

The Canadian Courier

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



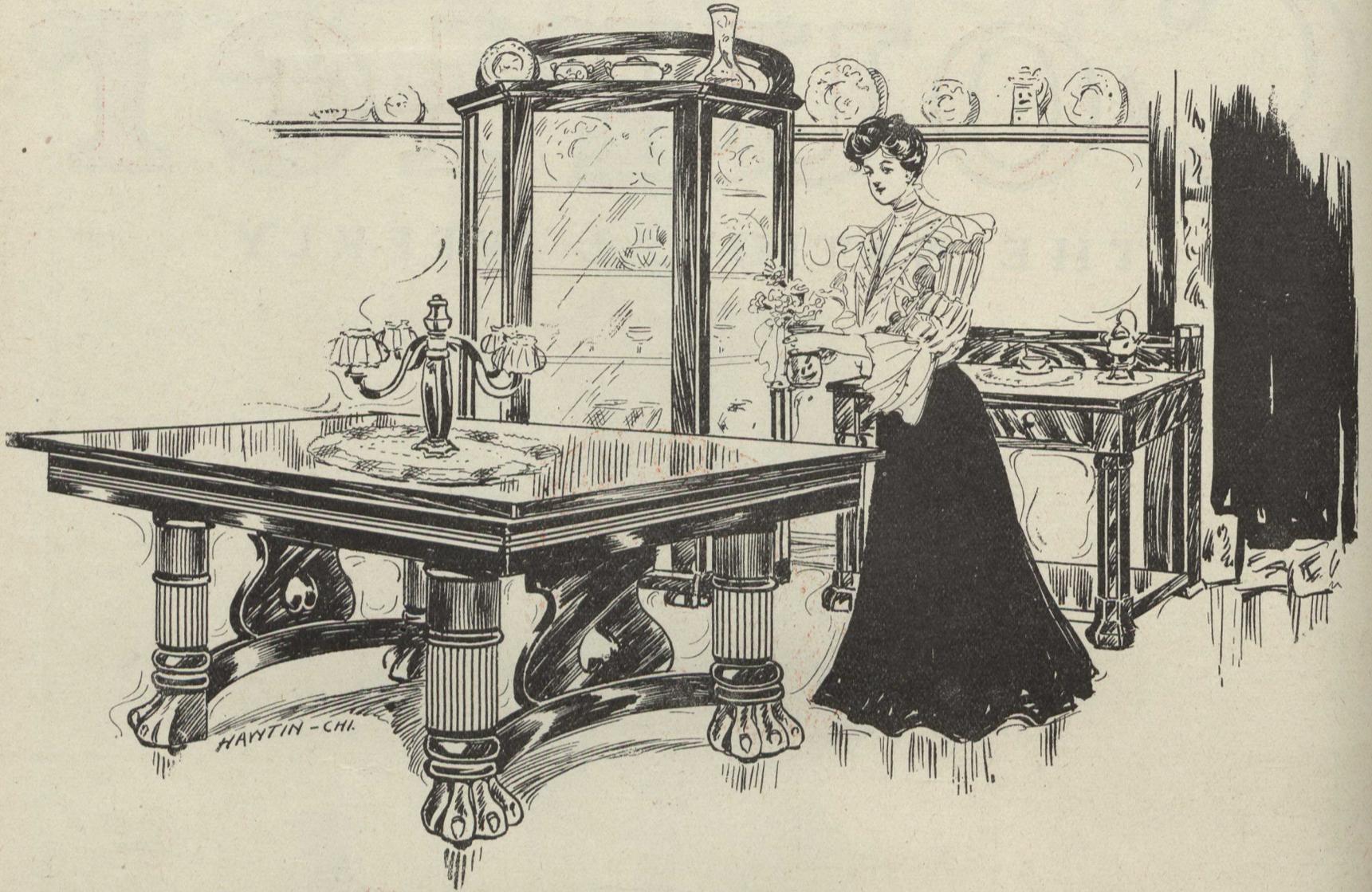
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The Canadian Courier

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Editor's Talk

WE have received another indignant letter concerning our attitude on the Canadian navy. This writer goes so far as to cancel his subscription because of his total disagreement with our position. He is both a moral hero and a fatalist. His spirit of self-sacrifice in worrying along without the Canadian Courier proves him to be of heroic mould; his hopeless prospect that the editor's views will never change and that we are without hope of redemption proves his fatalism. He has our sympathy. Perhaps we shall each think a shade differently by this time next year.

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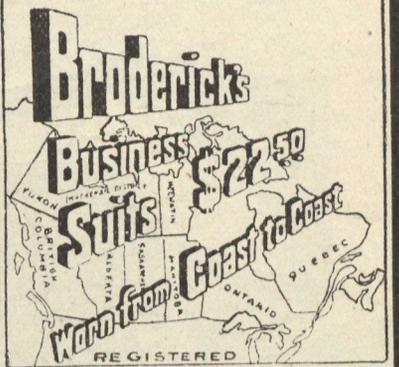
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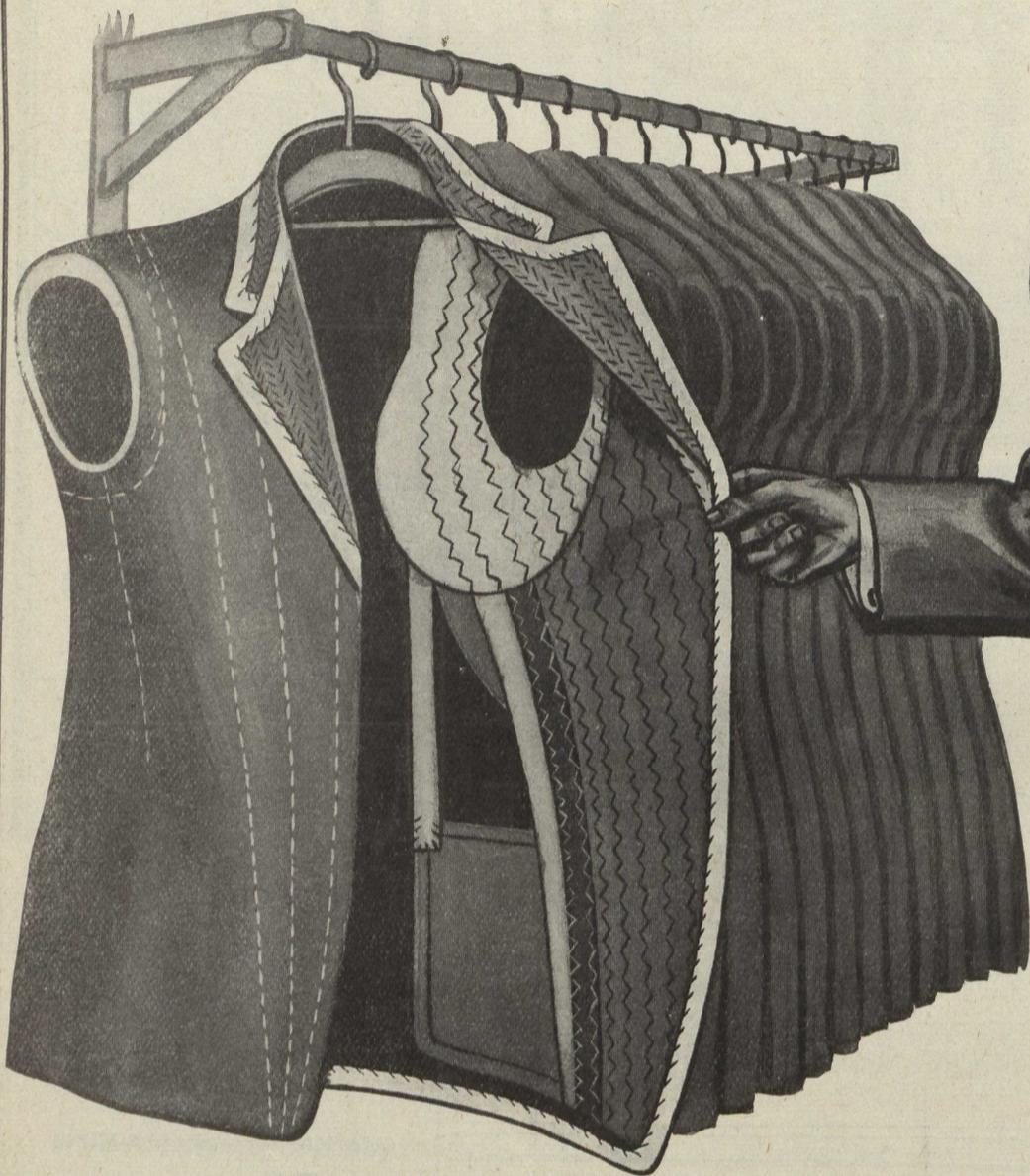
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Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL. 7

Toronto, February 19th, 1910

No. 12

REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

CONSERVATIVES at Ottawa seem determined to proclaim that Sir Wilfrid Laurier is not an imperialist. Mr. Foster, in his clever address on the Navy Bill, clearly charged Sir Wilfrid with being in favour of Canadian independence. Said he:

"To-night when I put his record before him and challenge him as to whether or not as Prime Minister of this country he still believes and cherishes as its goal the independence of this country, I think this House will come to its own conclusions."

And Sir Wilfrid merely answered, "Hear, hear!"

This line of attack cannot possibly do the Opposition any good. It cannot serve any national purpose. It cannot promote any imperial interest. It cannot improve Canada's reputation with the other colonies or with the people of Great Britain. It is neither dignified nor rational. Sir Wilfrid's record will easily overcome such attacks among those who know him well; and while it may do his reputation harm among those outside the country who are not so well acquainted with him, it will do more harm to the good name of Canada.



SIR WILFRID has, like the rest of us, held opinions which he does not now hold, has made statements which he would not now make, and is undoubtedly as much a nationalist as he is an imperialist. Nevertheless he is an imperial statesman in the fullest sense of that term. If Mr. Foster were to make twenty such speeches, with the whole twenty full of biting and caustic innuendos, Sir Wilfrid could still command a hearty reception in any community of the British Empire which he cared to visit. It is to the credit of British common-sense, that it always takes a man for what he is, not for what someone says he is. General Louis Botha fought against the British troops in the South African war, but to-day he is premier of the Transvaal, and to-morrow will be, in all probability, premier of the South African Confederation.

Contrast with the present Conservative attack upon Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the conduct of King Edward VII when he heard of the recent accident to Professor Goldwin Smith. If there is any one man living in Canada who has persistently argued against the stability of Canada's connection with Great Britain, that man is Professor Goldwin Smith. Yet King Edward cables the Governor-General to express his regret for the accident which has befallen the venerable historian and essayist, and asks to be informed of his condition. It seems a pity that Mr. Foster has not more of that human sympathy, fine feeling, and breadth of diplomacy, possessed by his Royal master, King Edward VII. Had he these qualities in even a slight degree he would refrain from trying to construct a party advantage out of such aged and ill-chosen material.



NO one can defend the attitude of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir Richard Cartwright in 1891 and 1892. They were wrong, quite wrong. They were pessimistic and their pessimism subverted their judgment. But that is a by-gone. They have fully atoned for their lapse, as have the thousands of Canadians who followed them in their daily salaams toward Washington. They have since that time served their country faithfully and well. Sir Wilfrid, especially, has performed magnificent imperial services such as Mr. Foster can never hope to equal. Therefore let Mr. Foster forget some things, even as there are some events in his own career which he is glad to have the general public forget. Political life in this country is distressing enough without adding charges of personal disloyalty and deception.



IT is not the province of this journal to defend or attack either political party. It is not for us to say that the country would be better governed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier than by Mr. Borden. Nevertheless we frankly admit that the longer the naval policy is discussed,

the more convinced we are that the Opposition attack upon the Government's proposal has not been well planned. It is quite true, and we cannot see why the Government does not

more frankly admit it, that the authorities in Great Britain were anxious to see a system of direct contributions inaugurated. It is also quite true, Liberal statements to the contrary notwithstanding, that Canada's present proposals did not meet with the approval of the British representatives at the Defence Conference last summer. It is also quite true, according to our view of the course of events, that the Government is now willing to go much farther in meeting the British view than it was even eight months ago. The Opposition have accomplished something. They have forced plans for a larger Canadian navy than was first intended and have so forced the pace of public opinion that the "speed" of Canada's contribution has been materially increased. While they have accomplished something, they might have accomplished it without trying to cast aspersions on the ability of Canada to construct warships and to equip and man successfully a naval unit. They might have argued more effectively for an "emergency" contribution had they cast fewer aspersions upon the proposed "tin-pot" navy, or "tin-pan navy" as an angry subscriber to the Canadian Courier describes it in a recent communication.



SIR FREDERICK BORDEN rather took the wind out of the Opposition's sails when he read the cable from the Australian Government to the effect that Australia's naval unit cannot be used in an imperial struggle without the consent of the parliament of that colony. The Australian fleet does not pass automatically into the hands of the British authorities on the declaration of war. This, of course, does not prove that Canada is right in adopting a similar provision against automatic transfer, but it kills the argument that Australia is less independent than Canada.



SIR FREDERICK also made clearer the details of the Government's proposals. There will be two training ships, one on the Atlantic and one on the Pacific. These two have been purchased from the Admiralty and will be here shortly. The *Rainbow* is not as large as the *Niobe*, but the latter will carry a crew of 600 men. While these vessels are training Canadian officers and men, the work of building the new fleet will be proceeded with either here or in Great Britain. Ten vessels will be constructed at a cost of ten or twelve million dollars. In addition, a naval college will be built and equipped. The total cost for the first five years will be about as follows:

<i>Rainbow</i> , bought from Admiralty	\$ 1,000,000
<i>Niobe</i> , bought from Admiralty	1,075,000
Naval college and barracks	715,000
Maintenance first year	1,250,000
" second year	1,500,000
" third year	1,700,000
" fourth year	2,250,000
" fifth year	3,686,000
Cost of four cruisers and six destroyers	12,000,000

Total cost in five years\$25,176,000

Thus the government has undertaken to spend at least the value of two Dreadnoughts within five years. Surely this should be sufficient to satisfy even the most ardent anti-German in the country. Surely it will fulfil any obligation of this country to contribute to imperial defence, coupled as it will be with probably a hundred millions spent upon new canals and new railways. To add to this an "emergency" vote of twenty-five millions of dollars for the purchase of two Dreadnoughts would be navalism gone mad. Surely rampant navalism would be as disastrous nationally as rampant militarism.

According to the *Toronto Mail and Empire* the total cost per annum will be \$7,000,000. Judging by past experiences this will be more nearly correct than the government's estimate of \$4,000,000.

Whatever else may be said, no person can deny that the proposed navy will be a cheap and tawdry ornament. It will be more expensive than Canada's present militia force, and that has always been considered quite costly.

NOW it appears that Mr. Redmond is no greater than Parnell and that he will support Mr. Asquith only on the condition that he bring in a Home Rule Bill. For a time it looked as if Mr. Redmond would be statesman enough to put Home Rule after the budget and the abolition of the Lords' veto. Many people saw in this supposed attitude, a quality of mind which indicated real leadership. These people are apparently doomed to bitter disappointment. The Irish Party are open to make a deal, and the men or party who is known to have no higher standard of public service than that is tolerably certain of being ignored. If the latest despatches correctly state the attitude of the Irish Party, then Home Rule is a long distance away. Mr. Asquith will refuse to make such a bargain, so will Mr. Balfour. Then there is nothing for the Irish Party to do but refrain from voting on the budget or to vote against it. If they refrain they write themselves down as selfish and inconsiderate politicians. If they vote against it, they will precipitate another general election which will take away from them the balance of power which they now possess. This at least is the Courier's guess.

CURLING is the winter sport of men, as hockey is of youths. There is this difference, however, that while all Canadian hockey is tintured with professionalism and most of it blackened by unsportsmanlike conduct, curling is a gentleman's game. Every player pays his own expenses, and all the larger prizes become club property.

Curling is peculiarly local. The curlers of one province know little of the curlers of the other. Down east, the men in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia meet annually in inter-provincial contests, but this is exceptional. Strangely, too, for the purposes of curling, Ottawa is in the Province of Quebec, while Kingston and Brockville have conflicting emotions. Out west while there are no inter-provincial matches, there is a succession of bonspiels where men from the three prairie provinces are accustomed to meet.

The greatest annual event in Canadian curling is the Winnipeg Bonspiel. It is the king event in the curling annals of North America. It is provincial, inter-provincial, and international. No skip, with local fame in the roarin' game, has achieved permanent reputation until he has taken a rink to Winnipeg in February. The results are read with keen interest by every real curler in Canada, and also by many in the leading cities of the United States. This year there were approximately 800 contestants, including a dozen from Ontario and a score from the United States. The Manitoba Curling Association is to be congratulated upon the magnificent success which has attended its twenty-first annual bonspiel.

STRANGELY enough, the suffragist agitation in Great Britain seems to have had greater influence in Canada than in the country of origin. Every provincial legislature, and this is the month in which most of them are busiest, is face to face with some suffragist enthusiast. In none, however, is the agitation likely to have real results. Perhaps the women and their admirers expect only an educational campaign.

Mrs. Fessenden of Hamilton, well known in connection with her work in the establishment of Empire Day, has a sensible letter in the *Toronto Globe*. She expresses her belief that the municipal vote will be sufficient to tax the spare energies of most women. Indeed, the very small vote polled by women in the municipal elections proves conclusively that there is no real anxiety on the part of Canadian women to play a larger part in public affairs. There is everywhere a feeling that women should be better informed on social questions, and this may ultimately lead to an enlarged franchise.

Mrs. Fessenden objects to a general women's suffrage because women are in the majority, and would thus assume too much responsibility. She wants the laws made by those who have the physical power to enforce them. As for the claim that women would purify politics, she argues that history does not support it. In Utah, women are keener on polygamy than the men. Moreover, women being sentimental are likely to do wrong as rashly as men do under election excitement. This is the experience of the United States and New Zealand. Mrs. Fessenden is to be congratulated upon her sensible

and well-reasoned presentation of the arguments against the extreme suffragist. Women must always have some influence in politics and political life, but that influence is perhaps more potent when indirect.

ACCORDING to the *New York Times*, Mr. B. E. Fernow, German by birth, United States by adoption, and Canadian by present domicile, is the man who started the policy of conservation on this continent. It was he who made Gifford Pinchot and Mr. Roosevelt enthusiasts. He founded the American Forestry Association in 1884 and was instrumental in having created a department of forestry at Washington. While head of that "division" of the Department at Washington, he interested Mr. Gifford Pinchot, a young Yale graduate, and he went to Germany to study. Fernow got him into the Forestry Commission, and he finally succeeded Fernow in the "division." In 1898, Dr. Fernow went from Washington to Cornell, and nine years later he came to the University of Toronto.

In short, Fernow made Pinchot, Pinchot made Roosevelt, and Roosevelt made the conservation of national resources a live topic all over the North American continent. Canada owes much, and will profit much, by the work of these three enthusiasts.

WARSHIPS AND SHIPBUILDING

MANY persons have believed that the Canadian naval policy would be a step forward in laying a foundation for a steel shipbuilding industry for the Maritime Provinces. The *Halifax Herald* disagrees. In its issue of the 10th inst., it speaks editorially thus:

"But about the only thing, or best thing, that can be said in favour of the Laurier programme, is that, if the proposed vessels are to be built in Canada, it will afford the Dominion Government an opportunity or excuse for assisting steel shipbuilding in this country.

"But the Government needs no such round-about and expensive excuse for affording public assistance to steel shipbuilding in Canada.

"That is something that the Government should have done long ago, and something that could be done openly, and avowedly, and that would enlist popular approval.

"But what sane man or Government would propose that, in making a beginning of steel shipbuilding in Canada, the very first work should be the construction of a warship?

"The mere asking of this question should be enough to bring down general condemnation on the Laurier programme.

"It is true that steel shipbuilding should be promoted in Canada, and that the Dominion Government should assist in such promotion; but it should be done as a worthy and proper project in itself and quite apart from the building of warships, which would certainly be the most unsuitable of work for an infant enterprise to undertake."

Protection Still in Difficulty.

Editor, Canadian Courier:

Sir,—In your reference in this week's *Courier* to Great Britain's customs collections, you are hardly fair, I think, in your comparison with Canadian customs. Many, probably most, of the duties imposed by Canada are not entirely placed on imported articles for "revenue" purposes alone, but for "protective" purposes. This does not apply in a single instance with respect to customs collection in Great Britain.

You have certainly read the lesson of the "German scare" very truly, but am afraid you, together with many other loyal Canadians, have misread the signs of the times respecting Great Britain's drifting toward higher duties; until you and other Britishers (who ought to be better informed, being on the spot) convince the great English manufacturing centres of the beauties of protection, this policy has a hard row to hoe yet. The North, the hard-headed business North, is more Free Trade than ever, as even the Northcliffe-ridden *Times* has to admit. Unless this great and busy portion of England can be converted, protection will hardly come to Great Britain.

I would also point out that Wales and Scotland are still undivided on this question. Like the North of England, they are firm for Free Trade.

Trust the present English Government to raise enough money for pensions and Dreadnoughts and many other social purposes without reverting to Protection again.

Yours truly,
Montreal, February 12th, 1910. SUBSCRIBER.

A Fraud Upon the Empire.

(*Mail and Empire, Toronto.*)

The Imperial authorities asked us to help them on the ocean in the hour of need.

Our Government responds with a scheme to build a flotilla of small ships that will be useless for defence purposes.

Is that the way to answer the call of the Empire?

For this nonsense we are to pay \$16,000,000 down and \$7,000,000 a year forever.

Is this common sense?

Why not set aside this expensive and unnecessary project and do something that is real for the Empire to which we belong?

Two Dreadnoughts for the Royal Navy would be a gift worthy of the great Dominion.

MEN OF TO-DAY

MILITIAMAN AND BANKER

CALL in at the palatial offices of the Home Bank on King Street, Toronto—it used to be an unpretentious building on Church Street before the Home Savings Loan Association became a bank—and you will find one of the quietest general managers in Canada. He is Col. James Mason, who has lately been gazetted to the full rank of Colonel in the Canadian Militia. Col. Mason is one of the most untalkative men in Canada. At first you think him unsociable; but that's a mere impression: get him loosened up on some subject in which he takes a particular interest and he quite forgets how time flies. In that respect he is like a good many military men; fond of reminiscences—of which he has an abundant store.

Col. Mason's connection with the militia of Canada dates back a good deal farther than his attachment to the Home Bank. His active memories run clear back to the Fenian Raid when he served as a youthful private in the Queen's Own.

Captain in the Royal Grenadiers, he was one of the frontiersmen in the Riel Rebellion of 1885. Fish Creek was the place where he saw the best of the fighting in that affair; and Fish Creek was a lively spot; the place where the halfbreed rangers, a sharpshooting lot of horsemen cached away in rifle pits and ambushes of all sorts, picked off Middleton's men to their hearts' content for a while. Captain Mason at the head of his company volunteered to Middleton to lead his men across the South Saskatchewan and rush the pits. Middleton cautiously held him back; long enough for Dumont and his sharpshooters to crawl out and hit for the outer marches. However, Capt. Mason was able to get a wound from the rifle pits of Batoche, which was the last engagement in the war.

Military honours came to the Captain thick and fast after the Rebellion. He was gazetted Major of the Grenadiers in 1888 and Lieut.-Colonel of the Grenadiers in 1893. Six years later he retired from the Grenadiers and was appointed to the command of the Fourth Infantry Brigade. He represented Canada at the Queen's Diamond Jubilee in 1897; on that occasion being presented to Her Majesty. At the Quebec Tercentenary last year he was in charge of a brigade of infantry; decorated with half a dozen medals and crosses—the general service medal, the Northwest medal, Diamond Jubilee decoration, and the Cross of the Order of the Hospital of St. John in Jerusalem. He is an active man who takes an interest in all the things that take a militia-man into contact with the constructive life of the country; and his appointment to the full rank of Colonel carries with it the endorsement of militia and civilians alike.



Colonel James Mason,
General Manager Home Bank.



Mr. Joseph Bernier, M.P.P.,
St. Boniface, Manitoba.



Senator W. C. Edwards,
A Lumber King.

AN ELOQUENT PROVINCIAL LEGISLATOR

MR. JOSEPH BERNIER, M.P.P. in the Manitoba Legislature, is the case of a French-Canadian who has got in the West some of the outlook that makes the travelling French-Canadian one of the broadest and best citizens in Canada. We are accustomed to considering the French-Canadian as a parochial character, which he sometimes is because of his intense local attachments to the place that gave him birth. But even the members of the Quebec Legislature have a bigger outlook than they used to have years ago, and the French members at Ottawa have the Canada-first-as-part-of-the-Empire feeling in a still larger measure. Perhaps it is safe to say that the French-Canadian member of the Legislature in Manitoba or Alberta has quite as broad an outlook as any of them. In fact, Mr. Bernier has a view of the navy question that looks a deal bigger than the views of some of his English-speaking fellow-members in that very same House; for it was just the other day that Mr. Bernier gave utterance to an expression of opinion that went far beyond the half-Canadian, Dreadnought policy enunciated by the Roblinites. He is for an imperial navy; quite independent of politics to which properly the question does not belong. In which respect he is a hopeful sign of the times when apart from race, language and religion the problems of empire are being discussed.

Mr. Bernier was born at St. Jean, P.Q., in 1874; son of the late Senator Bernier. He was but six years of age when he went to

Manitoba, so that he had the advantage of growing up in the country; a mere lad in the fur-post city when the first trains went in over the C. P. R. He was educated at good old Boniface, where the bells ring over the River Red; afterwards at the University of Manitoba, where he got his degree of M.A. at a time when university degrees were not so fashionable as now. He chose law for a profession and was first elected to the Manitoba Legislature in 1900; again in 1907. He is a past president of the St. Jean Baptiste Society of Manitoba.

AN OTTAWA LUMBER KING

ONE of the most prominent of the coterie of lumber kings who make their homes in Ottawa is Senator Edwards, who is equally well known in politics, lumbering and in the raising of stock, and is one of the most active members of the Conservation Commission. The Senator is far from being one of the somnolents—which a certain class of half-public opinion has set down to the discredit of the Upper Chamber in Ottawa. In that aggregation of capable intellects that gives so critical and rather august a complexion to the red chamber, Senator Edwards is one of the most aggressive. He is a public man who when not in the Senate mixes hard in the public and business life of the capital. Even as a lumber king alone he is entitled to prime consideration. Not so rich as Mr. J. R. Booth, whose wealth is uncountable, he is much more of a public man. His experience in Canada is life-long. His father came to Canada in 1820 and settled in Russell County when that county was fair in the woods. The Senator was born in the woods—in 1844; born to the lumberman's life at a time when agriculture was just beginning to emerge from the forest primeval. His interest in farming is not that of a hobbyist. He understands how the farmer had to fight his way up with the axe, the plough following the cross-cut saw and the peavey. As a lumberman he knows the value of conservation. His mills have helped to remove many a square mile of Canadian forest. It was part of the way of the times. The country had little else but its mills; and if the mills stopped the industrial life of the country stood practically still.

So he has seen Ottawa grow from Bytown dimensions to what it is now, the "Washington du Nord"—and he lives now on Laurier Avenue right next to the Prime Minister who coined the modern phrase. In the days when Senator Edwards' mill whistles first blew down the valley of the Ottawa it would have taken a cleverer man than Laurier to foresee in that crude, unshapen Bytown the remotest resemblance to Washington. He formed the lumber firm of W. C. Edwards & Co. just one year after Confederation when the pines were still standing by the acre on the Laurentian hills. He entered the House of Commons in 1887 and remained a member till 1903, when he was made a Senator.

Senator Edwards is perhaps as much entitled to distinction because of shorthorns as on account of either lumbering or politics. He is said to have one of the finest herds of shorthorns in America; which is a distinction that falls to but few senators or members of Parliament. Rockland, Ont., about thirty miles out of Ottawa, is the place where the Senator raises his prize cattle. Look through almost any catalogue of pure Scotch shorthorns and you will find pictures of some of the beauties raised by Senator Edwards at Rockland. If you are reminded of an art exhibition catalogue it is because the animals are as comely as artists' pictures, and because the price set on such a rare bovine as "Emma the 47th" is considerably over a thousand dollars. Senator Edwards' shorthorns are not raised for beef—though the present agitation over the high price of steak makes the consumer feel as if he were buying nothing but thoroughbred sirloin.

A DISTINGUISHED PATIENT

CANADIANS who respect the remarkable intellectuality and public spirit of Mr. Goldwin Smith will hope that the distinguished patient of the Grange may remain for some years yet a man of to-day. The recent accident by which the greatest scholar in America broke a thigh-bone has a somewhat ironical character. A few years ago the Professor, just beginning to be somewhat of a hermit in his movements, even while he remained a cosmopolitan in his writings, said to the writer that he had about given up going down town except in his carriage. "There are so many street-cars, automobiles and bicycles," he said, "that I feel much safer hobbling about this old place of which I have been the natural *custos* so many years."

THROUGH A MONOCLE

THE THEATRES OF SPAIN.

THE popular theatre in Spain is run on what is called the "hour system." That is, you do not go to the theatre to spend an entire evening listening to a play of three to five acts; but you drop in for an hour and in that time you hear a complete playlet, often of several acts. There are usually four of these "hours" during the evening, the first beginning at a quarter after seven, the second at half-past eight, the third at a quarter to ten and the fourth and last at eleven. So little do they expect the same audience to stay through the entire programme that not infrequently the same play is repeated during the evening. Thus in a programme of the "Teatro Cervantes" of Seville which lies before me as I write, "Las Mil y Pico de Noches" is named for the "primera seccion," and also for the "cuarta seccion." The price for a "butaca con entrada" for each "seccion"—that is, for an orchestra chair with the right of entrance to the theatre (which is often sold separately in Spain)—is one peseta or twenty cents. A box (platea) with four "entradas" costs five pesetas and a half, or \$1.10. Then the prices grade down until you can get standing room in the top gallery for fifteen centissimos or three cents. To be perfectly correct, I should say that the orchestra chair (with the right of getting in to it—quite an essential to its enjoyment) costs 18 cents, while the other two cents go for a revenue stamp on the sale of the ticket. In the case of the three-cent tickets, one-fifth of a cent is put down for the stamp.

* * *

LIKE most Latin nations, the Spaniards apparently seldom reserve theatre seats except for grand opera; and then—in Spain—it costs extra. This seems to me a much wiser plan than ours. It is truly an awful responsibility to bind yourself to go to the theatre next Wednesday night, be it calm or stormy, be you well or ill. When Wednesday comes, you may not feel in the least like going to the play or, indeed, anywhere away from your own fireside. Yet you pledge yourself to go, and put up a deposit which will be a forfeit if you do not keep your pledge. The light-hearted Spaniard does nothing so foolish. When he feels like going to the theatre, he just puts on his hat and goes; and his wife "and his sisters and his cousins and his aunts" do likewise. They look upon going to the play as a form of amusement, and they do not intend to make a task of it. One result of this is that it is almost impossible to tell, outside of opera and serious productions, what is going to be played at any particular theatre a day in advance. You must wait for the announcement of the day to be put up, which usually happens about ten in the morning. Possibly—if you are a Spanish business man—you take note of it on your way home to luncheon; and that evening at dinner the family decides whether it would like to drop in to the theatre for an hour—and for what hour. It is all very easy and irresponsible and quite what amusing one's self should be.

* * *

THE subject of the plays is usually precisely what the tourist would have—native themes. The street scenes that you see during the day are reproduced to the life on the stage at night. One act will show the characters waiting at a railway station, and quite possibly they will kill time by introducing a native dance. Another act will hinge upon the fact that what is apparently a blind beggar, is not a beggar at all—nor a particle blind. But the street scene surrounding him might be taken from in front of the theatre in the morning. The adventures of a shrewd countryman who always manages to outwit the more knowing ones who try to swindle him, are always popular; and they particularly like to see him succeed in some far-away city, such as Paris. The triumphs of Spanish dancers in such surroundings is also pleasing. Sometimes they import a play, as, for instance, "Raffles" at a Madrid theatre, and the "Merry Widow" (condensed to an hour) everywhere.

* * *

YOU can never tell during one "hour" what the audience is going to be like for the next. One night I dropped in for the hour I usually patronised—that beginning at 8.30—and found as usual plenty of room in the orchestra chairs. When that performance was over, I thought I would like to stay for the next hour; so I gave the attendant a peseta to go out and re-book my seat. When he came back, instead of leaving me where I was, he insisted on my moving away back, almost to the last row. Of course, I protested; but he

insisted that all the nearer seats were sold, though there had been very few in at the previous "hour" and no rush now in sight. But in a few minutes, he was justified. A perfect procession set in through the doors, and the house was packed. All the clubs in the city must have marched on us "en masse"; for most of the new arrivals were obviously club men. I wondered at their unanimity; but a study of the programme explained it. During this "hour," there was to be an "estreno," that is, a premier performance of a play. These were what George Ham calls the "connoosers" who had come to judge it.

* * *

THE Spanish acting is—like that of all Latin artists—natural, vivacious and captivating. I was reminded constantly of the work of Paul Marcel's company of French players in Montreal. There is the same luxurious plenitude of action—the same easy power of being perfectly at home—the same absence, except in passionate scenes, of all appearance of acting. Beauty is not made so much a point in the selection of either actresses or choruses as it is with us; and the dancing is far more restrained and modest than is usually seen on our stage. Dancing here is an art—not an adventure into the daring. Humour is plentifully sprinkled throughout most performances, and is keenly appreciated by the audiences. The Andalusians especially love wit. Scenery is simple but sufficient, and we would think the mechanical contrivances primitive. But they thus take their proper secondary place to the acting. Altogether art is supreme and ostentation absent.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

Millionaires and Pictures

WHILE Canada watches Wall Street for stock market quotations, it is none the less certain that Gotham keeps a pretty shrewd eye on Canada. Not long ago a well-known Canadian artist was in New York and called on a picture dealer there who became quite curious about Montreal and Toronto. Happened that he had several European pictures which he had not yet disposed of to his New York patrons.

"Say! You've got some pretty rich men up in Toronto and Montreal, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes, we've a few."

"Well, let me see—oh, yes! d'you know So-and-So?" mentioning three or four prominent financiers up this way.

"Oh, very well, yes."

"Well, say, I'd like to sell them those D'Aubignes and Corots. I'll sell the lot for seven thousand. Tell you what—you put in a word or two that'll close the deal, and I'll give you two thousand rake-off. Eh? That's pretty good commission."

But the Canadian artist didn't see it that way.

PREMIER ASQUITH'S LAMENT

How the Punch Cartoonist regards the result of the General Election.



THE MANDATE.

Liberal Champion.—"I asked for a charger and they gave me this!"

SNOW-SHOE RACES ON A BLUSTERY DAY

Photographs by A. A. Gleason.



The Snow-shoe Races at St. Hyacinthe, P.Q., on February 5th, were favoured with very blustering weather. This picture shows the Officials discussing matters of importance. Snowshoers were present from all the big Clubs in Eastern Canada, that are members of the Canadian Snow-shoe Union.



Spectators watching the Races. Lukeman of the Montrealers won the 100-yard in 8½ seconds—a wonderful feat. McCuaig of the same club won the three-mile but was beaten in the mile by Hebert of the Nationals. The Montreal A.A.A. won 14 out of the 21 places.

TANKARD CURLING OF 1910

By J. K. MUNRO

CURLING appears to have its fashions. Last year everybody seemed to yearn for the material prizes that go to bonspiel winners and the good old Tankard that for thirty-five years has been the blue ribbon of Ontario curling was somewhat neglected. This year the bonspiels have been few and unimportant, while the ninety clubs of the Ontario Curling Association have swung back into line and joined in a roaring race for the honour of carrying off the silver can that has to be tinkered with toothpicks to make it hold the refreshments with which the winners never fail to fill it. Just how much of this fresh enthusiasm is due to a redistribution of the groups that sends sixteen group winners to the finals at Toronto instead of the eight of other days is an open question, but certain it is that the new grouping furnished the best finals the Tankard competition has ever seen.

Good grouping, coupled with lots of early ice for practice enabled the clubs to play to form—and any close student of the "roarin'" game will tell you that curling runs to form better than any other sport. And the net result was that sixteen of the classiest curling clubs in Ontario earned the right to start in the finals. Of the sixteen, fourteen faced the starter, while the absentees were Owen Sound, whose bonspiel clashed with the final dates, and Southampton, whose star performer and his rink were away to Winnipeg in a chase after the jewelry the biggest of bonspiels offers.

But the rest looked well on paper and just as well on the ice. From the north came Collingwood with Wynes and Vernon holding the brooms. And every curler who meets this pair knows that he has his day's work cut out for him. From farther north still came Parry Sound, the terrors of every bonspiel in newer Ontario.

From the east came Lindsay, the veteran Flavelle, winner of a thousand games and more than one Tankard, in command, and George Little as his running mate. Belleville came, too, the best of a weaker group and good enough to make an argument if not to win a game.

Stratford, Galt, Grand Rapids, Fergus, Lucknow, and Glanford came out of the west. The latter were the ones folks wondered at. How did they beat Dundas and Hamilton Thistles? But they turned up a husky lot of young men who had to be watched all the time. To be sure their life in the finals was a short one, but the clubs that defeated them had to work all the way.

The city was represented by Queen Citys and Granites, the latter last year's Tankard winners and the former their dearest enemies. Everybody in Toronto admits they are the strongest city clubs, while their reputation abroad is enhanced by the

fact that Major Bob Rennie skips a Queen City rink while Tom Rennie skips a Granite quartette and his brother John plays third for him. That name Rennie carries weight in the curling world, you know. More than one country rink has been beaten by the sound of it.

Anyway, by the time all those group winners reached Toronto there weren't many really crack rinks left in the outlying parts of Ontario. They were all there and ready for the fight and with such a gathering of the clans there could be nothing to it but excellent curling. And excellent curling there was in abundance. A soft spell that happened along in the middle of it gave the soft ice curlers a chance but the beginning and end were on good ice and the surprises were few indeed.

Lindsay, Toronto Granites and Queen City's were the choice of the wise ones to furnish a winner and as they were all drawn in the same half of the grouping the less likely ones had a chance to fight it out among themselves for a place in the big finals. Stratford were looked for to win this section but Grand Rapids after winning from Glanford in a close finish took on the Classic City club on soft ice and in a slugging match managed to win out by a single shot on the last end and make curling history as the first club from the United States to ever reach that stage of the competition.

In the other section, Granites after disposing of Queen City lasted long enough to beat Lucknow in the slush and then outcurled Lindsay in a game full of exciting situations and good shots. This brought Grand Rapids and Granites together for the trophy. The game was played on a perfect sheet of ice at the Queen City Club and goes down in history as one of the best of many well played final games. The Americans lacked the skipping ability of the Canucks but their accurate playing and the sporting chances they took kept them in the game till the last few ends when the steady, heady curling of the Granites gave them a winning lead.

And those two rinks of Granites are well worthy of special mention. The same eight men playing the same positions won the Tankard in 1909 and in the Canada Life Competition, in which ninety-three rinks started this year, they were the two survivors who faced each other in the final. Tom Rennie skips one with his brother John as vice, and two newspapermen, Bert Nichols of the *World* and Charlie Knowles of the *Telegram*, playing second and lead respectively. This rink in the Tankard last year and the Canada Life and Tankard this year have a record of nineteen straight wins to their credit.

H. T. Wilson skips the other rink, with Dr. Hawke vice, R. Hunter second, and F. Tremble lead.

Which is the better of the two? That is a hard question. Both are very strong in front and have skips and vices who know every trick of the stones and every curve of end architecture. And what makes them seemingly unbeatable is that both skips are "pinch" players, that is when a shot has to be made to save the situation they will make it no matter how hard it is to make.

Now that's a good deal about the winners, but as they have made such a record that will probably never be equalled in curling in Ontario, they're probably worth the space. No eight men ever won the Tankard twice in succession, and then followed it up by cleaning up all the really good prizes in the Canada Life, the second largest curling competition in Ontario.

But just a word about Collingwood, those good old pluggers from the north. Lindsay put them out of the Tankard, but it took the last stone on an extra end to do it. Then they turned in and pegged away till they had cleaned up all the others and carried off the Governor-General's prize. And in the final game of that consolation series they had the satisfaction of meeting Lindsay once more and getting revenge for their only defeat. Collingwood have been plugging along doing pretty well for years and they should soon be due to carry off a Tankard.

Besom and Stane at the 'Peg

NOW comes the great Winnipeg bonspiel, beginning last week; which is to Winnipeg what the Mardi Gras is to New Orleans or the Ice Carnival to Montreal. For the past ten days the wheat city has been a fore-glimpse of what it will look like in 1913 at the Selkirk Centennial. Rinks gathered from east and west and south and north; three from old Ontario; a dozen from new Ontario — for they're used to rocks and "stances" up in that country; six from Minnesota; from Saskatchewan and Alberta several rinks; balance of 187 rinks from Manitoba, including Winnipeg, compared to 160 rinks last year. In the game on February 12th Winnipeg defeated the world in the blue ribbon event; twenty-eight rinks from the city lining up against twenty-eight from among all comers, whom they defeated by an aggregate margin of sixteen points.

No curling event in America compares to this and no winter event anywhere is more interesting. It's the international and inter-provincial Scotch picnic of the greatest curling Monte Carlo in the New World.

ON TRAIL FOR GRANDE PRAIRIE

The Land of Chinooks, Marvelous Scenery and Fertility Beyond the Steel

WHERE is Grande Prairie? That is the question being asked by a large number of people; but how to get there interests a few who live in Edmonton or thereabouts. Grande Prairie is part of the so-called last great west in the Peace River country—this is not a real estate advertisement, for as yet there are no real estate advertisements in Grande Prairie, though heaven knows how soon they will arrive when the homesteading begins to become general and homesteaders of this year become the speculators of next, pushing their own frontier farther and farther afield from the railway.

This is part of the unrailed land; a land so fertile that according to some who have been there raising casual crops, there is nothing better in the valley of the Saskatchewan or the Bow or the Red. There have been as many stories about the Peace River valley as about the Garden of Eden. But the consensus of really valuable experimental opinion seems to be that there are three great valleys in the Peace River country capable of great crops and a large and prosperous population of producers. At any rate, the railways are heading out that way from Edmonton; at the present time three transcontinentals and two or three other subsidiary lines, all tracking to tap the fertile reaches of the Peace *en route* to the mountains and the sea.

But long before the railways began to yearn for that country the prospector had been in. Of course everybody has heard about the Lawrence Bros. of Vermilion and Allie Brick, the flour-bags and the grist-mill. It is well known that though the Grande Prairie is far to the northwest of Edmonton its climate is even more moderate, being tempered more seductively by the stray chinooks that straggle in there from the coast through the Rockies. Parties have been going in for years from Edmonton. Three years ago outfits drove in *via* Athabasca Landing, which is a round-about route but had the main-travelled road a good deal of the way. Two years ago one A. M. Bezanson drove up in a sleigh with a caboose, taking his wife; and he settled in Grande Prairie ahead of the railway. He had already written a book about the Peace River trail because he had put in a couple of years mooching round over it, wanting to know and wanting the rest of the world to know about it also. He had nothing but praise for the country. Years ago the Klondike overlayers saw the fertile valleys of the Peace, the first body of white men except fur traders to behold it. They built their boats at Peace River Landing and began their water voyage through a charming and a pastoral land that reached away illimitably from the river. But their main interest was in getting through the country to where the gold was—and they took more than a year to do it. Nowadays in Edmonton they are outfitting and arguing and have been holding public meetings to discuss ways and means of getting to the Grande Prairie and no farther; hundreds of men who desire nothing better than to get there ahead of the railway, to homestead and to drive stakes and to be the pioneers in a new land of promise and production.

The extension of the railways has set most of these people speculating. Two roads have pushed well out in that direction south of Athabasca Landing, the old travelled route, but still heading towards the head-waters of the Athabasca and the Smoky and the Findlay and the Parsnip and the Peace, which rise in the mountains and run up to the northern sea through the Mackenzie. Entwhistle, on the Grand Trunk Pacific, is the Pisgah from which some of these people have been seeing the promised land. The people who propose to trek in to Grande Prairie held a meeting in Edmonton not long ago—

as was noted in the columns of the CANADIAN COURIER last week. They mapped out a route. It was an interesting convention; present some old-timers who had driven stakes in Edmonton when it was a hundred times harder to get at by cart than Grande Prairie is now by train and trail. John McDougall, veteran fur trader and merchant prince and land king, was chairman of the meeting. He recalled the old days, as could Hon. Frank Oliver had he been there. The journalist was present; the scribe ready to chronicle the annals of the new Jerusalem—to wit, Mr. F. D. Piche, editor of the proposed *Peace River Pilot*—blessedly auspicious name! He intends to set up his case of type and his hand-press at Entwhistle and from there, the end of civilisation, record the short and simple annals of the new colony. The lawyer was there. Mr. Ray proposes to open a law office at Grande Prairie. He knows very well that even in a modern Garden of Eden there will be disputes and titles to record and claims to file.

The Way of the Trail.

Well, the idea of the moving colony is to entrain as far as Entwhistle and from there to go on runners fifty-five miles to Whitecourt, which is at the confluence of the McLeod and the Athabasca—

tieth and got over the Athabasca on the 28th. A few days later the river broke up. Our waggons were freighted with from thirty to thirty-five hundred pounds and the north shore of Lesser Slave Lake we found to be utterly impassable for our loaded waggons. We were stuck. We tried to pack around but gave up the idea and determined to wait until the ice went out of the lake, to ship our goods by boat. We got the oxen around the north shore all right and shipped our goods across the lake. June was free from rain and we continued our tour reaching Beaver Lodge by way of Peace River Crossing and Dunvegan on the 12th of July. After looking over the country we moved on to our locations on July 28th, two weeks before the land was surveyed by Mr. McFarlane, when we took out declarations on scrip.

"We found black surface soil from four to eight inches in depth, and a subsoil of chocolate clay from four to six inches in thickness. The soil is very uniform in Grande Prairie and the country rolling. Some of our party have found springs. The water appears to run in veins rather than a sheet of water.

"From our location we can see Nose Mountain forty miles away to the west, and about 125 miles distant we can see some twenty snow-clad peaks.

There is plenty of timber for building purposes—spruce and poplar. The gardens which we saw were excellent in every way. Everything from tomatoes to potatoes ripened in the open. Since reaching Grande Prairie our party has enjoyed the best of health. One family, the Millers, had illness among four children almost constantly in Ontario. They have had no sickness whatever up there. The farmers in Grande Prairie much prefer oxen to horses because of the great cost of oats. Oxen grow fat on the prairie grass. The settlers are without exception well satisfied with the country and are very sanguine of the future."

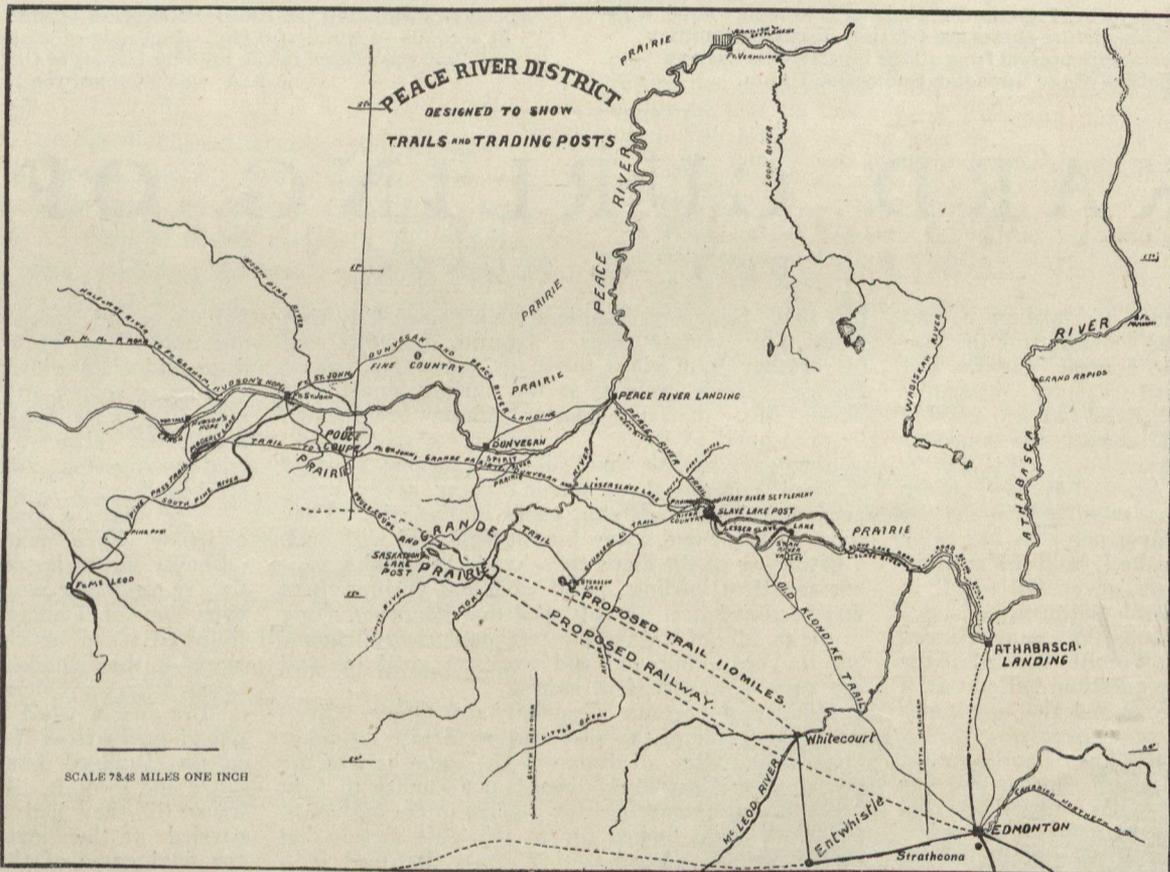
The Stage Setting on the Athabasca.

Even old-timers who have been in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Co. for half a century sometimes mention the wonderful beauty of the scenery in the Peace River valley. A well-known ex-Factor now living in Edmonton spoke recently of

a trip he once made with a Beaver Indian down along the lower waters of the Smoky. It was in the fall of the year; the time of hoar frost. They camped by dusk at the confluence of the Smoky and the Athabasca; the stolid Cree never saying a word. At sunrise they got up. At the tepee flap they stood gazing on a splendid, indescribable picture; the bluffs and headlands of two silent, silver rivers garbed in a most astonishing fabric of dazzling white that sparkled and coruscated like a web of star-dust upon millions of little poplars and galleries of far-rising hills. For nowhere else in America at least can be seen such hoar frost as in that land to the north of Edmonton. For a moment the Beaver was speechless. Then a sort of sunrise went over his face. He raised his hand.

"Beautiful!" he said; which was the first time the Factor had ever heard the Indian give vent to a word of admiration.

The air in that country has been highly praised by those who live there. People in Edmonton, which is near the highlands of the Saskatchewan believe that the air there is about as crisp and exhilarating as can be found in Canada. However, when it comes to real air values it seems to be largely a matter of comparison. Some years ago a lanky bronchobuster from Dunvegan, which is the edge of the last-horse country, was down in Edmonton part of the winter. He shivered and snuffled and grousched about the damp wind—which to the easterner seem-



Map of the Land from Edmonton to Grande Prairie; showing one actual and one proposed Railway, and the Trail from Entwhistle on the G.T.P.

this over a main travelled trail; thence blazing a new trail 140 miles to Grande Prairie. Of course there were dissensions and there are difficulties. The high price of food is a drawback; also the fact that the new trail made at the settlers' own expense would be useful only in winter when frozen. Peter Gunn, who is the M.P.P. in the Alberta Legislature for the land lying round Entwhistle, says they can all get in there and have a fairly good time provided they are willing to use the axe.

Meanwhile other settlers who went in last year by the longer route have come out to civilisation and have told how they got in. It was last April when the party headed by Mr. J. E. Gundin, now of Beaver Lodge, Grande Prairie, thirty-one people and seventeen yoke of oxen and fourteen waggons of supplies headed away from Edmonton for the partially unknown. Recently Mr. Gundin came out and brought back with him, not bunches of grapes on poles as the spies did from the land of Eschol to the camp of Moses, but a good lively fact-story of how they got in and out again, coupled with the best of advice and a few adventures. His party was known as the "bull party" owing to the number of oxen. Here is the story of the times they had:

"February the fifteenth," said he, "is the latest any party should start for the Peace River country over the old trail. The chinooks of the north make the roads bare and the rivers break up two weeks earlier than here. We left Edmonton on the twen-



Survey Camp at the Big Eddy of the Athabasca River, Alberta, beyond the Valley of Grande Prairie.

ed about as dry and snappy as air ought to be. "Gosh!" he said. "Up at Dunvegan we have air what is air. Yeh can eat the air it's so dry. This here blame stuff is so wet yeh have to drink it." He was from the highlands of Athabasca; a real climatic aristocrat who never would be happy

anywhere distant from his own hills of the north. Of course there's a good deal more than mere air and scenery to contend with in that country. But those who go in ahead of the railway and put in a year or so as the trail-breakers of Grande Prairie or the Pouce Coupe will remember some

day that there was one glorious period in their lives when nothing was commonplace except natural hardship.

Just the other day a fox-skin came to Edmonton from Grande Prairie, which sold for \$1,075.00, the highest price paid for a silver fox skin this season.

A MONUMENT TO SELF GOVERNMENT

By NORMAN PATTERSON

FOR some time Sir Sandford Fleming and the Canadian Club of Halifax have been working on the project of a monument to colonial self-government. Originally the idea was to commemorate the fact that Nova Scotia was the first colony within the British Empire to inaugurate au-

tonomy. Now it is proposed that this symbolic memorial shall be made commemorative of the establishment of autonomy throughout the Empire. Instead of being a local movement it is to be an Imperial movement.

The monument is to take the form of a memorial tower, situated in a park of one hundred acres which was presented to the city of Halifax by Sir Sandford Fleming. The Canadian Club of Halifax undertook to provide funds for the erection of the tower, the foundation stone of which was formally laid by Lieut.-Gov. Fraser on Oct. 2nd, 1908. The Club received contribu-

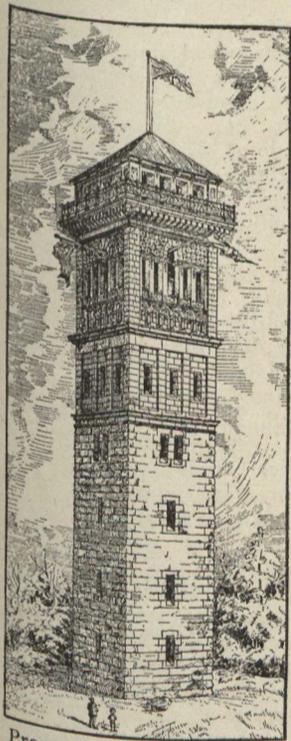
South Africa feels a sincere sympathy with the proposed memorial tower and will interest itself in the project. Sir Sandford and the Halifax Canadian Club do not desire that the other Colonial Governments contribute large sums, but simply that they will be represented either by public or private contribution so as to make the memorial tower a really Imperial movement.

In the pamphlet which has just been issued by His Honour, Judge Wallace, President of the Canadian Club of Halifax, the reasons for the broadening of this movement are well set forth as follows:

"It will be apparent, that there is nothing narrow or provincial in the earnest desire, to obtain the sympathy and co-operation of the sister states of the Empire, in the project of a Memorial Tower at Halifax. It will be obvious that we are simply taking advantage of an exceptional opportunity—an opportunity which should not be neglected, of enlisting our fellow-subjects beyond the seas, in a common sentiment and a common purpose. If nothing else resulted, the mere effort to bring them thus together, with the corresponding awakening of interest and sympathy, must have an important and highly beneficial effect on our mutual citizenship. The character of the building itself, its architectural design, or the amount of money to be expended upon it, are matters of comparatively minor importance. The vital consideration is, the spirit that lies behind the project. This building will commemorate one of the most significant events in history, it will tend towards a sympathetic union of the far-flung members of the British Empire, and thus enhance a thousand-fold the value of the memorial. In the Halifax Tower will centre memories, hopes and ambitions that will gain significance and importance as the years roll on. It will take its place, not as a merely local or provincial monument, or one whose appeal reaches only to the utmost boundaries of the Canadian Dominion, but as an embodiment of the spirit which animates the people of the Empire in both hemispheres.

There is no doubt that in undertaking the work which they have done, Sir Sandford Fleming and the Canadian Club of Halifax are performing a real Imperial service. The growth of autonomy throughout the British Colonies during the past century and a half is of great historical importance. Unless this bit of history is constantly kept before the minds of succeeding generations its importance is likely to be forgotten. It is well then that there should be continually and constantly a review of the great but peaceful struggles which have occurred in the development of Britain's colonial policy. The great boon of British Parliamentary institutions and of

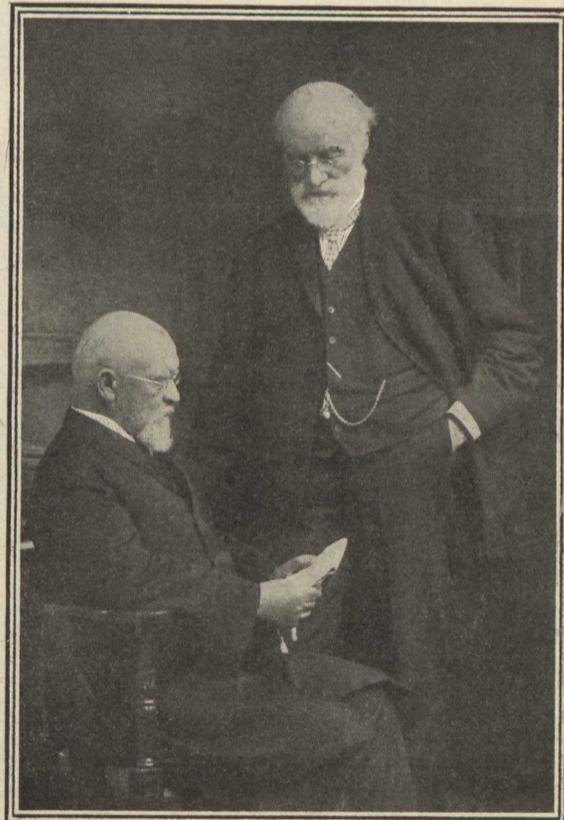
the British system of personal and national liberty has been extended to a tremendous number of people of different races scattered throughout five continents. What this has meant and what it will mean in the future to these widely scattered communities cannot be over-estimated. A memorial tower at Halifax which will commemorate this movement in general as well as in detail will form a worthy monument in granite and bronze. The lower part represents the period from 1758 to 1840, when representative government existed. The next and slightly more ornate portion represents the period from 1840 to 1867 when colonial responsible government was enjoyed. The upper and most ornate portion represents the period since Confederation. The interior will be suitably arranged and decorated to commemorate the great men and important events in the history of the Empire.



Proposed Historical Tower.

minion Government, from the various provincial governments, from the Government of Newfoundland, and from other Canadian Clubs throughout the Dominion. It is now proposed to ask the co-operation of the various colonies, chiefly of South Africa, Australia and New Zealand.

Sir Sandford Fleming was a great friend of the late Honourable J. H. Hofmeyr, of South Africa. These two gentlemen met in London at the Colonial Conference some twenty-three years ago. They met again in Ottawa at the Conference in 1894. Last year they again met in London and this project was discussed. Mr. Hofmeyr's death broke off the correspondence, which has since been taken up with General Botha, Prime Minister of the Transvaal. General Botha has assured Sir Sandford that



The late Hon. J. H. Hofmeyr. Sir Sandford Fleming, K.C.M.G. Photograph at the Imperial Defence Conference last summer.



HUNTING IN THE ARCTIC

On the Trail of the Musk Ox in Ellesmere Land

By HARRY WHITNEY,

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author

ARTICLE NUMBER SIX



MY initiatory Polar bear hunt took place in late October, 1908. We were in winter camp at Annootok and our hunt was to carry us north to Humboldt Glacier, a favourite rendezvous for bear, while the land behind is fairly well stocked with reindeer.

My personal outfit included a sleeping bag, two changes of boots, three pairs of stockings, one pair of big bearskin mitts with three pairs of lighter ones to be worn inside, one pair bearskin pantaloons, one fox-skin coat, and four deerskin *kulctars*. Our party was composed of the elder Oxpuddyshou, the oldest man of the tribe, with fourteen dogs; Kulutinguah, with twelve dogs; Kudlar, with ten dogs; and Ilbradou, with fourteen dogs, the last named also a very old man. Oxpuddyshou was my personal companion, and it was with his sledge that I travelled.

The morning was bitterly cold. The dogs left the station with a rush, impatient to be away, as is their habit always upon beginning a journey, but heavy, soft snow soon brought them down to a slow and tedious gait. Two young dogs in Oxpuddyshou's team presently declined to pull, and the impatient and enraged Eskimo mercilessly beat them to death with the handle of his whip, cut their harness, and left the carcasses on the ice. For a time the remaining twelve worked well, but at length one of them also lagged, and much time was lost in frequent halts while Oxpuddyshou beat the dog until the unfortunate creature began to bleed at the nose, and it too was cut loose and left for dead.

It was not in my power to prevent this inhuman treatment of the dogs. It is, in fact, not an unusual occurrence among the Eskimos, and they regard it as quite right and conventional to thus mete out punishment to dogs that for any reason decline to do their full share of the work expected of them.

The delay caused by the frequent halts to beat the dogs lost us much valuable time, resulting in the other sledges leaving us far in the rear. However, the remaining dogs settled down to good, steady hauling, and on reaching smooth ice late in the day, a speed of from four to four and a half miles an hour was attained; when we halted to camp by the side of a large island of ice, we had covered twenty-three miles.

The night was dark as pitch and the cold was intense, bitter, penetrating. My sleeping bag was too small for comfort, my tent crowded with three occupants and very cold. All this brought home to me the fact that an unpleasant experience lay before me, comparatively unaccustomed as I was at that time to winter travelling in the Arctic. However, I promptly fell asleep and slept so soundly and well that I scarcely realised I had lain down when stirring Eskimos advised me that it was time to be up.

My oil stove lighted and my kettle over for tea, I went out of the tent to run up and down on the ice for fifteen minutes to get my blood to circulating. In all my life I had never beheld such a morning, nor such a combination of dreary desolation and wonderful beauty.

The waning moon was very near to earth. A multitude of stars shone from a deep-blue sky with a brilliancy I had never before witnessed, and so close that I fancied I could almost reach them with my hand. Even the horizon seemed but a step away. Frost rime hung in the air like a transparent veil of spun silver and the white expanse of snow and ice glistened in the starlight

like a world of magnificent crystal.

Bacon and tea were my breakfast, and then began an unbroken march of fifteen hours to a miserable camp under the cliffs at Cape Russell. North of Cape Russell an open lead of water, varying in width from fifty to one hundred yards, was encountered, and for three miles offshore it was followed before a suitable crossing place was found where new ice had bridged it. This ice was very thin and bent under the weight of dogs and *komatiks* as we hurried over it, but did not break.

Now rough ice, exceedingly difficult to negotiate, was encountered, and the drivers made free use of their whips. It is remarkable how expert they are in handling this weapon. It has a short, stiff handle and a walrus-hide lash, twenty to twenty-five feet in length, and the Eskimos, who wield it equally well in either hand, can cut with never failing accuracy the delinquent dog aimed at.

The ice foot here must be very old. It is two hundred yards wide and fully twenty feet thick. Presently we climbed it and on the upper level found a clear, fine road of smooth and perfect ice. Two hours after dark Cape Scott was reached. Here we found Sipsu's *tupek*, and lying around it nine deer-

skins, two large Polar bearskins, and a great deal of meat piled up and covered with rocks, but no sign of the hunters themselves. As quickly as possible I put up my tent, got my fires going, and had a generous supply of Sipsu's deer meat in the kettle cooking for supper.

I had just crawled into my sleeping bag when I heard the crack of dog whips, and presently Tukshu, Awhella, and Sipsu arrived, each with a *komatik* heavily loaded with meat. The three Eskimos had killed eleven deer and two bears. All day they had been hauling the meat out of the hills, and were now making ready to begin their return journey to Etah in the morning.

I settled for sleep, but in a little while a pandemonium of fighting, howling dogs and singing Eskimos struck up, making it evident that a celebration was in progress and that sleep would be out of the question. So I decided to rise, join the hunters, and make a night of it.

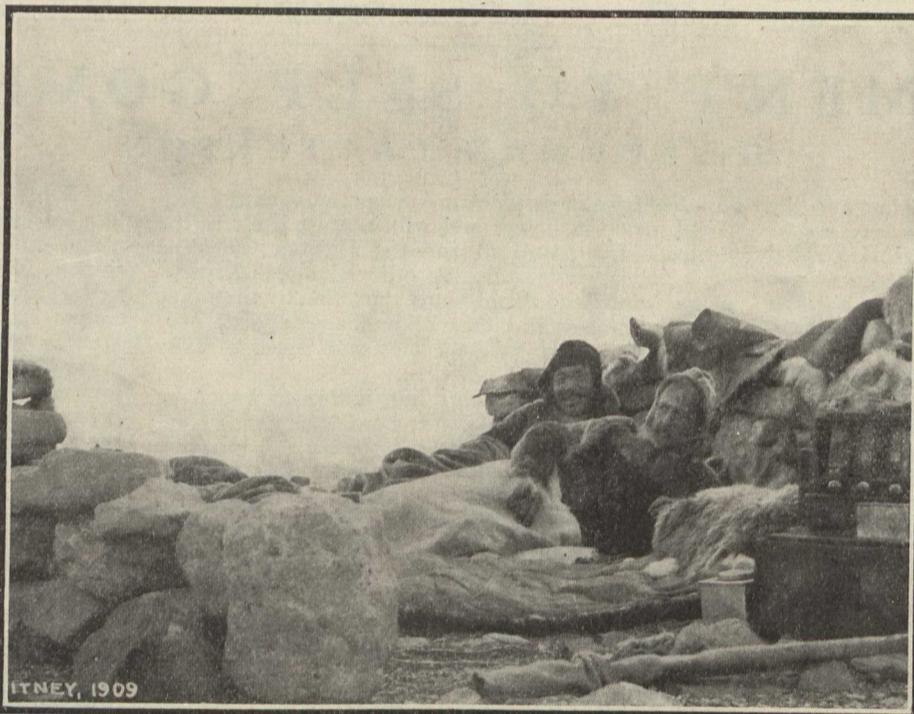
A spectacle, weird and impressive, met my view. With bear and seal fat for fuel, the Eskimos had built a large fire. The flame shooting high in air spread its light for a long distance, illuminating the surrounding icebergs, the blue-green masses of the nearer ones reflecting the light or casting uncanny shadows, while those in the distance stood out in fantastic silhouette against the darkened sky beyond. The effect was beautiful and indescribable. Around the fire were gathered long-haired, dark-hued, fur-clad savages, feasting on raw meat or singing their native chants, while wolflike dogs skulked in the background.

I joined the group, hoping that the fire might spread a glow of warmth, but I was disappointed. Here I talked over a plan of action with my own party, and it was decided that Kudlar and one other should go inland and hunt for deer, while I, with the remainder of the Eskimos, continued on the ice to look for bear. An equal division was made of biscuits, sugar and tea, and through Sipsu's generosity a quantity of deer meat was added to our supplies.

Long before daylight Sipsu, Awhella, and Tukshu turned southward with heavily loaded sledges, while our party headed northward, the two deer hunters leaving us at Brooks Island. We who were after bear skirted the island, then headed west off the front of Humboldt Glacier, picking our way through rough ice between the icebergs.

After a few hours of hard work, bear tracks were sighted. We gave chase, but they soon turned into rafted, broken ice so rough that further progress in that direction with the sledges was impossible, and we were forced to turn back. Presently on a large pan of smooth ice we came on the tracks of a number of bears, but all were so old that the dogs failed to catch the scent, until at dusk we fell again upon a fresh trail. Here the animals took the scent and were off on a dead run. It was highly exciting. Not a sound broke the silence save the panting of the dogs and the occasional bump of the sledges over small lumps of ice.

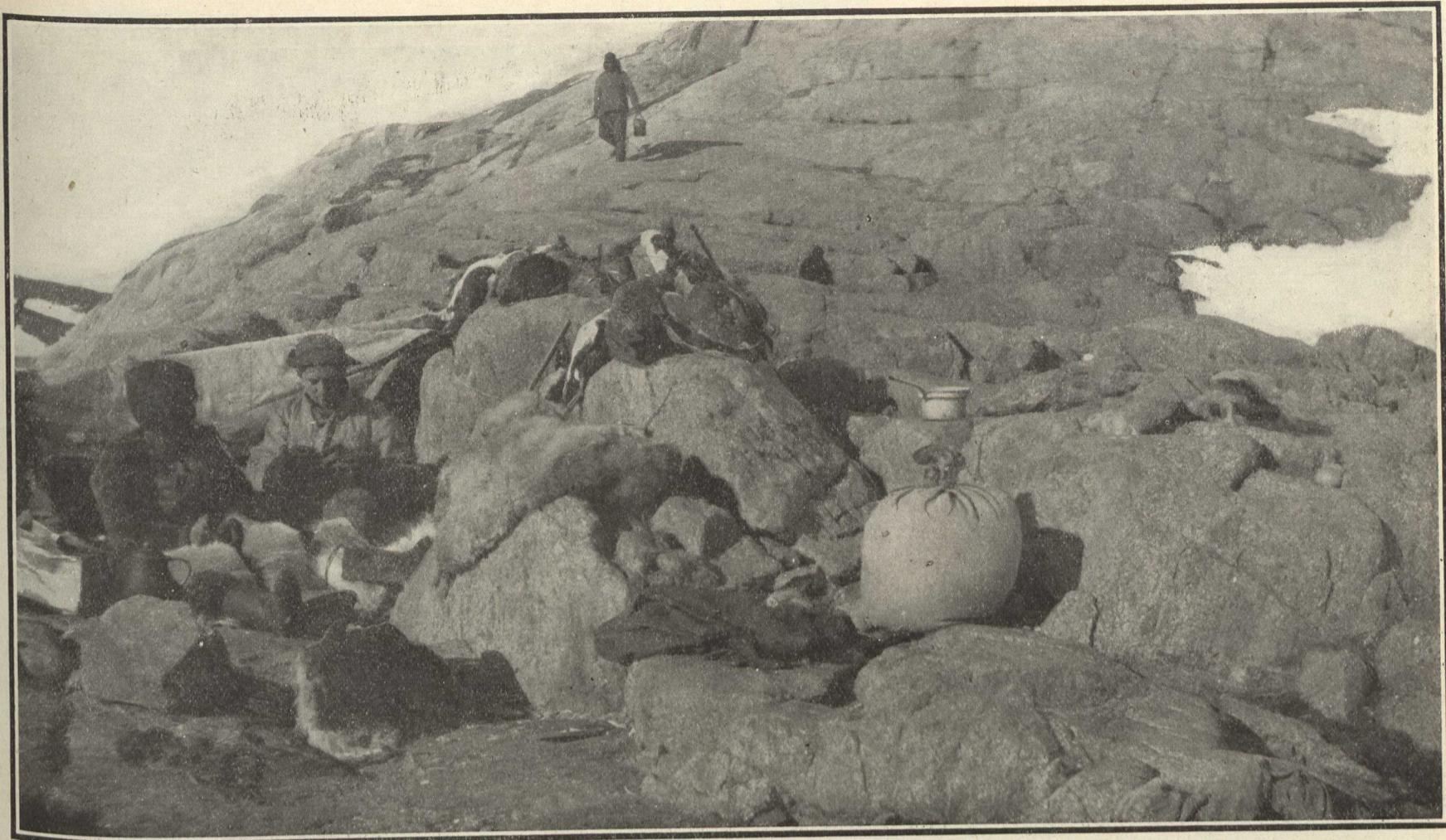
Ilbradou and his dogs, not far behind, was quite invisible through the cloud of steam that rose from the bodies of the heated dogs; I could not make them out, in fact, until they drew close alongside Oxpuddyshou. Every moment now I hoped for a shot at the bear, but disappointment came again. Suddenly the trail, like the other one we had followed, turned into rough



In Camp on way to Bear Country—near the Humboldt Glacier.



On the way to Humboldt Glacier to look for Bear.



Duck Shooting in the Arctic Circle—This wonderful photograph was taken by Mr. Whitney on Littleton Island. The bag in the foreground contains eider down.

ice, and thickening darkness compelled us to relinquish the chase.

Here we camped. The Eskimos, fearing that they might be attacked by the bear as they slept, placed their rifles alongside their sleeping bags with elaborate preparation for defence. As for myself, the nights prospect was miserable. My feet and hands were already numb with cold, and my sleeping bag, at best too small, now frozen hard with moisture from my body, refused to admit me. My tent, completely covered with a crust of frost, was hardly less comfortable than the open.

Under these conditions I slept but little, and was indeed thankful when morning came. My thermometer was gauged to register only to forty-eight degrees below zero, and there the marker stood. How much colder it was, I cannot say. My nose and cheeks were frozen and my feet so numb that Oxpuddyshou removed my boots and thrust them under his bird-skin shirt to warm them with the heat of his body.

We had crossed nearly the whole face of Humgoldt Glacier, and not far away lay Cape Webster. Dog food was nearly exhausted. The ice beyond was piled in a rough, impassable mass, and it was decided to turn back to Annotok.

Here we lost the sun. He bade us a final adieu for the long winter, but left a suggestion of his presence below the horizon in a mass of marvellous colourings—red and orange—reaching upward from the white earth beneath into the deep blue of the high heavens.

The travelling was hard and slow. I walked the greater part of the time in a vain endeavour to keep my feet warm. A light north breeze cut through and through, and no amount of physical exertion could overcome its effect.

Near Cape Scott two white foxes were startled and darted away. A few ravens had been seen, but not another living thing was encountered in the one hundred and fifty miles traversed in search of bear. The whole world seemed frozen and dead save only our own struggling selves as we toiled southward.

Below Cape Scott, Kulutinguah joined us. His hunt had been rewarded with one small bear and one deer, and he was ready to go back. Here another miserable camp was made, followed by another day of suffering. As I walked my nose was again frozen, and presently the tips of the fingers on each hand turned white. Then my feet, painful with the cold, suddenly lost all feeling, and I knew that they, too, had frozen. But there was nothing to do but push on and endeavour to reach Annotok as quickly as possible.

When we camped at the end of that march, the Eskimos pulled off my boots to find the bottoms and heels of both feet frozen, how badly they could not tell. They thrust them under their shirts and rubbed

them briskly until the frost was removed. Then I drew on dry socks, and they instructed me to pull on my boots without a moments delay, for had I left them off for even a little while my feet would have swelled to such an extent that I could not have got the boots on again.

The hardest part of winter travelling in the Arctic is the fact that no artificial heat can be had in camp to overcome the intense and continuous cold. My feet were now so sore that I could walk but little and had to forego, therefore, the exercise of running and sit on the *komatik* wrapped in deer-skins.

The Eskimos lightened one of the sledges that the dogs might haul me over rough places, but riding under these conditions was anything but a pleasant experience. For two days I was unable to make entries in my journal, but it was the same story of intermittent rough and smooth going, miserable camps, and unvarying cold.

At last we reached Annotok. The little box shack was warm and cozy and the most comfortable place it has ever been my experience to enjoy. My feet were so swollen that one boot could only be removed by cutting it away. Both feet were blistered and some flesh pulled off, but I was thankful to find that the toes were uninjured.

The Eskimos were very kind to me. Kudlar's *kooner* (wife) brought me a pair of warm, comfort-

able bearskin slippers, and it was only a matter of a few days when I was able to walk again.

Thus ended my first bear hunt in the Arctic, unsuccessful and disappointing, but full of experience. Later I was more successful, but the only difference of the later trip from the one which I have described was in the fact that I got some bear. If anything it was less arduous and adventurous than was the trip which ended in failure.

The season most popular among the Eskimos for bear hunting is during the moonlit periods of the Arctic night. This is a fascinating time to be abroad among the icebergs, illumined as they then are with a weird and changing light.

But so far as my observation goes, big-game hunting in the Arctic is very tame sport. The effort and hardship called for in reaching the haunts of the animals alone give value to the trophies and furnish the necessary interest and adventure. Whether bear or musk ox be the object of the chase, the ending is always the same; dogs bring the quarry at bay, and it is then simply a question of shooting the cornered animals at close range.

However, I am well pleased with my year's hunting under the shadow of the Pole, though I have at present no desire to repeat it. It was a year filled with valuable experiences.

THE END.

Conservation and Development

CONSERVATION has struck the continent of America with the force of an epidemic. It is rife at both Ottawa and Washington. For the past few weeks it has furnished reams of copy to newspapers on both sides of the line. A few weeks ago Canadian papers printed column after column of a masterly speech by Hon. Clifford Sifton, chairman of the Canadian Conservation Commission. Just previous to that the United States papers were engaged in a good-sized national controversy over the dismissal of Gifford Pinchot from his position at the head of the Forestry Service owing to a quarrel with Secretary Ballinger of the Interior. A week or so ago Canadian papers were again devoting columns to the wrangle over the St. Lawrence Power Co. and the Long Sault Power Co., who desire to erect dams and horsepower contrivances at the Long Sault on the St. Lawrence and have been urging their claims before the Canadian Section of the International Waterways Commission.

At this convention was read a communication from Hon. Clifford Sifton on behalf of the Conservation Commission practically forbidding the

power companies so to do. Were present delegates from Montreal, from the towns lying about the Long Sault and from Toronto. There were two camps of opinion. Naturally the Cornwallites and those from the environs desired the dams and the horsepower—notwithstanding the fact that most of the power would be exported to the United States, where most of the capital would come from. They foresee a possible industrial development; somewhat of a rival to Niagara. Wherever you find cheap power nowadays there will you find the heart of the people who have it within transmission distance. If the towns in the nearby of Cornwall can get a boost from cheap power into industrial eminence—why not get it? No harm done; no matter where most of the capital comes from or where most of the power goes to.

However, delegates from Montreal think differently. They argue that the proposed dams at the Long Sault will interfere with the deep water plans in the harbour of Montreal and with the extension of navigation on the lower St. Lawrence. Montreal is interested in shipping; having plenty of power of her own up around Lachine and near by.



A Winter Landscape—Oil Painting by A. Suzor-Cote, recently purchased for the Canadian National Art Gallery.

A Painter of Winter Landscape

By ST. GEORGE BURGOYNE

A DISTINCTIVE national art, the product of slow evolutionary growth, has not yet come to Canada. Nevertheless, the past twenty-five years has seen a marked impetus to the encouragement given artistic tendencies in this country, and the work of native artists is now attracting the attention of critics in Europe and the United States.

As yet the influence of the Continental schools must in the main be reflected in the viewpoint and technique of Canadian artists. At the same time there are those who possess marked individuality, and more particularly is this evidenced in landscape work.

Much promising material remains yet to be exploited, and the tendency in producing scenes essentially Canadian has been to over-emphasise the months of autumn and winter—either a blaze of orange and amber, or bleak dreary stretches of snow with the inevitable pine woods.

Most of the notable work, moreover, has been along winter landscape lines. Mr. Horatio Walker has done much meritorious work, and although he is a member of the National Academy we still jealously claim him as our own. Among the artists in the Province of Quebec who have successfully painted snow scenes with forceful realism may be mentioned Mr. Maurice Cullen and Mr. A. Suzor-Cote. The former during the past summer touched the fringe of a hitherto little exploited field, and in his Montreal studio are numerous promising studies of icebergs off the Newfoundland coast. Mr. Suzor-Cote has also brought a fine colour sense and deft-

ness of execution to bear on his work in delineating snow-clad country.

His picture "The Hillside Settlement, Winter," recently exhibited at the Royal Canadian Academy in Hamilton, and purchased by the Advisory Council for the National Gallery at Ottawa, reveals in colour, composition, and technique a maturity which promises much in the future. The landscape with the sunlit snow, across which fall transparent shadows of blue, the rich sombre green of the pines, the log huts and the weather-stained tree-trunks all develop a scheme of palpitating colour surcharged with charm.

Mr. Suzor-Cote depicts the texture of snow with the touch which denotes long study and faithful observation. Painted with vigour and directness there is still the suggestion of fleeciness—snow instead of whitewash.

Equally faithful has been his painting of snow elsewhere than in Canada. The writer recalls a small canvas showing early spring in a village outside Paris. The atmosphere is softened with a melting mist of elusive silver grey, and beneath the warming rays of a pale sun the colour of the roofs shows through the patches of dissolving white. Gaps of nondescript tone are revealed in the meadowland, and there is in the picture the magic music of eaves dripping water and the gurgle of brooks freed once more.

Mr. A. Suzor-Cote was born at Arthabaska, P.Q. His father, who died in 1904, was a notary with highly developed artistic tendencies. In 1890, the young student went to Paris, where he studied alter-

nately at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts and at Julian's Academy. Four years later he exhibited at the Salon, was awarded a medal at the Universal Exhibition, 1900, an Honourable Mention at the Salon the following year, also being by the French Government in that year created an Officer of Academic.

His works represent a long list, but among the principal ones is a pastoral, exhibited at the Salon, 1898, and acquired by Mr. L. J. Forget, of Montreal; "Poachers near the Fire," purchased by Mr. E. H. Lema, of Montreal; and the "Return from the Fields," Salon, 1904, acquired by the Canadian Government.

His historical picture, "The Landing of Jacques Cartier at Quebec, 1535," shown at the Salon of 1906, has been characterised by Sir William Van Horne as the best historical picture in America.

The well-known New York millionaire, Mr. Thomas F. Ryan, in 1908, commissioned Mr. Suzor-Cote to paint four large decorative panels for his castle in Virginia, and also a life size portrait of his mother.

In December last he was commissioned by the Speaker of the Upper House at Ottawa to paint the portrait of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and has recently completed one of the Hon. P. Pelletier, Speaker of the Lower House at Quebec. At the present time he is engaged in the vicinity of his home upon a series of rural scenes for Mrs. Fulford, of Brockville, Ontario.

Several galleries in Europe and America have examples of his work, and he is also favourably known in Paris as a sculptor, his first work, "The Canadian Trapper," representing an old Canadian hunter pulling a fur-laden toboggan through deep snow, being exhibited in 1907 at the Salon of La Societe National des Beaux Arts. Music and singing have also engaged his serious attention, and only an operation on his throat necessitated the curtailment of his energies in these branches after two years' study at the Paris Conservatory.



THIN ICE

By Isabel E. Mackay

LAST INSTALMENT.

HAD either of the skaters looked backward they would probably have been puzzled by the actions of a little man who followed them. He was an ordinary-looking man, small and stoutish in figure, not the build of man to skate well, yet they never succeeded in leaving him far behind. When Klein fell this individual did a queer thing; he skated to the bank, slipped off his old-fashioned spring skates, and started along the shore on the run, following the direction taken by Peter. Only that while Peter had to round the curve the little man could cut across it.

Klein did not see the man. He was too much occupied with his injured foot, which he nursed assiduously, until he had seen Peter disappear, then, with a facility marvellous in one so incapacitated, he rose and skated slowly back toward the crowded ice.

Rutherford never once looked back. He had fancied that he heard a cry—Margaret's cry. He drove ahead like a madman. Underfoot the ice was getting rougher; it was no place for a girl to skate alone. He was past the curve now and could see a little better but not far ahead, the whiteness of the snowy banks seemed to blind him. The ice was bad.

"Margaret," he shouted, "Margaret!" Surely that was a cry. Although almost at the limit of his speed he forced himself forward. There was a belt of darkness ahead. What was it? He tried to stop, the ice seemed to melt beneath his feet, the belt of darkness flew to meet him—a last wild effort to save himself, and he was struggling in the icy water!

Even then he did not realise what had happened—the true meaning of that mad race. His one thought was that Margaret might have met this fate—that somewhere in that icy flood she, too, might be struggling for her life!

His gloved hands clung to the broken ice, but, try as he would, he could not lift himself, the current ran too strongly. His limbs were already numb. The relentless stream tugged at him, pressed against him, trying to drag him down. Its force was terrible, he could not resist it long. In a few moments he must give up the unequal struggle and then the fierce current would suck him down—under the ice!

"Margaret, Margaret!" he shouted. His strength was going. A moment more—and then—

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SPOT ON THE ICE.

Margaret was seated in the ladies' room, drinking coffee. In a plumed hat and old-fashioned velvet riding-dress she made as fair and sweet a Flora McDonald as ever gladdened a Prince's eye. But at present the pretty brows were puckered in a frown and beneath the wide skirt an impatient foot tapped nervously.

"I don't believe I want more coffee, Teddy," she said, surveying her cup doubtfully. "It is your duty to want it," responded Teddy Clarke, virtuously, "you are not here to consider your feelings but the feelings of the Hospital. The Hospital wants the ten cents—do you hesitate?"

"Not for worlds," she said hastily, handing her empty cup. "Tell them to put lots of sugar in. If I'm going to be a martyr I want my money's worth."

When the coffee came she drank it slowly. After all, it was as good a way as any of concealing her impatience besides providing a sufficient excuse for not appearing on the ice. She did not want to skate until Peter came. But what was keeping Peter? His delay puzzled and worried her, for she knew that only something of importance would prevent his coming and things which were of importance to Peter seemed to her very important things indeed.

Teddy Clarke, who was balancing on his skates by the stove, began to regret that he had insisted on the second cup. Girls take such a long time to drink coffee. Margaret, he thought, wasn't anything like as good fun to-night, anyway. Perhaps he ought to ask her if there was anything the matter. They were friends who had known each other from child-

hood and felt a proprietary interest in each other's feelings.

"I say," remarked Teddy, sitting down beside her and indicating the slowly emptying cup, "when you don't like anything, it's best to take it all in one mouthful—then it's over."

Margaret laughed. "You don't need to wait, Teddy," she said lightly.

"Oh, I don't mind," resignedly. "I can stand it if you can."

Margaret looked up and saw that for the moment they were alone in the room.

"Teddy," she said seriously, "I wish you would do me a favour. Go and see if Mr. Rutherford is on the ice."

Teddy looked at her. "Rutherford?" said he blankly, and then as the light began to break, "why of course—Rutherford! What a blind bat I've been!"

"Stop fooling," said Margaret, "and go and do as I ask. Mr. Rutherford was to have driven me out but sent word that he was detained and would meet me at the car. He missed the car I came on, but there has been another since then. He may have come on that. I wish you'd see."

"I know without seeing. I saw him about half an hour ago racing up the river with Klein. At least I thought they were racing. They were close together and going like mad—there's Klein now, skating past the window, I'll ask him—Hi! Mr. Klein, Hi!"

Klein, who was skating slowly and carelessly watching the skaters, turned at the call and, before Margaret's protest could frame itself, had entered the little room.

"Did you call, Clarke? Good evening, Miss Manners."

He came toward Margaret, smiling and with outstretched hand, but the girl turned coldly aside without speaking. Klein, usually extremely sensitive to a slight, did not appear offended in the least. His smile was brilliant and he warmed the disdained hand at the stove with every appearance of satisfaction.

"Where did you leave Rutherford?" asked Clarke, serenely unconscious of this by-play.

"Rutherford?" vaguely. "Leave him? What do you mean?"

"I thought he was skating with you."

"No. I saw him up the river a while ago. He passed me, going like the wind."

"How far up did he go?"

"Don't know. He seemed in a hurry. I thought, with a scarcely perceptible glance at Margaret, that he might have had an appointment. If I see him I'll tell him he's wanted. Not skating, Miss Manners?"

Margaret did not answer and, raising his cap courteously, Klein skated indolently away.

"That's odd," said Clarke. "I would have sworn they were racing. What would Rutherford be doing up there alone? It's not safe above the lights. There goes the band. Let's go, Margaret. Any more coffee will make you ill."

Margaret put down her cup and rose, but she could not laugh with him.

"What did you say about—about its not being safe?" she asked.

"It's not safe above the lights. But we won't go there. The reserved stretch is dinky."

"Yes, but—Mr. Rutherford?"

"Oh!" Teddy was prepared to joke, but seeing that her face had really grown paler he said hastily, "Why, there's no danger. Rutherford wouldn't go too far. Even if no one had told him he's too sensible to go poking about in the dark. If you like, I'll skate up and warn him."

Margaret looked her relief. "I wish you would. It is strange he is not here." She blushed prettily.

Teddy, watching her, received another illumination. "By Jove," he said, "it is rather strange. I'll go and find him."

"Let me go, too?" she asked. "I believe I'm nervous. A skate will do me good."

"Come on, then. But honestly there's nothing to get pale about."

As they stepped on the ice the first man they met was Leverage. Leverage in the character of Diogenes, lantern and all. An Indian chief, gliding past, shouted greetings.

"What's the lantern for, Leverage?"

"I'm looking for a man," answered Diogenes, plaintively. Then, seeing Clarke, he touched him on the arm, and added in a lower tone. "That's no joke, either. I'm looking for Rutherford. There's a rumour that he's gone up the river past the lights. He doesn't know they cut ice around the bend. Klein and I are going to look him up."

"We'll come, too," said Clarke promptly.

"All right—oh, good evening, Miss Manners. Say, Clarke, we don't want to take you away from your partner."

"My partner will come too. She wants a spin to warm her up. We won't have to go far. Meet him coming back, likely."

"Of course," said Leverage. "Well, come on."

The little party, consisting now of Leverage, Klein, Clarke and another man whom Margaret did not know, started at once up the river; Margaret and Clarke skating together and rather slowly so as not to provoke questioning; Klein and Leverage going on ahead and the other gentleman, who was a little man in a clown's dress, bringing up the rear.

"Who is that man?" asked Margaret, glancing over her shoulder curiously.

"Don't know. His get-up is so good that I can't recognise him."

"He doesn't seem familiar at all," said Margaret. "But perhaps it's the disguise."

As they skated off, the band, fortified by coffee and hot bricks, burst gaily forth with "The Rocks of Aden," which was always played for the grand march. The skaters began to line up for the dress parade and the carnival was fairly on.

Skating more quickly they soon left the animated scene behind. The bursts of merry laughter, the cheerful ring of many skates upon the ice receded swiftly, the music came in gusts with silences between. The skaters grew fewer until there were only a solitary couple here and there, but though they scanned the faces of everyone they met, no one of them was the face of the man they sought.

When they had passed the last light and could see no one ahead of them Clarke felt Margaret's hand cold through her glove. It was really too bad of Rutherford to cause her such anxiety! Where was the fellow, anyway?

"Stop imagining things, Margaret," he said sharply. "There is not the smallest reason for alarm. A chap like Rutherford can take care of himself."

Margaret did not answer. She had reasons for nervousness of which she could not speak. Her eyes were fixed upon the swiftly moving figure of Klein as if upon Fate itself. She longed to break away from Clarke, to seize Klein by the arm and shriek into his ear her terrible question, "What have you done with him?" Love, she thought, would give her strength to force the truth from his lying lips! All that she had ever thought suspected or feared seemed now only too terribly possible.

"What I think, myself," went on Clarke cheerfully, "is that we're on a wild-goose chase. He has probably left the ice long ago. Perhaps when he found he had missed you he thought you hadn't gone at all and, very naturally, went home."

"Perhaps."

"Perhaps," still more cheerfully, "he met a man who wanted to see him on business and had to go back to town to see about it."

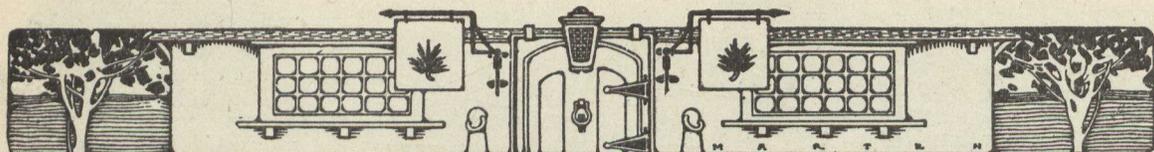
"Perhaps," said Margaret. "Can't we go faster, Teddy?"

They had now almost reached the bend.

"Better go slow here," said Leverage, as if in answer to her question. "Wait till I fix this—blamed—lantern."

They started on again with the powerful lantern (borrowed by Diogenes from a policeman) throwing a cheering stream of light ahead.

The skating was much rougher here and the ice



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE



Lady Marjorie Manners

Eldest daughter of the Duke of Rutland, is one of the cleverest Society actresses, and has taken part in many recent charitable entertainments at the Court. She paints, writes a little, goes racing, acts, sings and finds time in between to play not seldom the Lady Bountiful.

A SONG TO THE AUTOMOBILE.

By INGLIS MORSE.

ON a wintry morn I whirl the crank,
And the engine sputters back;
For the frosty night has deadened its soul
Till it wakes with ominous crack.
In halting rhythm it trembles and purrs,
Then moves to an even speed,
And the pulsing roar of the rear exhaust
Is the voice of a wondrous steed,
Which calls for the road by hill and sea,
The turnpike far away,
And the leagues of vanished landscape dim
To the Inn at the close of Day.

* * *

WOMEN IN ORCHESTRAS.

By SERANUS.

THE title of this paper is in itself significant. It does not refer to what are commonly known as "Ladies' Orchestras," several of which exist in this country and in Europe and are interesting examples of what the fair sex can accomplish when left to itself. These remarks which follow are really concerned with the presence of women—ladies, if you will—in large professional orchestras composed of men and directed by men. That very able journal, the *New Music Review*, of New York, has been paying some attention to the matter, pointing out that women are included in some of the Paris orchestras, and lying before the writer of this paragraph is a picture postcard showing the famous invisible orchestra, at Bayreuth with several ladies at their desks in shirtwaists and pleated skirts. Why should there not be a sprinkling of ladies in the modern orchestra? There are perhaps no really valid objections to them in such a milieu where their talents would always be appreciated and where, it must be borne in mind, they can always have an opportunity of earning a good wage. On the other hand, one sees that if women are to engage themselves in this or any similar professional capacity, certain little matters may impress and affect them, not precisely to the degree of discomfort, but with a sense of newness and of incongruity difficult all at once to understand and accept. Thus, should the

conductor be a foreigner of irascible and violent temper, or a person given to strong language, or even an individual of sarcastic and withering address, some ladies of sensitive temperament or uncertain temper may be induced to forget their professional duties in a way no mere man would. But surely anything of this kind would be extremely rare. The fact that women are ready to take their seats in a professional organisation and be deemed equally necessary and desirable as men is certain to render them above all petty misunderstanding and trifling of any kind. On the score of health and strength perhaps an objection may be filed, but here again we observe that the exceptional woman in all ranks seems to enjoy quite as good health as the average society or domestic woman. We reach the conclusion that if women are good enough and are desired in a professional orchestra there is no vital, genuine reason why they should be debarred from entering upon this singularly delightful, lucrative, and useful calling. And if they are as good as the men, and in many ways often more desirable—they do not drink, are punctual, neat, and attentive, as a rule—they ought to be as well paid. A glance at the chief Canadian orchestra, that led in the city of Toronto by Mr. Welsman, reveals the fact that a number of ladies are found among the first and second violins and the cellos. Here are the talented



Queen Victoria of Spain.

A recent photograph of Her Majesty and her little daughter Beatrice.

mother and daughter, Mrs. and Miss Drechsler-Adamson, direct descendants of the Carl Drechsler who was the friend of Mendelssohn and founder of a large and musical family. Miss Lena Hayes, a clever Torontonian, and her younger sister, Nora, are also among the strings. Both the Misses Hayes are concert performers of distinction. Miss Enid Newcombe, cellist, is from London, England, and very enthusiastic over her work here in Toronto.

Should the board of management of this orchestra decide to dispense with these ladies in the future they will have to work hard to replace them, as they are all artists as well as good and reliable orchestral players.

Not only in Toronto are there many lady violinists, cellists, and presumably harpists and occasional viola and mandolin players, but in Ottawa, where a splendid revival of interest in matters orchestral is taking place, and in Halifax, where an excellent string orchestra composed of ladies gives very good concerts. This, by the way, is an extremely up-to-date organisation, for a flautist and cornettist, both ladies, belong to the orchestra mentioned. Napance is a musical centre and possesses many very musical women. What goes to the making of a so-called "musical" city or community? One cannot always account for a trend in some one direction. People who know say Halifax has always been musical be-

cause of the military bands stationed there so many years. Seaforth and Owen Sound are reported to be musical. The German section of Ontario is musical in its own way. Almonte used to be musical but not Carleton Place or Perth nor Renfrew. Uxbridge bears a good reputation in this direction, but not until lately did Lindsay loom up as a Mecca of strayed revellers and concert companies. We seem to have wandered from the subject of these remarks but the idea in the mind of the writer was to convey some slight information of the part taken by women to-day in music throughout Canada—no small one.

* * *

A HIGH TEA AND AN ADDRESS.

A HIGH tea was given recently at the Royal Alexandra Hotel, Winnipeg, by the members of the Women's Canadian Club, at which the guest of honour was Mr. A. O. Wheeler, F.R.S.C., President of the Canadian Alpine Club.

Mrs. W. F. Osborne introduced the speaker, who took for his text the great and lofty snow-clad peaks that should be the Mecca of all good Canadians. He then proceeded to entertain the assembled audience with a series of excellent canvas slides depicting beautiful views in the Rockies, and lightening the exhibition by many an interesting anecdote concerning the various mountain scenes.

During the course of the address Mr. Wheeler pointed out that Winnipeg, though supposed to have only two interests of importance—wheat and real estate—had a greater capacity than it was generally given credit for. Fifty of the five hundred members of the Canadian Alpine Club are residents of the Prairie City, and three of the Club's best lay climbers are Winnipeg girls.

The election of officers brought to a close this very successful entertainment.

* * *

THE PRINCESS AND THE SHOP GIRL.

SO much has been said and written about the debts of Princess Louise, daughter of the late King of the Belgians, that any story illustrating her carelessness in money matters is of interest. Princess Louise literally does not know what money means.

Some time ago, during a stay she made in Paris, a dress which she had ordered was brought to her hotel. The girl who brought it was pretty and charmingly dressed, with that simplicity and grace peculiar to the little work-girl of the Rue de la Paix. Princess Louise admired the child and told her so, and admired, too, a little silver medal which the girl wore round her neck.

"Perhaps your Highness will accept it," said the work-girl. "It is a medal of the Virgin of Prague."

"That is too sweet of you," said Princess Louise, "and you must let me give you something in exchange to put round your neck."

She gave her a necklace of pearls, with which the girl went off in high glee. She thought they were imitation, and, even so, they were fine ones. But one day, being short of money, she took the necklace to a jeweller's to be valued. It is worth £11,000.



Miss Gladys Cooper.

The latest portrait of this charming actress, who is now appearing in London in "Our Miss Gibbs."

PEOPLE AND PLACES

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

The Man and the System.

"TODAY there is a feeling of pride in the city that Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, the distinguished president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, whose personal influence extends from coast to coast, was born in Milwaukee in the year 1853," remarks Joe Mitchell Chapple, editor of the *National Magazine*. It is a good many years since Sir Thomas called Milwaukee home. The Irish chieftain of the C. P. R. has been a Canadian so long that he has become acclimatised to the extent of a very large salary, a real Canadian aristocratic title, and as high an official position outside of public life as a man can get anywhere. The president of the C. P. R. is almost as much a world-figure as the President of the United States. It was in the beer metropolis of Wisconsin, however, that Sir Thomas Shaughnessy got his first introduction to railway life when he became purchasing agent for the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul. From that to being boss of the mines and the farms, the telegraph wires and the armada of craft which constitutes one of the world's greatest systems of transportation is a long climb. Thus Mr. Chapple explains it:

"When the clear, blue eye of Sir Thomas rests upon a report, or when he strokes his moustache, and quietly gives an order, he represents a remarkable conservation of human energy in handling large projects in a masterly and executive manner. It is this indomitable energy and ceaseless activity that have won for him a leading place in the front rank of empire builders of whom our English cousins are rightfully and naturally so proud."

Note.—We are still looking for the railway president or general manager who is not a "human dynamo" and has not a steel-grey eye; one that is anaemic and gouty, inclined to hysteria and spends his mornings reading French plays in a dressing-gown. There would be some distinctive class to such a man; such a man as a really perfect railway system should be able to afford in times like these. Besides, he would leave so much work for other and lesser people that some of us might get jobs better suited to our individual temperaments.

However, Sir Thomas has some big plans in prospect for 1910. One item is the expenditure of thirty millions improving and extending the C. P. R. Most of this little "plunkie" is to be spent in the West. Double tracking is the first item on the programme. Those who have inside information state that the long awaited double line between Winnipeg and Brandon will be started this year. A flood of homesteaders poured into the country southeast of Lethbridge last month and there is a loud cry for transportation facilities. At Lethbridge and Weyburn construction gangs will be trotted out at once. A gap of two hundred and twenty-five miles on the Outlook-Castor line will be filled, thus establishing direct connection between Moosejaw and Edmonton.

BESIDES extending its lines, the policy of the C. P. R. is ever to keep adding to and perfecting its mechanical equipment. The other day one of the largest engines on the continent came "dead" to Calgary. It was the product of the master mechanic at Montreal. This Rocky Mountain specimen, which is reproduced above, weighs two hundred and fifty tons and its capacity is fifty per cent. better than any other engine on the line.

On Trail of the Deer.

THE latest fad of the Nova Scotia Government is breeding deer. Over in the neighbouring province of New Brunswick the problem is how to get rid of the deer. There the over supply has become a menace. The caribou live in daily terror of the marauding deer, who are working a havoc of extermination among them. It is with the greatest good pleasure that the New Brunswick legislators have granted permission to the fathers of Nova

Scotia to send out woodsmen to rope in twenty prime bucks for purposes of breeding.

* * *

Hints for the Navy.

"NOW, it is well known that government is not very stable in some of the Spanish-American republics, and that the ideas of law, order and personal liberty are very different from those which prevail in Canada; but few Canadians know to how great an extent the safety of Canadian investments and the liberty of Canadians employed in connection with them depend upon the power of the British navy."

This is Mr. Watson Griffin's preface to a romantic story with the colour of a Richard Harding Davis yarn in his article, "How the British Navy Protected a Canadian," (*Busy Man's*). Forty years ago one McGee, a Montrealer, became a citizen of the Republic of Guatemala, and located himself at the pretty port of San Jose. Mr. McGee was a sociable chap and entertained frequently. One evening he was holding a little soiree when the commandant, who is a mighty important South American personage, sent word ordering McGee to appear before him. "No," said the Canadian. A few minutes, and in rattled a bodyguard, at their head the commandant. Without more ado, the irate official and his staff picked up the struggling McGee and consigned him to the military prison. The commandant thought that fifty stripes across his naked back would satisfy him for the disobedience of the Canadian. McGee received them and one more for

good measure. Several months he took to recover from the treatment. While some fellow expatriates from Montreal were nursing him back to health, the British minister at Guatemala got wind of the incident. A warship was immediately despatched to look after the Canadian's case. The commandant was administered a rude jolt. A cable was handed to him containing the information that the British cruiser would reach San Jose within forty-eight hours; also that Mr. McGee of Canada was to be paid by the Guatemalan Government five hundred pounds

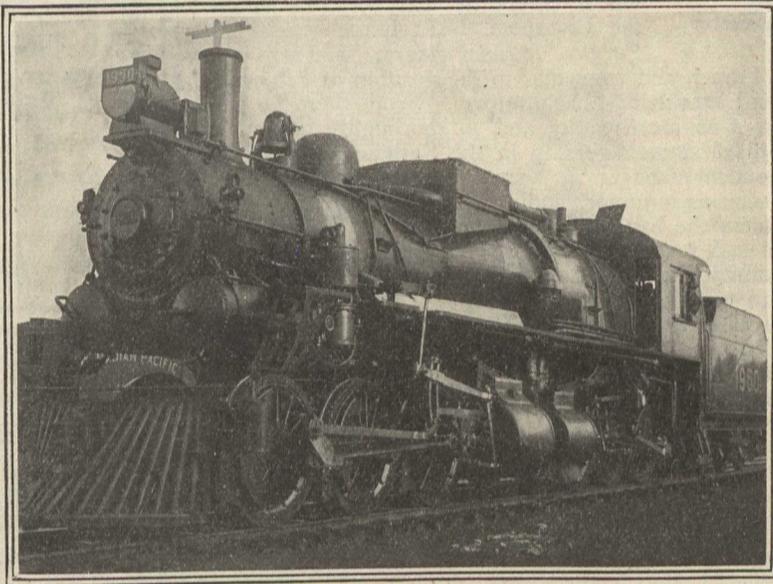
sterling for every cut of the commandant's whip—a total of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars—or San Jose would be razed. The trembling commandant made profuse apologies, gathered together the money and went swearing off to prison. Mr. McGee declined the filthy lucre with thanks.

Mr. Griffin believes that the Canadian navy should succeed to the function of the British fleet in protecting citizens of the Dominion abroad. The stay-at-home policy does not appeal to him. He is of the opinion that Canada's prestige can best be secured "by the maintenance of a strong and efficient Canadian unit of the Imperial navy, which should be ready at all times to co-operate with the British fleets in the North Sea or any other sea, but should have as its special duty the guarding of the shores of Canada and the British West Indies and the protection of British citizens in the countries of Spanish America. In return for this service to the Empire, Canada might without shame depend upon the British navy for the protection of Canadians in other quarters of the world."

* * *

No Preference Allowed.

ALL are equal before the worthy immigration officials of St. John. There is little chance for the immigrant without the price. Be he prince or peasant he is marked "No funds," and out he goes. This was effectively illustrated the other day when a lady, once of the social elite of the British capital, was deported. The woman in the case was Mrs. Ryland, wife of an ex-Lord Mayor of London. She was for a time a resident of Toronto, but came to St. John recently almost penniless. Steerage is the customary accommodation provided for deportees. Stuffed in with the wastrels of the slums of a city where once she was the reigning queen might have been her humiliating fate, had not a charity fund been raised to enable her to travel second-class.



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The New Manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia.

MR. H. A. RICHARDSON has succeeded to a responsible position as general manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia, whose head offices under Mr. H. C. McLeod were transferred from Halifax to Toronto, following the westward trend of trade. Architecturally the Bank of Nova Scotia is the most retiring edifice in Canada; situated in a niche on King Street, Toronto, where the anxious depositor and the still more anxious borrower have to look twice before being sure of the place. The policy of the bank, however, has by no means been so modest. Mr. McLeod was an aggressive man and his retirement from the general managership was given much more space in the newspapers than is usually accorded to retiring general managers. Mr. McLeod had strong differences with the Bankers' Association. He favours government inspection of banks. His remarks smacked of some dissatisfaction with the banking system of Canada, which is known to be as fine a system as can be found anywhere.



Mr. H. A. Richardson,
New General Manager of the Bank of
Nova Scotia.

However, Mr. Richardson has not as yet aired his views. As manager of the Toronto branch, he knows perfectly the attitude of his former chief. But he is a young man who has proved by a career of banking that he believes in doing as much as possible and saying as little as he may. He has been a Bank of Nova Scotia man all his life. When a mere lad down in the Maritime Provinces where he was born, he entered the Liverpool, N.S., branch under Mr. Forgan, local manager. He was soon transferred to the Halifax branch and from that to the position of accountant in the Prince Edward Island branch at Charlottetown. From there he went to the Montreal branch in a senior capacity and so thoroughly proved his worth that he was given his first managership in the Sussex, N.B., branch. He became successively branch manager at Yarmouth, N.S., and at Charlottetown, retracing his tracks as a junior, finding out in a singularly direct way just what inside progress the bank had been making in the years since he had been ledger-keeper and teller. Finally he was sent to the Toronto branch which from its proximity to the head office must be taken as the natural graduation stepping-stone to the general managership.

Mr. Richardson shares with Mr. Stuart Strathy, of the Traders, and Mr. J. B. Scholfield, of the Standard Bank, the distinction of being one of the youngest general managers in Canada.

* * *

Interesting Controversy in Banking Circles.

THE announcement by Mr. H. C. McLeod in his resignation as general manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia, that the first thing in the way of banking reform in Canada should be the dissolution of the Canadian Bankers' Association, came like a regular bolt from the blue.

While for some time past it has been known that Mr. McLeod held very different views from a number of other bankers, on such points as the external inspection of banks, the general public had absolutely no intimation that Mr. McLeod was prepared to come right out and throw down the gauntlet to the Association, and prove to the general public of Canada that there was absolutely no need of the Bankers' Association as it is at present constituted, and that it was even a menace to the country. Of course this is going to lead to a pretty interesting controversy, and the pros and cons will at least have the result of giving the general public more information about banking affairs than they have had the possibility of acquiring up to the present time, and it does seem that this is a class of business on which the average man has a right to have a good deal more information than it has been possible to get up to the present time.

The Dominion Government at the present session will take up the question of changes in the Banking Act, and it is very likely that Mr. McLeod will go before the Banking Committee of the House of Commons and give even the members a good deal more information than they have at the present time regarding banking matters generally.

* * *

Where a Traction Stock is Always Popular.

IF there is any one class of stock that is distinctly popular among investors in Montreal and throughout the Province of Quebec, it is the tractions. It is just surprising to see the large amount, not only of local tractions, but of outside tractions that is held throughout the Province of Quebec, and it is this fondness that has resulted in such a large amount of the securities of the American companies like the Northern Ohio, the Western Railways & Light, and the Illinois Traction being held here.

The annual report of the Northern Ohio, which has just been issued, shows quite an increase in the number of Canadian shareholders, and they have every reason to be satisfied with the progress the company has been making during the past year. The gross earnings have gained to \$2,177,641 as against \$1,890,473 in 1908, while the net earnings for 1909 made a new high level, reaching \$987,584 as against \$804,049 in 1908. After the payment of interest on bonds and collateral trust notes, the dividends on the common stock of the company for the year are \$306,019 as against \$143,366 in 1908.

An indication of just what progress the company has been making is afforded by the changes in the earnings per mile and in the operating costs, the net earnings per mile now standing at \$4.183 as compared with \$3.385 in 1908. There has been a marked increase in the ratio of expenses to earnings, these now standing at 54.65 as compared with 57.47 in 1908.

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DEMI - TASSE

A Very Fast Horse.

DR. HENRI BELAND, member of parliament for Beauce, is somewhat of a humourist. The other day he walked into the Parliament House barber-shop at Ottawa and, while waiting to be shaved, got into conversation with a fellow-member from Ontario.

"Going to vote for Miller's anti-gambling bill, Doctor?" his friend enquired, knowing Dr. Beland's penchant for fast horses, the ruling passion in Quebec.

"Oh, no! Indeed I will not. I own fine horse myself. My partner just write me that he is great horse, go very fast."

"How fast can he go, Doctor?"
"Oh, he very fast. He go mile in—2.03. Fine horse, that."

"Wha-at? Mile in 2.03? Hmh! What's his name?"

"Oh—no name at all; just horse. Very fast horse that, my partner tell me."

"Well, Doctor, you are to be congratulated. It isn't every man who owns a horse which can go in 2.03."

"Well, I dunno," replied the Doctor, "I think it is 2.03; mebbe it is 3.02—I am not sure."

* * *

Can't Fool the Irish.

AN Irishman who has been trying to get an appointment in the government service recently turned the tables neatly on a member of parliament. The latter has been much worried to know how to get out of the difficulty created by the Irishman's persistency. Finally a friend made the suggestion that the Irishman be offered some office he couldn't fill. The member took the hint and the conversation ran something like this:

"Well, Murphy, I've got something for you at last."

"Indade, and what is it?"
"Oh, I have arranged with Laurier that you shall be Admiral of the new navy."

"Admiral of the navy, is it? Well, now, if it is all the same to you and Sir Wilfrid, I would just as soon be watchman at the Mint for one night."

And the member bought the drinks.

* * *

Not a New Book.

MARK TWAIN as a humourist was and is no respecter of persons, and a story is told of him and a certain bishop which is worth reviving. It occurred when Mark was at Hartford and the afterwards bishop was rector of an Episcopalian church. Twain had listened to one of the rector's best sermons on the Sunday preceding and afterwards meeting the preacher he approached him and said politely, "I enjoyed your sermon very much on Sunday last. I welcomed it like an old friend. I have a book in my library that contains every word of it." "Impossible,"

said the rector indignantly. "Not at all," said Twain, "I assure you it is true." "Then I shall trouble you to send that book," rejoined the rector with dignity. The next morning the much ruffled rector received with Mark's compliments a copy of the dictionary.

* * *

Title was Pre-empted.

A LESSON as to the choice of a travelling companion is taught by the following. Two young men who had been companions at college went abroad together. One conscientiously wanted to visit every spot mentioned by the guide book; the other was equally as conscientious about having a good time. This naturally led to some little argument and disagreements. In the course of one of these the lover of pleasure said tauntingly:

"Perhaps you are doing these places so thoroughly because you are going to write a book about them."

"I should," replied the other, "if Robert Louis Stevenson had not pre-empted the title I want to use."

"What's that?"
"Travels with a donkey."

* * *

Absent-Minded.

A CANADIAN farmer, noted for his absent-mindedness, went to town one day and transacted his business with the utmost precision. He started on his way home, however, with the firm conviction that he had forgotten something, but what it was he could not recall. As he neared home the conviction increased, and three times he stopped his horse and went carefully through his pocket-book in a vain endeavour to discover what he had forgotten. In due course he reached home and was met by his daughter, who looked at him in surprise and exclaimed, "Why, father, where have you left mother?"

* * *

A Just Fate.

DURING the war of 1812 between the United States and Canada, a battle was fought on the Atlantic seaboard between a Canadian and an American vessel. On board the Canadian vessel was an old coloured man who was not noted for his truthfulness, in fact, he was known as the "father of liars" amongst the men. After the battle was over and the American vessel sank, the captain of the Canadian vessel ordered the deck to be cleared, all the dead put overboard and the wounded taken to the hospital, so that the boat would be ready for action at a moment's notice. After this was done he asked that the nigger be sent to him. The man replied, "I threw the nigger overboard." "The nigger was not dead, was he?" the captain asked. "He said he was not," the man replied, "but he is such an infernal liar that I could not believe him."

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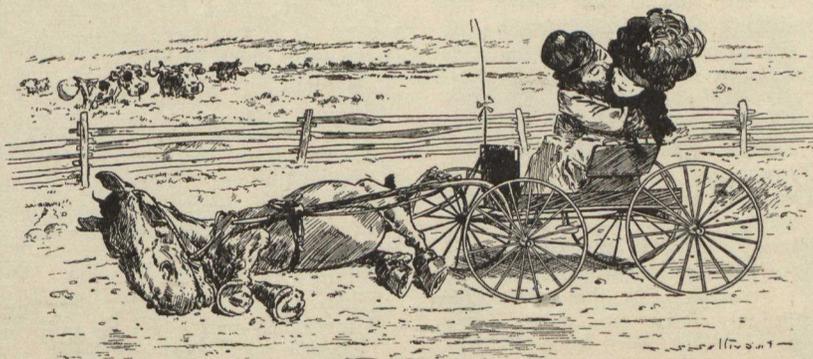
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Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Parry Harbor and Parry Sound, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,
Ottawa, 31st January, 1910.
G. C. ANDERSON,
Superintendent.



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 18th MARCH, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years 12-6 times per week each way, between Erindale and C. P. R. Station, Sheridan and Clarkson G. T. R. Station, from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Erindale, Sheridan, Clarkson, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

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MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,
G. C. ANDERSON,
Ottawa, 31st January, 1910.
Superintendent.



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 25th MARCH, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week each way, between Coldwater and Lovering from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Coldwater, Lovering and route Offices, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,
Ottawa, 4th February, 1910.
G. C. ANDERSON,
Superintendent.



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 11th MARCH, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between Barrie and Hillsdale from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office at Dalston, Craighurst, Hillsdale, Barrie and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,
Ottawa, 25th January, 1910.
G. C. ANDERSON,
Superintendent.

THIN ICE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.

in places was mottled with frozen snow and strewn with ice chips.

"He's never been here, that's certain," said Clarke, who saw how the strain was telling on Margaret and was anxious to terminate what he thought to be a needless search.

The skaters paused.

"I agree with you," said Klein. "He must have left the ice."

Leversege paused and flashed the light around.

"I guess you're right," he agreed, "but no—say—look here!"

They pressed forward eagerly.

"Someone's been here," said Leversege grimly. The light had fallen upon a snow-strip disclosing unmistakable skate marks.

"If he went up, he must have come back," said Clarke with conviction. "Show the light here, Leversege."

But though they searched the river from side to side no returning marks were found; nothing save that one ominous track leading onward around the bend.

The whole party, silent now, and with dread in their hearts, pressed forward, carefully, but with all the speed they dared. Now and again they glanced with pity at the white face of the girl who kept up so bravely. They knew instinctively that it was not for a "spin" that she had accompanied them.

As for Margaret, she had almost ceased to think, she dared not conjecture. She skated on through an eternity of suspense so terrible that in all her after life she never thought of it without a shudder. The noise made by their skates on the rough ice, an occasional far-off strain of music and now and then a faint creak-cracking of the ice, as the frost laid a firmer grip upon the river, were the only sounds in the winter silence.

They rounded the bend slowly and faced the long stretch of river lengthening away, dark and silent, between its white banks. As if by common impulse the men paused and sent forth a mighty hello! The echoes died away and quiet came again, bringing no answer. Again and again they shouted with no result—unquestionably they were alone upon the ice.

Leversege turned to Margaret trying to speak naturally.

"It is useless to go on," he said. "Rutherford must have turned back. There could have been no sense or purpose in his going further."

Margaret said nothing. Clarke had skated on a little and she would have followed him, but he turned back shouting.

"Keep back, the ice ends here—see!"

He took the light from Leversege's hand and holding it low flashed its clear radiance upon the liquid black of moving water.

In the strained silence the river's voice could be distinctly heard—sucking, sucking under the ice with a savage murmur of protest against entering again its crystal prison.

And then, just as they would have turned back, still unknowing, the tell-tale light picked out in sharp relief the one dark object at the edge of the ice—something wet and sodden, frozen there by the eager frost. It was Rutherford's Mexican hat!

"Turn back," said Clarke. But the eyes of love are sharp and Margaret had already seen. Without a word she sank unconscious upon the ice.

Klein sprang forward to raise her in his arms, but the little clown, by a singularly swift movement, interposed.

"Excuse me," said the clown firmly, and stooping he lifted the prostrate girl. "Gentlemen," he said, "Miss

Manners has fainted. There is a farmhouse across that field. It will be best to carry her there at once. Mr. Clarke—Mr. Leversege—now then."

Not one of them knew the speaker, but the brisk, confident tones worked like magic. They obeyed instantly, without even wondering, and in less time than it takes to tell it, Margaret was gently lifted and borne away.

Nobody seemed to notice that Klein was not included. Furious, dumb-founded, ludicrously out-manoeuvred, he was left alone beside the broken ice!

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RIVER.

The black rage on Klein's face was not pleasant to see. He stood quite still until the retreating figures became indistinct in the darkness, then his convulsed features slowly resumed their ordinary cool repose. He felt vexed and surprised that he had allowed so small a matter to disturb him. Was he losing his nerve? With a philosophic shrug he put the question from him; he would be more careful another time. As for the rest, it was their turn now, but Klein could wait. Glancing downward at the edge of the ice where the water sucked and gurgled, a thoughtful smile appeared for a moment about his lips. Then, the last ember of his sudden passion crushed out, he turned and skated cheerfully back around the bend.

Once within sight of the lights he slackened pace. The good ice was crowded with laughing couples and he had no yearning, just now, for the conversation of his kind. He had other things to think about. A wandering couple skated up and, seeing him, called a greeting. Klein hesitated. He did not want to go nearer. He glanced behind him. He did not want to go back, either. Finally, he skated to the side, and, finding a comfortable tree-trunk by the bank, sat down. Here he was in the shadow and would be undisturbed. The night was cold, but very still and his fur-lined coat kept out the frost.

Save for those steady eyes, alight with fierce and eager fire, he might have been a statue carved in stone. A branch snapped from the tree above him and fell across his knee; he did not even stir. So might some famous general have mused upon the eve of a world battle, planning, with minute detail, the plot and counterplot, the thousand schemes and strategies which on the morrow would send his troops to victory by marching them through blood! Do the men whose names are linked with history's carnage ever look back and shudder at the way they came? Do they sleep well o' nights or do they wake at the touch of clammy fingers to listen, trembling, while the ranks of dead pass by? If not, if such men are, and must be, ruthless, then Klein might have risen high in their great company. He was a ruthless man.

So absorbed was he that he did not see or hear the coming of the clown, whom earlier in the night he had honoured with his anger. He was not in the mood for noticing little things. The stranger, skating slowly, came quite close to him.

"Excuse me," said the stranger, loudly.

Klein, recalling himself with an effort, looked up—into the muzzle of a serviceable revolver. Even little things are of importance, sometimes. Had it not rained upon the day of Waterloo—

"Hands up!"

Klein raised his hands. He knew a determined man when he saw one.

"Excuse me," said the little man politely. "Just hold them together, will you? Thanks."

Something that looked bright and



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jingled cheerfully was clapped upon the extended wrists.

Klein, who had remained coolly seated, spoke now for the first time. "I presume I may ask the meaning of this outrage?"

The little man considered. "Not in instructions," he said finally. Adding reluctantly: "You'll find out all you want to know in town."

Klein seated himself more comfortably.

"I do not intend to stir until I know what this means," he declared calmly.

The little man looked at him and decided that it is sometimes necessary to exceed instructions.

"Oh, I don't mind," he said generously. "I'll tell you if you like. You're wanted for the placing of an obstruction on the Big River bridge. Murder, I think, is the charge preferred."

The surprise on Klein's face was so patent that the little man, who was watching closely, smiled.

"Did you think it was for the Rutherford affair?" he asked condescendingly.

With all his iron nerve Klein could not repress a start. The other observed it gleefully. He had not dogged this man for months without learning to hate him. He continued as in a burst of confidence.

"No, it's not that. No proof. Beside didn't you know," keeping a careful eye upon his prisoner, "that little affair ended in a fiasco?"

It was evident that he had not known. The eyes lifted to the detective's face blazed with baffled rage. Well, if this was the way to move him the little man was willing to risk something. In any case it would probably be wise to hold him until the town constables came up.

"Yes," he said, "it was somewhat of a failure, that little scheme! Well planned, though. Who could prove that you *didn't* believe the girl was up the river or that you *didn't* stumble just in the right place? Nobody. It was a near thing for Rutherford, too. He was nearly gone. If I'd have been a few minutes later it would have worked out all right."

Klein kept a fierce hold upon himself. Outwardly he was calm.

"Do I understand that you were successful in rescuing Mr. Rutherford?" he asked politely.

"You do," said the little man in the same tone.

"No doubt you will be suitably rewarded." Klein's tone was kindly patronising.

The little man was disappointed. The officers were not yet in sight. He would try again.

"Yes," he said, "I got him out. He was numb—rather. But you needn't be alarmed, the old lady at the farmhouse fixed him up. Dry clothes, hot blankets and bottles, some old Scotch and a roaring fire. I doubt if he has even a cold to show for it."

Klein remained impassive. "The young lady—"

Klein raised his head. The glitter in his eyes might have warned the other, but, secure behind his levelled pistol, he went on.

"The young lady, Miss Manners, had a bad shock. Wonderful how these young girls set their heart on a man! I guess it's mutual in this case."

A low exclamation escaped Klein's tight shut lips, but the little man was reckless.

"She came to her senses just as we got her to the door. She's plucky. Insisted on walking in alone. She was staggery, though and pale. I never saw anyone paler. But when she looked around and saw him lying there by the fire—why, she just gave one little cry, the gladdest cry I ever heard, and ran to him! She wasn't pale then. He—"

Klein's manacled fists shot out, the

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pistol cracked, but harmlessly, the little man went spinning across the river. There was a shout and the sound of men running on the ice. Klein listened, hesitated, then turned and fled.

He had but one thought—to get away! They were after him. They were the hunters, he the prey. They were shouting, calling, racing behind him—they would catch him if he didn't shake them off. For the first time in all his life the man knew fear. In a moment's time he had ceased to be a thinking, reasoning being. Fear seized upon his clear, cold intellect and burnt it up. For the time he was a crazy man.

Instinct had turned Klein's flying feet up the river, toward the solitude and the darkness. If he could turn the bend and shut them out he might get away.

They were close behind him, shouting. Among them was the little man. Klein longed to stop to kill that man, to pound him senseless on the ice with his fettered hands, but he dared not pause—he must get away!

When he had reached the bend he saw with a savage exultation that he was slowly gaining. They were falling behind, their shouts were fainter.

He flew along. Helpless in the grip of the One Idea, he was a man made mad by fear. His pursuers ceased their shouts and settled down to the chase. He must have some plan, they thought. Where he could go, they could follow. They began to gain upon him. The quiet seemed more awful than the noise had been. Klein, glancing back, could see the silent figures coming nearer.

He rounded the bend. It was darker ahead—much darker. Every maddened effort carried him nearer safety. His pursuers were hesitating—they yelled a warning but it only spurred him to redoubled effort. He would escape them yet! His blind fear shut memory out.

But what was that! That darkness in the darkness, that moving mass of black! It was the water! The water? His brain cleared. For an instant he was sane again. He heard them calling to him to stop. With all his magnificent strength he checked his speed, he threw himself backward sideways, stretching out wild arms, too late—one moment too late!

He could think now. He must keep up until they came. No easy task with the manacles on his wrists. What a fool he had been! Why had he tried to run? They had no proof. His arrest was a farce. They could not have proof—but what a fool!—what a fool! He must keep himself up. They were a long time coming—they had seemed quick enough a moment ago. His heavy coat, soaked with icy water, dragged him down. The river, sucking, sucking under the ice dragged him down—and there was something else. What was it—that something? It was like a child's tugging hands! The madness came again. He gave a shout—a yell of frenzied fear. They answered him—he fought down the fear. He must hold firmly. They were close now! He had been a fool, but that grinning wretch had driven him mad with his talk of Margaret! Margaret—what had that devil said about Margaret?

A picture flashed across the dark before him; it came between him and the nearing forms of his rescuers—the vision of a fire-lit room, and Rutherford, weak but safe, and Margaret—Margaret running to her lover with a cry—the gladdest cry—

They were close to him now, close. But too late—one moment too late. Something tugging, tugging, had dragged him down!

They gathered in a silent group and stared at the dark water, sucking under the ice.

THE END.

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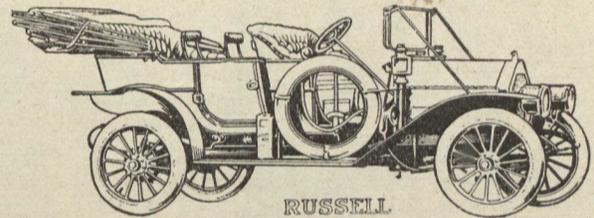
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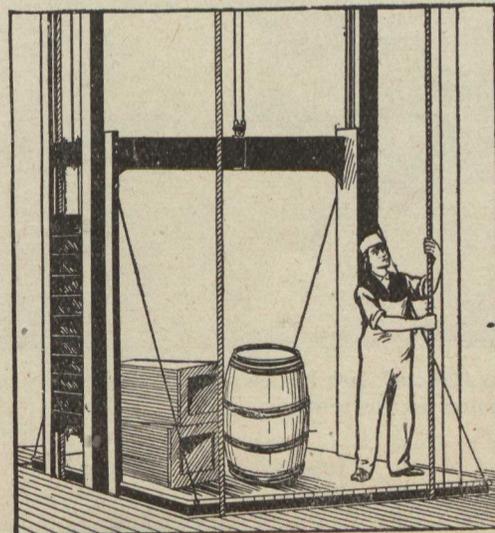
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 - Ottawa - 9 O'Connor St.
 - Winnipeg - - - - - McRae Block
 - Vancouver - 155 Alexander St.

NO MERCHANT CAN NOW AFFORD TO BE WITHOUT THE

National Cash Register

Last year we sold over 105,000 National Cash Registers, an increase of over 30% over any previous year, without increase in operating expenses. As a result we have standardized our whole line, embodying all latest improvements in ALL our Registers, whatever their price, and have been able to reduce ALL prices from \$10 to \$50 each. Our great Guarantee—to furnish a better Cash Register for less money than any other house in the world—is more than ever justified.

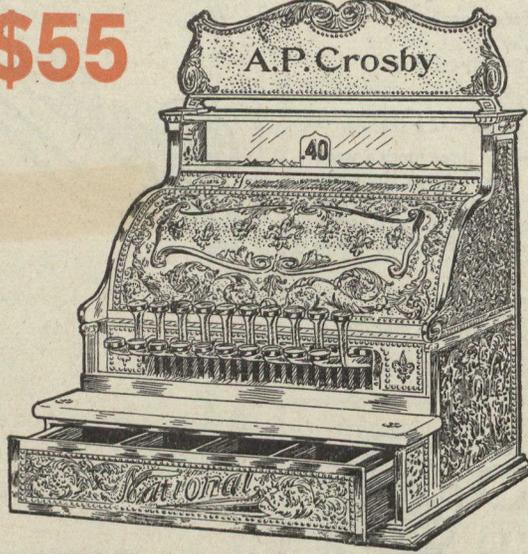
NATIONAL CASH REGISTER PROTECTION IS CHEAPER and BETTER THAN EVER

\$40



Detail Adder, with all latest improvements, 11 Keys Registering from 5 c to \$1.95, or from 1c to 99c

\$55



Detail Adder, with all latest improvements, 20 Keys Registering from 5c to \$1.95, or from 1c to \$1.99.

\$100



Total Adder, with all latest improvements, 22 Keys Registering from 1c to \$3.99, or from 5c to \$1.95.

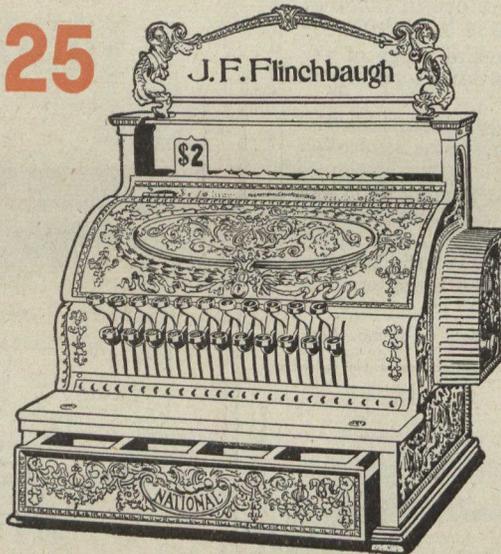
Record all cash sales, credit sales, moneys in and out—gives you ALL your profits?

\$110



Total Adder, with all latest improvements, 25 Amount Keys Registering from 1c to \$7.99, No-sale Key.

\$125



Total Adder, with latest improvements; prints each sale strip of paper. 22 Keys Registering from 1c to \$3.99 or 5c to \$1.95.

\$140



Total Adder, with all latest improvements, 27 Amount Keys Registering from 1c to \$9.99; 4 Special Keys: Received-on-account, Charge, Paid-out and No-sale.

If 800,000 merchants can't afford to be without a National—HOW CAN YOU?

\$150



Total Adder, with all latest improvements; prints each sale on a strip of paper. 27 Keys Registering 5c to \$6.95; 4 Special Keys.

\$165



Total Adder, with all latest improvements. 33 Amount Keys Registering from 1c to \$9.99; 4 Special Keys: Received-on-account, Charge, Paid-out and No-sale.

\$190



Total Adder, with all latest improvements; prints each sale on a strip of paper. 27 Amount Keys Registering from 1c to \$9.99; 4 Special Keys: Received-on-account, Charge, Paid-out and No-sale.

The National Cash Register disciplines everybody into habits of money-saving, accuracy and order

COUPON

You may show me how the National Cash Register will (1) Pay its way ; (2) Save me money ; (3) Protect my business.

Name.....
Address..... Town.....
Line of business.....

National Cash Register Co.

F. E. MUTTON, Manager for Canada

285 Yonge St. - Toronto