

Vol. VI, No. 6

July 10th, 1909

Price 10 Cents

The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



ESTELLE M. KERR.

"HOT WEATHER"

Drawn by Estelle M. Kerr.

Read in
Nine
Provinces

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



HENRY - HUTT

Copyright, 1908, by Henry Hull

Simpson's Housefurnishing Club

Members of our Former Clubs are prima facie members of this July Club. 500 new members will be admitted. Join at once if you need Carpets, Rugs, Window Draperies, Furniture, or any goods sold in those respective departments.

WE TAKE PLEASURE in announcing that our Housefurnishing Club is open for the entry of 500 new members. Ex-membership also will be renewed upon application.

It may seem somewhat superfluous at this date to enlarge upon the immense advantages to which this announcement

refers. Our Housefurnishing Club plan is now so well known in Toronto, and, indeed, throughout Canada. But we will briefly explain its features for the better understanding of those who have never as yet taken advantage of Club membership.

We offer 500 responsible people the free privilege of a charge account in the Carpet and Curtain Department and in the Furniture Department, for all goods ordered during the month of July.

The only extra advantage we look for is increased business among house-owners. We make no charge whatever for the convenience, and Club members are charged cash prices—*not one cent more.*

The times and terms of payment are privately arranged as mutually satisfactory to the Club customer and our Club Secretary, the general agreement covering six months, and including 25% down and the balance in six monthly payments.

We are absolutely candid when we say there is no extra charge in anyway. All we want is a reasonable assurance of Club applicants' intentions and responsibility. Home-owners have in this Club the most liberal proposition ever made—Simpson cash prices with time to pay at convenience.

Our Stock of Housefurnishings was never so complete. The increased area of this enlarged store enables us to supply variety and choice as never before.

The Secretary's office is at the James Street end of the ground floor. Consult him and learn any fuller particulars you may desire. Out-of-town residents are requested to address all communications to the *Secretary of the Housefurnishing Club.*

*Simpson's
House-
furnishing
Club is
open for
July*

THE
ROBERT

SIMPSON

COMPANY
LIMITED

TORONTO

McGill University

MONTREAL

Session 1909-1910

Courses in Arts, Applied Science (Architecture, Chemistry, Metallurgy, Theory and Practice of Railways, and Civil, Electrical, Mechanical, and Mining Engineering) Law, Medicine, Dentistry, and Commerce.

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

Lectures in Arts, Applied Science, and Commerce, will begin on October 1st; in Medicine on October 1st.

Particulars regarding examinations, entrance requirements, courses of study, fees, etc., can be obtained on application to

J. A. NICHOLSON, M.A.

Registrar.

Queen's University and College

KINGSTON ONTARIO.

ARTS
EDUCATION
THEOLOGY
MEDICINE

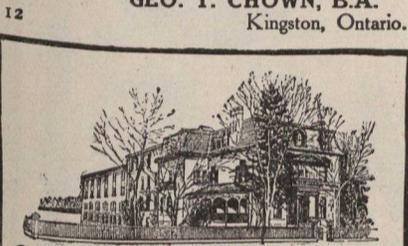
SCIENCE (Including Engineering)

Students registering for the first time before October 21st, 1909, may complete the Arts course without attendance

For Calendars, write the Registrar,

GEO. Y. CHOWN, B.A.

Kingston, Ontario.



St. Margaret's College

TORONTO

A High-Class Residential and Day School for Girls under the management of

GEORGE DICKSON, M.A., (formerly Principal Upper Canada College, Toronto), and MRS. GEORGE DICKSON.

MISS J. E. MACDONALD, B.A., Principal. Large Staff of Teachers, Graduates of Canadian and English Universities.

Full Academic Course for University Matriculation with highest honors; Music, Art, Domestic Science and Physical Education.

Write for Booklet to the Secretary, St. Margaret's College, Toronto.

Will your Daughter be an Alma Girl?

Alma is a well-established Ladies' College, which combines the experience of 28 years with best modern methods of study and instruction. Alma students enjoy privileges and advantages in attaining a higher education unexcelled in Ontario. Cost depends upon study selected. Separate Junior Department provided for younger girls. Endowment permits low rates. Free Booklet explains details. Write for it to-day.

ALMA COLLEGE, ST. THOMAS, ONT.

ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE

And Conservatory of Music and Art
Whitby Ontario
(Trafalgar Castle)

Palatial buildings, acknowledged to be unequalled in Canada by those of any other Ladies' School or College; ideal location in a Collegiate town near Toronto, giving to those who desire it easy access to city concerts; magnificent College sufficiently large to enable all students to play at the same time without interfering with each other; gymnasium, 40 x 80 feet; careful home and social training that will be likely to impart the essentials of good manners under moral and Christian influences; last, but not least, the recognized leader in that staff, equipment and courses of study. Take note of the fact that teachers of Dominion reputation are at the head of the various departments. It will pay you to consider the above special advantages and send for calendar to the

REV. J. J. HARE, Ph.D., Principal.

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

Published at 12 Wellington St. East, by the Courier Press, Limited
Subscription Per Year: Canada and Great Britain, \$3.00; United States, \$4.00

CONTENTS

PEOPLE OF TO-DAY	5
REFLECTIONS	6
FRENCH-CANADIANS AND IMPERIALISM, by L. J. Tarte..	7
WOMEN IN REVOLT, BY THE MONOCLE MAN	8
THE KING'S REPRESENTATIVE IN THE FAR EAST	9
BRINGING THE LAST BUFFALO FROM THE UNITED STATES TO CANADA	10
SPORTS ON LAND AND WATER	11
OPEN-AIR HORSE SHOW IN TORONTO	12
THE ENGLISH CHURCH PAGEANT AT FULHAM, ENGLAND, by Miss Emily P. Weaver	13
FIRING THE DOMINION DAY SALUTE AT MONTREAL ..	14
THE LOSS OF THE EMPRESS OF BRITAIN, story by Alan B. Lethbridge	15
DEMI-TASSE	16
PEOPLE AND PLACES	17
MONEY AND MAGNATES	20
CANADIAN LITTERATEURS AT THE QUINQUENNIAL CONGRESS, by Donald B. Sinclair	22



Editor's Talk

LAST week we printed a friendly letter of encouragement from one of our subscribers. This unusual piece of egotism on the part of the editorial staff induced the Circulation Manager to lay several new bouquets on the editorial desk. Mr. W. H. Black, of Norway Bay, P.Q., says: "Your paper is better than I expected to find it; I don't want to lose a copy." He especially admires the "Monocle Man" and in this respect his judgment is almost universal.

Mr. R. E. Estabrooks of Woodstock, N.B., in sending in his summer address, writes in fine spirit: "I appreciate highly your efforts to produce a bright, clean national weekly, and hope these efforts may be rewarded with an ever-widening circulation and promptly paid subscriptions."

The success of every journal depends largely on the enthusiasm and co-operation of its readers.

NEXT week we hope to have some special photographic features which will be exceptionally strong, and a rather strong short-story. This week's story must not be taken too seriously, but it indicates in an imaginative way what Canada might experience. We hope such circumstances will never arise. Great Britain and Germany are not likely to quarrel, if Canada can prevent it.

THE article on the French-Canadian attitude toward a united Canada and a united Empire is well explained by Mr. L. J. Tarte, managing director and editor of *La Patrie*, Montreal. He pleads for a better understanding, and he should not plead in vain.

School of Mining

A COLLEGE OF APPLIED SCIENCE,
Affiliated to Queen's University,
KINGSTON, ONT.

For Calendar of the School and further information, apply to the Secretary, School of Mining, Kingston, Ontario.

The following Courses are offered:
I—Four Years' Course for Degree of B.Sc.
II—Three Years' Course for Diploma.
a—Mining Engineering.
b—Chemistry and Mineralogy.
c—Mineralogy and Geology.
d—Chemical Engineering.
e—Civil Engineering.
f—Mechanical Engineering.
g—Electrical Engineering.
h—Biology and Public Health.
j—Power Development.

9

Royal Victoria College - Montreal

A residential hall for the women students of McGill University. Situated on Sherbrooke Street, in close proximity to the University Buildings and laboratories. Students of the College are admitted to the courses in Arts of McGill University on identical terms with men, but mainly in separate classes. In addition to the lectures given by the Professors and Lecturers of the University, students are assisted by resident tutors. Gymnasium, skating rink, tennis courts etc. Scholarships and Exhibitions awarded annually.

Instruction in all branches of music in the McGill Conservatorium of music. For further particulars address

The Warden, Royal Victoria College Montreal

Trinity College School

Residential School FOR BOYS

FOUNDED 1865

Magnificent and Healthy Situation. Modern Fire proof Buildings. Extensive Playgrounds, Large Gymnasium, Skating Rinks, Etc.

Boys prepared for Universities, Royal Military College and Business. Special attention to younger boys.

Port Hope, Ont.

Next Term begins Tuesday, Sept. 14. For Calendar and all information apply to the Headmaster

REV. OSWALD RIGBY, M.A. (Cambridge) LL.D.

Hill Croft

BOBCAYGEON, ONTARIO

A Residential School in the Country for Young Boys. Boys prepared for the Senior Boarding Schools. New and specially designed building. Hot water heating. Electric light. Ample grounds.

Autumn term commences Sept. 13th, 1909.

Apply for information and prospectus to W. T. COMBER, B.A. (Oxford) Headmaster

The Hamilton Steel and Iron Co.

Limited

PIG IRON

Foundry, Basic, Malleable

FORGINGS

of every description
High-Grade Bar Iron
Open Hearth Bar Steel

Hamilton - Ontario

Chief Office for Canada: TORONTO

ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager



IRISH & MAULSON, Limited
Toronto General Agents

THE
BIGGEST
SELLING
EVENT
OF THE
YEAR



COPIES
NOW
READY
WRITE
FOR
ONE

EATON'S JULY & AUGUST SALE

ARE YOU AT A LOSS AS TO HOW TO CURTAIL EXPENSES?

Don't be in such a predicament in so far as saving money on your everyday needs is concerned. It isn't necessary. We have the remedy—let us apply it—it costs you nothing. Write for our July and August Sale Catalogue—not to-morrow but to-day—and when it arrives don't lose or destroy it, as it cost us real money and can save you a great deal more. Look it over carefully; read, mark, learn and inwardly digest its contents; note the superior values and unusual saving it affords.

Through no other means than "Right Goods at Right Prices with Right Service" could we secure our great volume of trade. Our record of full value-giving has proved a perpetual and cumulative advertisement. Low prices, proper service, and goods of honest quality, are our best business assets.

Do you practice economy? Many a housewife thinks that she is most economical because she has denied herself some luxury, while such denial would have been uncalled for had she not been paying too much for necessaries. Are you sure that you are not in exactly the same predicament? In any event send for our bargain-listing summer catalogue and it will be mailed to you immediately upon receipt of your request.

Every price quoted is a money-saver for you. If we cannot give you first class goods at rock-bottom prices we won't ask you to buy from us. A trial order will settle the question beyond all doubt, and that we solicit.



Money-saving
Chances
in Abundance

THE T. EATON CO LIMITED
TORONTO - - - CANADA

Goods Right or
Your Money
Refunded



T H E

Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL. 6

Toronto, July 10th, 1909

No. 6

PEOPLE OF TO-DAY

A Canadian Suffragette

THERE was in attendance at the Quinquennial Congress of the International Council of Women a real, live suffragette—one of the "Votes for women or fight" kind. Miss Mary Keegan, for such is the name of the militant advocate, has three claims to distinction; she is a play-writer, a suffragette, and a native of Hamilton, Ont. She is an active member of the Women's Social and Political Association of England; in fact, so active a member that she can show a photograph of herself in prison garb, the result of participating in the late suffragette demonstrations in England. Although her visit to Canada is not as a representative of the society of which she is a member but she is quietly doing considerable educative work here in the interests of woman suffrage.

Miss Keegan is a vivacious and voluble talker and ardently advocates the extension of the suffrage to women. In Canada she admits she has found no organisations favouring the use of the strenuous and coercive tactics of some of their English sisters, but she has come in contact with various equal suffrage associations pursuing more peaceful methods. She claims that the aim and character of the English woman suffrage agitation is not understood here and considers it her mission to present them in their true light.

* * *

A Canadian Golf Champion

MR. EDWARD LEGGE has been in this country just six months—merely long enough for most old countrymen to become acclimated—and yet this young man is already a Canadian champion. He walked away with the leading honours at the Dominion Golf Association tournament in Toronto last week. The phenomenon of the Scotchman was so sudden that the native "putters" sought an explanation. He divulged the fact that in old Aberdeen he became acquainted with the links at about the age when our lads are playing marbles. He had had more practice than our fellows. In this country, golfing privileges are so horribly exclusive that by the time a chap scrapes up the price to buy the requisite clubs and an expensive membership ticket, his hand is not nearly so steady, nor his eye so clear, as they might have been in the hey-day of youth.

Mr. Legge's athletic propensities were cultivated in the main at Aberdeen University. In his freshman year there, he captured the North of Scotland Golf Championship. During his senior years he was prominent as an executive officer, occupying the important positions of secretary of the Scottish Universities Athletic Club, secretary of Aberdeen College Athletic Association, and president of North of Scotland Football Club. Mr. Legge has taken up residence at Toronto, where he is connected professionally with the well-known law firm of which the Minister of Justice is the head.

* * *

A Man of Letters

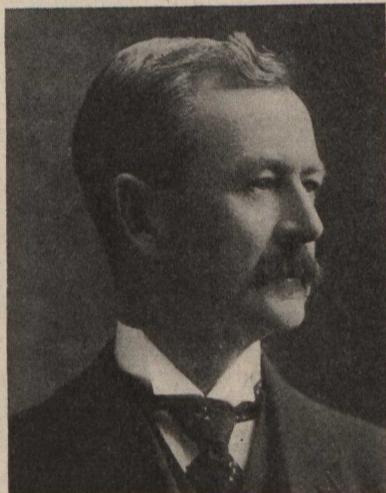
HAMILTON seems to be a post-office centre. Just the other day the oldest postmaster in Canada, Mr. Adam Brown, celebrated a birthday. It was near Hamilton that the first rural mail delivery went into operation. Now Mr. George Ross, a Hamiltonian by birth, has been



Miss Mary Keegan,
A Canadian Suffragette in Prison Dress.



Legge and Moss.
The Golf Champion and the Runner-up.



Mr. M. J. Butler, I.S.O.,
Member of the Intercolonial Commission.



Mr. George Ross, I.S.O.,
Chief Post Office Supt. for Canada

elevated to be a Companion Imperial Service Order by the King — which may or may not make Mr. Ross a better post-office official, though that is by no means necessary, for Mr. Ross has for years been one of the ablest post-office organisers in Canada. It was in June, 1875, that Mr. Ross went into post-office work—in Hamilton, where he became a fourth class clerk. Seven years ago he was made Chief Post-Office Superintendent for Canada. That position he still holds. At the time of the appointment of Mr. Rogers, the present postmaster at Toronto, there was a good deal of newspaper agitation on behalf of Mr. Ross on the ground of long public service, industry and reliability. Mr. Ross had indeed strong personal claims on the position. He is out and out a post-office man; one who takes the transmission and delivery of the mails as seriously as some men do the building of railways. He is a hard worker and an up-to-date man. It was he who worked hardest to establish rural mail delivery—which up to the present, however, has been somewhat of a phantom thing. It was he who suggested the militia post-office at the training camps so happily carried out this year.

In the greystone, somewhat classic building at the head of Toronto Street in Toronto, Mr. Ross is the busiest man of all. He has a large family, most of whom he has brought up in that building. During his career in the post-office business he has seen most of the great changes that have come over the transmission and delivery of the mails. In 1874, when he entered the service, there were fewer letters mailed in all the cities and towns of Canada than there are mailed now in the city of Toronto alone. There was then no free delivery of letters—a system which is now in vogue in almost every Canadian city of over ten thousand population. There were no two-cent stamps. Imperial penny postage did not come till twenty years after Mr. Ross entered the service. In that time also the post-office savings bank has been developed into one of the strongest economic institutions in the country. The postal note and money order system has been extended and made more and more elastic, so that the sending of money by registered mail is now no longer necessary, though still practised. Registration has been simplified. The classification of things sent by mail has been made complete. Department stores have aided in the extension of this branch of the service. Special delivery stamps have been inaugurated. Typewriters have decreased the bulk and multiplied the number of letters. The stamping-machine has been brought into use. Letter carriers have had their pay increased. Postmasters-General have come and gone—just who was the P. M. G. when Mr. Ross entered the post-

office is not clearly remembered, but he has seen whole dynasties of them come and go; has seen the department and portfolio of labour grow out of the post-office department at Ottawa, and the publication of the *Labour Gazette*, which, however, pays no postage. In short, Mr. Ross has seen so much of the post-office in thirty-five years that life to him has become just one long letter — plus now the letters tacked onto his name.

* * *

Honour and Work

ON grounds of sterling efficiency no man in Canada is better entitled to recognition by the King with the companionship of the Imperial Service Order than Mr. M. J. Butler, member of the Inter-

colonial Commission. While much of Mr. Butler's best work has been done during the past thirty years, he has perhaps as much ahead of him in the operation of the Intercolonial. For nearly thirty years he has been engaged in engineering problems, mainly on railways both in Canada and the United States, but also upon waterworks problems, having been appointed in 1891 chief engineer of the Bay of Quinte Railway and Navigation Company, besides having been assistant engineer in charge of the water service construction of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe in the United States. Having served a term as Deputy Minister of Railways, Mr. Butler was perhaps better qualified than almost any other man to become a member of the Intercolonial Commission. Always aggressive and constructive, he should be able to prove that this particular instance of Civil Service reform is to be well carried out. There is a heap of work to do on the Intercolonial; and in doing this work Mr. Butler and his associates will be too busy dodging the criticisms of party heelers to take much notice of mere titles. However, in his quiet moments it will be some pleasure to Mr. Butler to reflect that he got his share of nominal honours as well as his quota of responsibilities.

REFLECTIONS

GONE is the Imperial Press Conference as many another event has gone, lost in the making, forgotten in the passing. Called together by a bit of a boy with an English accent, a swagger, and a fondness for meeting "big" people, the Press Men of the Empire rallied because it was the First Call. If the Bugler sounded only the notes of a Master, who was that Master? Perhaps it was an accidental inspiration, and there was no master.

Such a gathering must leave its impress. Held

"in the Hall of the Five Free Nations that are peers among their peers"

it attracted the attention of them all. So many representatives cannot gather in one place without focusing the eyes of those represented. The Empire has been listening to the echoes from the meeting-place. It will be an impetus, though perhaps a small impetus, to a better Imperial understanding. It has emphasised Imperial equality, which after all is the main point. The newer nations are asserting their right to be heard as "peers"; the Britisher is slowly coming to admit that right. The younger voices are being heard, though as yet the tones are somewhat subordinated.

* * *

TEN years ago, the opinion of the younger nations counted for little on the Strand and in the Westminster district, but that ten year period has seen a wonderful change. To-day colonial opinion is courted and sought to such an extent that there may be a danger of the younger people talking too much. Imperial Federation is dead; imperial union and equality is a living principle. The household idea has given way to the partnership idea. The service of the future will be a volunteer service, not one based on compulsion or conscription. The new Empire is built upon dreams which are impracticable and impossible.

* * *

LIEUTENANT SHACKLETON is an imperial figure, and Canadians must have been greatly interested in the welcome which London gave him last month. His return from a successful voyage lasting nineteen months was an event of national interest. He planted the Queen's Union Jack 97 miles from the South Pole, discovered the South Magnetic Pole and eight new mountain chains, surveyed 100 mountains, ascended Mount Erebus for the first time, discovered coal and a new coast, and disproved the "Polar Calm" theory. Over snow and ice, with temperatures 70 degrees below zero and blizzards raging 70 miles an hour, he and his men struggled for four long months. His triumph, if not complete, was one of the greatest in the history of brilliant and intrepid exploits.

In all probability, Lieutenant Shackleton will visit Canada some time during the winter. He is coming on a lecture tour through the United States, after his book is written, and will undoubtedly want to see a little of this portion of the Empire. If he comes, he will be warmly welcomed.

* * *

SOME time ago it was mentioned in these columns that the Bell Telephone Company were encouraging rural telephone companies and doing all they could to increase their growth. One periodical had the boldness to challenge the statement. It is surprising how some newspapers take delight in misrepresenting the attitude of large corporations, thinking thereby to serve the interests of the public. Such a notion must be based upon a queer conception of the difference

between right and wrong. The public's best interests cannot be served by denying the meed of just praise to any corporation or any individual.

Undoubtedly the Bell has fought the independent companies and tried to keep its monopoly intact. The rural situation, however, is not involved in such a statement. To-day, the Bell has connections with nearly four hundred companies, with 16,000 subscribers in Ontario and Quebec. It is the announced policy of that company to encourage the independent rural company, for the simple reason that it ultimately means more business for the Bell. The growth of independent rural companies does not mean dual service, and dual service is the only feature which that company fights bitterly.

The rural telephone has come and within five years, it is safe to assert, one-half of the farmers of Canada will have this luxury in their homes. No one company could possibly undertake to build all the required rural lines in that time. They will be sufficiently busy looking after the growth of towns and cities and in providing for the central and long distance services. The Bell has its faults, no doubt, but like most other Canadian corporations it has enough sense not to cut off its nose to spite its face.

* * *

IF any proof is required that the independent companies are just as selfish as the Bell, the following resolution passed at the annual convention of the Canadian Independent Telephone Association, held in Toronto, September 4th, 1907, will suffice:

"That whereas the Bell Telephone Company is proposing long distance connection to local independent companies in various parts of Canada and is offering in consideration therefor to abandon the local field in certain sections, and whereas it is the opinion of this convention that any such connection is bound to injure the independent telephone cause as a whole;

"Therefore, be it resolved that this association frowns upon and denounces any such affiliation or connection of independent telephone companies with the Bell Company anywhere in Canada as being injurious to the people as a whole; and that this Association endorses the action of the International Telephone Association, held in Chicago on June 4th of this year, in respect to such arrangements."

* * *

THE latest talk in Toronto is about "tubes." The International Council of Women has adjourned, and Controller Hocken with good journalistic sense chose the succeeding lull in which to make his radical suggestion. He wants to have the authorities investigate the possibility of running the street-car traffic underground in the central portion of the city as is done in Boston, New York, London and other large cities. Speed, comfort and economy are the advantages; the expense is the disadvantage. However, Canada is "looking up" when it possesses a city which is more or less seriously considering underground railways.

* * *

THE city of St. John has issued a report of the shipping which left that port in the six months, November to May. During the season of 1895-1896, there were 22 boats which cleared from that port, and these had a total tonnage amounting to 50,892. In the season which has just closed there were 108 sailings and the total tonnage of the vessels was 474,620. This is a marvellous growth. In ten years the value of the exports for the same period has grown from seven million dollars to twenty-four and a half millions.

One feature of these figures is worth noticing. Of this twenty-four and a half million exports, the manufacturers of Canada supplied only two and a half millions. This is not a great showing. The products of the farm, forest, cheese factory and creamery formed the bulk of the shipments.

THE LIBERATED JOURNALIST

MR. JULES FOURNIER is not the first man to find a term of gaol experience the way to glory. After a brief sojourn in Quebec, where he enjoyed government hospitality in restricted quarters, as a penalty for criticising the administration of justice, Mr. Fournier arrived in Montreal on the last day of June to find himself a popular hero. Ten thousand perspiring citizens assembled in his honour and assured him that he is the Gallic equivalent of "a jolly good fellow." There was a mighty gathering at the St. James' Market Square and Mr. Fournier, Editor of the *Nationaliste*, accompanied by Mr. Henri Bourassa, that lover of freedom undefiled, was the centre of popular enthusiasm. Mr. Fournier, with the modesty which so frequently distinguishes the man of renown, disclaimed the ovation

as a personal tribute but assumed that it was intended in behalf of the freedom of the press.

Ontario could hardly be roused to such enthusiasm in the cause of suffering and independent journalism, but, to the French-Canadian, there is something infinitely pathetic and inspiring in the spectacle of an editor imprisoned for a fervent expression of opinion. He will be a hero forever after in the eyes of thousands of nationalists and his political future is assured. Mr. Bourassa, his friends will be pleased to note, has by no means lost that vigour of expression and felicity of phrase which made his defeat a distinct loss to either Legislature or Parliament. Such an incident as the Fournier reception lends a colour and vivacity to political life which Ontario sadly lacks. Colonel Sam Hughes is now an Ottawa figure; Mr. R. R. Gamey has dined at Government House and is more interested in mines than in politics; Dr. Beattie Nesbitt no longer goes after the enemy and Mr. George E. Foster takes but a languid interest in the progress of the case against the *Globe*. Altogether, it is dull in the political and journalistic circles of Ontario and even an imprisoned editor would fail to stir the pulses of Toronto.

THE MEMORIAL TO BARBARA HECK

CANADIAN Methodism has honoured itself in the memorial recently erected near Prescott, to Barbara Heck, the pioneer of that church in Canada. Before the outbreak of the American War of Independence, Paul Heck and his wife, Barbara, had emigrated from Sligo, Ireland, and settled in New York. As their sympathies were with the British, they left their new home in 1778 and finally settled on the shores of the St. Lawrence. In the pioneer community Barbara Heck held meetings and taught the doctrines of her belief and when she died was buried in the churchyard of the Little Blue Church, as it is called, near the picturesque town of Prescott. This "God's acre" belongs to the Church of England and there the body of this early follower of Wesley has mouldered into dust.



This photograph of Lieutenant Shackleton and his party, was taken within a hundred miles of the South Pole, at the conclusion of their record dash South. This remarkable picture was taken by Mr. Eric Marshall, surgeon and cartographer to the Expedition. The figures from the left are: Lieut. Adams, Mr. Frank Wild and Lieut. Ernest H. Shackleton.

Those who were the pioneer educators and preachers in our country led a life of such stern toil and endeavour, such hand-to-hand conflict with nature, as we can but faintly understand. Such rude records of the time as we possess show what a force for cheer and enlightenment in the little settlement on the St. Lawrence was this Irishwoman, so loyal to her church and her country. The toil of woman has not often met with public recognition, since it is usually of that order which is known to a small circle. But all who have read of the heroic and faithful work of Barbara Heck will recognise the beauty and fitness of this latest memorial. FRITH.

FRENCH CANADIANS AND IMPERIALISM

A Frank Discussion of an Important Theme

By L. J. TARTE, LA PATRIE, MONTREAL

THE loyalty of French-Canadians has been widely discussed of late and is still commented upon by the press, throughout the Empire. Barrels of ink have been spilt and spoiled over that matter, by newspapers and writers. For my part, I sincerely regret that the question was ever raised, because I believe such an argument seriously detrimental to the interests of both French and English Canadians.

In most cases, when the French element happens to be doubted, the responsibility can easily be traced to politics. Some political men, in order to reap a temporary benefit for their party, have too often deemed it advantageous to challenge the loyalty of the French minority. And I must say that the two parties, Conservative and Liberal, share equally this guilt.

If our English-speaking fellow-citizens took pains to learn a little more about us, they would soon perceive how utterly devoid of foundation is the legend that has been circulated so long. First of all, they must bear well in mind that we French-Canadians are attached to this country, more closely perhaps than any other race. And how could it be otherwise? We are the sons of the pioneers on this land. We feel content to live here, and we have made up our minds that all our aspirations, all our ambitions are contained in this Canada of ours. Of course, we are proud of our race, and of course, we still keep in our hearts a sweet remembrance of the France of old, whence came our forefathers, but all the other ties are broken. You may question a hundred French-Canadians and ninety-nine out of that number will tell you they never wished for a moment the return of the French dominion. It does not even enter our minds that

we will cease to be British subjects. We are up to our contracts, and in exchange for the fullest liberty we are willing to give the fullest loyalty.

The true feelings of the French-Canadians are ignored by the majority of the population, and it is very unfortunate. A more frequent intercourse, I am sure, would lead to a better understanding. The time is coming fast when the two pioneer races of this country, the English-Canadians and the French-Canadians, will have to unite together or to be flooded. Everybody is aware of the fact that the population of Canada is becoming more and more heterogeneous. Thousands and thousands of Americans are crossing the border every year, and the Great West is already teeming with people of all races and creeds. To retain the upper hand in this land, which is theirs—by right of birth and by right of toil—the English and the French-Canadians have nothing to spare and it is not too much for their combined strength.

Indeed, it is already gratifying to see how considerably the relations between the two races have improved during the last five or six years.

For instance, while not so very long ago you could hardly find in the Province of Quebec a single English-Canadian who could talk a word of French, to-day there are hundreds of them who not only talk French fluently, but are accomplished French scholars. Our French language is held in the highest honour at McGill University, where it has even been made a formal part of the programme of studies.

These happy results, no doubt, must be ascribed in great part to the mixing up of both races in commercial life. Anyhow, they are significant; they show that a broader spirit prevails, and that

the English and French-Canadians are ready for co-operation.

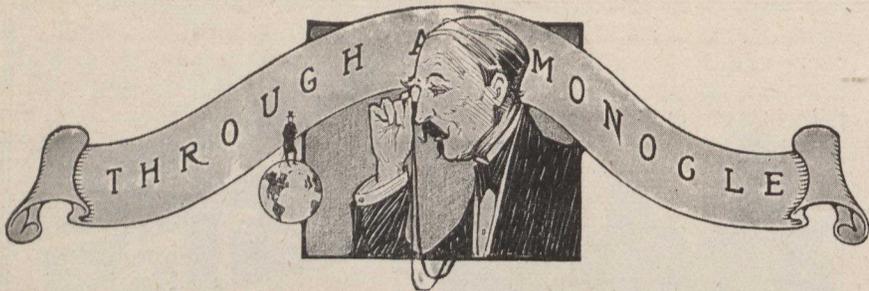
And there is one thing on which too much stress can never be laid. In this juncture, anyone would commit a crime against the nation itself who would again attempt to stir racial prejudice.

To conclude this article, perhaps already too long, I would like to add a few remarks as to the position I believe the French-Canadians would be ready to take concerning imperial defence.

The question could be easily settled, if the politicians of both parties would only face it honestly, squarely, in its true light. Unfortunately, they waste their time watching one another and waiting for the errors, in excess or defect, of a political opponent. If there be such an undesirable amount of friction actually between two parts of the nation, we must not look for any other cause.

As to the French-Canadians, they are ready to view the question calmly and earnestly. Of course, nobody can expect that they feel in the matter the same enthusiasm as the English-born citizen, but they consider themselves true and contented British subjects, they understand that the part played by Canada in the Empire carries with it certain obligations, and that those obligations must be filled.

On the principle, all minds agree. Differences begin on the application. But I do not see how anybody should be scandalised at that. The subject after all is open to discussion and we have no right to question the motives of any one, French or English, who discusses it honestly and in the best spirit. There is no use of forcing a particular policy down other people's throats. Allow anybody to air his opinions freely, and, as we are all good, loyal Canadians, it will always lead in the end to the good of our beloved country.



WOMEN IN REVOLT.

IN so far as the feminist movement is hostile to man, it is unnatural and destructive. In so far as it helps the development of woman, it is natural and evolutionary. The most dangerous and anti-social people in the community are the man who wants to put the woman back in the harem, and the woman who advises her sisters to distrust the man. The woman cannot be too intelligent, too widely conversant with life, too profoundly informed, too cultured or too highly endowed mentally. It is not only her hand that rocks the cradle but it is her mind that moulds the earliest thoughts of the next generation. The brainy mother gives her children a half-dozen years' start over those of the frivolous or dull woman. But to say all this is not to utter a syllable of commendation for the spirit sometimes displayed by what are called "advanced women" of vicious hostility against the sex of their fathers, their husbands and their sons. Hatred is no more a sign of mentality than love is an evidence of a feeble mind.

* * *

THIS side of the feminist movement is sometimes spoken of as a "revolt." A "revolt" against whom? A revolt implies a tyranny; and it is the veriest nonsense to talk as if the average man were a tyrant so far as his "women folk" are concerned. He is much more apt to be giving up a great share of his life to the task of making them happy. The "revolt" seems at times by the direction of its impetus to be one against natural conditions. Thus women demand a share in the government of the nation, ignoring the fact that nature has denied them the strength which alone can carry with it the power of government. Man might as well "revolt" because nature has denied him the power to bear and rear children and so put his impress upon the next generation. He can stand at the gate and defend his family; he can cover them with a roof and put food in their mouths; it is his industry which usually decides what sort of an education they are to have. But when the plastic mind of youth is receiving the indelible impressions which will outlast the deepest writing of the after-years upon the tablets of the mind and shine forth in old age when all else is forgotten, the man must stand aside and see this decisive work of primal character-building done by the hand of the woman he has chosen for the task.

* * *

THERE is nothing more stupid, more mischievous, more destructive of the best hopes of the future than to sow enmity between the sexes. They are natural partners. A man shall leave his own father and mother and cleave unto his wife. If they do not work together in mutual trust and helpfulness, society will disappear and civilisation will come to wreck. There is more hope for humanity in one simple-minded man and wife with their little family about them, than in all the riotous Suffragettes and shrill-voiced women cursing men with swollen throats who could be got together at a dozen councils or conventions. Of course, there are bad men, cruel men, brutal men, selfish men, just as there are bad women, heartless women, frivolous women, mercenary women. But because a person happens to get tied up to one of these exceptions to the good general rule for his or her life partner, that is no reason why they should blaspheme against love and trust and decry a whole sex. Let them get loose again as speedily and as quietly as they can, and thank God that there are so few mistakes.

* * *

I HAVE a theory that early marriages would obviate most of these mistakes. I know that most people hold the opposite theory. They argue that very young people cannot be good judges of life partners and that if they will wait for years of discretion they will choose more wisely. This, however, seems to me to be the wrong theory of marriage. We should not wait until character has ripened and then try to choose the one most suited to our particular bumps and angles, but should rather let the natural attraction which comes so sweetly and without calculation in youth draw us to congenial

partners while tastes are yet to be acquired and life interests picked up. Then the young couple can go forth upon life's highway hand in hand, breathing the same airs, lifting their faces to the same sun, bowing together under the same storms, and growing nearer to each other with every trial that falls upon them and every reward that smiles over the edge of the world. That is the way to mate congenial couples. Let them grow up together. To wait until tastes have formed and character has hardened and standards have been adopted is to expect a miracle if the union is to be perfect.

* * *

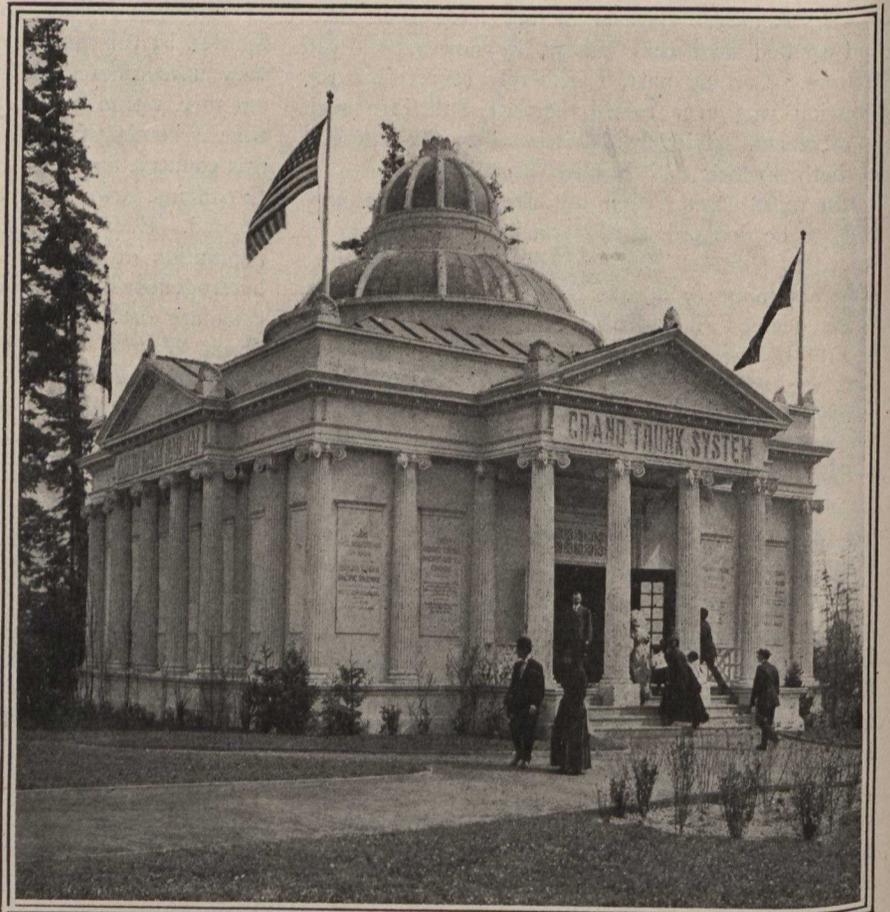
THERE is happily no danger that men who are disappointed in their relations with women will "revolt" and form a society and try to embitter their whole sex against the "wantons." They would be simply laughed at. The "woman-hater" is always a joke and usually ends by getting married and living "happy ever after." Our sex has too much humour to take seriously the rantings of one, two or three misanthropes who should form themselves into an organisation and "view the ladies with alarm." There will never be a "man's rights movement." But some day I expect to see a Happy Wives' Defensive League formed to protest against the unjust abuse of their faithful and affectionate husbands and the possible misleading of their budding daughters. It is not at all likely that the "ranters" will actually affect the opinions of any really nice girls who attract beaux as a candle draws moths; but the Happy Wives may decide to take no risks. In that case, we will see the feminist "revolt" dealt with in proper fashion. Women are very business-like when they see a house-cleaning job that sorely needs the doing.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

Another Noble Gift

FORTUNATE indeed is McGill in the princely munificence of its benefactors. Lord Strathcona has again added to his list of magnificent contributions towards the sound and practical education of Canadians by a donation of half a million dollars to McGill University. Of this sum fifty thousand dollars is to go towards a much-needed augmentation of the salaries in the medical faculty. The improvement of medical education and the higher education of women have ever been Lord Strathcona's chief interests. Four hundred and fifty thousand of his present gift will be devoted to rebuilding the medical building, destroyed by fire a couple of years ago.

The Royal Victoria College, one of the finest in the world, which he built and equipped and handed over to McGill, was such a gift as had not been previously donated by any one man outside of the Johns Hopkins at Baltimore. His Lordship also contributes generously towards the cost of maintenance. Outside of this splendid hospital he had, before the latest gift, contributed nearly a million dollars to the building up and endowment of McGill.—*Montreal Star*.



The handsome building of the Grand Trunk Railway System, at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition. This System and that of the Grand Trunk Pacific are the only two lines that have their own building on the Grounds.



A Military Review of Indian Troops by Their Excellencies, Lord and Lady Minto. The Hereditary Princes of Oude are passing the Viceroy, who from the top of the Famous Elephant Ram Bahadur acknowledges the Salute.

The Question of the Dog

A CASE of child-worrying by a mean dog is engaging public attention in Toronto. Much discussion has arisen concerning dogs in general and, more particularly, permitting them to run the streets at large. Wholesale condemnation of the unleashed canine has been handed out by his enemies, a staunch defence entered by his friends. In the particular case in question it appears that the child-worrying dog can not legally be executed for the reason that a previous conviction is not recorded against him. His owner, if he is so minded, may permit the animal to roam the streets at will unmuzzled and unled. Surely here is something very rotten in our boasted civilisation. A sheep-worrying dog, taken red-handed in the act in a suburban field, may be slaughtered on the spot ruthlessly and without prejudice. A kindergarten devastator goes free on the city street unless previously adjudged guilty of a similar offence. This state of affairs sadly needs disinfection. Is a child worth less than a sheep?

But a dog is not a mean dog simply because he is a dog and will bite. Trite though the statement may appear, there are dogs and dogs—and all dogs bite. It would be useless to try to repeat the eulogy of the dog pronounced by the Missouri senator in his salad days in justice court—it may be summed up in the statement that the dog is a benefit to humanity. When a man has seen his forty pounds of dog flesh launch itself as from a catapult at the throat of a hobo offering an insult to a girl, he thinks a good deal of that dog. Such a canine hero is, however, not a safe one to parade the streets alone. Like the great force of electricity he must be properly controlled, which incidentally is true of heroes in general. He is one kind of a dog worth keeping. The other is that manner of brute which, for some tortuous reason evolved in the convolutions of his canine brain, worries children merely because he does not like the looks of them. Such a one should be controlled by a shotgun. Is a child worth less than a sheep? Are we still in that mediaeval stage of civilisation in which property is preferred to human life?



A Trainload of Buffalo from Montana, being unloaded at Wainwright, Alberta, on the Grand Trunk Pacific, Sunday, June 13th. The last trainload of the Canadian Government's purchase arrived on July 3rd.



Buffalo Feeding—A picture taken two hours after they were unloaded from a train. The Park in which these new Canadian Citizens will roam is enclosed by 70 miles of fence

The Closing Hours of the Congress

By KATHARINE REID

A DELIGHTFUL and impressive closing for the Quinquennial Congress of the International Council of Women was the large reception given by the Canadian Council on Wednesday evening in the Parliament Buildings in honour of Her Excellency, the Countess of Aberdeen. Through the courtesy of Sir James Whitney the great Council Chamber was placed at the disposal of the Council, and the brilliantly lighted apartment, lavishly decorated with palms and bloom, and thronged with brightly gowned women, presented an interesting appearance. Her Excellency arrived about nine o'clock, accompanied by Sir William Thompson and a lady-in-waiting. She wore a regal gown of black satin, embroidered in silver while a diamond tiara, a necklace of pearls and diamonds and a corsage ornament of a butterfly in brilliants and emeralds were the jewels worn by the Countess in honour of this closing reception. Lady Grey, who was escorted by His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, wore a gown of rose chiffon over satin, with a diamond tiara and pendant. For hours the Council Chamber, so frequently associated with dull debate, was brightened by hundreds of guests in modish and pretty summer gowns, who made a brilliant *finale* to the Congress.

The fortnight of intellectual and social activity is still echoed in feminine comment on the recent discussions. Peace and arbitration was by no means one of the least of these and the delegates were of one accord in the desire to have national disputes settled by arbitration instead of war. Mrs. May Wright Sewall expressed the views of the committee by advising the study of the creed of the Hague Conference and the teaching of history through books which truly represent facts, as a means of overcoming national prejudices. Miss Barrett of England was of the opinion that public sentiment, which abolished duelling, would be the compelling force in bringing about the "no war" policy.

In the Industrial Section Miss Jane Addams gave a vivid portrayal of the depressing conditions under which thousands of girls work in factories and mills, and of the efforts made in Chicago to alleviate the dullness of their sad lives. Working Girls' Clubs, in which girls are housed in a morally

and materially healthy environment, have proved to be a great force against demoralising influences, as have also the opportunities to read good literature, enjoy public parks, baths and playgrounds.

"Social well-being depends upon the care of childhood," said Miss Sadie American of New York, and she maintained that play is necessary for adults as well as for children, and in the country as well as in the city. The question of playgrounds was a vital one, as play was a social thing, and the child who played alone was abnormal. It was unjust that a child of five or six years of age should be sent out to sell newspapers, and she had seen them asleep at midnight in the doorway with vitality so exhausted that it could never be recovered. Let there be open spaces within reach of every child, and let him play in the fresh air and hear nothing about germs, but build up strength and character at leisure. "The child without a playground is the man without a job." Sympathy should exist between the authorities and the children, for when a child felt that the policeman was his enemy the first principle of citizenship was broken. When the policeman arrested a small boy for throwing an apple, neither of them understood what was being done, and when the boy went to the police court he posed as a martyr, but the stain could never be wiped out. As for girls, if a girl suffered the slightest speck she was forever condemned in this world, and, in the opinion of many, in the next also. The crux of the whole situation was the provision of adequate and properly supervised playgrounds. At present Toronto has seven supervised playgrounds but expects to have fifty-seven next year. To-day Chicago has \$11,000,000 invested in playgrounds, and is contemplating greater improvements for next year.

It was after an animated discussion on the question of divorce in the section of Laws Concerning Women and Children, when Dr. Stowe-Cullen placed the number of satisfactory existing marriages at a very low percentage and when divorce, for many civilised reasons, was not denounced, that a little group of ladies sank down in their seats and talked the matter over together. "The vote is the key to the whole matter," quietly said Miss Chrystal MacMillan, the graduate of Edinburgh University, who presented the plea for suffrage for women graduates before the House of Lords, "and

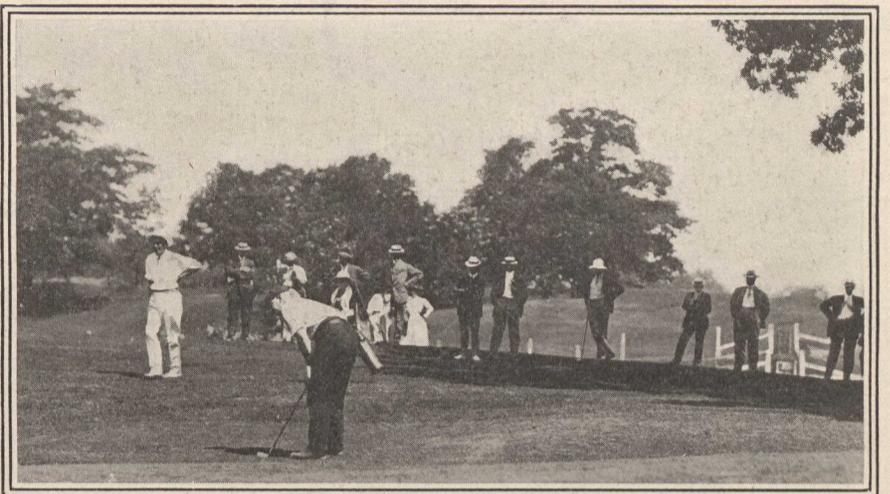
since we have undertaken the campaign we shall not stop till the franchise is obtained."

As to woman's employment and her inadequately paid services, Dr. Morton was decidedly of the opinion that women ought to be educated and thoroughly equipped in some line for acquiring an independent income, and they should demand for their services payment equal to that which men receive, and thus relieve themselves of enforced dependence. The world is now moving to a new civilisation, and industrial life, social distinction and standards of living make demands upon education that the learning of the past cannot supply.

In movements for reform, prevention is always better than cure, and prevention of evil is persistently advocated by the Council. An audience that filled every seat in the room in which the Social and Moral Reform Section was held, listened most attentively to the splendid paper read by Dr. Louisa Martindale of Great Britain, who dealt with the question of a double moral standard from a scientific point of view and denounced the unjustifiable habit as contrary to all the laws of science. But things will never be righted as long as one sex is economically dependent upon the other, and as long as people remain in ignorance of the causes of the terrible existing evils of humanity which have their origin in the violation of the one only moral standard. Dr. Stall, of Philadelphia, made some sweeping assertions and ended hopefully with the remark that greater progress in reform had been made during the past fifty years than during the preceding five hundred, which was due largely to the philanthropic efforts of women. Mrs. Kate Barrett of the United States contributed a powerful appeal for the education of the young. It is ignorance, not knowledge, that goes hand in hand with crime. To reach the cause of an evil is to find the cure, and the responsibility for the existence of evils that imperil a nation's life and lay waste her riches is to be laid at the door of false education, or of lack of education. The hope of the future lies in the diffusion of literature and in legislation as the means of preventing wrong-doing and of turning the multi-billions of the nation's wealth to the benefit, and not to the condemnation, of the race.

A practical illustration of at least one of the benefits of music has been given daily in Convocation Hall where excellent programmes have been provided by many of the leading musicians of Toronto, and thither many have repaired after the strenuous work of the day, and amid its delightful surroundings have found rest and relaxation in the influence of sweet sound.

SPORTS ON LAND AND WATER



The Royal Canadian Golf Association held its meeting this year at the Toronto Golf Club, Toronto. The Fifteenth Amateur Championship is pictured above. E. Legge, of Toronto Golf Club, winning. (see also page 5). The Interprovincial Team Match was won by Quebec. The Open Championship was won by Karl Keffer, of Toronto, with a score of 309. Cumming took 312, Barrett, 318, and A. Murray (Outremont), 325.

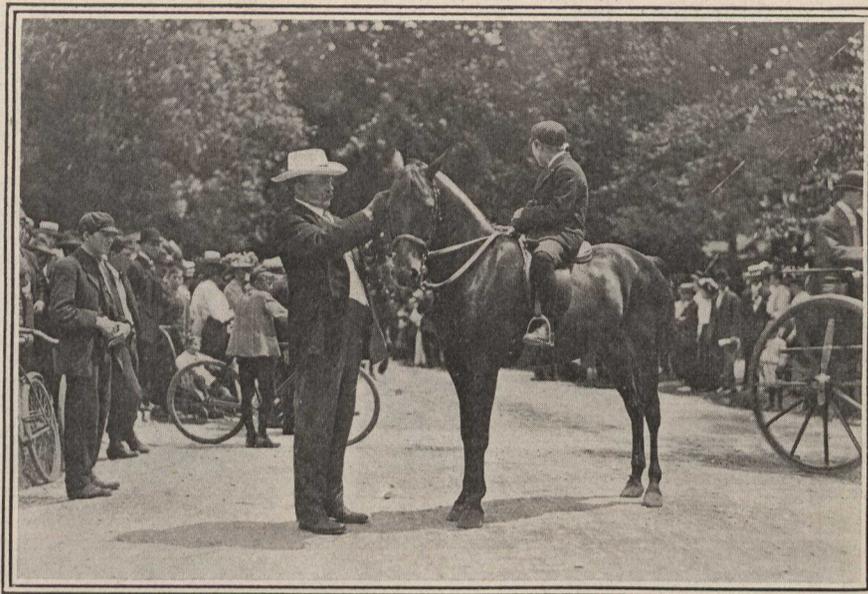


These three Photographs give a slight idea of the Sixteenth Dominion Day Regatta, held in Toronto on July 1st. Winners: Junior Singles, E. W. Buttler, Argonauts; Junior Fours, Argonauts, (2 classes); Senior Singles, J. F. Cosgrave, Argonauts; Junior and Senior Doubles, Argonauts; Senior Fours, Dons. There were also Canoeing and Swimming Races.

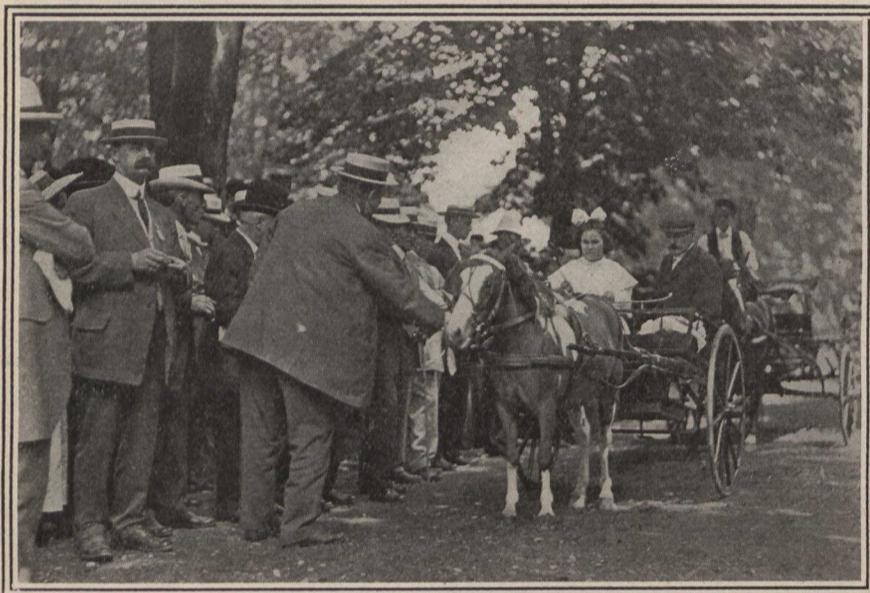
OPEN-AIR HORSE SHOW IN TORONTO



Three-horse Team, Standard Fuel Co.



Putting a Ribbon on a Prize Pony.



Mayor Oliver Distributes some Ribbons.



Afterwards they all Parade through the City.

This Seventh Annual Show was most successful. There were 574 entries, which is 119 more than last year. The Judges declared that the quality of horses and outfits also showed decided improvement.

A DOMINION DAY IN THE STATES

Impressions of an Epworth Leaguer en route to the Convention at Seattle

By REV. ERNEST RICHARDS, B. D.

AT last the weeks of anticipation becomes an accomplished fact; all the nervous energy and pent-up excitement of busy days of preparation burst into bubbling good humour on this the thirtieth day of June; the Canadian Epworth League excursion at last materialises as the special train of the Grand Trunk system slowly hauls from the shadowy Union Depot, Toronto, into the brilliant sunshine beyond; truly Queen's weather favours our departure from the Queen City.

We are not a blase party; we bear no signs of weary globe-trotters, jaded by months of travel, tired of the excitement of magnificent distances; indeed, few of us have crossed the continent before; the prospect of travelling westward, chasing the setting sun for seven consecutive days is an exhilarating anticipation to all but the proverbial few among us.

Our party includes nearly a score of ministers, including one president of a Methodist Conference and one connexional editor; but the limitations of a Methodist minister's life with respect to means ensures his bubbling good humour on an excursion. We have school-masters and school-marms, all travelling, as R. L. Stevenson said, "with an evident view to self improvement"; we have theological students and others who bear marks of learning—but one and all are in the mood to enjoy the trip and to glean knowledge which till now has existed only, for us, in the geography books.

Our first distinctively interesting feature is the

Sarnia tunnel. The sensation of passing through is unique. Past a line as imaginary as the equator, with no premonition of change save an occasional customs official, the shaft of light on the American side silently tells us that we have exchanged the Union Jack for the Stars and Stripes; not a single bayonet gleams, not a single gun is fired—in a moment we pass into the bosom of a new nation. This speaks well for the Anglo-Saxon race; a single individual entering a South American republic would experience an infinitely greater display and demonstration. Again, the ominous watch-dog fortresses which guard the border line of continental European countries are conspicuously absent on the Canadian-American frontier.

En route the simplicity of our life is constantly emphasised. Not one of us indulges in the epicurean fare of the dining car. The luxury of preparing our own meals is common; but it is by no means the frugality of Israelitish manna to which we are reduced; indeed, the dainties on the table of some of the ladies suggest the art of epicurean conjuring only excelled by the dexterity displayed by our Canadian girls in keeping their dainty hats in shape in a pilgrimage of this kind—each side of the car is lined with mysterious-looking packages, pillow-slip shape, containing dreams of millinery art. At stop-over points the ladies transform their head-gear with Aladdin-like effects.

As far as Chicago our train bears the burden of two cars of tourists from Boston—literary Boston,

the city of "tea party fame." But who shall prophesy? We can simply record cold facts.

At three o'clock on Wednesday our Canadian party are singing patriotic airs, under the shades of the convention banner, a Union Jack joined to the Stars and Stripes by a Maltese Cross. The atmosphere is spontaneous and electric; we pass into the Boston cars and still bearing the banner, serenade our American friends by singing the national anthems of both countries. At first the action might be considered as simply emphasising our difference, but all these fears are dispelled as the whole car, both American and Canadian, join in singing "Blest be the Tie that Binds." This is the true watchword of the journey, not merely to note our respective differences, but to emphasise our points of contact and our mutual ideals.

Thus we travel to Chicago past the "glorious scenery of sunset and dawn," ever and anon noting points of purely personal interest, occasionally exchanging notes with a friend.

As a matter of fact the subjective element in our journey is almost its most interesting feature. A man's environment and occupation is a large determining factor in his viewpoint. The farmers remark the lightness of the soil, the prevalence of corn and hogs. The school-master is grateful that, at last, his geography lessons have materialised into definite experiences, and the portion of young

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 14.



The Presentation of the Revised Bible to King James, by the Translators. To the King's left is Prince Henry. The Archbishop makes the presentation.



The Coronation of Edward VI. The other characters represented are Lord St. John, Earl of Shrewsbury and Marquis of Northampton.

The English Church Pageant at Fulham

By EMILY P. WEAVER

THE English Church Pageant, held recently in the grounds of the Bishop of London's historic palace of Fulham, was under the management of Mr. Frank Lascelles, the veteran Master of Pageants, whose name is familiar to Canadians in connection with the Tercentenary of Quebec.

Doubtless in many of its general features of brilliant colour, long processions and old-world costumes one pageant must bear a strong resemblance to another, but at Fulham Mr. Lascelles had a setting for his magnificent moving pictures of a character altogether different from the wide Plains of Abraham. The palace grounds are surrounded by a moat of about a mile in length, and in spite of the effect of distance given by open glades and groups of fine old trees, they contain little more than four acres of land. There was, however, no lack of space for the marching of processions or the movements of the thousands of performers, who frequently appeared at one time upon the scene, and the painted semblances of grey walls and gateways were particularly effective amongst the distant trees.

In one respect at least this church pageant was unlike most of its rivals, for its dominating idea was not the emphasising of local history, but the bringing out (so far as such an idea can be brought out in a form of the dramatic art that gains little from spoken words) of the vital connection between the history of English religion and that of the English nation. Necessarily this could only be attempted on broad lines, but it required many scenes even to suggest the course of events, and it was finally decided to present the pageant in two parts, one in the afternoon, the other in the evening. This in itself gives scope for an unusual variety of effects in the lighting of the scenes. The first part (shadowing forth a thousand years of history, from the days when the first Christian Emperor Constantine proclaimed in his vast dominions "liberty of religion" to the fourteenth century when miracle plays and pilgrimages were common features of English life), was played out in full daylight, under sunshine, clouds or pouring rain, as the case might be. The second part, beginning with John Wycliffe on trial at St. Paul's in the year 1377 and ending with the acquittal of the Seven Bishops in 1688, was begun under the last rays of the setting sun, but long before the magnificent funeral cortege of Henry V had made its slow way across the scene the twilight shadows had begun to gather, and the later episodes were given by limelight, which lent to the brightly-clad representatives of our forefathers—soldiers, nobles, martyrs, heroes or common folk—all the vivid unreality of a dream.

The earliest suggestion of a church pageant was made months ago by the Rev. Walter Marshall, Vicar of St. Patrick's Church at Hove, a district forming part of the notable old watering place, Brighton. It was intended, at first, to hold the pageant at Hove, but the idea of using this dramatic



Queen Elfreda.



King Oswald.

means to educate "the people of the country in the history of their Church" was taken up with so much enthusiasm that "the idea of the pageant grew." The Archbishop of Canterbury signified his approval of the scheme, and when it was suggested that it should be held in London, the Bishop of London generously offered the use of his palace grounds, though this meant that for months they would be largely in the possession of the workmen and officials of the pageant, to say nothing of the disastrous effect, upon the beautiful old turf, of the necessary building operations and of the trampling feet of horses by the hundred and human beings by the thousand.

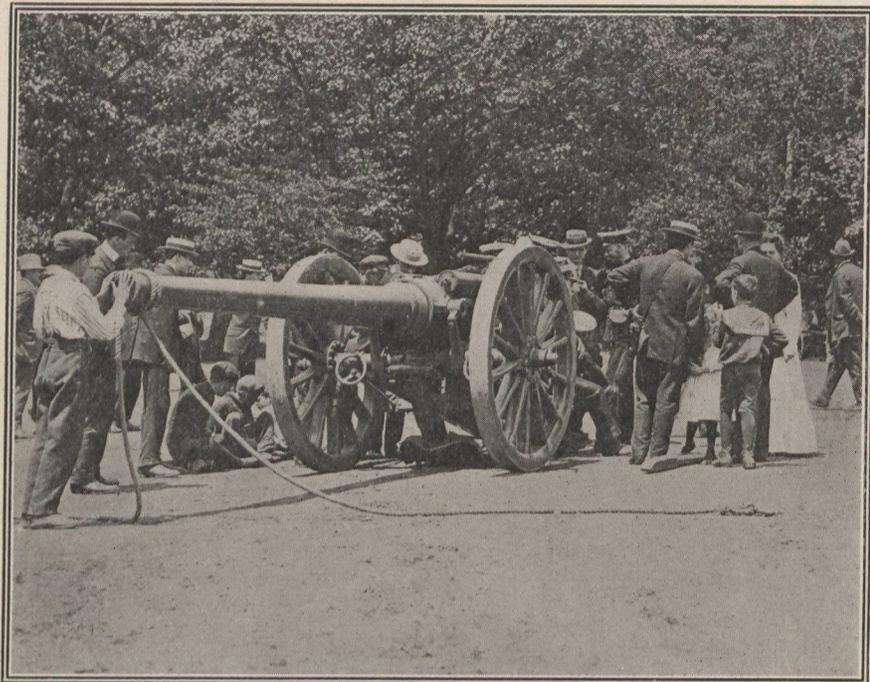
The grand stand, built mainly of steel and concrete, covered an acre of ground and seated about 6,600 persons, but so large was the demand for seats that in addition to the six days performances originally planned, four extra performances were given.

In many instances, as was natural in a church pageant, the scenes were devised and the leading parts taken by clergymen, while the different episodes were represented as a rule by a single parish or a group of neighbouring churches. From a spectacular standpoint, the scenes with the exception of one or two, were admirable. The numerous processions were most effective. Very long and equally gorgeous were the funeral procession of Henry V (already alluded to) and the coronation procession of the boy-king, Edward VI. Perhaps the former was the more impressive owing to the number of mounted men and the solemn chanting of the "Dies Irae" but the little figure of Edward VI, overburdened with his royal robes, as doubtless the real king had been in his day, had more than a touch of pathos. Another procession—that of the white-robed Cistercian nuns driven by armed men from their convent, was extremely picturesque, and the outcries of the sympathising peasant women who crowded about and sought benedictions from them, were realistic enough. The scene, however, in which the human interest most decidedly overtopped the historic and the merely spectacular, was that in which the Saxon Archbishop, Dunstan, was represented as parting the married canons or priests from their wives and children, despite the piteous protest of Queen Elfreda.

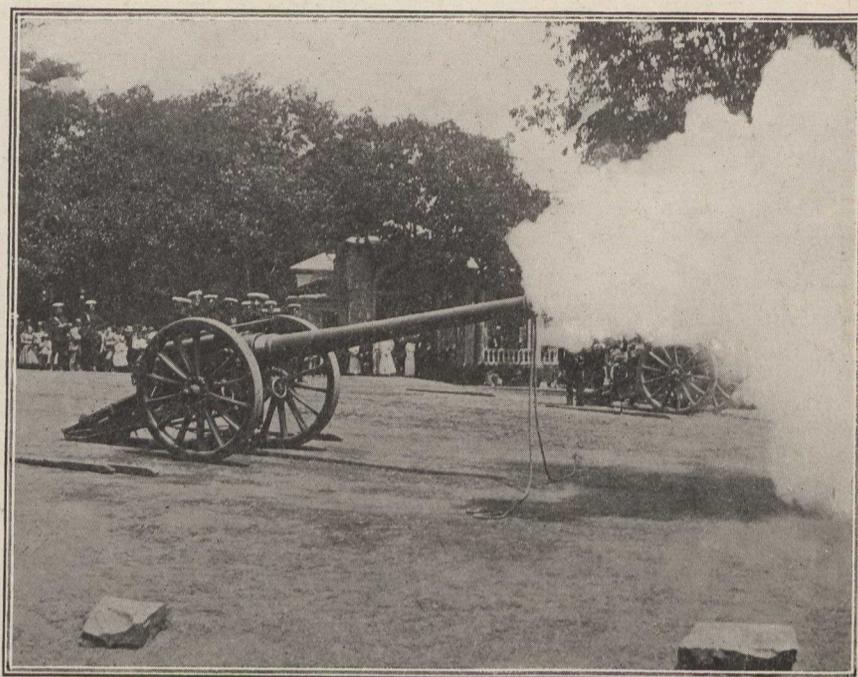
At the close of the second part was an epilogue illustrating the work of the Church during the Eighteenth Century, consisting of a procession representing the Methodist Revival, the Crusade against Slavery, and the great Missionary Societies. These were followed by men bearing the banners of the different sees; and all ended with a wonderful torchlight procession, in which the figures of the performers moving to their own music were almost lost in light, till at last, advancing as it seemed with its own sea of light and fire, appeared above all the ship of St. George, to symbolise the Church victorious.

And so the great church pageant closed. With a shock the spectators of these beautiful old-world scenes must drop back into the practical atmosphere of the twentieth century. One could almost envy Mr. Lascelles the working out of his plans, so broad a scope did the early and eventful days of the Church afford him in his task.

FIRING THE DOMINION DAY SALUTE AT MONTREAL



Men of the 21st Field Battery awaiting the orders to Fire the Salute from their 4.7-inch Guns.



The Big Gun on the "Lookout" thunders its Salute for the 42nd Birthday of the Dominion of Canada.

A Dominion Day

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 12.

Canada in his charge will henceforth listen, not to merely cut and dried formulas of geography, but to the recital of living experiences. The engineers and students among us note the artesian wells, methods of irrigation and the bridge construction.

It is always interesting to note the change of attitude induced in the average mind during an agreeable journey. Little personal jokes are passed, which in polite society at home might be considered bad form, but in the bon homme of tourist travel are accepted in the spirit of jovial repartee. One young man has been indicted for having captured all the hearts of the unmarried among the fair sex. A judge has been appointed and a jury impanelled to try this heartless youth; in the meantime he is a prisoner at large, bearing no sign of remorse.

July 1st, Dominion Day.—We have already passed the plains of Illinois and have left the brilliantly lighted Chicago astern, and are nearing the level prairies of Nebraska on this the birthday of our Canadian nation. It is still early in the forenoon when the executive invite us to assemble in the rear car and celebrate the day according to a written but impromptu programme. Speeches for the King, the homeland, and last but not least, the Dominion daughter of the island mother, are interspersed with the usual patriotic airs. Speeding across the hot,

thirsty plains of the United States we heartily sing "The Maple Leaf Forever."

On July 2nd the dawn heralds our approach to the mountains of Colorado, the sun transforming the snowy peaks into a spurred line of silver; there can be no question now that our scenic journey has begun.

At eight o'clock we find ourselves in Denver, the cool, delightful atmosphere proving a welcome change from the almost stifling heat of the plains.

To pass now from the present to the perfect tense, one may be allowed a few words of summing and moralisation.

We did the sights of Denver in auto and street car, wearing and bearing the flag which is the emblem of our Empire. The writer of this article well remembers when the wearing of the British flag would call for ostentatious comment even in New York, whilst none but a hero or a fool dare venture such a parade in Denver. But now one is unmolested, unremarked, save, perhaps, by the hooligan minority, or in the event of hoisting a British flag in a semi-public place on national holidays. This anti-British, all-American sentiment, which absolutely trampled on every display of emotion which was not spread eagle in intent and effect, is *not* dead, but it is dying.

With regard to Denver itself, it is an agreeable disappointment. Fifty years ago it had one log cabin, to-day it is a fine city of nearly 200,000 population. It is as far removed from the Deadwood

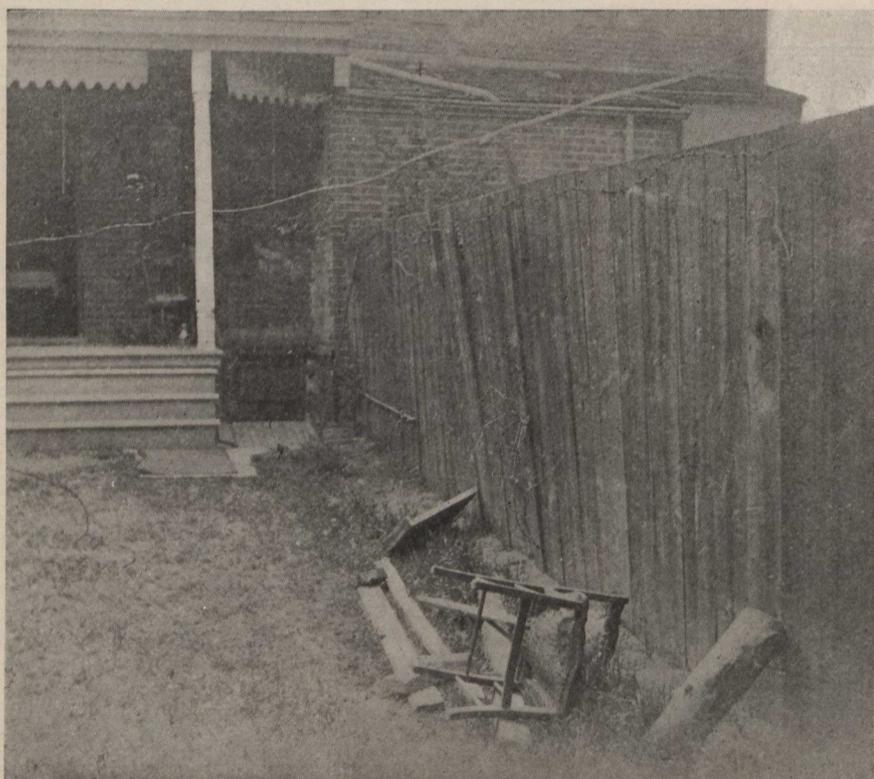
Coach environment as is New York, and its public servants seem more courteous than those of the latter city.

But I must hasten with my story. This afternoon we intend to scale the perilous Pike's Peak and view the Garden of the Gods, but these will be matters for my next article, together with Salt Lake City. Like Mr. Micawber, I simply give one parting word of advice.

One may moralise indefinitely on the value to young Canadians of a trip of this sort, but a few words will suffice. In an hour it lifts one out of the beaten groove of one's life; it proves not only one's endurance but one's adaptability to an entirely new set of circumstances. Retiring, undressing and dressing in a tourist sleeper is not necessarily a hardship but a novel acrobatic performance to the uninitiated, fraught with much humour and pleantry. But now, in serious vein, I am writing this last paragraph in Denver, amid the busy hum of traffic where fifty years ago a lonely log hut marked the home of the solitary settler in the wilderness. Here one has a concrete illustration of rapid material progress. In two weeks I shall be passing through the last West, in Canada, and my imagination is stirred as I think that more than one log hut which I shall pass, is the germ of a great city which shall materialise in fifty years or so, when Canada shall become a great nation.

In my next article I shall describe Pike's Peak and Salt Lake City.

BEFORE AND AFTER—AND AN EXPLANATION



The first Picture shows a back-yard in Spring before cleaning up and planting, and the second shows the same back-yard with a few flowers and vines. The moral is sufficiently clear.

THE LOSS OF THE EMPRESS OF BRITAIN

An Episode of the Great War of 1910



THE R.M.S. *Empress of Britain*, five days out from Quebec, was steaming slowly through the heavy Atlantic swell, rolling with the uneasy motion that quickly puts the indifferent sailor "hors de combat." Fog had only been encountered that morning but since then the constant tinkle of the gong

in the engine room had heralded fog banks at intervals, while the melancholy wailing of the siren seemed to emphasise the uncanny loneliness of the heaving grey waters. On board, however, all was life and movement; a full complement of passengers had given every opportunity for indulgence in the usual ship pastimes and not a night had passed but there had been a concert or entertainment of some kind, and in consequence the utmost good fellowship prevailed amongst all classes. In the smoking and music rooms, groups gathered together discussing plans and making arrangements for landing. A pleasant excitement had gripped the ship, and while some were anxiously looking forward to meeting old friends, others, who were strangers to the Old Country, were deep in time-tables and guide books seeing how best they could make use of the time at their disposal.

Prior to the departure from Quebec there certainly had been reports of a strained feeling between England and Germany; it was understood that some tension existed, but all talk of actual war was regarded in the light of a newspaper scare and discounted as such. Here were two great powers with no particular bone of contention in dispute, no Moroccan or Near Eastern question to fan the flame of international jealousy to a dangerous extent, and war with all its sinister significance seemed far away and improbable.

True, the London *Times* had reported strange movements of the German torpedo flotillas in the North Sea, but this had been explained away to the satisfaction of the English Government as merely tactical exercises which undoubtedly all nations have a right to undertake when, where, and how they please. The luncheon hour was just over and fresh life had been instilled into the passengers by the report of the captain that the fog showed signs of lifting. On the bridge the first officer, glass in hand, kept sweeping the horizon and straining to hear any distant blast that might evidence the presence of another ship in the neighbourhood.

"Fog seems a little lighter, sir," he suggested politely to the captain, an old R. N. R. man who had lived his life on the Atlantic. "The look-out just now said he thought he saw a small steamer away there to port. I can't hear any siren though, but that's always the way with these coasters and then they wonder they get run down and blame us for excessive speed. Coasters and smacks, they are all the same."

The captain took up the binoculars and peered uneasily into the haze. Apart from being a humane man he had made it rather a boast that since he had commanded a ship he had never been in a collision of any kind and hence was peculiarly careful never to take chances. At that moment the fog lifted and the horizon became discernible for several miles. Sure enough, away on the port beam at a distance of perhaps half a mile rolled an ugly looking craft, grey with four funnels, no ensign flying and evidently under very easy steam.

"A destroyer, I think, sir," hazarded the first officer, "though I have never seen one quite so large and ours do not have that high forecastle. Anyhow, I'm glad we missed them and it does not say much for their seamanship or good sense to lie doggo like that in a fog. Hullo! they are signalling." As he spoke a tiny stream of bunting fluttered out from the destroyer's stump mast and without a word he dived into the chart house for the signal code book.

"P. B. T. K., that's it, sir. 'Heave to; wish to communicate.'" The captain looked intently through his glasses, closed them with a snap and muttered angrily under his breath, "Damn their cheek, and they certainly are not British."

The *Empress of Britain* slowed down and the stranger rapidly approached, the smoke vomiting from her funnels showing that she had been lying under banked fires. Coming under, the *Empress*' stern in order to range up to starboard, she hoisted the German flag and any doubts as to nationality were at an end. So close had she come that her decks were plainly visible without glasses and could

By A. B. LETHBRIDGE

be seen swarming with men, while an officer in a great-coat gave orders from the bridge. The captain looked serious, and picking up the megaphone hailed her and asked:

"What ship is that and what do you want?"

The officer on the bridge appeared to hesitate a moment and then replied in broken English: "German destroyer *Dachs*; you know zere is war."

For a moment every one on the bridge of the British ship seemed stunned; why had no one told them?—besides, they were no warship and surely they were not to be interfered with, and if not, why had they been stopped?

"What do you want with us, then?" shouted back the captain.

"I zink I had better coom on board. Zdop," came back the reply.

Meantime the German had manoeuvred herself to within about a hundred yards of the starboard side of the *Empress* and as there seemed nothing else to do the "stop" was rung on the engine-room telegraph and the great ship came to a standstill rolling uneasily in the long swell. Nothing is so quickly noticed at sea as the stoppage of the engines, and in a few moments the decks were crowded with passengers, who, tired of monotony, were anxious to avail themselves of any passing excitement. The word "war" had spread like wildfire and surmises and suggestions of every possible character were passing from mouth to mouth, while the ship's officers seemed paralysed and uncertain what to do next. A boat shot away from the side of the German ship and ran alongside the companion ladder of the *Empress*, which had been lowered. Besides the oarsmen, were two officers and half a dozen seamen all fully armed and it was noticed that the guns of the German were now trained on the English ship. The British captain greeted his unwelcome guest at the top of the ladder with a slight salute, perfunctorily returned by the latter, who suggested that the best course to follow would be to adjourn to the former's cabin and there discuss the situation. He much regretted it but his men would form a picket at the head of the companion and any attempt on the part of the *Empress* to steam away would be met by her instant destruction by a torpedo.

Besides the captain and first officer, there were present at the interview which followed, the doctor and purser of the British ship as well as the two German officers, who proved to be commander and first lieutenant.

The German commander commenced by saying that he was sorry a state of war should exist, but since it did and his instructions were precise, all he could do was to obey. He must have within a quarter of an hour all the specie on board as well as all bags of registered mail, after which another quarter of an hour would be given, to enable the crew to clear away the boats, embark the passengers, and row away a safe distance from the ship, as owing to the fact that he was unable to spare a sufficient number of men to navigate her to a German port he would be compelled to sink her. It was a very painful duty, but with a shrug of the shoulders, they were his orders and it was the fortune of war. Indignant protests and angry remonstrances broke from the British officers. This was piracy, an insult to the British flag that would be avenged to the uttermost. Did the German officers realise what it meant to turn adrift in open boats on the Atlantic, 300 miles from shore, numbers of women and children, let alone the fact that owing to the ship being so full there could not be accommodation for all? Had they no hearts? Was the German Government fighting against all codes of international law? Did she intend to authorise wholesale murder and call it war? To all of which came the same reply with the same shrug of the shoulders, these were his instructions and as such they had to be carried out. Ideas of flight, of knocking down and stunning the officers and fighting their picket with what weapons might offer, passed through the brain of the British captain. But, *cui bono*, the German could steam almost two miles to his one, could riddle him with shell fire or send him down to the great depths by a well-placed torpedo, with all the passengers on board. No, clearly that wholesale slaughter must be avoided. It was a cruel choice, but the one alternative offered some chance of life to the mothers, wives and children. As for him, his time had come and it only remained for him to prove that the crew of a British merchant ship is made of the same stuff as the men

who stood to their last roster on the *Birkenhead* and *Victoria*. War was cruel, damned wickedly cruel, making non-combatants suffer and sending them to death like sheep, and if this was the plan of the Germans for the smashing of British trade and crippling of the shipping industry, then they were laying up for themselves a heritage of hate that centuries of friendly relations would never wipe out.

A quartermaster was summoned and given the keys of the ship's strong room, with instructions to hand over the money and mails to the German bluejackets, while the ship's officers were sent among the passengers to tell them that they must prepare to leave the ship. Women and children naturally were to have precedence, men and the crew must trust to life belts, hastily constructed rafts, and good luck. Considering the horror of the situation, there was remarkably little flurry or panic. A young bride on her honeymoon indignantly asked whether she was expected to leave all her dainty clothes behind, apparently unable to realise that the question at stake was not one of clothes but life. An English tourist returning home after a trip to Canada stormed and stamped up and down the deck, vowing vengeance on the German officer who should be cashiered, "Yes, by Gad, he should," and he would write to the *Times* and say so, quite unmindful of the fact that he might never live to hold a pen again. A Canadian farmer from the Northwest, going home after an absence of many long years, broke down completely and wandered aimlessly about with a collection of railway guides and time-tables, babbling of the trains from Liverpool to London and asking whether any of them stopped at Crewe. Faces had suddenly aged, laughter had died, men were embracing their women folk with convulsive spasms of emotion. A steward behind the bar of the smoking room was counting his checks and corking his bottles from sheer force of habit. In the steerage things were much the same. A babel of foreign voices rose and fell like the humming of innumerable bees. To their credit be it said, the excitable Latin element had by communication with the stout Canadian race caught something of the others' control, while the Slav methodically buttoned up his coat and turned up his collar, prepared for the worst in that phlegmatic way that distinguishes him from other nations and makes of him the finest soldier in the world behind fortifications.

A young Irish priest with an escetic face, rendered supernaturally strong by this sudden crisis, held aloft a crucifix and recited the prayers for the dying in a high pitched and strained voice; while at his feet knelt a motley throng of men and women who now called on God and the Blessed Virgin for that help which passeth all human understanding.

The crew were busy getting the boats out and as the German officer paused at the head of the companion ladder, even his Teutonic calm was moved. After all, these poor people had done nothing, but his precise orders admitted of no argument. "British merchant ships, which might be captured, unless it were possible to convey them to the nearest German port or place such a guard on board as would ensure the control of the vessel and its safe navigation to such port, should be sunk after giving sufficient time to allow the crew to take to the boats or as many as possible had been transferred on board the German vessel as prisoners." Now the *Dachs* was only of 400 tons displacement with a crew of 90, mostly stokers, and already she was inconveniently crowded. It was obvious that a guard could not be spared to navigate the *Empress* to a German port and equally obvious that it would be impossible to convey her with any chance of success across the North Sea, swept as it was by British cruisers and torpedo craft. In fact his own safety was a question of consideration, his coal was running short and after settling this business he would have to run to a rendezvous off the west coast of Scotland in the hope of finding a friendly collier from which to replenish. He had offered the British captain and his officers the refuge of his ship and he had secretly admired their indignant refusal. Clearly the fault was not his; the will of the Emperor and the fortune of war directed his actions and with a sigh he realised that his duty lay only one way. With the mails and the money he speedily regained his ship.

BY now the boats had been provisioned and the heart-rending task of the allotment of places was taking place. Women and children first

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 21.



THE PROPER BEVERAGE.

ON a Wednesday in early June the delegates of the Imperial Press Conference took tea with the Labour Members of the House of Commons in London, England. The scene of these festivities was the famous Terrace of the House and the colonial guests were entirely undisturbed by suffragettes or socialists. After leaving the Terrace, a Canadian delegate was accosted jocularly by an English friend. The latter said: "I suppose you have been learning to think imperially."

"I should rather say we have been learning to drink imperially," was the ready response.

* * *

THE GLORIOUS FIRST.

A VISITOR from the United States was in Toronto on Dominion Day and made enquiry as to the nature of the holiday.

"It's our big day—like your Fourth," said an obliging citizen.

"But what's it for? What did you do?"

"We formed the Confederation 'way back in 1867," said the Toronto man.

"But didn't you break away from anything?" said the stranger.

"No, we got, together instead," laughed the Canadian.

"Well, I simply can't understand all these flags and things unless you broke away. That accounts for you not making more row. Why, we blow about two thousand kids to pieces every Fourth just to show how glad we were to break away. You're a quiet lot anyhow."

* * *

NEWSLETS.

Editor Fournier returned from the gaol at Quebec to the city of Montreal, to be greeted by a popular reception, in which ten thousand people took part. Mr. Henri Bourassa was on the scene and gave a speech which will echo down the corridors of time till the day after to-morrow. Montreal has something like public spirit. Now, if a Toronto editor were to be sent over the Don, that virtuous town would not take the slightest notice of him when he got out and no one would dream of making a speech over Mr. J. A. Macdonald, Mr. J. S. Willison or "William" of the *World*. It is rumoured that Editor Fournier will tour the country in a lecture: "What it feels like to be a suffragette." Mrs. Pankhurst has cabled her congratulations, to be followed by her little pamphlet: "Why I slapped the police."

The Quinquennial Congress of Women will not meet again in Toronto for one thousand years and Sir James Whitney and Mayor Oliver do not care a single — caramel whether it ever comes again.

When the ladies condemned the Press last week, a Montreal delegate arose and defended the papers of that noble metropolis, but not a feminine voice was raised on behalf of the *Toronto Globe*, the *Hamilton Spectator* or the *London Advertiser*. Alas for the Ontario editor!

The Kaiser says he wants peace. Yes, but what else does he want?

* * *

FRIGID FARE.

A GERMAN delegate to the recent Quinquennial Congress in Toronto was explaining to a native of that city just how charming she found the city in which the thermometer gave them such a fervent welcome.

"It is all very pleasant; but," she added plaintively, "I should so much like a warm meal."

"A warm meal!" echoed the Toronto woman in surprise. "Have you not had a warm meal here?"

"Not one," said the foreigner sadly. "You see, I have luncheon at the University and it is salads and ices. I return to where I am staying and it is more salads and ices. I go to an evening reception and it is little sandwiches and ices. It is very kind but it is not comfortable." The German lady sighed profoundly and the Toronto woman felt that it was unfair that the delightful Teuton should go un-comforted by beef-steak and good, rich pudding with steaming sauce.

"It's too bad," she replied in sympathy. "I suppose it *does* seem rather chilly."

Just then, a charming young girl in white muslin

and pink ribbons came lightly across the lawn, for the scene was a garden-party.

"May I bring you some iced tea?" she asked sweetly. The German lady shook her head with vigour.

"Then won't you have a strawberry ice?"

"I care not for refreshment," was the calm refusal. The dainty young girl tripped away to a Danish delegate, while the German lady turned to the amused Torontonian and said:

"You see! You have a beautiful country and are a kind people. But I am sick to death of your ice cream and your frozen drinks!"

* * *

THE DUTCHMAN'S PLIGHT.

PATRICK arrived home, much the worse for wear, says a chronicler in *The Bellman*. One eye was closed, his nose was broken and his face looked as though it had been stung by bees.

"Glory be!" exclaimed his wife.

"Thot Dutchman Schwartzheimer—'twas him," explained Patrick.

"Shame on ye!" exploded his wife without sympathy. "A big shpalpane the loikes av ye to get bate up by a little omadhoun av a Dutchman the size av him. Why—"

"Whist, Nora," said Patrick, "don't spake disrespectfully av the dead."

* * *

SOME ADVERTISEMENTS FROM THE DAILY PAPERS.

FOR SALE—Mincemeat outfit, suitable for butcher or mincemeat manufacturer, reasonable. Box 210 Telegram.

FOR SALE immediately, pedigreed Boston terrier puppies. 32 Salisbury Avenue.

Is it merely a coincidence that these two advertisements come together?

WANTED—At once, human fleas, liberal pay. Reply to Box 127.

If the advertiser would travel from here to Gow Ganda, he would probably get all varieties and nothing to pay.

WILL exchange a complete set of Robert Burns' work for a black spaniel dog, pup preferred.

LADY, unable to wear new boots, wishes worn laced or buttoned, size five to six. Box 960.

Can't you sympathise?

BROWN tabby Persian cat for sale or exchange for German lessons.

ROOFING.

EXPERIENCED teacher will give instruction to foreigners. Box 106.

Roofing—A new way to express teaching. A sort of finishing off at the top.

GENTLEMAN'S family cow for sale.

FOR SALE—A family bible, never been used.

The advertiser is honest at least, if not godly.

GOOD ladies' and gentlemen's second-hand clothes. Box 36 Telegram.

* * *

NOT ACCUSTOMED TO 'USTLING.

THE reluctance of the average Englishman who comes to Canada, and who not being a tradesman, to adapt himself to our way of doing things, is nicely illustrated in a happening in a neighbouring city.

A local dentist who goes back o' nights to his office to catch up with his work was disturbed one evening by the entrance of a stranger, evidently of the labouring class and as his accent betrayed, an Englishman. He wanted a tooth taken out, and while the dentist was getting out his dynamite and gun cotton and the tools of his craft he beguiled the passing moment in conversation.

"What is your name?" he asked the man.

"Bourne, zur."

"Been in the country long?"

"A matter of dree months, zur."

"For whom are you working?"

The dentist was informed and proceeding with

his interrogations asked the man how he liked his employer.

"You see, it's this way, zur," replied the man. "He do give I summat to do, an' fore I've arf done it he comes to me, do he, and says, 'Ustle, Bourne, 'ustle.' 'Tis this dommed Canadian word 'ustle, 'ustle,' what makes me sick."

* * *

AN IRISH BULL.

AN Irishman insisting upon the malignity of certain acquaintances said to his pastor: "They are mane, your rivirence. You cannot trust them. They are mane. They would cut your throat behind you back."

* * *

A GROWER OF ASPARAGUS.

OLD-TIME visitors at Ottawa who, in the late seventies and early eighties made that famous hostelry, the Russell, their headquarters, will recall the popular landlord, Mr. J. A. Gouin, whose genial greetings and kindly attentions contributed so much to make the stay of the politicians in the capital pleasant.

Mr. Gouin has long been out of the hotel business. For the past twenty-five years he has been the presiding genius of the Ottawa post-office. To-day he is as hale and hearty as when first appointed Postmaster of Ottawa, but the travelling public naturally does not see as much of him as in the old times.

Mr. Gouin, besides being an excellent postmaster and an expert bridge player, is also an angler of no mean repute. He is president of the Echo Beach Fishing Club, which includes amongst its members many of the big moneyed men of the capital. In his capacity as president of the club, Mr. Gouin has done his utmost to improve the club property and enhance the comforts of his fellow-members. Three years ago Mr. Gouin caused a piece of land near the club house to be cleared and then sowed some asparagus seeds, in order that each succeeding year the members, on their spring visit to the lakes, would have a plentiful supply of the delicious vegetable. Mr. Gouin's efforts as a kitchen gardener were, however, without result, and many have been the rude jibes directed at "Jimmy" for his want of success. This year, however, there was a marvellous change, and to-day Mr. Gouin has earned the reputation of being the greatest grower of asparagus in the Ottawa Valley. It came about thusly:

Mr. R. L. Devlin, the well-known Sparks Street furrier, well known in literary circles as "Corncob Junior," is charged with the duty of catering for his fellow-members, and this year he laid in a bountiful supply of asparagus—large, white asparagus, in cans. On arriving at the club house, Mr. Devlin, unknown to the president, stuck over a hundred heads of this canned asparagus in the piece of land which had been seeded years ago. After breakfast the following morning, when the club members were getting their tackle together for the first day's fishing, there were loud calls to all and sundry to come and see the wonderful growth of asparagus, which was about one inch and a half out of the ground. It was truly a marvellous sight, and the president could hardly conceal his delight. The next day, by judicious nocturnal manipulation, the asparagus had grown to be three or four inches high, and at dinner that evening the company partook of the first crop. It was greatly enjoyed by all present, and speeches to Mr. Gouin were made by Mr. R. L. Borden, M.P., Mr. George H. Perley, M.P., Mr. George F. Thompson, Mr. F. W. Avery, Mr. C. J. Jones, Mr. Devlin and others, all of whom highly eulogised the president for his thoughtfulness, and congratulated him upon his success. Mr. Gouin accepted these praises with becoming modesty, assuring the company that, although the asparagus crop had been delayed, he had always been quite certain that eventually it would come right. In two days more the supply of asparagus was exhausted, and when Mr. Gouin was asked why a further supply was not forthcoming, he replied that the cook had cut it too close to the roots and thus spoiled the crop for this year. The members acknowledged that the reason given was a good one, and said no more. The story goes that Mr. Gouin does not, to this day, know of the joke which the "Corncob Junior" played upon him.

* * *

GENEROUS.

"How nicely you have ironed these things, Jane," said the mistress admiringly to her maid. Then, glancing at the glossy linen, she continued in a tone of surprise: "Oh, but I see they are all your own."

"Yes," replied Jane, "and I'd do all yours just like that if I had time."—*Central Methodist Advocate*.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

Little Stories by Land and Sea, concerning the folk who move hither and thither across the face of a Big Land.

MEN OF THE DORIES AND TRAWLS.

THE bank fisherman of Nova Scotia is one of the world's characteristic and romantic workers. Inlanders living a couple of thousand miles from the cod banks may well be pardoned for knowing nothing of the lives of these people out in the dories among the trawls. But the fish they catch amount in one year in Nova Scotia alone to more than eight million dollars. Lunenburg County alone, for instance, according to a clever writer on the subject—Mr. J. L. Freeda of Chester, N. S.—produces annually about three million dollars' worth. From the first day of spring, which is the twenty-first of March, the bank fishermen are out on the blue—or the green, as the case may be, leaving the farmers of the garden of eastern Canada to look after the green of the fields. The cod banks to them are the green places of the earth. Twenty vessels under full sail at once they drift out to sea; ships of a hundred tons and less and each under the skipper that for years has gone with the same boat; much the same crew and knows every wimple of the banks as a farmer knows the fence-corners of his fields.

Out on the banks the anchor goes down and the dories go out—eight dories to a ship; to each dory its crew of two oarsmen and its cargo of trawl-tubs—the tubs that hold the nets which the fishermen have been mending and tarring since the first day of open weather. A water-jug and a few sea biscuits—these are the sinews of war as out in the dories they go with the trawls; each trawl a line of net more than a mile long with branch lines loaded with hooks and baited with herring or "squid." Long rubber goloshes and woollen sweater and oilskins, the crews dangle away the long days setting out the lines, which in a few days are loaded with cod and ready for the haul-up.

Crisp of the daybreak sees the dories glide out from the ship to the net-lines—under-running the trawls, hauling the long lines of net over the side of the dory, stripping off the cod, till the dory is full of fins and tails and back to the ship they put, forking the cod on deck.

And the average day's work as described by Mr. Freeda is something of a song of toil; the ceaseless rhythm of the sea and the pitching, tumbling dories—where the deep sea swell runs ceaselessly day and night, where the wild winds know no pity, where the drifting fog covers the approach of the great ocean greyhound or the drift of the dread summer berg from the Greenland coasts. There are days of lovely sunshine, in the sweet summer months, when the long, blue seas are alive with sails and dories; days when the sea lies oil calm beneath a cloudless sky or dimples at night with glittering moonbeams. But with the calm comes often the wet blanket of fog, shutting out from view everything beyond a radius of a few yards. Behind that thick grey curtain lies a heaving ocean filled with moving craft. So the fog horns toot unceasingly, while sometimes the shriek of a liner's siren tells the quaking fisherman that a great steel monster is close at hand rushing through the water at twenty miles an hour."

* * *

THE MAN FROM ATHABASCA.

THERE is a man in the west known as Von Hammerstein; sometimes known as the "Count," and he is one of the most persistent explorers and travellers in that part of the world. At present he is boring for oil up at Fort McMurray on the Athabasca. Seven times he has been up in that land exploiting natural resources. He came to Edmonton ten years ago with the Klondike rush. At that time he was partly famous by reason of his piano recitals—being able to place a cloth over the keyboard and play amazingly difficult music. Perhaps he was regarded as a freak then, for that land was full of natural curiosities in human shape—especially from England. However, Von Hammerstein has started to develop the north and in so doing he has developed himself. He has given up the lure of gold. But he has taken up the lure of petroleum, of salt and copper and silver, natural gas and coal. Seven years now he has been boring for oil just as before his day M. W. A. Faser did in the same country. He and his company have spent some sixty thousand dollars putting holes in that part of the earth. He expects to see Fort McMurray on the map as a good healthy community just as soon as a railway gets in there.

* * *

MORAL JOURNALISM.

MORAL journalism seems to have got hold of some of the cities and towns of Western Ontario quite as much as in the larger centres. The other day a negro was hanged at Stratford, which is a law-abiding city minus a hanging for these fourteen years until then. Just a few days before the hanging one of the papers there administered a dignified rebuke to its confrere, the *St. Thomas Times*, for having published some of Mr. Arthur Brisbane's alleged tommyrot about the "heathen Chinese."

This was considered hugely and highly indiscreet if not immoral. Then the hanging came along. The authorities had purposely tried to keep the thing secret from the public by not announcing the hour, so that morbid sight-seers would not be on hand to climb trees and telegraph poles to look over the wall. Some adventurous folk, however, did manage to get up at half-past four to be on hand at five when the execution took place. Had they only known what the moral newspaper intended to do they might have saved themselves the trouble. The paper in question came out that day with a full half-page on the front of the paper, accompanied by a photograph of the murderer and with so complete and circumstantial an account of the execution as seen by the reporter, that the most sensational reader could not have desired anything further.

* * *

LAW AND LABOUR.

MR. BONAR LAW, the New Brunswicker in the British House of Commons, has gone on record as having opposed the Labour Exchanges Bill fathered by Mr. Winston Churchill. This bill has a practical object in the interests of Imperialism. It proposes to establish an Imperial Labour Bureau so that labour may be sent from those parts of the Empire where it is congested to those parts where it is most wanted. It aims to relieve the congestion of Great Britain without causing unemployment in Canada and Australia and New Zealand. It aims to supply British labour for Empire needs instead of letting the Oriental and the south-European come in and gobble up the jobs. Incidentally it may aim to diminish the numbers of both the Japanese and the Italian—though it will be hard to replace the former in the saw-mills of British Columbia and the latter on the trans-continental railways. Above all things it aims to relieve the steamship companies and railway companies from the onus of transporting men who in a slack season may become more or less charges upon the country to which they are brought. Mr. Law, however, criticised the bill as something of a "blank check." And he added: "If eloquent speeches can cure unemployment, this Government will do it. If anything else is necessary we must wait for some other Government."

* * *

FROM WHALES TO WHEAT.

THERE was an old man in Winnipeg a short while ago who spent several hours trying to locate the old haunts of the Winnipeg he used to know in the days of old; but he got lost in the maze of the streets among the boots of Europe and gave up the task. He went home; back to Ile a la Crosse where he was born; for he was a man of ninety and he knew the fur posts and the trails and the dog-trains and the Indians—but not the wheat city and the electric towns. Mr. Cunningham is the son of a trader and he has lived all his long life in the fur land. Lately he has been out to old Battleford visiting his son. That town has more of the old landmarks than most of the others, and the old man talked freely of the times and places that made the west and the north before even Battleford was on the map. He knows the Hudson's Bay and the polar bear and the wild goose haunts—the "wavies" where they build their nests. He has seen the polar bear load their cubs on their backs and go down to the coast to devour the dead whales. But the whales are passing and the wheat is coming—as Miss Agnes Deans Cameron might say.

* * *

SWANSON BAY AND BULLY POINT.

THE Swanson Bay sawmill is one thing; the sawmill at Bully Point used to be quite another; so thinks the clever editor of the *Saturday Sunset* in Vancouver. He has been watching the Japs at Swanson Bay wrestle with the Douglas firs that come down to the mills. He notes that those "catlike, sphinx-faced Asiatics" are a tolerably swift lot of men. The way they manipulate the giant firs compels his admiration. But he remembers the men of Bully Point, which was in the county of Bruce; the men of his own boyhood—how old is McConnell, anyway? He says with just measure of pious regard for the welfare of his country:

"But between the crew of Swanson Bay and the men of Bully Point, what a contrast! The Jap, cool, self-poised, self-confident, quick, alert, soulless, unenthusiastic, as professional in his movements as a surveyor laying out cemetery lots. Pride in his work? Yes, of a kind, that sort which gloats in the conquest of a rival supposed to have been his superior. And I asked myself if the race which produced the Bill Cuylers, the Bob Mitchells, the Tom Laverys and the Bones Andersons of my boyhood has quit breeding the men who could and would man the mills, the mines, the fishing boats and the logging camps of this grand province and hand down to coming generations the unflecked, stainless ideal of a white man's country, as those men did in Ontario."



Have Some?

To those who have once tasted the goodness contained in those little opal jars labelled "MacLaren's Imperial Cheese," an invitation to have some is irresistible. The delightful flavor of

MAC LAREN'S IMPERIAL CHEESE

satisfies the most critical taste.

Weight for weight, it is six times more nutritious than meat, and, combined with bread, contains everything that the human body requires in the way of food to maintain health and strength.

To appreciate all that this statement means—just try it.

10c. a jar and upward at all grocers.

MacLaren's Imperial Cheese Co., Ltd.,
Detroit, Michigan, and Toronto, Canada

YOU CAN work wonders with a CAN of Lacqueret

(Household Lacquer)

TRY IT!



A Trial Sample free to you.

Ask your dealer or write us.

INTERNATIONAL VARNISH CO. Ltd.

TORONTO

Makers of Superior Varnishes



THEY ALL REMEMBERED THE KODAK

A vacation *without* a Kodak is a vacation wasted. A Kodak doubles the value of every journey and adds to the pleasure, present and future, of every outing. Take a Kodak with you. *Kodaks*, \$5.00 to \$100; *Brownie Cameras*, (They work like Kodaks), \$1.00 to \$12.00.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited,

Catalogues free at the
dealers or by mail.

TORONTO, CAN.

Colonels by Promotion

GENERAL Order No. 35 of the Militia Department gives the regulations by which ambitious military men may become brigadier-generals and colonels. Heretofore lieutenant-colonel was the highest rank earned by service; the senior titles were given only by favour. Now any lieutenant-colonel may aspire to be a colonel. The regulations are as follows:

Ottawa, 1st April, 1909.

KING'S REGULATIONS AND ORDERS FOR
THE MILITIA OF CANADA, 1904.

Sub-paragraph 25a, as amended by General Order 105 of 1908 is cancelled, and the following substituted therefor:

1. To be eligible for promotion to the rank of brigadier general (temporary) an officer must:

(a) Be among the first six officers on the seniority list of the Militia.

(b) Be a member of the Militia Council, or the officer commanding a command.

2. To be eligible for promotion to the rank of colonel an officer must:

(a) Be among the first 30 lieutenant-colonels of the militia, actively employed.

(b) Have passed a qualifying examination, of a practical nature, in the subjects dealt with in Chapters I to VI, inclusive, of Combined Training, 1905, with a view to proving his ability to handle, in the field, bodies of troops comprising all arms. This test may be held either in the field and actually in command of troops, or by means of a staff ride.

(c) Have at least 20 years' continuous service, or 25 years' non-continuous service, as a commissioned officer in the Militia.

(d) Be a member of the Militia Council; or command a command or military district of the first class or command a brigade of cavalry or infantry, or hold a military appointment which, in the opinion of the Minister in Militia Council, is of equivalent importance, or, after holding the command of a battalion for at least three years, have held the command of a regiment of the active militia of more than one battalion, for the full period of five years.

Holiday Prospecting

(Canadian Mining Journal.)

NO country in the wide world affords so many clean opportunities for out-of-door holidays as does Canada. It is to be regretted that as a nation we do not use these opportunities to better advantage. In many respects our holiday making is not only unproductive of good, but is actually a source of harmful waste. Our fatuous popular resorts and the gladiatorial games that we have copied largely from the United States, do not make for wholesome recreation. Nothing is more noticeable than the energy with which transportation systems encourage the holiday instinct. Throughout the summer every week end is marked by the migration of hundreds and thousands of people from the crowded centres of population to suburban places of amusement, more correctly described as places of excitement. In this manner a truly enormous expenditure of money and time is incurred, mostly unprofitable, directly and indirectly, so far as the people themselves are concerned. Suppose now that a fraction of the attention that is centred upon highly artificial forms of entertainment were diverted to the object of introducing Canadians to their unique heritage—untouched expanses of forest and prairie, threaded everywhere by noble waterways and gemmed with innumerable lakes. In other words, suppose that there



Why Don't You Take a Dip in the Ocean

There's loads of fun for you at the seashore—bathing, sailing, motor-boating, fishing, automobiling, dancing, golf, tennis, bowling—sports and pleasures innumerable; but, better than all these—which can be found only at the seaside—is the whole exhilaration, the delightful feeling of excitement that follows every plunge into the briny surf, every breath of the keen salt air.

New York City is the gateway to the most famous of the Atlantic seaside resorts, and the New York Central Lines now offer special low rates to New York and the summer resorts along the

Long Island Seacoast

There are through sleeping cars on the trains leaving via the Canadian Pacific Railway at 5.20 p.m. daily and 7.10 p.m. daily, except Sunday. Also good service and direct connections via Niagara Navigation Co. steamers leaving at 9.00 a.m., 2.00, 3.45 and 5.15 p.m. For folders, time tables or particulars apply at C.P.R. or Niagara Navigation Co. city ticket offices, corner King and Yonge Streets, and Union Station, or address: Frank C. Foy, Canadian Passenger Agent, New York Central Lines, 80 YONGE ST. Telephone 4361 Main.



"America's Greatest
Railway System"

Moose Jaw

SASKATCHEWAN, CANADA.

By the Dominion Census in June, 1906, Moose Jaw was the largest City in Saskatchewan. Moose Jaw is still in the lead "running easily with much reserve force."

Over 20,000 quarter section entries have been made in the district during the past two years. The city is trying to keep pace with this settlement. There are now more buildings in course of erection than in any past year's history of the city.

CHANGES DURING THE PAST MONTH

The Imperial Bank has opened a branch office.
 Baker & Reynolds' Lumber Company has opened office for headquarters in South Saskatchewan.
 Manson, Campbell Co., of Chatham, Ont., Agricultural Implements, has opened for business.
 Mitchell, Hembroff, Maybee, Limited, has completed warehouse for wholesale Rubber Goods.
 The C.P.R. has commenced extensive freight yards in the western part of the city; estimated expenditure this year, \$200,000.
 Business blocks and private residences, new buildings, total half a million dollars.
 City Municipal Works in sight aggregate \$250,000. Last issue of Debentures \$40,000; 4½% payable in 40 years, were sold for \$40,408.
 Every Contractor, Mechanic and Laborer in the city, willing to work, is busy.

For information write to

Hugh McKellar, Commissioner, Board of Trade, Moose Jaw, Sask.



National Trust Company

18-22 King Street East, Toronto.

CAPITAL AND RESERVE, \$1,550,000.

Offers its clients the advantages of Branch Offices in the following places:

TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, EDMONTON, SASKATOON

\$71,114,368.27 invested in Debentures of Canadian Loan Corporations in 1907 represents an absolutely safe and popular form of investment. The Association issues Debentures in sums of \$100 and upwards, for a term of from one to five years, with interest coupons attached thereto, payable half yearly, at the rate of 4¼% to 4½% according to term.

Write for further particulars and 16th Annual Report.

THE PEOPLES BUILDING & LOAN ASSOCIATION
 THE PEOPLES BUILDING - LONDON, ONTARIO



THE BEST ROOF FOR HIGH CLASS HOUSES

"Empire" Steel Shingles make the most artistic roof for any residence. They are made of the highest quality steel plate, and are the **only shingles** that are galvanized **after** being formed into shape—no raw edges to rust.

"Empire" Steel Shingles

are absolutely fireproof and weatherproof, and will last a lifetime. The design of the "Empire" Shingle is very neat—a design that will add to the appearance of the finest residence.

Full information if you write, or phone Parkdale 800.

MANUFACTURERS



HOLBROOK'S

Adds a delicious zest and piquancy to **SOUPS, FISH, MEATS, POULTRY, GAME.**

MADE AND BOTTLED IN ENGLAND—SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

came a national awakening to the need of learning more about the meaning of our undeveloped resources. Prospecting is popularly supposed to consist in the search for the ores of valuable metals. Prospecting should be more than this. It should be the vocation of thousands of Canadian youth. Mineral veins are by no means the only or necessarily the most remunerative discoveries that the prospector may hope for. Clay deposits, marl beds, timber, farm lands, these are but a few of the objects for which the prospector may search.

Winnipeg's Imports

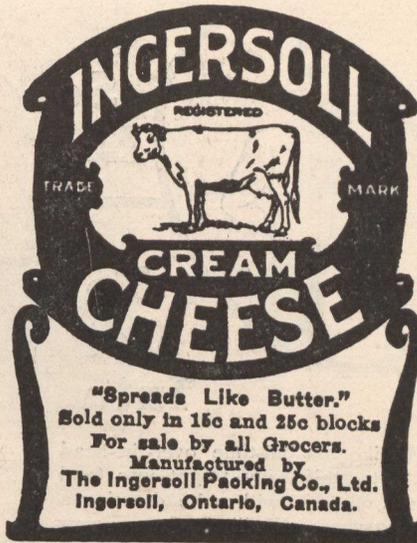
(Manitoba Free Press.)

THERE are, of course, no statistics of the internal trade of Canada. The compilation of statistics of the business done between, say Toronto and Winnipeg, would be practically impossible. It is only with external trade that the Government statistics deal. The trade and navigation returns of the Dominion Government, by giving the value and quantity of merchandise entered for consumption at each of the various ports throughout the Dominion, indicate partially the measure of that port's trade. According to the returns up to the end of March of this year, for the twelve months ending on that date, the value of merchandise entered for consumption in Winnipeg was approximately \$17,000,000. This is a very large volume but it does not represent the volume of merchandise bought from foreign sources by Winnipeg merchants. Take for instance the large amount of anthracite coal consumed locally, as well as that amount distributed by local coal men to points outside Winnipeg. The great bulk of Pennsylvania coal comes by boat to Port Arthur and Fort William and is entered at those ports, and none of it, therefore, is included in the total of \$17,000,000 worth of merchandise entered for consumption at the Port of Winnipeg. Very large quantities of foreign merchandise for local merchants are entered at seaports both on the Pacific and the Atlantic coast; \$17,000,000 thus does not at all represent the total value of the merchandise brought to Winnipeg during the Dominion trade year which ended on March 31st last.

The Better Way

(London Advertiser.)

AT all events, that is what the Government of Canada did, in spite of denunciations of enemies, and possibly the desire of friends. To have given a *Dreadnought* would have been the easier thing to do. An appropriation of ten millions could have been asked from Parliament, and would have been granted with little opposition. And there the matter would have ended for a time. We would have done something spectacular, and that would have been an excuse for doing nothing more. Instead of this the Government decided to move slowly, and look to the future rather than the present. And now the sober second thought of all is recognising that the policy of the Government was wise. Of course they do not all admit it. Conservative organs still maintain that a *Dreadnought* should have been given; but simply as an object lesson—only as an incident in connection with a more enduring policy. And, of course, the paragrapher still keeps busy with his little jibes about what Sir Wilfrid did not do. But they are all beginning to express approval after a fashion of what the Government is going to do.



"Spreads Like Butter."
 Sold only in 15c and 25c blocks
 For sale by all Grocers.
 Manufactured by
 The Ingersoll Packing Co., Ltd.
 Ingersoll, Ontario, Canada.

THE THIEL

Detective Service Co. of Canada, Limited

E. R. CARRINGTON, Secy. & Asst. Gen. Mgr.

OFFICES IN CANADA:

Montreal - Toronto - Winnipeg

F. G. Robinson, Mgr. J. E. Stein, Mgr. J. J. Brown, Mgr.

OTHER OFFICES:

CHICAGO, ILL., Monadnock Bldg.
 DENVER, COLO., Majestic Building.
 KANSAS CITY, MO., New England Bldg.
 NEW YORK, N.Y., Hudson Terminal Bldg.
 PORTLAND, ORE., Chamber of Commerce.
 SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Mutual Savings Bank Bldg.
 SEATTLE, WASH., New York Bldg.
 SPOKANE, WASH., Empire State Building.
 ST. LOUIS, MO., Century Bldg.
 ST. PAUL, MINN., Germania Life Building.
 CITY OF MEXICO, MEX., Equitable Life Ins. Bldg.
 LOS ANGELES, 621 Trust Bldg.

SPECIAL EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE

HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA - MONTREAL

WM. MACKAY, Gen. Manager. J. H. LABELLE, Asst. Manager.



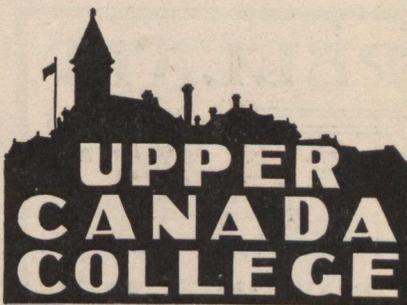
The Largest and Strongest

Fire Insurance Company in the World.

Maguire & Connon
 GENERAL AGENTS

Office: "Royal Building," 27 Wellington St. E., TORONTO

Telephones: Main 6000 Residence, North 3571 and M. 978.



AUTUMN TERM

begins Tuesday, September 14th.

EXAMINATIONS for Entrance Scholarships Saturday, Sept. 18th.

COURSES for University, Royal Military College, and Business.

SENIOR and Preparatory Schools in separate buildings. Every modern equipment. 50 acres of ground, Gymnasium, Swimming Bath, Rinks, etc.

H. W. AUDEN, M.A., (CAMBRIDGE) Principal

TORONTO

MONEY AND MAGNATES

THE FARTHER FROM HEAD OFFICE, THE GREATER THE PROFIT

IT seems rather surprising and yet it has been shown to be the case that quite a few Canadian concerns show the greatest profits the farther the particular department is removed from the head office.

One day while chatting with a director of the Canadian Pacific I asked him where he thought the company made the most money, and, after thinking it over for a while he replied that in proportion to the capital expended he thought the company made the greatest amount of profit on the Pacific Ocean. It seems strange that a department that is so far away from the head office, where all the big guns get their fat salaries, should be able to make such a great showing.

But then I remembered that this Pacific trade had always been regarded as one of the choice plums of the C. P. R. and that Sir Thomas Shaughnessy is always particularly careful that no information should leak out concerning it. So carefully is the knowledge of this part of the company's business guarded that there are very few officials outside of Mr. Arthur Piers, the superintendent of steamship lines, and Sir Thomas Shaughnessy himself who have any very accurate idea about it.

The case of the farther away from head office the greater the profits also applies in the case of a number of the leading Canadian banks. Take for instance the Royal Bank of Canada and you will very likely find that the chain of branches that show the largest amount of profits are those situated in British Columbia and Cuba. Money rates are always higher in these places than in the older centres and besides the opportunities for making money seem to be more numerous. But then it may be said that all the banks got into British Columbia in the early days. A very large amount of American business has been done in that province and the big United States capitalists were always willing to pay generously for any assistance they got from the banks.

* * *

WHERE C. P. R. MAGNATES MADE BIG MONEY.

WHILE the big C. P. R. magnates—the men that now comprise the Board of Directors—have not made anything like the amount of money most people think they have in the stock of their own railway, they have been particularly fortunate in their land speculations and as a result have made quite a pile of money out of them. Nearly all the members of the Board are interested in the Canada Northwest Land Company, which from the very start was a big money-maker and is now paying back its full capital as well as dividends to its shareholders. The company was formed in the early days of the C. P. R. when land in the West could be bought, as the saying goes, for a mere song. Right from the beginning big dividends were earned till now the company is not selling any more land than it can possibly help, the directors evidently believing that the longer they hold it the more money they will make. Much of the remaining land is what is termed townsites rather than regular farm lands. The reason of this is that many of the towns have extended so rapidly that many farms have been sub-divided into town lots.

While entirely independent of the Canadian Pacific, the executive committee of the Canada Northwest Land Company generally find it most convenient to meet in Sir Thomas Shaughnessy's office up in the C. P. R. station at Montreal. Sir Thomas, Mr. R. B. Angus, Mr. Robert Meighen, and Mr. E. B. Osler take perhaps the most active part in the affairs of the company, the active part at present consisting to a great extent of preventing the concern from making money too quickly.

It may be pointed out that the Canadian Pacific itself is now adopting the same policy regarding its lands as has the Canada Northwest Land Company. In every section of the West it is holding land for higher prices and in order to do so have put figures on it that they know will not be given for some few years to come. Up to a couple of years ago the C. P. R. always allowed the press to publish the monthly report of land sales in Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan, as well as of town sites in Vancouver, but when the directors decided to pay something to shareholders out of the proceeds of land sales, Sir Thomas sent out notice that no more reports should be given out from the land department.

* * *

MOST MONEY MADE OUT OF WATER.

MONTREAL can now boast of having between fifty and fifty-five millionaires. Fully two-thirds have joined the ranks during the last ten years while the last three years have seen more additions to the ranks than any previous period of like duration. What is most striking about the new crop of millionaires is that the majority have made most of their fortunes out of watered stock, the result of over-capitalisation of various industrial and mining concerns.

Three things in particular seem to have helped in the creation of new millionaires and they were the Dominion Textile deal, the Cobalt camp and the merger of the different Canadian rubber concerns into one company that controls eighty-four per cent. of the rubber shoe trade of the country. And in every single instance even a none too conservative banker would say that far too much stock has been foisted on the Canadian public, enabling the insider to unload at tremendous profits. In the case of the industrial concerns, the protection afforded by the Dominion Government has also played a very prominent part for it was mainly this protection that enabled the concerns to pay the dividends that they have. Conservatively speaking it might be said that in both instances there is protection for \$2 of water for every \$1 of actual capital placed in the concerns. Again, in the Cobalt boom it was the over-capitalisation that enabled the insider to sell out huge blocks of stock at the high prices.

A very striking feature in connection with the new bunch of Montreal millionaires is that almost without exception they are under forty-five years of age. They include Mr. D. Lorne McGibbon, president of the Consolidated Rubber Company; Mr. Shirley Ogilvie, one of the largest holders of the common stock of the same rubber concern; Mr. Charles B. Gordon, vice-president of the Dominion Textile Company Mr. Milton Hersey, the assayer who was among the first to discover the real value of Cobalt ore, owing to the sample submitted to him; and Mr. Jacob A. Jacobs, among the first Montrealers to find his way into the Cobalt camp.

Coupon.



So Easy

To Get Into

Unlike the old-time over-the-head shirts, this easy-to-get-into (and out of) shirt will make dressing a pleasure and will fit far snugger besides. You will never know real shirt comfort until you buy a

Negligee Coat Shirt

Open all the way down the front—launders better—lasts longer—doesn't pucker at the waistband—yet costs not a bit more if you

Insist Upon Getting this Brand.

214

Makers at BERLIN, CANADA

"The Woman in the Case"

May be one's own mother, wife or daughter, any one of whom may need the protection which life insurance in



gives, and it is, therefore, the duty, and should be the pleasure of

"The Man in the Case"

to whom she has a right to look for protection, to insure his life while yet in good health for her benefit when his strong arm and active brain shall have been stilled in death.

HEAD OFFICE:

WATERLOO - ONTARIO

PELLATT & PELLATT

(Members Toronto Stock Exchange) 401 Traders Bank Building, Toronto

BONDS AND STOCKS also COBALT STOCKS BOUGHT AND SOLD ... ON COMMISSION ...

Private wire connections with W. H. GOADBY & CO., Members New York Stock Exchange.

Lorsch & Gamey Members Standard Stock and Mining Exchange. **Cobalt Stocks A Specialty** 36 Toronto Street TORONTO

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER



"Baby's Best Friend"

and Mamma's greatest comfort. Mennen's relieves and prevents Prickly Heat, Chafing and Sunburn. For your protection the genuine is put up in non-refillable boxes—the "Box that Lox," with Mennen's face on top. Guaranteed by the Gerhard Mennen Co. under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 1542. Sold everywhere or by mail 25 cents—Sample free. Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder—It has the scent of Fresh-cut Parma Violets. Sample free. Mennen's Borated Skin Soap (blue wrapper)—specially prepared for the nursery. Mennen's Sun Yang Toilet Powder, Oriental Odor. No Samples. Sold only at stores. GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N.J.

ASSETS \$3,143,485

CAPITAL (SUBSCRIBED) \$2,500,000
CAPITAL (PAID UP) \$1,500,000
RESERVE FUND \$1,150,000

CENTRAL CANADA

LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY
TORONTO

DEPOSITS RECEIVED AND DEBENTURES ISSUED

SALESMANSHIP

¶ The Canadian Courier is looking for canvassers of the right sort for a special campaign now being inaugurated in the PROVINCE OF ONTARIO. ¶ First-class salesmanship may in these days concern itself with the question, "WHAT SHALL A MAN READ?" Thousands of Canadians await an introduction to the Canadian Courier, the national weekly of Canada, in a sense never before realized. ¶ First-class rewards await the men (or women) who are SELLERS of periodicals. You will be interested if you are in this class. Write to Circulation Manager, Canadian Courier, Toronto.

Broderick's Business Suits \$22.50

Worn from Coast to Coast

Over 200,000 men on this Continent order their clothes by mail. This is the modern method. We have mastered this method. We guarantee satisfaction. :: :: :: :: ::

Write for Samples & Measurement Chart
FRANK BRODERICK & CO
DEPT. C · TORONTO · CANADA

Help Your Summer Appetite

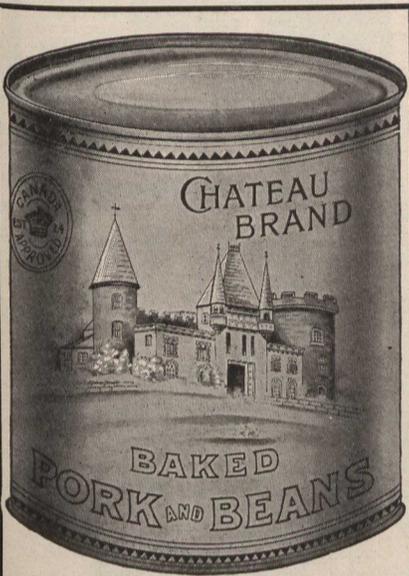
You need simple nourishing food in the summertime and without it your health will suffer.

BOVRIL

has so much nourishment in an agreeable form that it solves the summer appetite difficulty.

Bovril sandwiches are palatable and very nutritious.

(3-6-09)



Chateau Brand Pork and Beans are Properly Baked—

Many people have the idea that all baked beans are hard to digest.

Home made baked beans and many varieties sold in tins usually are indigestible.

It's impossible to thoroughly bake beans in a home oven because the heat used is not great enough nor even enough.

There's only one way to properly prepare them and that is the method used in preparing Clarke's Chateau Brand.

Chateau Brand Baked Beans are baked at a uniformly high temperature, maintained for just the right time.

The result is that Chateau Brand Baked Beans are always perfectly cooked.

You'll never say that baked beans are indigestible after you've used Chateau Brand.

Your grocer has them in 10, 15 and 20 cent tins either plain or with Tomato Sauce.

Remember the name—Chateau Brand.

Wm. Clark, Mfr.
MONTREAL

STOP DRUDGING



Don't work yourself to death cleaning and polishing furniture in the old-fashioned way, with soap and water or varnish.

3-in-One Oil removes spots, scratches and scars from piano cases, fine furniture and all varnished surfaces easier, quicker and better than any furniture polish. It brings back the original lustre, dries quickly and gives a bright, lasting finish.

FREE Write for generous sample bottle and "the-new-way" to polish furniture, both free.

3-in-One Oil Co., 57 BROADWAY NEW YORK

The Loss of the Empress of Britain

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 13.

was the inexorable decree, and husband must part from wife, son from mother, father from daughter. There had been some struggling for preferment in the steerage, but somehow a spirit of self-denial had permeated the ship and though nerves might be as taut as violin strings, there was little hustling and for the most part the men behaved like men. Side by side the Italian labourer and the prosperous business man worked at their common task, the construction of some sort of raft that should support them till help should arrive. The engineers and stokers had all been withdrawn from below and were ranged up on the main deck awaiting orders. Time was slipping by and the fog looked as if it might close down again, while away to the southward could be seen a wisp of smoke that spoke of an English cruiser. Clearly the *Dachs* must commence her task. Boats were even now pulling away and delay meant only a prolonging of agony. The English captain and his officers had taken their stand on the bridge of the doomed ship and as the German passed, her officers stood at attention and saluted. After all, friends or enemies, all admire bravery, particularly that of the passive kind.

A red flag breaks out from the German's masthead and almost immediately a splash follows, then a line of bubbles, then a dull explosion somewhere near the *Empress'* bow.

Again a splash, again the bubbles and again a muffled roar, this time right astern. The explosion of the second torpedo blows away propellers, rips up the tail end shafting like paper, and tears such a huge gash in the ship that she can never recover herself. It can only be a matter of seconds now, and sinking slowly down till her decks are flush with the water, the ill-fated *Empress*, an hour before the pride of the St. Lawrence, gives a shudder like a dying animal and plunges to her last home, taking with her God knows how many human atoms who had been unable to find salvation in the boats. The *Dachs* utters a long farewell moan on her siren, the sea bubbles and boils as she receives her living sacrifice, a few screams and impassioned entreaties to the world's maker rend the atmosphere, and then the fog closes down once more with its mantle of white and there is silence.

FROM the *Berliner Nachrichten*, April 10, 1910: Commander von Suchern (H. I. M. S. *Dachs*) reports capture and sinking of British mail steamer *Empress of Britain*. He took 250,000 marks prize money besides twenty bags of registered mail matter, precise value of which remains to be determined. Owing to being short-handed Commander von Suchern was obliged to sink the ship, as to convoy her would have been attended with too much danger. The passengers were given time to take to the boats and it is considered probable that they were picked up by a British cruiser, that exchanged shots with the *Dachs* shortly after she had sunk the ship in question. Commander von Suchern is a young officer of much promise and it is to be hoped some official notice will be taken of his action.

From the *Berliner Nachrichten*, April 13, 1910: Commander von Suchern, whose exploit in sinking the *Empress of Britain* was recently reported, has been appointed to the second class of the Order of the Black Eagle of Prussia.

THE END.



A Luxurious Home in the Wilds

At Temiskaming Lake—leave your frock coat and topper at home—Get your nerves restored by absolute relaxation and spend a delightful summer vacation. You may do all the roughing you like, and at the same time the "Bellevue" offers you most of the luxurious comforts of your own home.

TEMISKAMING LAKE

A Lake in the Northlands, bordering on the unlimited wilds of picturesque Canada—Hunting, Fishing or Canoe Outings galore, Unexcelled Climate, Cool Nights for rest and recuperation.

THE BELLEVUE HOTEL

Like a New York City Hotel—beautifully situated in Nature's garden—Gasoline Launches, Boating, Lawn Tennis, Bowling on the Green and Alleys, Billiards, Ball-room in separate recreation Hall, insuring quietness in hotel proper. Ice cold Laurentian water piped from springs in the hills. Hot and cold Baths on all floors, Sanitary Conveniences, Electric Lighting, Modern in every way—An Ideal Vacation Home near the Wilds of the North.

Pleased to send information and beautiful booklet.

Write "THE MANAGER, TEMISKAMING, P.Q."

Open for season 1909—June 25th. Boats leave the Hotel Dock daily for the famous Cobalt Silver Belt calling at Haileybury, Liskeard and intervening points. (1596)

Perhaps you have in mind purchasing a new piano when you return to town after the summer vacation.

SPECIAL Allowance NOW on Your Old Piano

It is to our interest to take in exchanged pianos before the fall season sets in, and we therefore make it

No matter whether you contemplate a new Upright, a fine Grand or a Pianola Piano, you can save money by placing the order **at once**.

to **your** interest to let us have the old instrument now so as to help in keeping our repair departments busy during the summer months.

Our representative will call to appraise your present piano upon request.....

The Mason & Risch Piano Co., Limited

32 King Street West, Toronto

436

Through Sleeping Cars
Between
Toronto-Pittsburg-Cleveland

Leave Toronto 7.10 p.m.
Arrive Pittsburg 7.00 a.m.
Arrive Cleveland (a) 2.35 a.m.

(a) Sleeper may be occupied until 7.00 a.m.

Other Fast Pittsburg and Cleveland Trains

Leave Toronto	9.30 a.m.,	1.15 p.m.,	5.20 p.m.
Arrive Pittsburg	7.45 p.m.,	10.35 p.m.,	7.00 a.m.
Arrive Cleveland	4.35 p.m.,	10.40 p.m.,	11.55 p.m.

C. P. R.-T., H. & B. Line

in connection with the

Lake Shore Ry.



YOUR VACATION

will not be complete without the *Courier*. Kindly send us your change of address before going away and give old as well as new address.

CANADIAN COURIER, 12 Wellington East, TORONTO

CANADIAN LITERATURE AT THE
QUINQUENNIAL CONGRESS

By DONALD B. SINCLAIR

THE Quinquennial Congress was just a great big school — an advanced ladies' college, if you will. The literary section was one of its classes. Very few lectures were "sloped" there. Day after day, the same eager faces gathered in room No. 8 of University College to hear what the speakers had to say about folk-lore, or the public library question, or the tendencies of modern literature and journalism. The instructors, who discussed for them these subjects, were not dry-as-dust pedagogues with musty academic offerings beyond the ken of the ordinary wife and mother; but practical men and women, the life-blood of the pen's activity to-day — from the humblest of them, pounding a typewriter for a living in the offices of the big dailies, to writers whose names grace a dozen volumes.

The vigour and idealism of the Canadian spirit in letters was impressed upon the foreign visitors by the papers read by Canadian authors. The chief of them were: "Constructive Work for Women," Miss Agnes C. Laut; "How Editors Affect Communities," Mr. Arthur Stringer; "Literature and the Home," Miss Jean Graham; "Every Woman's Responsibility with Regard to Journalism," Miss Lily Dougall; "Canadian Writers," Katharine Hale; and "Public Libraries in Canada," E. A. S. Hardy.

The contributions of Miss Laut and Mr. Stringer stirred up no little flurry of excitement. Both dealt with the modern press and they handled it without gloves.

Miss Laut considered that there was room for constructive work among women in reforming the press. That institution was invading woman's sanctum, the home, with filth that should be barred like smallpox.

"You would not buy tainted butter, then why buy tainted news?"

The newspapers of to-day had become so demoralized that "to hit the loafer who spat tobacco juice upon the street, they would throw a rotten egg at the spotless reputation of a woman." They published inaccurate news, knowing it to be false. The Roosevelt interviews to-day being forced upon the public as authenticated stories of the great American's hunting tour, she designated as faked-up lies. "Terrible Teddy" had no war correspondents with him and he was miles from the nearest telegraph station.

How should women face the situation? They could effect a cure for the evils if they would make the business office of the newspaper the object of their attack. The commercial end of the newspaper was cramping the ideals of the editors. They could refuse to buy of the advertisers, or cancel their subscriptions, until the policy of the paper was in accordance with what they demanded.

"We could clean up the news of America inside of a year if twenty women in each city and town were to cancel their subscriptions to papers that insist on sensation and false news. . . . Don't think the editor will not welcome the change. When an offensive thing is published there is none more sorry than the editor. The business end can make more money by vicious methods, and if you keep silent, there is nothing left for the editor to do. When you pay five cents for true news and do not get it, it is your own fault."

Mr. Arthur Stringer dealt mostly with the magazine editor. The same destructive currents were undermining this branch of journalism. The advertising manager was drawing the

big salary; the editor was fast becoming the "janitor of the house of intelligence." Mr. Stringer traced the reactive magazine policy of recent years from "the paper roses of optimism, the bourgeois timidity that tabooed all the profundities and most of the sincerities of existence," to that critical institution, the "muck-rake." The muck-raker was worthy of condemnation; he was not a constructor, but a destroyer.

"For several years now, we have heard the trusts execrated and we have seen many corporations exposed, and many black sheep pilloried; but we have seen no adequate and reasonable programme of purification, no synthetic philosophy of regeneration. In fact, I know of no earthly calling or profession more in need of what the editor has been assuming to give others, more in need of spiritual emancipation than is the man who sits in the editorial chair of almost any of our magazines. The commercial chain has hung too close and heavy upon him to let him grow as his spiritual and humanistic chains have grown, yet I confess that it is going to be a hard job to reform him. Before you can regulate the wrist, you must regulate the heart. Before you can broaden and dignify and ennoble him, you must broaden and ennoble the audience of which he is in a very definite way the exponent and the representative. But it is a task that will require courage and a great deal of it, for, as Hamlet said of the players, 'They are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time; after your death, you were better to have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.'"

Miss Jean Graham, editor of *The Home Journal*, made an eloquent appeal to the mothers of Canada to censor their children's reading matter. The comic paper and the Elsie and Pansy books, which all gave distorted views of life, were subjects of her strong denunciation. They were "hypnotic poison." How could parents expect of their growing offspring, saturated with this "slushy, goody-goody" stuff, to regard, for instance, a book such as Ruskin's "Ethics of the Dust," other than "verily as dust"?

Besides those of Canadian writers, other papers read before the literary section of general interest to Canadians were: "Reading Societies for Working Girls," Miss C. M. Thompson, Girls' Friendly Society, London, England; "Literature of the Future," Miss E. Stocking, Detroit, Michigan; "What Literature Gives to Painting," Mr. E. Wylie Grier; "The Development of the Public Library for the Public Weal," Dr. Michael Hainsch, founder of public libraries, Austria.

During the session of the Literary Section, the writer was accorded interviews with Miss Agnes C. Laut and Mr. Arthur Stringer. Miss Laut stated that she was going at once to New York to arrange with her publishers in regard to her new book, a history, "The Empire of the North," which is destined to appear in the fall. Then she will hear the call of the northland again and will bury herself there for the next four months. Mr. Stringer imparted the information that he had been minus a collar for the last four months, practising what he terms his vocation of farmer at his summer home near Chatham, Ontario. He has quit writing for the *Popular Magazine*, but is under contract to turn out thrilling yarns for some other American publications. Mr. Stringer will be in Canada probably till the fall.

For a Sweet Stomach
and a happy life try

Abbey's
Effer-
vescent Salt

SOLD
EVERYWHERE. 38



VICHY
CELESTINS

Natural
Alkaline
Water

Bottled
at the
Springs

A delightful table
water with highly
medicinal qualities

Ask your Physician

VICHY
CELESTINS



COSGRAVE'S
XXX PORTER

AT ALL HOTELS



BUT ONE QUALITY—
THE HIGHEST :: ::
AT ALL DEALERS

CANADIAN
HOTEL DIRECTORY

The New Russell

OTTAWA, CANADA
250 rooms.

American Plan \$8.00 to \$5.00.
European Plan \$1.50 to \$3.50.
\$150,000.00 spent upon Improvements.

La Corona Hotel

(The Home of the Epicure)

European Plan, \$1.50 up. Montreal

King Edward Hotel

TORONTO, CANADA

—Fireproof—

Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up.
American and European Plans.

CALGARY, ALBERTA, CAN.

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

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

2 in 1
SHOE POLISH

is a leather food as well
as the blackest and quick-
est polish made. Honest
dealers give it
when asked for.

187

Black and
all Colors
10c and
25c tins.

WE SELL
2-1
SHOE POLISH

Hotel York
New York

NEW AND ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF
Seventh Ave., Cor. 36th St.
EUROPEAN PLAN

RATES { \$1.50 to \$2.50, with detached bath
\$2.00 to \$4.00, with private bath

Occupies the geographical centre of the city, near the
vortex of travel. Within from one to five minutes' walk
of twenty-one theatres. Cars pass the door, and within
five minutes of all the large retail shops. Norman Grill
Room. Cuisine of superior excellence. Moderate prices.

H. G. WILLIAMS, Manager

O'Keefe's
PILSENER

Insist that your dealer always sends
O'KEEFE'S "PILSENER"

"THE LIGHT BEER IN THE LIGHT BOTTLE"
(Registered)

The O'Keefe Brewery Co.
of Toronto, Limited

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier



A home that is free from Draughts.

No heating system will keep your home so evenly warmed and free from draughts as hot water heating. All rooms and hall-ways will be comfortably and healthfully warmed if you install a

Daisy ^{Hot Water} Boiler & King Radiators

This system will keep fresh, warm air throughout the home—free from the dust and dirt of hot air heating, and the ashes and labor of stoves.

There will be no cold rooms in your home when heated by a DAISY BOILER and KING RADIATORS, for the warm water is kept continually circulating through the system, the hottest water being naturally drawn to the part of the house most exposed to the cold.

The fire pot and the fire travel of the Daisy Boiler are designed to get all the heat out of the fuel

burned—none is lost up the chimney.

King Radiators are designed on most artistic lines, and, at the same time, so constructed that the water has a free passage through them.

Each King Radiator is, before and after it is assembled, subjected to a test of one hundred pounds cold water pressure. No possible imperfection can pass that test.

We would like to send you a copy of our booklet, "Comfortable Homes." It will tell you much that you should know about heating homes.

The King Radiator Co., Limited

Head Office, St. Helen's Avenue Salesrooms, 21-27 Lombard Street
TORONTO



Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, Seattle . .

Reduced Rates from all Points daily until Sept. 30th. Final return limit, Oct. 31, 1909.

Unsurpassed route, via Grand Trunk Railway System and Chicago.

Fast time, only double track line to Chicago through the brilliantly illuminated and electrically operated St. Clair Tunnel. Choice of routes from Chicago west.

Scenery of majestic grandeur and varying beauty.

Full information from any Grand Trunk Ticket Agent.



"The Spirit of the Pacific"

At the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition

SEATTLE—JUNE 1 TO OCTOBER 16

Do you grasp the full significance of "The Spirit of the Pacific?" Do you realize the wonderful growth and stupendous possibilities of the Northern Pacific Coast country? It is the mission of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition to exploit the resources, products and industries of the territories from which it is named—an exploitation that will be a revelation to the Eastern visitor—to you.

— The journey by the —

Canadian Pacific Railway

is worth making for its own sake—if only for the day spent traversing the world's grandest mountain scenery. Perfect train service. Exceptionally low rates—May 20 to September 30. For illustrated literature and full information, —address—

R. L. THOMPSON, District Passenger Agt., Toronto

The Dog Days are Coming and People are Going

To Cool Places Reached by

CANADIAN NORTHERN LINES



FOR ONTARIO PEOPLE there is the unequalled train service from Toronto to Beaverton, Sparrow Lake, Muskoka, Parry Sound and Georgian Bay, with abundance of hotels to choose from; and back from the railroad, clear up to Sellwood and to the height of land, canoeing, camping and fishing.

IN QUEBEC the rugged, watered, fish-stocked hinterland of the St. Lawrence, from the Ottawa Valley to Lake St. John and the Saguenay. At Lake St. Joseph, the delightful water, 22 miles from Quebec, an ideal summer hotel, named after the lake, and managed as the best New York houses are managed. Train services by the Canadian Northern Quebec and the Quebec & Lake St. John Railways.

THE OCEAN SHORE OF NOVA SCOTIA, the best of the Atlantic coasts in either hemisphere. Ideal scenery, cool salubrity, rare safety, the best resort for families and first rate dining and parlor car service on the Halifax & South Western Ry

AND IN THE WEST, the best country from Port Arthur to Edmonton for the traveller who wants new views of things that have interested early explorers and hunters, and are alongside the best agricultural situation in all Canada.

Booklets from the Information Bureau, Canadian Northern Railway Building, Toronto

AN ELECTRIC FLAT IRON Heats Quickly and Stays Hot

A turn of the wrist starts it. In a few minutes your iron is hot. An even temperature is always maintained, thus giving best results. No changing iron, no smoke, soot nor heat. Like to know more about it? Iron delivered free for you to try for 30 days.

The Toronto Electric Light Co., Limited
12 Adelaide Street East Phone Us—Main 3975



The Sea-Side

100's of Safe Beaches
Water agreeable Temperature, Accommodation at Reasonable Rates.

In Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island

Write for free copy of "Tours to Summer Haunts." General Passenger Dept.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY
MONCTON, N.B.

"Give Me Shredded Wheat"



"Give me Shredded Wheat Biscuit with a bowl of half cream and milk half"

That's an easy solution of the lunch problem for the busy man or the busy woman—in the restaurant, in the club or in the home. You don't know much about the other things on the menu—but you know Shredded Wheat is all right—you know it is clean, pure, wholesome and nourishing.

Clean thinking and clean living are the foundations of business success. Brain fag and brain fog come from eating starchy foods, heavy meats and indigestible pastries. If you want to think clearly and increase your working efficiency eat

SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT

It contains all the body-building material in the whole wheat made digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking.

If your club or restaurant does not serve Shredded Wheat, call for it until you get it. Have the Biscuit heated in the oven to restore crispness; crush the Biscuit in a bowl of half-and-half (half milk and half cream.) Baked apples, peaches, berries or other fruits, fresh or preserved, go nicely with it and add to its wholesomeness and nutritive value. TRISCUIT is the Shredded Wheat wafer used as a Toast with butter, cheese or marmalades—a crisp and delicious "snack" for luncheon, for the camp or the long tramp, for excursions on land or on sea.

The Only Breakfast Food Made in Biscuit Form

The Canadian Shredded Wheat Co. Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont.

Toronto Office: 49 Wellington Street East