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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly



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JOHN A. COOPER, Editor

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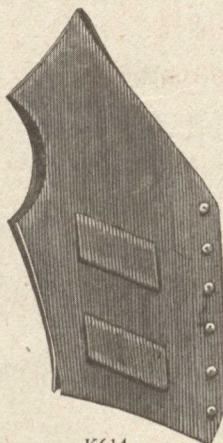
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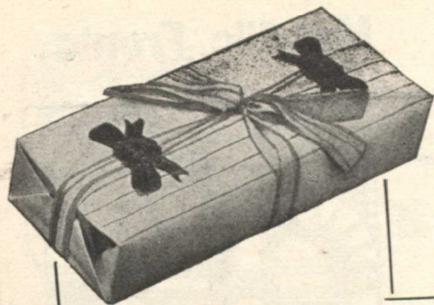
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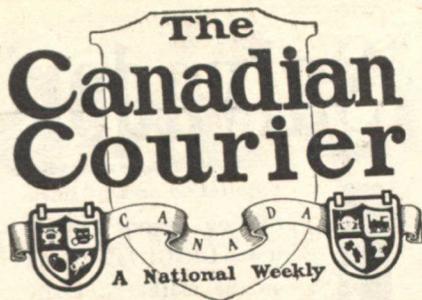
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Editorial Talk

Gradually, if slowly, the idea of a national illustrated weekly is taking hold among the people. The number of persons volunteering assistance of one kind or another is increasing. Curiously enough, the greatest awakening is among the newsboys. Their orders are arriving from distant points in the Maritime Provinces and the West, showing that the news has travelled and their patrons are asking for the journal. Our next week's issue will contain another of John Innes' coloured, double-page pictures. This third of the series represents the meeting of a bear and a pack-horse in the Rockies. The conception is dramatic, and the colouring is quite different from that of the first two. This picture will be worth the price of admission. The bill of fare for the next issue will be even broader and more varied than in this issue. Anecdote, reminiscence and humour will be allowed more play.

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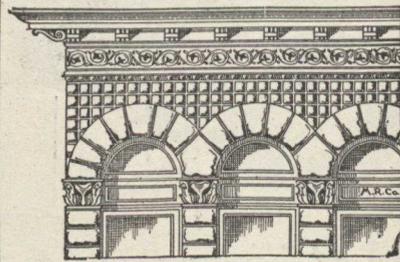
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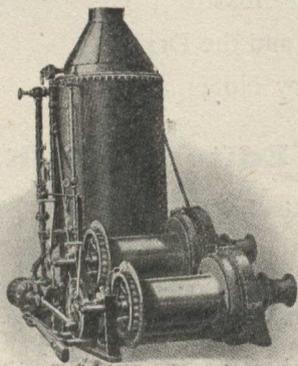
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Vol. I

Toronto, January 26th, 1907

No. 9

Ontario's Premiers

SIR JOHN MACDONALD chose Ontario's first Premier in 1867, and his choice fell upon John Sandfield Macdonald, a Liberal, a federalist and a safe man. For four years he ruled the province in a most economical manner, conserving its resources and its revenue and piling up a useless surplus. He fell because of his parsimony and because of his lack of vision.

Hon. Edward Blake succeeded him and held the office for scarcely a twelve-month. He legislated himself out of power. He carried through a measure abolishing dual representation, and thereafter no man could be both a member at Toronto and a member at Ottawa. After the Act was passed, he decided to remain with the Ottawa House and ceased to be Premier. Had he remained in Ontario he might have been more successful as a leader, but in the succeeding fight at Ottawa over the Pacific Scandal he played a part which entitles him to the respect of all good Canadians.

Mr. Blake nominated the Hon. (afterwards Sir) Oliver Mowat as his successor, and for nearly twenty-five years Mowat remained in office. He was never defeated. He resigned to join the new Laurier Government in 1896. His career was a distinguished one and Ontario owes him much. He was progressive without being radical; he was conservative without being reactionary. If the people desired him to move, he moved—not otherwise. He was not a great leader, but he always managed to keep his forces well in hand and to head off the enemy when the latter appeared dangerous.

The Hon. Arthur S. Hardy, long Attorney-General of the Province, succeeded him. Abrupt, progressive and frank, he had little of the wily managing power which marked his predecessor and his reign was brief. He did one thing which distinguishes his tenure of office—he prohibited the export of Ontario logs and forced the Michigan saw-mills to move across the lakes. For this he must always be remembered.

Mr. Hardy's successor, the Hon. G. W. Ross, had a stormy reign. Thirty years of rule by the leaders of one party was too much for any province, no matter how able the leaders. Mr. Ross remained in power only by

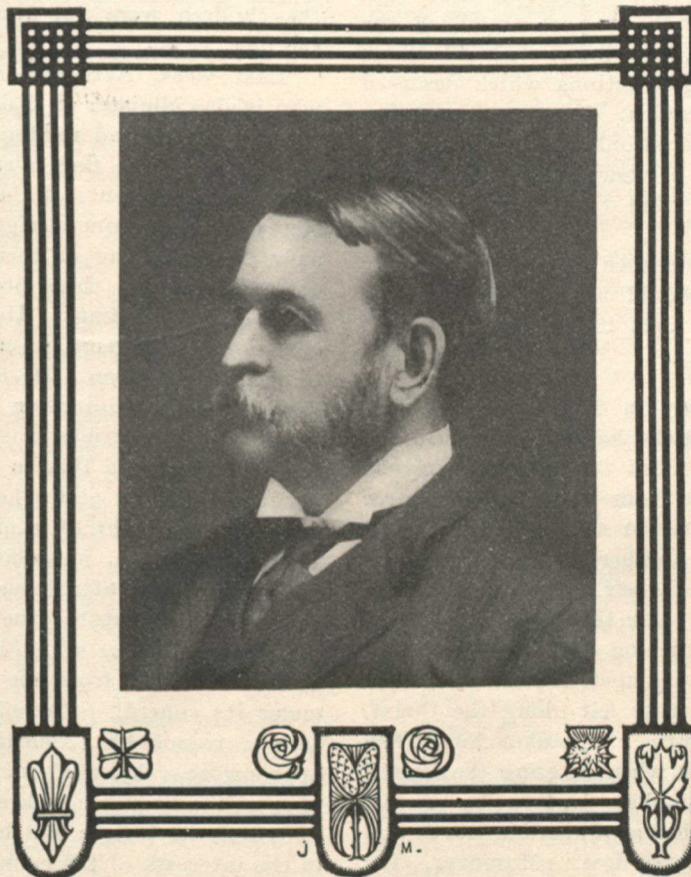
superlative oratorical efforts, by wonderful, if at times doubtful, tactics. Had he gone into opposition sooner, he might still be the honoured leader of the Ontario Liberals. His tenacity in clinging to office, after the people showed an inclination to change, was fatal.

Mr. Whitney, the first Conservative Premier since Confederation, won his place by negative rather than positive qualities. Since his accession to power, the positive qualities have asserted themselves and to-day he is regarded as a wise, honest and constructive statesman. He has set out bravely to bring order out of chaos, to initiate a more progressive policy along various lines, and to give the people the reforms for which they had been clamouring for years. All that was good in the policy of his predecessors he has maintained; all that he thought was bad, he has discarded. He has apparently

made an honest effort to maintain clean and efficient government. Abuses had grown up. When possible, he eradicated these and instituted ordinary business administration. Of working for party advantage, he knows very little; and in this he resembles Mr. Hardy more than any other of his predecessors.

In some ways he has pleased the people mightily; in others he has not pleased them at all. Whether pleased or displeased, they regard him as an honest man, actuated only by a desire to do what to him seems best. If they find him stubborn and at times unyielding, they recognise that these are characteristics of the man and they bear with him patiently. It is a question whether they admire his plain and unadorned statements, coloured and inspired as they

are by a decided honesty of purpose, more than the adroit and skilful phrasings of his predecessor. Barnum said that the people love to be humbugged, and it seems true even of Ontario. Mr. Whitney has no power in the humbugging line nor has he associated with him any colleague who can play that part for him. Hence it is a question how he will fare in the next general election. That he will be defeated is not to be expected. That he will maintain his great majority is hardly likely, if the Liberals select a leader who will arouse the party's enthusiasm and devotion. An abnormal majority is always in danger of being reduced at a general election.



HON. J. P. WHITNEY,
Premier of Ontario.

REFLECTIONS

BY STAFF WRITERS.

TO the outside observer, it seems as if the House of Commons is having an important session. There has been a notable cessation of petty party squabbles and genuine attention given to larger questions. The tariff, the proper arming of the militia, the settlement of labour disputes, the development of cold-storage facilities, an export duty on electric power, Canada's relations with the United States as to water diversions along the boundary line and as to coast fisheries—these are some of the important questions which have been discussed. The House is to be congratulated.

The talk of a Canadian representative at Washington and Secretary Root's visit to Ottawa have brought more clearly before the public mind the importance of our relations with the United States. On the subjects now engrossing attention, the House is showing itself capable of taking an independent and statesmanlike attitude. There is neither fawning nor blatant aggression in its discussions.

One may be pardoned for the suggestion that this state of affairs will add to the respect in which the House is held. In the past, too many valuable days have been spent in discussing questions which deserved only a few moments' consideration. Too many speeches have been delivered which could only be of importance from a purely partisan point of view. Too often, party advantage has been kept in mind to the obscuring of national interests.

Canada is growing in importance yearly. It is only becoming that the House should assume an attitude which shows that it realises that importance and will do nothing to detract from it.

THE average citizen passes on to the next column where he sees an article headed "The Modus Vivendi." The title dismays him. It is not nearly so interesting as a bit of gossip from the Senate divorce committee or some information as to the number of hockey players who had their noses broken in a match for the Stanley Cup. Yet the subject is of extreme importance to a large portion of the public.

In British Columbia, the competition from United States fishing companies is keenly felt along the Coast. It is the same along the Atlantic. Canadian-caught fish are taxed twenty dollars a ton when entering the United States. Fish caught in Canadian waters by United States fishermen may be landed at Canadian ports and shipped into the United States free. Moreover, the United States fishermen are allowed to buy bait and fish in Canadian waters on payment of a nominal fee. This is the result of the Modus Vivendi of 1888, since renewed yearly.

There are arguments in favour of its continuance, though these are growing weaker yearly. If the New England Fishing Company which now collects nine million pounds of fish in British Columbia waters were ordered out, Canadian fishermen might not look after the fish harvest as carefully. Moreover, there would be a necessity for fast preventative cruisers to stop poaching. The statement is made that Seattle fishermen now

poach thirty-one million pounds of fish annually. Some-what similar arguments apply to the Atlantic.

Then, again, there is the argument that at the present moment our relations with the United States are friendly and that the abrogation of the Modus Vivendi would be regarded as an unfriendly act. This is Mr. Brodeur's attitude and, for the present, it must be accepted. Nevertheless, the Government must realise that Canada has had nearly enough of these one-sided bargains and that this and other similar questions are pressing for settlement. A more final and more definite answer must be given soon.

DURING the past few years, Canada has heard many discussions as to patriotism in its relation to the school-room. Sometimes it has taken the form of protests that Canadian history was not sufficiently taught; sometimes that patriotic songs and recitations were not enough in evidence; sometimes that a national sentiment was not sufficiently awakened in the youthful mind by the teacher; sometimes that the children were not taught to reverence and respect the flag.

Last week, Attorney-General Campbell of Manitoba who is also Minister of Education, spoke in the Legislature on the second reading of a Bill which provides for the flying of the flag over public schools. He claimed that forty per cent. of the settlers living west of Lake Superior came from foreign lands and that it was necessary that the flag of their adopted country should become familiar to these people. It would help to make them good Canadians. He was in favour of building up a national sentiment, of creating an enthusiastic and intelligent patriotism. He quoted Henry Ward Beecher in support of the contention that the common schools determined the attitude of the future citizen. The United States has proved this to be true and Mr. Campbell advocated a similar policy here.

As to the right of a provincial government to make such a provision, he pointed out that the Legislature may reasonably attach such a condition to all school grants. In Manitoba, the school grant is generous and includes free public school-books. Further, every teacher gets a certificate from the government and they are thus under its control. Therefore, the Legislature may "attach a reasonable condition that there should be an appropriate acknowledgment of nationality by the display of the flag and such an education along educational lines that we believe will be both beneficial and desirable in the interests of the country."

IT takes more than rising land values, real estate booms, political discussions, and scare headings in the newspapers to keep the people of the West warm. They need coal, and this winter they have not had enough of it. Of course some person must be blamed and the people's damnation has been distributed freely upon the coal companies and the railways.

It seems opposed to all our ideas of human nature to say that coal companies are not willing to sell coal. It is their dearest wish to get a statement into the

stock columns of the daily newspaper that last year the output of the Rock-Seam Coal Mines increased one hundred and twenty-three thousand tons. The West must excuse some of us if we doubt their statement about the coal companies' unwillingness to part with their products in exchange for good bank bills.

As to the railways, the charge seems equally unreasonable. The face of every C.P.R. official brightens when he hears that the earnings have gone up another peg. His promotion, his salary, and his future depend upon that. The C.P.R. and the C.N.R. exist for the purpose of carrying freight in the West. Every ton of freight they refuse means a loss of possible revenue.

The real reason of the coal shortage must be sought in Western conditions. Hundreds of new villages have sprung up and this means hundreds of new coal dealers and hundreds of new coal sheds for storage purposes. It would appear that the villagers and the farmer have outstripped the retail coal merchant. Everybody has been so busy making money out of land and wheat that he neglected to look far enough ahead in the fuel situation. The proper time for the Westerner to lay in his coal supply is in the spring and mid-summer when cars are available; in the fall, he demands that every engine and every car shall be put upon the job of drawing wheat to the Great Lakes, so that he may get cash for his harvest. The Westerner must do some thinking and be reasonable in this matter.

It is quite possible that the coal companies and the railways have been somewhat negligent too. They might have done more to warn the settler that if he did not get his coal in early he might not be able to get it when the snow-drift period came. They might have accumulated larger supplies at central shipping points. Nevertheless, the settler must look out for himself. That is still a rule of prime importance in this wicked world.

LAST week a deputation of Ontario booksellers waited upon the Minister of Education and protested against the introduction of free school-books in the public schools of that Province. They pointed out that the loss of profits on such sales would be a serious matter with a large number of booksellers who have never had too much profit in their business. The contention seems reasonable, for the average book-seller is a man who works very hard for a small reward. Even under the present system, which is supposed to give them thirty-three and a third per cent. profit on all school-books, he has been meeting with serious competition from department stores which sell school-books at a cut rate in order to attract custom.

Nevertheless, it seems inevitable that the other provinces will follow the lead of Manitoba and introduce the free text-book system for public schools. In Great Britain, the system is in full force. In the United States all the large cities have adopted it and about thirteen of the states have extended it to all public schools. In Toronto, the Board of Education gives both books and supplies free. In Kingston, Hamilton, Brantford, Ottawa and one or two smaller cities, the Boards buy the books and supplies at wholesale prices, and charge the pupils a small monthly fee. Every educationalist of importance seems to support it, on the ground that it reduces the total cost to the parent and increases the efficiency of the school. Each pupil who enters the school receives at once a supply of all material and at once is on an equal footing with his class-mates.

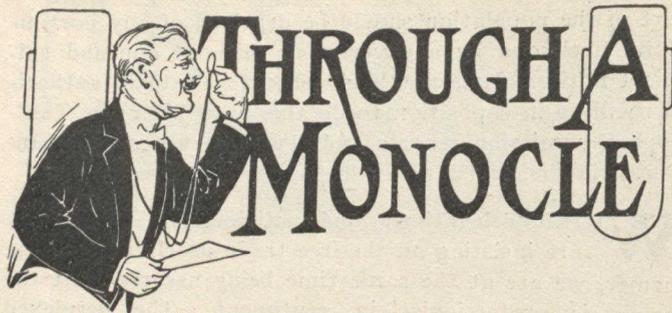
It is well that the bookseller should recognise that this is a general, not a local movement. He should at once take thought of the morrow and devise some means of securing new business which will make up for what he may lose under the new system. Moreover, if the Government intend to introduce this system, they should

give the bookseller ample warning—say, one year. No part of the population should be deprived of any portion of its livelihood by a government without due and sufficient notice. It is not likely that the Ontario authorities will be in a position to do this until after the Text-Book Commission reports and the subject has been canvassed in the Legislature which meets this week.

WHILE delegations and petitions to Parliament are insisting on the free trade proclivities of the farmer, we are at the same time being assured that the farmer is protectionist in sentiment. The perplexed reader is apt to ask which farmer? **THE FARMER'S TRADE POLICY** In this connection the sentiments of the farmers who are pouring into the Northwest are being much discussed. After all a good deal depends on the point of view of the particular farmer one has in mind. As one straw the writer would like to give the substance of a recent conversation he had with a Northwestern farmer who, in a smoking car chat, talked with after-dinner frankness. The proffer on his part of a cigar—a good one, too—which he said was made in Calgary, opened the floodgates. He was a Canadian, born in Huron County, who had been attracted in the early seventies by the lure of the Northwestern States to the farming state of Iowa. Thence within the last five years he had moved to Canada, attracted by the lure of the Northwestern wheat fields. In the American Northwest, employment for some time as an agricultural implement agent had brought him in contact with many farmers. He insisted that the Canadian farmer who imported goods was more patriotic in that he made a direct contribution to the Dominion Treasury. His logic was inexact, for he said that when there was a duty of 33 per cent. he was willing to allow the Canadian manufacturer an advance of 25 per cent. on prices, but not the full extent of the duty. Another contention, which did not harmonise with his previous statements, was that the American settler demanded the agricultural implements to be of the makes to which he had been accustomed in the United States. The American or Canadian, who was now resident in Alberta or Saskatchewan, he contended was desirous of passing legislation to curb monopolies. In his residence in the United States he had seen protection stimulate inordinate competition which in turn had resulted in combination. Inexact as was some of the reasoning the conversation attracted attention to the fact that, unless manufacturing establishments are speedily established in the Northwest near to the consumer, the Government will have an increasingly difficult task in so arranging the tariff schedules as to conciliate contending interests.

CANADA is congratulating herself that she is not the cause of the latest difficulty between the United States and Great Britain. The British officials at Kingston, Jamaica, seem to have shown rather doubtful courtesy toward Admiral Davis and the volunteer help which that gentleman brought hurriedly in his vessels. Neither were the United States refugees, crowded on one of the docks, shown as much consideration by Sir Alfred Jones, Captain Parsons and other British officials on board the "Port Kingston" as the occasion demanded. Consequently the United States papers have again received a good excuse for directing the attention of the public to British snobbishness.

Having said this, it may be admitted that it is not usual to find British officials otherwise than courteous. They may be cold, formal, studiously polite, but they are almost invariably courteous. It is difficult for a Canadian to understand how even these exceptional circumstances caused these British representatives to emulate the conduct of President Roosevelt when he curtly refused foreign aid for San Francisco.



I NOTICE that a lot of people want the Ontario Liberals to import the American system of choosing a leader—the nominating convention. This is probably not so much a vote of want of confidence in the British system as in the personnel of the Liberal “front bench” in the Ontario Legislature. These innovators would in all likelihood be disappointed if the Convention were to meet and solemnly nominate one of the four gentlemen who now sit in the Legislature and presumably “In the running.” Yet if the Convention nominates anybody else, and attempts to seat this new man in the Legislature to lead the veterans who are now there, he will do well in my opinion to dodge the doubtful honour. Leading a legislative party is like almost any other business—it has to be learned. Put a greenhorn at the task; and you will get the common result of amateur effort. And in this case, the amateur will be endeavouring to work with a lot of envious and semi-hostile critics who know the ropes which are all a puzzle to him, and who—if they are human—will take unholy delight in watching him blunder. He will be the good little boy sent out by the Sunday School superintendent to teach the bad little boys how to play “leap frog.”

* * *

The Americans have great faith in a Convention, but they do not try to choose Congressional or Legislative leaders with one. They know that what they call “floor leaders” are made, not born, nor picked out for some popular action. They will choose a man in the public eye to run for President or Governor, offices in which he need not tangle himself up in rules of order nor conduct a parliamentary debate full of explosive surprises. But their Reeds, their Dingleys, their Cannons, their Blaines, fight their way to the front in Congress. A Hughes may be made Governor, but he is not leading the New York Legislature by a large majority. A convention-appointed leader from the outside would be a picnic to the nice little boys at Westminster. If all a man has to do is to look pleasant, shake hands, write messages and deliver set speeches, a convention could pick him out by his conduct at an “afternoon tea” and an “evening meeting” where resolutions were moved. But a “floor leader” must “rastle” with Whitney, cross rapiers with Foy, avoid Hanna’s lance point and Dr. Pyne’s points of order, all in a quarter of an hour.

* * *

The Monocle thinks that the Liberals have some good material for local leaders. George Graham is capital for a popular audience—a speaker of the type of Sir John Macdonald. McKay is a spirited fighter. Preston commands not a little respect. Harcourt had better be the old uncle of the party in an arm chair. If the Liberals were relatively as well led at Ottawa they would be happy, indeed. The fact is that any one of these three men would strengthen the Federal Ministry, while it would be hard to name a Federal Minister from Ontario at this time—except Mr. Aylesworth—who could bring strength to the local leadership. The Conservatives are well led in the Legislature, too. Whitney is a Premier who enjoys the confidence of the plain people. Foy is a capital legal adviser. Beck and Hanna have the public ear. Dr. Pyne seems to be showing backbone

in the Educational Department; and our Uncle Matheson is not doing so badly with the Treasury.

* * *

In view of the poverty in leaders at Ottawa, it is astonishing how many leaders are out at grass. Sir Charles Hibbert, for instance, is the sort of stuff out of which leaders are made; but he is left practicing law and organising schisms in British Columbia. Blair is a natural leader; and yet he is humbly begging for a seat in New Brunswick. Tarte is a natural leader, but he is not doing any leading. The late E. F. Clarke was a great leader of men, but his party never knew how to use him. Hugh John Macdonald would be an inspiration if he were brought to the front and kept there. But we seem to have fallen upon times when the parties choose their leaders from the “discard.”

* * *

The Quebec Legislature has got to work with its great annual demonstration of how well a political body can get along without an Opposition. If Premier Gouin keeps his eye on the Parent Liberals, who still form a group within his ranks, he need not worry about the occasional cross remarks he hears from the few lonesome Conservatives who escaped the great flood. Just how good legislating he is doing, it is hard to say; for there is no one to point out the faults. Those who talk about him “fighting Laurier,” however, are merely betraying a beautiful lack of acquaintance with the situation. Gouin—with all his tactical skill—is not a popular leader. He utilised the forces which existed about him to unhorse Parent, and he is an adroit manager of the men he can come in contact with. But he could never head a popular revolt against an idol of the people like Laurier. Bourassa would make a much better fist at that.

* * *

Two men of whom Ontario has hardly become aware as yet are Marechal and Turgeon; yet these men may be the Chapleau and the Laurier of the future. Marechal is a Conservative lawyer in the city of Montreal who is in great demand as a popular speaker and is expected to make his mark in politics before very long. Turgeon is a member of the Gouin Cabinet from Quebec, and is the best orator in the combination. Sir Wilfrid has been trying to coax him to Ottawa for quite a while now; and he is probably the best platform speaker in the province next to the Federal Premier himself. Marechal possesses the magnetism which Monk lacks, and can give an audience as easily as Monk can depress it. Turgeon is a heavier weight than either Bourassa or Lemieux. Stranger things have happened than that these two men should fight for the leadership of the French Canadians on the retirement of Laurier.

Modern Proverbs

It’s a long lane that has no ash-barrel.

* *

Fine feathers make presentation cigars.

* *

When in Rome do as the High Church does.

* *

Care killed the cat: ‘Rah for care!

* *

Don’t put all your eggs in one basket. Put ‘em in the safety deposit vaults. They’re worth fifty cents a dozen.

* *

Mind the pennies, and your son will spend the pounds.

* *

All men are liars; even Truth lies at the bottom of a well.

* *

Time and Tide have got jobs in a local restaurant.

* *

There’s no fool like the fool that’s on the other side of politics.

McAree.



Jubilee Market, Kingston, Jamaica

The Jamaican Calamity

A FRENCH writer has spoken of January as the month of disaster. It may be that the opening of another calendar year and a new diary makes us more sensitive to such reports. The heavy storms and railway wrecks this month are in keeping with the tradition, reaching a climax in the destruction of the capital of the largest island in the British West Indies by earthquake shock.

There has arisen out of the catastrophe an Anglo-American complication which is regarded by all parties as decidedly unfortunate. The correspondence between Governor Swettenham and Rear Admiral Davis has been published with comparatively little Canadian comment. We are waiting to hear why the United States marines took such an enthusiastic initiative and why the surgeons were in such a desperate hurry to hunt up fractured

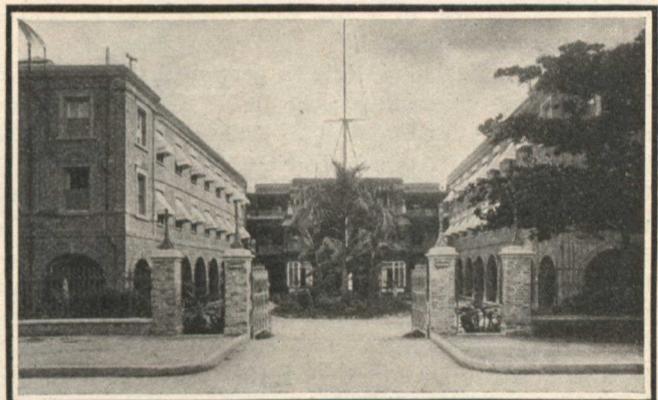
patients. Then we may appreciate the apparently uncalled-for sarcasm of Governor Swettenham's reply.

Prominent Canadian journals have reminded John Bull that Canadians understand the United States people far better than the English do. The reason is entirely obvious. We may not love our neighbour as ourselves but we certainly know him very much better than do those across the seas. The United Stateser is warm-hearted and unconventionally ready to lend a helping hand. An Englishman, on the contrary, is likely to request an introduction before accepting a life-preserver.

A Canadian would have understood that the impulsive action was the outcome of sheer friendliness and would



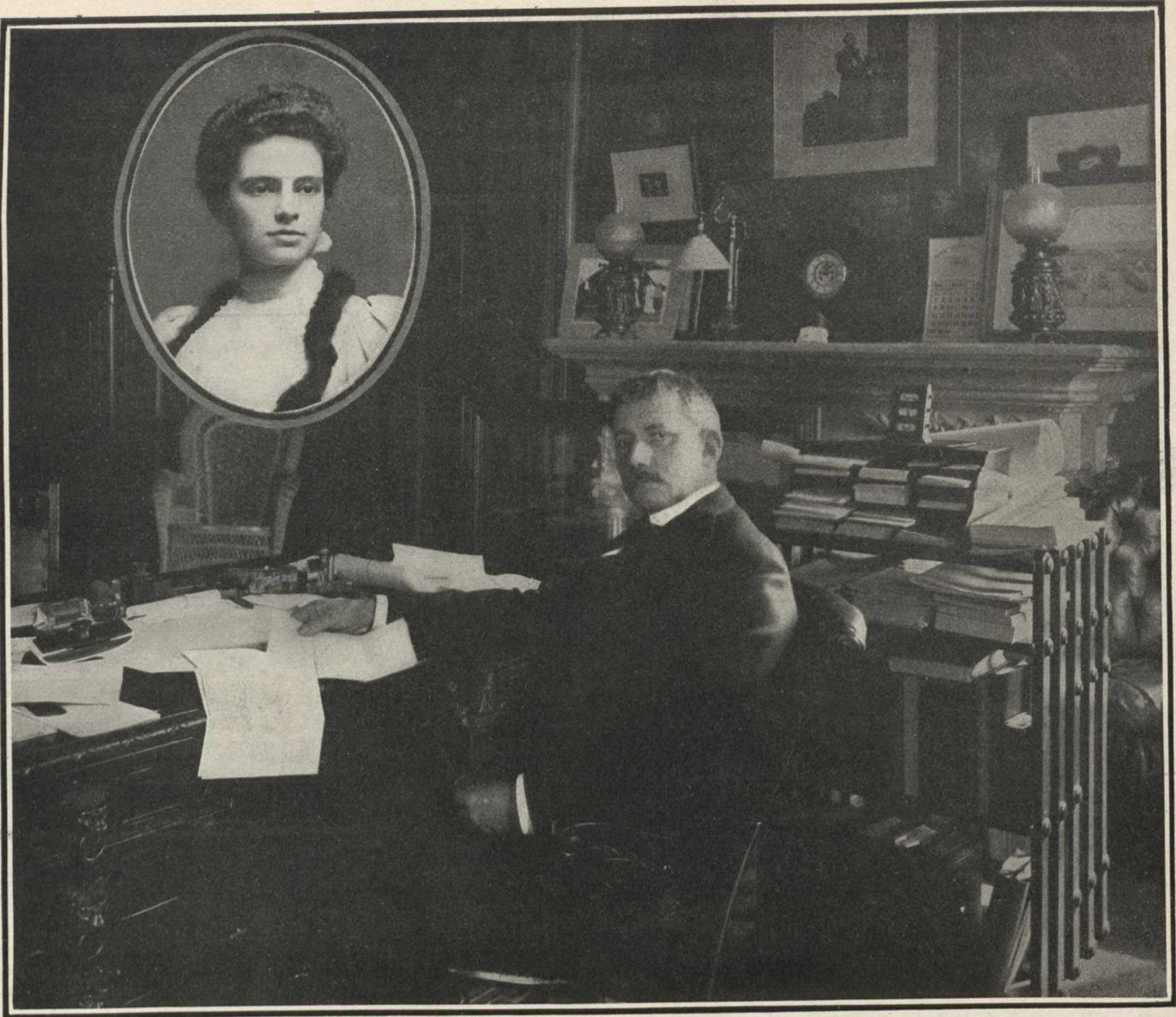
Port Antonio Harbour, on the North Shore of Jamaica



Myrtle Bank Hotel, Kingston

have treated it accordingly. But a Canadian would also have been able to "see" the games that have been played from the days of Ashburton to Alverstone. We can appreciate American camaraderie but we also know a little about the poker cast of countenance. The Swettenham-Davis incident is merely an unpleasant episode that will not interrupt the smooth course of the Anglo-American true love.

J. G.



Mr. Elihu Root, United States Secretary of State, who is visiting Canada this week. Also his only daughter, who, with Mrs. Root, accompanies him.

Secretary Root's Visit

A WELCOME guest, both on account of his own personality and because he is second only to the President of the United States in so far as external matters go, Mr. Root has come and gone. The press of the United States has said that he was coming to discuss with Earl Grey the matters in dispute between the two countries. That, it is believed, was a mere misapprehension. But no less a paper than the London Globe has spoken of "Mr. Root's diplomatic visit to Earl Grey at his capital."

Doubtless, Earl Grey knows very well that under our instrument of government, the B. N. A. Act, the Governor-General of Canada has no diplomatic powers. He is the medium of communication between the Canadian Cabinet and the British Government. He must accept the advice of his constitutional advisers in all that concerns this country, in external relations as well as in her internal affairs. Proclamations are the proclamations of the Canadian Government, not of the Governor-General; appointments are the appointments of the Cabinet; Orders-in-Council are the Government's Orders-in-Council. Dissatisfied with these proclamations or appointments or Orders-in-Council, the Governor-General might, so the constitutional fiction runs, dismiss them, but, in all probability, the last Government has been dismissed in Canada. No Federal Government has ever been dismissed.

It is worth while thus to enumerate His Excellency's functions, for there is a suspicion that in some quarters the true extent of his powers is not understood. It does not come within the four corners of his commission to

discuss, far less to settle, Canada's external policy. There are two ways in which the President of the United States might approach this country. One is through Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the American ambassador in London, who would communicate with the British Government, and despatches would be exchanged between London and Ottawa. The second method would be by direct negotiation with Sir Wilfrid Laurier; not with the Governor-General. Of course such pourparlers as the latter would be unofficial, and, being unofficial—i.e., not between two sovereign powers—no formulated treaty could be made.

Canada is not a Crown Colony, where the Governor is largely independent of his Council. Neither are Earl Grey's powers the powers of a Viceroy, for a Viceroy our Governor-General is not, as Hon. David Mills and other great constitutional authorities have pointed out. Lord Minto, on the contrary, has in India almost plenary powers as the King's representative and one of those powers applies very aptly to the case under discussion. Lord Minto or any other Indian Viceroy may negotiate treaties. They have done so. The Governor-General of Canada can do nothing of the kind.

The intention is to indicate the Governor-General's powers; not to surmise that Earl Grey has attempted to exceed them. And in this respect it must be remembered, too, that Mr. Root has made it plain that he came to Canada merely as a private visitor.

Canada's welcome to Mr. Root will not be dimmed by the fact that he was on the Alaskan Boundary Tribunal. As a brilliant diplomat and an advocate of international peace, he has our sincere respect.

Mr. Twigg on Municipal Ownership

THE SECOND OF A SERIES OF INTERVIEWS WITH A PHILOSOPHER.

By WILLIAM HENRY

"I SEE the people in Shreveport are talking a lot about Municipal Ownership now," said I.

Mr. Twigg had laid down his newspaper and was just starting on his second pipe for the evening.

"Who's talking about it?" enquired Mr. Twigg.

"Well, the newspapers are filled with it, and nearly every alderman had it as an election plank," replied I.

"Ah! that's different," said Mr. Twigg. "The newspapers and the politicians, yes—but the people, no. They are too busy looking after their own individual affairs to bother much about adding to the things they are bound to look after collectively. But, with the newspapers, talk is their stock-in-trade. The Shreveport newspapers and their municipal campaign remind me of a farmer who came into my shop some years ago and asked me if I wanted to buy any frogs' legs. 'How many have you got?' says I. 'Oh, a carload,' says he. At first I thought he was fooling, but he was as serious as a judge and didn't look like a man who could crack a joke. Did you ever hear this story before?" Mr. Twigg looked at me over the top of his spectacles.

"No," I replied, not quite truthfully.

"Well, I knew he couldn't get them, but I told him to bring them along. About a week afterwards he came into the shop with a little two-quart pail. 'Here's your frogs' legs,' says he. 'I thought you were going to send me a carload,' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'the pesky things made so much noise I thought sure there was a carload.'

"The editor of the Morning Universe started all the croaking about municipal ownership, and he did it because he just can't help making a noise. He loves a fight and isn't overly particular what it's about or what side he's on. So long as there are shillalals and broken heads, he is happy; and he wants everybody in the mill. Now the editor of the Evening Mars is different. He's an inoffensive fellow, but he can't take a dare. I know him well. He was brought up out our way. I remember one day when he was a little shaver, my boy Peter dassed him to jump into the pond and, although he couldn't swim a stroke, he was in over his head before you could say Jack Robinson. If I hadn't been handy to pull him out, he'd of drowned sure's my name is Twigg. Well, after he got to be editor of the Mars, the Universe man saw him coming down the street one day, and, poking his head out of the window, says: 'Your paper's owned by bloated capitalists. You dassn't go as far as I can towards Municipal Ownership.' And the Mars editor went in. He hasn't learned to swim as if he liked it real well yet, but he splashes around and makes more noise than one who is used to it.

"Then, there's the editor of the Evening Quick Message. He's conscientious about Municipal Ownership.

That man is prouder of his conscience than of his good looks. He's so proud of it that he won't do what's right for fear he might be wrong. He lives in mortal terror that some day somebody will say that he is subject to the pernicious influences of the corporations.

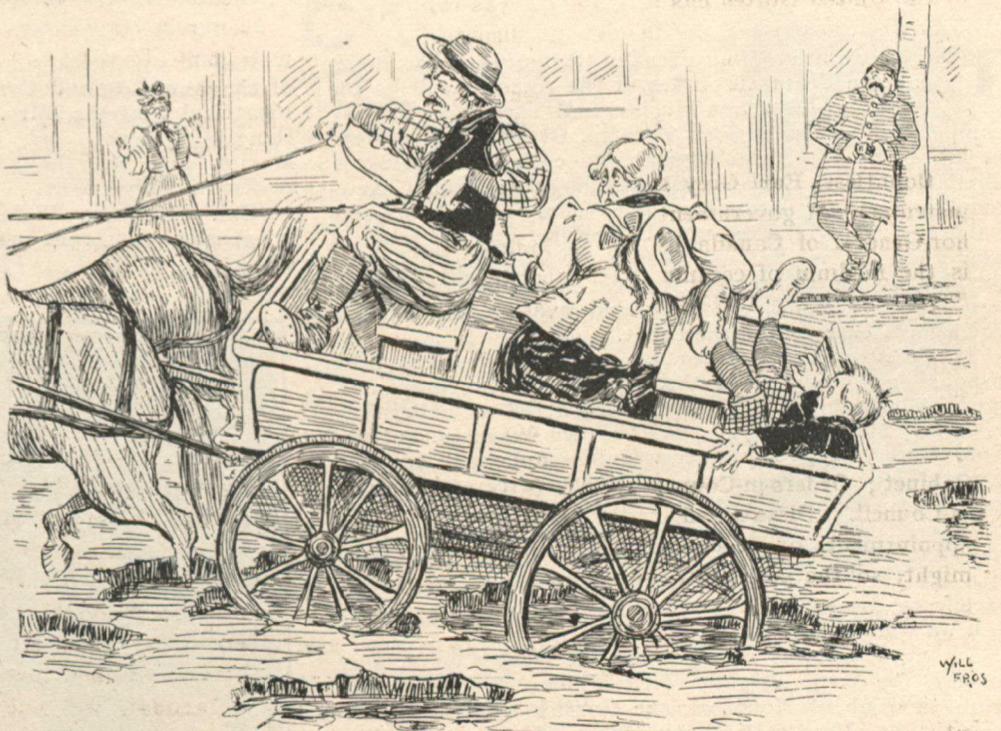
"The Glad Tidings is out for Municipal Ownership of everything as they have it in Glasgow—except abattoirs. The owner of that paper always reminds me of a setting bird, flapping its wings and screeching hard at another bird's nest so no one will find its own."

"But, Mr. Twigg, surely the newspapers are not dealing with a big question like Municipal Ownership without honestly believing in it?"

"Certainly. You don't read their editorials carefully. Few do. They are divided into two equal parts, one showing that the city aldermen are helplessly and hopelessly incompetent; and the other, that they are the proper parties to run, in their spare moments, the gas company, the street railway, the telephone company, the electric light company, and several other big corporations. Is that the reasoning of men who honestly want to help the people?"

"But there are others besides newspapers and politicians, Mr. Twigg, who are for Municipal Ownership. I meet some of them in the city—level-headed business men who are honest in their opinions."

"We all believe in Municipal Ownership," said Mr. Twigg, judicially, "to a certain extent and under certain conditions. The controversy in regard to Municipal Ownership all depends upon who owns what. There are some things a council can run and should run, and there are others it can't and shouldn't. And then again, there are some things a council should run and don't. Every time I go to Shreveport the water is turned off or they are boiling it to kill sewer microbes. It's got so bad that I never go to town without taking a jug of water from the well down by the barn with me. Why some years ago, they had to deliver water to the citizens in big carts and everybody brought out their pitchers, pails and wash-tubs to help themselves. If you weren't to



"I got jolted near to death on the asphalt."

home when the cart came around, you had to go dry and dirty. The last time I drove to Shreveport I got jolted near to death on the asphalt and broke a spring of my new democrat on the block pavement. Now, how on earth is a council that can't take care of the water-works and pavements, to say nothing of building a city hall and a market, going to run a street railway or an electric light system?"

"Mind you, they've got a clever lot of men in the City Council. There isn't a better Council on this continent. But, until they can handle all the things that all the people are interested in, they shouldn't tackle any of the things that only some of the people are interested in. Everybody uses the sidewalks and pavements, and water in some form or another—some less than others; everybody wants a good police force, fire protection, parks and the like. These are the things the Council should show they can handle before they start

on gas, street railways, electric light and power which are of great interest to some of the people but not to all. We are nearly all looking-out for number one in this age and generation. Philanthropists, who think only of doing good to their fellow citizens, are almost as scarce as members of Parliament who are not taking the increased indemnity. Self-interest is a natural law dating back to the time of Adam's experience in the orchard. If the municipality owned the street cars, the people living near their work would want high fares and surpluses, and the people living away from their work would want low fares and to the devil with the surpluses. That is the way in Scotland and England wherever they have municipal ownership, and it would be the way here."

"Some day, I'll tell you about Glasgow that the papers talk so much about and tell so little of, but to-night I am tired and am going to bed."

I never was a man who couldn't take a hint.



Col. Hanbury-Williams.



His Excellency, Earl Grey.



Mr. F. C. T. O'Hara, Secretary.

The Musical and Dramatic Competition

THE most interesting event of the month in the musical and dramatic circles of the country will be the Governor-General's Musical and Theatrical Trophy Competition at the Russell Theatre, Ottawa, during next week. Each provincial capital and each city having a population of fifty thousand, including St. John's, Newfoundland, may compete for the coveted trophies. Montreal and Toronto are not competing for the musical trophy as this is the busy season for such organisations but already the widespread interest in the event has been manifested by both eastern and western associations which have entered for the event.

The Lieutenant-Governor of each province has been responsible nominally for the selection of the companies, but in each city a local committee acted as a deciding tribunal. Each company pays its own expenses, but the general committee at Ottawa has assumed all financial responsibility in connection with the theatre and orchestra for the week, as well as renting the Racquet Court to be used by competing visitors as a temporary club. One of the most pleasing social features in connection with the event will be the reception, to be given by His Excellency Earl Grey and the Countess Grey at Rideau Hall on January thirtieth.

Among competing societies are the Quebec Symphony Society, the Boys' Brigade of St. John's, the University Dramatic Club of Montreal, the Garrick Club of Hamilton, the St. Mary's Dramatic Club of Halifax, the Winnipeg Dramatic Club, the Dramatic Club of the Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression under the direction of Mrs. Scott Raff from Toronto.

The judge for the musical contests will be Mr. George

Whitefield Chadwick a noted composer and director, head of the New England Conservatory of Music, and for the theatrical contests, Mrs. George Riggs, known as Kate Douglas Wiggins and the author of many charming stories, and Mr. Langdon Elwyn Mitchell, the noted American playwright.

Col. Hanbury-Williams, secretary to His Excellency, is acting as honorary president of the general committee, while Mr. F. C. T. O'Hara makes an efficient honorary secretary.



Boys' Brigade Band from St. John's, Nfld.

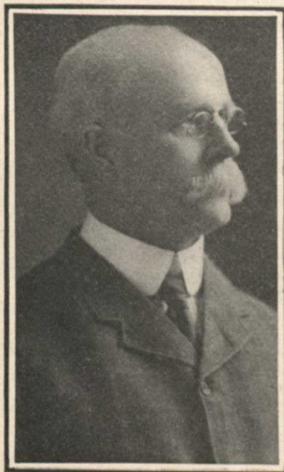
Personalities

BY CANADIENNE

A Newfoundland Legislator

BORN and bred in Nova Scotia, for twenty years a member of the General Assembly of Newfoundland, and now a citizen of Toronto, Hon. A. B. Morine, who is only fifty years of age, has had golden opportunities of becoming familiar with the eastern half of British North America. Our successful statesmen are not made—they are born somewhere near Halifax or Queen's County, in the political purple and they are elected ever after. Mr. Morine entered the legal profession through the wide gates of journalism, and in 1886, as a young lawyer of St. John's, became a member for the district of Bonavista in the Newfoundland General Assembly and resigned that position on the twentieth anniversary of his first election.

In 1890, Mr. Morine went to England as a member of a delegation to influence British legislators regarding "French Rights." the following year he appeared with Sir William Whiteway and Mr. George Emerson before the bar of the House of Lords and again in 1898 he was a government representative to the Mother Country (which Newfoundlanders loyally call "Home") on the same vexed question, which was finally settled just two years ago. Twice he was a member of the government; first, as Colonial Secretary, three years later as Minister of Finance, finally as Minister of Fisheries.



Hon. A. B. Morine

Mr. Morine is a firm believer in the final federation of Newfoundland with the Dominion, but is able, with true legal discrimination to see both sides of the question. He declares that Newfoundlanders are possessed of the erroneous idea that the Canadian political system is decidedly corrupt, and they prefer less machine-made methods. While admitting the awkwardness of the modus vivendi, Mr. Morine is cheerful as to the political outcome of the fisheries dispute and speaks with a pilot's professional judgment of diplomatic rocks and shoals.

Mr. Morine is an excellent speaker, not forgetting the picturesque aspect of his subject and never breaking the commandment which says: "Thou shalt not be a bore." In voice and presence he is more like the English than the Canadian model, forceful without any fuss, and possessed of a cordial dignity which makes for social enjoyment. But Mr. Morine is at his best when he talks of fishing and tells wondrous and fascinating salmon stories which are as good as they are true.

A Lumberman from Lincoln

IN 1682, at the solicitation of William Penn, certain German-Dutch families of the name of Rittenhouse crossed the Atlantic and settled in Pennsylvania. In 1800 some descendants of these settlers came to Canada, finding homes in the best fruit-growing section of Ontario and in 1846 Moses Franklin Rittenhouse was born in Lincoln County. Just the year before the Fenian Raid he went to Chicago where he had the dubious joy of being "devil" on the Chicago "Morning Post." Then he became tally boy with a firm of lumber inspectors and, after returning to Canada for a brief educational course, climbed higher and higher on the

lumber ladder until in 1883 he organised with Mr. J. R. Embree a large wholesale trade and now includes among his activities the presidency of the Arkansas Lumber Company.

But if this were all, Mr. Rittenhouse might be regarded simply as a shrewd and able Canadian who has done his country credit in the second city of the continent. During the last few years, however, he has played the part of a story-book godfather to the region where he was born, and has given the Ontario Government the surprise of its life by presenting it with more than one hundred smiling acres in Lincoln County for an experimental fruit farm. Hon. J. P. Whitney and Hon. Nelson Monteith rubbed their eyes and said:—"Well—er—really—Ontario thanks you so much." Then Mr. Rittenhouse built at Jordan Harbour a small model schoolhouse, which affords the girls and boys such rooms, library and garden as city youngsters may well envy. A handsome structure, with every equipment for public meetings, known as Victoria Hall, was erected across the road from the schoolhouse and one of the first features supplied by this Chicago-Canadian was an engraving of Queen Victoria. Then four acres were added for a handsome grove, where summer celebrations are held.

To realise what Mr. Rittenhouse has done, you must see Victoria Hall in its August bravery with hundreds of the Lincoln County people crowding the grounds and auditorium, applauding with cheers that can be heard down to Lake Ontario, the bashful benefactor who does his best to escape and hide behind a local M.P. This "Lincoln Old Boy," who has done so much for his native county and province is modesty itself and is never so happy as when he is giving his old friends "the best of good times" on his annual visit to Canada.



Mr. M. F. Rittenhouse

A Railway Pioneer

CANADA is not the only country in which railway projects are making new towns and provinces. Central Africa is to be opened up by a railway system from the west coast that will eventually link up with the Cape-to-Cairo route and develop a vast area of mineral wealth. Mr. Robert Williams is the originator of this new project, concerning which he is most enthusiastic. He was a personal friend of Mr. Cecil Rhodes and knows what used to be the "Dark Continent" as few Englishmen know it.

The Benguella Railway, the first sections of which are already open for traffic, has its coast terminus at Lobito Bay, the finest natural harbour in South Africa and already a port of call for the "Union Castle" and other liners. The railway will shorten the London-Johannesburg journey by 3,000 miles. So the work of Anglo-Africa goes on!



Mr. Robert Williams

The Political Patronage Evil

SHOWING HOW THE CIVIL SERVICE IS PROTECTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN, AND WHAT CIVIL SERVICE REFORM WOULD EFFECT FOR THE BETTERMENT OF CANADA'S POLITICAL LIFE.

By J. S. WILLISON

IN GREAT BRITAIN

IN every country in which responsible government prevails, the distribution of political patronage has been a source of difficulty, confusion and corruption. Nowhere has the evil been wholly eliminated. But in all English speaking communities where the principles of free government are best understood, more or less progress has been made towards a permanent, non-partisan civil service.

In Great Britain there has been almost a complete divorce between the representatives of the people and appointments to the civil service, alike in the constituencies and in the departments. It may be that knight-hoods and peerages are sometimes purchased by heavy contributions to the funds of the party organisations, and that occasionally falling fortunes are restored through the emoluments of Colonial Governorships, although, as a matter of fact, they are more often impaired, but in the main, the Imperial interests which are committed to the hands of British diplomats are of such tremendous import to the Empire and to the world that the very magnitude of the responsibilities involved guarantees the character and capacity of the appointments. In any event it is inevitable that the selection of these great officers of the Empire, whose fitness in the last analysis, cannot be determined by any system of tests or examinations, will always lie within the field of Ministerial patronage, while, as has been said, the interests at stake are so momentous that serious evils will seldom arise through its exercise. But these great appointments practically mark the limit of purely party patronage in Great Britain. Beyond this, and outside such strictly personal posts as private secretaryships, no field of patronage, such as occurs in Canada, is reserved for British politicians. And over this condition, the politicians and the people alike, rejoice. In all the departments, admissions and promotions are through rigid tests and examinations. Generally, even permanent heads reach their positions through regular and orderly promotions in the service.

Mr. Mundella, President of the Board of Trade under Gladstone, once told an American audience that although he represented the largest constituency in the United Kingdom, he could not grant one appointment in the excise. Mr. Gladstone, in a speech which he made at Greenwich more than thirty years ago, said, "As to the clerkships in my office, the office of the treasury,

every one of you has just as much power over their disposal as I have." It is not necessary to argue that there are no evils in British politics or that the interests of party in the Old Country are always subordinated to the public welfare. But at least the evils which arise out of the sordid struggle for patronage are greatly restricted and that the effect upon the tone and character of British public life has been enormously beneficial cannot be doubted. In the older days in Great Britain, as gross abuses centred in patronage as now arise elsewhere and therefore the evidence which the Mother Country supplies, that free government can be maintained and the party system exist without the "cohesive power of public plunder," should encourage other communities to persevere in the struggle for a non-partisan civil service and the emancipation of public men from the unspeakable vexations and difficulties, the pitiful intrigues and the mercenary bargainings which are inseparable from the distribution of political patronage.

IN THE UNITED STATES

In the United States, while much remains to be accomplished, more progress has been made toward a permanent non-partisan civil service than is generally understood. Under General Andrew Jackson's administration two thousand office holders were removed in twelve months while during the previous forty years there were only seventy-four removals. It would seem that during the first half century of the Republic, as for the last half century in Great Britain, the party system could exist and a profound interest in public affairs prevail among the people without the unwholesome stimulus of party patronage. But the cancer which Jackson introduced took root in kindly soil, and for many years thereafter the Presidential contests became great struggles for the spoils of office.

It was inevitable that with such a background, the battle for civil service reform in the United States should be long, painful and difficult, and that the leaders of the great organised parties would be generally reluctant to lend support to the movement. Mainly, therefore, the movement has received inspiration and direction from such rare and courageous spirits as Carl Schurz and George William Curtis, too loyal to their own convictions to be amenable to party discipline, and more zealous for the good fame of the commonwealth than for the ascendancy of any political group or the triumph of



Helping a Deserving Friend into the Civil Service

any party organisation. Under all the circumstances, great results have been achieved. The Civil Service law, which, with its amendments, is now in force in the United States, was enacted in 1883, when the whole service was filled with Republicans. For twenty-five years the shadow of the rebellion lay upon the Democratic party, and as a consequence, the government of the country was in the hands of the Republican leaders. During all this period only Republicans were appointed to the national offices, and, except in rare instances, partisan service constituted the chief claim to appointment.

The Civil Service law was passed under the administration of President Arthur, who succeeded to office upon the assassination of Garfield. At the close of his administration in 1885 over fifteen thousand places had become subject to the Civil Service regulations. During Cleveland's first term as President, the number of classified places was increased to twenty-seven thousand. Cleveland was a resolute champion of Civil Service reform, and when it is remembered that he is the only Democrat who has been elected to the Presidency of the United States since 1860, and that except during his terms of office the national service was practically closed to Democrats, we can understand how clamorous was the demand for the dismissal of Republican office-holders and how difficult it was to resist the application of the spoils system to a service which had been recruited almost wholly from the adherents of the Republican party. It cannot be said that he made no surrender to the spoilsmen, but in the main he offered a vigorous resistance to their demands, and under his administration the partisan activity of the civil service was measurably abated, and its national and non-partisan character measurably established.

The Civil Service Act of the United States provides for appointment according to merit as determined by examination, it orders an apportionment of appointments in the Departments at Washington among the States and Territories, it fixes a period of probation before absolute appointment, and prohibits the use of official authority to coerce the political action of any person or body. The number of positions now subject to competitive examinations is one hundred and fifty thousand. The classified service has over two hundred and thirty-four thousand positions, and embraces all employes of the Government who are not mere labourers or subject to confirmation by the Senate.

Now it would be idle to deny that there is still a vast and mischievous exercise of party patronage in the United States, both in the Federal and State services, and it would be vain to argue that there is any approximation to the conditions which obtain in Great Britain. But at least there is an active and organised body of independent opinion enlisted in the movement for Civil Service reform, a growing if not a general recognition of the great and manifold evils of the patronage system, and increasing guarantees for the independence, security and permanence of the Civil Service.

IN CANADA

In Canada the application of the spoils system has been generally resisted, but short of the inconsiderate and indiscriminate dismissal of office-holders, we have had, and continue to have, all the evils and abuses which belong naturally to the partisan distribution of public patronage. In 1871, when the Sandfield Macdonald Government was defeated in Ontario, there were few, if any, dismissals from the Civil Service by the Liberal administration which succeeded to office. So there were few dismissals by the Mackenzie Government which obtained office at Ottawa in 1873, and again, there was no general disturbance of office-holders by the Macdonald Government which came into power in 1878. The dismissals by the Liberal Government which succeeded to office in 1896 were more numerous, but it must be remembered that for eighteen years hardly a single Liberal had received appointment to the Federal service, that many of the Conservative officials, particularly between 1880 and 1890 were guilty of active and offensive partisanship.

COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS REQUIRED

Although the Canadian Civil Service is established on a basis of nominal permanence subject to a qualifying examination by a Civil Service Commission, appointments to the service are obtained mainly, if not exclusively, through political influence. This is tempered by the necessity for technical qualifications, as in the Geological Survey and the Post Office Department, by the fact that only able and energetic officers can guarantee reasonable efficiency in the management of the public

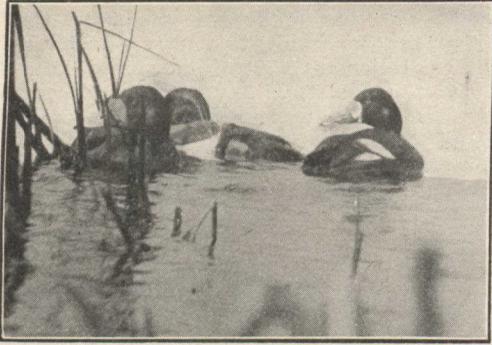
business, and that the concern of deputy heads for the successful working of the departments partly offset the influence of the political element. The qualifying examinations are too low to constitute any bar to political appointment, and twice as many candidates succeed in the examinations as can receive appointment. Commercial agents, for example, are the direct appointment of Ministers in the unfettered exercise of patronage, and generally qualification has been treated as a very secondary consideration. Deputy heads, postmasters in the cities, customs' collectors, the chief officers of the Immigration Department, and the Department of the Interior, which offices should constitute the prizes of the services, are generally reserved for direct political appointment. Theoretically, promotion in the service depends upon examination, seniority and selection, and nominally, the qualifying examinations for promotion from 3rd to 2nd class and from 2nd class to 1st class clerks, are controlled by the Civil Service Commission, but the examinations are qualifying, not competitive, and as there is thus wide room for the exercise of political influence, in the inside as in the outside service, the politicians are eternally busy, to the serious injury of the service and the demoralisation of the public life of the country.

THE EVIL EFFECTS

The evil effects of the "principle of claiming monopoly of office by the right of conquest," as it was once described by Daniel Webster, can hardly be exaggerated. Those of us who have had to do with practical politics know how the greed of office corrodes principles and corrupts parties. We know how formidable in all parties is the element which demands recognition and reward, and how Ministers are beset and harassed by the great army of patriots for revenue, which eternally besieges the seat of Government. We know how political leaders of high spirit and high purpose hate the whole miserable traffic in spoils and chafe under the merciless exactions of the patronage-mongers. But with a strange fatuity they maintain the system and submit to the unspeakable vexations and humiliations which the distribution of patronage inevitably entails. They seem to believe that without offices to bestow, the zeal of the partisans would grow cold, and the party lose its vitality and energy. They do reflect that a party in opposition generally is distinguished by enthusiasm, unity and energy, at least equal to the spirit and vitality which characterise a governing organisation, and that no group of Ministers who are forever busy with the intrigues, divisions and faction quarrels which patronage breeds under our system, can give energetic administration and unembarrassed service to the commonwealth. The certain result is to degrade the standards which the party maintained in opposition, and to have government for the party rather than for the country.

Moreover, a civil service which is the product of political patronage cannot be independent, and cannot be efficient. Officials who are appointed by one set of politicians upon sheer grounds of partisan service will be expected to continue as active allies of those from whom they have received appointment. With a change of Government, they will be distrusted, and their positions imperilled. They may become servile, or in exceptional cases untrustworthy and treacherous. But there is vastly greater danger of servility than of treachery. The daily bread of one's family is a strong and often a pathetic pledge of loyalty and fidelity. The civil servant is entitled to the same personal independence, the same security of employment, the same chance of promotion which the rest of us enjoy in our various pursuits, and that he cannot have until the whole service is made subject to the system of competitive examinations and rescued from the clutches of spoils-hunting politicians.

The reform is demanded in the interest of the service, in the interest of public morals, in the interest of national efficiency. It is true that all the evils of our politics will not be eradicated by the establishment of a permanent, non-partisan civil service and the disappearance of patronage as a stimulus to political activity, but at least there would be a great increase of independent action in the constituencies, public men would be relieved from dependence upon the mercenary element which now exercises a baneful authority in the political organisations, the civil service would be greatly strengthened in character and efficiency, the independence of Parliament would be materially enhanced, and the great and serious problems of administration and high political debate upon broad questions of policy and principle would become the chief business of statesmen and the people.



The Big Blue-Bill

DESCRIPTION OF THE SPRING MIGRATION OF "THE AMERICAN SCAUP," LARGE NUMBERS OF WHICH SPEND THE WINTER IN ONTARIO. WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

By BONNYCASTLE DALE

GREAT flocks of that swiftly flying duck, the American Scaup, locally the Big Blue-Bill, live through all the winter months in the open bays of Ontario and Erie, feeding on the immense schools of minnows that frequent these shallow waters, only leaving for a short time when an unusually cold spell seals up the sheltered harbours. Hawk and I have found them liberally scattered all along Superior, Huron and Georgian Bay. Even the fat boy, Fritz, has killed them on the St. Lawrence, so they must be plentiful there. Wherever there is good food, wild celery beds, spatterdock, wild rice and other succulent aquatic green grains and vegetables the blue-bill are fat and tender and their plucked breasts show a rich, creamy white. Luckily the close season in this country prevents spring shooting and a few of these big handsome ducks are nesting and rearing their broods all along the frontier, while innumerable hosts of them dot the bays and outline the sunken wild rice beds, gorging themselves for provision against the long flight to the breeding grounds on Great Bear and Great Slave Lakes and the marshy reaches of the Albani River.

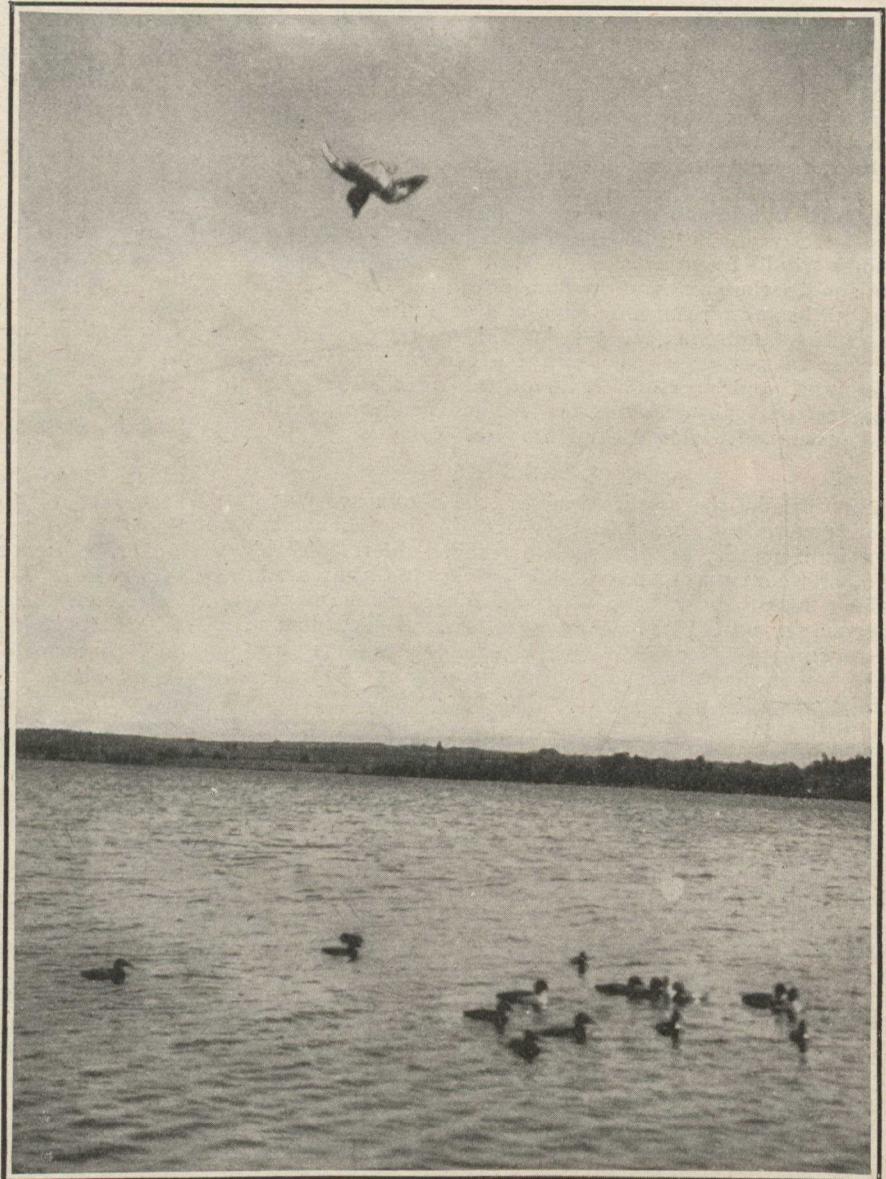
Last spring, I spent in the Rice Lake region of central Ontario. The last week in March we vainly assayed to get to the open water in midlake to picture the blue-bills but iceshoves and new ice prevented us. On the first of April we portaged to the Indian River and paddled down to its mouth—an April fool trip if there ever was one, as the mouth of the river was sealed and the new ice cut the canoes as a razor scars the tender skin. The following day the current had cut a passage as far out as Maple Sugar Island. As the canoe silently rounded the rocky point that marks its western end, a sight met our eyes that amply rewarded the hard, dangerous work of the past week. The little strip of open water all along the island's shores was literally black with the closely crowded bodies of blue-bills, a long swimming line, crowding slowly forward, all anxious to reach that tiny strip of shore water and pick up a few grains of the fine sparkling sand, the minute sharp particles of which form the digestive material. For a moment we saw the splashing, diving, calling host, then there was a thunderous roar and the whole shore-line seemed to lift and fly away, and the sky above was filled with a circling mass, much as I have seen bees circle about their hive.

The long crescent, far out in the lake, in the open water directly over the wild rice beds, a long, shifting black body was the rafted mass of blue-bills. The sun reflected from the sunken wild rice straw, had opened this patch of lake ice first. We ran the canoe ashore and carefully searched this tumultuous mass

with the telescope. The big blue-bills as ever were in the great majority, the lesser Scaup—our little Blue-Bill, and the Ring-necked Scaup—locally called the Marsh Blue-Bill, were represented by about one dozen pairs. Watching the flock for hours through the big glass, we noticed that as usual the males were in greatest numbers, as near as we could calculate there were fifteen drakes to each dozen ducks. A few of the birds were already mated but the majority dived for food alone as yet.

In the square mile before us fully twenty-five thousand ducks overpowered the lapping noise of the swell on the icefields by their incessant diving. The long pointed black grains of wild rice that lay five to ten feet beneath the water was the attraction.

We now started to study the great flock day by day. We erected stone hides on the points of the islands, leaving a window-like hole to contain the cameras. Out in the open bay we drove down heavy forked trees, leaving the tops three feet above water. Long poles were laid



Death of the Blue-Bill

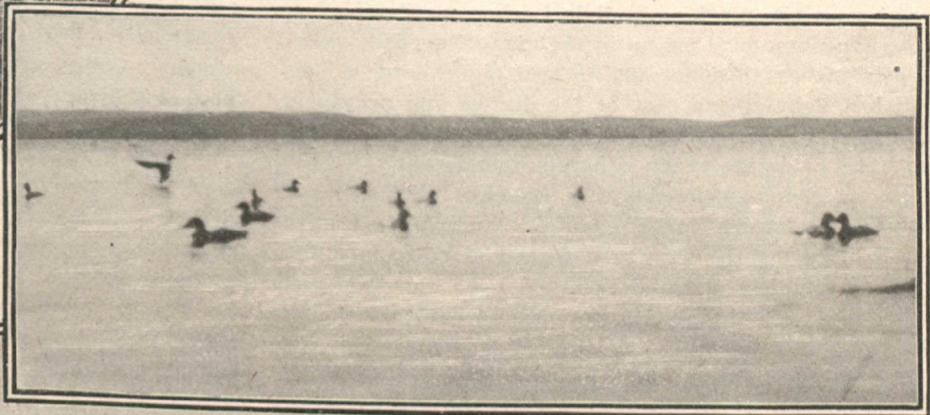
This is a remarkable photograph, since the bird was shot and then photographed by Mr. Dale without assistance



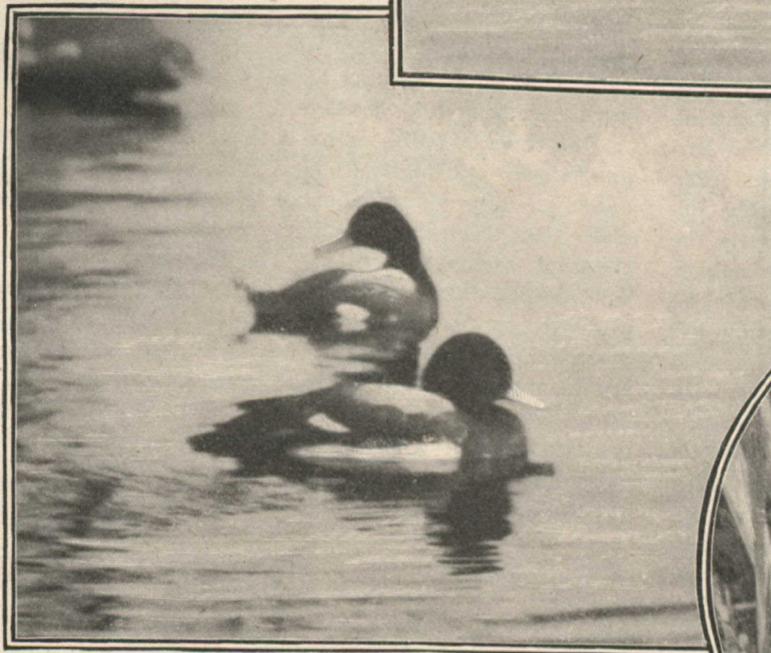
Rare Picture of a Mated Pair.



Blue-Bills eating Maskinonge Spawn



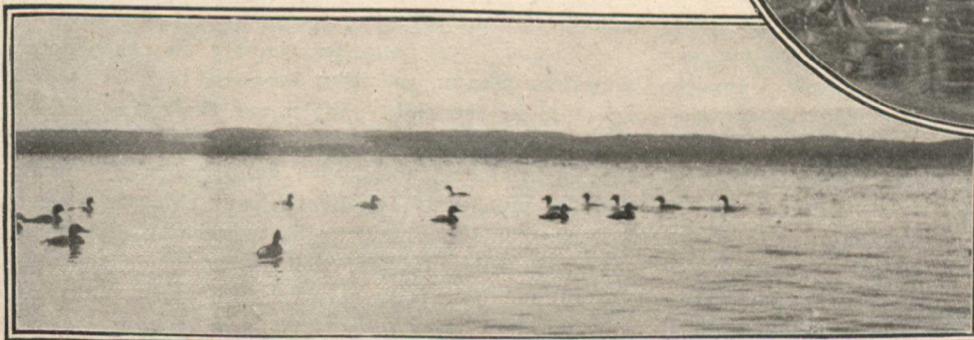
Lighting among the Decoys. Another rare picture.



A Big Pair on the Gravelling Ground.



Setting. A triumph for the Photographer.



A Duck Bird (x) followed by five Drakes. All the others are decoys.

SOME WONDERFUL PICTURES OF THE BLUE-BILL.

Photographs taken by Bonnycastle Dale, at Rice Lake, Ont.

on these, old shore-drifted wild rice straw hung over, another stake put down about the centre of the north side, and a bit of plank lashed to it to hold the cameras. Early one bright April morning behold us hidden behind the stone hide with our decoys bobbing in the mimic waves raised by the light nor'wester. A trapper passed along at this moment, stopped as he saw the decoys and then paddled along blithely to arrest the duckshooters that were openly breaking the law. We responded courteously to his rather raw remark about this morning's work costing us dear, then I invited him into the hide to see the new noiseless, smokeless, merciful gun I secured my ducks with. His anger faded into surprise, to interest, to keen delight as he watched in the big camera the passing reflection of the ducks. We took the big flock feeding a couple of hundred yards out, then a single bird, a male blue-bill, whirled in overhead and half setting his wings dropped like a flash into the decoys, but the focal plane pictured him ere he was within twenty feet of the water. It is almost uncanny the speed of some of these new machines. I wait until I think the bird is low enough to show the decoys on the waterline, "clang" goes the machine, and lo! when we develop we see the handsome bird far up in the air. "Purr-it!" went my assistant at this instant, as two big shining drakes fell with a light splash east of the decoys and promptly started to dive for gravel. This needful digester they must have at least every other day and many is the bird that perishes in the shooting season while seeking it on some well known bar or shallow sandbank. I gave a low call and as the far drake turned alert to look for the calling female I pictured them.

It is intensely interesting to watch the love-making of the great host, usually two drakes showered their attentions on one soberly-clad, brown lady, but in some cases there were three, in others four, and in some as many as five big glossy drakes to one duck. They followed her every movement. As she swam on the surface they tagged along closely behind. If she dived they all instantly followed, and they must have closely followed her movements beneath as they all came up in the same foamy splash, each bird eating a juicy bit of celery. Alarmed at some noise or tired of her attentive train, up jumped the much-loved bird. With one motion her court followed.

Day after day this love work was kept up until finally she chose one of the glittering drakes; then he promptly asserted his rights and, ably assisted by her, drove off the discarded suitors. I have often watched this finish to the game and noted the lonely drakes spring up and swing over the flock and each select a lady that had only one or two or three attendants. Another strange action of these birds is that although the drake constantly follows her until her choice is made, she in turn after her selection follows her chosen lord and master, except in the act of springing from the water. If alarmed, the drake waits and watches and will not jump until she has taken wing.

It was a sight long to be remembered when our advancing canoe caused the great host to jump. Up with a noise like thunder the birds rose, flying away in circling clouds. We often got within two hundred yards and although we tried to picture them, ducks look very small on the film at that distance. These greedy birds seem to feed night and day; we seldom saw them sleeping. Sometimes when tired diving they would swim ashore and bask in the bright spring sunshine. There was one special point they visited in this manner and we set the cameras and concealed them in the dry weeds, among several pictures we secured what we were after—the picture of a mated pair of American Scaup.

Now the water in the lake was unusually low for this time of year and the maskinonge were unable to nose

their way into the drowned lands and deeply hidden bays where they love to spawn. They were obliged to deposit the spawn along the edge of the flags and reeds that bordered the bays and islands. Southwest winds sprang up and swept the transient shining stuff ashore. Much of it showed the dot that tells of coming fish life. We spent many an hour paddling this stuff off the shore into the warm shallow water, trusting it would hatch out. Returning to look at one place where it lay thickly, I was astonished to see it lined with gobbling blue-bills: they were feeding on the rich spawn. I noticed when I flared them that they only flew a short distance, then settling in the water watched the shore. Knowing their habits I speedily set both cameras in the low willows that fringed the shore, connected tubes and lines and hid behind some dry oak shoots on the high bank above. The birds swam straight in, clambered over a little sandbar, swam along the tiny lagoon and let into that spawn in a most thorough manner. A low shrill whistle from me caused them to look up, both cameras rang out; the alarmed birds flew out on to the lake and I got one of my best pictures in an hour's work.

All through the month of April and part of May we diligently followed this big flock, saw it shrink to ten thousand birds by migration and again swell to its former numbers. We think the birds speeding north had found the lakes still sealed below and on the Height of Land, as from reports these were not open on May 10th; so they returned to this grand old feeding ground where fifty thousand bushels of wild rice and countless thousands of acres of newly springing wild celery lay below the surface. Winds nor waves disturbed them, they continued feeding in the exposed bays in the faces of the wildest northern winds, not even attempting the front rank sheltering swimming plan so often used by the birds. It was feed, feed, feed.

One finds it fully as hard to centre with the camera as the gun, and many a clean miss is recorded. Still the game is fully worth the candle, the keen feeling of a well centred bird is all there as the camera clicks, and the click seems dearer than the splash that tells of the dead bird. It is well there is not any spring shooting allowed; so tame have the birds become that I estimated a hundred kill one day while seated on Pudash point—part of the Mississauga Reservation. Yet the birds keep their regular distance from the shore, dreading the mink, the weasel, fox, stoat, or the low-perched hawk concealed in the trees. For hours I have watched a flock gravelling near the shore and by actual count never a full minute passed without each and every bird carefully scanning the entire scene.

Finally we found the nest of the big blue-bill and nine eggs. She had made her home on the edge of the bog, entering from the front, unlike most waterfowl. I drove a stake, lashed a platform and connected by a 50-yard line lay concealed in the flags—and here she is for you quietly setting.

There is yet another chapter in the life of the American Scaup, one that appeals to most men whose heart is in the right spot under their coats, the grand days of the Fall, when the October tints are flung over the landscape with a lavish hand, when the air is keen and the pipe tastes good and your chum is a first class fellow, when the decoys are out, and the air is filled with the sharp tack, tack of the smokeless or the rich deep "bang" of the black powder, when the silky rustling winnow of the bird tells of its coming and, well centred, clean killed, it turns over in midair and ends the life of the big blue-bill, as in the last illustration, where I unassisted, killed on the wing, and instantly photographed a handsome drake, the bird has turned onto its back in the camera clicked.



The Premier's Daughter*

By HAROLD SANDS

THE Premier of British Columbia must be a man of sense, but not of sensibility. The moment a man is made the chief adviser of King Edward's representative in his majesty's most western possession, at that very instant he becomes the target of abuse and sport of the leader-writer.

Premier John Stornway was weary of his office. He preferred farming to politics. Moreover he was only a stop-gap First Minister, and stop-gaps always come in for more halfpence than kicks. He had only a majority of one in the House, and he would gladly have laid down his portfolio and retired to the ranch. But there was an ambitious minister behind him who dominated the whole cabinet, and was even known to make the Lieutenant-Governor shake in his shoes.

The Hon. Alfred Martingale was Premier in all but name. He was a Scot, and he never let a good thing go until his hold was unclaspd by force.

"What's the good of worrying along with only one of a majority, Mart?" asked the Premier, wearily, one day. "And to-morrow when the House meets we shall be defeated for certain, for there are two of our men who live in Cariboo, who cannot get here until the steamer arrives from Vancouver in the evening, and by that time all will be over."

The Premier was speaking one January day, 189—, in his private office in the Legislative Buildings, Victoria, B.C. It was the eve of the meeting of Parliament, and a big scheme was being matured to defeat the Government. The Premier felt it in his bones. But the ever-confident Finance Minister was not going to give in.

"Don't be afraid, Stornway," he replied, "There is one of the opposition men also detained in Vancouver, and the House will have risen by the time he gets here. Before another day comes round we shall have been able to win over several of the other side. The offer of liberal appropriations for his constituency goes a long way with the average member."

"But I should like to retire while we honourably can do so," returned the Premier, while the Finance Minister laughed at this thin-skinned politician. "I should like," said the Premier, "to go out of office by my own free will and without the stigma of defeat on my administration. Of course I know it is really your cabinet, old fellow, but I shall go down into history as the Premier, which will be rather nice for the family," he concluded with a wan smile.

The Premier's instincts were not far wrong—defeat was very near to his administration.

But a girl stepped in.

On the eve of the meeting of the Legislature it was easy to see how the parties stood. Out of the House of 38 members there were 17 government men, 17 opposition, and the Speaker, who was supposed to be neutral. There were two government and one opposition members absent. By the ordinary routes of travel they could not reach the Legislature till several hours after the speech from the throne had been delivered, and the House had risen for the night. But the absent opposition man, the brainiest politician in British Columbia, had timed his absence on purpose to give the government security. He intended to make a dramatic appearance in the House several hours before the other two men could arrive, and so beat the government on the first day of the new session. The name of this politician was the Hon. Samuel Swallow. He was the stormy petrel of Dominion politics. His career and its romances would fill a book.

Society in British Columbia is delightfully simple. It opens its arms to anybody with money or a nodding acquaintance with a title. To be a real favourite, one should have much money and little brain.

The Premier seldom went into society, and he never

gave dinners. His daughter Bernice said he showed his wisdom that way, but his followers said he lost votes. Bernice believed in the young person earning a living for herself, whether her father be premier or shoeblack. That was why she was day counter clerk in the telegraph office in Vancouver. She was not on duty on the eve of the meeting of Parliament when Mr. Swallow sent a most important telegram to Mr. Muir, who besides being a member of the opposition, was also president of a railway and steamship company, which connected Vancouver with Victoria via Nanaimo. The telegram read as follows:

"John Muir, Victoria, B.C.

"Two government men cannot possibly reach Victoria till to-morrow evening. If you send steamer Arc over from Nanaimo very early in the morning for me, and have a special train waiting at Nanaimo to make a fast run to Victoria, I can reach the House three hours ahead of them, and surprise the government into defeat. Without my presence the House ties and the Speaker will certainly give his casting vote in favour of the government. (Signed) Samuel Swallow."

Mr. Muir gave orders in accordance with the telegram.

It was part of the morning duty of Bernice Stornway to get the telegrams of the previous night and store them away. She had her fair share of curiosity, and contrived to become acquainted with all that was going. She said she never knew what might be useful to father, so she called the yellow bundles her "Daily Town Talk."

On the morning of the day the House was to meet, Swallow's telegram was in the pile. She always claimed afterwards that that eminent statesman owed her a day's news, for she did not get past his message.

"The clever wretch," was her first feminine comment. Her second thought was that she would spoil the game of this wily politician, and her third thought was, what was her duty to the telegraph company?

"Loyalty is not the best policy in this instance," was her decision, as she prepared to take a hand in the making and unmaking of cabinets. Her sympathies were entirely on the government side. Not alone was her father Premier, but her betrothed was private secretary to the Premier. A telegram to Percival Stillingworth put him in possession of the details of the conspiracy. The private secretary hurried with the news to his chief, and a cabinet council was held just before the House met, when the course of action was decided upon. It was seen that it would be impossible to hurry the proceedings so that the Parliament could rise before the special train could arrive, so the government decided to borrow a policy from the opposition and talk against time.

For the benefit of the uninitiated it may be stated that on the opening day the British Columbia House meets at 3 p.m. to receive His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor, and to hear him read the speech from the throne. The pro forma business is transacted, and sometimes the address in reply is moved. But the Speaker can adjourn the house for dinner at 6.30, and can name any hour for the evening meeting, though night sessions are seldom held in the early weeks of the House meeting.

Politician Swallow was very anxious that no reporter should see him when he boarded the steamer Arc. He wanted no spoiling of his coup de main. Therefore when he got out of his cab at the wharf he was irritated to find the gangway to the steamer blocked by a tearful girl who implored to be allowed to go to Nanaimo.

"My father is deathly sick," she wailed. "Oh, do let me on board."

Samuel Swallow could never resist a woman in tears, so he signed to the sailor to let the girl on the steamer.

*From "The Dashing Sally Duel and Other Stories."

She could know nothing, and a good deed more or less was nothing to a politician.

Having assisted her as far as Nanaimo he could not refuse her passage on the special train to Victoria.

And thus it was that Bernice arrived at the capital at the same time as her father's political enemy. She let no one know of her arrival, but drove at once to a costumier's, where she was made up as Mr. Jeremiah Helmslow, the member for Cariboo.



The Legislature was excited. When His Honour entered the House there were 17 men on each side, but the jubilation was all on the opposition quarter. They knew that a special train was bringing their eighteenth member and defeat for the government. There was little attention paid that day to prayers, and even the speech from the throne was impatiently listened to. As His Honour left the House with his gilded and glittering staff, there entered Hon. Samuel Swallow. He was received with deafening applause by the opposition, and one or two excited members took time by the forelock and shouted out, "Resign, resign." Ere the echo of the words had died away in the dome there rushed into the House the member for Cariboo. And then the government side took up the cheer, and the opposition sat dumbfounded.

The Premier rose to the occasion. "Mr. Speaker," said he, "I beg to move that the House at its rising do stand adjourned till Monday."

"No, no," came the roar from the left.

Mr. Speaker put the question.

"The ayes have it," he remarked.

"Names, names," was the opposition shout, and the count showed 18 for and 18 against.

"I give my casting vote in favour of the motion," said the Speaker, and the House re-echoed to government acclaim.

"I beg to move that the House do now adjourn," said the Premier. The opposition insisted on another division, and again the casting vote of the Speaker saved the administration.

As the House rose the Premier went to thank the member for Cariboo for his opportune appearance, but Mr. Helmslow had disappeared.



A couple of hours later the Premier was in his rooms at the Draid Hotel with his private secretary. The bell-boy brought him up a card.

"Ask her to come up," said he to the boy.

Bernice entered the room.

"Why, how did you come here?" asked her father.

"With the member for Cariboo, dad," she answered.

A knock came at the door. "Come," cried the Premier.

"A telegram for you, sir," said the boy.

The Premier opened it. "Sorry, but lost the boat at Vancouver; hope my absence will not inconvenience you. (Signed) Helmslow."

The Premier handed the telegram to his secretary and took his daughter in his arms.

The Great Dives' Elopement

By GUY BOOTHBY, Author of "Dr. Nikola," "The Woman on the Derelict," etc.

ONCE upon a time, in a certain Australian Capital, there was a man who was a K.C.M.G., a member of the legislative council, a justice of the peace, a squatter, a merchant and a millionaire, all at one and the same time. His name was—well, we'll say, for the purpose of this story, that his name was Dives, the Hon. Sir John Alexander Dives, K.C.M.G., J.P. He was universally respected, for his name was good at the foot of a bill for almost any amount you might like to name. But in his life he had made one serious mistake from which he was never able to recover. He allowed himself to be ruled body and soul by his wife, and as to the folly of that proceeding there is no necessity for me to speak.

Lady Dives was a leader of society, which means that she opened subscription lists with crushing munificence, and entertained on a scale which eclipsed even vice-royalty itself.

Years before she had had the good fortune to do a kindness for a globe-trotting duchess, who in return presented her at Court, thus enabling her to achieve the first ambition of her life. Her second was what I propose to tell you about in this story.

Lady Dives had a daughter whom we in our shibboleth called the "Divinity." She was a sweet girl, and had been brought up strictly under her mother's eye, a fact which in itself was sufficient to guarantee her fit to become a King's consort. But though she spoke five European languages like a native, and could ride, dance, sing, and play half a dozen instruments better than most professionals, she was not proud, but was as charming to impecunious bank clerks as to grandee aides-de-camp.

I believe she had a hazy notion that in the future she was intended to make a brilliant marriage at home; but at the time with which this narrative is concerned she was content to flirt her days away, as if she were only the daughter of a simple Government official. Not being of age she could not be expected to understand her good fortune in possessing such prospects as would enable her to become a peeress.

In order to facilitate his public duties, Sir John employed as private secretary a most meritorious young man who signed his letters Charles Grenville Bassidge. This gentleman lived at Dives Park, and was brought into daily contact with his employer's family. He was a good-looking silent young Englishman of mysterious antecedents, who declined to talk of his past, and said he had come out to make his fortune; but as this is what every newcomer says, nobody gave him credit for

originality. However, he made a very good amenuensis.

In spite of his exemplary behaviour her ladyship regarded him with suspicious eyes. She saw that the "Divinity" favoured him greatly, and it was plain to all of us that he was more than a little in love with her. They played billiards together every evening, so what could one expect?

Now every mother knows that abrupt interference with lovers never did any good yet. Surely her ladyship must have been aware of this; but if so, why did she stop their intercourse so peremptorily? She might have foreseen the inevitable consequence. The young couple came to mutual understanding, and henceforward held their meetings on the stairs, or behind the big olive trees in the garden.

Having grasped the enormity of their proceedings, Lady Dives lectured her daughter severely, while Sir John conveyed a delicate hint to his private secretary that it would be better perhaps if he were to devote himself more assiduously to his duties.

Then it came to passing notes at family prayers, arranging meetings in the orangery afterwards.

One day her ladyship's maid, acting under instruction, followed them to their rendezvous, and on her return to the house revealed the purport of their conversation to her mistress. An awful scene followed, and next morning an advertisement appeared in the daily papers inviting application for the position of private secretary and amanuensis to a member of Parliament, etc.

The night that Bassidge bade farewell to Dives' Park the "Divinity" received a terrible wiggling, and cried herself to sleep with a photo and bundle of billet-doux under her pillow. She asserted that "her Charley" was not a "pauper" and a "nobody," and she said she "would rather die than give him up!"

The new secretary proved to be a little sandy-haired man, who wore spectacles, and confined his attentions solely to his blue books, being wise enough to leave female society alone. Her ladyship satisfied herself that he was not dangerous, and for a month things went smoothly.

After the storm the "Divinity" fretted a little and mooned her days away by the fountain in the shrubbery; she also went to her own room directly after dinner. Her mother said it was temper, and prophesied that she would get over it in a week, but there she was mistaken. It lasted till the girl was laid up with an attack of bronchitis, and something went wrong with the large

Cupid and Psyche fountain on the south lawn. Workmen were called in to examine it, and poking about in the waste pipe they came across a mass of wet correspondence, which was conveyed to headquarters and examined. The notes were all signed C. G. B., and were worded somewhat after this fashion—

"My Heart's Darling,—Cruel, cruel girl! I rode out last night as usual and waited quite two hours for you at the gate. Were you ill that you did not come? I know you love me in spite of this cruel opposition. You do, darling, don't you? So come out to-night and convince your true and faithful lover. C.G.B."

As soon as Lady Dives had mastered the contents of each document she remembered her daughter's curious habit of retiring every evening, and realised that "the gate" referred to must be the wicket gate in the lane behind the house.

The "Divinity's" bedroom was in a corridor, which possessed a door opening into the garden; so, putting two and two together she interviewed that young lady. Moreover, she locked the door at the end of the corridor at sun-down every evening and kept the key in her own pocket. But love laughs at locksmiths, and after that the letters were hidden in a fresh place.

About this time, to our amazement, Mr. C. G. Bassidge, who before had declined every invitation he received, suddenly became a great votary of fashion, religiously attending every society gathering in the hope I suppose, of meeting with his lady love. The consequence was that Sir John, Lady and Miss Dives were invariably conspicuous by their absence. Every day the warfare grew more and more bitter, and we outsiders wondered how it all would end. As might be expected, public sympathy was entirely with the lovers, and to my knowledge, Mr. Charles Grenville Bassidge had more than one offer of assistance.

At this juncture Sir John and his lady contemplated a master stroke, and announced immediate departure in the "Ormuz" for England, in order, they said, that their daughter might be presented at the next Drawing-room.

A stroke of luck favoured the lovers, for just a week previous to the boat's sailing Miss Dives came of age. Some one sent her an anonymous box of Neapolitan violets, and I believe she valued it more than all the costly presents of her family, inasmuch as within the bunch was a tiny note, on the contents of which she acted.

Bassidge had given no trouble for nearly a fortnight, and her ladyship began to flatter herself that she had at last defeated him. I must leave you to judge whether or not such was the case.

In view of their trip to England, the "Divinity" had ordered a travelling dress of superlative texture and neatness, and in order that it might fit as never dress fitted before it was necessary that she should have it most carefully tried on.

For this purpose, on the morning following her birthday, she drove to her tailor's place of business, and after instructing the coachman to keep the horses moving, entered the shop.

The dress having been fitted to her satisfaction, she watched her opportunity, and, as the carriage was going up the street, she strolled quietly out of the shop and down the street in the opposite direction.

On reaching the General Post Office she chanced upon Mr. Bassidge, and after a moment's conversation they entered a hansom together and drove rapidly away.

Her own coachman moved up and down till sundown and then went home to report the curious behaviour of his young mistress. He received his discharge upon the spot, and has been wondering the reason why ever since.

Lady Dives was beside herself with rage, and consequently Sir John was furious, and a penitent note which arrived next morning, signed "Gwendoline Bassidge," only made them the more vehemently declare that

neither she nor her husband should ever set foot within their doors again.

This was, of course, very unpleasant for the "Divinity," for, in spite of their cruel opposition she was really very fond of her parents. At the same time she was convinced that her Charley was the best, the cleverest, the handsomest, as well as the wisest man in existence, and had only to be known to be appreciated by everyone.

That young gentleman, though perfectly aware that he was many degrees removed from what she thought him, began to look upon himself as rather a fine fellow. He was also quite sure that he had a scheme which would bring the old people to their senses in no time when so desired. His past was going to prove useful after all. However, he was wise enough not to let his wife into the secret just then.

They spent their honeymoon at Largs Bay, and their affection was strong enough to colour even those awful sandhills the loveliest of rosy hues.

On Tuesday the "Ormuz" steamed up to the anchorage, and early on Wednesday the young couple boarded her for England. They lay concealed all the morning in their cabin, and during that time Bassidge told his wife his secret.

An hour before sailing, Sir John and Lady Dives came on board, and at one o'clock the vessel weighed anchor and steamed down the gulf.

Lady Dives, after inspecting her cabin, examined the passenger list. Something she saw there must have pleased her, for she closed her pince-nez and took her husband's arm, murmuring, "Really, how very pleasant!" Then they strolled down the promenade deck together, and turning the corner of the smoking room were confronted by the two delinquents.

The "Divinity" looked surpassingly sweet in a white costume, fastened at the waist with a broad antique-silver buckle, a large white hat, and the daintiest of tan shoes imaginable. Even the graceless Bassidge looked the picture of honest English manliness.

The elder couple stood paralysed with rage and astonishment. All things considered it was really a most awkward meeting. Fortunately, however, no other passengers were present.

Lady Dives was the first to recover, and she addressed herself to her daughter—

"Oh, you wicked, wicked girl," she said, "How dare you play us this trick?"

The Graceless One interposed, and raising his hat politely to his mother-in-law, answered for his wife.

"Pardon me, Lady Dives," he said, "but before you say anything further perhaps you will allow me to introduce you to my wife!"

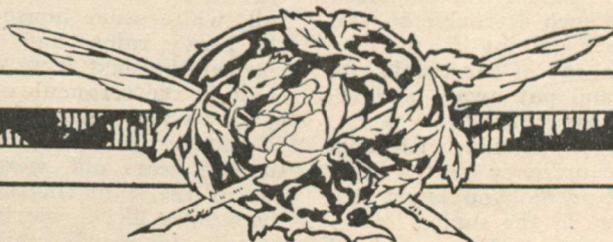
Then, bowing with the air of a court chamberlain, he continued, "Lady Dives—the Marchioness of Laverstock!"

"What!" cried his mother-in-law, stepping back as if thunderstruck. "What do you mean? Can this be true?"

"Certainly, mamma," answered her daughter, "though I only knew it myself this morning. Charley came to Australia because he was too poor to live in England, and rather than win his way by means of his title he dropped it, and was only known to us by his family name. A month ago he came into a lot of money, and now we are going home to revive the glories of the house."

I must leave you to imagine her ladyship's surrender. Sir John, of course, doesn't count.

Last week Lady Dives assured me in confidence that Sir John had altered his will in honour of "My son-in-law, the most noble the Marquis of Laverstock." I'm told they're a most united family now, but we can never forget how perilously near they once came to a serious breach. Such is the true story of the "Great Dives' Elopement."



A Prisoner of Hope*

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By MRS. WEIGALL

Resume : Esther Beresford is a beautiful and charming girl, who has lived in England with her French grandmother, Madame de la Perouse, and has taught music in a girls' school. Her step-mother's sister, Mrs. Galton, appears on the scene and it is arranged that Esther is to go out to Malta to join her father and step-mother. But before her departure, Geoffrey Hanmer, an old friend, declares his love for Esther who promises a future reply to his proposal. She embarks with Mrs. Galton and her two exceedingly disagreeable daughters. Captain Hethcote and Lord Alwyne, two fellow-passengers admire Esther extremely, and Mrs. Clare-Smythe, a cousin of the latter also seeks her friendship. The Galtons become vulgarly jealous of Esther's popularity. The "Pleiades" reaches Gibraltar at sun-rise and some of the passengers are on deck for the sight. At last they arrive at Malta, and Esther looks forward to meeting her father.

CHAPTER VII.

"And be it never so humble,
There's no place like home."

THE dawn lay on the sea like a veil of pearl, in which the little waves leaped and flashed as they caught the light; and Esther looked through her porthole to see a long, low line of shore and barren rock. She dressed quietly, for Sybil was still asleep, and as the "Pleiades" stopped her engines to round the corner of the "Quarantine Harbour," she came on deck to catch the first sparkle of sun upon the windows of St. Elmo fort. Lord Francis Alwyne was there before her, pacing the deck with M. de Brinvilliers, and the old Frenchman paused to greet her with a courtly bow.

"We have the dawn with us now!" he said: "for you look as fresh as the morning, Miss Beresford."

"I wonder when my father will come on board," said Esther, tremulously. "How beautiful this is, and how happy I am to be here."

"Poor little girl," said Alwyne, suddenly to himself; "how I hope she will not be swiftly disillusioned," and then took himself to task for caring what happened to a girl who had been a stranger to him ten days earlier. But, after all, it was not till much later that Major Beresford appeared to claim his daughter, for he was a man who would be sure to be unlucky enough not to hear the exact time that the P. and O. flag was hoisted on the top of the "Castille," to warn the island that the mail boat was in sight; or, if he happened to be informed of the fact, there would be a hundred things to delay his starting, or to impede his progress after he had left his house behind him. And so it came to pass that Esther sat waiting dismally enough on the top of her boxes, while the decks of the "Pleiades" were cleared for coaling. Mrs. Clare-Smythe's husband had come to fetch her off in her husband's smart motor-launch and she had departed with many fervent protestations of friendship, and many kisses from "Budge." Even Mrs. Galton had declared irritably that she was not going to be kept dancing on anyone's pleasure for an extra half-hour, and had gone off in charge of her Maltese cook, who had arrived to meet the ship; and Esther thought that she was alone. Two bright tears welled up in her eyes, for, with all a girl's quick sensitive feeling, she did not wish other people to think her neglected by her father. She fixed her gaze shorewards, and set her mind resolutely to enjoy the busy scene about her; and so absorbed did she become by the beauty of the harbour and fortifications, and the colouring of turquoise sky and sea, and emerald boats, that she started and flushed when she heard Alwyne's voice behind her.

"Still sitting like Patience on a monument, Miss Beresford? I have been up to the club, and telephoned to your father, and he will be here immediately."

"How very, very kind of you!" said Esther, amazed; "but I am so sorry to have been such a trouble to you. I never thought of your doing such a thing!"

He took his seat cheerfully on one of her trunks, for every deck-chair was rolled up and put away, and the first lighterful of coal was under the "Pleiades."

"You shame me, Miss Beresford!" he said, with mock severity. "You think it so extraordinary that I could do anything for anyone else! How do you know that M. de Brinvilliers did not offer to do the same?"

"Because the boat from Government House came off

for him, and he was obliged to go, and I thought that you had gone too!"

"You have a great deal to learn, Miss Beresford; and one important thing is that the first duty of an A.D.C. is to succour English subjects in distress!"

And Esther's merry laugh brought them nearer to friendship than they had been for the whole of the voyage.

"There is your father!" said Alwyne at last, and, trembling very much, Esther rose and ran towards the gangway. Major Beresford was a tall, thin man with a hooked nose, and a grey moustache, whose eyes, looking out at her from under his sun-helmet, were very kind. But he had the air of a man who had succumbed to adverse circumstances in the battle of life, and his very figure was suggestive of depression and discontent. His shabby uniform was badly cut, and his sword ill-polished, for he was the sort of man whose soldier servant knows will never complain of anything, and with whom easy service succeeds a periodical scolding. He stood in the boat and waved his hand when he saw his daughter, and by the time he was at the top of the gangway, Esther felt all the old confidence and affection of childhood revive, and she was in his arms in an instant.

"My dear, my dear!" he said in a voice full of emotion; "you are your mother over again; after all, it is very good, Essie, to have you again, and we must begin where we left off, eh, child?"

And Esther, with a little sob, said "Yes, father," and ceased to torment her tender heart with the thought that if Major Beresford had loved her, he would not have kept her so long away from him. She drew him forward shyly to Alwyne, and introduced the two men with pretty dignity.

"Father, Lord Francis Alwyne telephoned to you, and waited with me till you came."

"Thanks, thanks for looking after my little girl. My servant never called me till an hour after the flag was hoisted, and then there was a puncture in my bicycle, and no cab procurable out to St. Julian's," said Major Beresford irritably, as he shook hands; and they parted on the most friendly terms, though the thought of Esther's probable shock as she realised what her home-life was likely to be, spoilt Alwyne's last thought of her bright face at her father's side.

The "Wiltshire Rifles" were quartered in barracks at Pembroke Camp, and the drive there seemed delightful to Esther's eyes, eager for every new impression. Major Beresford, watching her alert, happy glance, sighed a little, for he remembered that he too had once expected great things of life, and had let everything else slide when he missed the highest ideal. He looked at her dainty loveliness and charming gown, and remembered his untidy home.

"Esther!" he said suddenly; "there will be a great deal for you to do at home—you are not afraid? Your—your step-mother—Monica, is an invalid, and the children are very wild!"

"I am not afraid!" said Esther, cheerfully; "the happiest part of coming out here was the thought that I could help you."

Under cover of the rug Major Beresford's hand touched hers tenderly. "I think that we all want setting to rights, Essie; things have drifted rather," he said; and that was his only apology for failure.

It was late in the morning when the cab drew up outside the Beresford's quarters in the Camp. Since the two senior officers were unmarried, Major Beresford had managed to secure a good house for his family, and Esther looked at it with interest as her boxes were carried up the untidy garden path. The front of the tall, white stone house was covered with creepers, and the heavy rains had brought out the oleanders, and washed the dust from the roses. She could see a long chair in the verandah on the second floor, and a languid hand waving assured her that this was her stepmother. In the garden five children of ages varying from three to nine years old, were apparently rolling in the dust, but at the sound of the gate shutting they precipitated themselves like a whirlwind upon their new sister.

"Gently, gently, children!" said Major Beresford, in

the hopeless, irritable voice he used in addressing his family; "you will annoy your sister. Esther, this is Flora and Lucy, and Mamie, and Charlie, and Hadji Baba!"

"I shall soon get to know you all apart," said Esther, with resolute cheerfulness, though the sight of the five ill-mannered, unkempt Beresfords had discounted the pleasure of her arrival. An Indian ayah came out of the front door to meet her, and Esther suddenly recalled her childhood with a rush of recollection, at the sight of the kindly, brown face.

"It is Lalloo! O, Lalloo, I remember you!" she said; and the ayah, whose mother had held her in her arms eighteen years ago as a little baby, laid her lips upon the little hand that Esther held out.

"Not Lalloo, Missie. Lalloo dead and buried; but Lalloo's daughter, Kopama; often hear her mother talk of pretty Missie Baba."

And so Esther found her first friend in Pembroke Camp.

Mrs. Beresford was lying back among her cushions when Esther came out onto the balcony, and in the first shock of realisation as to the condition to which selfish indulgence may bring a woman, Esther stood silent. If Monica Beresford had ever been a pretty woman, the shapelessness of a figure that was addicted to loose tea gowns and rich food, had destroyed every vestige of good looks. She was so indolent that she could not trouble herself to lift more than her head from the cushions and the pile of light novels, to greet Esther. Her dark hair was untidily arranged in a lump at the top of her head, and her dress of white muslin was crumpled and dirty.

"Dear me, Essie," she said, in her half-complaining voice; "I am really very glad to see you—you can be very useful to me now that you are grown up. Did you have a nice voyage? And how is Eleanor Galton? But, really, I have always found my sister such a fatiguing person that I am not a bit glad she has come out to Malta."

Esther gave, and accepted a kiss, and sat down on the seat beside Mrs. Beresford. "Mrs. Galton is very well, and so are her daughters," she said, gently; "and I had a very pleasant voyage."

"Is that the latest fashion in skirts?" said her step-mother again, eyeing the blue serge with curiosity. "Here, in this hole of a place, you never see anything, and my ayah is so stupid; I have to keep her waiting on me almost entirely, and your father is so annoyed with the way the children are neglected—but what can I do?"

"You must tell me what I can do to help you," said Esther, gently, and before she had been in the house half an hour, she found herself committed to the charge of five children, and the general supervision of the household.

"Of course, you can't expect me to do anything!" said Mrs. Beresford, fretfully; "my health is so wretched. I am sure, the mere moving here from Calcutta took me months to recover from, and the Maltese servants are just awful. You will have your hands full, Esther. And as for your father's soldier servant, he muddles about anyhow—"

"Has Esther had any breakfast?" said Major Beresford at the door.

"I don't know!" said his wife fretfully, again; "and if she had not, I don't suppose there would be anything fit to eat in the house. For, with cooks so expensive, and provisions so atrocious, a housekeeper does not know which way to turn! I can assure you, my dear Norman, that Carmela is a fearful manager, and it would have been much better if you had got over your absurd prejudice, and allowed me to have a man cook."

"Prejudice!" said Major Beresford, bitterly; "there is not much prejudice in the fact that men-cooks cost a pound a week in wages! Esther, are you hungry?"

"Not a bit!" said the girl; "may I go and unpack?"

She rose, and looked towards Mrs. Beresford shyly. "Yes—yes—Norman, show her the way. What are you going to call me, Essie? I don't care to have such a big girl calling me 'mamma.' Why, I vow you and I look like sisters! Why not call me Monica?"

Major Beresford's grim face did not change, and Esther said, quietly: "I should like to call you Monica if it pleases you!"

She hastily added that she was not at all hungry, and Flora was summoned to show her to her room. Flora was the eldest of Major Beresford's second family; an unattractive girl, with a lanky pigtail of ash-coloured hair, and the pallid complexion of the English child who has been kept in the Indian plains too long.

She fingered her new sister's clothes doubtfully, and looked with curiosity at her simple apparatus of toilet necessities.

"What a lot of frocks you've got, Esther," she said, enviously. "Why, we've only got a best one between two of us; and look at my every-day serge!"

She held up a corner of the spotted, torn skirt, and Esther looked meditatively at it, wondering if she could manage to squeeze new clothes for the five children out of her pocket-money.

"Who makes your dresses?" she said, calculating the amount of serge necessary to cover Flora's angular body.

"O! anybody!" said the child, with an elfish laugh. "Sometimes ayah alters one of mother's old ones for me; and sometimes, when father gets his pay, and there is a party to go to, mother lets me have all a new one, and a dressmaker to make it; but that is not very often!"

She continued to keep up a lively conversation, admitting Esther into various side-lights on the household management that shocked her as to the depth of knowledge already possessed by this precocious child of nine. She dismissed her at last, and when she had completed her unpacking, and had dragged the boxes away, she sat down under the window to consider her position. Her bare room, with its matting on the floor and its narrow camp-bed, was utterly devoid of any attempt at daintiness, although she knew that pretty details could be supplied later. There were faded curtains on the windows, and a torn cover on the deal chest of drawers; but the view through the open panes made up for any deficiencies on the part of the furniture, and Esther stood there, drinking in the beauty of the sea and sky, and yellow cliff, seen through a twining frame of scarlet-blossomed creeper. She remembered the view of Dorset Hills and undulating green slopes seen through the cottage windows at Aborfield, and for a moment her eyes flashed bright with tears as she thought of her grandmother and the little white room that had been always so exquisitely dainty in every way. What was Mme. de la Perouse doing now without her? And at the thought she took out her writing case and began a letter to her, in which she was presently interrupted by a soft thump at the door.

"Come in!" she said, and meeting with no answer, went to open it; and found Baba sitting on the floor, and hugging a shaggy pup round the neck. Baba's eyes were sad, and his cheeks stained with tears, and Esther picked him up and carried him into her room, where she kissed and comforted him to her heart's content.

"Hadji Baba, what is it?" she said, wondering why his clothes looked as if he had been dragged through a quickset hedge backwards.

"Me want kissin' and a comfy knee," said Hadji Baba; "and so do Ponto. The others is playin' quicket, and the ball was hard when it hit my head!" and at the thought of his injuries he burst into sobs again. Esther felt her whole heart go out to this child with the exquisite, fair, curly hair, and the eyes like mosaics of lapis lazuli, and the wistful red lips. Somehow Hadji Baba had absorbed into his small person all the charm and beauty of the Beresford family, and, indeed, he possessed every quality that the others lacked. A little eau-de-Cologne upon the bruised forehead, and a short history of the "Three Bears," brought the smiles to Hadji Baba's lips again, and his sorrows were forgotten in the oasis of Esther's caresses. In the depths of the girl's trunk there was laid away a little store of children's clothes that Mme. de la Perouse had unearthed from one of her boxes in the attic at the Cottage, and in an instant Esther was engaged in the delightful task of dressing Hadji Baba from head to foot. When Mme. de la Perouse had given her the old-fashioned outfit, she had told her that they had belonged to her little son who had died when he was little more than a baby, and Esther had loved her for the thought that had dictated such a sacrifice on behalf of the far-off child. Hadji Baba, dressed in a little white cambric suit trimmed with fine embroidery, his hair brushed into pretty curls, and his face and hands clean and sweet with scented soap, looked like an old miniature.

"What shall I do when it gets dirty?" he said at last.

"Put a clean one on, you little darling!" cried Esther giving him a loving squeeze; "there are heaps of pretty suits for you, and I can make more; for you are going to be my boy, and sleep in my room."

"Then I shall never cry any more," said Hadji Baba; "for I just love you, Essie!"

TO BE CONTINUED



On Monday of this week a great curling bonspiel commenced in Montreal. This is to mark the centenary celebration of the Montreal Curling Club. Five hundred curlers or thereabouts are taking part and about a hundred are taking part in the Centenary Cup competitions. There are several Newfoundlanders in the contest.

The Dominion Government has another investigation under way. This time it is the administration of the Sault Ste. Marie Canal. Mr. Charles Murphy of Ottawa is the investigator.

What with the Canadian-Mexican line of steamers, new ship-building industries, new fish industries, new oyster-beds and other fresh activities, British Columbia promises to be a busy place about a year from now.

In the inter-provincial curling match at Amherst last week, Nova Scotia's six rinks defeated New Brunswick's six by a score of 80 to 72.

The shareholders of the People's Bank of New Brunswick met at Fredericton and approved of the merger with the Bank of Montreal. President A. H. F. Randolph presided, and the motion was made by Senator Thompson. The shareholders will get about \$345 per share in Bank of Montreal stock.

New Brunswick is going in for improvements. A Burns memorial has been unveiled at Fredericton, and a Champlain monument is proposed at St. John. To the latter the Dominion Government, it is said, will contribute \$5,000.

Friday, January 18th, was the coldest day St. John, N.B., has experienced since 1887.

Regina gets nearly 5,000 tons of coal a week from Edmonton. Most of this is consumed there, but some is distributed to other towns.

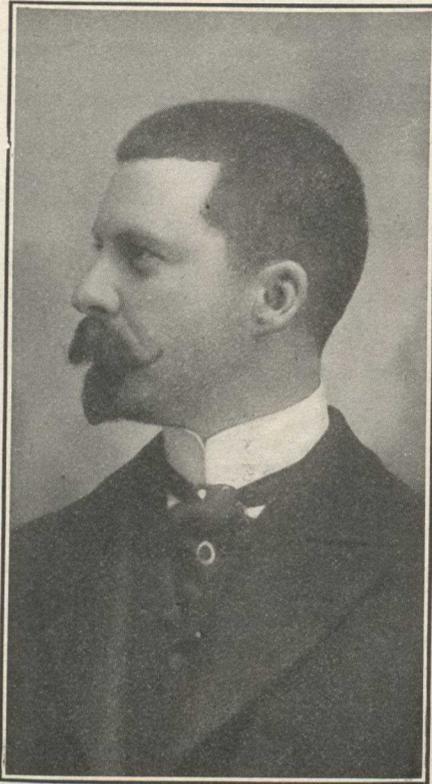
The first meeting of the Canadian Club of Regina was held on the 14th. The president, Mr. John, A. McDougall, discoursed on "Early Days in Edmonton." Canadian clubs will

soon be as numerous as Canadian cities.

A canal from Thunder Bay on Lake Superior to Brandon seems a reckless proposition. Canada, however, is used to this kind of thing.

The estimated revenue of the Province of Manitoba for the year is about two million dollars. This is not bad for a province which thirty-seven years ago consisted of prairie and a few fur-trading posts. The provincial treasurer claims a surplus for the past year of half a million dollars.

It is worthy of note that the chief topic of debate in the opening days of



Mr. Henri Bourassa, M.P.

the Quebec and Manitoba Legislatures was the subject of improved elementary and technical education. Quebec proposes to devote a large portion of her increased indemnity of \$600,000 for extending educational facilities and Manitoba wants to accomplish the same object at the expense of the same Federal treasury.

The Northern Bank, of which Hon. Sir D. H. McMillan is president, held its first council meeting in Winnipeg on the 16th. It has nearly a million

dollars' worth of notes in circulation and nearly two million on deposit.

The New Brunswick Legislature will meet on February 14th. Telephones and railways are likely to be prominent in the discussions.

And still another investigation! This time it is the lumber combine in British Columbia. What a dull time Canada would have if somebody or something was not being investigated.

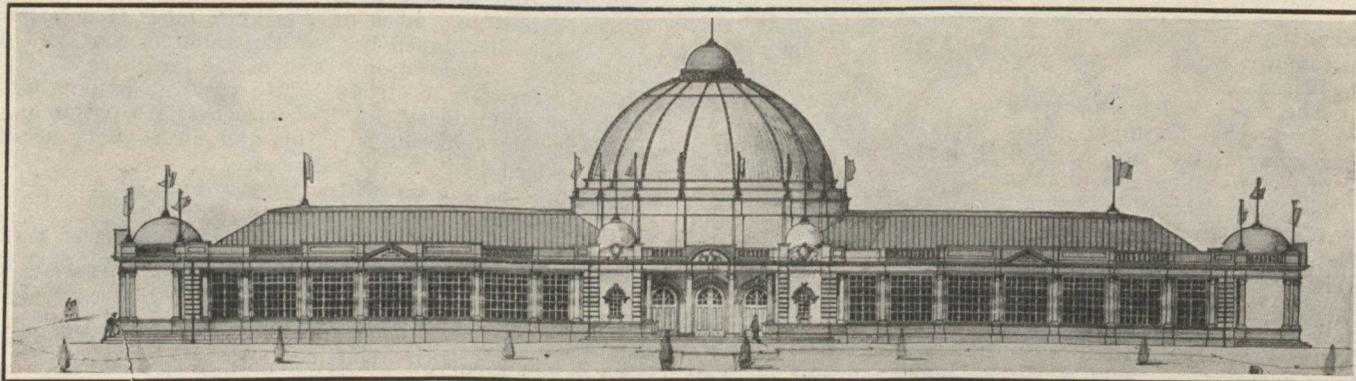
It is unfortunate that sickness in Earl Grey's family shortened the visit of Secretary Root to Rideau Hall. Mr. Root's speech at the Canadian Club of Ottawa was masterly, and will do something to cement the friendship of the two countries. There have not been many speeches in this country by United States cabinet ministers.

Mr. Henri Bourassa

MR. HENRI BOURASSA, the gay, debonair, French-Canadian knight-errant of politics, held the Canadian Club of Tuesday a half-hour over time. Three hundred and sixty people who always get up and go out at 2 p.m., remained until 2.30. No greater tribute has ever been paid to a public speaker by a Toronto audience.

Mr. Bourassa talked of the nationalist movement in Quebec, explained that it was not a political party and was not hungering for loaves and fishes. It was not based on grievances against the national status of its adherents, and therein it differed from similar movements in Ireland and France. It was based on love for Canada, on a desire to find a basis for national as opposed to provincial patriotism.

It was not, however, Mr. Bourassa's explanation which fixed the audience; it was his sallies of invective against the meanness and selfishness of certain classes. The audience applauded vigorously when he objected to the Canadian manufacturers considering themselves the whole of Canada, when he protested against party service being made the basis for judicial and civil service appointment, when he declared he was still in favour of senate reform, in favour of limiting the powers of corporations and joint-stock companies, in favour of equal rights for both rich and poor. It was such a speech as Professor Shortt might have made, but tinged with the fire, the eloquence and the literary grace of a French-Canadian orator.



New Horticultural Building, Toronto Exhibition—from the Architect's Drawing.

British Gossip

THE South African footballers, who left England for Paris on January 2nd, have reason to be proud of their achievements in the British Isles though the Cardiffs may be jubilant over their victory in the last match when the Springboks, as the visitors were called, met with muddy defeat. The men from the Cape really made a wonderful record and left a most favourable impression of fair play and sportsman spirit on the hearts of the Home people.

The residence of the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts, No. 1, Stratton street, Piccadilly, which outshone all other private residences in the Jubilee decorations of 1907, is the only London house which has been stormed in modern days by the Crown. In 1810, Sir Francis Burdett, who had been judged guilty of contempt of the House of Commons, took refuge there and was taken thence by soldiers on a warrant issued by the Speaker.

English authorities are somewhat amused by the report from the Washington Bureau of Manufactures regarding the sale of American canned meats to the United Kingdom. This document declares that when the meat scandals were made public last summer many British papers exploited them through national rivalry, a natural prejudice which springs up between competitors and the commercialism of the penny Press. Perhaps Mr. Upton Sinclair is a benighted British penny-a-liner in disguise who has a petty spite against Packington.

In Dublin, the Lord Mayor has lately stirred up strife by setting the "unemployed" to work at levelling a certain mound, which it seems is the burying-place of the chieftains who fought under Brian Boru against the Danes nine hundred years ago. This historic mound in Clontarf is the legendary site of a great battle and when the national societies of Dublin met recently in midnight council at Clontarf to protest against this vandalism, the Lord Mayor rapidly developed an historic sense and ordered the workmen to restore the sacred mound.

On January 3rd the Duke of Argyll cut with a silver spade the first sod of the Franco-British Exhibition, which is to be opened at Shepherd's Bush, London. Can we not persuade our erstwhile Governor-General to come out to Canada for a similar purpose? Cobalt would supply the spade.

It is announced that twenty-five farmers from the Canadian Northwest will tour Great Britain this winter in behalf of immigration and narrate their experiences. "No. 1 hard" will be a feature in every address.

The Channel Tunnel is the most quarrelled-about subject in London at present. Theologians, journalists and military men are all expressing themselves on the subject of the proposed channel subway. Distinguished generals point out the extreme dangers from invasion and are not to be deterred by the airy explanation that

there is to be an electric button somewhere in the English rocks, which, under pressure, would wreck the tunnel and any invaders who might be taking that route to conquest. But there is also a chance for the English to do some invading — "sprinting through and annexing the continent," as one hopeful writer suggests. It is by all odds the most vexed question of the day.

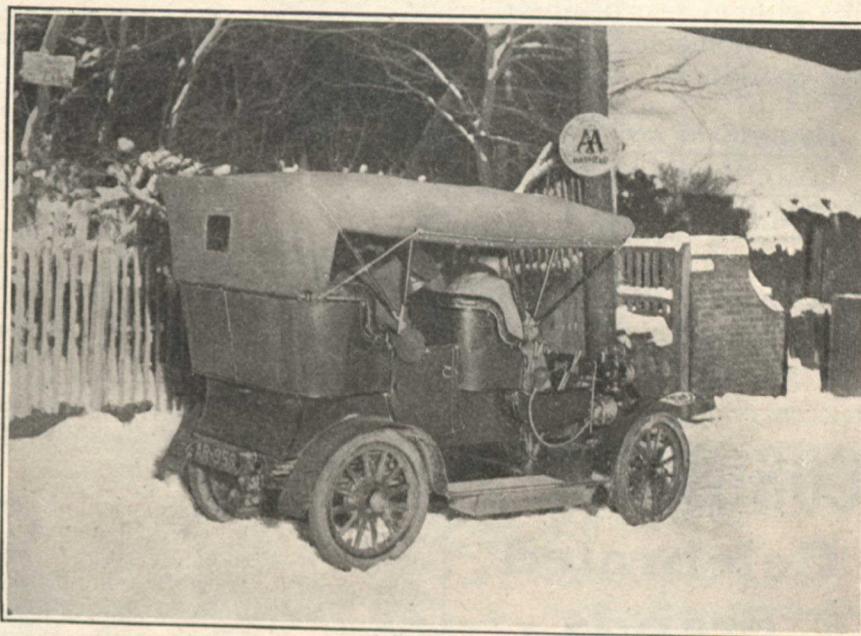
The reports of Rhodesia's possibilities as a tobacco-producing country have created interest in both social and financial circles, for "My Lady Nicotine" may add to the number of South African millionaires before many years have gone.

An earl's only son who comes of age next month is Lord Cochrane, whose father, Lord Dundonald, bears the proud distinction of having been the hero of Ladysmith. An English journal reminds us that Lord Cochrane's gallant father owns land in

cowcatcher story has become absolutely necessary to the career of the wife of the Governor-General of Canada. No nervous countess having an objection to cowcatchers and mountain journeys need come as chatelaine to Rideau Hall. If there exists a feminine member of the British aristocracy who has travelled through our western provinces in the seclusion of a parlour car, she should write an article on her unique experience.

King Edward has recently expressed his interest in the new universal language, "Esperanto," which has thousands of students in Great Britain and which seems to possess more workable or speakable features than any former world-language.

The startling statement that teetotallers only number ten per cent. of the population of Great Britain is made by the London Outlook. It mentions this fact in an argument against the Government's proposed scheme of licensing reform. Some tem-



Automobiling in England in the Snow. Above the front of the machine, on a post, is a sign A. A. and the name of the town. These signs are to be erected at either end of all villages and towns in Great Britain, for the benefit of members of the Automobile Association. They will also give the names and distances of the four nearest towns.

Canada and a pitch lake in Trinidad. But Lord Dundonald will be remembered in Canada for reasons not entirely associated with real estate.

The "Light Brigade" heroes die hard. One of the original six hundred who was reduced to selling lavender recently appealed to the Chatham Board of Guardians who decided to allow him 3s. 6d. and a loaf of bread weekly.

Next to influenza, a food fad is the most fashionable possession in modern London. The very latest teacher of diet proprieties advises the eating of egg shells, by way of healthy diversion. Thus does humanity profit by the example of the gentle dicky-bird.

Unusual interest is being taken in Anglo-Indian affairs just now. One of the London weeklies publishes a handsome photograph of the Vicereine, Lady Minto, and casually remarks that when she was in Canada the Countess rode on the cowcatcher of the engine through the Rockies. This

perance reformers are advocating that a "time limit" be placed on compensation for loss of licenses. In other words, no compensation shall be paid after a certain date—say three or four years. This is certainly going a long way.

London is to have a theatre for amateur performances. As a city weekly suggests, in this there is but little novelty, for at only too many playhouses are amateur performances—in authorship, stagecraft and acting—to be witnessed at present. The theatre is to hold over eight hundred people and the financier of the scheme is Miss Mouillot, who is sanguine for its success, inasmuch as the non-professional loves to pay for the privilege of acting.

The "Coster King," Samuel Smith, died last month and was buried at Ilford. He owned three hundred and forty costermongers' barrows and a number of vans and horses. He was in his way a "personage" and enjoyed his importance among the costers.

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MUSIC & THE DRAMA

THE preparations for next week's competition in Ottawa are about complete and the public interest increases with the approach of the 28th. His Excellency, in his endeavour to draw more attention to local dramatic and musical ambition, is undertaking a project of national importance. The season is not propitious for musical representation at Ottawa but budding actors and actresses find time for the competition at the Capital. The superb distances which serve as a stand-by to our orators are a decided disadvantage in an event of this nature. Victoria, B.C., to Ottawa in the month of January is a journey to be regarded with a degree of seriousness.

* * *
The first appearance of Madame Mary Reed in Toronto since her course of study with Jean de Reszke proved to be an exceedingly interesting musical event. Madame Reed has a voice of unusual quality, combining clarity and sweetness with a reserve of carrying strength which won her a triumph as vocalist from an audience which had assembled as much from personal as artistic reasons. The "Jewel Song" from "Faust," Chaminade's "Summer," and an aria from Puccini's "La Tosca" showed the flexibility and remarkably versatile power of Madame Reed's interpretation. Herr Griener, a solo violoncellist of rare temperamental quality and Mr. Kelley Cole, tenor, gave most effective variety to an artistic programme.

* * *
We have had a succession of comic opera and such satirical comedy as "The Education of Mr. Pipp," which have proved agreeable holiday diversion. More serious stuff is promised for next month in Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra," in which Mr. Forbes Robertson appears, and "The Midsummer Night's Dream" in which Miss Annie Russell is a most delightful "Puck."

* * *
Mr. Rudyard Kipling has presented the sole right of reproducing the Children's Song in his new story, "Puck of Pook's Hill," to the Earl of Meath, for the use and benefit of the Empire Day movement. The verses have already been sung to the tune of "Sun of My Soul," but they deserve a setting of their own. Mr. Kipling was so annoyed by Mr. De Koven's sugary melody for the "Recessional" that he emphatically declared: "My own hope is that a 'musician' will some day arrange the words." Four stanzas of the poem are taken for the latest song, of which the last is: "Land of our Birth, our Faith, our Pride,

For whose dear sake our fathers died;
O Motherland, we pledge to thee,
Head, heart and hand through the years to be."

* * *
Some amateurs in South London (England) applied recently to Mr. Bernard Shaw for permission to give a performance of his "You Never Can Tell." They received the following reply: "Dear Sir—Amateurs cannot



... BATHING ...

in running water with a rubber brush, through the teeth of which the water flows—a nice idea. The brush, as large as the hand, is soft and pliable. Water enters through a six-foot rubber tube connected to the faucets. The teeth are rubber and perforated. For rinsing the hair after a shampoo, the brush is great. For showering, it takes the place of an overhead arrangement—no curtains needed—no muss. For rubbing the flesh, use the brush dry or wet—it is exhilarating.

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TENDERS FOR PULPWOOD CONCESSION

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned, up to and including the eighth day of March next, for the right to cut the Pulpwood on a certain area, in the District of Nipissing, north of the Townships of Holmes, Burt, Eby, Otto, Boston, etc., and immediately west of the interprovincial boundary line.

Tenderers should state the amount they are prepared to pay as Bonns, in addition to such dues as may be fixed, from time to time, for the right to operate a pulp, or pulp and paper industry on the area referred to. Successful tenderers will be required to erect mills on the territory, or at some other place approved by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council, and to manufacture the wood into pulp in the Province of Ontario.

Parties making tenders will be required to deposit with their tender a marked cheque, payable to the Treasurer of Ontario, for ten per cent. of the amount of their tender, to be forfeited in the event of their not entering into agreement to carry out the conditions, etc. The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

For particulars as to description of territory, capital required to be invested, etc., apply to the undersigned.

F. COCHRANE,
Minister of Lands, Forests,
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perform my plays. Professionals cannot unless I am there to help them. By all means do it if you want to, and God help the audience!"

* *

There seems to be much difference of opinion in New York regarding Alla Nazimova, the actress who appeared in "Hedda Gabler" last autumn and made the public recognise a very different "Hedda" from the hysterical freak whom Mrs. Fiske delighted to present. This new Russian actress has learned English since last June, showing the Slav instinct for language, and is said to be indefatigable in her work. She has devoted herself to Ibsen's plays and her acting, as we should expect to hear, is of the excessively modern, naturalistic school. She first came to America with a company of Russian players with Paul Orlenoff and they made a decided artistic success, while their financial career was a dire failure.

* *

The music lovers of Ottawa were gratified last week by the recital given by Joseph Lhevinne, a Russian pianist, whose technique is said to be remarkable, especially in the use of the left hand. The audiences at the Capital are discriminating in musical appreciation and the encore nuisance is not as prevalent as it is in less urban communities.

* *

In Canada we have a few favourite recitals or lectures but no native actor has equalled the record of the English artist, Sir Squire Bancroft, who has just given his one hundredth reading of Dickens' "Christmas Carol." By means of these readings Sir Squire Bancroft has raised fifteen thousand pounds for charitable purposes.

* *

Montreal is being edified this week by Mr. Robert Loraine acting as John Tanner in Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman." This is announced as Montreal's first Shavian experience and the pleasant, bracing weather will enable the city to recover from both typhoid and G. B. S.

* *

The matter of an Irving memorial is being thoroughly discussed among the members of his profession. Mr. John Hare favours the erection of a statue at a cost of three thousand pounds, to be wholly subscribed by the stage. Miss Ellen Terry prefers a great national memorial, to take the form of a theatre and museum of the Stratford model. A prominent London editor is in favour of the statue on the ground that Irving was a great Londoner even before he was a great British actor.

* *

The Gilbert and Sullivan revival at the Savoy Theatre in London has created the greatest enthusiasm. "The Yeomen of the Guard" is produced with a perfection of picturesque setting that was hardly possible twenty years ago. Those who are dissatisfied with modern musical comedy and talk of the good old days may repair to the scenes that delighted Londoners two decades ago. An unconvinced critic says that if they can still be filled with delight by the curious humour and simplicity of the light opera of Gilbert and Sullivan days, well and good; their hearts, at least, are innocent, and the world is before them.

**Off
Color?
Yes.**

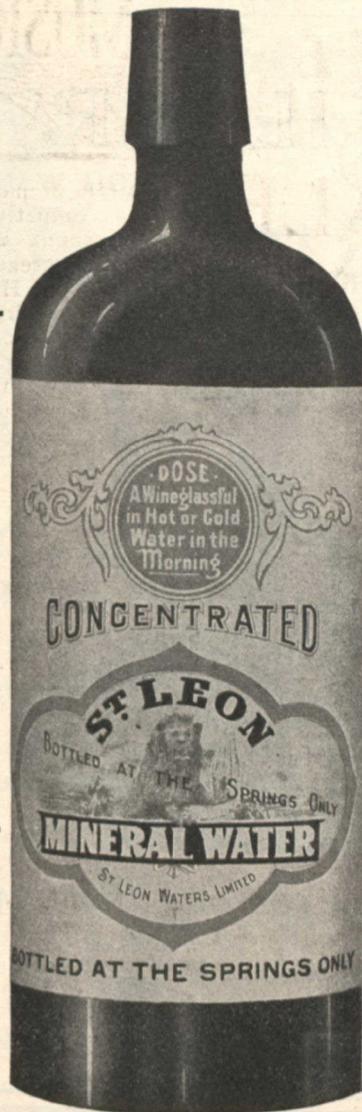
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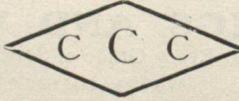
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With Good Intentions

A DIPLOMAT was talking in Washington about the late Hon. Auberon Herbert, son of the Earl of Carnarvon:

"Mr. Herbert was always original. I once heard him address a New Year banquet of Clergymen:

"Meeting this morning the gentleman called Mephisto, or Beelzebub, I greeted him politely and asked him how things were down his way.

"He grinned and shook his head, then pointed to the mud on his hoof and tail, saying: 'We're in a devil of a mess down there. This is the season, you know, when our pavements are being laid.'"

—Washington Star.

* *

Watch Him

Mr. Root has come to town
Just to see Earl Grey,
But a friendly little call—
So the papers say.

Yet we cannot but recall
How, in Nineteen-Three,
Turner, Root and Lodge were on
That Alaska spree.

How they jollied Johnny Bull,
Got our lands away!
Alverstone was so polite—
Couldn't say them nay.

Let us guard our islands well
While dear Root is here,
Lest he pack them in his grip
Ere he disappears.

Yes, we love good Uncle Sam,
So does Newfoundland;
But we trust him just as long
As we see his "hand."

J.G.

* *

Willing to Renew

A seller of marriage licenses in a North Ontario town says that matrimony is not always a failure. The license-seller is something of a humourist and frequently makes facetious remarks to those applying for the important document. But one day he was much surprised when a young man appeared and demanded a renewal of his marriage license.

"But you got a license here last year," said the former, recalling the very youthful bridegroom.

"Yes, but you told me at the time that it would have to be renewed every twelve months; so I've come thirty miles, for my Mary's worth it."

The official made the best apology he could, but "Mary" has not yet forgiven him.

* *

Where the Duke Was

Dr. Stalker, the well-known Scottish preacher, tells a good story of Sir John Steell, the famous sculptor. When he had the Duke of Wellington sitting for a statue he wanted to get him to look warlike. All his efforts were in vain, however, for Wellington seemed, judging by his face, never to have heard of Waterloo or Talavera. At last Sir John lost patience somewhat, and this scene followed:

"As I am going to make the statue of your Grace, can you not tell me

what you were doing before, say, the battle of Salamanca? Were you not galloping about the fields, cheering on your men to deeds of valour by word and action?"

"Bah!" said the Duke, in evident scorn. "If you really want to model me as I was on the morning of Salamanca, then do me crawling along a ditch on my stomach, with a telescope in my hand."

—Tit-Bits.

* *

When the Pendulum Swings Back

Another generation had come and gone, a generation of lofty endeavour.

"These jumbles, dearest," he was saying, reaching for the fourth with evident relish, "are just like my mother used to consider herself created for something better and higher and nobler than to make."

—Life.

* *

A Graceful Getaway

Mr. Makinbrakes, who had been urged to stay for luncheon, was trying to make a graceful getaway.

"Awfully sorry," he said, "and ever so much obliged, but I couldn't think of it. It's a lot of bother to have people drop in on you unexpectedly and to feel that you've got to invite them to stay and eat with you—er—just to be polite, you know—I mean that it's always a lot of bother for me, of course, particularly when—when it happens to be somebody that you don't care for anyhow—speaking of myself you understand—or perhaps I should say I don't mean myself in this particular case—well, anyhow, I have an engagement, besides, or it would afford me great pleasure, I assure you, to—to—well, good-afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Varney."

* *

Among the Deaths

December 13, at the home of its adopted father, Theodore Rusevelt, Washington, D.C., after ate months of sufering, Simpul Speler, beloved foster child of Androo Karnagy and Brandur Mathuse. Obseekwiz privut. Pleez omit flours.

—Philadelphia Press.

* *

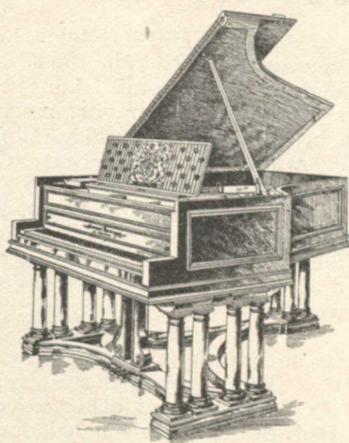
A Comprehensive Label

Newspaper humourists are managing to extract lots of fun out of a New York cablegram, published a few days ago, which stated that a man in Brooklyn was getting rich by selling labels for trunks that would make them look as though they had made all the grand tours of the world.

One paper publishes what purports to be a conversation between an American girl and a clerk in the Brooklyn trunk labeller's establishment. The clerk offers the girl a label of the Hotel Ritz, Jerusalem, for \$2, a Teheran railway label for \$1, a nice set of Indian labels for \$5, and a pretty assortment of Japanese railway and hotel labels for \$4. The girl reflects for a moment.

Then she says: "I guess what I want is just one label that will cover everything. If you can label my trunk, Around the World—Wanted in Cabin, for \$1, fire ahead."

—Argonaut.



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Trains leave Napanee for the north at 7.50 a.m., 12.10 p.m., 1.25 p.m., and 4.25 p.m.

Trains leave Tweed for the south at 7.00 a.m., 7.20 a.m., and 2.55 p.m., and for the north leaving Tweed at 11.30 a.m. and 4.50 p.m.

Trains run between Deseronto and Napanee as follows:—

Leave Deseronto at 1.00 a.m., 1.40 a.m., 5.55 a.m., 7.00 a.m., 7.20 a.m., 9.50 a.m., 11.30 a.m., 12.40 p.m., 12.55 p.m., 3.45 p.m., 6.10 p.m., 7.40 p.m.

Leave Napanee at 2.20 a.m., 3.30 a.m., 6.30 a.m., 6.35 p.m., 7.55 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 12.05 p.m., 1.20 p.m., 11.00 a.m., 4.30 p.m., 6.50 p.m., 8.15 p.m.

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Literary Notes

MR. POULTNEY BIGELOW has a scornful article in the (New York) "Bookman" about the memoirs of Prince Hohenlohe, recently published by the Macmillan Company, in which he states that the Prince was "a man of the world in the opera-box and champagne-supper sense, but of the great working and voting and fighting world he was as innocent as a nursery-maid in a conning tower."

* *

There is such a thing as over-advertisement. Those who have read "The Face of Clay" and other novels by Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell have doubtless received the impression that he possesses literary ability and a share of common sense. We wonder what he thinks of the fashion in which the editor of "Ainslee's Magazine" puffs a new serial by the aforesaid novelist. Such spasms as these remind us painfully of patent medicines and certain soaps:

"In conception this story is one of extraordinary originality and at the same time consummately perfect in construction. There are some wonderful situations all through it, inevitably logical developments of both plot and characters, situations that will produce the most profound impressions upon the reader. * * * In human interest it surpasses any of the fiction of the present generation."

If this sort of thing goes on, the old exclamation may be altered to read: "Heaven save us from our advertisers!"

* *

Maxim Gorky's impressions of New York have been published in St. Petersburg as a story entitled "The City of the Yellow Devil." A reviewer, says the "Argonaut," hastens to explain that the yellow imp referred to is not journalism of a certain kind, but gold. Gorky's new novel, "Mother," is appearing as a serial in "Appleton's Magazine." Judging from the first instalment, those who are fond of gloom and horror will have a chance to revel in both in this Russian production, which is illustrated by S. de Ivanowski who, when he turns from the scenes of his native land can do really poetic work, as is shown by his exquisite "Maude Adams as Peter Pan."

* *

There is a new magazine, published in New York and called "The Circle." In reply to a request that editors should give a frank opinion concerning it, a San Francisco journalist acts on the appeal and criticises severely the way in which the first article is jerked across many pages on account of the invaluable advertising.

"When articles by writers of national fame are made to meander in labyrinthine convolutions through pages of advertisements, and to serve as tops, bottoms, and sides to 'full position ads.' of beef extracts, of condensed milk, of chocolates, of cosmetics, of cocoas, of corsets, of baby foods, of skin foods, of breakfast foods, of self-working washers, of silk petticoats, of toilet powders, of tooth pastes, of sanitary plumbing, of soap, of canned meats, and the like, we think that the pleasure of reading them does not compensate for the labour of disentangling them."

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