

The Canadian Courier

A · N A T I O N A L · W E E K L Y



Frank H. Johnston

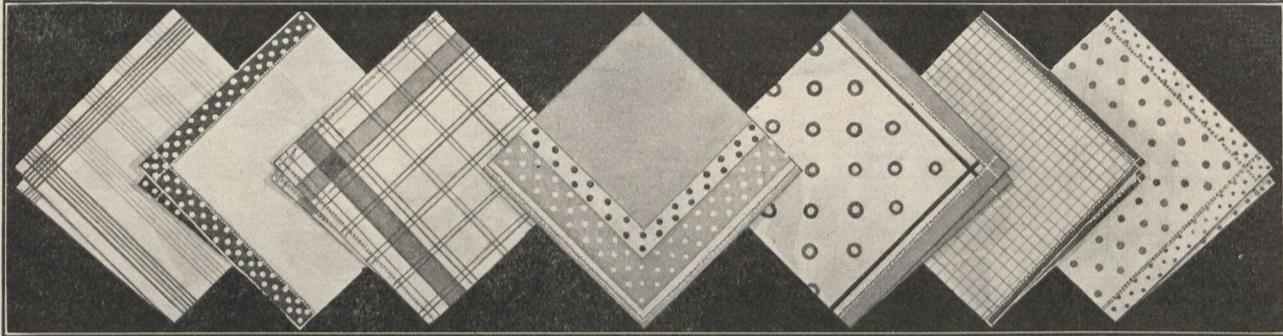
"THE SPIRIT OF MARCH"

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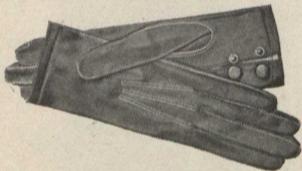
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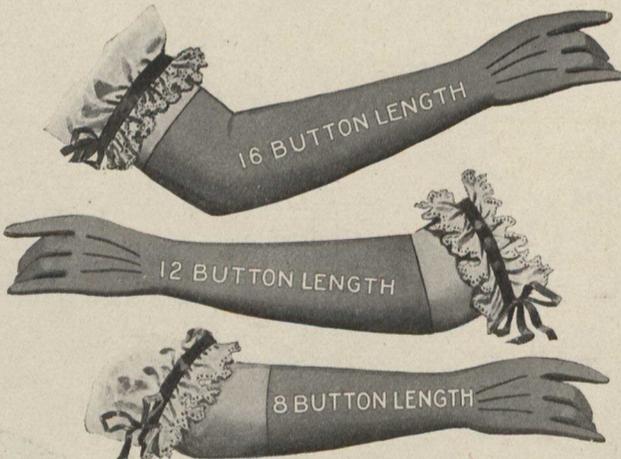


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THE Canadian Courier

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

Published at 61 Victoria Street, Toronto, by The Courier Press, Limited

Subscription: Canada and Great Britain, \$4.00 a Year; United States, \$5.00 a Year

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PUBLISHERS' TALK

Kind words are as welcome as stern criticism. A prominent Toronto barrister sends the editor the following note:

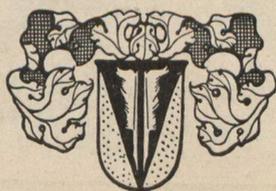
"Dear Sir:—Kindly allow me to congratulate you on the 7th March issue of 'The Canadian Courier.' Nothing has ever appeared in Canada before the equal of this.

"Yours sincerely,

The editor is rather proud of that letter because it comes from a man known for his keen literary judgment and his broad knowledge of the best literature of to-day and yesterday.

Next week's issue will be somewhat unusual and slightly larger. It will have as a leading feature four pages of illustrations in colour, in addition to the regular run of news photographs. Among the latter will be a magnificent picture of the first Sikh temple in America, recently dedicated at Vancouver; and a large engraving showing the Manitoba Legislature in session. We hope that it will be the best issue of the "Courier" to date.

It is still possible for new subscribers to come in at the special rate of three dollars. The "Courier" will be steadily improved as the weeks go by and eventually the price must be higher. At the meeting of the Press Association in Toronto last week, there was much talk of higher subscription prices because of dearer paper. America's era of low-priced paper is almost over, because of its rapidly dwindling spruce forests.



The Kaid and Others

KAID MACLEAN is again at liberty, the British Government having considered him worth \$100,000, although the Kaid had no actual claim on British protection, having been the head of the Moroccan army for many years. Raisuli, the bandit, played a treacherous game and is all the richer for his tricks but Mahomet himself will need to come to the robber's aid if Sir Harry Maclean ever gets near the picturesque rascal. A Highlander does not forget and every day of the Kaid's captivity was twenty-four hours of discomfort, if not of torment. Fleas and a fiddle were among the tortures of the prison, while the food was of a filthiness gruesome to imagine. Nor was a bath among the necessities allowed the distinguished captive. It is all very well to mention romance but the gushing young person who talks to the ransomed Scot about the delightful time he must have had with that weird Raisuli will be likely to hear painful truths concerning the ways of bandits.

IT is a mournful fact that "unto him that hath, it shall be given." Mr. George Ade, a native of Indiana, went to Chicago where he became a newspaper writer and finally degenerated into a funny-column man, writing such fables in slang as made even loose-languaged Westerners take notice of the author's unlicensed vocabulary. Then came a book with the fables between respectable board covers and the fortune of Mr. Ade was no longer merely the dream of an aspiring journalist. Of course there were more fables and equally of course there were plays—*Peggy from Paris*, *The Sultan of Sulu* and other exotics of which the most comforting is *The County Chairman*. Dollars and doughnuts have simply flowed into the lap of this simple child of Indiana who has taken a trip in the Orient and otherwise improved his plastic mind. Not content with fabulous royalties and dramatic harvests, Mr. Ade has taken a plunge into politics and when last heard from had just been elected as a delegate to the National Republican Convention from the Tenth District of Indiana.

ABOUT a dozen years ago a novel was published with the arresting title, *Dodo*. It was highly frivolous, decidedly amusing and the work of Mr. E. F. Benson, son of the then Archbishop of Canterbury. The heroine, a heartless and distracting creature, was identified with Miss Margaret Tennant who afterwards became the wife of Mr. H. H. Asquith, the British statesman who is now mentioned freely for the premiership. Should Mr. Asquith become the leader of the Government, feminine influence in politics will become decidedly marked as the gentleman's wife is fonder of budgets than of bridge and will probably become the power behind the premier. Mr. Balfour is a bachelor and his sister who acted hostess during his troubled term was more interested in literature and art than in politics. The death of Lady Campbell-Bannerman has left the British Premier's household lonely and has doubtless hastened the collapse of Sir Henry himself. Social interest consequently centres in the brilliant and piquant figure of the lady who was once the genius of the organisation known as "The Souls."

MRS. ASQUITH'S sister, Dorothy, became the wife of the great traveller, Sir Henry M. Stanley, who died about four years ago. It is interesting to recall in the British political disturbance consequent on



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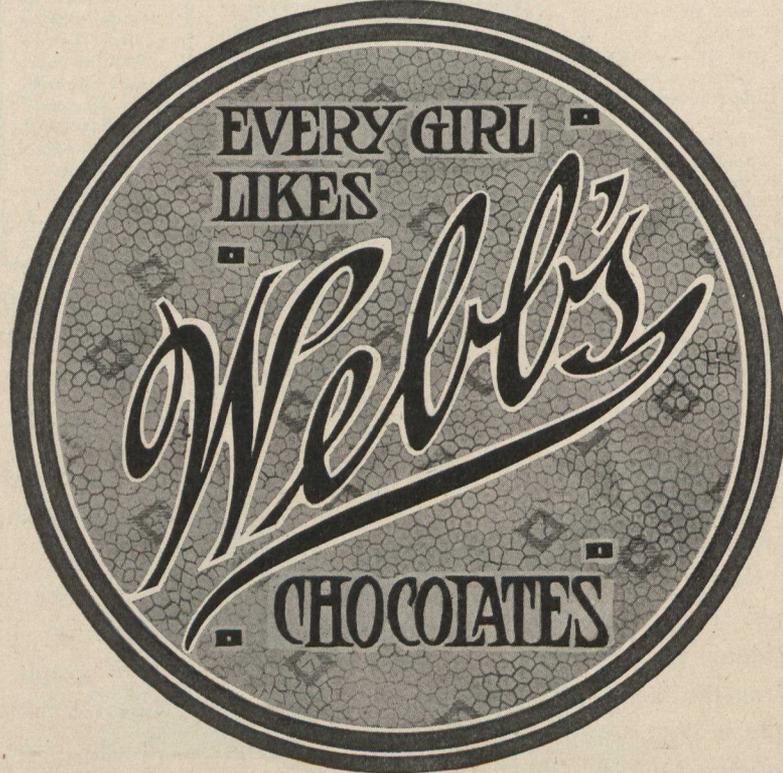
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woman's demand for votes, the part played by Lady Stanley when her late husband contested Lambeth in the Conservative interest. The wife of the candidate entered with spirit into the campaign and addressed public meetings on behalf of her famous husband. On a certain lively occasion, the audience was so unmannerly as to jeer openly at the lady and make remarks unfavourable to "Sir 'Enery." Finally Lady Stanley burst into a flood of tears, declaring that her husband was much too good to represent such creatures. The audience highly enjoyed the episode and refused their sympathy in the fair canvasser's woe. Sir Henry was defeated and an English weekly published a cartoon, "In Darkest Lambeth," where the great explorer was represented as wandering in a forest, where the face of Mr. Gladstone stared from every tree.

THE announcement that the Prince of Wales will visit Quebec at the tercentenary celebration next July has caused general satisfaction. The Royal visit to the Ancient Capital in 1901 was somewhat marred by the withdrawal of certain festivities in consequence of the United States' mourning for the tragic death of President McKinley. In the story told by Mr. E. F. Knight, the special correspondent of the London *Morning Post*, the arrival of the Royal party at Quebec on September 16th, 1901, is picturesquely described. As the *Ophir* and her escorting cruisers came in sight of the port, the four British men-of-war that were lying at anchor there—the *Crescent*, *Psyche*, *Proserpine* and *Pallas*—fired the royal salute. "Down went the anchors, the ships' bands played the National Anthem, and with naval smartness the *Ophir* and the four cruisers were dressed, the long lines of waving flags being quickly run up to extend rainbow fashion from bow to stern and from mast to mast. . . . But of a sudden something occurred to chill joyousness and to fill all hearts with horror and indignation. We saw the flag of the United States being hoisted on the *Ophir*. Its ascent stopped at half-mast high, and, remembering the signal the *Indefatigable* had sent to us, we knew that the President had succumbed to his injuries. And now on every man-of-war the Stars and Stripes was hoisted to half-mast, in token of sorrow and sympathy."

CONCERNING another promised visitor to Canada, M.A.P. remarks: "The Earl of Ranfurly, who is going on a visit to Canada, has been described as 'one of those men who can plough a field one day and act as Lord-in-waiting to his Sovereign the next.' He has had a wide experience of colonial life, and was formerly Governor of New Zealand. While he was out there he made himself so popular that his term of office was prolonged by the unanimous wish of the people; and he behaved so kindly to the Maoris that their chiefs elected him to be one of themselves. Lord Ranfurly is a great authority on the flora and fauna of New Zealand, and, thanks to him, the National History Museum at South Kensington has been enriched with many beautiful specimens of antipodean birds.

"Lord Ranfurly began life in the navy, on board the *Britannia*, but, owing to a somewhat severe illness, he gave up the idea of a naval career, and went to Harrow and subsequently to Cambridge. In 1875 he succeeded his brother in the title, and some years later became a Lord-in-waiting to the late Queen Victoria. It is not generally known that his lordship is a descendant of William Penn, the famous Quaker and founder of Pennsylvania."

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

Subscription: \$4.00 a Year.

Vol. III.

Toronto, March 14th, 1908.

No. 15

IN THE PUBLIC VIEW



Hon. Jules Allard

Minister of Agriculture in Quebec

THE Honourable Jules Allard, member of the Legislative Council and Minister of Agriculture for the Province of Quebec, was born about forty-eight years ago at St. Francois-du-Lac, in the County of Yamaska; was educated, partly at the parish school of his birthplace, and at Nicolet College. He received his law degrees at Laval University, Montreal, and was admitted to the Bar in August, 1883.

On advice of the late Hon. Raymond Prefontaine, who was already a prominent man, and a great friend of Jules Allard's, the latter began practising law at Maisonneuve, Montreal, and largely contributed to the success of this town, which is now one of the most progressive in the country. Hon. Mr. Allard has been, for several years, Registrar of

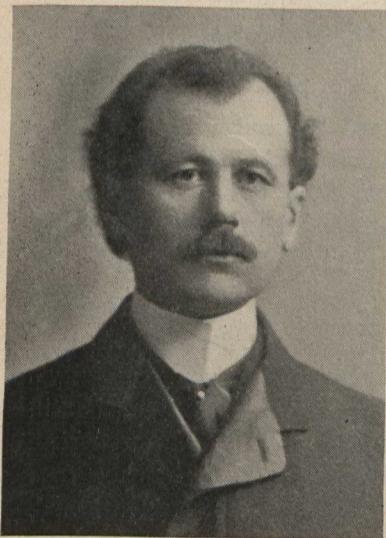
Yamaska County. In 1897, called by the late Hon. Mr. Marchand, the then leader of the provincial Liberal party in Quebec, he resigned his important functions and was elected, after a strong contest against Mr. Mondou, member for Yamaska County, which he represented till 1905. In March of the same year, he was called by the Prime Minister, Hon. Mr. Gouin, as a member of the provincial Cabinet and appointed Minister of Colonisation and Public Works and leader of the Legislative Council. At the same time he is actually Minister of Agriculture. He is now practising law at Sorel, senior member of the firm of Allard, Lantot & Magnan. He is a quiet, retiring man who understands agriculture much better than he likes politics.

* * *

HON. ADELARD TURGEON will represent the Quebec Government on the Royal Commission which has in charge the Tercentenary celebration of the founding of Quebec on the Plains of Abraham. A special meeting of the Royal Society will be held in Quebec during the celebration. Mr. Armand Lavergne, M.P., however, is bitterly opposed to the whole scheme. He says that the Battle of the Plains of Abraham had nothing to do with the founding of Quebec or of Canada; that the Ross rifle pay-roll and the jail are better than the proposed peace memorial; that in fact immigrants to Canada would be more profoundly impressed with the jail than with the monument. So Frenchmen differ. The general public will agree with Mr. Turgeon and disagree with Mr. Lavergne.

* * *

THE man of the dry belt in the Canadian West is Mr. J. S. Dennis, who has taken charge of the entire irrigation scheme of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Mr. Dennis is at the head of the largest irrigation scheme in America; three million acres is his domain, which he rules from Calgary in a large sandstone building; and if you should drop in on Mr. Dennis some morning when he is not busy — which might be hard to do — you would find a man who believed first, last, and all the while in the cow country and in Calgary and the C.P.R.



Hon. Adelard Turgeon

Minister of Lands and Forests in Quebec

Mr. Dennis is a mathematical man to meet, but he knows the dry belt and he has a good long working acquaintance with the entire West. He has been west of the great lakes thirty-five years. What he does not know about lands in that country is hardly worth considering. Irrigation he has at his finger tips. Perhaps he is the greatest expert in America on how to get water out of high places and spread it over the dry places where rain is not in the habit of falling. This arid tract is in the vicinity of Calgary; much of it eastward, part of the famous buffalo lands and afterwards the not less famous cow country. The great wild colour of that land is of course now a matter of history, and Mr. Dennis is making the best of the situation by going in for irrigation and intensive farming. The irrigated land is sold at twenty-five dollars an acre and is capable of raising almost anything in the way of grains and roots. Last year a large number of settlers came into this country, some from the United States and many more from the British Islands and other parts of Europe. At the present time there is in the country a delegation of Dutch farmers. Delegations are also expected shortly from Denmark and from German Poland. The company has immigration offices in Europe. The total area taken up at present is about four hundred and fifty thousand acres and last fall fifteen or sixteen thousand acres were broken. It is estimated that the irrigable land will support fifteen thousand farmers and the non-irrigable three thousand. This with the population of the towns

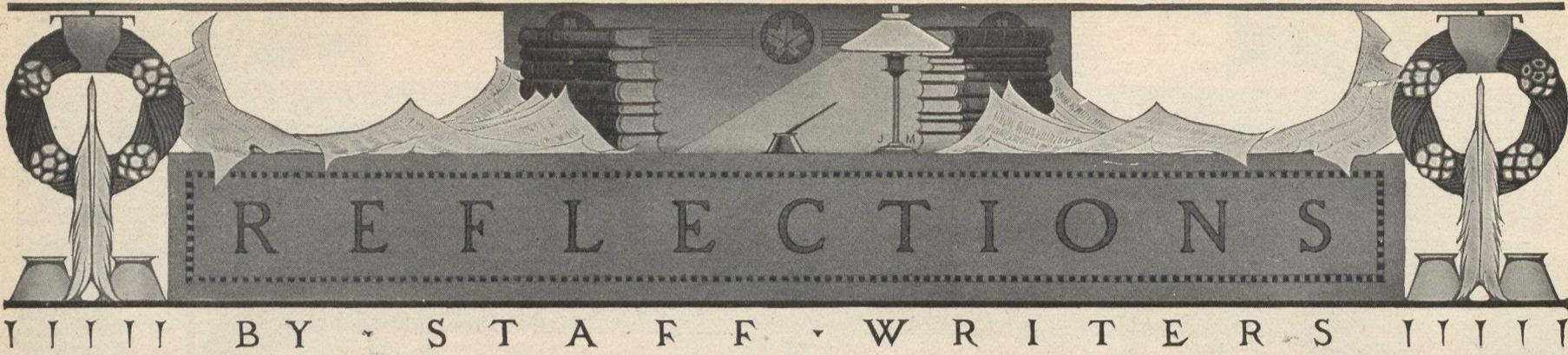


Toronto Representatives on the Olympic Committee Mr. J. P. Mulqueen, Mr. Frank Nelson, President Stark, C.A.A.U. and Mr. J. G. Merrick

that are now in the district and that are rapidly growing would give the block a population of two hundred thousand.

* * *

THERE was a bold speech made in Toronto last week which created such surprise as is seldom excited by academic utterances. Professor MacNaughton of Queen's University, addressing the Canadian Club on the subject, "The Seamy Side of Democracy," consumed nearly three-quarters-of-an-hour in dealing with the alleged injustice in connection with a certain cadet's case at the R.M.C. As the luncheon discourses of the Canadian Club are usually marked by pleasantness and peace, the fiery attack of a professor whose Celtic warmth of utterance is likely to kindle a great matter, gave the members a decidedly novel experience. Professor MacNaughton charged that political influence had been exerted in behalf of an offending student and that it was likely to go further and remove the capable commandant of the Royal Military College. The professor finally brought in his subject as including such cases of corruption, the speaker alleging that perpetrators of such injustice trust to the public's short memory and too often find such confidence justified. Assuredly the Kingston Professor of Church History gave his large audience an interesting address, although muckraking is a novelty in the members' reminiscence of Canadian Club addresses. As the particular instance of cadet discipline has already been discussed on the floor of the House by such a thorough-going debater as Colonel Hughes, it may be regarded as of public concern.



REFLECTIONS

BY STAFF WRITERS

SIR WILFRID LAURIER is favourably disposed towards art—painting and sculpture. In this proposed memorial to the Goddess of Peace, in honour of the three-hundredth anniversary of the City of Quebec, the Canadian sculptor will have a part. The "Courier"

A MAGNIFICENT OPPORTUNITY

would like to suggest to Earl Grey and Sir Wilfrid Laurier that the Canadian painter be also given a part. Let the best artist or the best two or three artists for the purpose be commissioned to paint one or more large historical canvases to celebrate this event, these pictures or cartoons to be hung either in the Legislature at Quebec or in the House of Parliament at Ottawa. The example has been set by the British Government, for there are such paintings at Westminster; by the French Government, in the famous battle scenes at Versailles; and by other equally good precedents.

Glancing over a recent number of "Cassell's Magazine," the writer was again reminded of the excellent pictures with an historical basis that are now being produced by contemporary British painters. This particular article dealt with the work of Mr. Seymour Lucas, R.A. Among the subjects which he has immortalised are "Peter the Great at Deptford," when the great Russ came to England to learn ship-building, "William the Conqueror Granting a Charter to the Citizens of London," "The Burning of Luther's Papers," "Charles II. and Wren," "Reception by King Edward VII of the Moorish Ambassadors," "The Gordon Riots," which is one of his earliest works, and "A Whip for Van Tromp." This list is given merely to indicate what one British artist has done for history. Half a dozen other artists might be mentioned in this connection.

Canadian artists when asked why they do not paint historical pictures reply that there is no demand for them from governments or art galleries. The sculptor and the portrait painter get much encouragement from these authorities and from societies and business corporations, but the painter who might do notable work of great educative and historical value is forced to seek other opportunities. The committee who have this national memorial in charge would undoubtedly be willing to supervise some work of this character if Sir Wilfrid were to suggest that ten per cent. of the Dominion Government grant be allotted to this form of memorial.

CANADA might teach the world a new lesson if it were to pass a national law that no city should have more than a stated number of inhabitants—this number to vary according to the situation of the city and the population of the province in which it is situated. Such

LARGE CITIES UNMANAGEABLE

a law would be difficult to frame and even more difficult to enforce, but there can be no doubt that it would be a great help and a beneficial influence. Every one agrees that city life is not so healthy as country life. Most experts agree that the larger the city, the more difficult it is to govern. Assuming that these two premises are correct, should not large cities be discouraged? If it is not wise to have large cities, then why have them? If London and New York are too large, and if conditions in these cities tend to physical deterioration, profligacy, moral weakness, and loose civic government, why allow such conditions to be duplicated in this new country where conditions should be ideal? Do the conditions prevailing in Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia, or any of the larger cities in the United States lead any one to advocate large cities in Canada?

The answer which readily rises to every tongue is that the growth of cities cannot be controlled. The rejoinder is that public opinion crystallised into law and backed up by honest administration can control any feature of human activity. For example, a beginning might be made by limiting the number of employees in factories according to acreage. This would drive factories into the small towns or the suburbs of large cities. Again, further reform might be accomplished by limiting the number of people who work in offices

in proportion to the floor space of the buildings, and enact that buildings should not rise higher than one and a half times the width of the street. If a government has power to say that human life shall be guarded from dangerous machinery or from level railway crossings, surely it has power to say that human life shall be protected from over-crowding and from smoke-laden atmosphere.

Again, large cities govern themselves poorly. The worst administration in Canada is probably found in the civic annals of Toronto and Montreal. Ward politics in these two cities are just as petty as any other kind of politics found in the country, and that is fairly thorough condemnation. In the smaller cities, the leading citizens give some attention to civic government and usually sound administration is secured. In the larger cities, the governing falls into the hands of small-minded professional office-seekers. It is so the world over—the larger the city, the less competent its government.

It is no answer to these arguments to say that such reforms are visionary. All reforms are entitled to this epithet in their earlier stages. If the reform is necessary and advisable, declaring it to be visionary or impracticable is but begging the question.

HON. J. P. WHITNEY has startled the Province of Ontario by his fashion of receiving and replying to deputations. Those who like politics with frills, who enjoy rolling periods with little substance will not be disposed to rejoice in a visit to Mr. Whitney's office, for

A PREMIER AND THE PEOPLE

the Premier of Ontario has an impatient scorn of all that is not to the point. But the most surprising feature of such occasions as the deputation calls is the amazing frankness with which the Premier states his views and intentions. Nor does the deputation receive the impression that such almost disconcerting honesty is a matter of policy—rather is it an individual characteristic of a man who may be brusque, who is occasionally bitter, but who is usually frank. In the session of 1902, when Mr. Whitney was Leader of the Ontario Opposition, he announced himself quite unnecessarily on a subject which was regarded as a sort of political petard. His uncalled-for declaration was considered rash folly and a certain Toronto editor, mournful though admiring, wrote: "It is magnificent but it is not politics." However, such unguarded candour may have appealed by its very rarity, for the class of voters supposed to be estranged took three years to think it over and then turned out on a cold January day to vote for the man who had boldly laid down his platform with a defiant thump to each plank. With Mr. Whitney there is no prolonged "taking-into-consideration" or smiling string of promises when faced by deputations. His methods are the man—downright and undelaying. His recent resentment of the word "classes," as applied to Canadians, is also characteristic, for Mr. Whitney is a thorough democrat, about as different from the old-style Tory as may well be imagined. As might be expected, Mr. Whitney has the defects of his qualities and is occasionally peppery and petulant. A recent critic expressed regret that the Premier of Ontario did not add unto many admirable traits something of Sir John Macdonald's geniality. "Ah," was the quick reply of one who had loved the big-hearted Chief in the strife of the "Eighties"—"they don't build a Sir John more than once in two hundred years."

A MONTREAL despatch of February 24th states that during the preceding seventy-two hours, two certain murders and a fatal shooting affair requiring careful investigation, formed the city's record of serious crime, Chief Detective Carpenter declaring that in

MURDERS IN MONTREAL

his twenty-eight years of active office in Montreal, this record had not been equalled. In each case the victim and the offender were of Italian blood. Last November the Parry Sound murderer, Frank Capelli, whose crime of a peculiarly revolting nature was followed by savage attacks on four other persons, was condemned to life imprisonment after two

"postponements" of the carrying out of the original sentence of execution. Canadian papers throughout the country expressed surprise at this sentimental clemency towards a desperate character and this journal called attention to the fact that men of Capelli's class are probably coming into the country in considerable numbers and require to be taught that Southern Europe methods of conducting a quarrel are likely to lead to the gallows. Montreal, as the metropolis of the Dominion, receives the largest number of these blood-thirsty spirits who are all too well acquainted with the sinister use of the stiletto. In France to-day the people are demanding the restoration of the death penalty with no uncertain voice. Fatal stabbing is not a practice over which Canadian judges can afford to be weakly sentimental. If Montreal does not wish to have such an orgy as the Italian quarters of New York witnessed last summer, it would be well to administer the ounce of protection in the form of an increased force and severer penalties for deeds of violence. Judge Choquet is quite properly urging the necessity for juvenile courts. The boy who has been more mischievous than criminal should be kept out of prison and, if possible, guided into paths of industry and honour. But the brute who stabs and shoots with intent to kill is hardly an object for maudlin admiration. Montreal will no doubt find means to discourage this "Dementia Italiana."

HUMAN nature does not change much. England beheaded one monarch and banished another before the doctrine of "Divine Right" was destroyed. In Canada there is a curious survival of this doctrine and some elected rulers seem to believe they occupy office by a "Divine Right." In Opposition, these men are humble. They lead because they are compelled to, not because they have any heaven-born command to seek public honours. They are modest servants of the public, with hearts bleeding for the country's wrongs. They are high-minded idealists trying to restore justice and dethrone iniquity. They promise that when they come into power unselfish and self-denying service will be their watchword.

When these same gentlemen are promoted to the Treasury Benches, they soon change. They become intolerant of criticism, even of the friendliest nature. They begin to preach that the King can do no wrong, and whatever is done is right. They go back for re-election with a command which says, "Re-elect us because we are the divinely-chosen and divinely-guided rulers of this province (or Dominion)." They do not come asking for re-election; they come demanding it as a right. After two terms in office, their claim to continue there becomes a "vested right." They are like unto the franchise-holding corporations, though without the same legal foundation for their claim.

When these governing gentlemen have been re-elected for a third term they become to a considerable extent a "Family Compact." They are ruthless towards opponents, generous to fawning supporters, dispensing like monarchs the patronage of a province or a nation as if it were a private business concern.

This has been the experience in politics of nearly every province as well as of the Dominion. No doubt Charles First believed in his divine right to rule. No doubt the present Czar of All the Russias believes in his divine right. No doubt Canada's Liberal and Conservative Governments have all been honest in their beliefs in this respect. There is no doubt that the Liberal Government in Ontario, which was defeated about four years ago after some thirty years of ruling, felt that a great injustice had been done them by an ungrateful people. No doubt the governors of New Brunswick who were defeated the other day were rudely startled by the audacity of a body of people using a secret ballot for the first time. No doubt there are many members of the Liberal Party who believe that to defeat Sir Wilfrid Laurier and dethrone him from the premiership of Canada would be to commit a crime almost equal to regicide. The office and Sir Wilfrid have become so fused that it seems horrible to suggest that they be separated.

Nor is Canada singular in this. In the United States and in France, they have the greatest reluctance in dethroning one president and enthroning another. There are many people in the United States to-day who would vote to make Mr. Roosevelt president for life. A college president who has spoken rather freely of him is to be tried by some church courts or other for speaking disrespectfully of the First Magistrate. In Canada, a college president who would come out and denounce Sir Wilfrid Laurier would be regarded as a criminal by all Liberals and a goodly number of Conservatives. It was much the

same during the later days of Sir John Macdonald's regime. In Ontario, it is gradually getting to be the same of and with Mr. Whitney.

The same rule by "Divine Right" obtains in the business world. A bank president is a splendid example. He believes himself greater than the people, whom he regards as mere labourers and serfs. He would be really indignant if told that the growth of the country, not his superlative wisdom, accounted for the twenty per cent. profits which his bank is making. The heads of some financial corporations, industrial concerns, and life insurance companies bear the same high manner. The probable explanation is that those who rule take on the air, the manner, the attitude and the speech of rulers. Like David of old, they forget the period when they tended their fathers' sheep.

AT Toronto and Winnipeg last week, provincial conventions of journalists and newspaper publishers discussed the question of a national press association and decided to support the movement. It seems strange that such an association was not formed years ago, and it is rather remarkable to find that though Confederation is more than forty years old, it has as yet had little effect upon newspaper organisations. Even the labour unions have their national bodies.

A national press association would have considerable effect upon the national sentiment. Such a body would undoubtedly take up the question of national news-gathering and Canadians would have an opportunity of reading more about the events of their own country. To-day, for lack of a national service, the people of British Columbia know little of what is going on in the Maritime Provinces and vice versa. Provincialism would in time be displaced by a broader outlook which would add dignity and breadth to national life. When the provinces come to know each other better, inter-provincial trade will be accompanied by inter-provincial sympathy and understanding.

Canada must learn that the success of the whole country is composed of the successes of nine different provinces. The ideals of the Dominion must be the combined ideals of the various sections. Much progress has been made along this line in the last forty years, but the work is not yet complete. A national press association, representing all the provinces and all the races and tongues, would undoubtedly aid in developing a higher degree of national unity.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, who enjoyed himself exceedingly last year during his official trip to East Africa, has excited much comment and considerable Conservative ire by publishing in a popular English magazine the first of a series of articles describing his recent tour. Why, it is asked, should the Under-Secretary for the Colonies be allowed to exploit, for his private profit, what was supposed to be an official visit? Mr. Churchill travelled to East Africa on a British warship, was received by a guard of honour at many places, while some information contained in the article could only have been obtained by him as a Government dignitary. It is said that Mr. Churchill's enemies, of whom there are a goodly number, intend to ask in the House of Commons why the vivacious chronicle of his travels in East Africa should have been written by Mr. Churchill for a sixpenny magazine, instead of appearing in the dull and dignified pages of a blue book. It is hardly in good taste for the Under-Secretary to ignore the proper time and place for his disclosures, but, as Mr. Arthur Balfour once remarked in criticism of a speech by Mr. Churchill: "Good taste is not a quality to be acquired by industry." The public will enjoy the East African adventures, for Mr. Churchill has the pen of a ready and a rash writer, and the author himself will be none the poorer for becoming a contributor to an up-to-date magazine. In an age of puff and advertisement, even a shy and sensitive Under-Secretary can hardly escape the authorship which is thrust upon him. Canadian cabinet ministers can rarely be induced to write magazine articles on their official travels but when the country is wealthy enough to possess Under-Secretaries, no doubt these gentlemen will fall into literary habits. A book well worth reading would be an account of Mr. Winston Churchill's "Wanderings in Canada" in his unofficial days, to which each of his hosts might contribute a thrilling chapter.

This is an age of economy when by-products are made to go far and yield much. It is surely too harsh to expect an Under-Secretary or Cabinet Minister to refrain from exploiting his travels in the cheap magazines and the Saturday supplement. Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux and Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King have been reticent regarding the picturesque aspect of their varied trips in the cause of peace; but we may take up an illustrated section any morning and find "Over the Tokio Teacups," or "Telephone Talks in Vancouver."

Through a Monocle

MR. J. DOUGLAS HAZEN, the new Premier of New Brunswick, is an impressive personality. It is not at all likely that he will finish his career as the leader of a provincial party. He is far more apt to end as he began—in the Federal arena. When the Conservatives were in power at Ottawa, there appeared one session a young and rather talkative member from St. John City. He was tall; the ladies said he was “handsome,” and the boys feared that he had too good an opinion of himself. He spoke oftener than a new member usually does, and was regarded as in the running for Cabinet position. But the “debacle” came, and J. Douglas Hazen disappeared. Next we heard of him as the leader of a forlorn hope on the Opposition benches in the New Brunswick Legislature. He was fighting Blair, Tweedie, Emmerson, Pugsley, et al; and most folk thought that these gentlemen owned New Brunswick. But one by one they have been picked off. Dr. Pugsley did go down as a Federal Minister and gave his old party some little assistance; but young Mr. Hazen has at last caught the eye of his native province as he long ago caught the eye of the “ladies’ gallery” at Ottawa.

* * *

THE Conservative party can felicitate itself on being in process of gradually discovering a number of vigorous and successful provincial leaders. In this, it is following the precedent of the Liberal party when it was in Opposition. Then the Liberals had their Greenway, Sifton and Martin at Winnipeg, their Mowat, Hardy and Ross at Toronto, their Mercier and Fitzpatrick at Quebec, their Fielding and Longley at Halifax, their Peters at Charlottetown, and even their Blair at Fredericton. Now the Conservatives have McBride in British Columbia, Haultain in Saskatchewan, Roblin and Rogers in Manitoba, Whitney and Hanna in Ontario, and—last contribution—Hazen in New Brunswick. They are not so well off yet as the Liberals were; but they control the provincial politics of more than half the people of Canada. Still, lest they be puffed up, it will be well for them to remember that when the general elections of 1891 were called, there was not a single Conservative Government in a provincial capital from Victoria to Charlottetown.

* * *

THE Liberals were wont to wonder in the old days whether this helped or hindered them Federally. It kept many of their best men out of Federal politics. If, for instance, Christopher Fraser had been free to contest Brockville for the Federal House and to put new spirit into the Federal Liberals in Eastern Ontario, would that section have been the preserve for Toryism that it was? Or—to take a more modern instance—would the Federal Liberals have been able to get Mr. Graham if they had been in Opposition at Ottawa while their party was in office in Toronto? There are Conservative ministers in more than one provincial capital to-day who would bring a very appreciable amount of strength to the Conservative Opposition at Ottawa if they were to be transferred there, and some of them might go to Ottawa if they were amidst the chills of Opposition in their local Legislatures. Of course, the rule works both ways—the feeble Ontario Liberal Opposition loses Graham, the Opposition in Manitoba loses Greenway, and the constant bleeding of the New Brunswick Government by the Ottawa Ministry probably had more to do with its downfall than any other single cause.

* * *

WHENEVER our distinguished fellow-citizen, Mr. Goldwin Smith, impales the party system on the point of his shining steel pen, and tells us how happy we would be with a non-party government, I always wonder if he has considered carefully the political history of New Brunswick. New Brunswick has been free from the “party system” for many a day. There are Grits and Tories in Federal politics; but, when it comes to provincial affairs, they have escaped from “the unclean thing.” The result has been that, until this last cataclysm, you could never tell who had won the election by merely counting the votes of the electors. The Blair Government

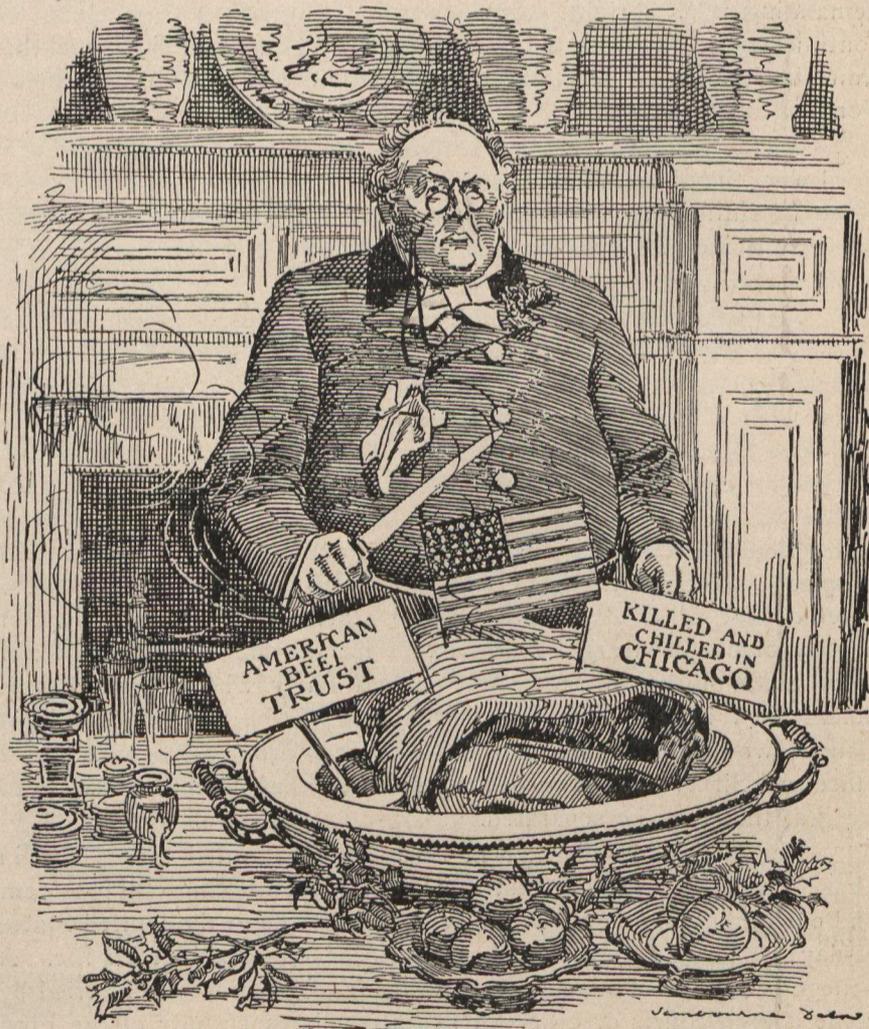
would go to the polls and get beaten, but that did not prevent Mr. Blair from remaining perpetual Premier. He would make a few “deals” with the new men sent to the Legislature by an indignant people to drive him from power, and thus pluck the rose of victory from out the thorn bush of defeat. And the people? Well, why should they not be happy? It is true that they voted against Blair only to see him remain in office; but then they did not bear upon their shoulders the crushing incubus of the “party system.”

* * *

TO-DAY there is not a man outside of New Brunswick who understands their politics and its issues down there; and, if there are ten men inside the province who do, that only goes to show what a clever people the New Brunswickers are. There is no visible reason—that is, visible at this distance—why Mr. Hazen should not have been taken into the Government during any time this ten years back. Where there is no party system, government becomes largely a personal matter, and about the only issue is the personal incapacity of the leaders of the “other party.” No better opportunity for “deals” could be imagined, and it is a wise voter who knows under such circumstances what he is voting for. That the party system has its evils will be readily admitted; but the practice of offering the people alternative parties for which to vote, is surely the best that has yet emerged from our political experimenting. There comes from it another force than that of personal ambition or greed to govern the actions of public men, and the scandal of the thing usually prevents a man, elected to oppose a certain Government, from promptly joining it once he gets his seat.

John Bull's Meat Question. —From Punch

The British Government steadily refuses to allow live Canadian cattle to be imported for fattening purposes, and that policy makes this cartoon quite interesting. The military and naval services are also protesting against being supplied with United States meat.



ALIEN CHEER.

John Bull (dolefully). "O The Roast Beef of Old England!"



His Excellency Earl Grey and Sir Mortimer Clarke Driving in Toronto during the Tuberculosis Conference
 Photograph by A. A. Gleason

Fighting the White Plague



Mrs. Crerar, Hamilton

Theatre, Toronto, for the purpose of interesting municipalities in the anti-tuberculosis movement, they were emphasising the fact that the battle with

THE only disease that has called together people from all parts of the world in an effort to reduce its ravages on the human race is tuberculosis. When on Wednesday of last week the National Sanitarium Association whose efficient chairman is Mr. W. J. Gage, called a conference in the Royal Alexandra

this malady is not merely a matter of sentiment nor of public health, but also a profound economic movement. The presence on the platform of the Governor-General as chairman and the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario along with two members of the Ontario Government and several mayors of Ontario cities, put a national complexion on the movement.

The scene was more than ordinarily picturesque. By the perhaps unintentional craft of the sceneshifter these anti-tuberculousists appeared in a Canadian forest surrounded by green leaves, babbling brooks and ozone. And for the first time this theatre devoted to comedy became the scene of tragedy. Beginning with the introductory speech of Mr. Edward Gurney, down to the vigorous remarks of Earl Grey, the practical exposition of Sir Mortimer Clarke and the exhaustive analysis of Mr. Gage followed by the invigorating address of the Mayor of Ottawa, almost everything was said and quoted in figures that might give the delegates a realistic glimpse of the white disease spectre with which they were called upon to deal. An average of three thousand deaths every year in Ontario from consumption; the continual existence of 120,000 cases of the disease in the province—these facts were

so thoroughly exploited that it was easy for the audience to realise that this was a matter in which mere sentiment had by no means all to do.

The delegates gathered from all parts of Ontario gazed at a huge placard tabulating the number of patients received into the sanitariums from every county and three cities of the province. Toronto had to its credit 675 cases; Ottawa and Hamilton each 111—in each case about the same ratio to population. But from the counties it was not so easy to trace the ratio. On general principles—and with that forest background on the stage—it was natural to infer that the greatest percentage of tuberculosis cases come from the crowded germ-laden cities; but statistics by no means prove this. Many of the speakers emphasised the evils of bad ventilation or the lack of it—in factories, public buildings, offices and schools. But bad ventilation used to have its home in the farmer's bedroom.

Earl Grey's remarks on this phase of the subject were eminently practical. "I never pass through a city in Canada in the early morning, after leaving a railway station during the winter, without counting the number of open windows that I see; and I pass through street after street apparently without a cranny or a crack through which the fresh air from outside can penetrate the house; and I reflect upon the way in which the poor people, out of sheer ignorance, are manufacturing consumption by preventing the blessed air of Heaven from coming in and saving them from becoming victims of that plague."

Perhaps had the speakers cared or needed to further emphasise this one great consumption-cause, they might have cited the pathetic case of the red men and the half-breeds on the Western plains. There no matter to what altitude of ozone you ascend—clear up into the foothills which by the rarity of the air are a foe to tuberculosis—ninety-ninths of the natives have tuberculosis. The Indian races are dying of consumption. Why? Not because they inherited it from their remote ancestors; not merely because they acquired it along with the whiskey habit and smallpox and venereal diseases from the white man; but primarily because they live all winter in badly ventilated and terribly crowded shacks.

However, when the Conference came to dealing with remedial measures considerably more cheerfulness got into the programme. For this one speaker, Mrs. P. D. Crerar, from Hamilton, was responsible. Mrs. Crerar is the chairman of the Woman's Auxiliary at the Hamilton Sanitarium—the first to be erected as a result of the legislative enactment in 1900 giving legislative aid for this purpose. Mrs. Crerar typified the helpfulness of the movement. She got away from the discussion of the miseries caused by consumption to the cheerful practical measures being taken at Hamilton to combat the disease. Hon. William Charlton followed in an able address. Judge Barron of Stratford sailed in cheerily—and the Judge is an authority on tuberculosis; till a couple of years ago that high and dry city of Stratford on the water-shed of southern Ontario had the distinction of owning the two foremost anti-tuberculosis laymen in Canada, Judge Barron and the present Bishop of Huron.

As a result of the Conference and the deputation which on the following morning interviewed the Ontario Government on the subject, an emphatic impetus has been given to the campaign against tuberculosis in Ontario.

Skiing Contests at Montreal, March 7th.



Where the Contests took Place



The Record Jump



Sturgeon Lake Lumber Company's Snow Locomotive Hauling 100,000 feet of Lumber from the Mill to Prince Albert, Sask., a distance of Thirty-five Miles

Photograph by W. J. James, Prince Albert

THE SENATE AND SENATE REFORM

By HON. T. OSBORNE DAVIS



Senator Davis

THE Canadian Senate has come into the limelight lately and has received a good deal of attention from the press and people of the country. This is nothing new. Some twelve years ago when the Liberals were in Opposition they had a plank in the platform of the party dealing with this matter. Senate Reform was one of the pet themes of the then Opposition speakers. It was described as "the Chamber of Repose for Played-Out Politicians," and another of

the terms of endearment applied to it by the Reformers of that day was "the old woman's paradise." How sincere those Reformers were on this point is demonstrated by the fact that many of the same gentlemen who were so severe on the Senate in those days are members of that body to-day, and in many instances very valuable members too.

When a party is in opposition it is always looking for popular subjects and as the Senate is an appointed body the rank and file of the electorate are liable to be suspicious of it. This is more particularly true of people who are not so well acquainted with the work of Parliament as they should be. The fact that the Senate has not received as much attention from the press of the country as the more popular chamber leads people to believe that it is a useless appendage to the Government of the country or a fifth wheel to the Government coach. But anyone who takes the trouble to look up the records of Parliament since Confederation must come to the conclusion that the Senate of Canada has been a very useful body and from the standpoint of ability ranks as high as any second chamber in the British Empire.

Is the second chamber necessary? The most complete answer to that question is the fact that in every civilised country where they have any kind of representative government we find a second chamber—even the most democratic countries. The United States when laying the foundations of government established a second chamber, not only as a part of the federal legislative machine but in very nearly every State of the Union. When the young

Republic, after the Revolution, was launching its new and untried ship of government on the troubled sea, the question of a second chamber was a live issue between the two great Liberal leaders of the day. Thomas Jefferson, the great democrat, fiery and impulsive, with abiding faith in the people, could not see the necessity of a second chamber. George Washington, the quiet, cool-headed democrat, whose sound judgment had carried the Colonial armies through years of hardships to a successful issue, was in favour of a second chamber. The story is told that on one occasion in a private house while a discussion of this subject was going on between Jefferson and Washington. Jefferson was handed a cup of hot tea by the waiter. He poured a quantity of the tea into a saucer, at the same time saying to Washington, "I do not see what you want with the second chamber." Washington replied, "You have answered the question yourself. Why did you pour out that tea into the saucer?" "To let it cool," replied Jefferson. "Well," said Washington, "that is what I want a second chamber for—to let legislation cool." There was no answer to Washington's logic. It is absolutely necessary to have some kind of a brake on the wheel of legislation. The popular chamber is liable to be carried away with cyclones of public opinion that subside as quickly as they rise, and it requires the steady hand of some controlling body to hold down the hatches until the storm is over.

One of the arguments against the Senate is the age of some of the members. That is no serious drawback, since age means experience, and when gained by practice is of great value. One ounce of practical experience is worth a pound of theory. Wisdom comes with age; that has been recognised by all people throughout the history of the world, and even the aboriginal tribes are guided by the old men in council. The fiery young braves would often rush headlong into wars and trouble were they not held back by the old and wise heads of the nation.

In the Canadian Senate, the standard of ability and experience is very high. Men who enter that body are men of mature judgment, with years of experience in different walks of life. In the Commons, however, changes are going on every four years, and new and untried men are continually coming in. Those men have to be educated, so to speak. They have any amount of enthusiasm, but not always the best judgment in matters of legislation. The committees, therefore, of the House of Commons are not to be compared with the committees of the Senate. Let us give an example: All bills of a financial nature come before the banking and commerce committees of both Houses, and in this get-rich-quick age all kinds of legislation in the way of private bills come before the committees.

These bills are drafted by the most astute legal talent in the country—men who have made a study of the question at issue, and who are trying to get legislation through Parliament more for the benefit of their clients than the people. Legislation of this character often gets through the House of Commons, but when a bill of that nature comes before the Banking and Commerce Committee of the Senate, it is coming before a committee of experts. It has to stand the keen criticism of experienced financiers and business men. Before it gets through this committee it is turned inside out, so to speak, and any get-rich-quick or graft clauses are quickly eliminated.

All the Senate committees are composed of veteran statesmen, whose long experience in framing legislation in the Dominion House as well as in local legislatures is of immense value to the commonwealth. Men who have been leaders in the Commons and local legislatures are members of the rank and file in the Senate. One ex-prime minister, one ex-lieutenant-governor, one judge, one solicitor-general, six ex-Dominion cabinet ministers, seven who have been members of provincial cabinets, four ex-speakers, and thirty ex-members of the House of Commons are to-day members of the Senate and the Senate committees. The different interests and professions in the country are thoroughly represented—nineteen lawyers, three ex-public-officials, eight bankers, three journalists, thirteen farmers, fifteen business men, nine manufacturers of whom five are lumbermen, seven doctors and nine that may be classed as miscellaneous. The appointments to the Senate have been made with great care, and cover the whole field, except the labour interest which might properly be represented.

As to the question of election or appointment of senators there is a great difference of opinion. It is questionable, however, if the Senate were an elected body whether the different interests would be better represented than they are at the present time. Still in a democratic country like Canada, where the will of the people is supposed to be supreme, the idea of an appointed senate with the power of veto over the elected chamber is unpopular and not in keeping with the spirit of the age. No one should be called upon to live under or obey laws that he has no voice in the making of. On the one hand the advocates of appointment claim that we get a better class of men, and on account of their being removed from the sphere of party politics and the hurly-burly of political fray, they can exercise an unbiased judgment for the public good. The advocates of election on the other hand claim that that judgment is not unbiased, but is oftener used for their own advantage than for the public good, that the lawyers in the Senate are corporation law-

yers and that their influence is exercised in that direction, and that the bankers are more interested in making laws favourable to the bankers' trust than for the good of the people. These critics claim that not having to seek election senators can do as they please, and that as the appointments are in the gift of the Government of the day, they are given out as a reward for political services rendered to party. They add that when a party has been in power for a great number of years, the second chamber merely becomes a registering machine for the party in power and ceases to be of value as a check on legislation on account of its partisan colour, and that when a change of Government does take place, the Senate at once becomes a danger to the State by obstructing valuable legislation.

There is a good deal of truth in the view taken by the advocates of election. Another matter of great importance is the fact that after a senator is appointed for life, in a great many cases he loses that energy that characterises him in the other

Chamber, or in other walks of life. There is not the same incentive to initiate reforms and popular legislation as in a chamber where a member has at stated periods to reckon with his peers.

A second chamber is necessary to keep the balance of power between the small provinces and the great, but in order to be of value in the latter respect, there must be a redistribution of seats. Ontario and Quebec have the majority of the representation in both Houses. That should not be the case. The Senate to be of any value as a protector of provincial rights, should be constituted in a way that each of the small provinces should have just as much representation in that body as the larger.

Reform of the Senate is a necessity, and will doubtless be brought about, as it has a prominent place in the platform of both political parties. There might be (1) a reduction of members; (2) an equal distribution of seats among the nine provinces, the five east of the lakes and the four west. In a few years the balance of power will shift west of the

Great Lakes. The West will control a majority of the Commons, the East should control a majority of the Senate. (3) Election in some form for say ten-year terms by the whole people of each province.

The people must rule. We must have in its entirety in Canada, government for the people by the people, and the people will be satisfied with nothing less. The idea that men were either born or appointed to make laws for their neighbours is an exploded idea, and the sooner action is taken to bring this useful and necessary body more in touch with modern thought the better. The people can be trusted to give us a Senate that will be found to contain just as high a class of representative men as any similar body in the world. The Senate will become the live and popular body with more initiative and vitality, and with a more careful consideration of what is due to all the people of Canada than the present Senate possesses.

Ten-Pin Bowling—Ancient and Modern

By H. J. P. GOOD



Mr. M. J. Noonan of Quebec,
World's Champion

I HAVE before me an "Encyclopedia of Sport," composed of two bulky volumes of 700 pages each, in which ten-pins, nine-pins, cocked hat, and so on, are all somewhat contemptuously clumped together as "Skittles"—a name, by the way, at one time given to a notorious courtesan with some pretensions to historical fame on some such grounds, barring the Royal connection, as a certain famous Orange Girl of good Old Drury. It is the fate seemingly of some games to have to make their way to popularity through a course of ridicule, amounting almost to abuse. This has been the experience of lawn tennis, one of the most health-giving, lithesome and blithesome of games. It has been the case in croquet, a beautiful social lawn game; while even golf has not escaped the penalty from the uninitiated and unrefined. Ten-pins is possibly a little more of the masculine order than any one of the three outdoor pastimes here referred to, but still it is not without its charm for women, as has been abundantly proven on many an occasion. What is more, as demonstrated by a lady from the United States last winter and by two others at the recent tournament of the Canadian Bowling Association in Toronto, some few of the fair sex have attained a degree of efficiency to which no great multitude of men can aspire.

Ten-pins has grown remarkably in popularity of recent years. There is at present hardly a town of any size in the whole of America in which alleys of regulation length are not to be found. I have been to some trouble to discover how far this is the truth, and I find that the game is played with more or less zest at some two dozen places in Montreal, at at least a dozen places in Toronto, and at many towns in British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba. So far, ten-pins does not appear to have made any special hold on the Maritime Provinces. Until say ten or fifteen years ago, the game was usually relegated to the basement or ground floor of second and third class taverns. Now, it is housed in halls on the second or third floor, or even higher, of many of the best buildings in the different cities.

Again, in the old days the alleys received little more attention than the ordinary mop or scrubbing brush, perhaps once per week, and perhaps also once per month. Now and then a little oil might be spread over the surface, but this would be the sum and substance of the care taken. Now, the alleys are highly polished every night with special utensils, and it would be difficult to find a speck of dust on any of them. As a sample of the care taken, a circular before me requests owners of bowling alleys to bear in mind that each alley-bed should be rubbed from one to two hours each day. It can

easily be understood under such circumstances that ten-pin bowling is one of the cleanest, as well as one of the manliest and most pleasurable of games.

Ten-pins is only one of the many games played on the alleys. For instance, there is nine-pins, in which after the head pin has been taken out, one of the pins must be left standing. What is commonly called in Canada ten-pins, in some places is known as candle-pin, for which if all the pins are knocked down with one ball, a strike is given, if two balls a spare, and so on. Cocked-hat is played with three pins, set in the form of a triangle; then we have cocked-hat and feather, with four pins, three forming the aforesaid triangle and one forming the feather at the back of the head pin. Another form of the game is quintette, played with five pins, also set in the form of a triangle, three pins on each side and two at the base. In the "battle-game," the pins are set up in the same form as ten-pins, but the head-pin has to be left standing to take the maximum count. In "nine up and nine down," a single pin has to be knocked down with the first ball, then with the next two balls, all the pins must be felled except one, which must be left standing. "Head pin and four back," "four back," "five back," "the Newport game," "the duck-pin game," and "Kinsley candle pin game," are all other forms in which the implements of ten-pins are used. Some are played with balls 27 inches in circumference, and others with balls not measuring more than 6 inches in circumference. The regulation alley is 41 inches and not more than 42 inches in width and 60 feet long, with a foul-line from which the ball is delivered and a 15-foot run behind. Gutters are provided into which balls delivered by novices frequently find their way. It is not my province to go minutely into the rules



Messrs. Blouin of Chicago and Dewitt of Detroit, Winners
of Doubles, Toronto, 1908

of the various games, but rather to point out the excellence of the pastime that is taking its place as the foremost of indoor recreations.

Historians of ten-pins affect to trace the game

Hamilton Gun Club Five-men Team, Champion of Canada



H. Green

W. Moon

E. Laing

A. Mitchell

F. Cooper

C. L. Aitchison



Nationals of London Ont. who made such a good showing at Rochester, N.Y. a few days ago in the National Bowling Tournament

Photograph by Galbraith, Toronto

back to the earliest ages, but the Twelfth Century is the most remote period in which there is any chronicle of a game similar to skittles having been played. In those days, the days of Henry Plantagenet, Richard Coeur de Leon and the bad man John, there was a game played with pins called "Cloish" or "Collsynge," played with nine-pins. There was also a game called "Cayles" or "Keiles," which, under the title of "Quilles," was much affected by the French. We are told that as in curling so in ten-pins, the original bowles or balls of the game were stone boulders, and that the pins were the veriest sort of sticks, and not the smooth polished affairs of to-day, 2 1/4 inches in diameter at their base and 15 inches tall.

Shakespeare says that "bowl is to roll," and Worcester says "to bowl is to pelt with anything rolled." A painting is extant of Dutch origin showing a number of people in Holland playing a game in the open air, somewhat similar to the modernised ten-pins; but, hard put to it for a reliable history of the sport, writers make ten-pins and bowling on the green sister pastimes, whereas they have very little in common, no more in fact than lawn tennis and cricket. A book published in Perth, Scotland, three hundred years ago furnishes us with this interesting couplet:

"His hats, his hoods, his balls, his bones,
His alley bowles, his curling stones,"

while Strutt in his "Sports and Pastimes of the People of England" (1801) goes somewhat extensively into the pastime of bowling, whether practised in an open green or in bowling alleys. He suggests that the game was an invention of the middle ages A.D. 400-1500. He quotes an old poem entitled "A Squyer of Low Degree," in which the "Squyer" says to his daughter, to amuse you in your garden

"An hundreth knightes truly tolde,
Shall play with Bowles in Alayes colde."

Andrew Borde in his "Dictarie of Health" described a nobleman's mansion as supposed not to be complete without a bowling alley. Among the

additions made by Henry VIII. at Whitehall were "divers fair-tennice-courts, bowling alleys and a cock-pit." Thus it will be seen that by whatever name it may go, skittles or ten-pins can lay some claim to age.

Stonehenge tells us that in the game of skittles the pins or skittles are placed upon a board frame of diamond shape, hence the word frame at ten-pins; and that a cheese or bowl weighing from eight to sixteen pounds is used to bowl down the skittles. A picture accompanying this delivery shows some good men, apparently given over to drink, bowling at nine sticks of half the size of the present ten-pin, but it was not until the beginning of the last century that organised clubs came into vogue, and it was as late as 1875 that any sort of central body was formed to take control of the game, and to bring it into some sort of order.

As I have said, under present auspices ten-pin bowling can fairly claim to be one of the healthiest and manliest of pastimes. It brings many of the muscles of the body and limbs into play, expands the lungs, and quickens the eye, while it appeals to old and young alike. It has the additional advantage of being free like billiards from individual contact, and therefore possesses no sort or semblance of roughness or rudeness. In spite of all this, ex-Mayor Urquhart thought fit to deny a license to a man who had gone to a great deal of expense to fit up a series of regulation alleys on the most approved plan in this city. Had his then Worship had any knowledge of the game, I am convinced he would never have been guilty of what really amounted to a serious *faux pas*, excepting that as in golf, and in other pastimes requiring some skill, cuss-words are sometimes used when the aim is not true, and a vexatious split with a pin at exactly opposite ends of the alley's width is left standing, thus making a spare or a count of ten and what can be got by the next ball very nearly impossible. Neither gambling nor drinking accompany the modern game, or can be seen at the national tournaments, two or three of which are played

annually, both in the United States and Canada, and participated in at the one time by several hundred players. It appears as one looks at the size of ball and pins and the smooth alleys that the game is an easy one to play, but as a matter of fact it requires long experience, and what can be called perfect scores are as rare as strawberries in a Canadian winter.

SOME RECENT EVENTS

And now a few words as to the second annual Canadian Bowling Association tournament recently held in Toronto:

Although as I have said ten-pin bowling, as an organised game, is not more than a few years old in Canada, the players have made immense strides in efficiency.

The first tournament of the Canadian Bowling Association took place in Toronto the first week of last April, when the result was general success for visitors from across the line with the single exception of J. Noonan, of Quebec, who won the single championship with a score of 613. Thompson's Colts of Chicago took the five-men team championship with the then world's record score of 2,853, the O'Learys of Chicago being second with 2,636. Storke and Woodbury of Chicago won the double championship on that occasion with 1,189. The second tournament was held on the absolutely new alleys of the recently organised Canadian Bowling Club of Toronto, and resulted in several surprises, the highly-rated Chicago champion teams going down before the prowess of Hamilton, while the Royal Canadian Bicycle Club, four times winners of the Toronto Bowling League championship, were close up. The Hamilton Gun Club team came out victorious in the five-men competition with a score of 2,760, Thompson's Colts being 138 behind. The O'Learys of Chicago, who were second last year, were again second with 2,736. The Hamilton Steel Plant's team also made a rattling good score, being only 59 pins behind their fellow-citizens. The doubles this year went to Messrs. Blouin of Chicago, and Dewitt of Detroit, their score being the world's record one of 1,275. Both these gentlemen, it will be observed, possess names of some fame, a certain M. Blouin having been the widely-known French correspondent of the London "Times," and Dewitt being a sort of cross between Dewey, who "did it" at the Philippines, and Dewet who came very near doing the British in South Africa. Unfortunately Mr. Noonan, who won the single championship last year, and subsequently went to Cincinnati and won the world's championship, made rather a poor fist of the singles, the winner turning up in J. Cook, of Sebring, O., with a tally of 660.

The Londoners, who figured in the second Canadian tournament, made a very good showing, but the following week performed a great deal better at the National Bowling Tournament in Rochester, N. Y., coming up with a score of 2,720, and landing a fair share of the money. At both the Canadian tournaments several hundred competitors took part, places so far asunder as Quebec in the East and Vancouver in the West being represented, while Chicago had no fewer than three teams on hand, one of them being Tossetti's, who for some time stood as top scorers with 2,656. Other teams were present from Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Ottawa, Galt and Berlin, Ontario; New York, Detroit, Sebring, O., and Erie, Pa. The victory of the Hamiltons, however, was the greatest surprise and of course the most welcome. Hamilton is now entitled to representation at the World's Championship Tournament in the United States next year.



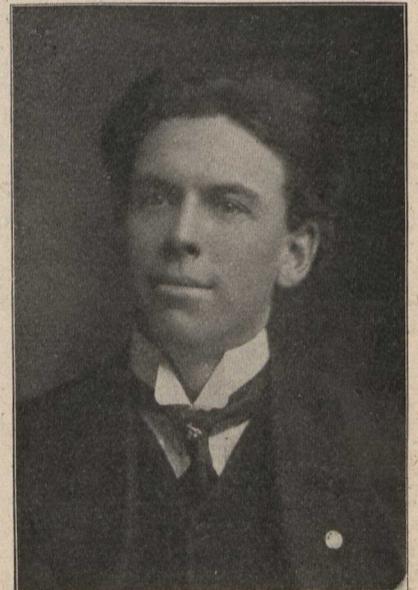
Mr. C. N. Huether
Capt. Lion Brewery Bowling Team, Berlin



Mr. Thos. Upton
Hamilton, Member Hamilton Gun Club Bowling Team



Mr. R. R. Simpson, Hamilton
President Canadian Bowling Association



Mr. W. A. Primeau
Capt. Tasmoo Bowling Club, London, Ont.

Bearding the Burmese Tiger

A Story of Oriental Adventure in the Island of Pahree

By W. A. FRASER, Author of "Thoroughbreds," etc.

ONE morning Emir Alli came to me as I waited in Dan's bungalow at Kyouk Pyhou and said the Burmese boat was ready to take us to Pahree Island. Ostensibly we were going to recover my boat that had sunk in the cyclone; in reality I knew that Dan hungered for the gold-and-brown coat of *Sher Bagh* the tiger.

Next morning we started. Of all the buoyant, crazy-hearted craft with which a man ever essayed twisting currents and witch-like winds that chopped around island points, that Burmese conception of a vessel was the most flippant.

As an ark of no destination, and designed to ride the waves, it would have been all right; it was as skittish as an air ship. According to the boat and the wind we desired to visit seven different islands, which we did; but in three days, in the way of a miracle, we came to the village of Myouboung on Pahree Island.

When we asked for men to search for my sunken boat the Burmese talked of the prodigious plowing and rice planting that was at hand. Even then they were resting up their muscles for the toil; and presently, when the padouk tree had flowered three times, when its great purple clusters festooned it like Chinese lanterns, they would go down into the terraced rice plots in the flats with their water buffalo and plow with diligence—also with the little wooden crotch of a tree which was a rudimentary plow.

Dan laughed ironically; for these men of toil were sleeping and eating, and vying with the lilies of the field in idleness.

"What is it—why do they not jump at the chance to earn money?" I asked Emir Alli.

"It is because of *Bagh*, sahib; they are afraid. They sit here, and the sun opens their hands in the morning that they may work; but they smoke cheroots, even opium, and in the night the cold closes their hands and they sleep."

"Ask them of the tiger," I said.

Yes, of him there was talk beyond all recording. There was the lord of the jungle, and the lady of the jungle, tiger and tigress, to say nothing of the cub; the same fierce family that had stalked me as I slept by the fire after the boat wreck. The tigers had killed at Myouboung, at the village of Shwetha, at Tharetprin—in fact the whole island of Pahree was in toll to them. Even there at Myouboung they had mauled Pho Tha in broad daylight as he herded his hairless buffalo in the grove of wild mango trees close to the village.

And now these accursed destroyers would be with them all through the rains perhaps. The tigers had come from the mainland, swimming to the island, and now that the water was rough they would not go away again. All night the villagers sat up and burned fires, and fired off their guns to keep *Bagh* away.

"Guns! Who had guns?" I asked.

At my question, the myook (headman) coughed, blinked his eyes, and rolled the huge wad of beetelnut in his mouth nervously. Guns were prohibited to the natives, except by license.

Yes, to be sure, he meant one gun, which he, as headman, might possess. That the other guns he had inadvertently spoken of were necessary to these simple village folk when they took up their occasional role of dacoit, I knew full well; but that was not my line of work, so we continued on with the subject of tiger.

Yes, if we would bag the tiger and his hungry wife and child, the villagers would go with us to grapple for the boat. They would even accept twice their ordinary wage, which was little to extort from a sahib.

And knowledge of the tiger's whereabouts was most explicit. According to one villager, *Bagh* was at Tharetprin; another knew where he was in hiding at Shwetha; he had also made a kill the night before at a village six miles from either of these places. It was confusing—absolutely oriental. When in doubt give it up and pray, is the method of the Buddhist; and instead of keeping track of Huzoor Stripes, they had been hanging festoons of wax-petaled jasmine on the little pagoda near the village, and sticking patches of gold-leaf beside the placid stone Buddha that sat, all indifferent, a square-fingered hand idly in his lap.

But amongst all the villagers there was one sane

man—Lah Boh, the huntsman. Of course he had no gun; we as sahibs were to believe that, because he said so. But still, as we had guns most excellent, and, being sahibs, had not livers that would turn to water when the fierce tiger curled the bristles of his mouth at us, he would most absolutely bring us in the way of making a kill of the dreaded beast.

He alone knew where the tiger would sup that night; the others who chattered like moon-faced monkeys, were eaters of opium, and men who had dreams.

At Shwetha we would surely find *Bagh*, for he had brought the matter of his kills to a routine. He circled the Island, passing from village to village, even as a carp feeds in a pond. Yes, he was due that night at Shwetha.

Lah Boh spoke in the manner of one announcing the arrival day of a steamer.

Shwetha was two hours by footpath, and we could make it before dark.

So to Shwetha we went by the way that a path should have run if there had been one. Lah Boh gathered his *putsoe* about his loins till the dragons tattooed in blue on his thighs were laid bare, and slipped through the jungle unerringly. But the handicap of our slower going made it three hours of trail, and a peacock from a lofty banyan tree was bidding good-night to the setting sun with discordant "Miow," when we reached Shwetha.

Now it would be too late to carry out our plan of a tied-up bullock, and a *machan* in a tree, too late to build the *machan*, Lah Boh said.

But Dan had a plan of exceeding craziness. Nothing but a brilliant success would have removed the stigma of idiocy from his proposition. We could do without the *machan*, Dan declared; many times we had shot wild pigs together in just this *machanless* way, concealing ourselves on the ground under a cover of leaf branches—our Express rifles would surely stop Stripes if he essayed our hiding place.

I objected—it was too risky.

When we appealed to Lah Boh, the Buddhist was indifferent. Who was he, a slave of the sahibs, to interfere if they took the risk? The white men were gods who accomplished all things, only—and he spoke in a whisper—this tiger travelled in company with an evil spirit that told him everything; else how had he left a kill half eaten when the villagers had sat in a tree over it with guns, waiting for his return the second night.

Dan had his way, and a bamboo cart-cover was placed on the ground where the rice fields met the jungle, and over this was thatched a leaf cover in the way of deceit.

Lah Boh advised a goat for the tie-up; the goat would call out of fear, and *Bagh* would surely come to the summons.

The nanny was tied to a small tree twenty yards up wind from the open end of our ground *machan*.

In the village all the cattle, even the pariah dogs, had been carefully gathered into a stockade, so that the tiger should not have a chance to pick and choose.

"*Bagh* will come first to the village," said Lah Boh; "then when he finds no kill he will circle through the jungles in his hunger, and hearing the goat, will come for his small carcass. Perhaps only the one tiger will come, for they do not hunt together always. I think *Baghni* (tigress) takes the cub away with her lest *Bagh* will kill him, for that often happens in a tiger family. If you hear the tum-tums and the gong at the village, sahib, you will know that the men are frightening away the jungle king."

Then Lah Boh and Emir Alli went back to the village, leaving the two sahibs, Dan and myself, who were the originators of this mad scheme, to crawl into the shelter that was like a dog's kennel, where we lay side by side, our double-barrelled Express rifles trained on the goat.

"I hope the tiger turns up," Dan said, as he lighted a cheroot.

"I hope he doesn't," I replied; "and he won't while you smoke."

"You've been reading stories of tiger hunts written in Fleet Street by penny-liners," Dan retorted. "The man scent—in this case the sahib scent—will carry farther than the tobacco; besides, do you think that this striped highway robber, who has bottled up all the natives in their huts night after night, cares a snap for the smell of a cheroot. Per-

haps the tobacco taint will kill the sahib odour, which these jungle dwellers dread, though God knows how they have come to that knowledge."

"We'll be caught like rats in a trap if *Bagh* turns rusty," I replied.

"More big game literature; the charging tiger is a *rara avis*. Doesn't Higgins of Chittagong go out and shoot them in broad daylight on foot. Weren't we with him when he bagged the black leopard that was the worse kind of a cat."

All this was very logical; but logic has little to do with the state of one's nerves, cooped up in a hen crate in the edge of a jungle with the possible enmity of two offended tigers hanging over one.

Then the heavy Burmese night came down upon us with sensuous fullness. The struggle of the approaching monsoons seemed to have beaten the life out of the air—it hung like a dead thing, almost without current.

Our cover was pitched under a padouk, whose blossoms die the day they are born, and now, like falling dew, the petals dropped about us with their smothering incense; and from the untilled rice fields beyond a ghost-like mist was rising.

From the village came the warning cry of the disconsolate pariahs; and over in the jungle a jackal pack was lamenting the everlasting hunger pains that was their lot.

Everything animate was articulate, even to the shrill tree crickets, except our goat. He that should have been luring the tiger to us, was browsing in sweet content.

As I trained the night sights of my rifle—which were knots of white cotton—on the complacent beast, I felt tempted to pull the trigger.

For two hours we lay, our straining ears glean- ing nothing but the discordant sounds of the jungle. Then suddenly things commenced to move in the village; it was a great noise—it was louder than a Wagner concert.

"The tiger!" Dan whispered.

Even the goat, startled, bleated.

"I'm going to tie that beast up on his hind legs—he's too happy," Dan muttered, as our bait relapsed into silence. My comrade slipped out, and when he came back the nanny reproached him persistently.

The uproar in the village died away; the jackals were hushed; and there was only the pathetic bleat of the goat.

"The tigers are working this way," Dan whispered, "for the jungle is hushed in fear."

For half an hour we waited, not speaking, our limbs stinging because of their rigid quiet.

Presently Dan's elbow telegraphed a warning at my side. I also heard a stealthy step. It was just the leaves or the grass whispering that something of dread passed.

"Sp-f-f-f—sp-f-f-f—sp-f-f-f," long intervals between each slipping sound, as though the animal balanced its weight before the next foot was placed.

Even the goat had heard, and fear strangled its voice to a faint whimper.

I knew not from which side the prowling one came; there was just the stealthy creep so impossible of location. My eyes made out nothing in the moonlight, but the goat, grotesquely waltzing on its hind legs like a faun.

The creep, creep, creep of the cautious steps continued; it seemed an age since I had heard the slip of the tiger's huge pads.

But it was coming nearer; more distinctly spoke the rustling grass. And now I could locate the prowler; behind our hiding place, and toward our feet, the deliberate visitor approached.

Much better to be out in daylight with Higgins than there with a tiger taking us in the rear, I thought.

It seemed as though the animal crept by inches. It was impossible to turn in our narrow cover; and yet nerves were almost mastering reason, threatening to yank me right-about-face to the tiger.

I could hear his breath now and then; he was certainly clawing at our leaf cover.

Dan had not moved a muscle; his composure was all that restrained me from an insane turn.

I tried to reason out the extraordinary movement of the tiger. If he had caught our scent—he couldn't see us—why had he not cleared out; that would be more natural. Probably he was stalking the goat from behind what he took to be a bush, for it's

always the same with a tiger—he would carefully stalk even a chicken.

I hardly know what happened; perhaps my nerves, grown irrepensible, twitched a foot, but at the side of our cover there was a rip-p of the branches, a hoarse, gasping bark, and we both laughed out of sheer relief of the strain.

Our stealthy tiger was poor, foolish little Barking Deer, coming, out of tribal curiosity, to see why the goat bleated. For me the ribbed-faced horned one had held the terror of a nine-foot man-eater.

We waited all night, but in vain, for the coming of Stripes. And in the morning the villagers declared that *Bagh* had been at their cattle corral. Their profuse oriental story bore testimony to the fact that seven tigers of the size of elephants had come and sought to devour all their cattle; and one, the leader, was guided by a fierce-looking spirit.

But Lah Boh, the sane one, said that perhaps no tiger had come at all; it might have been jackals, or a hyena, that set the *pariahs* barking.

However, we started to build a *machan* in a spreading tree; but at noon word came that *Bagh* had killed at Tharetprin.

"We must go to Tharetprin at once," Dan said.

But Lah Boh consulted the mental timetable he had compiled of the cattle killer's movements, and said: "*Bagh* will pass my village, Myoboung, in two days, or in three days. We will go there to meet him."

It seemed reasonable. It was certainly better to be all prepared with a kill waiting for the hungry tiger, than to be following him up.

At Myoboung we built a *machan* in a tamarind, and again Lah Boh was possessed of unlooked-for wisdom.

"Tie up under the *machan*, sahibs," he said, "and rest in happiness here in the village. The spirit that is with *Bagh* will think that the villagers have made a peace offering to the jungle king, and he will take the kill. Then when we know he is here, we will tie up another *goru* (bullock) and this time we will slay *Bagh* from the *machan*."

We were given an empty *zyat* (priests' rest house) to sleep in. Our *machan* was a short distance in the jungle.

The first night nothing happened; the second, we were awakened from sleep by the sound of a fierce chase circling about our bungalow.

A lantern hung on the veranda, and on the outer edge of its radiance we dimly made out two huge animals tearing through the jungle growth. Twice they circled the *zyat*, and I could hear the pounding hoofs of the bullock and the sucking breath of some animal in chase.

We hastily grasped our rifles and rushed out; but the disturbers of our rest swept on down through the paddy fields at a terrific pace, and into the jungle beyond.

In the morning our tied-up bullock was gone, the rope broken, and his hoof tracks, followed by the pugs of a huge tiger, led to our *zyat*, and then away from it.

Lah Boh read the riddle that was easy of solution.

Because of fear *goru* broke the rope that was not a new one, then he passed swiftly to the sahib's light, thinking that *Bagh* would be afraid of the men people.

With Lah Boh and some villagers we followed the pugs, and came to the spot where tiger had made his kill. From there the bullock had been dragged a hundred yards into a little *nullah* (ravine) lined by myriad growing bamboos.

The bullock's neck was broken, and the hind quarters gone.

"They will come back to-night for the rib roast," Dan said; "we will sit in a tree over the drag, and polish off Huzoor Stripes."

"This *Bagh* is not like other *Baghs*," Lah Boh declared; "because of the spirit that guides him, he will not come again to the drag, for he will know that the sahibs have been here because of the man scent. Also, if there is chance of a new kill of *goru*, he will not eat this part of the body; always *Bagh* eats the hind legs, and but sometimes the front legs. We will cut with our *dahs* (knives) the bamboos here, and the killer will think perhaps it is a trap. We will tie up a new *goru* at the *machan*, and the sahibs will pass into the tree and wait there for the *Bagh* who will surely come."

At once Dan concurred in this arrangement. Lah Boh was possessed of much hunt knowledge; also was he skilled in diplomacy. Dan and I would pay for the new bullock, as we had for the other, and presently, when we had gone to our *zyat*, the simple villagers would come and retrieve for their own flesh pots the beef that Stripes had left for his next meal.

At four o'clock Lah Boh brought two cart bullocks for us to ride to the *machan*, saying that we would thus leave no scent on the earth for *Bagh* to bother over.

"For us black men the tiger cares nothing," the Burman said plaintively; "but if he smells the sahib's footsteps he will be afraid. And if the sahibs go now, they can become quiet before dark, and also the scent will have died a little."

We rode the led bullocks to the tamarind, and from their backs clambered to our *machan*.

It had been made with skill, large enough for us to lie at full length, and well screened with leafy branches.

"Early to bed makes a man healthy," muttered Dan, "but in this case it means unlimited jungle fever."

On the tied-up bullock's neck hung a wooden bell, and as he chewed the cud of content, quite oblivious of the heroic part he was playing, its three wooden tongues clacked musically at every twist of his head.

I had quite objected to the ornament, but Lah Boh had answered that the tiger took the cattle with bells as cheerfully as those without; it would draw his attention to the *goru*.

We had come prepared for hours of dreary night waiting—cheroots, a flask, and a bite to eat. Dan growled at the unnecessary early start we had made, while I, content in the safety our elevation afforded, stretched myself at full length, and philosophically advised him to take a nap.

A family of monkeys, the quaint, black-faced, white-whiskered hanuman, shot into the tamarind from a neighbouring tree, and evidently meant to camp there for the night.

"These jungle fool-people will upset everything," my comrade growled. "As soon as Stripes shows himself, they'll jabber and kick up a row, and put him all on edge."

Our *machan* caught the eye of the monkeys, and they proceeded to investigate. Suddenly a wrinkled frowsy head was thrust in at the opening fair into Dan's face. Then they both swore at being startled—Dan and the monkey.

The intruder communicated his fright to the others, and they scuttled back to the tree under which was tied the *goru*, scolding us from grotesque faces.

The row started up a cloud of parakeets that were settling down for the night, and we were promised a heritage of unrest.

"What are they up to now," Dan exclaimed, for the monkeys had suddenly shifted their abuse of us to something in the jungle, and their excitement had increased tenfold.

"Look at the bullock," I whispered.

"Gad! I believe that cheeky swine of a tiger is coming in broad daylight," Dan whispered back.

It must be the king of the jungle; the anger of the monkey people said it, and the terror in the eyes of the bullock pictured it. He was straining back at the strong rope that held him, and from his frothed lips issued a low moaning bellow of fear. His fawn-coloured skin, soft as silk, was as tremulous as shaken water.

Neither of us spoke again. It is the unexpected that always happens. But such luck! A shot in the daylight! And he was indeed a bold one, this eater of bullocks and mauler of natives.

The bullock was a watch that timed accurately each yard in the tiger's advance. His abject terror filled me with pity. It was a strange inexplicable thing, this intuition of the animal world that taught them wherein lay great danger.

Now I knew that Stripes was close, for the monkeys, running nimbly to the top of their tree, shot away with downward swoop to the branches of another, scolding and calling to each other as they fled.

The bullock had almost ceased to bellow, and stood, fore legs wide apart and head lowered to the ground, transfixed in terror.

Suddenly through the bushes, ten yards from our *machan*, was thrust the sneering yellow muzzle of a tiger, and his red-brown eyes glared with horrible cupidity at the animal that was now fascinated to silence. Atop this face of evil, the rounded ears, black rosetted, were twitched back angrily.

It was almost a shot; but the sloped forehead angled sideways to me, and the thick skull would deflect my bullet like a steel shield. Also his quick eye would catch the slightest move on our part.

For two minutes or more *Bagh* inspected the *goru*; then the head slipped back between the leaves, and we heard the spuff-spuff of his pads as he circled in the bushes.

Presently there was a gleam of yellow to the left, on the edge of the abandoned paddy field that reached almost to our tamarind. Gradually the yellow shadow crept into the open, keeping close to the fringe of bush. Then another form followed the first—a half-grown cub. It was the tigress that had come for the bullock.

Even in its dreadful menace—in its suggestion

of brutal ferocity, the stealthy approach of the tigress was beautiful to see. A creep of a yard or two, then she crouched, head low to earth, and tail lashing from side to side with vicious jerks.

The cub was evidently being schooled. Close behind his mother the youngster skulked, his young, foolish eyes shifting from point to point as though he did not quite know what it all meant.

As we lay side by side, both our rifles were trained on the tigress.

She was head-on to us, and either the brain shot, or the point of the shoulder, or the vertebræ were there to choose from.

I knew that Dan would nudge me when we were to fire, and I waited, finger on trigger, and my eye along the sights.

The tigress crouched, and turned her face toward our *machan*, though her eyes still rested straight ahead.

I felt the soft push of Dan's knee on my leg, and pressed my trembling finger to the lever of death.

There was a roar of both rifles, a little cloud of smoke, a sulphurous breath in our nostrils, and below in the barren paddy field many devils were tearing up the earth with great noise.

"Bagged her!" Dan ejaculated; for the great beast, tawny-and-black striped was on her side, clawing viciously at the sod.

Again our rifles spoke, and the bullets sped home.

Slowly the huge head fell flat to earth, the red eyes lost their ferocity—or was it only a glint of pity for the dying that fancied this—the breath sucked and sputtered through the blood that oozed from mouth and nostrils, and, waiting with impatience for a little in our *machan*, we saw death come and put the seal of silence on the battered form of beautiful strength.

FRANCE—1792.

Gallant and gay and young was he;
Sweet as the Queen's own lilies, she;
Prince and Princess of high degree.
These two met on the marble stair
That led to the Salle des Fetes, and there
She caught a rose from her powdered hair.

Careless of courtiers' frowns and quips
Held it against her lovely lips
A moment's space, as the wild bee sips!
A moment's space, and the crowd closed in,
Throb of flute and the violin
Blent with the merry dancers' din.

On the azure riband that crossed his breast,
Jewel-splendid and lace-caressed,
He set the flower her lips had pressed.
Life, to them, was a garden spot,
A song, a tread in the grand gavotte,
Treason and Time, to them, were not.

Dawn crept into the sullen sky;
Throb of flute and the viol's sigh
Died in a madder, fiercer cry:
Roar of rabble, and clang of bell,
Ribald jest and a mocking yell,
Sounds of shame, and the sights of Hell.

The steps were steep to the guillotine;
The red blood oozes out between!
Who goes up with brow serene?
A Prince as proud as a Prince may be,
And a fair little Princess of high degree:
White as the Queen's own lilies, she.

Riband and lace have rent and stain!
Wail, O winds, in pitying pain!
Weep, sad clouds, but ye weep in vain!
Life was a laugh, a dancer's pace!
Death is weary, and sad of face!
God in His goodness grant them grace!
—Meribah P. Abbott, in Appleton's Magazine.

A RAKE'S RETROSPECT.

Eyes of black and eyes of blue,
Eyes bewitching, false, or true,
Eyes of hazel, deepest brown,
Eyes that smile and eyes that frown.
Eyes that glisten, eyes that swim,
Eyes pathetic, dusky, dim;
Eyes that shoot through silken lashes
Glances burning souls to ashes.
Of all the eyes that blight and mar,
And make poor men the fools they are,
There's none so causes them to rue
As the I that's followed by O and U.
—Grand Magazine.



THE

YELLOW GOD

BY

H. RIDER HAGGARD.



AUTHOR OF "SHE".

"KING SOLOMON'S MINES."

"THE WITCH'S HEAD", ETC.

Resume: Major Alan Vernon withdraws from partnership with Sir Robert Aylward and Mr. Champers-Haswell, promoters of Sahara, Limited, because the editor of "The Judge" has informed him of the company's dishonourable methods. Vernon refuses to sell to Sir Robert a curious idol which has been a feature of the office for over a year, and which seems to have a talismanic quality.

CHAPTER III.

JEKI TELLS A TALE.



THE Court, Mr. Champers-Haswell's place, was a very fine house indeed, of a sort. That is, it contained twenty-nine bedrooms, each of them with a bathroom attached, a large number of sitting-rooms, ample garages, stables and offices, the whole surrounded by several acres of newly-planted gardens. Incidentally it may be mentioned that it was built in the most atrocious taste, and looked like a suburban villa seen through a magnifying glass.

It was in this matter of taste that it differed from Sir Robert Aylward's home, Old Hall, a few miles away. Not that this was old either, for the original house had fallen down or been burnt a hundred years before. But Sir Robert, being gifted with artistic perception, had reared up in place of it a smaller but really beautiful dwelling of soft grey stone, long and low, and built in the Tudor style with many gables.

This house, charming as it was, could not of course compare with Yarleys, the ancient seat of the Vernons in the same neighbourhood. Yarleys was pure Elizabethan, although it contained an oak-roofed hall which was said to date back to the time of King John, a remnant of a former house. There were no electric light or other modern conveniences at Yarleys, yet it was a place that everyone went to see because of its exceeding beauty and its historical associations.

But it is with the Court that we have to do at present, not with Yarleys. Mr. Champers-Haswell had a week-end party. There were ten guests, all men, and with the exception of Alan, who, it will be remembered, was one of them, all rich and in business. They included two French bankers and three Jews, everyone a prop of the original Sahara Syndicate, and keenly interested in the forthcoming flotation.

Alan did not come until it was time to dress for dinner, for he knew that Barbara would not appear before that meal, and it was her society he sought, not that of his host or fellow guests. Accompanied by his negro servant, Jeeki, for in a house like this it was necessary to have someone to wait upon him, he drove over from Yarleys, a distance of ten miles, arriving about eight o'clock.

"Mr. Haswell has gone up to dress, Major, and so have the other gentlemen," said the head butler, Mr. Smith, "but Miss Champers told me to give you this note and to say that dinner is at half-past eight."

Alan took the note and asked to be shown to his room. Once there, although he had only five and twenty minutes, he opened it eagerly, while Jeeki unpacked his bag.

"Dear Alan," it ran, "don't be late for dinner or I may not be able to keep a place next to me. Of course Sir Robert takes me in. They are a worse lot than usual this time, odious—odious!—and I can't stand one on the left hand as well as on the right.—Yours, B.

"P.S.—What have you been doing? Our distinguished guests, to say nothing of my uncle, seem

to be in a great fuss about you. I overheard them talking when I was pretending to arrange some flowers. One of them called you a sanctimonious prig and obstinate donkey, and another answered—I think it was Sir Robert—'No doubt, but obstinate donkeys can kick and have been known to upset other people's applecarts ere now.' Is the Sahara Syndicate the appcart? If so, I'll forgive you.

"P.P.S.—Remember that we will walk to church together to-morrow, but come down to breakfast in knickerbockers or something to put them off, and I'll do the same—I mean I'll dress as if I were going to play golf. We can turn out Christians later. If we don't—dress like that I mean—they'll guess and all want to come to church, except the Jews, which would bring the judgment of heaven on us.

"P.P.P.S.—Don't be careless and leave this note lying about, for the under-footman who waits upon you reads all the letters. He steams them over a kettle. Smith the butler is the only respectable man in this house."

Alan laughed outright as he finished this peculiar and outspoken epistle, which somehow revived his spirits that, since the previous day, had been low enough. It refreshed him. It was like a breath of frosty air from an open window blowing clean and cold into a scented, over-heated room. He would have liked to keep it, but remembering Barbara's injunctions and the under-footman, threw it into the fire and watched it burn. Jeeki coughed to intimate that it was time for his master to dress, and Alan turned and looked at him in an absent-minded fashion.

He was worth looking at, was Jeeki. Let the reader imagine a very tall and powerfully-built negro with a skin as black as a well-polished boot, woolly hair as white as snow, a little tufted beard also white, a hand like a leg of mutton, but with long delicate fingers and pink filbert shaped nails, an immovable countenance, but set in it, beneath a massive brow, two extraordinarily humorous and eloquent black eyes, which expressed every emotion passing through the brain behind them—that is, when their owner chose to allow them to do so. Such was Jeeki.

"Shall I unlace your boots, Major?" he said, in his full, melodious voice, and speaking the most perfect English. "I expect that the gong will sound in nine and a half minutes."

"Then let it sound, and be hanged to it," answered Alan. "No, I forgot—I must hurry. Jeeki, put that fire out, and open all the windows as soon as I go down. This room is like a hot-house."

"Yes, Major."

The guests were gathered in the hall drinking sherry and bitters, a proceeding that to Alan's mind set a stamp upon the house. His host, Mr. Champers-Haswell, came forward and greeted him with much affectionate enthusiasm, and Alan noticed that he looked very pale, also that his thoughts seemed to be wandering, for he introduced a French banker to him as a noted Jew, and the noted Jew as the French banker, although the distinction between them was obvious, and the gentlemen concerned evidently resented the mistake. Sir Robert Aylward, catching sight of him, came across the hall in his usual direct fashion, and shook him by the hand.

"Glad to see you, Vernon," he said, fixing his piercing eyes upon Alan as though he were trying to read his thoughts. "Pleasant change this from the city, and all that eternal business, isn't it?"

Then a French gentleman on Alan's left, having discovered that he was the engineer who had formulated the great flooding scheme, began to address him as "Cher maitre," speaking so rapidly in his own language that Alan, whose French was none of the best, struggled after him in vain. Whilst he was trying to answer a question which he did not

understand, the door at the end of the hall opened, and through it appeared Barbara Champers.

It was a large hall, and she was a long way off, which caused her to look small, who indeed was only of middle height. Yet even at that distance it was impossible to mistake the dignity of her appearance. A slim woman with brown hair, cheerful brown eyes, a well-modelled face, a rounded figure and an excellent complexion, such was Barbara. Ten thousand young ladies could be found as good, or even better looking, yet something about her differentiated her from the majority of her sex. There was determination in her step, and overflowing health and vigour in her every movement. Her eyes had a trick of looking straight into any other eyes they met, not boldly, but with a kind of virginal fearlessness and enterprise that people often found embarrassing. Indeed, she was extremely virginal and devoid of the usual fringe of feminine airs and graces, a nymph of the woods and waters, who although she was three and twenty, as yet recked little of men save as companions whom she liked or disliked according to her instincts.

"How do you do? Why did you not come over at lunch time? I wanted to play a round of golf with you this afternoon," she said to Alan.

Alan answered something about being busy at Yarleys.

"Yarleys!" she replied. "I thought that you lived in the city now, making money out of speculations, like everyone else that I know."

"Why, Miss Champers," broke in Sir Robert reproachfully, "I asked you to play a round of golf before tea and you would not."

"No," she answered, "because I was waiting for my cousin. We are better matched, Sir Robert."

There was something in her voice, usually so soft and pleasant, as she spoke these words, something of steeliness and defiance, that caused Alan to feel at once happy and uncomfortable.

"Thank goodness, there is dinner at last. Sir Robert, will you take me in, and Alan, will you sit on the other side of me? My uncle will show the rest their places."

The meal was long and magnificent; the price of each dish of it would have kept a poor family for a month, and on the cost of the exquisite wines they might have lived for a year or two. Also the last were well patronised by everyone except Barbara, who drank water, and Alan, who since his severe fever took nothing but weak whiskey and soda and a little claret.

"What is the row, Alan? Tell me, I can't wait any longer?"

"I have quarrelled with them," he answered, staring at his mutton as though he were criticising it. "I mean, I have left the firm and have nothing more to do with the business."

"Glad of it. Best news I have heard for many a day. But, then, may I ask why you are here?"

"I came to see you," he replied humbly—"thought perhaps you wouldn't mind."

"Now that you are really clear of it, I am going for them," she said presently. "I have only restrained myself for your sake."

"Sir Robert Aylward," said Barbara in that clear, carrying voice of hers, "will you, as an expert, instruct a very ignorant person? I want a little information."

"Miss Champers," he answered, "am I not always at your service?"

"Sir Robert," she went on calmly, "everyone here is, I believe, what is called a financier, that is, except myself and Major Vernon, who only tries to be and will, I am sure, fail, since Nature made him something else, a soldier and—what else did Nature make you, Alan?"

(Continued on page 21)



T H E

DEMI-TASSE

*Just a sip of darkest Mocha,
As the lazy moments pass,
And a murmur of soft voices
O'er the fragrant Demi-Tasse.*



NOT HIS MAJESTY.

AT the Durham County banquet, recently held in Toronto, when "old boys and girls" from one of Ontario's favoured districts told stories of the good old days, a Durhamite who had come over from the city of Hamilton to meet his former associates told of an aged farmer from the home county who decided to make a visit to Toronto. It was the first time he had been at a city station and when a hotel crier hurried to him with the interrogation, "King Edward?" the newcomer simply smiled as he answered:

"No, sir—Thomas Cox of Eramosa."

* * *

INFORMATION FOR FOOLS.

THIS department has been neglected for some months, owing to the inclement weather and a severe cold. But the writer is glad to find a pile of correspondence, written on perfectly elegant stationery. It is such a treat to decipher letters in pale ink on gray paper, even if the spelling should wander from the Webster line.

Irene: "I am sending photograph for delineation of character. Don't you think I resemble Maxine Elliott? I have a great desire to go on the stage. Would you think from the way I cross my 't's' that I have the artistic temperament? I have a small mole above my left eye-brow. Would you advise me to have it removed? One of my gentlemen friends calls it fascinating. Excuse me for asking so much but I have written to the *Ladies' Home Infernal* twice without receiving any reply."

Your photograph arrived safely but we have given up delineation of character from anything but locks of hair. So you would like to go on the stage. There is a fine, old yellow one running from Lindsay to Coboconk that you might find enjoyable. I wouldn't worry about the artistic temperament, if I were you. A bread-and-milk poultice may do it lots of good. I don't think I would have the mole removed if the present effect is such as you describe. There are so few really fascinating moles left.

*

Forlorn: "I have been a widow for six months and a half and, though of course my heart is buried in poor dear John's grave, still I should like to know whether you think half-mourning would be advisable before the end of the year. There is a pair of heliotrope silk stockings at Flurry's which I'm simply dying to get. I really don't believe that John would mind. If the spirits of our dead friends can be near us, don't you think they would be glad to see us trying to bear their loss bravely?"

I think the heliotrope stockings would be perfectly dear. By all means get them, even if you can't wear them till after next Christmas. They are so becoming to a blonde and something in your signature makes me think you are a timid, little fair-haired creature with appealing blue eyes. If the spirits of the Dear Departed can be near those they loved, I'm sure that John's spook would be tickled to death to see your heliotrope hose. It shows great courage in you to face this sorrow so cheerfully and try to make the best of a lonely life. Do you believe in spiritualism? Perhaps a little seance at Madame Bizarre's would do you good. You would be able to hear if John is nice and comfy and the charge is only nominal. Your letter indicates a refined and sensitive nature.

* * *

RATHER LIVELY.

A STORY is being told in Toronto which may have done service in many towns and times. The distress usually suffered by the unemployed during the winter months has aroused much sym-

pathy and many spare dollars have been devoted to the cause of those in want. A lady of tender heart, who has done more than her share of slumming, was appealed to in a heartrending fashion by a woman whose husband had died. The applicant for funds stated that there was no money for funeral expenses and the lady of the tender heart promised to make an effort to collect funds. After two hours' vigorous canvass of her friends, she went to the small becraped shack with a considerable sum of money, for which the distressed widow was profoundly grateful. After the benefactress had left, she suddenly discovered the absence of her muff and hurried back to the house, entering unannounced the room where the sheeted corpse had lain. What was her consternation to find the corpse sitting upright, calmly counting the contribution to his funeral expenses.

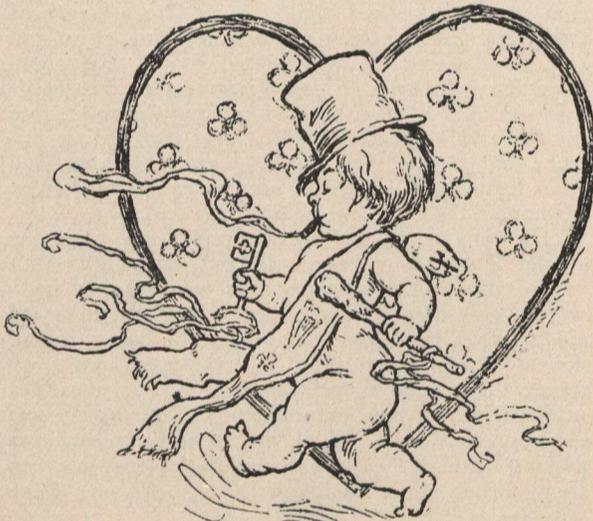
* * *

A SURE THING.

"Is my son getting well grounded in the classics?" asked the anxious millionaire.

"I would put it even stronger than that," replied the private tutor. "I may say that he is actually stranded on them."—Chicago Record-Herald.

* * *



To the Irish Blood

—Life

* * *

THE IRISHMAN'S TOAST.

There's an isle, a green isle, set in the sea,
Here's to the Saint that blessed it!
And here's to the billows wild and free
That for centuries have caressed it!
Here's to old Ireland, fair, I ween,
With the blue skies stretched above her!
Here's to her shamrock warm and green,
And here's to the hearts that love her!

—Jean Blewett.

* * *

NOT AT HOME.

Opportunity knocked loudly at the man's door. But the man was busy discoursing on panics, their habits and habitats. So opportunity grinned and ambled along.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

* * *

THE ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE.

AT one of the meetings of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Mr. Doogan was elected president. After it had been announced, he proceeded to make the following speech:

"Gentlemen:—Having bin elected president of the grand and glorious organisation of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, I appint meself grand marshal

of the parade on St. Patrick's Day. Being grand marshal of that parade, I have wan suggistion to make, and that is, that all the hoomp-backed and bow-legged men take the rear line of march. Cuz I don't want the A. P. A.'s and the Dootch on the opposite corner to say that the Irish were crooked from the shtart."—Short Stories.

* * *

NOT QUITE EXPRESSIVE.

A preacher in the Isle of Man, discoursing upon the author of *Paradise Lost*, exclaimed: "In these days, my brethren, we want more Bunyans!"

* * *

SAVED HIMSELF FIRST.

SAM PORTER and Hiram Brown were out rowing on the Merrimac, when the boat capsized, spilling both men in the water. Sam was a fine swimmer, but was not very bright, while Hiram was bright enough, but could not swim a stroke.

When Sam found himself in the water he struck out lustily for the shore, while Hiram clung to the overturned skiff.

As soon as Sam reached the shore he was about to plunge into the water again, when a man standing near said: "What are you going back into the water for? You just swam ashore."

Sam paused a moment, then said, "Wall, I hed to save myself first; now I'm goin' back to fetch Hi!"

And he proceeded to bring Hiram ashore. —Harper's Monthly.

* * *

SAVE TIME.

The Parson: "I intend to pray that you may forgive Casey for throwing that brick at you."

The Patient: "Mebbe yer riv'rence 'ud be saving toime if ye'd just wait till Oi git well, and then pray for Casey."—The Universalist Leader.

* * *

THERE AT LAST.

"AND now, madam," said the undertaker, a few days after the funeral, "I presume you wish to have a suitable headstone for your husband."

"Yes," sighed the widow; "and I guess a plain, simple one, with an appropriate inscription, would be best. John never did like anything elaborate."

"Precisely. He was a kind, domestic, home-loving man, I believe?"

"A kind man, yes, and a good husband, but not exactly domestic. Sometimes I wouldn't hardly see him for a week at a time. You see, he belonged to so many societies and lodges that he was out a good deal. I often said I wished he was more domestic. He was a good husband, though. But I will leave the inscription to you."

And so it happened that, a short time later, there appeared in the cemetery a plain white headstone, bearing, in addition to the dates of birth and death, simply the words:

JOHN JENKINSON
At Home at Last.

—Lippincott's Magazine.

* * *

WHAT HE SAID.

"Now, children, I suppose your parents always say grace."

"Please, mum, what's them?" asked an overgrown girl.

"Why, Maggie," exclaimed the teacher, "doesn't your father say something before you begin to eat?"

"Yes, mum, he does. He always says, 'Don't make pigs of yourselves! That's all the butter there is in the house.'"

PEOPLE, PLACES AND PROGRESS

A. M. BENZANSON, the author of "The Peace River Trail," has now made his most eventful trek into that northern land. His book was the result of his first two trips made before last winter. Last summer he spent at Edmonton wishing he were north again; for "Biz," as he is called by his chums, is a Norwegian who doesn't much care for the ways of a town. Last fall he went back in a buckboard with a team and a companion. But he soon came back to Edmonton. This time he stayed not so long, but to much better purpose. He got married and just the other day started back with his

and townsmen who want the lumber. The consumer does not feel equal to the price asked by the middleman; the middleman has the benefit of the low prices charged by the manufacturer. This is variously described as a hold-up and a deadlock. On the whole it looks like mighty poor business.

* * *

ONE of the Detroit newspapers has published the first descriptive article on the great international tunnel now being bored under the Detroit River just below Windsor. It says for instance:



A. M. Benzanson and his friend off for the Peace River last summer

wife to the Peace River. He is the first man who ever got married on purpose to settle down in that land. He started from Edmonton in a sleigh with a tent on board; a sort of prairie schooner on runners. The last heard of him he had encountered a thaw that hung up the sleigh. Now he is waiting for snow again. If it does not come he will probably find it necessary to continue the journey on horseback.

* * *

THINK of it! The littlest province in Canada is about to furnish seed oats to the farmers of the great and golden West. It is intimated that in pursuance of its seed-grain policy, the Government may buy oats in Prince Edward Island and ship them out to Saskatchewan and Alberta. Now you could put Prince Edward Island down on the map of Saskatchewan or Alberta, and it would look like a fly on a big hand. We have talked about the golden glow of the prairie, until we have Yukons on our tongues; we have had visions of miles upon miles of box cars trailing out the glorious millions of bushels of grain from the granary of the Empire—and all that sort of thing. Probably if any farmer from the two-by-four fighting little island down by the Atlantic had nudged us and said, "See here, neighbour, there'll come a time when we'll send seed oats to the prairie," we should have asked him if he had ever seen a real railroad; because this little island is so tiny that to look at it on the map it seems as though a good-sized freight-train loaded with oats would have a hard time shunting without running off into the sea. But all the same the seed oats of Prince Edward Island are likely to go to the golden granary of the Empire; which makes us sit up and think that carrying coals to Newcastle may not be so much of a paradox after all. Prince Edward Island is all right. The farmers of Alberta and Saskatchewan will now be pasting maps of the island in their hats.

* * *

IN Saskatchewan the farmers have applied to the Government for more than 700,000 bushels of seed grain. The grain which these applications represented was divided as follows: Wheat, 359,387 bushels; oats, 370,712 bushels; barley, 44,472 bushels; total, 774,571 bushels. This means that from the seed grain loans not less than 500,000 acres will be sown this year which with an average crop should yield 15 million bushels.

* * *

LUMBER in the West is being tied up by the high prices exacted by the prairie retailers. In the mill yards of Vancouver and Victoria are millions upon millions of feet of lumber on which prices have lately been reduced, as noted previously on this page. On the prairie are thousands of farmers

"Just ahead of the timbered arches stands the rear edge of the steel shield. About its circumference are distributed 21 hydraulic jacks, great metal shoes capping the ends of their powerful pistons. With the piston shoes bearing on the forward course of the arch timbers, the mere turning of a valve can distribute the tremendous pressure of 70,000 pounds to any one of the shoes.

"Come up on No. 10," shouts the shield foreman. "Easy, there!"

"A valve in the hydraulic keyboard is given a turn, and a great steel foot kicks out from the shield rim with almost human accuracy.

"Steady, now; give her 12—14—17!" shouts the foreman.

"Three more feet spring into life, and with a grinding, snapping, rending sound the arch timbers support the pressure with groaning fibers. The huge mass of the shield moves forward ever so slightly. Its sharp, knife-like forward edge has cut into the solid clay. A few more inches of tunnel have been gained. The workmen spring at the clay wall with their hand knives. The slicing process begins anew, and is continued until an additional foot or two of earth has been shaved away ahead of the shield. Another course of timbers is added to the wooden arch, and the jack pistons are ready for one more 'kick' toward the river."

It has long been felt by Windsor that Sarnia has no right to a monopoly of subaqueous connection with the United States. Windsor has for a long while been a butt for the rude jibes of Detroit. About the only use many Detroiters have for Windsor is to race horses on the Windsor tracks and to get married by Windsor preachers. Not long ago some Detroiters on the ferry were busy making fun of Windsor in the hearing of a Windsor citizen who if he were properly known would rank as one of the readiest wits and highly constructive minds in Canada. "So this is Windsor!" said one. "George! it's a beauty spot. I wonder what it's good for, anyhow?" "Well, not very much good for some things," suggested the Windsorite. "But I notice that Windsor is celebrated for one thing at least; more idiots from Detroit come to Windsor every year than to any other city in Canada." Now that the big tunnel is under way it will be some satisfaction to Windsor to reflect that at least as many trains will have to pass through at one end as at the other.

* * *

THE Alberta Government is talking of a Government road to Hudson's Bay. The distance from Edmonton to Port Nelson is nearly one thousand miles which is more than two hundred miles less than the distance to Port Arthur. The Canadian Northern, however, has for a long while been busy on this short haul proposition and may be expected to push the Hudson's Bay project to completion just

as soon as it may be necessary in the interests of the grain growers of the interior. The present outlet for western produce is by a curious analogy the trade route maintained by the old Northwest Fur Company with headquarters at Fort William which in those mediaeval days was the most cosmopolitan place in Canada or the whole of America. The proposed Hudson's Bay route, now so much talked of, is mainly the reversion to the route projected and maintained for the best part of two centuries by the Hudson's Bay Company, who, however, had to substitute York boats on the rivers for the short-haul railways which are now being talked of two centuries later.

* * *

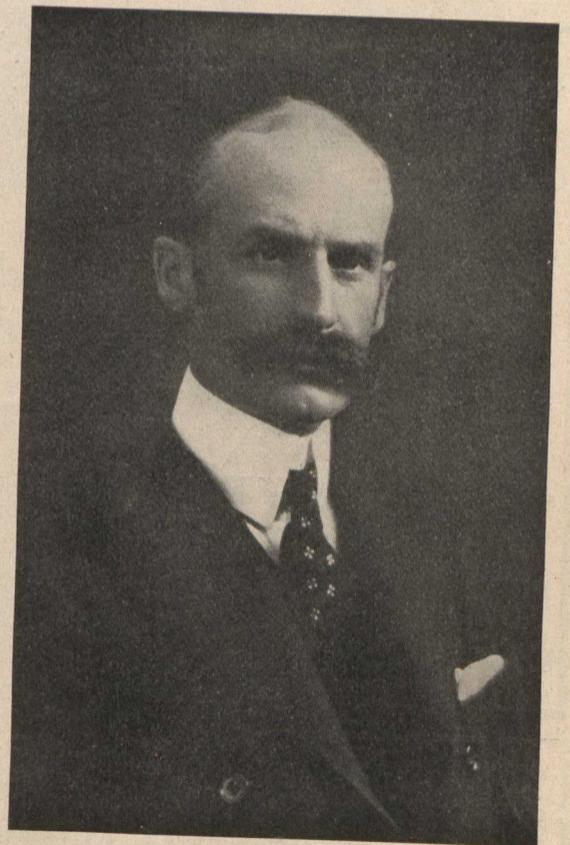
ALL records of coal output have been broken by the Nova Scotia Steel Company's collieries during the past month. The total of 50,760 tons was taken out in February. This for a total of 23 working days is an average of more than 2,000 tons a day. This beats the record for February, 1907, by nearly 8,000 tons. In the blast furnace the daily output was 800 tons; total for the twenty-nine days 5,800 tons. All the coal from Colliery No. 3, the biggest of the company's furnaces, has been shipped to the plant of the Dominion Steel Company at Sydney.

* * *

WESTERN cities nearly three thousand miles from Quebec City are strongly enthusiastic over the nationalisation of the Plains of Abraham. The Canadian Club of Edmonton has guaranteed to raise \$500. The school children of Brandon are into a patriotic scheme to raise as large a sum as possible. Regina is stirred up; at a prospective meeting of the Canadian Club there Mr. William Whyte is expected to address the club in favour of the scheme to be followed by an energetic canvass for funds. Saskatoon is taking hold of the project. Port Arthur also has the fever.

* * *

THE new secretary of the C.P.R. is an Englishman—Mr. W. R. Baker, who succeeded Mr. Drinkwater in that position. Mr. Baker has been exactly thirty-five years in railway work in Canada. His first try at the big game was on the old Canadian Central Railway at Ottawa. He became assistant to the superintendent of the road when the C.P.R. took it over; afterwards general manager. In 1883 he went west as general superintendent of the Manitoba & Northwestern Railway; remained in that capacity till 1892, when he became general manager of that road for eight years, after which he went back to the Canadian Pacific as their executive agent at Winnipeg. Seven years later he became assistant to the second vice-president, which position he left to become secretary.



Mr. W. R. Baker

Recently appointed Secretary of the Canadian Pacific Railway

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MAGIC

BAKING POWDER

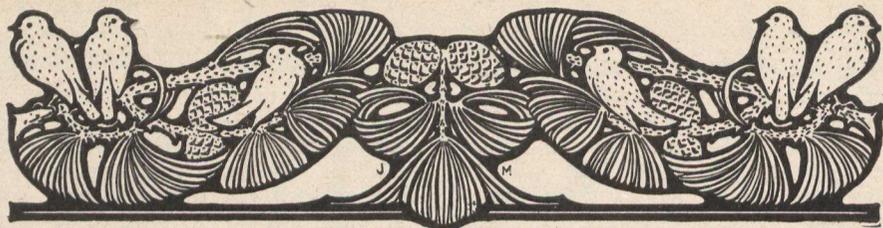
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F O R T H E C H I L D R E N

THE WINTER PICNIC.

WHAT is a 'winter picnic,' Aunt Edith?" asked Laura. "In this book it tells about some children having a winter picnic, but it doesn't tell what they do."

"Well," answered Aunt Edith, "tomorrow is my birthday, and I will celebrate it by taking you and Doris Alden on a winter picnic; then you will know just what it is."

"Goody!" exclaimed Laura. "And may I go and ask Doris now?"

"Why," said Aunt Edith, thoughtfully, "I think an invitation to a birthday party ought to be written, don't you?"

"Perhaps it had," agreed Laura.

"And you can run out to the woodshed and find me a nice smooth piece of birch bark to write it on," said Aunt Edith.

It was not long before Laura was back with the smooth piece of birch bark; and on it Aunt Edith carefully printed, "Miss Doris Alden is invited to a winter picnic at eleven o'clock to-morrow."

"That is lovely!" exclaimed Laura. "But you don't say where?"

"You can tell her that we will call for her," said Aunt Edith.

At exactly eleven the next morning Aunt Edith and Laura found Doris waiting for them at her front door. They were all warmly dressed, for it was a cold day in early December. Aunt Edith was drawing a sled, and on the sled were several packages covered by a large shawl.

They went down the road by the schoolhouse and turned into a wood road which led in among big spruce and fir-trees. The sun flickered down through the branches and made little dancing lights across the snow. The trees kept off the cold wind, and both Doris and Laura said it did not seem a bit like winter.

"This is the very place for a winter picnic," declared Aunt Edith, as they came to a little clearing, where two great ledges rose out of the snow. Aunt Edith took the shawl from the packages on the sled and spread it over a smooth place near a large tree, and then put the sled on the shawl. "That is our dining-room," she explained. "Now you find me some dry twigs and small branches of wood, and I will cook dinner right beside this big rock."

It did not take long to start a fine blaze and put the potatoes to roast, and as soon as they were cooked, they all sat down on the sled with their feet on the warm shawl, and ate the hot potatoes and the little sandwiches which Aunt Edith had brought. Then there were some nice mince turnovers and big red apples.

Aunt Edith put the fire out very carefully, and Doris and Laura fastened an apple to a branch of a tree.

"Some winter-loving bird may be glad to find it," Aunt Edith said.

"Now I know just what a winter picnic is," said Laura, happily, as they trudged toward home.—Youth's Companion.

* * *

THE UNVARNISHED TRUTH.

ONE day an old friend of her folk met a little Scottish girl on her way home from the first school she ever attended. She had been a pupil for several weeks, and the gentleman

thought she would have something interesting to tell him.

"Weel, Jessie," he asked, "an' how d'ye like school?"

Instead of the expressions of delight he had expected, there came the frank answer, "Oh! I'm fair sick o't."—Little Folks.

* * *

THE SILVER MOON.

By JAMES P. WEBBER.

I WONDER how they fix the moon!

I thought in days gone by
 That some one took a high chair
 And hung it in the sky;
 But now that I am wiser,
 I know no chair could be
 Made high enough to bring one up
 Above the cherry-tree.

And once I saw it shining
 All in the broad daylight,
 As if the moon-man had forgot
 It was no longer night.

And then some fleecy cloudlets came,
 Like little lambs at play,
 And when I looked for it again
 The moon had flown away.

* * *



Children of the Zuyder Zee—Metropolitan Magazine

* * *

SHE TOOK PRECAUTIONS.

THE Dutch peasant lives with canals all about him, and reaches his cottages by way of a drawbridge. Perhaps it's in the blood of a Dutch child not to fall into a canal. At all events, the Dutch mother never appears to anticipate such a possibility. One can imagine the average English mother trying to bring up a family in a house surrounded by canals. She never would have a minute's peace until the children were in bed. But then the mere sight of a canal to the English child suggests the delights of a sudden and unexpected bath. An Englishman inquired of a Dutch woman: "Does a Dutch child by any chance ever fall into a canal?" "Yes," she replied; "cases have been known." "Don't you do anything for it?" continued the questioner. "Oh, yes," she answered, "we haul them out again." "But what I mean is," explained the Englishman, "don't you do anything to prevent their falling in, to save them from falling in again?" "Yes," she answered, "we spank them."

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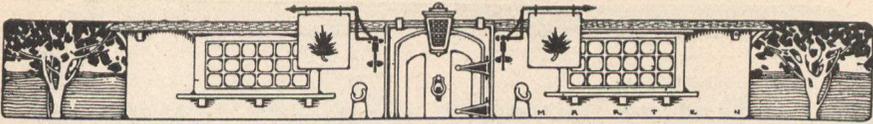
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AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

IN Canada, it is comparatively rare to find a family prominent in both political and literary circles, while in Great Britain such a combination of talents is not unusual. The late Sir James Edgar, Speaker of the Canadian House of Commons, was a statesman who added to political ability a fine taste in literature and considerable poetic talent. Lady Edgar is also remarkable for the combination of executive and literary ability, being the President of the National Council of Women and the author of several valuable historical works. Dr. Pelham Edgar's critical gifts have been recognised by English editors as well as by many of this continent. During the past fortnight, Mrs. W. W. Edgar of Ottawa has added another honour to the name by winning the gold bracelet offered by Miss Margaret Anglin to the amateur actress of most distinction in His Excellency's Trophy Competition. To Mrs. Edgar's remarkably

They are a real affliction, this communicative couple, whose object in frequenting the hall or the high-class theatre is a mystery to those who play the part of involuntary eavesdroppers and who desire the extermination of the disturbers.

* * *

"THERE is one remarkable thing about the modern woman," said a man of observing nature, "she doesn't cry so much as her great-grandmother did. Why, those Dickens heroines were everlastingly in tears. I don't think I've ever seen my wife cry."

"You must be an awfully good husband," said a charming little widow with a gentle sigh.

The observant man is right. The modern woman is not given to frequent weeps and easy sobs. She is too busy and too conscious of their unbecomingness to resort to teary lashes. In spite of what the *Literary Digest* reports, it is very doubtful that tears are anything but harmful and disfiguring. The woman who cries on the slightest provocation has no means of mourning when a real tragedy comes, and, after a while, her associates become quite indifferent to her apparent woe. Niobe is no longer the fashion. An English writer declares that the modern woman's tearlessness is due to the healthy, outdoor life she leads. Let us all have fresh air if it is going to drive away the lachrymose germ. Tears never did any good to the weeper and usually distress those who are obliged to play the part of comforter. I remember a Sunday School book read long ago which had the very dampest heroine who ever sobbed. Her name was *Fleda* and she shed tears on every page of a dreary novel called *Queechy*. Ella Wheeler Wilcox has written a good deal of slush but she wrote truth and poetry in the lines:

"Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep alone."

* * *

OF course, it is quite possible for a man or a woman to write delightful yarns, paint unforgettable pictures or play the violin divinely and yet be a cad or a perfect cat. The friendship that one feels for a congenial author is so subtle a satisfaction that, in the majority of cases, it is just as well not to seek the paper friend's personal acquaintance. It is one of the rarest pleasures in life to come across a writer whose face, voice and personality seem to go with the best that he or she has done. The eternal fitness of things then presents itself as a charming reality and one is reconciled to meet more celebrities.

* * *

WOMEN are evidently advancing in their claims to consideration. A St. Louis woman, who was called an old cat by a reckless man, took the case to court and triumphantly received five hundred dollars damages. Good old St. Louis! It was true to its French founders and traditional gallantry. But this is a dangerous precedent. It is easy for a woman to be utterly exasperating, if she devotes undivided attention to the matter, and, since epithets have attained a marketable value, it may become fashionable to provoke an irascible gentleman into using one thousand dollars' worth of names in five minutes.

CANADIENNE.



Mrs. W. W. Edgar, of Ottawa

fine acting as *Toinette* in *A Light from St. Agnes* was largely due to the success of the Ottawa Thespian Club which won the Dramatic Trophy, last year the property of a Winnipeg club. Mrs. Edgar, formerly Miss Florence Hayes, is Irish by birth and Hibernian extraction accounts for dramatic dower and other gifts of the fairies.

* * *

WHEN one reads or hears of those German theatres, where talking disturbers of the peace are promptly ejected, there arises a desire that Canadian managers would adopt European methods. This matter has been written about, many a time and oft, but if selfish and ignorant people could only realise how they advertise their undesirable qualities by whispering during the play or giggling while an orchestra is in the finest movement of a symphony they might take a thought and mend their manners. But it takes more than a hint to most of these offenders before they show the slightest consideration for those around them. The high hat is practically abolished from the theatre; but the loud whisper or the hoarse undertone is still to be heard at concerts and plays. Usually the young man chooses the most plaintive bars of *Traumerie* or the pathetic moment in the last act to ejaculate "That's fine, ain't it?" while the maiden with huge pompadour and rhine-stone-studded comb responds, "If that isn't Mamie Jones over there, with a new man!"

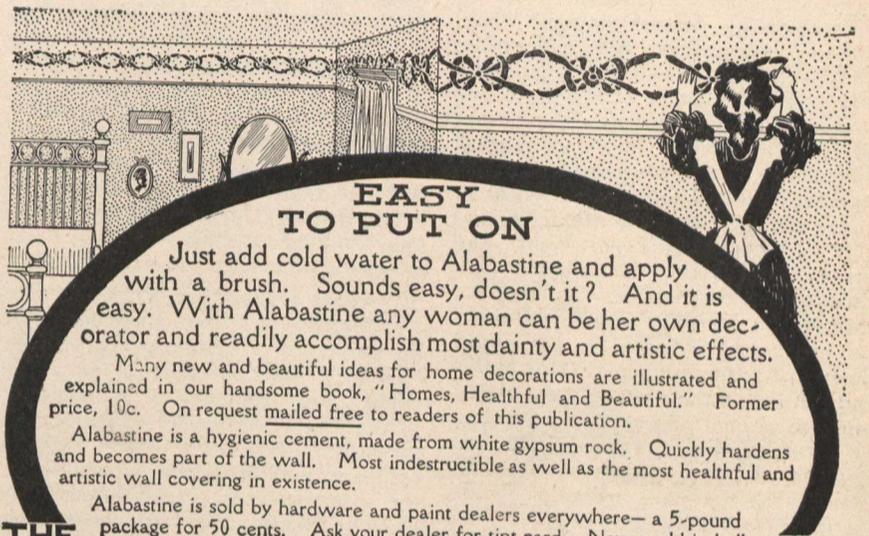
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BRITISH NOTES

LONDON, the world's biggest city, is once more without a penny Liberal morning paper. "The Tribune," founded just over two years ago, ceased publication with its issue of February 7th. It was started on January 15th, 1906, by Mr. Franklin Thomasson—who is M. P. for Leicester—as a morning paper supporting the principles of Liberalism and social reform. The "Tribune" did not fail for want of talent, either on its editorial or its business side. The men who had control of the journal were of high reputation as journalists and business men respectively.

There is a moral to be learnt in the demise of this newspaper, which is very well expressed in the valedictory notice that appeared in its last issue. Its editor says: "No newspaper nowadays can hope to establish itself as a commercial success in less than three or more years. It is a question of slow growth and steady upbuilding. The railway must be built before the revenue for dividends can be obtained. The 'Tribune' has encountered difficulties in the process of building to which the capital at its disposal is not equal, and the extraordinary financial situation of the past year has made the provision of sufficient further capital impossible. Its conductors do not see their way to the capital necessary to carry on the paper during the remaining period of building, although the end of that period and the ultimate success of the paper is in sight. So it has been deemed best to discontinue publishing the paper while there are still ample funds in hand to meet all liabilities. We need hardly say that the 'Tribune' will, of course, meet its legal obligations in full."

The case of the "Tribune" is, in fact, a forceful example of the immense difficulties that lie in the way of the successful establishment of a newspaper. Its proprietors admit a dead loss upon the venture of a million and a quarter dollars, but the exact figure will probably work out higher than that. Quite recently additional capital was raised in America but even this did not prevent the failure. It is rather a significant point that London, with its many newspapers, and with a Liberal Government sitting at Westminster, has not a single penny Liberal morning journal, whilst the Conservatives have at least three well-established organs of this class. Apparently, the average Britisher thinks one cent quite enough to pay for his daily paper—of the Liberal profession, anyway.

* * *

THE British Labour Party, on the other hand, while it is still discussing the establishment of a daily journal devoted to its own interests, announces that it will issue on March 1st, the first number of the "Socialist Review." The "Review" will appear monthly at 6d. net., and promises contributions by such well-known writers as Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Richard Whiteing (two Socialist novelists), Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, Mr. Sidney Webb, M. Jean Jaures (the French Socialist leader), and Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P., secretary of the British Labour Party). Certainly the Socialists in England cannot be accused of want of energy and initiative, as their capture of the Labour Party recently goes far to prove.

* * *

THE great London pageant, which was to have been held next July, has been postponed for twelve months in order to prevent clashing with another big spectacle, the Franco-British

Exhibition, which is fixed to open in a few months' time. This leaves Mr. Frank Lascelles, the organiser of the London pageant, free to accept a similar appointment in Canada, and so Canadians will be able to avail themselves of the services of this able and enterprising man in stage-managing the first historical pageant to be held in a British colony. Mr. Lascelles, in announcing the decision to postpone the London pageant, explains that there is no particular reason why the pageant should be held this year, whereas the Olympic games, which are to be the great feature of the Franco-British Exhibition, only come to London once in a quarter of a century. A great many notable people have promised to appear in the London pageant, and not the least notable among them is Mr. W. T. Stead, the well-known journalist and publicist, whose patriotism has led him to offer to sacrifice, if need be, his flowing beard, so that he may the more faithfully act his part in the pageant, presuming that he is given a beardless character to represent. Mr. Stead's friends, however, are hoping that a role will be found for him which will not necessitate his making this great and touching sacrifice.

* * *

IT would appear that Mr. C. Arthur Pearson has been checkmated in his movement to obtain control of the "Times." The situation is very peculiar and difficult to understand. While there are quite a number of proprietors, it is not a limited liability company that owns the paper—hence the complications. The descendants of John Walter the First possessing shares in the "Times" number something like a hundred, and they are bound hand and foot to observe the provisions of a will that particularly restricts the disposal of the paper. The one thing that is certain is that the "Times" must be sold in order to put an end to the before-mentioned complications, and also—what is by no means unlikely—to dispose of the possibility of any litigation among the numerous proprietors. Mr. Pearson evidently reckoned without a select body of these latter, who have now asked the court to settle who is to buy the property. What the British public—or that large section which is interested in the subject—is now asking is: Will the "Times" be knocked down to the highest bidder—who, even now, may prove to be Mr. Pearson and his backers—or will some independent and public-spirited syndicate step in to rescue the lofty ideals and stern impartiality of the old "Thunderer" of John Walter's day?

* * *

ENGLAND is threatened with what may prove to be the biggest labour crisis she has ever had to face. The dispute in the engineering and shipbuilding industries of Tyneside is proving a source of the gravest concern, and the result of the conference which has been arranged between masters and men is awaited with keen anxiety. The trouble has arisen owing to the masters having reduced the engineers' wages by one shilling, with the prospect of a further reduction in March. The masters say that these reductions are necessary owing to the prevailing depression in the shipbuilding trade; but the men point out that all through the great prosperity of the past they have not been given higher wages, and therefore the masters should not expect them to accept lower wages now. Eighty-three thousand men are affected, and their trades unions have large funds in hand to meet the exigencies of a strike.

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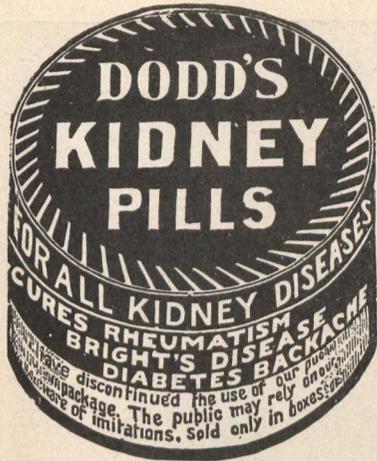
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The Yellow God

(Continued from page 16)

As he vouchsafed no answer to this question, although Sir Robert muttered an uncomplimentary one between his lips which Barbara heard, or read, she continued:

"And you are all very rich and successful, are you not, and going to be much richer and much more successful next week. Now, what I want to ask you is—how is it done?"

"Accepting the premises for the sake of argument, Miss Champers," replied Sir Robert, who felt that he could not refuse the challenge, "the answer is that it is done by finance."

"I am still in the dark," she said. "Finance, as I have heard of it, means floating companies, and companies are floated to earn money for those who invest in them. Now this afternoon, as I was dull, I got hold of a book called the 'Directory of Directors,' and looked up all your names in it, except those of the gentlemen from Paris, and the companies that you direct—I found about those in another book. Well, I could not make out that any of these companies have ever earned any money, a dividend, don't you call it? Therefore, how do you all grow so rich, and why do people invest in them?"

"My dear Barbara, I wish that you would leave matters which you do not understand alone. We are here to dine, not to talk about finance," said her uncle.

"Certainly, Uncle," she answered sweetly. "I stand, or rather sit, re-proved. I suppose that I have put my foot into it, as usual, and the worst of it is," she added, turning to Sir Robert, "that I am just as ignorant as I was before."

"If you want to master these matters, Miss Champers," said Aylward, with a rather forced laugh, "you must go into training and worship at the shrine of"—he meant to say Mammon, then thinking that the word sounded unpleasant, substituted—"of the Yellow God, as we do."

"The Yellow God," she repeated. "Do you mean money, or that fetish thing of Major Vernon's with the terrible woman's face that I saw at the office in the city? Well, to change the subject, tell us, Alan, what is that yellow god of yours, and where did it come from?"

"My uncle Austin, who was my mother's brother and a missionary, brought it from West Africa a great many years ago. He was the first to visit the tribe who worship it; in fact, I do not think that anyone has ever visited them since. But really, I do not know all the story. Jeeki can tell you about it if you want to know, for he is one of that people, and escaped with my uncle."

Now Jeeki having left the room some of the guests wished to send for him, but Mr. Champers-Haswell objected. The end of it was that a compromise was effected, Alan undertaking to produce his retainer afterwards when they went to play billiards or cards.

Dinner was over at length, and the diners, who had dined well, were gathered in the billiard room to smoke and amuse themselves as they wished. It was a very large room, sixty feet long indeed, with a wide space in the centre between the two tables, which was furnished as a lounge. When the gentlemen entered it they found Barbara standing by the great fireplace in this central space, a little shape of white and silver in its emptiness.

"Forgive me for intruding on you," she said, "and please do not stop smoking, for I like the smell. I have sat up expressly to hear Jeeki's story

of the Yellow God. Alan, produce Jeeki, or I shall go to bed at once."

Her uncle made a movement as though to interfere, but Sir Robert said something to him which appeared to cause him to change his mind, while the rest in one way or another signified an enthusiastic assent. All of them were anxious to see this Jeeki and hear this tale, if he had one to tell. So Jeeki was sent for and presently arrived clad in the dress clothes which are common to all classes in England.

"You sent for me, Major?" he said, addressing his master, to whom he gave a military salute, for he had been Alan's servant when he was in the army.

"Yes, Jeeki. Miss Barbara here and these gentlemen wish you to tell them all that you know about the Yellow God."

The negro started and rolled his round eyes upwards till the whites of them showed, then began in his school-book English:

"That is private subject, Major, upon which I should prefer not to discourse before this very public company."

"Jeeki," said Barbara, "don't disappoint us."

"Very well, miss, I fall in with your wishes. The Yellow God that all these gentlemen worship, quite another god to that of which you desire that I should tell you. You know all about him. My god is of female sex."

At this statement his audience burst into laughter, while Jeeki rolled his eyes and waited till they had finished. "My god," he went on presently, "I mean, gentlemen, the god I used to pray to, for I am a good Christian now, has so much gold that she does not care for any more," and he paused.

"Then what does she care for?" asked someone.

"Blood," answered Jeeki. "She is God of Death. Her name is Little Bonga or Small Swimming Head; she is wife of Big Bonga or Great Swimming Head."

"You want to hear Yellow God palaver?" he said rapidly. "Very well, I tell you, you cocksure white men who think you know everything, but know nothing at all. My people, people of the Asiki, that mean people of Spirits, what you call ghosts and say you no believe in, but always look for behind door, they worship Yellow God, Bonga Big and Bonga Little, worship both and call them one; only Little Bonga on trip to this country just now, and sit and think in city office. Yellow God live long way up a great river, then turn to the left and walk six days through big forest, where dwarf people shoot you with poisoned arrow. Then turn to the right, walk up stream where many wild beasts. Then turn to the left again and go in canoe through swamp where you die of fever, and across lake. Then walk over grassland and mountains. Then in kloof of the mountains where big black trees make a roof and river fall like thunder, find Asiki and gold house of the Yellow God. All that mountain gold, full of gold, and beneath gold house Yellow God afloat in water. She what you call queen, priestess, live there also, always there, very beautiful woman, with face like Yellow God, cruel, cruel! She take a husband every year, and every year he die because she always hunt for right man, but never find him. Oh! no, she no kill him, he kill himself at end of year, glad to get away from Asiki and go to spirits. While he live he have very good time, plenty to eat, plenty wives, fine house, much gold as he likes, only nothing to spend it on, pretty necklace, nice paint for face. But Asiki, little bit by little bit, she eat up his spirit. He see too many ghosts. The house where he sleep with dead men who once have his billet, full of

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ghosts, and every night there come more and sit with him, sit all round him, look at him with great eyes, just like you look at me, till at last when Asiki finish eating up his spirit, he go crazy, he howl like man in hell, he throw away all the gold they give him, and then, sometimes after one week, sometimes after one month, sometimes after one year if he be strong, but never more, he run out at night and jump into canal where Yellow God float, and god get him, while Asiki sit on the bank and laugh, 'cause she hungry for new man to eat up his spirit too."

Jeeki's big voice died away to a whisper and ceased. There was a silence in the room, for even in the shine of the electric light and through the fumes of champagne, in more than one imagination there rose a vision of that haunted water in which floated the great Yellow God, and of some mad being casting himself to his death beneath the moon, while his beautiful witch wife, who was "hungry for more spirits," sat upon its edge and laughed.

Barbara broke the silence which she felt to be awkward.

"Why do more ghosts come every night to sit with the queen's husband, Jeeki?" she asked. "Where do they come from?"

"Out of the dead, miss, dead husbands of Asiki from beginning of the world; what they call Munganas. Also, always they make sacrifice to Yellow God. From far, far away them poor niggers send people to be sacrifice that their house or tribe get luck. Sometimes they send kings, sometimes great men, sometimes doctors, sometimes women what have twin babies. Also the Asiki bring people what is witches, or have drunk poison stuff, which blacks call *mauvi*, and not been sick, or perhaps son they love best to take curse off their roof. All these come to Yellow God. Then Asiki doctor, they have Death-palaver. On night of full moon they beat drum, and drum go, Wow! Wow! Wow! and doctors pick out those to die that month. Once they pick out me, oh! good Lord, they pick out *me*," and as he said these words he gasped, and with his great hand wiped off the sweat that started from his brow. "But Yellow God no take me that time; no want me, and I escape."

"How?" asked Sir Robert.

"With my master, Major's uncle, Reverend Austin, he who come to try to make Asiki Christian. He snap his fingers, put on small mask of Yellow God which he prig, Little Bonga herself, that same face which sit in your office now," and he pointed to Sir Robert, "like one toad upon a stone. Priests think that God make herself into man, want holiday, take me out into forest to kill me and eat my life. So they let us go by, and we go just as though devil kick us—fast, fast, and never see the Asiki any more. But Little Bonga I bring with me for luck, tell truth I no dare leave her behind, she not stand that; and now she sit in your office and think and think and make magic there. That why you grow so rich, because she know you worship her. When victim offered to Big Yellow God, priest-men bring him to edge of canal, where the great god float. Then, if Yellow God want him, it turn and swim across water."

"Swim across water! I thought you said it was only a mask of gold?"

"I don't know, miss; perhaps man inside the mask, perhaps spirit. I say it swim across water in the night, always in the night, and lift itself up and look in victim's face. Then priest take him away and kill him, sometimes one way, sometimes another. Or if he escapes and they not kill him, all same for that Johnnie, he die in about one year, always die, no one

ever live long if Yellow God swim to him and rise up and smile in his face. No matter if it Big Bonga or Little Bonga, for they man and wife joined in holy matrimony, and either do trick."

As these words left Jeeki's lips, Alan became aware of some unusual movement on his left, and looking round, saw that Mr. Champers-Haswell, who stood by him, had dropped the cigar which he held to the floor, and, white as a sheet, was swaying to and fro. Indeed, in another instant he would have fallen, had not Alan caught him in his arms and supported him till others came to his assistance, when between them they carried him to a sofa.

"Oh, confound you and your fetish! Be off, you old donkey," almost shouted Alan.

"Major," replied the offended Jeeki, assuming his grand manner and language, "it was not I who wished to narrate this history of blood-stained superstitions of poor African. Mustn't blame old Jeeki if they make Christian gents sick as Channel steamer." "Be off," repeated Alan, stamping his foot.

So Jeeki went, but outside the door, as it chanced, he encountered one of the Jew gentlemen, who also appeared to be a little "sick." An idea striking him, he touched his white hair with his finger and said:

"You like Jeeki's pretty story, sir? Well, Jeeki think that if you make little present to him, like your brother in there, it please Yellow God very much, and bring you plenty luck."

Then acting upon some unaccustomed impulse, that Jew became exceeding generous. In his pocket was a handful of sovereigns, which he had prepared to stake at bridge. He grasped them all and thrust them into Jeeki's outstretched palm, where they seemed to melt.

"Thank you, sir," said Jeeki. "Now I sure you have plenty luck, just like your grandpa Jacob in Book when he do his brudder in eye."

(To be continued.)

MR. DOOLEY ON HARD TIMES.

"I SEE," said Mr. Hennessy gloomily, "that wan iv thim big bugs down East says we're goin' to have hard times this winter."

"Cheer up," said Mr. Dooley; "if they come, ye'll niver notice thim. They'll not be diff'rent enough to excite ye'er attintion. That's wan good thing about th' station in life to which we have been called an' locked up without bail. Our peeryods iv hard times are broken now an' thin be more hard times. Just as soon as we begin to tire iv hard times with too much work, we have worse hard times with less work. It evens things up a good deal. I suppose ye think ye've been goin' through an era iv prosperity, as Hogan calls it. But I haven't noticed anny diff'rence in ye. Ye wear th' same kind iv overhalls, an' th' same thrusty weapon that ye have always used to break th' stubborn slag pile is acrost ye'er shouldher. I haven't noticed that ye've grown bloated an' flushed with wine since eighteen ninety three. Ye are th' same frolicksome buck that ye were in thim sad days, with th' same complaints about th' prices iv things. Ye are, as Hogan wud say, th' same rilitive distance fr'm a tenderline steak that ye were thin."

"What diff'rence does it make to ye how far ye move forward, if ivry-thing else moves forward ahead iv ye? Now, as thin, ye are chasin' th' willow-th'-wisp iv good groceries. As ye begin to retreat they come back, but there's niver a day whin ye can reach out an' seize thim. Th' dinner pail is always full, but not full iv angel cake."—American Magazine.

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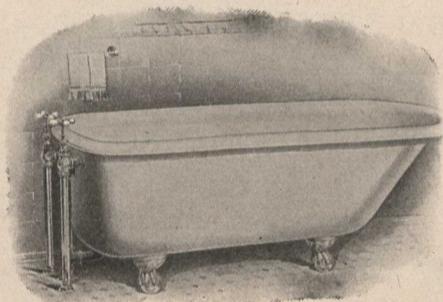
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