarmed, they sat high in the water, showing something of the clean, pearly whiteness of their breasts and under parts. Their sturdy, trimly modelled bodies were about three feet in length, from the tips of their straight, formidable green beaks to the ends of their short, stiff tails. Their heads, as we have seen, were of an intense and iridescent black; their necks encircled by collars of black and white; their backs, shoulders, and wings dull black, with white spots and bars. Their feet, very large, broadly webbed, and set extraordinarily far back, almost like those of a penguin, glimmered black as they fanned back and forth in the clear amber water.

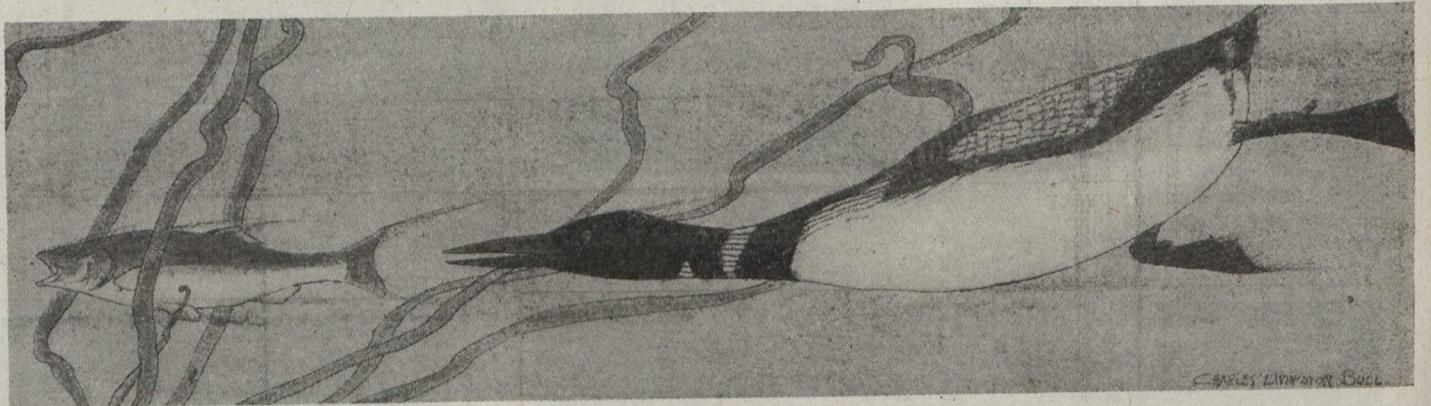
SUDDENLY some movement among the bushes along the near shore, perhaps two hundred yards away, caught their watchful eyes. In an in-

stant, by some mysterious process, they had sunk their bodies completely below the surface, leaving only their snaky heads and necks exposed to view. This peculiar submerged position they held, it seemed, without difficulty. But whatever it was that had alarmed them, it was not repeated, and after perhaps five minutes of cautious watchfulness they slowly reemerged and floated on the surface. Presently the female swam back again behind the islet, laboriously scrambled out upon the shore, waddled to her nest, and settled herself once more to the task of brooding her two big grey-green, brown-blotched eggs. It was the first week in June, and the eggs were near hatching.

The pair of loons were restless and annoyed. Their lake, set in a lonely valley which was drained by a branch of the Upper Quah-Davic, had hitherto seemed to them the perfection of solitude and remoteness. For three years, now, they had been coming to it every spring with the first of the northern flight. But this spring their solitude had been invaded. A pioneer, a squatter with a buxom wife and several noisy children, had come and built a cabin on the shore of the lake. To be sure, the lake was large enough to overlook and forget such a small invasion; but for the loons it was a great matter. That cabin, those voices, and laughter, and axe strokes, and sometimes gunshots, though almost a mile away from their nesting place, were a detestable and unpardonable intrusion.

THE loon was just about to resume his fishing—a business which, on account of his phenomenal appetite, took up most of his time—when once more a movement in the bushes, caught his vigilant eye. At the same instant a flash of white fire jetted through the leafy screen, a vicious report rang out, and a shower of shot cut the water into spurting streaks all about him. But he was not there. Inconceivably swift, he had dived at the flash itself. The lead that would have riddled him struck the empty swirl where he had vanished. A lanky youth with a gun stepped out from behind the bushes, stared in sulky disappointment, and presently strolled off down the shore to look for less elusive game.

The shattered calm of the lake surface had time to rebuild itself before the loon reappeared. A hundred yards away from the spot where he had dived, his head thrust itself above the water, a tiny black speck on the silvery sheen. It disappeared instantly. When it once more came to the surface it was so far from shore that its owner felt safe. After a few moments devoted to inspection of the hunter's retreating form, the loon rose completely and sent a long, derisive peal of his wild laughter echoing down the lake. The lanky youth turned and shook



"The loon followed each turn with the agility of an eel."

his fist at him, as if threatening to settle the score at a later day.

THE loon had come by this time to a part of the lake where the depth was not more than six or seven feet, and the bottom was of rich, firm mud, covered with rank growths. Here and there a solitary lily plant, a stray from the creamy blossomed, nectar breathing colony over in the nearby cove, lifted to the surface its long, pipelike stems and flat, sliding disks of leaves. It was a favourite resort, this, of almost every kind of fish that inhabited the lake—except, of course, of the minnows and other little fry, which would have been promptly made to serve as food for their bigger kinsmen, had they ventured into so fatal a neighbourhood.

Floating tranquilly, the loon caught sight of the silvery sides of a fat chub, balancing just above the bottom, beside one of the slender pipes of lily stalk. The fish was lazily opening and closing its crimson gills, indifferent, and with a well fed air. It hung at a depth of perhaps six feet, and at a distance of perhaps sixteen or twenty. So smoothly as scarcely to leave a swirl on the surface, the loon dived straight down, then darted for the fish at a terrific pace. His powerful feet, folding up and opening out at each lightning-swift stroke, propelled him like a torpedo just shot from its tube, and tiny bubbles, formed by the air caught under his feathers, flicked upward along his entire course.

The chub caught sight of this shape of doom rushing upon him through the golden tremor of the water. He shot off in a panic, seeking some deep crevice or some weed thicket dense enough to hide him. But the loon was almost at his tail. There was no crevice to be found, and the weed thickets were too sparse and open to conceal him. This way and that he darted, doubling and twisting frantically round every stalk or stone; but, in spite of his bulk, the loon followed each turn with the agility of an eel. The loosened silt boiled up in wreaths behind his violent passage, and the weeds swayed in the wake of the thrusting webs.

In less than a minute the chase—the turmoil of which drove every other fish, large or small, in terror from the feeding ground—came suddenly to an end. Rising abruptly with the fish gripped in his great beak, the loon burst out upon the surface, sending shoreward a succession of circling ripples. Without ceremony he gulped his meal. Then, swimming rather low in the water and with head thrust out before him, he hurried to his nesting place on the islet, as if he thought he had been too long away from his domestic duties.

THE spot on the islet where the loons had their nest was almost concealed. It was in a grassy cup within four or five feet of the water's edge, and sheltered only by a thin screen of bushes on the landward side. Toward the sky it was quite open. There had seemed to be little need of concealment, before the intruder, man, came to the lake. The islet was too far from the main shore to be in danger from the visits of foxes or bears, fishers or racoons. And as for the sky—well, the loon had little fear of anything that flew. Because of this lack of apprehension from skyward, even his colouring was not very protective, his glossy back, barred and mottled with pure white, being fairly conspicuous against the greys and greens and browns that surrounded the nest.

Neither he nor his mate had any particular objection to being seen by any marauder of the air. Even the murderous goshawk or the smaller, but even more fearless, duckhawk, would know better than to swoop down on the uplifted dagger of a nesting loon. And as for the eagle, though doubt-

less strong enough to master such an antagonist in the end, he is wise enough to know that the loon's punishing beak and bulldog courage in defense of the nest would make the victory an expensive and painful one.

But there was one enemy besides man whom the loons had cause to fear even on their secluded islet. They hated the mink with a well founded hate. He could easily swim out to discover and rob their nest, and if he should find it for a moment unguarded, his agility would enable him to keep well clear of their avenging wrath. On the nest neither male nor female feared to meet the mink's attack, their lithe necks and unerring quickness of thrust being sufficient defense even against so formidable a robber. But their movements on land—an awkward, flop-

ping series of waddles—were so slow that, in the case of a mink arriving, the precious eggs would be safe only while actually covered. A big mink had been seen that very morning prowling down the opposite shore, and both birds were uneasy. They seemed now to be taking counsel upon that or some other equally important matter.

For the next few days, however, the life of the loons was tranquil, with good fishing to content their appetites, and no untoward event to make them anxious. Then came a day when the patient mother on her nest could not conceal her happiness and her excitement; when the male, forgetful of meals, stood for hours at a time in interested expectancy beside the nest. The strong chicks within the eggs were beginning to stir and chip the shell. It was not the day that the big mink should have chosen for his expedition to the islet.

FOR several weeks the mink had been on the point of swimming out to explore that little patch of rocks and grass and bushes, sentinelled by one dark fir tree. Such a secluded spot, out of reach of most forest prowlers, might well afford something special in the way of good hunting. Hitherto one thing or another had always diverted him from his purpose, and he had gone off on another trail. But today nothing intervened. His long, lithe, black body curving like a snake's, he ran down the bank, lifted his triangular, vicious looking head for a survey of the lake, and plunged into the water with a low splash.

Now, the vision of the mink, though sharp enough at close quarters, has nothing like the power and penetration of the loon's. The mink could see the islet, the rocks, the bushes, the sentinel fir tree; but he could not make out the figure of the loon standing beside the nest. The loon, on the other hand, could see him with absolute distinctness, as if not more than fifty feet away.

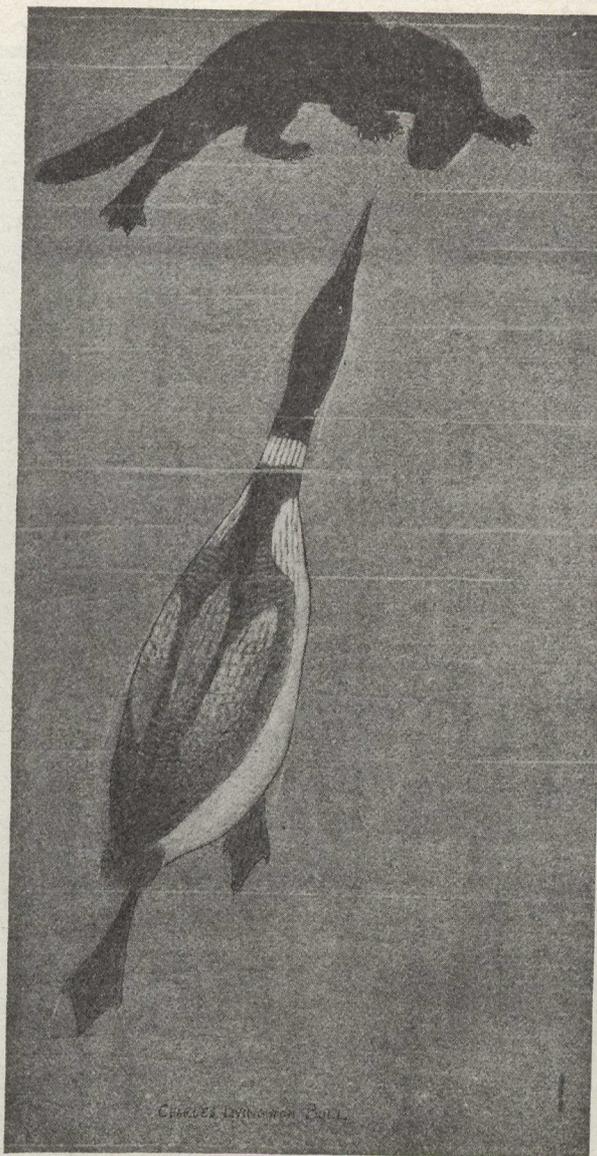
As has already been noted, the day was not well chosen for the mink's trip to the islet. The loon stiffened himself with anger, and his round bright eyes hardened implacably. The mother settled down closer over the stirring eggs and turned her head to stare malevolently at the long pointed trail which the swimmer's head was drawing on the lake surface. Her mate stood for some seconds as motionless as a charred stump. Then, slipping noiselessly down the bank, he glided into the water and dived from sight.

The lake was deep at this point, the main channel of the stream, upon which the lake was threaded like a great oval bead on a slender string, running between the islet and the mainland. The loon plunged nearly to the bottom, that he might run no risk of being detected by the enemy. More than ever like a torpedo as he pierced the brown depths, he darted forward to the attack. Two or three great lake trout, seeing the approach of the black, rushing shape, made way in terror and hid in the deepest weed patch they could find. But the loon was not thinking of fish. The most tempting titbit in the lake, at that moment, might have brushed against his feathers with impunity.

At last, still far ahead of him, he saw the enemy's approach. As he looked upward through the water, the under surface was like a radiant but half transparent mirror, on which the tiniest floating object, even a fly or a wild cherry petal, stood out with amazing distinctness. The dark body of the swimming mink was large and black and menacing against its setting of silver, and the ripples spread away from his chin, ever widening, till they faded in the shore behind him. The loon kept straight on till the mink was almost above him, then he turned and shot upward.

THINKING, doubtless, of some wild duck's nest, well filled with large green eggs, which he would devour at his ease after sucking the blood of the brooding mother, the mink swam on steadily toward the islet. The worn grey rocks and fringing grass grew nearer, and the details began to separate themselves to his fierce little eyes. Presently he made out the black shape of the female loon, sitting on her nest and eyeing him. That promised something interesting. The blood leapt in his veins and he raced forward at redoubled speed; for the mink goes into his frays with a rampant blood lust that makes him always formidable even to creatures of twice his weight.

It was just at this moment that his alert senses took note of a strange, vague heaving in the water beneath him, a sort of dull and broad vibration. Swiftly he ducked his head, to see if perchance the whole lake bottom was rising up at him. But he had no time to see anything. It was as if a red hot iron was jabbed straight upward through the tender back part of his throat, and a swarm of stars exploded in his brain. Then he knew nothing more.



“Swiftly he ducked his head to see if, perchance the whole Lake bottom was rising up at him.”

The loon's steel-like bill had pierced to, and penetrated, the base of the skull, and with one convulsive kick the robber's body straightened itself out upon the water.

Shaking his head like an angry terrier, the loon wrenched his bill free and hurried back to reassure his mate, leaving the body of the mink to sink languidly to the bottom. Here, among the weeds, it was presently discovered by the eels and crawfish, faithful scavengers, who saw to it that there should be nothing left to pollute the sweet lake waters.

ON the following day the two awkward, dingy hued, downy chicks were hatched, and thenceforth the parents were kept busy supplying their extremely healthy appetites. The havoc wrought among the finny hordes, the trout and togue* and chub, the redfins, shiners, and minnows, was enormous. The loon chicks, enterprising and industrious, speedily learned to help their parents by hunting the small fry in the sunlit shallows along the shore.

But the loon family were not the only ardent fishermen on those waters. The newcomers, the man family, they too liked fish, and had no mean skill in catching them. In fact, their methods were stupidly and slaughterously destructive, well calculated to quite clean out the lake in two or three seasons. They set a big purse seine right across the channel, and, worst of all, they dragged the deep, dark pools, wherein, now that the waters were growing warmer under the mid-June sun, the biggest trout and togue were wont to gather for coolness. Their one thought was to get their larder well stocked with salted fish, against the coming winter. Future winters might look out for themselves.

For sometime the great loon, though more enterprising and wide ranging than his prudent mate, had kept careful distance from the nets and net stakes, as from all the other visible manifestations of man. But at last he grew accustomed to the tall, immovable stakes in the channel, which supported the purse seine. He concluded that they were harmless, or even impotent, and decided to investigate them.

As he approached, the dim meshes of the net,

*The togue is a peculiar grey lake trout of Maine and New Brunswick, which grows to great size, and is to be caught only with bait or a spoon.

shimmering vaguely in the bright water, excited his suspicions. He sheered off warily and swam round the seine at a prudent distance. At last he found the opening. There seemed to be no danger anywhere in sight; so after some hesitation he sailed in. The ordered, curving rows of the stakes, the top line of the net, beaded with a few floats, here and there rising above the water—it was all very curious, but it did not seem in any way hostile. He eyed it scornfully. For what was neither dangerous nor useful he had a highly practical contempt. Having satisfied his curiosity, and allayed a certain uneasiness with which he had always regarded the great set-net, he turned to swim out again. But at this moment he chanced to look down; then he paused.

THE sight that met his eyes was one to stir the blood of any fisherman. He was just over the purse, that fatal chamber whence so few who enter it ever find the exit. The narrow space was crowded with every kind of fish that frequented the lake, except for the slim eels and the small fry that could swim through the meshes. It was the chance of a loon's lifetime. Flashing downward, he darted this way and that ecstatically among the frantic prisoners, transfixing half a dozen in succession, to make sure of them, before he seized a big trout for his immediate meal. Gripping the victim savagely in his bill, he slanted toward the surface—and plunged into a slack bight of the net.

Luckily for him, he was within a foot of the air before he struck the deceitful meshes. Carried on by the impetus of his rush, he bore the net upward with him, and emerged into the full sun. In the shock of his surprise he dropped the fish, and at the same time gulped his lungs full of fresh air. For perhaps half a minute he thrust and flapped and tore furiously, expecting to break through the elusive obstacle, which yielded so freely that he could get no hold upon it, yet always thrust him back with suave but inexorable persistence. At length, realising himself foiled in this direction, he sank downward like a stone, thinking to back out of the struggle and rise somewhere else. But, to his horror, the bight of the net came down with him, refusing to be left. In his struggles he had completely enmeshed himself.

And now, probably for the very first time in a not uneventful life, the great loon lost his head. He began to fight blindly, overwhelmed by panic terror. Plunging, kicking, beating with half fettered wings, striking with his beak in semiparalysed fashion because he had not room to stretch his neck to its full length, he was soon utterly exhausted. Moreover, he was more than half drowned. At last, a dimness coming over the golden amber light, he gave up in despair. With a feeble, despairing stroke of his webbed feet, he strove to get back to the surface. Happily for him, the net in this direction was not relentless. It yielded without too much resistance, and the hopelessly entangled prisoner came to the top. Lying there in the meshes, he could at least draw breath.

WHEN, a little later in the day, he saw a boat approaching up the lake, with two of the dreaded man creatures in it, he gave one final, mighty struggle, which lashed the water into foam and sent the imprisoned fish into fresh paroxysms, and then, with the stoicism that some of the wild creatures can display in the moment of supreme and hopeless peril, he lay quite still, eying the foe defiantly.

One of the beings in the boat was that same lanky youth whose attempt to shoot the loon had been such a conspicuous failure. The other was the lanky youth's father, the pioneer himself. At sight of the trussed up captive, the youth shouted exultantly:

“It's that darn loon, what's eatin' all the fish in the lake. I'll fix his fishin'!” and lifting his oar from the thole pins he raised it to strike the helpless bird.

“Don't be sich a fool, Zeb!” interrupted the father. “Ye'll git more money for that bird alive, down to Fredericton, than all the fish in the net's worth. A loon like that ain't common. He's a beauty!”

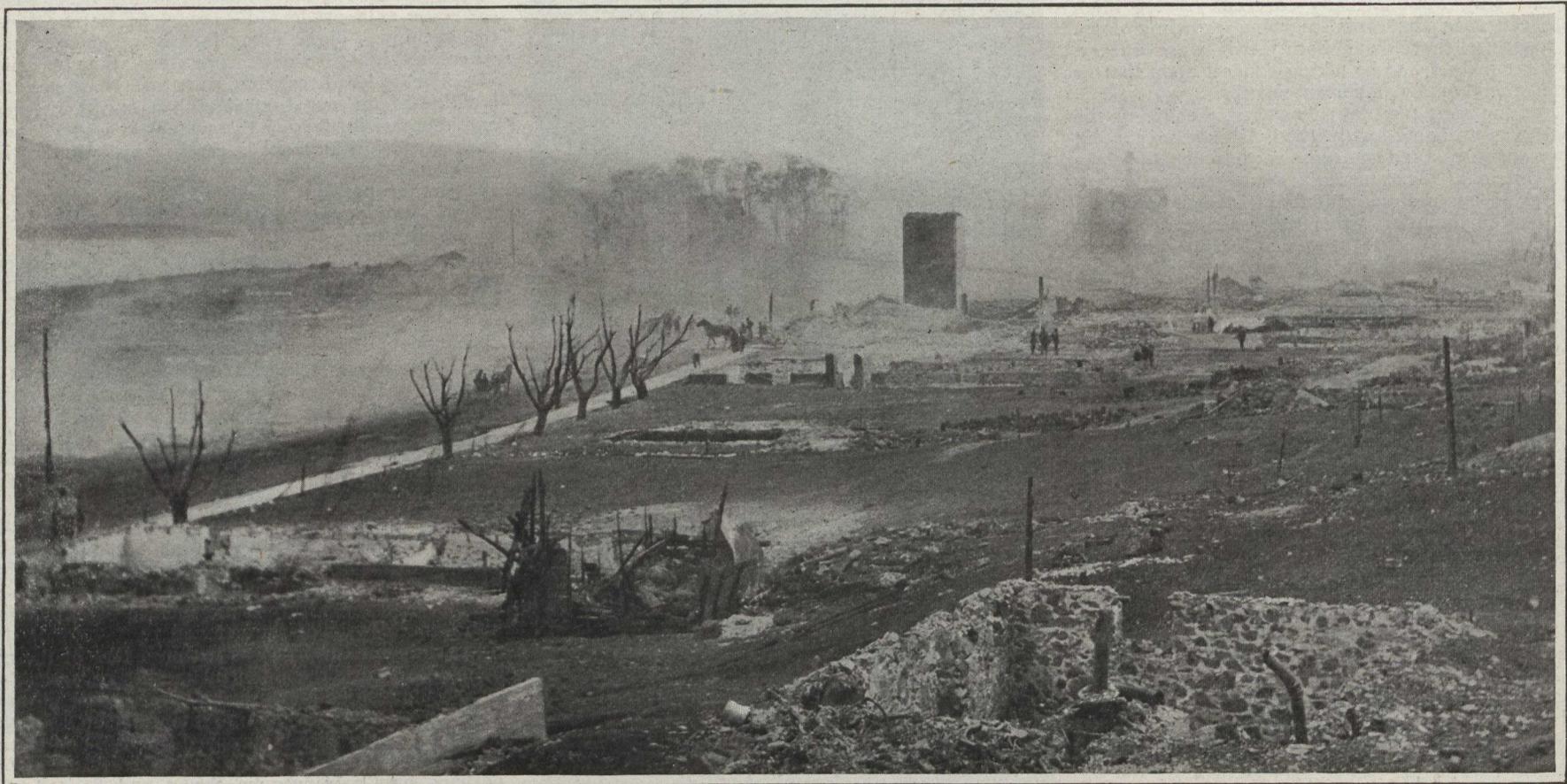
The youth dropped his oar and leaned over to snatch up the prize. But he jumped back with alacrity as his father snapped, “Look out!”

“What for?” he demanded rather sheepishly.

“Why,” replied the older man, “he'll stick you like a pig, with that knife beak of his'n, if ye don't look sharp. Reach me yer jacket. We'll wrap up his head till we kin git him clear o' the net.”

The youth obeyed. Helplessly swathed in the heavy homespun jacket, whose strong man-smell enraged and daunted him, the great bird was dis-

ANOTHER LUMBER TOWN GONE UP IN SMOKE



When a few hours flurry of fire got through with Campbellton, N.B., the remains were as weird as a scene from Dante's Inferno. The dim background of river and hill makes the ruins still more impressive.



All that was left of the Campbellton Fire Brigade Apparatus.



Homeless Fire Sufferers Picnicking after a heavy rain.

CITIES AND EMIGRATION

THE *Medical Record* (New York) takes a friendly interest in Canada. A writer in that paper has been studying the problem of cities and emigration. He claims that Canada, for instance, is better off without the mentally and physically inferior stock of British cities:

"In Europe the situation has reached the acute stage, but it is only in England that the question has been seriously considered from the standpoint of eugenics. Emigration used to afford a safety-valve to some extent, but now neither this country nor Canada will admit those termed undesirables, the people that Europe is most anxious to get rid of.

"The problem is intricate. In Europe, and especially in Great Britain, and in this country in a lesser degree, the state of affairs is this: In the large cities, and in the poor parts of these in particular, the population is increasing by leaps and bounds. That is to say, the most prolific urban inhabitants are, generally speaking, wretchedly poor and not infrequently vicious and criminal. The point is, what is to be done to stay this form of propagation of the human species, or, perhaps, what steps shall be taken to uplift the masses? The decision to be arrived at is whether the next generation of city dwellers are to be recruited from the five-cent show, the music hall, the skating rink, the unsanitary dwelling and factory, or from a healthier, purer, and more elevated environment and

class. In brief, it is a question of breeding and environment."

Much of this might be said of our own Canadian cities, some of the largest of which are beginning to develop conditions similar to those in older countries. Further, this critic says:

"After all, man is more dependant upon brains than upon muscle. The mental powers of a Pasteur, a Koch, or a Lister are worth more to the world in every way than the muscles of a Jeffries, a Johnson, a Grace, or a Hanlan. The puny, sickly, or deformed child, which in primitive circumstances would have succumbed to the law of nature known as the survival of the fittest, may possess, often, indeed, has possessed, the brain of a great discoverer.

Canadian Art in England

THE first noteworthy collection of Canadian pictures ever shown in England is now being exhibited at Liverpool. A few months ago a delegation of Canadian artists made the selection which was intended to be a feature of the Festival of Empire, cancelled on account of King Edward's death.

The London *Times* had a recent appreciation of these pictures which goes to show quite as eloquently as any advertisement Canada ever had

in England, the progress of this country. They expect wheat and cattle and apples and cheese from Canada; but not so obviously pictures.

The *Times* says:

"The dominant note of Canadian art is landscape, particularly the wonderful autumnal and winter effect, which are so characteristic of the country and can be seen nowhere else. E. F. Boyd, in 'Red Autumn' conveys the striking effect of sunset in the red tints of the maple, which so vividly suggest a forest blaze in the distance. A. Suzor Cote is one of the most successful of the many artists who find inspiration in the Canadian winter, as witness his 'Stream in Winter' and his early spring picture of 'Primitive Sugar Camp,' a forest of maple trees whence the native obtains a plentiful supply of sap, which makes such delicious sugar.

"Harry Britton, Clarence Gagnon (who ranks easily first as an etcher), and J. S. Gordon are also successful in transcribing the many moods of 'Our Lady of Snows,' Homer Watson, the past president of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts, finds much of his inspiration in the earlier chapters of Canadian history, in the pioneer work of the early settlers when they had to battle with the opposing forces of man and nature, but two of his pictures, 'Lone Cattle Shed' and 'The Dry Creek,' are typical Canadian scenes of to-day. The river, the lake and the sea are the subjects of capital pictures by Archibald Browne, F. H. Brigden and W. Smith.

"The portraits are few, but excellent."

ANTI-NAVY FIREWORKS IN QUEBEC



A few French-Canadians at St. Eustache, P.Q., on July 17th, listening to Mr. Henri Bourassa fulminate against either a Liberal "tin-pot" Navy or Conservative Dreadnoughts. Mr. Bourassa would have his French compatriots believe in "decentralisation."



Mr Henri Bourassa talks against an Imperial Colonial Navy in Quebec, while Sir Wilfrid Laurier justifies it in the West.

IT has been generally supposed that the Peace Parliament is at the Hague. It appears now that cod-fishing is the pastime of the Hague while the real peace conference was held at St. Eustache Sunday before last. In this pleasant little pastoral village, hours after the church bell had done tolling, gathered five thousand French folk at the call of Mr. F. D. Monk, member for Jacques Cartier, in whose constituency the meeting was held. Mr. Monk, Conservative, has defected from Mr. Borden in the House of Commons; which Mr. P. D. Ross of the *Ottawa Journal* agrees with the *Toronto News* is a good thing for Mr. Borden. One of the reasons was the navy question. Another was—Monk. So the member for Jacques Cartier may call ebullient meetings without being accused of Tory disloyalty.

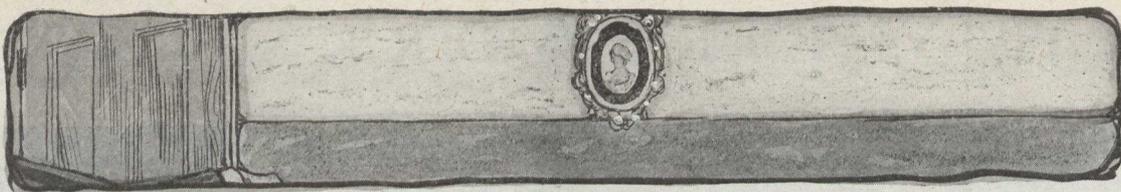
The lion of the hour, however, was Mr. Henri Bourassa, Nationalist, who a year or so ago began to differ from Sir Wilfrid Laurier as Mr. Monk does from Mr. Borden. One of the several reasons for this Liberal defection was—army and navy. Another was—Bourassa.

So both these malcontent and capable gentlemen censured openly at St. Eustache the naval policy of the present Parliament, both Grit and Tory. They denounced "centralisation" and the "vortex of militarism." They propagated a peace policy based upon the plough. It was a pretty spectacle. The habitant ready to defend his doorstep and his "Canada terre de nos aieux," must not be asked to go gunning or paying taxes for a distant Imperial war, while the self-governing colonies do not "enjoy with the Mother Country, and upon an equal footing, the sovereign power and authority which control the imperial army and navy, treaties of peace and alliance, foreign relations and the government of India and of the Crown colonies."

Thus said Mr. Henri Bourassa and Mr. Monk.



Mr. F. D. Monk, Conservative, differs from Mr. Borden as much as Mr. Bourassa does from Sir Wilfrid.



"Colonel Drouski entered the latter room closing the door behind him."

THE MYSTERIOUS COL. DROUSKI

Only a Trail of Gold and a Seal of Silence Follows his Course Through the Hotel der Grosse

By W. A. FRASER,

Illustrated by T. O. Marten.



WHO was Colonel Drouski—who was Salvini Rubitini, and Karl Pffer, and "Little Manon"? Do not hope to discover in this incomplete story, Reader.

Herr Fienberg, of the Hotel Der Grosse, only knows by whose supreme authority he was cast into discipline—the seal and the name on the firman.

Hawkins, the house detective, carries in his soul the eternal query of who and why; but he has the solace of gold for the little part he played.

If one could imagine the long corridor of the Hotel Der Grosse as a jungle path, the myriad lights in its arched ceiling as stars, and the brilliant-gowned women festooning its border as exotic orchids, one could, by a slight metamorphosis in transmigration, picture Karl Pffer a restless tiger prowling with nervous ceaselessness this jungle path.

Women gazed at him apprehensively, and men frowned as he passed.

Of this Pffer knew nothing; to him it was a veritable unpeopled jungle path. Tall, gaunt, stoop-shouldered, he paced the narrow lane, to the sides of which clung the human butterflies, almost brushing their gaudy wings with the skirts of his loose coat.

As Pffer passed through the office, continuing on down the corridor that led to the cafe, a tall, powerful, heavy-shouldered man, black-bearded and carrying in his military poise and swarthy face somehow a suggestion of the Czar's service, whirled on his heel and followed with his eye the weird figure of the eccentric.

Then, addressing the hotel clerk, he asked carelessly: "Who is that droll gentleman, Clerk?"

"His name is Karl Pffer—he's a guest in the house, he's queer in his ways; I think he must have some trouble on his mind," the clerk answered.

The questioner was lighting a cigarette as though he had lost interest in the eccentric's record; as the clerk finished speaking he wrote in the register, "Col. Drouski, London."

THE eccentric was passing as Colonel Drouski turned from the desk, and he watched the gaunt figure with curious intentness. When Pffer turned into the cafe the Russian's big black eyes rested hungrily upon the door for two minutes; then their owner swung down the big hallway with a military stride and, standing just within the cafe, ran his eye over the throng of diners till his gaze fell upon the narrow-gabled shoulders of Pffer at a table not far from the entrance. Colonel Drouski stepped back into the somber-gloomed corridor and watched intently the diner. He could hear the slip, slip of Pffer's long nervous hands as their owner rubbed them together in fierce restlessness; it was like the *spooof, spooof* of a panther's pads upon a cage floor. At times there was a red glint from something that Pffer twirled with lightning rapidity between the tips of his fingers; then it would disappear, the crimson glint of light, and the palm would give forth a note of soft friction; and again, as suddenly, the red eye would blink viciously at Colonel Drouski.

The uncanny will-o'-the-wisp was a ring that Pffer slipped on and off his finger with a celerity of movement that was almost undiscoverable. He seemed consumed by a very devil of unrest. He had taken nothing but a cup of broth and was even now rising from the table.

Drouski turned and moved a few paces away; as the man he had watched emerged from the cafe he followed him. Where the corridor intersected the office was like a hive thronged by human bees—their droning was like the babble of a small cataract. Drouski saw Pffer push his way through the crowd to the cashier's wicket, pay his bill, and speak to the head porter. Drouski, pressing closer,

heard the porter say to one of his men: "Luggage down from 1447 at seven-thirty."

Pffer turned away and entered the elevator.

COLONEL Drouski looked at the clock—the hands marked seven; he took a seat in one of the big leather chairs, his black eyes holding in easy compass the office, the exit by the porter's stand, even the main elevator just beyond. When the hands on the big clock indicated the half-hour his eyes became more restless, more active in the sweep of their watchful search. At eight he stepped to the porter's desk and asked if the guest from No. 1447 had gone yet.

The head porter addressed a query to one of his men; then he left the desk, and Colonel Drouski saw him converse in low tones with the other porter.

"Luggage has not come down yet, sir," the Head answered presently; "the gentleman is not down yet."

There was a hesitancy in the answer that caused Colonel Drouski to frown impatiently as he resumed his seat. Presently his attention was attracted by a commotion just beyond the elevator.

A group of men, notebooks in hand, were seated about a short, stout, coarse-voiced man who was speaking in loud, defiant tones.

As Colonel Drouski, leaving his sentinel post, drew near this group he heard the little man's strident voice saying:

"You can give this to your papers, and I stand for it. See? The manager tried to hush this up. They'd like to bury the man on the quiet, but I wouldn't stand for it."

Pencils scampered over sheets of rough paper as this declaration of independence was registered to the glory of devotion to duty. One reporter nudged a fellow scribe and muttered under his breath: "I guess the Manager wouldn't part—Old Porky wanted to touch him for two hundred to keep the thing dark, and Davis probably told him to go to hell. I've written what the coroner says, but I'll tell the Ed. to kill it."

"It was suicide, then, Mr. Coroner?" a boy of a reporter asked.

"Yes, clear case; been dead for more'n an hour. Temporary insanity. He's been acting queer ever since he's been here—a week."

"What was his name, Mr. Coroner?"

"Karl Pffer, and that's all anybody knows so far."

AS the harsh voice grated stumblingly over the German name Colonel Drouski's shoulders straightened spasmodically, his dark face grew almost white. He turned on his heel and strode swiftly to the office desk, saying to the clerk: "I wish to see the proprietor at once."

Mr. Fienberg was in his private office; when Colonel Drouski was ushered in he said: "I am led to believe that one of your guests, Mr. Karl Pffer, is dead in his room—am I right?"

"You are right, sir, I am sorry to say. It's a dreadful affair, dreadful for my house; the poor gentleman committed suicide, I understand."

"I wish to see him—to view the body," Colonel Drouski expressed.

"My dear sir," the proprietor answered, "the coroner has the matter fully in hand; there will be trouble enough for me over it, so you will pardon me if I decline to interfere in any way."

Colonel Drouski's black eyes searched the proprietor's face for a second, then he said: "You are not an American, Herr Fienberg—I mean you were born and lived under this rule?" The Colonel, speaking very deliberately, drew from his pocket a leather wallet, and from this he extracted a paper which he held up so that the proprietor could peruse its writings.

Fienberg's eyes travelled rapidly along a few lines, then they dropped suddenly to a seal and one name at the bottom of the page. He was trembling as Colonel Drouski, leisurely folding the paper and replacing it in the wallet, said: "I see that you remember some almost forgotten things. Now you will understand why it is so necessary for me to interest myself, even though I should be the unwilling means of causing you a slight inconvenience."

"You are at perfect liberty—" Fienberg hesitated and looked at the other.

"Colonel Drouski, Herr Fienberg."

"Yes, Colonel Drouski, you are at perfect liberty to investigate fully. My house detective, Mr. Hawkins, is at your disposal—I will speak to him—so it will be unnecessary to—to—"

"Yes, quite unnecessary to enlighten Mr. Hawkins—to explain anything," Colonel Drouski interrupted.

"It was like this, Colonel Drouski," Detective Hawkins said as he closed and locked the door of 1447 behind him. "When the porter came 'ere for the poor gentleman's luggage 'e couldn't get in, so the maid opens the door for 'im. The porter sees Mr. Pffer at this little writing table with 'is 'ead on 'is arm and thinks 'e's fell asleep. The porter speaks to the gentleman and, as 'e don't answer, 'e touches 'im on the shoulder; then 'e finds as 'ow the poor gentleman is stone dead, and in the fingers of 'is right 'and is a little bottle marked 'Poison.' As you see, sir, the luggage is all packed. Of course, I'm called at once, and the coroner comes, and we find all the gentleman's money in a wallet in 'is breast pocket. So it wasn't robbery—nothing was touched; besides, the door was locked and the key on the inside. The poor gentleman was just gone off 'is 'ead and went the way many a poor devil before 'im 'as gone."

When Hawkins had finished speaking Colonel Drouski stepped to the bed on which lay the body of Pffer, with the hands folded across the breast.

The finger that had held the glittering ruby was devoid of a ring.

Drouski examined the body minutely.

"Has anything been removed from this room?" he asked of Hawkins; "has the floor been swept—has anything been picked up—a ring?"

"Nothing of that sort, sir—everything is just as it was. There might be some of the gentleman's jewellery in 'is 'and-bag that is 'ere on the chair—I've brought the gentleman's keys from the office."

"With your permission, Mr. Hawkins, I'll just take a look."

IN the bag was a small leather jewel case containing a tie-pin and a few other articles, but not the ring Drouski was searching for. Then the Colonel got down on his hands and knees; he was like a huge bear as he prowled under the bed and searched beneath the bureau, even with the detective's assistance shifted articles of furniture. He carried the waste-paper basket to the dresser and examined its contents close to the strong light. The ring was not there; just an envelope torn into half-a-dozen pieces.

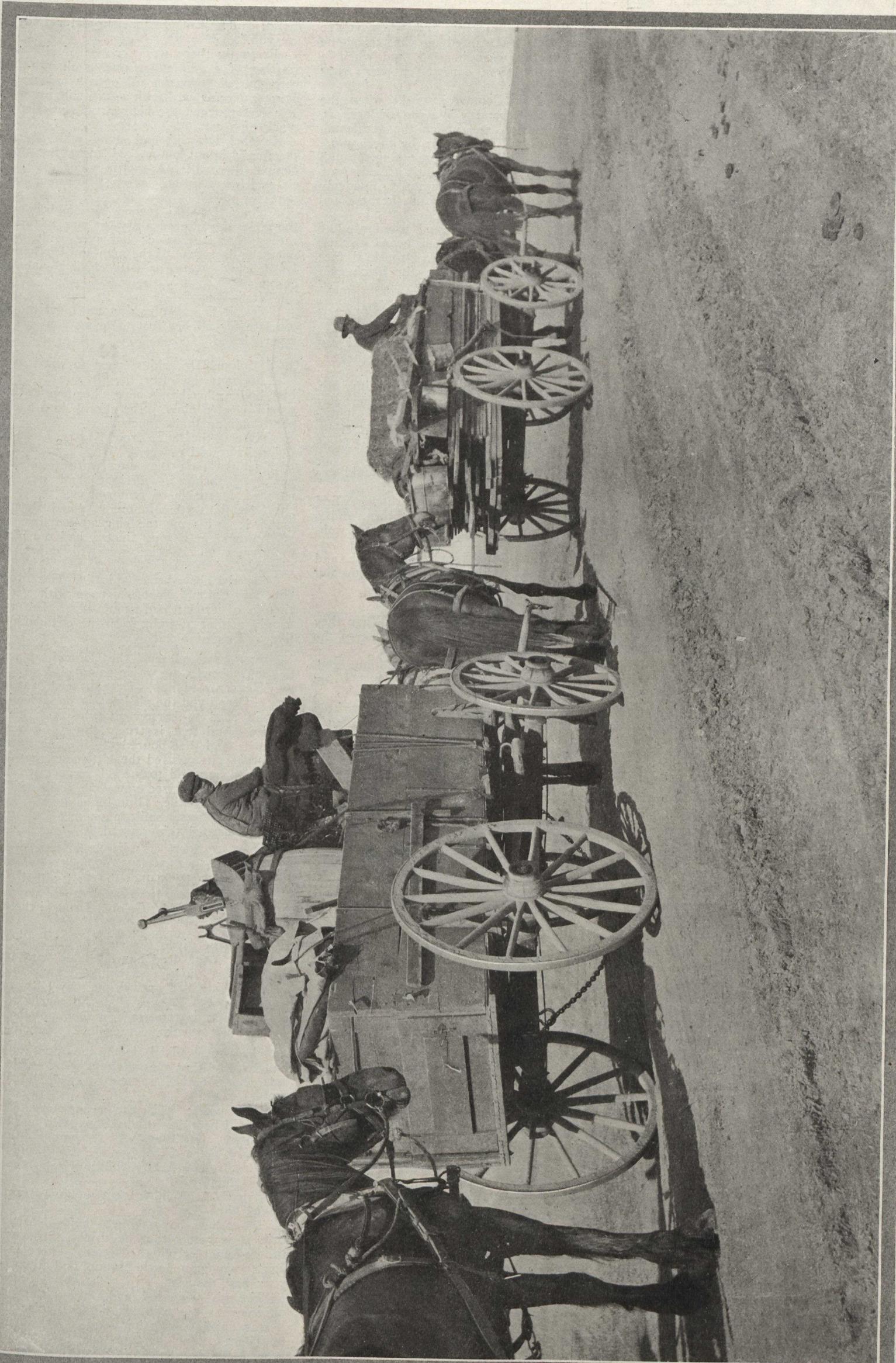
This seemed to attract his attention. He matched the fragments carefully and read an address—Countess Boskovitch, Hotel Del Monte. Below this was the initial letter of a street drowned in a splatter of ink. The paper was punctured as though the pen had caught in something bulky enclosed within.

Drouski placed the torn envelope in his leather wallet and, taking the chair in which Pffer had met his death, pondered deeply for a few minutes, continuously passing a strong muscular hand over the mass of black hair that bristled in aggressive stiffness upon his head.

"Now, Mr. Officer," he said firmly, "I think we may safely conclude that Baron—what did I say? I said Karl Pffer, didn't I, Officer?"

There was a curious dominating expression in the black eyes that Hawkins looked into, and he answered briskly: "Yes, sir; you certainly men-

ON THE ROAD TO SOUTHERN ALBERTA WHERE THEY DON'T NEED RAIN



C. P. R. COLONISTS FROM ACROSS THE BORDER TREKKING INTO THE IRRIGATION TRACT SOUTH-EAST OF CALGARY.

The head waggon has lumber enough for a shack and a few kitchen utensils to fill up. The next rig in the caravan holds most of the household "goods" and goods with room on top for the washing-machine, the tent-covers and the dry-goods. The last in the procession carries the supreme boss of the new housekeeping operations—the woman in the case. And they're all as happy as an Alberta summer-day is long.

tioned Karl Pffer—at least I 'eard no other name."

"That's right, Mr. Hawkins; I see you are an officer of extraordinary quality."

"Yes, sir. I was trained in Scotland Yard, in the Old Land."

"I THOUGHT as much; that is why I am going to confide in you—it will be necessary, up to a certain point. Karl Pffer was murdered. I will tell you how I know, for we must work together to punish his slayer. The dead man wore a ruby ring, always. It is not on his finger now. He had a curious nervous habit of toying with the ring, but he would not have removed it while in the act of taking his own life. It could not have fallen from his finger, because, as you observe, his hands are drawn together by the agony of that corrosive that was forced down his throat. It was forced down his throat by a man who held the victim's neck in his left arm in a clasp so powerful that Pffer was as helpless as a babe. There is an abrasion on the skin of the neck that is like a diagram to what I state. On the dead man's left hand is a mark of the corrosive that was spilled as Pffer clutched at the hand that held the bottle to his lips; even on the outer edge of the lips there are marks of the fluid. If he had taken it himself he would have thrown his head back and poured it down his throat. It has been somebody that Pffer knew, who either came into the room or was here, perhaps hiding, when he entered—he would have raised an alarm had it been a stranger—and as they discussed some subject of mutual interest that man suddenly seized Pffer, who was almost a physical wreck, and accomplished his vicious purpose. While the murderer waited a few minutes to make sure that his victim was dead, he enclosed the ring in an envelope, but in addressing it the pen caught on the rough surface presented by the enclosure and ruined the envelope. He tore it up and wrote another, I presume. The writing is not Pffer's—I know that."

"But the door was locked on the inside," Hawkins objected; "and the floor clerk, the maids, even the elevator boys, say that no stranger came to this part of the 'ouse during the time this must 'ave 'appened."

"Who occupies the room beyond that?" Colonel Drouski asked, pointing to a door that connected with the next room.

"I'll find out," Hawkins answered, passing to the hall. Presently he returned with the maid, saying, "Mr. Camden 'as that room, sir. 'E didn't do it, anyway; the gentleman 'as lived in the 'ouse for years; I know 'im. Besides, the door between the two rooms is locked."

"Who occupies the one on this side, 1448?" Colonel Drouski asked.

"It's vacant, sir," the maid answered; "the gentleman that occupied it changed to-day to 1445, next to Mr. Camden; he wanted a room with a bath. He's a foreign-lookin' gentleman."

"Thank you," Colonel Drouski said; "but, before you go, at what time was this waste-paper basket emptied to-day?"

"About half-past six, sir—when I did up the room."

WHEN the maid had gone Colonel Drouski paced the floor in a mood of intense thought. Suddenly he turned and examined the window, raising it and thrusting his broad shoulders through the casement. Then he closed it and, turning to Hawkins, said: "I have discovered how the slayer entered this room and also why he vacated the one next and moved further away from his prey. This is the top floor, and just outside of that window runs a sort of trough, or jutting eave, along which a man might make his way from room to room. It would take nerve, but the man who did the foul deed had a cool nerve. On the left of the window is a pillar barring the passage on the eave between this room and the next, 1448. The foreign-looking gentleman, as the maid describes him, changed to 1445 because of that impediment."

"Do you want to examine 1445, sir?" Hawkins asked.

"It would be useless; I have seen that the eave runs right by the window. I wish to have a look at the gentleman himself. What time are the mail boxes below emptied, Officer?" Drouski asked suddenly.

"Every hour. Ten o'clock will be the next collection—it's just past nine now."

"Ah! we're too late, then. We'll at once look for the gentleman of 1445."

Below, in the office, they learned that the occupant of that number was Mr. Salvini Rubitini. Then Colonel Drouski requested the clerk to find that guest's registration in the book. The handwriting was the same as that of the envelope he had already found in the basket.

"I don't know the guest by sight," Hawkins said, "but we'll easily find 'im if 'e's in the 'otel."

He called a page and said: "Page, Mr. Rubitini, boy. 'Urry—find 'im quickly; and when you've found 'im say that 'e's wanted at the telephone booth. You come in with 'im, lad, and when 'e finds 'e's not wanted you can say it was your mistake."

Hawkins added to Colonel Drouski when the boy had gone on his errand: "We can sit 'ere, sir, just behind this corner, and watch the gentleman come to the phone—we'll know 'im by the boy."

The shrill treble of the page went piping through the corridors, "Mr. Rub-i-tini-i?" until it died away. There was a silent wait of five minutes. Suddenly Hawkins touched Colonel Drouski on the arm and whispered: "There they go, sir."

He felt the arm his fingers rested on vibrate like an electric wire; he fancied that he heard a snarling gasp. Looking up, he saw Drouski's face twisted into a mask of malignity; the black eyes glared like the eyes of a bulldog possessed of bloodthirst.

"That's 'im, right enough," Hawkins said. "'E do look like a foreign gentleman."

"Come with me, please," Colonel Drouski answered. Hawkins followed him through the entrance to the sidewalk.

"I shall ask you to keep in touch with Mr. Rubitini," Colonel Drouski said; "I shall be away perhaps for an hour. At what time would a letter collected here at nine o'clock, or possibly at eight, reach another hotel, say within a mile or so?" he asked.

"It would be delivered about ten, I should say—certainly before midnight."

"Very well, Mr. Hawkins. I shall hope to find you here about the office upon my return, and I may say that I shall expect you to accept a substantial acknowledgment of your invaluable services. Please do not lose sight of our man; and do not let any message that may come from him be delivered."

COLONEL DROUSKI called a cab. When they had turned a corner he said: "Drive to the Hotel Del Monte, quickly, please."

In ten minutes he entered the Del Monte, and, stepping into the office, said to the clerk: "I am Colonel Drouski. Countess Boskovitch, who is living here, is a relative of mine. I have written her a letter on some very important matter, but I wish to speak to her personally about that same matter. It was an afterthought. May I trouble you to ask if my letter has arrived within the past hour?"

The clerk shot a quick, searching look at the speaker. The Colonel's aristocratic appearance indicated that he was not an impostor. Then he stepped over to the mail clerk and, returning, said: "There has been nothing for Countess Boskovitch since evening. There should be a mail presently. Shall I send up your card?"

"I will wait until my letter containing some documents arrives; then I should like to visit the Countess," Colonel Drouski answered.

For half an hour he sat waiting the advent of the postman. At the end of that time a man in grey, with a heavily laden leather bag slung from his shoulder, walked quickly up to the office desk, deposited a sheaf of letters and turned away.

Colonel Drouski again addressed the clerk: "Will you kindly see if my letter has arrived—from the Hotel der Grosse it was sent."

"Yes, sir, here it is," the clerk answered as his nimble fingers ran over the mail. "Will you send a card, sir, or—"

"I'm in a hurry—it is late," Colonel Drouski interrupted. "To save time, I should like to accompany the page. The Countess has a drawing-room where we could discuss this matter—"

"Page!" the clerk cut short Colonel Drouski's words, and added to the boy: "Take this gentleman up to 327. Take his card in to Countess Boskovitch. Take this letter up!"

As they left the elevator on the third floor Colonel Drouski said to the page: "I will give the letter to the Countess. Please give my card to her maid."

COLONEL DROUSKI could feel the ring within the envelope as he waited for an answer to the page's knock. He mused upon the strange exactness with which all links in the chain of evidence fitted into each other so simply and yet so conclusively. The investigation once started led to a goal so very different from the one the coroner had arrived at, working as he had from a preconceived decision. Drouski's thoughts were interrupted by the opening of the door and the voice of a French maid as she spoke to the page. Drouski stepped quickly to the

door and said: "Kindly tell the Countess that I bring a message from Alexis."

Almost immediately the maid, opening the door again, said: "Entre, Monsieur—Her Ladyship will see you."

Presently there was a rustle of silk skirts, the wafting of a gentle perfume as though roses had been hurled through an open window; a slight figure came forward with a soft, slipping movement. The feet touched the heavy rug with the noiseless reach of a cat.

Colonel Drouski had stood with averted face, seemingly intent on an old engraving that rested against the wall. A gentle voice, soft, cultured, claimed his attention, saying: "Monsieur has a message for me?"

Colonel Drouski turned his somber eyes upon the girl; she uttered a cry—it was a startled gasp, rather; her face paled; her eyes, wide, were fixed upon the dark face of the man and her hands, tightly clenched, were pressed close to her heaving bosom.

"You—you—"

"Yes, it is I, Little Manon; I arrived to-day—too late for all but just to bring you this message from Alexis."

AS Colonel Drouski stepped forward, holding in his hand the letter, the girl cowered away from him, holding her hands before her face as though she would avert a blow. She shrank into a chair that her trembling limbs touched.

"Here is the letter from Alexis, Little Manon," Colonel Drouski repeated.

The girl took the letter with trembling hand, her eyes staring in affright, and her lips, dry-narched, incapable of remonstrance.

"Open it, Little Manon," Colonel Drouski commanded; "give me the ring it contains, and then read aloud. It is long since I had the pleasure of a letter from Alexis; we will enjoy this one together."

The girl obeyed mechanically. She dropped the ring into Colonel Drouski's palm with a gesture as though a serpent had stung her. The red stone caught a glint of light from the chandelier—it was like a drop of blood.

"Now read, please," the Colonel commanded. She obeyed; her voice sounded dead, far away.

"Heavenly Manon,—Dream-faced Manon:—"

"I send you the pledge that he is dead. You will read to-morrow that he took his own life. And that is true, Manon; it was his own hand that poured the libation down his throat; he quaffed the bitter cup that brings joy to you and to me. I respect your commands not to see you, but I die with the torture of exile. But he is dead. I wait, Dream Angel; smile upon me, for surely I have earned this reward."

"ALEXIS."

"Now write, please," Colonel Drouski commanded when the girl's voice had stilled.

She drew herself wearily to a writing table. Standing at her side, Colonel Drouski dictated:

"Alexis:—"

"I have given the ring to Nicholas, he is here. Your deed has filled me with horror. Nicholas knows everything—I have told him everything. If you ask me why I have sacrificed you I answer that the sacrifice to do otherwise is too great, it is impossible. By your act you have sacrificed yourself—"

The pen dropped from the girl's fingers, her hand covered her eyes as though she would shut out some horrible vision; she moaned, "I can't write that—I can't."

"You must; it is the easier way. Otherwise there will be a trial and Alexis will be hanged like a common murderer. As for you, Little Manon, the other place where we are going will be better than a lifetime here behind prison bars. Write what I dictate."

"Alexis will think that I have wantonly betrayed him—"

"As others have thought before, Little Manon. Still it is better that he thinks thus than choose the gallows; it will be better. There is no other way to save you, Little Manon, and always that was your first thought."

The girl shivered and, taking the pen again, wrote what the cold, passionless voice bade until it was finished with her name.

Then Colonel Drouski said: "You will abide here, Little Manon, until I come to you. Pray do not bring yourself discomfort by trying to go elsewhere, for you will be closely watched. I may say, Manon, that you will not be allowed to send any message. Besides, for your own sake, it is well

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.

THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER

A Strong Romance Story of Canadian Outpost Life in the Fur-Brigade Days

WHEN, of old, the norther gathered the snows of vast white steppes and smothered the Hudson Bay Company under a mad white flurry, there was nothing left for the factor, trappers, clerk, but to hug the fire in the great mud chimney and swap yarns while thawing the frost of long trails from their bones. Tiring of this, they had Indian wives or loves to sweeten their leisure, and what with tinkering their traps, making or mending of skin coats, caps, moccasins, it is not reported that any man died of ennui.

It was different, however, with the Abbé du Fré. Celibate, and having too much respect for his vocation to impair its dignity by mingling too freely with the circle around the fire, he indulged a pretty knack of writing when weather-bound, inscribing on the post-log strange haps by trail or river, bits of rough history all coloured by the glow of a rather romantic fancy. In leather tomes, musty and brass-bound, his neat chirography is to be seen running between accounts of fur-packs; but this—not the least in point of interest—is taken from the records of his own Mission of St. Ignace, on the Red.

Flesh is flesh, blood is blood, he begins his story with an observation that goes down to the very meat of life. Flesh is flesh, blood is blood, so let us give thanks if there be anything left over for spirit. At three-score and ten I exclaim with Solomon, "Strange as the way of a man with a maid," and I still puzzle over that riddle, though I have seen more of its factors than falls to the average lot. Mercifully, it is not given to every man to watch the ripening of his wild oats, to turn the grey face of age to the horrors which sometimes rise from the ashes of dead passions.

But I have seen. Memory harks back to a long procession, factors, trappers, clerks, commissioners, who yielded them to the loving stealth of dusky glances. I saw them come and go on the Company's errands, but I remained to christen the children they never saw, to drop a comforting word in the ears of lonely mothers. Aye, they came and went—with one exception; and this was so notable that, while the stern drift croons without its ceaseless song of Infinity, I will turn back to the night that he and I came from a worse storm into a far camp of the Swamy Sioux.

He was no less a person than Mr. Temple, the new governor—though *old* would be more correct. Perhaps the most active chief in the Company's long history, he had been removed by clique spite before my time, but was now returned to inject life into the trade which had suffered by the keen rivalry of the Nor'west Traders. To push a post out among the Sioux was his present mission, and deeming that a priest should show as much zeal as a trader, I had accompanied him to do his interpreting while prospecting for the cure of souls. All of which understood, behold the pair of us three camps beyond A la Corne—then our most northern fort—on a poor trail with drift flying thick as pudding, and night upon our heels.

AT dusk the storm had increased. The drift flew so thickly that at times it hid the ponies, pouring over us in a white roaring flood from which we emerged gasping, like a diver out of water. The sled, too, pitched like a boat in a sea-way and though Mr. Temple still held the reins, it was only to steady the ponies. Long ago he had left the business of driving in their hands—rather, to their feet, for the trail was blown from the face of the earth; could only be distinguished from surrounding snows by its hardness. But as these solidified under pressure of wind and frost, the clever little beasts began to falter, and after they had left it a half-dozen times, it was plainly to be seen that a fireless camp lay at the end of our trip.

In timbered country we should not have cared. Blow high, blow low, one may be comfortable beside a warm fire in the still heart of the forest. But over two hours ago the trail had debouched on rolling prairie and, for aught I knew, the long white waves might go rolling on to the frozen circle.

"We shall do well enough in our furs under the sled," Mr. Temple shouted in my ear. "But the poor beasts? All drenched with sweat?"

Though, as I say, he shouted, the wind clipped odd words and hurtled them away with the drift; yet I gathered his meaning as he went on in snatches:

"After eighteen years, memory is like to be faulty, still I somehow believe that we ought presently to strike timber." Within a few minutes he asked: "Did you feel a lull?" And before I could

By HERMAN WHITAKER

Illustrated by Arthur Heming.

answer, burst out: "And there it is! Dead ahead!"

Through falling dusk I could now make out mirk woods coming in from a wide angle to a narrow neck; and mending their pace of their own accord, the ponies soon swept us in under its lee. Here, out of the wind, the snow fell as a fine powder, behind which a full moon presently shone as through a winding-sheet, shedding spectral lights on black spruce, dim glades, sloughs, that slid by in swift procession.

After the slow crawl of the prairies, the swift going raised our spirits. While he drove the governor talked, and what with my interest in the account he gave of the numbers and disposition of the Swamy Sioux, time passed quickly; we both gasped when, sweeping out of tall spruce, the ponies stopped before a building.

A Red River frame of two storeys, its length ran to fifty feet; the breadth touched forty. Here and there bits of plaster still clung between hewn logs that had once been lime-washed, and from this faintly luminous surface, empty doors and windows gaped like eye-sockets of a rain-washed skull. Three thousand miles from Montreal, five hundred from Garry, that house of civilisation stared us with the blank face of the dead.

"It's the old post," the governor answered my exclamation of wonder. "I was so sure the fires



"Swinging upon me like a Mad Tigress she struck, not knowing the blade was gone, struck and struck and struck."

had licked it up these fifteen years that I forgot its very existence. You never heard of it? Hum! My successor—who withdrew it—had it stricken from our maps. But, map or no map, here it is. We could camp here, but there are other houses farther on, and—surely there is a light!"

He was right, for, dashing after the trail around a poplar bluff, the ponies pulled up at a second building that stood in a natural clearing. Larger than the first, it had been replastered with mud, the door restored; its windows gleamed dully through glazing of stretched hide. Around it, fully a hundred fire-lit tepees upreared cones of gold above the snows that banked their sides and from these a ragged pack came pouring in a furry stream. More wolf than dog, they leaped around us, a mad whirl of hair, slant eyes, white fangs, snatching in furious hunger at us. I confess to a little trepidation, but the governor laughed as he laid on with butt and lash.

"The end of our journey, father, for these are the Swamy Sioux."

Already the camp had broken into sudden life. Heads protruded through the flaps of every tepee, hurrying figures dotted the faint snow; but before these could reach us, the door of that great house

flung open emitting streams of firelight, down which ruddy pathway a woman dashed brandishing a billet as thick as her arm.

One blow dropped a grey brute whose fangs had just grazed my arm, then she fell to, swinging indiscriminately on snouts, limbs, shoulders. A minute and the pack scuttled away with yelps of pain and disappointment, leaving her looking at us out of the firelight, her deep breast heaving from the quality of her exercise.

"Why, it's a white woman!"

Standing back to the house, her face was in shadow, but there was no mistaking the aura of loose hair that shone bright as spun gold. With the exclamation, the governor's hand had gone to his cap; to drop as quickly when she answered our greetings in Sioux.

"Another daughter of the Company," he laughed. "Here's some rogue for you to hunt out, father, and discipline with pease to his shoes. He should be a stout man to bring such colours out of an Indian camp."

While unharnessing with the aid of the Sioux, he ran on in the same merry vein, but entering the house—where the headman was lodged with his squaws and papooses—he fell suddenly silent, and I observed him narrowly watching the halfbreed woman while I was addressing the others.

UNDER a strong light, she proved comely—even by our standards. Add to deep creams of her skin, hair that was tawny as summer prairies, a nose and mouth delicately formed, lips scarlet instead of dull red like a squaw's, and you have the essentials of her aspect. Her voice speaking to the old squaw who helped, later, to fry bannock and deer-steaks for our meal, lacked a single guttural. She walked with a slight spring from the toes, planting her feet outward like a white woman. Indeed, if the blood showed at all, it was in the vivid Indian brown of her eye or a slight breadth of feature that accorded with her magnificent physique.

Having set Mr. Temple's interest down to her astonishing whiteness, I was surprised when, as we sat at our meal, he asked with an abruptness that bespoke a secret thought:

"What age would you put her at? Nineteen? Humph! Ask her of her parentage."

"My mother—dead." She readily answered my question. "My father?"

Raising her fine shoulders with an abandon no Indian could compass, she swept us with a slow soft glance, a look so melting in its sweet femininity as to cause some stir in the dead pulses of a certain dry churchman. Her answer sets forth the shame that I have fought these two-score years throughout the Northland, and never did it fill me with a juster indignation than in the moment she was speaking.

"My father? Some hunter of the Company, I have heard. But who can tell? When my mother was young and soft she had many lovers."

Turning to interpret her answer, I saw that Mr. Temple had shoved back his plate with sudden nausea, and now lighting his pipe, he gloomed at the fire until I had finished and was ready to talk with the headman. Of that, the following powwow and ensuing treaty of trade, I will say nothing—it may be read by the curious in the minutes of the Company—but pass to the moment that I was awakened by the pistol-crack of a freezing log in the small dark hours and saw Mr. Temple staring into the embers of a dying fire.

Outside the wind had fallen to a breath that hung like a sigh in the chimney. A leap of flame searched the shadows of that enormous room and showed it deserted, for the headman berthed above. And in that minute of silence the man sat face to face with his past.

"Be sure thy sin will find thee out," I heard him mutter.

"You are awake?" He turned when I stirred, revealing eyes weary with trouble. "Oh, I'm well enough—in body."

Shrugging, he returned to his meditations and I thought it would end there, for he was a proud man addicted to his own counsel; but loneliness and a dim light are ever favourable to confidence and presently it came pouring out of him, the tale of the forgotten sin, of the passion that had burned to a clinker twenty years ago.

"It was viler in me than most," he finished in a passion of self-reproach, "for my betrothed was waiting in Montreal until press of affairs should permit our marriage. A year passed before I dare claim her, and up to the moment she died in child-

birth, her caresses carried a sting. Her death I then took as a judgment against my fault, and had thought it settled. But surely sin is immortal. Out of the dead past it comes to meet me with the face and flowers of youth."

"But are you sure?" I doubted for his comfort—not doubting myself. "As she said, her mother had many lovers, and of course—"

"Sure?" Breaking a locket from his watch-chain, he thrust it into my hand. "Look for yourself."

A glance at the miniature within rendered further comment superfluous and he ran on:

"My sister, June. No, there remains only reparation. She must go back with us to Garry, and, after she has learned some English, to Montreal to the sisters who trained my wife."

Such ease did the thought bring his inflamed mind that he continued building pretty castles which she was going to inhabit. Educated to her station, she should come and keep his house, and so forth, plan upon plan, all founded upon past loneliness and present remorse, all doing honour to his heart, but which—well, through his office in the confessional, a priest obtains to a more intimate knowledge of desires, passions, the instincts which make or mar humanity, than is possible for any layman, and I had learned much in the making over of Indians. Give me a Cree child and I'll turn you out a decent Catholic in fifteen years; but the savage shows if you but scratch the plating on my elder converts. So if I listened it was only to bide my time.

"Yes," I said musingly when he paused at last. "Reparation? That's the thing. How is it to be best accomplished? As she is married—"

"Married?" he burst in.

"So she told me—to a halfbreed Metis, of whom she seemed both fond and proud."

"Pish!" he snorted, recovering. "I would have preferred—but it makes no difference. If she is married, as you say, it is only after some Indian fashion that has no standing in our law."

"So therefore," I quietly counselled, "you had better legalise it through my office. Then if you would better her condition, do it through the man. Make him factor of this post, and, later, he may be advanced to the limit of his capacities."

"What! Leave her—flesh of my flesh, blood of my blood, in the filth of this Indian camp?"

"For the present"

"Never."

Reflecting the red fire, his eyes seemed to burn with crimson anger, and seeing that further argument would be wasted, I turned over and went to sleep. He was, however, too fair a man to hold spite for a good intention. Next morning, he awoke his usual cheery self, though his first words proved him unchanged in his purpose.

"And now, father, I shall have to ask your good offices toward my daughter."

She and the squaw of the headman had just climbed down the peg ladder from the floor above, and the governor's eyes hungrily followed as she moved to the fire. Lonely man that he was, the instinct of fatherhood was wringing his very being. He yearned for love with the desperation of one who sees desolate age creeping toward his hearth, and while that pretty creature filled his eye, it was small wonder that he should mistake his own selfish, if tender, feeling for altruism on her behalf.

Thinking that he desired me to speak to her, I nodded toward the fire. He shook his head.

"Time enough for her. I meant the headman. Speak to him after breakfast. Explain, pay his price—anything, so long as you get her."

With my Crees it would have been a difficult, if not dangerous business. Though a maid may give herself in love, the selling of one against her will transcends their capacity for baseness. But the Swampy Sioux were ever of ill report—thieves, liars, murderers of lonely people. So, though the headman put on a black look when I opened the business, I knew that it was to enhance her price. What gave me more uneasiness, he made no secret of his belief that I desired the girl for my own purposes.

"His daughter, you say?" he grunted, while every seam of his gnarled visage seemed to fill and flow with cunning incredulity. "Has not the Chief of the Company young men to build his fire, fetch his water, plant his corn? What use would he have of a daughter? It is that the Long Robe finds the mission lonely, or his corn is smothered for lack of a woman's hand?"

Though I read the old scoundrel the best lesson his language afforded, he listened unmoved and, I am fain to confess, without change of opinion.

"But her man?"

Having exhausted his other chafferings, he brought up the husband who, it seemed, was gone with a fur bale five days' journey to the nearest

fort of the Nor'west Traders. He was, according to his story, a bad man to cross, the worst in the North. But though his uneasy look proved the reality of his fear, it fell short of his cupidity.

To cut a long story short, the tribe travelled three days south with us to A la Corne, where he delivered her up for a price in kettles, muskets, tobacco, powder, that ought to have bought his people entire.

Even at this distance, my gorge rises, not so much at the old villain's crass greed as at the stolidity, nay, amusement with which he and his squaws regarded her outcry. Not until he left her at the gates to fall in behind the tribe which scuttled with great rattling of hardware northward, did the truth break upon her, and then—it took half a dozen to hold her. But passing that struggle from which she emerged clad in little more than her own white beauty, I take up her story at its real beginning, our second camp between the forts of A la Corne and Moose.

That day a south wind had lifted stinging drift, but evening had fallen dead calm and, for winter, it was almost warm. I remember that Mr. Temple chopped wood bareheaded, nor wore his furs while we ate our meal. As, later, we sat about the fire, its cheerful blaze painted the nearer snows a brilliant yellow. Overhead a dust of cold stars powdered inky voids; toward which some coyote lifted a lean nose, mocking out comfort with demoniac laughter.

Lying thus under the vast spread of arctic night, the imagination touches more closely on the Infinite than at other seasons. Stately march of the stars, night's silence, roar of an ocean, whippers of grave winds, these drive in upon the soul a sense of its own insignificance by comparison with their immensity, and in camp it has always been my custom to lie and muse on the awful problems of Time and Eternity. But to-night my thought centred on the girl across the fire.

With the help of the Scotch factor's wife at A la Corne, Mr. Temple had fitted her out with a neat dress that brought out the moulding of her figure, stockings which did the same for a pretty ankle, and furs for outer covering. Thus decently habited, her resemblance to his sister, the Lady June, had startled the pair of us, and as she sat there, eyes cast down, one could never have guessed her Indian. She displayed only the clean features, fairness of our race. Not until she glanced up to look and listen at some stir beyond the firelight, did one catch the shadow of the woods, flicker of waters, wildness and freedom of sun-washed spaces in the brown brooding of her eyes.

Meeting my glance she smiled—faintly, a tremor slight as the blush of dawn, and which yet delighted the pair of us marking, as it did, a vivid change from the heavy sulking of the last four days.

"She's coming around!" Mr. Temple burst out. "She's coming around, father, and thank God for it! To-night I'll be able to sleep."

He was in sore need of it. Than I, no man better knows the lengths to which awakened conscience may carry a man, and in him remorse was reinforced by unusually powerful parental instinct. From the moment she came into our hands his eyes had never left her, his anxious solicitude equalling that of a fond mother for a sick child.

"She's coming around," he repeated delightfully, again and again.

But when he patted her shoulder as he passed to the sled for our sleeping furs, she shrank from his touch; drew herself up, tense and rigid, shooting swift glances to right and left, for all the world like a cat in a corner; nor relaxed until, half an hour later, his deep breathing told that he had gained to his sleep. Even then she brooded, eyes redly reflecting the fire's glare, and fully an hour passed before she regained her composure.

It was, of course, my watch, and looking up about that time, I caught her smiling again; this time no tremor, but a radiance that came out of her eyes and engaged every dimple down to her scarlet mouth; a smile seductive in its femininity as ever lured man from his guard.

Old fool that I was! Is a mountain-lion to be tamed in a night that I, with my experience, should imagine her won? After the departure of the tribe, I had explained her relation to the governor, but she had sulked, as I said, giving no sign that she even heard me.

NOW encouraged, I went over it all again, dwelling on the opportunity God had opened for her, and the happiness that would flow therefrom did she prove amenable to our bidding. And she listened, wide-eyed, leaning to me across the fire, a warm luxurious picture; took it from my lips; aye, even asked questions—how many sleeps to the governor's house in Garry? To Montreal where

she was to have her schooling, how many? A hundred, that was a great distance! And so on, concealing her motive, the artful little minx, under a childish curiosity. Looking backward, it is easily to be read, but then—I chattered like a fool at a fair, suspecting nothing up to the moment that she wrapped herself up to sleep.

She did not close her eyes at once, but lay for almost another hour in a brown study; digesting my news, I put it, and doubtless the comfort of the thought helped on the drowsiness natural after three nights' watching. Twice I walked away from the fire and stayed till the sharp cold revived me—only to grow sleepier as I warmed me after each excursion. And I practised all of the tried means to keep awake—touched snow to my eyelids, pinched myself and, in the middle of a pinch, fell fast asleep.

Often I have wondered how small a cause will sometimes produce a very great effect. Had our fagots been thoroughly dry, there could have been no explosion of heated sap to cast a red ember into a crease of my cassock; and not only the currents of three lives, but also the course of northern history as shaped by Mr. Temple during the next years, would have run in different channels.

So quickly do the senses respond to odours, I was roused by the pungent burning under my nose before the smoulder gained in to my flesh. A handful of snow would have quenched it, but my opening eyes fell on the girl and I forgot all else.

She had just risen from her blankets. As I lay with my face in deep shadow, she thought that I still slept, and thus I became recipient of one of those glances which, on occasion, pierce down through the most devout of churchmen and plant a sting in the soul of the man—that careless, sexless glance which women keep for their children and each other. Barbed with contempt, it touched me, then flashed into vindictive hatred as it passed to the governor.

Two steps placed her over him, for he slept at her feet. The fire had burned low, but under stir of the explosion, a brief flame showed her sudden stoop, then ran like running blood along the knife she pulled from his belt. So real it was, I thought she had already passed the steel and so lay in a paralysis of horror at the patricide. But a second flicker showed the seams of her bodice splitting over the white bust as she strained to strike, and I sprang, shouting.

Though I could never have saved him, it was decreed that he should not pass that night. Delivered with all her heft, the point turned on his watch, an old-style timepiece, big and solid, and the blade broke off at the handle. Afterward we found a flaw in the steel—fortunately for the pair of us, for swinging upon me like a mad tigress, she struck not knowing the blade was gone, struck, struck, and struck, plying the haft on my ribs till Mr. Temple pinioned her arms from behind.

That, however, was not the end. In her pulsed the tenacious vigour of the wild thing. Back and forth we swung, scattering the fire, straining in black darkness. Thrice I toppled in the snows. Twice she broke the governor's grip. Dragged down at last, she still fought; each shapely arm, lithe limb fought an individual battle, squirming under our hands like fighting snakes. But than Mr. Temple I have known but one stronger man in the Northland—John Fraser, factor of Devil's Drum—and he was nerved with desperation equal with her own. All of a sudden, she gave in and lay, spent, panting, sobbing like a child while we built up the fire.

Looking down upon her, Mr. Temple wiped his brow. "I like her the better for it. She would be no child of mine to yield without a struggle."

He laughed, too, when I told how she had fooled me. "The little winch! Had she no respect for your cloth? Here's a coquette to set men by the ears when she comes to her own, eh, father?"

Nor did he even so much as mention my faithless watch; though after that she could not stir in the night without bringing him upon his feet.

She, however, made no further trouble. Only strength appeals to your savage, and that single touch of Mr. Temple's mettle seemed to take the heart out of her—seemed, I say, for soft and impressionable as woman appears on the surface she is harder than rock beneath. Like a stream between high banks her desire flows unchangeably. Dam it, and it will mount like stealthy waters and one day plunge over and on toward its goal. Only by diversion may its current be turned. These eyes of mine have seen the wife of a Nor'wester tending the house of a Hudson's Bay man, the slayer of her husband; keeping it in love and peace.

Aye, had it been merely a change of mates, the new love might have cast out the old and June—as Mr. Temple had already named her after his

THE DEMI-TASSE

Newslets.

IT just shows how airy persiflage is misunderstood. Mr. J. S. Willison happened to remark, at the annual meeting of the Canadian Women's Press Club, that twenty years from now Canadian women may be smoking. Then the *Christian Guardian* took him down and the Western papers took him up and the next thing he knows the W.C.T.U. will blackball him.

There has been much talk lately of abolishing capital punishment. But no one who wrote on the Entrance Examinations would object to the hanging of a few examiners. In the meantime, those pupils who passed are assuming airs which are simply intolerable.

Grief is an emotion which excites sympathy in us all. Doesn't it make us all sad when we think of how Sir Thomas Shaughnessy and Sir William Van Horne are mourning over the troubles of the G. T. R.?

Belleville Old Boys were unavoidable detained from that pleasant little reunion by a lack of transporting facilities. These strikers have no respect for social functions.

* * *

On the War Path.

Sir Wilfrid now looks anxious,
R. L. Borden is distressed,
For Monk is growing restless,
And Bourassa has confessed
That he does not like a navy
Of Canadian sailor-men;
So the leaders groan in sorrow—
"They've broken out again."

* * *

Staff Humour.

SOON we'll be in the thick of preparations to commemorate the "century of peace." We may scrap or we may remain sociable, but whatever we do we must celebrate it.

The sun has been scorching big spots in Western Canada, and the great question is, Can the wheat crop come back?

Don'ts for swimmers and would-be swimmers are being published everywhere, and the advice, boiled down, is, Don't drown.



AT THE NAVAL AND MILITARY TOURNAMENT

Unbelieving spectator (who, having seen naval field guns lifted smartly over walls, etc., is inspecting them after the performance). "There! I knew there was some trickery. These guns are hollow!"—*Punch*.

"Protection" pursues Premier Laurier. Western farmers tell him they don't want it, and Ottawa's fire chief says that the Parliament Buildings must have more of it if the historic structures are to be made reasonably safe from fire danger.

Montreal is giving Toronto two black bears, and the incident is a pleasant change from the jolly pastime of each city's papers of giving the other city two black eyes.

President Taft wants reciprocity, his wish neatly falling in line with Uncle Sam's policy of grabbing as many and as big slices of Canada as possible and reciprocating with the rest.

Peru and Colombia are to arbitrate a boundary dispute. Well, if fighting is dying out even among South America's haunts of the war god, we might as well settle down to humdrum days of peace.

Telephone communication between London and New York promises to be one of the next achievements, and next thing you'll be taking down the receiver and saying, "Hello, Central, give me Mars."

Western Canada is loading up Sir Wilfrid Laurier with enough orders to keep him busy for twenty years, and chances are decidedly good for a revival at the next election of the battle-cry, "Let Laurier finish his work."

* * *

The Difference.

SOME Canadian politicians were talking not long ago about the curious circumstances that while Hon. Edward Blake is an Irishman, his parliamentary speeches, and also his efforts on the "stump" showed hardly any of the traditional Irish wit, while the oratory of Sir John A. Macdonald was always lightened by a genial appreciation of "Life's little ironies."

"That old story about the snowstorm illustrated the difference between them better than anything else," said an Ottawa man.

"What's that story?" asked a member of the Ontario Legislature.

"You don't mean to say you haven't heard it. Well—here goes!"

"One wintry afternoon long ago Sir John and his Irish opponent were leaving the House of Par-

liament together. As they descended the steps they noticed that it was snowing.

"Ah, well," said Sir John, relapsing into a wicked pun, "It's snow matter."

"Mr. Blake noticed the remark and said: 'Now, I'll try that on the next man I meet. It's that kind of joke which makes you popular.'

"The next day he met Sir John and the latter said: 'Well, how did my pun work?'

"It didn't seem funny to the man whom I experimented with. He happened to remark that it was snowing and when I replied: 'Well, it's immaterial,' he didn't even smile. Why, what's the matter?'

"But Sir John went on his way laughing."

* * *



"Pardon me, may I trouble you for a match?"—*Life*.

* * *

An Arbitrator Wanted.

ONCE more there's trouble in the land,

Commotion on the pike;
The trains are not a bit on time—
Behold there is a strike.

To Ottawa these urgent words
In plaintive accents ring;

"Please end these troubles in a trice,
And send Mackenzie King."

* * *

A Curious Petition.

CARDINAL Manning visited a Liverpool convent where an Irishwoman was cook. She begged his blessing, and, when it was given, looked up at his frail figure, and exclaimed, "May the Lord preserve your eminence, and, oh, may he forgive your cook."

* * *

It Proved Fatal.

LITTLE Ethel came running into the house one day with a very sad face.

"Mamma," she cried, "my dolly has been dreadful sick and died and gone down to God."

"What was the matter with your dolly?" her mother asked.

"It had the doctor dreadfully," Ethel replied.—*National Magazine*.

* * *

A Gigantic Family.

THE Queen of Denmark once paid a visit to the Danish colony of Iceland, where the good old bishop exerted himself to the utmost to show her everything that was worth seeing.

The Queen paid many compliments to her host, and, having learnt that he was a family man, graciously inquired how many children he had.

It happens that the Danish word for "children" is almost identical in sound with the Icelandic word for "sheep," and the worthy bishop promptly answered, "Two hundred."

"Two hundred children!" cried the Queen. "How can you possibly maintain such a number?"

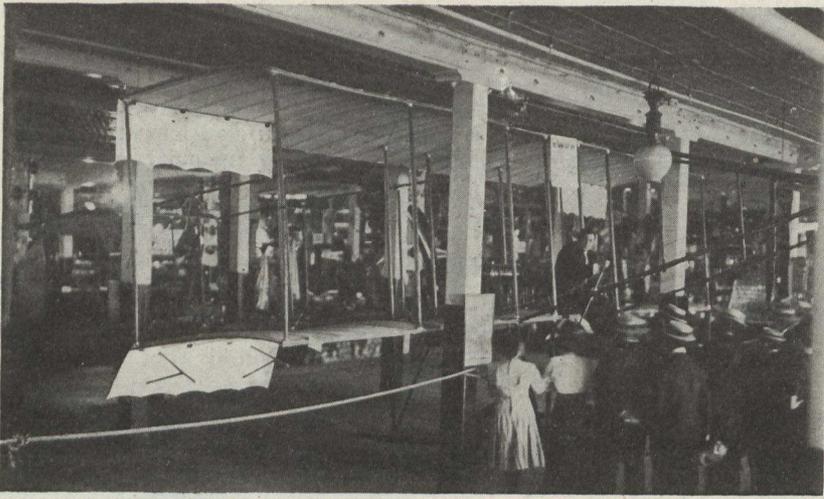
"Easily enough, please your Majesty," replied the prelate, with a cheerful smile. "In the summer I turn them out upon the hill to grass, and when the winter comes I kill and eat them."

* * *

Hard on Him.

SOME Federal officers in the Civil War once sought shelter for the night in an old, tumble-down hut. About two o'clock a polecat announced its presence in its own peculiar way. A German sat up and looked helplessly about him. The others were all sleeping peacefully.

"Mein gracious!" he exclaimed, in tones of despair. "All the rest ashleep und I've got toe smell it all!"



THE AEROPLANE IN PLAIN VIEW OF THE PEOPLE
Biplane which has been for several weeks in exhibition in the store of the T. Eaton Co., at Toronto.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

Conventions at Victoria.

TO be the convention city of the coast, is Victoria's ambition. The Outpost City of the Empire has just made a bold bid for the most important meeting which has yet signified its intention of drifting Canada-wards this year. The invitation signed by the Mayor, backed by the Board of Trade, the Vancouver Island Development League, and the Canadian Club, has been duly forwarded to the American Library Association. Which body is certainly in Class A with the British Medical Association, President Gomper's labourites and other big bodies which frequently visit Toronto. These fetes don't do a city any harm. Generally there is a hot time in the old town to-night—music, dancing, sight-seeing and speeches; but the influence is not altogether frivolous. When the last committeeman has packed away his badge, there still remain new ideas percolating through the deserted banquet hall; surely some citizens will have a grip of principles they never felt before. The spell of the American Library Association will be purely literary; six hundred men of letters discussing the architecture of Carnegie libraries and the making of the books, perhaps on the side getting inspiration for fat volumes—watching Satellite Channel in the evening.

* * *

Hindu Royalty in Canada.

IT was at the Queen's Hotel, Toronto. I had called for impressions of His Highness, the Maharajah Gaekwar of India, who, with a big retinue of servants and attaches has been touring Canada and the United States. Dinner had just been served. In the lobby were the usual loungers; on this day many smart Americans trying to appear very unconcerned, but with not half the blase air of the little, wiry, brown men, whose every movement they were studying with noble fortitude out of the corner of their eyes. The Hindu notables wandered indolently among the throngs of staring tourists, each dreamily attentive of his cigarette. In a corner of the rotunda, noticeable because of the subdued hush which pervaded it, were seated the women of the party—Her Royal Highness, her daughter, the Princess, and an Englishwoman in black, the royal companion. The faces were not shrouded in the mystery of the veil, nor anywhere was there the gleam of a tiara. The three ladies wore American dress; in fact, the only suggestion of Orientalism about the party was the rich red

Persian shawl which Her Highness carried over her arm.

His Highness, a short, energetic man, walked nervously up and down, executing an order here and an order there to his servants with authoritative, dignified gestures. His boat was leaving for Montreal in half an hour and he had not seen his secretary for two hours. Panama hat, grey suit, tan shoes, green tie with socks to match—you felt as if you had often met him on Yonge St.; or St. Catherine St., or Main St. His Highness believes in the West; he is a disciple of everything western from football to American-cut clothes. This was his seventh trip around the world. What wonder that he is known as one of the most radical of Indian princes!

My engagement was with the aide de camp, Captain Nimbalkar, for His Highness speaks to all interviewers with this gentleman as the royal mouthpiece.

The Captain turned up in quite electric fashion. He parleyed for some moments with the Prince. Then coming forward:

"You newspaper people are truly—"

"What?" I was abrupt enough to say.

Captain Nimbalkar showed his white teeth in a gracious smile.

"I was going to remark—" again, he smiled.

Perhaps, he was going to stigmatise Canadian journalism as "dreadful" or something like that. But he was not sure of himself. I could see that.

In his hand he held an early edition of a Toronto evening paper. The bosom of this sheet was resplendent with a distorted imprint of the gallant Captain's physiognomy. But had the newspapers of Canada treated him so badly after all? This was the first noticeable publicity that the royal family had been treated to in Canada. During the long 3,500 miles from Vancouver not a city editor had published an interview with the Prince. Such is the personal journalism of the Dominion. Is it remarkable that the Captain hesitated?

Not that the Maharajah was not worth featuring. Stories could have been printed of his pioneer attempts at educational reform in his province of Baroda; of how he enjoined

compulsory education upon his subjects from the age of six years, the girls' schools, engineering institutes, universities of the Kingdom; of his legislation against child-marriage, his restriction of women from the Zenana, his attacks on polygamy; of his administrative system—criminal courts, civil courts, and parliamentary advisers. But a prince, who controls the destiny of a population half as large as Canada, passed from coast to coast of the Dominion almost without comment.

"And what are the views of His Highness as to the appointment of the new Viceroy, Sir Charles Hardinge?" I said to Captain Nimbalkar, desiring to shift our brief interview from the domestic affairs of Baroda into the realm of Imperial interests.

"His Highness knows him not," replied the Captain. We have heard that he is a good shot. That is something. Ah, our tiger hunts! Do you know, His Highness is so proud of the Maharani—she is an excellent huntswoman; has actually pursued the tiger.

"Sir Charles, somehow, I feel will be popular," remarked the Captain, coming back to his text.

"As popular as Lord Minto?" I suggested.

"Ah, there was a man! His Highness knew the late Viceroy so well. Only last November we had a fete and Her Excellency Lady Minto was our guest."

I reminded the Captain of Lord Minto's tenure of office in Canada.

"Yes," he smiled, "but you don't have to try to be popular—in the Dominion!"

Captain Nimbalkar rose. For the stentorian tones of the hotel porter interrupted:

"All now for the Montreal boat!"

There was a scamper of feet, a crowding, pushing throng, overflowing the busses. Wedged in the end of one were two of the Prince's suite, gazing appealingly up at the rest of their party who as yet stood quietly on the verandah.

The aide-de-camp conferred in whispers with the Maharajah. The companion wound more tightly the shawl about the shoulders of Her Highness.

"We shall walk, Captain," he said.



"MY FRIEND FROM INDIA"

The Maharajah Gaekwar who has been conducting a retinue through America.

Good Fiction

Have you noticed that three of the greatest writers of Canadian fiction have contributed to this issue of the Canadian Courier? Do you realize that these men—Herman Whitaker, Charles G. D. Roberts and W. A. Fraser—have written the finest Canadian stories ever published? Their stories have been used by the greatest publications in New York and London. Each one of them has written several books known as "good sellers".

This is not the end by any means. Arrangements have been made with A. E. McFarlane, another brilliant Canadian writer, to contribute a number of short stories during the next twelve months. The first of these will appear during the next fortnight, Mr. McFarlane has a summer home near Toronto where he has been staying recently. He has just left on a trip through the West to get a glimpse of the Last Great Beyond. Every reader should watch for his stories—they are winners.

Still further—we hope to announce shortly a series of six short stories by Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P. When these appear, we shall have fulfilled all our promises to our readers. When the *Canadian Courier* was started, we promised much. Some people thought we promised too much—more than we would be able to carry out. But there are the facts, and we feel absolved.

Nor is the good work over. We are not ready to take holidays yet. There is more "good stuff" in sight and we are in close pursuit. The future numbers of the *Canadian Courier* will prove that there is one national weekly so far as this country is concerned.

If you are not a regular subscriber, there is no better time to become one. We need you—you need us. Drop us a line to-day.

— THE —
**CANADIAN
COURIER**

12-14 Wellington East
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For the Children

Only a Dandelion.

By JAMES M. HUBBARD.

"O CHARLIE! How could you do that? My one flower!"

"I didn't mean any harm, aunty. Anyway, 'twas only a dandelion." And the boy went whistling on his way to school, switching off the heads of the dandelions by the wayside with a stick he had in his hand.

Aunty Jones wiped away a tear and began to pick up a stitch which she had dropped in a stocking she was knitting. She had an accident when she was a little girl, and was so lame that she never walked farther than from her room to the kitchen. She knitted, sewed and did mending for her living, sitting all the time at the front window of her room in her nephew's farmhouse. She had been watching the dandelion whose head Charlie had switched off ever since it came up, for it happened to be the only one in the little patch of grass between the house and the road, and she loved it. And now, just as it was coming into flower, it was gone.

At the opening of school that morning the teacher read the passage in the Bible containing the Golden Rule, and said a few words as to how it should be obeyed.

"You mustn't do anything," she said, "if you can help it to make any one else unhappy. If you ever do anything to anybody that you wouldn't like to have them do to you, why make it up to them somehow, and right off."

The children always liked these little talks of their teacher, because they were so simple. When she stopped, Charlie said to himself, "I wonder if teacher saw me switch off Aunty Jones's dandelion, and so talked as she did?"

When school was over, he set out for home with the other boys and girls, but had not gone far when the sight of a dandelion brought back to his mind the thoughtless act of the morning and the teacher's talk. Then, all of a sudden, it came over him that he might dig up a dandelion and plant it in the place of the one he had killed. So he stopped and began to loosen the earth round a particularly fine one just going to blossom.

"What are you doing, Charlie?" said one of the boys, for they all had stopped and were watching him. When he told them, several said, "I'll dig one, too!"

"Look here, boys," cried out Nellie Upson, "why wouldn't it be a good idea to make a little bed in front of Aunty Jones's window (everybody called her aunty, you see), and plant some garden flowers in it? I've got some pansies I'll bring."

"I've got some lilies and golden-glow," said Emma Jackson.

"I've got some sweet-william," said Frank Brown.

That afternoon a merry band of boys and girls were hard at work making a little bed in aunty's grass patch, and when they had finished they were surprised to see how pretty it was.

But my story does not end here. The little flower-bed made the farmhouse look nicer, and everybody noticed it. The children had had such a good time making the bed that they jumped at the teacher's suggestion that they should make beds like it in each other's front yards where there were none. And now in Brookdale, every yard has its nicely cared-for flower-bed, where a little while ago there were only grass and weeds; and all that made this wonderful change was a dandelion. — *Youth's Companion.*

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Has a Knack of Putting Through Big Deals.

SOME people seem just to have a knack of doing things. This seems to apply quite as much to putting through big deals as it does to doing a bit of carving or designing a piece of machinery. Some would put it down as a natural talent, mainly because in all cases it is not always necessary to have any long experience or knowledge of just how these kind of things may have been effected in the past. A very interesting example of this natural talent for great things is afforded by the operations of young Garnet P. Grant, whose official capacity is known as president of the Dominion Bond Company, but who among his confreres is known as the young man who is keeping the rest of Canada pretty busy if anybody else but himself is to have the reputation of putting through the largest number of industrial consolidations in the country. Such a statement will undoubtedly surprise a good many because young Grant goes along so quietly and unassumingly that the public have had opportunity to hear little or nothing about him. When it is mentioned, however, that since last October he has put through as many as four important consolidations it will be seen that he must have been doing more than an average amount of work during that time.



Garnet P. Grant,
President of Dominion Bond Company.

Grant started off by putting through his first important consolidation down in Montreal, his effort in this direction was generally known as the Carriage Merger, including as it did four of the most important carriage manufacturing concerns of the country. Three of the companies, however, were situated at different points in Ontario and only one in Montreal, so in some respects it was just as much an Ontario as a Quebec deal. When this had been successfully completed, young Grant who had already started on a couple of other important deals, seems to have found it more convenient to direct his business from Toronto and within a very short time the news came out that he was at work in that city on the consolidation of something like fifty different canneries, included in the Dominion Canners, Ltd.; and the consolidation of five different iron and steel concerns into the Canada Bolt & Nut Company. As a rule, a man finds that he has just about as much as he can do to put through one of these big deals at a time, but Grant seemed to have the knack of being able to sit down in one room and discuss with one group the details of the Canada Bolt & Nut, and then walk out into another room and talk over the details of the Canners with another crowd that may have been waiting for him. Once both these consolidations were completed, however, Mr. Grant continued to be actively identified with them, evidently with a view of getting them run just in the way that he wanted them to and have them show all the benefits that he knew would come from centralisation of management and direction of one selling force. This naturally took some little time and so it was some months before he was willing to entertain other proposals made to him to take up some other deals, the first one of which he has just recently completed. This will be known as the Canada Machinery Co., Ltd., and represents a consolidation of practically all the concerns in Canada manufacturing the lighter grades of woodworking machinery and tools. The companies that will be included in this consolidation are: MacGregor, Gourlay & Co., Ltd., of Galt, Ont.; John Ballantine & Co., Ltd., of Preston, Ont.; and the Hespeler Machinery Co., Ltd., of Hespeler, Ont.; and the woodworking departments of Goldie McCulloch Co., Ltd., of Galt, Ont., and the Sussex Mfg. Co., Ltd., of Sussex, N.B.

The results that will be achieved by such a consolidation are practically the same as those that are now showing themselves in connection with both the Canada Bolt & Nut and Carriage Factories, as the consolidation will permit of the perfecting of the organisation of the different factories upon the uniform basis, thereby eliminating the excessive duplication of special machinery, such as must have occurred when several factories were turning out the same classes of products.

With such a goodly number of important deals to his credit it would seem as though the experience he has gained should enable him to go ahead and handle still more important ones. His principle, of not only putting a consolidation through, but of sticking to it until it is placed on a sound basis would seem to be the right one.

* * *

Wonderful Industrial Impetus Given by Consolidations.

WHAT a wonderful impetus is being given to the industrial development of the Province of Ontario by the big consolidations that have been effected during the past few months!

As the announcement of one consolidation after another comes out, it is only natural to consider it individually, but when one stops for a minute and looks back and sees four or five gigantic propositions that will mean the investment of millions of additional capital, it can then be realised what a big expansion will occur in the industries themselves and how the towns and cities in which they are situated are bound to show big increases in population and thereby greater possibilities as both retail and distributing centres.

Why, it just seems the other day that we heard of a strong group of Montreal and Toronto men taking over the big Sawyer-Massey Company of Hamilton, manufacturers of the larger forms of farm engines and machines, and that at once sufficient additional capital would be placed in the treasury to permit of the total output of the plant being practically doubled. Then along came word of new interests forming the Maple Leaf Milling Company to take over two other flour companies and to place in the treasury one million

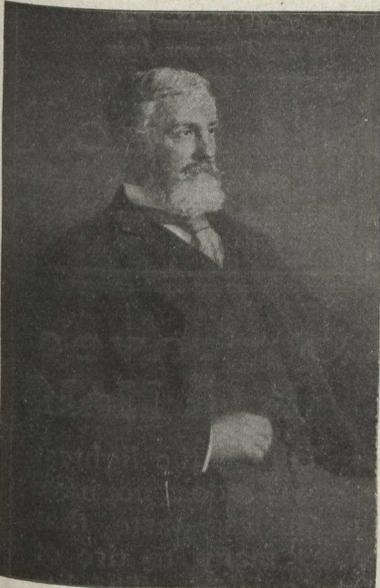
dollars of additional capital in cash in order to provide for the completion of a most modern mill at Port Colborne and the erection of a large number of elevators in the West. Almost co-incident with this was the consolidation of as many as seven of the principal oatmeal and milling companies of Ontario into the Canada Cereal and Milling Company and immediately on its completion the practical interests took advantage of the larger amount of capital placed in the treasury of the company to provide for an increase in the capacity of the various mills through an increase in the power to be secured from its various waterfalls. In addition a chain of elevators in the West was provided for in order that the company may at all times have ample supplies for its various mills. Then along came word of the Canada Bolt & Nut Consolidation, carried through with a view of securing the manufacture of special lines at special plants and thereby eliminate unnecessary duplication. This of course was just but the forerunner of that larger consolidation which has just been completed of the various steel finishing companies of the country into the Steel Company of Canada and a provision made that it should have all the capital required to keep pace with the tremendous development which is taking place at the present time in the steel industries of the country. Now comes word of a consolidation of a number of the larger woodworking machinery and tool companies into the Canada Machinery Corporation, and at first sight it would seem as though the benefits to be derived from it would be very much the same as those derived from the Canada Bolt & Nut Company and the large amount of additional capital will permit of the extension and improvements being made that will enable the company to cater to the larger trade which is now offering for their products.

In a somewhat different field and coming somewhat closer home to us was a consolidation of as many as some fifty-six preserving and canning concerns into the Dominion Cannery, Ltd., a most important consolidation from an industrial standpoint, as it helps to place a whole industry on which a large percentage of the farmers are largely dependent, on a sound basis.

* * *

Steps Into Highest Position in Canada's Financial World.

SO Mr. R. B. Angus is to be president of the Bank of Montreal. There has been some little delay in appointing the successor to the late Sir George A. Drummond as head of Canada's leading financial institution, but this was undoubtedly due to the fact that while all the members of the board of directors, as well as his personal friends were urging Mr. Angus to accept the position, he himself was very much opposed to assuming such a responsibility. In the end, however, Mr. Angus has evidently had to give way to the pressure brought to bear upon him by each and every one of his fellow-directors and has stepped up into what is undoubtedly the highest position in Canada's financial world.



Mr. R. B. Angus,
President Bank of Montreal.

At the announcement of Mr. Angus' appointment the great majority of the public will very likely have to inquire just who Mr. Angus is. Just here it can be said that there is no other man in Canada, who has played such a prominent part in big deals and in the larger corporations, who is so little known to the general public as is Mr. Angus. What is true of Canada in general is almost equally true of Montreal, Mr. Angus' home city, and it can be readily said that no other man of his position can walk along St. James Street to the Bank of Montreal and be recognised by so few people, as would be Mr. Angus. This is all the more surprising because his is a most striking figure,

for while he crossed the seventy-year mark quite a little while ago, he carries himself very erect and looks like a man whom you would not say is more than sixty-two or sixty-three years of age. In a word (and the remark is made of it being possible to do so without disturbing his modesty) he is a very fine-looking man.

That he should know a good deal about the bank of which he now becomes president may be gathered from the fact that he entered its employ back in 1857 and has been closely associated with it ever since, either as an employee or as a director. His appointment to the board of directors occurred over thirty years ago, the exact date being on the 12th of May, 1879, and previous to that time Mr. Angus had resigned as general manager of the bank in order to accept the position of general manager of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway, the company secured by the C. P. R. interests in order to bring up their supplies from the American Northwest to the Canadian Northwest to permit of the construction of the C. P. R. line. For close to thirty years Mr. Angus has also been a director of the Canadian Pacific, as well as of the Bank of Montreal, and as such he may be said to have played a more important part in the financial growth and development of both these concerns than any other one man. Of course there have been men who have been more actively identified with one or the other of these concerns, than has Mr. Angus, but when it came to financial problems, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, as head of the C. P. R., always sought Mr. Angus' counsel in the same way as did Sir Edward Clouston when anything came up of more than usual importance in connection with the Bank of Montreal. At the time of his accession to the highest office in the bank Mr. Angus finds himself surrounded on the board of directors by a number of men who are heads of several different industries in the country. Sir William Macdonald, for instance, is most generally known as the Tobacco King; Mr. A. Baumgarten is head of one of the largest sugar concerns in the country; Mr. E. B. Greenshields is head of the largest dry goods company; Mr. David Morrice is head of some of the largest textile and woollen concerns; Sir Thomas Shaughnessy head of the biggest railway; James Ross, the man who has been at the head of the largest iron and steel industries in Canada; Mr. C. R. Hosmer, the originator of the most complete telegraph system in the country, and now head of one of the biggest milling concerns.

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A TORPEDO IN FEATHERS

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 11.

entangled from the net and lifted into the boat. Laughingly the father passed the bundle along the gunwale to his son.

But swathing a powerful bird in a jacket is a more or less inexact undertaking, as many have found in experimenting with wounded hawks and eagles. By some lucky wriggle the loon got his head free. Instantly, with all the force of his powerful neck muscles, he drove his beak halfway through the fleshy part of his old enemy's arm. With a startled yell the lad dropped him. He bounded from the gunwale and rolled into the water. The man snatched at him and caught a flopping sleeve of his jacket. The jacket promptly and neatly unrolled; and the loon, diving deep, was out of sight in an eye-wink, leaving his would-be jailers to express themselves according to their mood. When he came to the surface for breath he was a hundred yards away and on the other side of the

boat; and, as he thrust little but his beak and nostrils above water, he was not detected.

A FEW minutes more and he was laughing derisively from the other side of the islet, swimming in safety with his mate and his two energetic chicks. Nevertheless, for all his triumph and the discomfiture of his foes, the grim experience had put him out of conceit with the lake. That same night, when the white moon rode high over the jagged spruce ridges, a hollow globe of enchantment, he led his little family straight up the river, mile after mile, till they reached another lake. It was a small lake, shut in by brooding hills, with iron shores, and few fish in its inhospitable waters; but it was remote from man and his works. So here the outraged bird was content to establish himself, till the hour should return for migrants to fly south.

THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.

sister—have settled to her lot as irrevocable. But when was woman content to swap a husband for a father? The custom has run too long the other way. So though she now proved biddable, astonishing us by a few attempts at English in the following days, I was not deceived. And when, at Fort Moose, she pleaded fatigue and asked for a rest, I pointed out that it was merely a ruse to permit her husband to gain on our tracks.

"Well, what of it?" Mr. Temple laughed at my counsel. "Sooner or later we shall have him to deal with, and for my part I'd like to see a man who can inspire such devotion."

And he had his wish, for because of the days we spent at Moose the man caught us up at Devil's Drum; came posting after his dogs through the big gates as calmly unconcerned as though he had furs on his hands instead of a quarrel with the Company's governor.

Mr. Temple and I were in the fur-house with Mr. Fraser to look at the season's pack, and when the door flung suddenly wide, we all three started around as though under a premonition of trouble.

A man nearer seven feet in height than six, and so broad that his shoulders brushed either lintel of an ordinary doorway, blackavised and heavily bearded, Mr. Fraser's appearance bore out his reputation of being the worst of men to brave in anger. As I have said, Mr. Temple was, next to him, the strongest man of my long experience, yet the fellow braced up to the pair of them, and his quality may be gauged when I say that he did not appear small in their presence.

Tall and straight as a young pine, he combined a sinewy liteness with bulk and bone. His face was cast on the French—stamping him as out of some voyageur—eye dark and rather small, cheek-bones broad, jaws tapering from great squareness at the ears to a pointed chin, nose aquiline, mouth a firm line. His expression was, I should judge, at all times hotly intense and, just now, radiated a governed anger. Though he had run five days and nights on our trail, fatigue showed only in the fever of his eye; his bulk seemed to swell under reserves of strength and passion as he addressed us in a harsh and grating voice.

"Fine business for a priest and the

governor of the Company." He spoke in French without preface or preamble. "By the stealing of women both the peace of God and the Company's trade are likely to be set forward. Was no other tepee fit for ravishment that you should be content with one? As for the thief that sold her"—from the beaded pouch at his belt he drew a frozen scalp and threw it at our feet—"it was his last trick at the trade."

Nonplused as much at his daring as the vehemence of his accusation, we stared at the grisly trophy. Mr. Fraser was the first to speak.

"Hum!" he coughed. "This simplifies the matter. By his own confession this fellow has done murder and it shall be my care to see that he presently swings between our gates."

In the best of humours Mr. Fraser always carried a dour look and the glance which went with his words was grim beyond description. Yet the fever in the man's eyes only burned the brighter as he burst again into ironical speech.

"And now who speaks? Surely not Black Jack who built Devil's Drum on the bodies of murdered Crees?"

His charge carried this much truth, that Mr. Fraser had broken the tribes that opposed his building. He, however, plead a higher warrant.

"I killed with the law—you, without."

"The law?" he grimaced ironically. "Oui, I had forgotten—the law, the law of the white man, the Company's law, the—"

"The only law!" Springing up, Mr. Fraser towered above him, beetling, aggressive. "The law which claims your body."

As he stepped forward, however, Mr. Temple laid a hand upon his arm.

"This is my business, Fraser." From surprise, his expression had merged in curious admiration—he always loved a man—which gave place to his usual dignity as he went on: "As Mr. Fraser says, you have placed yourself in our hands, and for that very reason I refuse the vantage. As the man was known for a thief and a murderer, I shall regard your act as committed under my commission. Regarding your complaint—the girl is my daughter and I can listen to nothing—"

"Your daughter?" A defiant sarcasm seethed through the fellow's ex-



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G. C. ANDERSON,
 Superintendent.

pression. "What manner of father is this that leaves his woman-child to the tender raising of the Swampy Sioux? Now, see you! While buying furs for the Nor'westers ten years ago I came on the girl by chance. Like a fair lily, she had flowered in the muck of an Indian camp, and to protect her tender growth, I stayed and made her people my people. It was my gun, my traps that supplied the teepee of the old squaw, her mother, in the years that the deer failed and a murrain took the rabbits. I nursed, tended her through the fevers of childhood. But for me she would have been the broken mother of a squalid brood at the age that a white child begins her schooling; but because of the tie of blood between us I waited the appointed years before I took her into my teepee. Who then has the right of her—who protected her growth? You, who left her to brute chance?"

I saw Mr. Temple wince at the squalid chance he mentioned and he gravely answered: "Your kindness has earned a reply. To your charge I can only say that until five days ago I was ignorant of her existence. I am not unaware that nature punishes ignorance more heavily than folly, and I can never be sufficiently grateful for the part you played in my stead. Still, in convicting me of remissness, you but double my sense of present duty. Enter our service and your advancement will be measured only by your abilities. But as for leaving her with you—that were too high a price. From here she goes to Montreal to be educated—"

"Oui!" the breed hotly interrupted.

"You will prison her within stone walls—she who has had only the wide prairies for her chamber, the stars for a night-light, the wind for her lullaby. Then I say that your present intention is even more cruel than your past neglect. You spoke of your law, and I tell of a higher—the law of the wild that governed her growth. Can you graft a grown tree? Train a prairie rose into a garden bloom? She is a woman grown. When you say that I must give her up, I answer that her head has pillowed on my shoulder for this year. I will not—if she asked it herself—and will you try her?"

Mr. Temple shook his head in a grave pity. "I might—three years from now. Come!" He thrust out a friendly hand. "Come, see the sense of this. At Fort York we need a factor—"

Stepping, the breed spat on the frozen scalp. "And you would make of me such another? To York, I may go; aye, and to Churchill, La Trappe, Winnipegos; to every tribe between the Red and the Rockies. But—for your fair words I give fair warning—it will be to turn their trade to the Nor'westers."

Through all Mr. Fraser had listened impatiently. Now he broke in. "Pish! Did I not say that he would be the better of a little hanging? To the gates with him!"

"No, no." Once more the governor shook his head. "No, I am too heavily his debtor. I shall ask you only to detain him with every courtesy for the next three weeks."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

MYSTERIOUS COLONEL DROUSKI

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.

that you do not attract suspicion to yourself.

Colonel Drouski drove hurriedly back to the Hotel Der Grosse.

"Mr. Rubitini 'as gone to 'is room," Hawkins advised the Colonel.

"He has had no message?" Drouski asked.

"None whatever."

"You will kindly accompany me to Mr. Rubitini's room; I wish to speak with him."

When they reached the fourteenth floor Colonel Drouski said: "A page will present my card to Mr. Rubitini in his room, I shall enter at once, and you might remain in close attendance by the door, Mr. Hawkins."

Barely waiting Mr. Rubitini's invitation, Colonel Drouski entered the latter's room, closing the door behind him. Somewhat curiously the Colonel's right hand rested in a pocket of his coat. As he turned the light struck upon his face, and Rubitini, who had taken a step forward to meet his guest, recoiled and involuntarily raised his hand as though he held a rapier at guard. Then a smile flitted over his lips and, bowing with mock deference, he sneered: "Colonel Drouski—" he flipped the card he held insolently to the floor. "You will forgive me, mon brave Colonel, if I fail to associate the name with a past acquaintance-ship. May I ask why Nicholas does me the honour of a visit at this hour—Nicholas, whom I thought at this hour with his moujik?"

"I have brought a letter from a lady which, when you have read it, we will discuss, Alexis." Colonel Drouski extended the letter with a full sweep of his long arm. There was a weariness in his movement which did not escape Rubitini, who muttered in a sibilant sneer, "Mon brave Colonel, you are nervous—come, excitement causes your hand to tremble."

He turned to the light above his dresser, tore the envelope, and Drouski saw his face pale as he perused its contents.

Colonel Drouski stood with his back against the door, waiting in impassive silence as the other read the letter twice. Presently Rubitini, placing it upon the dresser, turned, saying: "Nicholas—pardon, Colonel Drouski—has lost none of his old cunning; he always played with loaded dice, and—need I say it—always won."

"Against such as Signor Rubitini—always, yes," Drouski responded in an unruffled tone of voice. "I have your letter to Countess Boskovitch—I have the Baron's ring and the lady has confessed—"

"Nicholas still seeks to rival Ananias," Rubitini interrupted with a sneer.

Colonel Drouski continued as though the other had not spoken: "Presently I shall leave you for a brief space while I call an officer; you will be arrested, Alexis, and undoubtedly hanged for the murder of—"

"Karl Pffer," the other interrupted.

"Yes, the Baron. And Little Mannon, as accomplice, will be sent to the American Siberia. There are certain names that are never registered against such as are hanged for murder."

As Colonel Drouski spoke, Rubitini seemed measuring him as if for a spring; there was a stealthy, panther-like droop of the shoulders, a crouching forward on the toes, the lips were curled in a snarl.

Drouski saw it and said quietly: "It is quite useless, Alexis; you have no chance—no chance. For the move you meditate here is checkmated." The Colonel's hand that had rested idly in his pocket now showed the cold blue of a pistol barrel.



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"Always the loaded dice, Nicholas," Rubitini sneered.

"We understand each other very well," retorted Drouski.

Before the words had well passed his lips, with a spring Rubitini was upon him. Drouski was crashed against the door. With a quick movement the fingers of his left hand brushed against the assailant's throat and down into the collar.

The door was pushed in from without and Hawkins' voice asked: "What is it, Colonel Drouski?"

"Nothing, Officer," Drouski said, releasing his grasp. "Mr. Rubitini tripped upon a rug and I failed to catch him as he fell. It's nothing."

As Hawkins closed the door again Colonel Drouski said: "Stand there by the dresser, Alexis."

"Why didn't you shoot, coward—mon brave Colonel?"

"For Manon's sake, some things must be arranged quietly."

"Again the loaded dice, Nicholas."

"You are a poor loser, Alexis. I go now, to return for your arrest."

"I shall be prepared. I curse you, Nicholas, for what you have done, and thank you for what you have not done. You would have me believe that Manon is perfidious. You will tell Little Manon that what is, is because she is not perfidious."

"You will stand where you are, Alexis. I wish the officer without to see that I leave you in your very good health, Monsieur."

Colonel Drouski opened the door and, holding it so that Hawkins could see Rubitini standing beneath the light, said: "You will kindly see that Mr. Rubitini is well attended during my absence." Then he closed the door and clicked the key.

Hawkins nodded approvingly, saying: "Think you've nailed 'im, sir."

"He has promised to come with us quietly if we give him a little time to prepare. You might remain here."

When they opened the door again Hawkins said: "Indeed 'e'll go quiet now; 'e's cheated the gallows."

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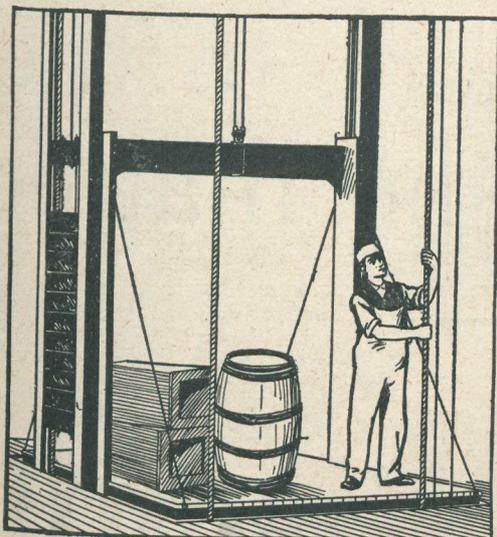
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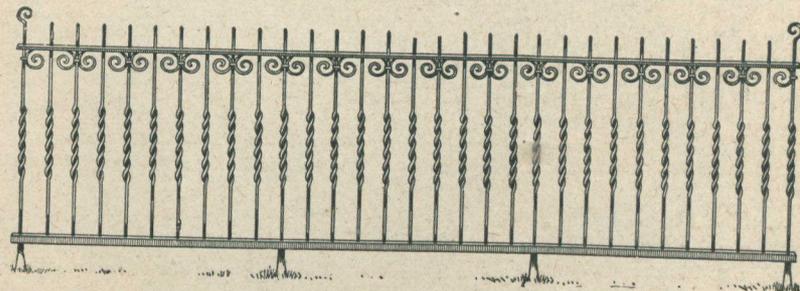
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