

The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

3064
W R Haight
Parliament St
446



“THE TRAPPER.”

Drawn by Arthur Heming



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

THE FURNITURE EVENT OF THE YEAR

Thousands of Dollars Worth of
New Furniture Specially Gathered
for this Economical Occasion



For example, two carloads of Standard Bedroom Furniture from our Ontario's most progressive manufacturer's gives a discount of 25 per cent. to our customers.

Again, a shipment of Dining Room Chairs—over 100 sets—gives you a discount of equal per centage.

Another example—one purchase of twenty Parlor Suites saves our customers 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ per cent.

We have been particularly successful this time in securing the desirable kinds of Furniture such as the majority of folks are buying every day. All over Canada we have picked and chosen. There is not a factory which has not offered to meet the issue of this February Furniture Sale of 1909. The demand for Furniture has not been so overwhelming during the past year as to prevent occasional accumulations of stock. We, as one of the great retail outlets, have fallen heir to thousands of dollars worth on which big discounts have been made. As you know these discounts go to our February customers.

We might multiply instances for we have gone into the market with energy and determination with the idea of making this February Sale a big success.

In addition to the Furniture especially bought for this sale, we are sternly reducing prices upon all the goods which stock-taking showed had not been moving quickly enough at the old figures. Measures in this connection will be radical and the more radical they are the more profitable for you. For instance :

\$40 and \$43 SIDEBOARDS for \$29.50



C10

Beautiful quartered oak cases, richly polished and carved, two handsome designs, exactly as illustrations, genuine British bevel mirrors 18 x 38 inches, well constructed throughout.

One cutlery drawer, velvet lined ; solid brass trimmings ; base 52 inches wide and 24 inches deep ; regular prices \$40.00 and \$43.00 ; while they last you may have your choice at our

February Sale Price -- \$29.50



C20

Send for our
Homefurnishing
Catalogue

THE
ROBERT

SIMPSON

COMPANY,
LIMITED

TORONTO - CANADA

Your name and
address on a
post card is all
we ask.

THE Canadian Courier

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

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

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

CONTENTS

IN THE DAY'S WORK	5
REFLECTIONS	6
THROUGH A MONOCLE	8
A BEAR HUNT	10
MY FIRST HUNTING EXPERIENCE	10
THE DEER AT HOME AND IN CAPTIVITY	11
THE PASSING OF SILVERTIP	12
SCENES IN TRAPPING AND HUNTING	13
THE ABORIGINES OF JAPAN	15
AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE	16
JOSEPH SELLERS' BREAK INTO SOCIETY, Story	17
DEMI-TASSE	18
PEOPLE AND PLACES	19
MUSIC AND DRAMA	20
LITERARY NOTES	21
FOR THE CHILDREN	22
WHAT CANADIAN EDITORS THINK	26



PUBLISHER'S TALK

THIS week's cover by Mr. Arthur Heming is perhaps more distinctively Canadian than any cover we have had, and at the same time it expresses only a subsidiary part of Canadian life. The half-breed trapper is a figure to be found only in the north of North America, and yet he and his craft are slowly yielding to civilisation and are receding year by year. As for Mr. Heming, he stands almost, if not quite, in the front rank of Canadian illustrators. Just now he has returned from New York to Hamilton where he will spend a few months finishing his new volume of northern tales.

IN our progress in making the *Courier* all we want it to be, we are this week inaugurating a Financial Department. For it we have been fortunate in securing the services of a financial writer who is in daily touch with the leading capitalists of Montreal and Toronto. His association with them enables him to secure the many interesting inside stories attendant on the many financial deals that are being carried out all the time. His stories will enable our readers to gradually become acquainted with the men they hear a lot but know very little about. Besides, the leading movements of the Montreal and Toronto Stock Exchange will be dealt with.



Gilbey's "London Dry" Gin

is of highest quality. Distilled from the finest materials.

Gilbey's "Spey Royal"

A genuine pure malt Scotch Whiskey, guaranteed

Ten Years Old

For sale throughout Canada in all the best bars and on railway trains. ASK FOR IT.

DISTRIBUTORS:
R. H. Howard & Co., Toronto
G. F. & J. Galt - Winnipeg
AND OTHERS

SELECTING INVESTMENTS

Every person with surplus money available for Investment needs to exercise care when making selections suitable to his individual needs.

We mail monthly a list of Bonds and Stocks yielding from 4 to 6 per cent. from which choice can be made.

A copy will be sent regularly upon request.

A. E. AMES & CO., LIMITED
TORONTO - CANADA

\$54,694,882

was the net amount of insurance on the Company's books December 31st, 1908, and the year's operations showed that

The Mutual Life Assurance Co. OF CANADA.

made very substantial gains in other departments of its business:

(a) It gained in Assets	\$1,329,098
(b) " " Reserve	948,268
(c) " " Income	302,571
(d) " " Surplus	348,296

while its ratio of expense to income was smaller than in previous years.

HEAD OFFICE - WATERLOO, ONT.

BUY A New Scale Williams Piano

And Pay For It As It Suits Your Convenience

INSTEAD of "saving up to buy a piano," put your savings in the piano itself, and have the enjoyment of the piano at home all the time you are paying for it.

Our Purchase Plan enables you to buy a New Scale Williams Piano on practically your own terms. And you cannot buy a better piano at any price.

The "New Scale Williams" has won a place in the Canadian musical world, second to none. Its superb tone — its perfect action — its durability — are qualities that have taken the highest rank with all competent judges.

Cut out the coupon and mail to us today.

The Williams Piano Co. Limited, OSHAWA, Ont. 24

Please send me, free of all cost, booklets descriptive of the New Scale Williams piano and special easy purchase plan.
Name
Address

CH

Broderick's Business Suits \$22.50
Worn from Coast to Coast

Write for samples and measurement chart
DEPT "D"
FRANK BRODERICK & CO.
TORONTO, CANADA

AREA: 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100



Wilson's Invalids' Port

(A la Quina du Perou)

Pleasant to Take and Never Fails to Fulfill its Purpose.

BIG BOTTLE ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

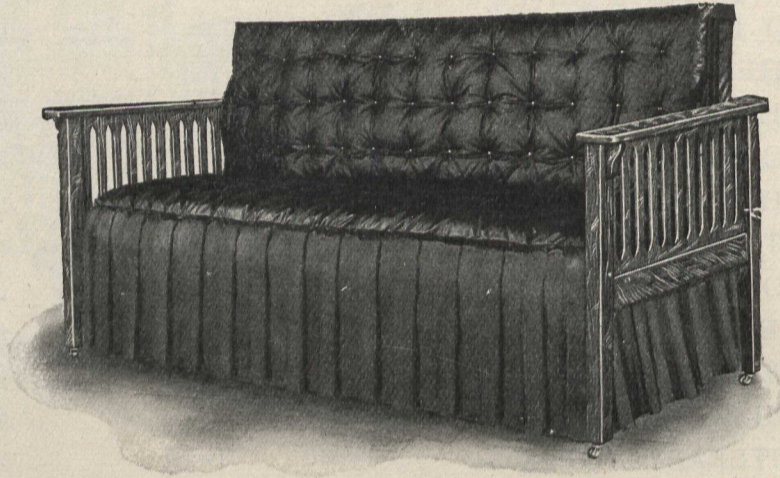
III

The Luxury of a Davenport Sofa Bed

Have You the Privilege of Knowing?

It is the most all-round convenient piece of furniture that is offered for the home — this is the testimony of the many who have bought one from us.

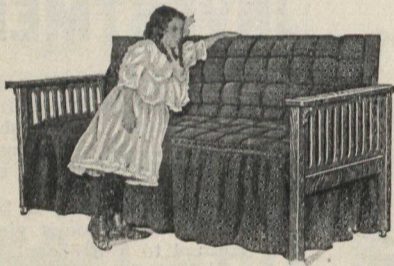
It satisfies the needs of the tidy wife who has limited room. It offers accommodation and ornament for the room by day—and can speedily be converted into a bed by night. The back simply rolls forward—so easy a child can operate it. You actually sleep on a good spring and mattress. The bedding is always in place concealed from view during the day and ready for use when needed.



ment, narrow doorways, or storage, and is easily set up again.

It costs no more than the old style davenport, nor as much as an ordinary bed of equal grade, notwithstanding its unquestioned superiority.

It can be readily taken apart for ship-



The frame of this davenport bed sofa is steel, simple and substantial with quarter-cut oak ends. Cannot get out of order. Always ready.



The Construction is high grade throughout, and made to give durable, satisfying service. The springs have ninety of the best double cone, oil tempered, steel spiral springs, all securely fastened so that it is

impossible for them to get loose and weaken the construction. The mattress or pad is filled with sanitary felt, very comfortable and, when the bed is opened ready for use, it is large enough to accommodate two persons. The seats and back are suitably tufted. Finished with valance on ends and front.

The finish is a rich golden color, polished. Nothing is omitted in style or finish that can be accomplished by first-class workmanship. Special care is taken to bring out the beautiful grain of the wood.

The coverings are the very latest block patterns in a good quality velour of any standard color. The cushions are removable, held in place by our patent invisible spring clasp. The upholstery is protected by the cushion automatically turning inside out.

The measurement is 72 ins. long and 23 ins. wide between arms; 72 ins. by 50 ins. when opened.

Operation. Each Davenport is fitted with an automatic device by which it is easily converted into a large size bed, as shown in illustration, and back again to a davenport sofa. To change into a bed, place the hand on top of the back and pull forward. The back turns a somersault quietly and easily, and brings the mattress and bed-clothing into position as a bed ready for occupation. To change back to the davenport sofa, place the hand beneath the front section and pull upwards, immediately the back rolls into position altogether concealing the clothing from view. Nothing to get out of order and can be operated by a child.

PRICE \$25.90

	<p>THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED TORONTO - - - CANADA</p>	
--	---	--

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

Subscription: \$4.00 a Year.

Vol. V.

Toronto, February 6th, 1909.

No. 10

IN THE DAY'S WORK



Mr. J. C. Eaton
President T. Eaton Company

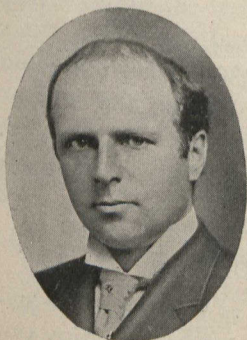
MR. J. C. EATON has for some time been known as one of the most aggressive and broad-minded young business men in Canada. Born to the great business which his illustrious father built up, he learned the ins and outs of it by going into the store when he was a boy, regular as a clock, to learn in a practical way what were the forces that ran a business which to the outsider seemed to grow like a huge tree, always needing more room. Since the young Mr. Eaton succeeded his father as general manager of the firm the business has assumed more of those gigantic proportions which make it known all over America as well as in England—an example of a business which relates directly to most

of the needs of a great and growing country. Mr. Eaton's latest coup is getting hold of steamship lines. Recently he got control of two passenger steamers on Lake Ontario. This is a departure for the firm which has made its name as one of the greatest retail houses in the world; but it is by no means foreign to the retail idea—for it is by catering to the individual that needs clothes, food, books and furniture as well as means of travel that the name of Eaton has become so well known. Personally, Mr. Eaton is both a popular and a strong-charactered man. He has the Irish native optimism of temperament; and of course he has been all his life accustomed to seeing things go in a big way. He is fond of sport; as an automobilist has few equals; his firm uses more automobiles than any other in Canada. He loves the road and the rough places; is known in the wilds of Muskoka as the king of motor-boatists and a man who likes to drive a car where his chauffeur would not. He has temperament enough for two men; but he has also the excellent business judgment and experience which enable him to concentrate the forces of an aggressive character and a busy life on the little things that grow by the power of mind into big affairs. He has never had any ambition for public life; has never needed to. His business is as cosmopolitan as a parliament. His latest incursion into navigation will give him a chance to become as famous on Lake Ontario as for years he has been with his motor-boats on the lakes of Muskoka.

* * *

A General Manager Resigns

MR. FRANK W. MORSE has succeeded in becoming the most mysterious railway manager ever known in Canada. The public in general has not followed Mr. Morse's career very closely. His was the case of a man who was overshadowed by the magnitude of a system. The Grand Trunk Pacific has gone ahead too rapidly to take real account of the man behind the system. Mr. Morse has been less in the public eye than any other manager of a great transcontinental in the world. Like his senior, Mr. Hays, he is a native of the United States. He was born in Lafayette, Indiana. He has been a railway man all his life; was for many years assistant and master mechanic in the construction shops of various southern railways. In 1889 he became master mechanic of the Wabash—eastern division. There he met Mr. Hays, who was then general manager of the Wabash. Seven years of practical intimacy with Mr. Morse, and Mr. Hays went to the Grand Trunk as general manager. It was just five months till he found out that he needed Frank W. Morse, who was brought over to be superintendent of motive power. Five years



Mr. Frank W. Morse
Who has just resigned as
Manager of the Grand
Trunk Pacific

later Mr. Morse became third vice-president of the Grand Trunk. Three years ago when the transcontinental scheme began to be developed he was made general manager of the Grand Trunk Pacific. He has always worked like a yard engine; a man of remarkable energy, down at his office when the average citizen was getting breakfast, apparently engaged in the work of his life, the practical development of the third cross-continent line in Canada. At present he is at sea—on the Mediterranean.

* * *

An Active Militia Officer.

ONE of the last men in Canada to look well on the shelf is Lieut.-Col. Hamilton W. Merritt, who has been transferred from the active to the reserve list. For five years Col. Merritt has been in command of the Governor-General's Bodyguard; the regiment with which he has been identified since 1882 when he was just a plain trooper—but a trooper after Col. George Denison's own heart; a natural born cavalry man—like Col. Denison, under whom he served in the North-West Rebellion of 1885. He captured "Whitecap," the rebel Sioux chief. At the time of the Boer war—an officer of some years standing then—he went to South Africa at his own expense, being appointed squadron commander under Gen. Brabant. The second contingent of the Canadian mounted rifles in 1901 was the direct result of Col. Merritt's offer to raise a force of mounted Canadians. A genial,



Mr. James E. Crossland
Chief Officer S. S. Republic



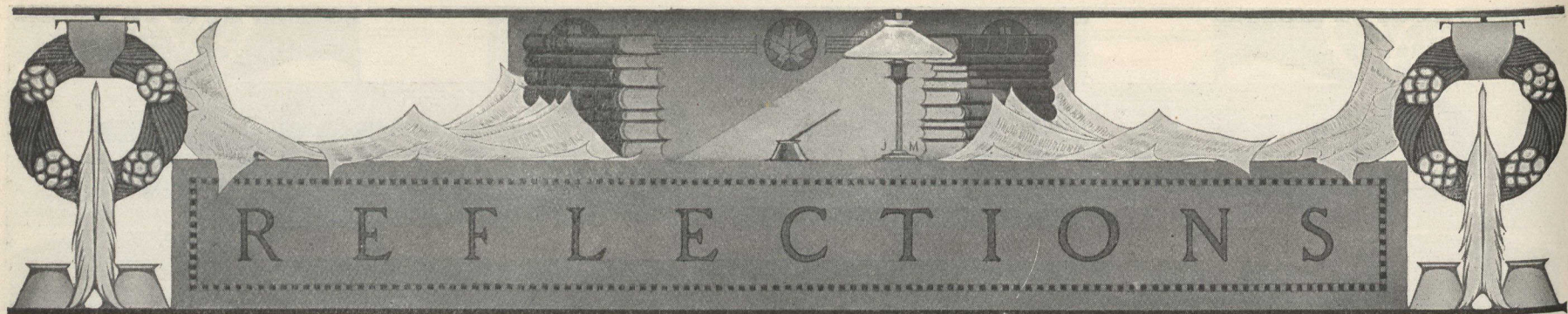
Lieut.-Col. Merritt
President Military Institute, Toronto

off-hand, companionable veteran is Col. Merritt. An evening with him never lacks for diversion. He has stories and reminiscences enough to make several books. Many years a trailsman he is happier in the saddle than he is in an arm-chair. But once in a while down at the Canadian Military Institute the Colonel gets excited as a soldier always will—especially a cavalryman. Then he sees war; thinks war; is ready for war. A thoroughly live man is Lieut.-Col. Merritt. On the Reserve list he may be; but he will never be reserved—neither fossilised.

* * *

A Canadian Seaman

AMONG the excellent officers of the steamship *Republic*, there was one Canadian, Mr. James E. Crossland, who was chief officer. His duty, when the trouble arose, was to take charge of the crew and the passengers and see to their safety. It was therefore he who managed the transfer of the people aboard to the *Florida*, and again to the *Baltic*. That this was done without loss in a stormy sea is a tribute to his skill. Mr. Crossland was born in Dundas, Ont., about forty-two years ago. His craving was for a seafaring life and his father sent him to England and put him on board the commercial training ship *Conway* when he was but seventeen years of age. He was later an apprentice on the *Kirkwood* for four years and experienced a wreck. He served on the P. & O. steamers before entering the service of the White Star. A lieutenant in the Royal Naval Reserve



THE WESTWARD MOVEMENT SLACKENS

SO far as Europe and America are concerned, the Westward movement of population has slackened. The immigration last year into Canada from Europe was less than in the previous year, although there is a large net gain in the movement. In the United States, on the other hand, there has been a net loss, more having gone to Europe than came from that continent. Strangely enough, the British and Canadian immigration into the United States is the only portion to maintain a fair average. In October, 8,334 Britishers crossed the Atlantic and entered the Republic, and 6,501 persons from Canada and Newfoundland sought new homes there. In future, our Immigration Department might add to their monthly statements a list of "emigrants" from this country. It would be interesting to know whether the United States or Canada is gaining in the annual movement to and fro. The movement from the Maritime Provinces and Quebec across the border is not yet checked, though there are Canadians complacent enough to believe otherwise.

ENLARGING WESTERN LEGISLATURES

A SHORT TIME ago the Saskatchewan Legislature was increased in size and now the Alberta Legislature is to be enlarged. The western provinces are expanding. Shortly they will have a larger representation at Ottawa. This is their growing time.

These provinces should learn from Ontario and the other older provinces that a provincial legislature may be easily enlarged, but that it cannot be easily decreased. Ontario could get along nicely with about one-third fewer members than it now sends to Toronto, and the Maritime Provinces are each in possession of top-heavy provincial governments. When a province is new, there is really more work to be done than when it gets older and has larger revenues. Nevertheless, Alberta and Saskatchewan should carefully consider the question of limiting the number of members sent to the Legislature in such a way that twenty-five years hence the size of the Legislature shall not be out of proportion to the provincial needs.

The new Alberta Distribution Bill provides for a House of thirty-eight members. No constituency is to have more than one member, except Edmonton and Calgary, which will have two each. The possible life of the Legislature is extended from four to five years, the Speaker's indemnity is fixed at \$1,500, and the travelling allowance of members is reduced from ten to five cents per mile.

ANOTHER BRILLIANT EXAMPLE

ANOTHER example of the need for further Civil Service Reform is furnished by the appointment of Mr. Edward Sears to the postmastership of the City of St. John. The old Civil Service Act and the new Civil Service Act both state that no man is to be appointed to the Service if he has passed the age of thirty-five. Yet Mr. Sears is over fifty-five, and Dr. McDonald, recently appointed to the postmastership of London, is seventy-three. Mr. Sears was once a fairly wealthy man, but bad management or misfortune has made him a beggar at the political patronage door. On three occasions he was mayor of St. John, showing him to be a gentleman of standing in a public sense. Last year he was the unsuccessful Liberal candidate in the provincial election in that city.

Thus we have the three most recent appointments to important postmasterships, Toronto, London and St. John, given to politicians. This is just the sort of political patronage which Civil Service Reform is designed to eliminate. These appointments should have gone to men skilled in post-office work, not to men who, however estimable personally, cannot be other than figure-heads. A service like the

post-office requires skilled direction, and this can only be secured by having in the chief positions men who know the work by long years of experience. Those who have to do with our larger post-offices know how defective is the work performed, compared with the degree of efficiency attained by the larger post-offices of the world. Canada is getting too big to have her public services manned by political pensioners. The commercial interests of the country are too important to continue the old practice of making the customs collectorships and the postmasterships a part of the political patronage of the ruling party.

TURNING THE TABLES ON THE C. M. A.

THE editor of the Edmonton *Daily Bulletin* tries to turn the tables on the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. The organ of that body has been discussing the question of reciprocity in coal, since Nova Scotia coal is going into New England and Pennsylvania coal is the sole supply for Ontario. The Canadian coal pays a duty going into the United States and the United States coal pays a duty coming into Canada. The manufacturers say that they in Ontario "are being taxed to keep up the coal fields in Nova Scotia, when even with this protection no Nova Scotia coal finds its way into Ontario."

The editor of the *Bulletin* claims that this argument proves that the Ontario Manufacturers believe that they pay the duty on the coal which they use. He then points out that if such is the case, they must also admit that the Western farmer pays the duty on agricultural implements and other protected manufactures. He cannot see how men who object to paying \$2,000,000 a year in coal duties for the benefit of Nova Scotia, can ask the West to pay many million dollars a year on manufactured goods. He goes farther and claims that they have admitted that "protection does not protect."

Both sides to the controversy are pretty well muddled. In the first place, the duty on coal is only partially for protective purposes and partly for revenue purposes. It is just a question if the present Government does not regard it wholly as a revenue item. It is a part of our unscientific method of collecting taxes. If this be the true purpose of the duty on coal, then Ontario is not paying two million dollars to help Nova Scotia. She is paying only a much smaller amount or nothing whatever.

Again, the editor of the *Bulletin* is wide of the mark in saying that the case of agricultural implements is on all fours with coal. The people of the West get Canadian-made implements; the people of Ontario do not get Canadian coal. In the one case protection does protect; and in the other it does not. If the Ontario manufacturers were getting Nova Scotia coal they would have less ground for complaint; the Western farmers are getting Canadian implements, and they may or may not have ground for complaint. If these implements cost as much as they sell for in the United States with the full duty added, they have a reason for a protest. This is not the case, if our information is correct. Yet even if it were, their complaint must be of smaller proportions than that of the Ontario coal-consumer who is paying the full duty and not getting Canadian coal.

There is another point which cannot be argued now, but which is important. Coal is raw material; agricultural implements are manufactured products. Everyone admits that protection on raw materials is less defensible than protection on manufactured products.

SHOULD THEY EXPRESS OPINIONS?

SHOULD Canadian Clubs express opinions? is a question which has been much debated. The Toronto Club refuses to enjoy this privilege, claiming that it desires to instruct its members and make them better citizens, not to be a medium for sending forth resolutions

which will at best embody the views of only a majority. Not so, the Hamilton club. They have passed resolutions concerning technical education and Civil Service reform which are quite decided in their sentiment.

There is little doubt that promiscuous resolutions are in the class with votes of thanks and letters of condolence. Yet, after all, we continue to say, "How d'ye do!" and "Good morning" with the same time-worn lackadaisical tone that people have used through several generations. There are a certain number of conventionalities which have become stereotyped, but which we are not yet prepared to abolish. The resolutions passed by political associations at their annual meetings expressing confidence "in our beloved Leader" and in "the party platform" as laid down at Halifax or Sorel are conventionalities to some extent but they indicate the presence or absence of party discipline.

The truth is that there are useful resolutions and useless resolutions. The Canadian club which is in earnest and passes a resolution in support of a movement which it desires to support cannot be criticised. The club which gets so large that it cannot pass a resolution on any subject without offending some of its members and causing internal dissensions is in the last stages of a useful career. The admirably worded and clear-cut resolution of the Hamilton Canadian Club, backing up Judge Cassels' suggestions regarding awakening the public conscience, abolishing the patronage system and the appointment of independent purchasing boards, is a desirable piece of work. The voice of the independent and thinking public should be heard. In so far as the Canadian clubs represent that portion of the community, they should speak for them in no uncertain terms. To leave all the speech and resolution making to party organisations would be to make the public press the only avenue for public criticism. That would be regrettable.



A NATIONAL LITERATURE

THE subject of a national literature appears to distress the Canadian public in an intermittent fashion. Mr. Arnold Haultain, in a recent address on the matter of letters, declared that the essence of literature, as distinguished from journalistic effort, is spontaneity. Some of the wise-acres who are urging "young writers" to take Canadian themes and enlarge thereupon are in danger of forgetting "the first fine careless rapture" which inspires the work of the true artist. Many of these advisers appear to regard literature as if it were a mammoth cheese or a Niagara peach orchard. Whatever may be the mode of production of best sellers, a good book is not "turned out" as if it were a cheap rocking-chair or a bargain-day sofa-cushion. A great Canadian novel is not to be produced by gazing at the Rocky Mountains, tobogganing down the slide at Montreal or watching the tides of the Bay of Fundy. Yet there are would-be counsellors of the aspiring writer or artist who keep urging upon his consideration the bigness of our prairies, the altitude of our mountains, the goldenness of our wheat and the freshness of our lakes, as if all these qualities were to be mixed in judicious quantities in order to come out a national literature.

Such is not the way of the Muses. The poet is not a self-conscious patriot, the novelist feels no "mission" to exploit the crops or the climate of the land in which he was born. The writer of imagination is not an immigration agent, although the pamphlets produced by the latter are not entirely a matter of unadorned fact. Let us leave our poets and song-writers in peace and cease vexing them with ill-advised directions about the road which leads to literature. The most of us go about our buying and selling and reading of the daily news; but, suddenly, some morning, there comes a song or a story which illuminates the common world and shows us a divine light beyond the mists of the common task, and even the dullest of us knows that it has come from a soul which has neither planned nor manufactured the product. Literature, like love, comes unsought, unsent.



AN OPPOSITION LEADER

THERE is a deal of talk about the leadership of the Reform party in the Province of Ontario. The successfulness of success is nowhere more spectacularly shown than in the domain of politics. Since that stormy day in January, 1905, when Mr. (now Sir) James Pliny Whitney made a snowy sweep of the province, which had once put its trust in Oliver Mowat, the leadership of the Reform party in Ontario has not been regarded with a wistful eye. Mr. Ross could

hardly abide in the opposition shades. He was too accustomed to the right hand of the Speaker to linger, for more than a session or so, on the dubious left. A desire for repose and the sensation of being numbered with the successful led to his entrance into the Dominion Senate, where he surveys the Ontario tumult from afar.

Hon. A. G. MacKay is a leader of more than average forensic ability and of considerable magnetism. His defeat last June was by no means a personal humiliation, for Sir James Whitney's surprisingly large majority was doubtless more an evidence of the desire of the independents in the Province "to give the new premier a show" than a conviction of the Opposition's unworthiness. It is now rumoured persistently that Rev. D. C. Hossack, a gentleman who has shone both in legal and ecclesiastical circles, is to assume the leadership of the Reform party. Mr. Hossack, it will be remembered, was opposed to the Ross regime but "also ran" in the Liberal cause last June. It is stated that Mr. Hossack will have a broad temperance plank in his platform and that "a dry Ontario" will be the battle-cry of the next provincial contest. With Rev. J. A. Macdonald as managing editor of the *Globe* and the Reverend Donald as leader of the Ontario forces, the kirk of Scotland would be well represented—with no Robbie Burns to write campaign literature.



FISCAL REFORM IN BRITAIN

CANADIANS must view with increasing interest the coming campaign in Great Britain with regard to Fiscal Reform. The London *Outlook*, a Unionist tariff-reform weekly (in other words, Conservative) begins its latest editorial on the subject with these confident assertions:

"The fight for fiscal reform is now as good as won. Looking back over the last five and a half years one may well be surprised at the rapid and continuous progress of the movement. . . . Surely no other proof is needed that it has had the impelling forces of the *Zeitgeist* behind it, and that nothing can resist its ultimate triumph. Indeed, the final consummation is only a matter of time."

The *Outlook* expects that the General Election will come within two years, and then the new tariff policy will be put into legislation. In the thirteen by-elections, the Unionist party has shown a gain of 30,000 votes. Just why all these voters can be classed as converts to Tariff Reform is not fully explained. It does go on to say that "The voice of the Unionist Free-trader is now scarcely heard in the land" and explains that the Unionist party is fairly well united on this question. In other words, both the Conservatives and the Liberal-Unionists are convinced that this is the proper fiscal move.

Just what fiscal reforms means is not fully explained, because it is not yet decided. There is, however, to be a duty on wheat, meat and wood, with a preference to colonial goods, of this character. Timber is the most recent addition to this list. It is further hinted that the \$750,000,000 of foreign goods annually sold in Great Britain will have to pay some measure of tribute.

On another page of the same issue of the *Outlook*, a correspondent retails some of the stock arguments. In the nine-year period 1898-07, the exports to the five principal colonies increased 42 per cent. over the previous nine-year period, while the increase to Britain's five largest foreign customers was only 10 per cent. These five colonies take seven times as much per head, as the five foreign customers. Canada, with a thirteenth of the population, takes half as much of British exports as the United States. The colonies are growing and they are Britain's best customers, therefore cultivate the colonies.

This correspondent also touches on the sentimental and political side. The British people, who have no room to expand much beyond the 43,000,000 population now living in the three islands, cannot maintain their supremacy without the aid of the colonies. "We cannot bear the burden and fight the battle of the Empire alone." Already the United States has 85,000,000, Russia 150,000,000 and Germany 61,000,000 people. "Only therefore by uniting thoroughly with our colonies can we hope to maintain our proud pre-eminence among the nations."

While these statements by the *Outlook* and these arguments by its correspondent may or may not be convincing it behooves Canadians to watch closely the political events of Great Britain during the next year or two. The Fiscal Reformers are confident that preferential trade is in sight, and if it should happen to come Canada must be ready to accommodate herself to the new situation. It is not for the colonies to advise the Mother Country as to what is best in her own interest, but it is certainly wise to be prepared to meet an increased demand for colonial products in the British market if that increased demand should arise.



HAVE you tried to "re-create" for yourself—as the Parisian police do in criminal cases—the scene on the *Republic* when the shock of the collision jarred its passengers awake? The evening before there had been a concert to celebrate the first night at sea. Then we may assume that some of the passengers went out on deck to get a mouthful of air before turning in. There is a weird and savage loneliness about the night deck of a great steamship as it forges ahead into the dark and unstable sea. In the harbour, you marvel how these immense iron monsters can ever be moved by anything so soft as mere water. You can imagine that waves will break on them as on a cliff; but that waves will lift them and toss them about seems incredible. So when from your place at the rail you feel this mysterious sea, whose seething foam flashing by is well-nigh all you can see of it, lift your iron monster and let it down again with the rhythmic ease of untold strength, you get a vague fear of the unmeasured ocean rolling out there in the dark on whose bosom this leviathan of yours is a toy.

* * *

FROM away out in front and up in the dark comes the striking of a bell. Then a hoarse voice cries—"Eleven o'clock! And all's well!" You turn with relief to the lighted cabins and make your way down the winding stair and along the endless narrow corridors into the bowels of the ship. It seems to shelter you from the nameless power of the unlit sea; but it may occur to you that it is a long way from air and life if an accident should come. In the case of the *Republic*, it came. The passengers were still asleep. An unexpected jar where no jar should be possible. What is it? Let us turn on the electric light. Snap! The light is off. We are still in the bowels of the ship, in our locked state-rooms, and no light. Yet a moment's delay may mean death. However, a rush into the corridors brings reassurance. Those much abused fellows—the stewards—over whose "tips" we should have been grumbling in a few days had all gone well, are there telling us that there is no danger for the moment, and improvising lights with candles melted fast to saucers.

* * *

HOW a touch of the commonplace kills panic. The stewards were not consciously heroes; but if they had not been there with their professional politeness to quiet the passengers and do them the deft services at which they are adepts, panic would have driven the people on the *Republic* mad in that moment of uncertainty. But the real test was yet to come. Soon it is known that there is danger and that we are to be transferred to the *Florida*—a badly injured ship already full of people. Nothing could make more plain the doom of the *Republic*. Some of the passengers have been caught by the interviewers mourning over their baggage; and we may have been inclined to criticise. But it required self-denial of a fair order for those passengers to leave the ship in a calm sea, and take practically nothing with them.

* * *

THE supreme test of courage did not come until later, however, when the slow and toilsome transfer had to be made to the *Baltic*. It took twelve hours. The passengers had to help man the oars. All had to climb a swaying rope ladder. Did you ever try to get up a rope ladder? If it hangs from the side of a ship, it offers one of the most exciting experiences possible, though the ship be lying at anchor in a river and there are friendly seamen about to make drowning impossible. Your feet drive one rung in and your hands pull the other rung out until you feel as if you were suspended horizontally over the river. You are not climbing up, but climbing out; and if your feet should slip—of course that is not what is happening—it is only what it feels like. Every step is an athletic venture with a cold bath waiting to punish a failure to achieve success. Now if this be the feeling beside an anchored ship in a river, what must have been

the experience of those chilled and frightened passengers who were desperately clinging to such a swaying ladder hanging from the side of a rolling ship in a rough sea? After the long period of suspense and the wearing down of their courage and their nerve, this was, doubtless, the most trying experience of the accident.

* * *

ONE cannot help feeling sympathy, too, for those Italians on the *Florida* who had to be kept back by force from rushing the boats. They were refugees from Messina. They had already been through one nerve-shaking experience. Death had trodden on their fleeing heels; and, they could still feel his cold breath. Then came the long voyage across the endless ocean amidst strange surroundings. Then collision which was as frightful to them as to the passengers on the lofty *Republic*. Possibly they did not like the transfer of the *Republic's* passengers to their crippled ship. Is it certain that American passengers would have welcomed an army of Italians under similar circumstances? It probably made them feel even less secure. Then came the word that these favoured passengers were to be transferred again. Why? For what reason could it be except that the *Florida* was believed to be unsafe? No wonder that they, too, demanded to be transferred and not left on a sinking ship to drown like rats in a box. And they demanded it in their excitable Southern way, aggravated by their suspicion that these superior and autocratic officers did not care very much what became of them. As for the officers, one almost forgets to mention their sublime courage when writing of the event, so accustomed have we become to that in trained seamen. It seems as much a part of a sailor's equipment as the hitch he gives his trousers or his immunity from seasickness. We rely on their steadiness in the face of any danger that may come as automatically as we trust to the skill of the engineer who runs a railway train; and this is especially true of ships that fly the British flag.

Wid Importe

A PROVINCE BUILDING IN LONDON CITY



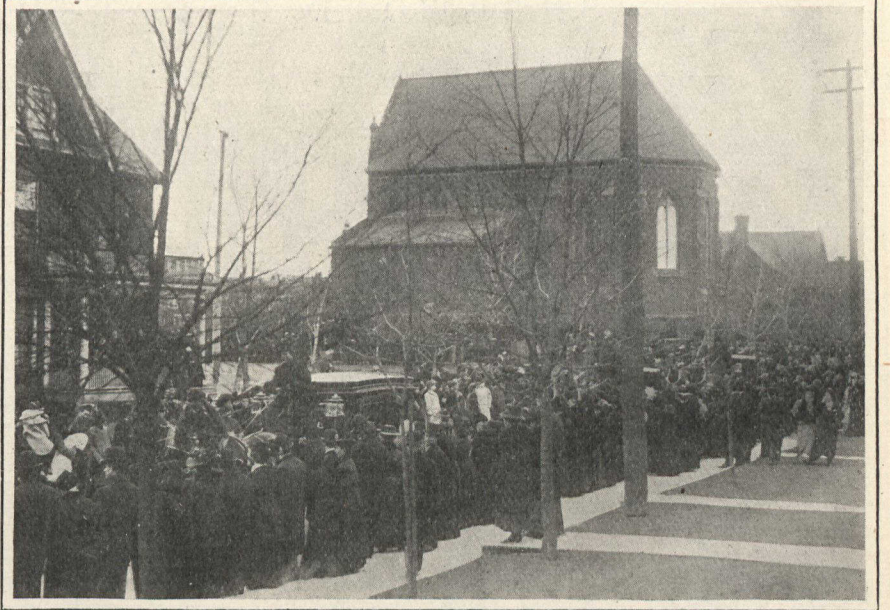
In the centre of London, there is a district which is being entirely rebuilt under the supervision of the London County Council. This is one of the new buildings. It has been erected by the government of Victoria, Australia. This is a bit of enterprise which each of the nine Canadian provinces will find it hard to beat. Later on, the Commonwealth of Australia will build a larger building alongside this fine structure.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HALFTONES LIMITED

THE FUNERAL OF THE PRIMATE OF ALL CANADA



The procession of the Clergy after the service. On either side are ranged the choir of St. Alban's.



An enormous crowd paid their respects to the memory of Archbishop Sweatman during the funeral service in the unfinished Cathedral of St. Alban's, the Martyr.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. A. GLEASON

Save the Intercolonial

THE Intercolonial puzzle is producing a new crop of railway experts; mainly thick and thin supporters of the idea of a Government-owned, Government-run, solvent or insolvent railroad. Some want the Government to manage a string of hotels—a delightful method of forecasting a time when politics will become more political and more bibulous, and the bellboy will inherit an electioneering importance of first magnitude. Some would have the Government run mills, and so link Ottawa perpetually to market quotations. If it were not that the Intercolonial has cost the nation eighty millions of money and will surely cost millions more and pile deficit on deficit if its management is not radically changed, its history and situation would make a perfect comedy of errors. But after forty years in the wilderness of unprofit it is time for a change. Out of a multitude of counsels change will surely come.

The average man, who makes good the Intercolonial deficits, can scarcely get much help from a welter of statistics. It is a life's occupation to master the intricacies of railway revenue. The rate clerk is a mysterious, fathomless personage to whom the few railroad presidents can teach anything. The ramifications of classification; the relations of long haul and short haul, the bases of switching charges; the multiplying demands of maintenance; the increasing burdens of conducting transportation and the expanding cloud of general expenses—what layman can compass these things and be at peace with his kind?

But the layman can grasp the leading principles of railway management. He knows that there must be a margin between expenditure and revenue, and

that bankruptcy must follow if the margin is on the wrong side. That applies to everything except Government ownership. It is one of the ironies of Canadian national life that dead commerce may be live politics. The game cannot go on indefinitely. There must be a limit to the cadaverous comedy of the Intercolonial. The Toronto correspondent of the London Times has called it the graveyard of political reputations. That is not entirely true. It has been the perpetual home of hopes deferred. The opportunity has come for a political reputation to be consolidated by way of the Intercolonial.

Those who know the real position of affairs know that Mr. Graham is a Minister of exceptional merit. He has shown independence, grasp, breadth, and the blessed quality of candour in his administration of the Department of Railways and Canals. His deputy, Mr. Butler, who is, as nearly as there can be such an officer, the general manager of the system, has given to the Intercolonial service an ability and assiduity that deserve even more praise than they receive. They have only to tell the whole truth about the Intercolonial, and propose a way out of the impasse which their predecessors have run it into, and they will enhance their reputations more than by a long course of trying to put an endurable face on an impossible condition. The candid friend of the Intercolonial is worth more than the sugar-candied. The statement of earnings and expenditures for the year ending June 30th last has not been published yet. A disclosure of weekly earnings and expenses would not materially help the public to understand the Intercolonial as it is.

Statistics can be made to prove anything if you know how to handle them, and are only sufficiently devoted to some weak cause. Mr. W. C. Miller, of Halifax, in a two-column letter to the press con-

futes such papers as the Toronto *Daily Star* and the Moncton *Transcript*, both of which had contended that if the Intercolonial only charged as high rates as the other Canadian railways it would show a handsome profit. Mr. Miller shows the fallacy of the *Star's* and the *Transcript's* reasoning. The *Transcript* selects the Intercolonial's lowest freight rate for a given distance and the Canadian Pacific's highest rate for a lumber haul, and compares them to the advantage of the shipper by the Intercolonial. The *Star*, evidently misled by some such comparison, explains that if Canadian Pacific rates were as low as the Intercolonial's the Canadian Pacific would earn twelve million dollars a year less than it was doing—and then where would the dividends come from? The *Star* is a conspicuously fair and reasonable paper, and does not knowingly mislead. But it cannot know local conditions in the Maritime Provinces, or it would point out that Intercolonial rates are abnormally low where the railway has to compete with water traffic. Where the Canadian Pacific and Dominion Atlantic does this on the Bay of Fundy, and where the Halifax & South Western does it on the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia the rates also are abnormally low. Where conditions are similar the Intercolonial rates are just about the same as those on other railways in Eastern Canada. In passenger traffic there is no noticeable disparity between the leading railways—except that Western fares, in general, are higher than Eastern fares.

There is no hope of release from the political incubus of the Intercolonial except to remove it. It cannot be saved except by eliminating the politician. He cannot be eliminated so long as the accounts have to be tabled in the House of Commons.

NEMO.

THE RECENT ICE STORM IN MONTREAL DISTRICT.



Montreal—This pole was broken near the ground and then swung through the plate glass window of a saloon.



Montreal—The Ice on the wires was heavy enough to bring down telegraph and telephone poles as occurred once in Toronto some years ago.

A Bear Hunt in the Kootenays

By SHERWOOD B. MARSHALL

"YOU actually saw marks of bear on the trees ten feet above the ground? Come now, Jack, you know your failing. Remember, I am no tenderfoot. Ten feet, why that's as high as the ceiling."

"Well, candidly, I cannot quite understand it myself unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Unless it was a grizzly."

* * * * *

In the fall of '01, when I was hunting and prospecting along the "Crow," I happened to run short of grub and came into Cranbrook to replenish my supply. After I had attended to everything and was sitting in the hotel enjoying the luxury of a chair, my attention was by chance drawn to the above conversation. I had not decided where to go next and would have paid no further attention had it not been for the last word, "grizzly."

Immediately after speaking, the younger of the two stood up and moving toward the bar beckoned his friend to come along. Then seeing me for the first time he said, "You had better come along too, stranger." I at once accepted.

After we had set up the drinks a couple of times, we became quite friendly and I found out that they had come in from the country west of the Columbia the day before to get their prospecting licenses renewed, and were going out again that night.

I asked the younger of the two about the marks he had seen on the trees and he told me that a couple of nights before, while camping between the two ranges, he had seen what was undoubtedly the marks of a large "grizzly" where he had been scratching the barks off the trees. I immediately offered to join them to see if we could not get Mr. Bruin. To this they seemed quite agreeable, when they saw that I had had considerable experience in hunting, and also a good full outfit, and would evidently be good company.

We arrived at Kootenay Landing next morning, and after procuring a couple of canoes and Indians, set out up the river. We paddled about eight miles, paid off the Indians with half a dozen plugs of chewing tobacco, and hit the trail until about dusk. We then camped right in the heart of the hills about a mile from where the "grizzly" had left his marks. After supper we had a smoke and went to bed, though I tried in vain to persuade one of our party to come with me up the mountain to see if we could find any traces of the bear; but he could not see it my way.

It must have been about midnight when I awakened. Something seemed to be on my mind—the nearness of having my dreams realised and the strangeness of my surroundings, probably. So when I found I could not sleep I picked up my rifle, a Savage carbine, which I always preferred on account of its handiness in the bush, lighted my pipe, and decided I would take a walk.

It was bright moonlight—almost like day; not a breath of wind, and the very air seemed hushed. I had wandered on probably a quarter of a mile, thinking the while of my friends in the east, but as I walked a feeling of loneliness crept over me. The trees rose up ghostly and weird; strange noises from time to time cut the stillness like a knife and caused cold shivers to run up and down my spine. The mountains loomed up on either hand—awful in their majesty. My very shadow seemed unearthly and whenever I happened to tread on a dead limb the noise made me grip my rifle till my fingers ached and my heart almost ceased to beat. The awful lonesomeness of the mountains seemed to clutch my heart and I could hardly breathe.

I was about to turn and run in reckless fear when suddenly I heard a sound which rooted me to the spot. Then the hunting blood went surging through my veins and my heart was again beating naturally and once more my nerves were like steel. The terrible spell of loneliness was broken, as with a deep whoof! whoof! accompanied by a crashing of boughs Mr. Bruin arose from where he had been spending the day, and came out to hunt frogs, little dreaming of the welcome that was awaiting him in the shape of a "303 soft point."

My rifle had unconsciously leaped to my shoulder and I stood there facing what seemed to me an elephant, walking on his hind legs, about twenty-five yards away. After what seemed to me a long time I found myself still facing him as he continued to advance; then summoning all my strength, I pulled the trigger. He came at me, and I saw a

spurt of blood along the side of his head. Springing to one side, and grabbing a young sapling to enable me to turn quickly, I pumped three bullets behind his shoulders in quick succession. With a wild roar he bit the spot where the bullets entered, then turned and ran.

I did not try to follow as it would have been very dangerous, especially at night, and besides the strain I had been through was too much so that I was almost exhausted. I retraced my steps toward the camp.

About half way back I met the rest of the party running my way. They had been awakened out of a sound sleep by the noise of my rifle, and wondered what had happened. We returned to the camp together, and at daylight took up the trail from where I had first shot. It was plainly visible both from the blood and by the way the underbrush was trampled down. After we had gone about a mile, we saw where he had steadied down after his headlong flight, and we could see that although badly, he was not mortally wounded.

His tracks led us through heavy underbrush, which was very difficult getting through, for about

two miles, then struck off at right angles for the mountains. After some very tedious climbing, when almost exhausted beneath the cruel glare of the sun which reflected mercilessly off the arid rocks, and when hope of ever again encountering the bear had almost been extinguished, we came over a sharp rise and upon the object of our search. He saw us almost immediately and rose up on his hind legs, wild-eyed and menacing, but as our rifles cracked together, came at us. I happened to be slightly in advance of the other two and as I turned to dodge him, my foot slipped and I came crashing to the ground. In a second the bear had me in its terrible embrace. I tried to draw my knife but was too late. I could feel his hot breath on my face—and we fell together.

When I came to myself I was lying on the ground with my head pillowed on the grizzly and my two friends standing over me. In a few minutes I had recovered my wind, which the bear had squeezed out of me. Soon I was able to examine the carcass. The whole top of his head was blown off where the others had shot when he grabbed me, but he was one of the most magnificent specimens of a bear that I had ever seen. When we had skinned him we returned to the camp.

After resting a couple of days I went back to Cranbrook, where I sold the hide for a hundred dollars, a transaction which I have never ceased to regret.

My First Hunting Experience

By J. H. TERNEY

WE were a merry party of ten that on the morning of Thursday, October 29th, entrained at Beaverton on the Canadian Northern Ontario, bound for the wilderness lying north of the French River, to track and if possible to capture the wily and elusive deer. The lure of the Northland was in every man's heart, and there were ten of us. We had come from different parts of the province, but only one ambition animated every breast—to forget for a while our little cares and worries, in the enjoyment of a holiday where Nature is to be found in her rugged yet attractive form.

What a motley crowd was there! Two or three novices who had never smelt the camp-fire's smoke, nor packed the trail under the shaggy foliage of the northern fir-lands; several old-timers whose first hunt ante-dated the smokeless cartridge or even the modern repeater, yet eager for another sniff of the healing breath of the unpeopled wilds; business men and lawyers, doctors and clergymen, all seeking the repose of the great shadow-land, and if possible, some trophy of the untamed wilderness.

On we sped over the beautiful road which financial enterprise and engineering skill have made a throbbing artery of commerce and pleasure. Innumerable lakes, rock-robed hills, lonely muskegs, illimitable forests—these in rapid and fantastic succession flew past as the great mogul engine throbbed its tortuous way over its bed of steel, drawing in snake-like procession its train of palace coaches, fit for the aristocracy (and such we thought ourselves) of any country in the world.

In rapid succession we passed Washago, Parry Sound, Shawanaga, Still River, South and North Maganetawan, the Pickerel and French Rivers with their long steel bridges, and arrived at last at our unknown and lonely destination, the most adventurous party in the most remote camp in the wilderness of Southern Nipissing. We were fortunate in securing a deserted engineer's camp, on the shore of as beautiful a lake as ever nature bedded in the fastnesses of the eternal granite; but it was two a.m. on Friday before the last man of the bunch settled himself comfortably among the blankets.

Morning broke cold, clear and inviting. Over to the east the sun was rising over as entrancing a scene as ever charmed the sight of man—undulating masses of adamant grandeur, thickly studded with the charred relics of former greatness, rising like grim sentinels amidst an almost unbroken frontage of pulp-wood, ash, poplar, birch and jack-pine, eagerly pushing upward as if endeavouring to hide the disaster of former days, or afford a shelter for their mighty though stricken predecessors now hastening to decay. Northward the limpid waters of the lake, whose placid bosom was pierced by a succession of cone-shaped islands, stretched arms of welcome east and west, musically lapping the walls of their granite prison, or baptising with matutinal freshness the

sandy stretches, where deer and bear were wont to quench their thirst.

Big game "signs" were everywhere abundant. The "borrow-pit" near the big rock cut where we detrained was literally cut into sections like a checkerboard by the sharp hoofs of the white-tailed deer. On every sandy lakeside reach could be read the history of daily visits. Mossy ridges covered with scrub-oak despoiled of their branches, betrayed the secrets of Bruin's high carnival on the nutritious acorns. The "sacred" partridge strutted amid the ferns, gazing curiously at the strange two-legged creatures whom he had not yet learned to fear. Beaver, muskrat, mink and otter disported themselves in the aqueous element, which afforded them protection and a home. It is indeed a "happy hunting ground," a veritable paradise for the sons of Nimrod.

On exploring the lake, the beautiful Ka-ke-ki-wa-gan-da of Algonquin lore, we found an ancient but commodious vessel, left to her fate by her former masters. We at once re-launched her, brought her to port under her own canvas, constituted ourselves a gang of ship-builders, re-fitted her hull and promptly put her into commission. Many were the guesses as to her origin and history. Jack, the Tory politician of the party, disgustingly expressed his belief that she was the *Minnie M.* of "Soo" election fame. Joe said that she must be Noah's Ark and that the mountain in the distance was Ararat. But all agreed that of all the ship's afloat "there was not another like it," and merry excursions were made upon her by all hands to the tune of "Pull for the Shore."

Saturday, November 7th, was big game day. The dogs did their work nobly and Harry, who had taken the canoe to watch the lake, had a contract on his hands, which only skilful seamanship and unerring aim enabled him to bring to a successful conclusion. The game came in showers. Four bucks and a big black bear at once, is rather more than a modest citizen can successfully maroon on a four-mile lake. However, Harry came off with flying colours, and two of the finest deer that ever polished antlers on the "runway" saplings were suspended that night as a tribute to the "man behind the gun." Bob, too, was one of fortune's favourites. The spiteful snap of the 30-30 laid one of equal size and beauty at his feet. Somehow or other that night when we all gathered round the camp-fire to satisfy the cravings of the inner man, admiration for his skill became the parent of sweet forgiveness.

Next day being Sunday was quietly spent, but bright and early Monday morning the Doctor took the canoe and with Harry in the stern to paddle, landed another antlered monarch to adorn the pole. Such a quartette of size and beauty could not be found, so we thought, between Parry Sound and Sudbury.

(Concluded on page 14)

THE DEER AT HOME AND IN CAPTIVITY



Elk and Red Deer in High Park, Toronto

PHOTOGRAPH BY PRINGLE & BOOTH.



Interior of a Hunter's Cabin.



A Hunter's Cabin in the Nipissing Deer country.



The Red Deer at Home—A view near South River, Highlands of Ontario.

PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

THE PASSING OF SILVERTIP

By ARCHIE P. MCKISHNIE

SILVERTIP, the great grey fox, looked from the cedar-clump furtively and eagerly, toward the red dash of morning tingeing the heavy wintry sky. His slender muzzle sniffed the breeze fearfully and defiantly, as far across the bay a thin wreath of smoke twisted an ash-hued scrawl across the black, banked-up snow-clouds. Then he slunk back into the shelter of his thicket and glided across the snow-carpeted earth toward the pine-tipped upland, his great, grey body trailing like a giant shadow against the white earth beneath him. At the edge of a wild hazel-patch he paused and his long, lithe form stiffened as a setter dog's will, when he scents a quarry; then like a flash of light he sprang. There was the whirr of frantic wings and a bevy of quail arose and sailed brown, fluctuating dots, between the dark-grey of the wood and mottled grey of morning's skies. Then Silvertip glided upon his way, his long, strong jaws holding securely a cock quail with drooping wings and white throat plumage dyed with red. At a narrow opening in the thicket the great fox paused once more to gaze toward the Greatland across the ice-locked bay. The smoke twisted like a thin thread against the coming light and as he watched and scented it fearfully, two tiny atoms of life detached themselves from the long trap-like pile of logs, from which the smoke arose, and vanished behind the marsh-girded shore of the creek that wound inland.

II.

On that long wooded point of land, dividing the great waters of Erie from Rond Eau Bay, Silvertip was king of all the foxes. He went his way as a king would do among lowly subjects, scorning to mix with his diminutive red cousins and refusing even to sniff noses with the lordly black ones that sometimes, though not often, met him in the tangled wildernesses of bush and brier. He had no mate and wanted none. The great solitude was all he loved and cared for, although often, when the night was old and a big moon glowed low above the ice-held waters of the bay, something within him would awake to the voices of his kind, as they called barkingly to one another from their timbered retreats. At such times he would lift his massive head and point his long muzzle at the moon; but never once had he given answer to those calls. Sometimes he would slip along the knotted, frozen swales through the early twilight, his padded feet making no sound as he passed from shrub to thicket, all the wild life within him awake to the sheer joy of the hunt, the scent and the trail. Silvertip was three times greater in size than any fox in his kingdom, three times greater in wisdom, three times greater in cunning. His strength and agility were such that he feared no ordinary foe at all and even the marsh-raccoon, strong and savage as they were upon points of disputed possession, would leave their newly-captured frogs for him to feed upon, retreating snarlingly when he crept toward them from behind the rush-clumps. And this was as it should be, for was he not king, and is it not befitting a king to have his meals captured for him? Silvertip loved this sport of stealing and seizing prizes. It enriched his blood and heightened his contempt for the cringing subjects who fled at his approach. All day he slept, sometimes in the great pile of pine-trees the wind had twisted off and piled together, sometimes in the great jam-pile of ash-trees, between the oak-ridge and the swale. Miles away in the deepest, densest part of the wood was another hiding-place, to which he might turn if the need ever arose. It was the den-burrow, whose entrance was hidden by a dethroned oak and deep and far into the sand-earth it twisted and curved, with here and there along its course a room-like space lined with soft mosses and downy feathers. This was Silvertip's home by right of heritage. Close beside it ran a barren, gravel ridge, beyond it lay Rond Eau and away on westward, the tree-fringed world of man.

Silvertip watched and guarded this spot zealously almost every night visiting it and sniffing the ground about it carefully to make sure that no unwelcome visitor had intruded. While life and strength were his, he would keep to the open; when strength failed he would have refuge silent and secure to fly to.

When the first shadows of night swooped low he would creep from his hiding-place to roam and hunt and gambol until another daylight came. Twilight would find him feasting on a tender rabbit at the cedar-fringed foot of his kingdom, midnight scattering the feathers of a captured grouse near the great duck-ponds, nine miles away, and the still, morning hours would likely find him besporting himself upon his playground, the long, frozen sand-bar between the scrub-oaks and the dead rushes of

If Silvertip had dreamed that to capture him by fair means or foul was the trapper's great ambition, he might have said good-bye to his little kingdom and sought security in the inland forest, where man was as yet unknown. He did not know that his beautiful silvery coat was worth many hundreds of bright dollars to the man, who had once seen him in the early twilight and had stood too appalled by his size and beauty to lift the black rifle against him. But the great fear had come to Silvertip and from the moment he scented man he became more watchful, more alert, more cunning.

* * * *

This morning as he looked toward the smoke scratching an ashy line against the storm-cloud, Silvertip felt something more than fear. The quail in his mouth fluttered feebly and he set his sharp teeth deep into its quivering flesh. Backing into the thicket he threw the bird from him, placed his long fore-paws against it and tore it asunder bit by bit, lashing his great silvery brush in fury and scattering the bird's brown feathers to the morning wind, which now swept through the trees bringing with it the smell of smoke from the Greatland.

IV.

All that day Silvertip lay in the jam-pile of fallen ash-trees, gazing with watchful, baleful eyes through the chinks at the day-world. That something which had come to him, as he watched the smoke from the trapper's cabin, was with him still, tightening his sinews to steel-like tension and goading him to a fury he had never known before. He knew the man was coming and all throughout that day he lay watchful and expectant. Toward evening the man came. Silvertip knew that he was near although he heard no footfall on the newly-fallen snow. With upper lip curled back and muscles bunched beneath his glossy coat, the giant fox lay watching and waiting, for what—he could not tell.

The man came, slowly and with head bowed, as though fatigued. In one hand he carried a bunch of glittering traps, in the other the black rifle. In his belt were hung the dripping pelts of two red foxes. Three times that day had Silvertip heard the black rifle speak and that day, too, had he heard another sound—the wild cry of an animal new and terrible to him. Sometimes the cry was high and shrill, sometimes deep, hollow and booming. Intuitively he knew that he had reason to fear that animal whose very voice made him shudder down in fear, but he did not fear it like he feared the man. Suddenly that cry was raised close beside him, loud and terrible it rang, and a thick-throated animal with lolling tongue hurled itself against his hiding-place.

Then the great fox leaped between the logs on the farther side, his goal the wild-hazel tangle forty yards away. As he sprang from the jam-pile he heard the clink of steel upon the frozen earth. Like the flash of a meteor he passed the man who had lifted the rifle and as the king fox made his cover, he heard the rifle's voice. Something clutched him with a grip of steel and threw him forward among the bushes. He arose almost as quickly as he had fallen and loped away. But he left a red track behind him on the snow. Far behind him sounded the baying of the hound, now low, now high. Silvertip was glad he was safe. He would keep to the open.

V.

Night fell and the big moon looked out from behind the edge of a ragged cloud, calling to Silvertip in its olden way to scent, trail and tear down. Far away, where the scrubby oaks met the marshland, a long strip of frozen sand lay grey-white between the wood-shadow and the dead rushes. Here and there were places packed smooth and hard, where some animal rich in God's gift of life, had spent its exuberance of spirits in past play-time hours, before the dawn. Beneath a twisted sapling, its wing-feathers protruding from the snow, lay a partly demolished ruffled-grouse. Silvertip had concealed it there thinking to feed upon it again tonight.

But all throughout this white night the king fox was fleeing before the awful voice of the hound.

(Continued on page 14)



"His slender muzzle sniffed the breeze."

Drawn by R. E. Johnston.

the inland waters.

He would creep out fearfully, trailing belly close to earth for a short distance, to leap with a low bark of joy high in the air, and alighting, would speed away down the bar in a long, smooth stride, his beautiful silver coat scintillating like a swarm of fire-flies against the blue-white night. Or, he would sometimes after gorging himself, sprawl on the sand, his four feet in air, and roll over and over in the sheer joy of life. Sometimes, he was fortunate enough to find the badly decomposed carcass of a fish and at such times his joy would be complete. He would carry it to his playground and placing it on the sand, roll himself over and over in it, filling his long, silky fur with its evil odour. In the very early morning he would bury his prize deep beneath the snow, and once more seek the woodland.

III.

With the coming of the trapper to the Greatland across the bay, had come the great fear to Silvertip. Into all that land of wood and marsh the great fear had entered. The water-rats, the wild ducks, even the screeching eagles that had for so long nested unmolested in the great elm along the shore, learned to know it. The deer and the wild turkey sought security farther inland. The water-rats built their dome-like homes of twisted grasses farther out into the waters of Rond Eau. No more the wild duck sought the old feeding-grounds in the slow light of autumn dawn or the swift shades of autumn evening. Man possessed the world so far as the breeze could bespeak his coming. He owned the great, twisting creek that felt its way inland and rested like a string of pearls against a cushion of green velvet, when the summer world was queen, and along which the red deer were accustomed to browse and the musk-rats build securely, in the long white months of winter. Man's coming had changed all this and he was the enemy of the animal world.

Scenes in the Work of the Trapper and Hunter



A Muskrat House, 5 feet high.

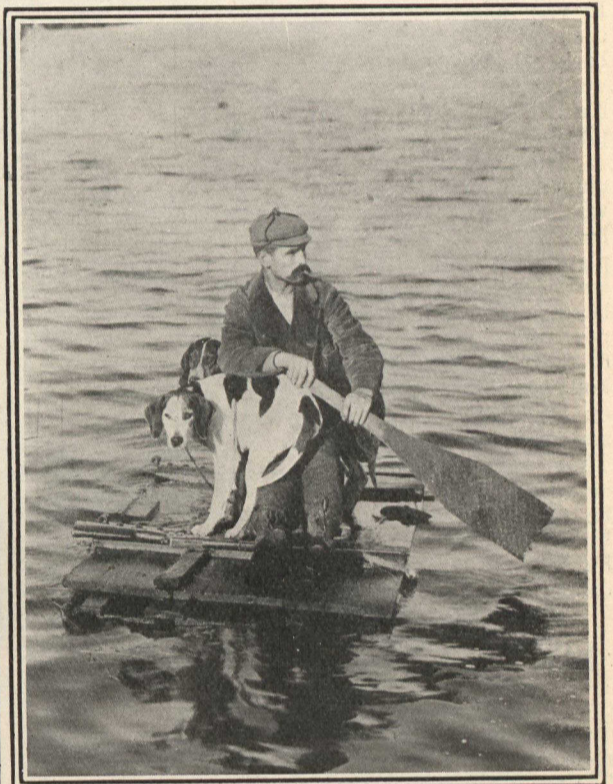


Beaver House, 12 feet long and 7 feet high.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SALLOW'S



Indians landing at Fort Resolution, Great Slave Lake, coming in to trade their furs for supplies
PHOTOGRAPH BY MATHERS, EDMONTON



When there is no canoe, the Hunter crosses the river as best he can



The Hunter—Waiting for the right moment



Fort McPherson—The most northerly Post of the Hudson's Bay Co.—2000 miles north of Edmonton.
Both Indians and Esquimaux trade here

PHOTOGRAPH BY MATHERS



A view of the wreckage, showing a five-timber boom snapped off short.



\$20,000 worth of property almost wholly ruined in twenty minutes.

THE TERRIBLE EFFECTS OF A JANUARY THAW, ON A NEW BRUNSWICK RIVER

In vain had he speeded away from it and hidden, uselessly had he twisted and curved and doubled back, the voice found him always and found him weaker and less able to keep up the wearing battle. And all the while that benumbing clutch was gripping him tighter and holding him back the more.

The night was almost spent and the moon was quivering on the verge of the wooded Greatland, when Silvertip, weak and tottering, paused upon the barren gravel-ridge before his last deep resting-place. Something had called him there, something had lent him the strength to come. There, deep beneath the root-encrusted earth, man nor dog might never hope to follow him. Far off came the voice of the man cheering on the hound whose bay, low, hollow and terrible, sounded closer and closer. Here on the verge of his last retreat, Silvertip turned and sent a weak yell of defiance toward his slayers. Then he looked at the moon, which seemed to hold herself on the world's verge, awaiting the good-bye he would speak. The great fox swayed, righted himself and raising his long muzzle called to her, his first and last call. Then he sank into the restful darkness of his impregnable retreat.

My First Hunting Experience

(Continued from page 10)

The story of all the chances obtained by the members of the party while on their "runways" was like the story told to the Queen of Sheba. We did not hear the half of it. Men do not like to admit the paralysing influence of the "buck fever" and its manifold symptoms. When a deer comes up to a log and looks over it at a man on the other side, winks his eye a few times while the "action chokes," when the front and rear sights of the levelled repeater cannot be found any more than if they had

been left at home, when the bang—bang—bang—bang has no other result than the awakening of an echo, or the be-fogging of the air, explanations may be forthcoming, but all know what they mean. And he who has had no such experience, not only must belong to a different race, but has missed much of the alluring witchery that makes an outing with the deer, the most enjoyable and bracing of Canadian sports.

The season of 1908, like its predecessors, passed swiftly away, and Thursday, November 12th, found us bag and baggage beside the track of the railway ready to entrain for home. We had gone guideless into a new territory, to cultivate the acquaintance of an unknown wild, seeking and obtaining an experience, the memory of which will through the strenuous and worrying days of the year, be one of our most valuable assets.

Twenty Thousand Dollars Damages in Twenty Minutes

THE winters in New Brunswick are pretty steady when once the cold weather has set in, but by long tradition, a "January thaw" usually comes along and upsets the even tenor of the clear, dry cold of that part of our Dominion.

This year the thaw happened along about the fifth of the month and was accompanied by twenty-four hours' continuous rain. In consequence all the small rivers were in flood, bridges were carried away, railway embankments washed out and many thousands of dollars' worth of property damaged.

One of the worst disasters happened just above the city of Fredericton, where a little stream called

the Nashwaaksis empties itself into the St. John River. The St. John River Log Driving Company, a corporation which receives, sorts and rafts all logs coming into the St. John from the Grand Falls to its mouth, stores its booms during winter in the Nashwaaksis stream, all ready for the moment the ice has run out of the main river, when they are swung into position to hold and guide the swirling logs into safe keeping behind convenient islands. But so rapid and severe was the thaw that the Nashwaaksis became a raging torrent and huge mooring chains parted, and trees to which the stored booms were made fast, were snapped off like carrots. With an irresistible force, thousands of feet of "sheer booms" were swept out on the main river ice in inextricable confusion and torn into matchwood. Huge sections composed of five pieces of ten-inch by twelve-inch timber were actually broken off short and damages amounting to twenty thousand dollars were caused in an incredibly short time. In fact, on the testimony of credible eyewitnesses, the main rush was all over inside of twenty minutes. Some hundreds of feet of booms were actually driven under the ice of the main river.

The Aborigines of Japan

THE Ainus are one of the few aboriginal peoples who still remain a puzzle to the anthropologist. They have no written language, no record of any kind to throw light on their past. They are classed as the aborigines of Japan and were found there when the Japanese arrived. The Japanese conquered and drove them northward to the cold and less hospitable regions.

SPORT IN THE LAKE ST. JOHN DISTRICT



An 8-pound Ouananiche, caught with a 5-ounce rod and No. 3 hook, by Mr. H. I. Dumais of Roberval



Bear Hunting is good. This bear was killed near the Town of Roberval by a sporting citizen.



The Ainus.—An Aboriginal People of Japan.—Note the Tattooed Lips.

They now dwell on the island of Yazo, just north of Japan. The men are noted for the extraordinary growth of hair covering their bodies, as well as for their long beards. Owing to their primitive ways, and peculiar religious and ceremonial observances, they afford an excellent subject for study. They subsist chiefly on fish and by hunting. The bear is still pursued and shot by means of the primitive bow and poisoned arrow, though the Japanese are endeavouring to enforce a law against the method. The young women are more prepossessing than the men, and are much sought by the Japanese for wives. They practice, however, the custom of tattooing their lips so as to imitate moustaches, thus producing a strange effect on their features. The tattoo is obtained of the birch, a pile of which is burned under a kettle until the bottom is well blackened by a thick coating. With a knife the woman makes a few incisions on the part to be tattooed, after which she takes some of the soot and rubs it into the gashes.

The Plaint of a Snob

By WILLIAM MAKEPACE WHAKAWAY.

WE snobs have not received definite or specific attention for a long time in literature. There is danger in this indifference. We need attention and attack, or people will get into the habit of taking us as a matter of course, and not differing from anybody else. As a class we stand a likelihood of becoming extinct. Characteristics and specialties which formerly were ours alone, now give no offence, and suffer no rebuke when exhibited by ordinary, commonplace, unobjectionable people.

Take, for instance, the intrusion of domestic affairs upon public notice through newspapers. We once had a monopoly of that; but now many a nice little obscure man or woman will sit down and write a paragraph about themselves or their guests

and send it in to the newspapers as a matter of daily duty; people possessing scarcely any of the qualities which are recognised as essential in a true snob. I remember Miss Louisa Macdonald, a gentlewoman of the old school, being very indignant because a Kingston newspaper in the '70's contained a short paragraph saying, "Sir John and Lady Macdonald arrived at Heathfield yesterday for a short visit." She wrote to the editor asking how he presumed to make public reference to their house, or domestic affairs, and the offence was not repeated. But a few of our class even so far back as the '70's did commence exploiting our private affairs in the press, and when we had a guest whom we thought was somebody we got the fact printed. Most of us in those days, however, drew the line at the private meal in social advertisement, and never furnished lists of guests at agreeable dinners. In these days we know exactly who were present, where "covers (whatever they are) were laid for eight" because no doubt the dining-room was not large enough to admit of a respectable number. But now, bless you, almost everybody does this sort of thing, and by cheapening the process, is robbing us real snobs of as smart a means for helping ourselves on as was ever invented, and which was our own especial preserve. Now when you see that "Miss Maisie Lobbs, of Lobbs' Corners, is staying with her friend, Miss Mosie Labbs, and will receive with her (her mother is not in this, mind you) on the first and fifth Friday of each alternate month and not again until 1911," you must remember that it is we, forerunners in snobdom who are entitled to credit for having started this innocent method for obtaining satisfactory prominence. But if the chronicling of the domestic comings and goings of Sir John Macdonald (*Honorabile nomen!*) was considered a social misdemeanour, thirty-five years ago, how great is the change in public opinion in 1909, owing as I claim entirely to our educative work!

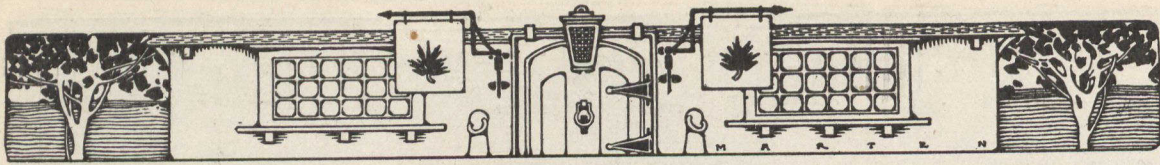
My fellow snobs will quite understand my use of two Latin words in brackets a few lines up. We

all do this sort of thing. I hear one of our judges is much addicted to the practice. It does not mean that we think in Latin, or have any but a superficial knowledge of classical authors, but a few words now and then judiciously interposed leads the casual reader, who does not always understand them, to think we are prodigious scholars.

There is no enjoyment in being a snob if everybody is going to be one. The pleasure of nearly everything in modern life depends on how few people have it also. I took great delight in the remark made by one of our number, which I heard of last summer. She had been complaining of the quality of the society at a famous resort which she had to meet there, and her husband said: "Why, then, we will go to our place in the Adirondacks far away from the crowd and can be as exclusive as we like." And our sister replied poutingly, "What is the good of being exclusive when there will be nobody to know it?"

There is no trade to which so few of us gravitate as to journalism. There are very few snobs in newspaper offices. Now and again an editor tries to convince people that he does not want power, or influence, or money, but only works to uplift the people. This sort of plea is met with such good humour by other writing men that it is not agreeable to continue it. I like an honest snob. A snob who is ashamed of it should be disciplined. So when you write your paragraphs for the papers, or give them over the telephone, do not say it is because you are afraid the names will be wrongly spelled if you do not, or that the editor is a poor struggling woman and you want to help her. The people in the newspaper office, not being snobs, will not understand it so. They will only wink.

I would like to give some attention to some medical and legal snobs and also some military snobs who are not a credit to our order, but I have written enough here to impress the opinion that snobbery as an art, is waning because of the influx of unskilled attempters.



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A WOODSTOCK WRITER.

WOODSTOCK is a name of Old Country traditions, sacred to the memory of Fair Rosamond and the Stuart cause, with Sir Walter's story to give it the true romantic interest. Woodstock has had Canadian namesakes in both New Brunswick and Ontario and the latter has produced a poet who may yet make the pretty town a prouder spot than aspiring Hamilton or bustling Toronto. "Environment has nothing to do with genius," says a warning voice. Yet I refuse to believe that the three poets of Ottawa were un-influenced by the beauty of that city of hills and river. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay is a name familiar to all Canadian readers, for the writer bearing it must be known wherever the *Toronto Globe*, the *Chicago Red Book* or the New York *Harper's Magazine* are on the sitting-room or library table. Mrs. MacKay is doing such good work—stuff of such enduring fabric—that we must all feel glad that she is receiving continental recognition. Those who have met this Canadian writer with the Scottish forefathers, are pleased on personal grounds at her success, for hers is a nature to make friends out of admirers. Consequently, it was one of the good days in January when there came to the "Sign of the Maple" a poem in an envelope with the Woodstock post-mark. "The Gate of Dream" is characteristic of this writer's exquisite fancy and will appeal to all who have cherished the hope of some day finding the key to "the ivory gate and golden."

* * *

THE TIRESOME TANGLE.

THEY were three women who had met by accident in a tea-room down town and, while they waited for the buttered toast and "dear-little-pots-of-tea-and-besure-to-bring-lemon-as-well-as-cream," they talked of tragedies, in the way we have of discussing "unhappy far-off things." Messina had been dismissed with a shudder and the *Republic* disaster with congratulations, when a fair-haired matron said plaintively:

"Don't you think it's horrid, the way our papers exploit those scandalous murder trials?"

"They wouldn't exploit them if the people didn't want to read the stuff," said the Busy Woman vigorously. "An editor told me the other day that he hates the sight of the Hains trial, or whatever it's called, in his paper but that his readers want it and that the women are more anxious for such sensational rubbish than the men are."

"But what class of women?" said a woman with a Dear Lady Disdain aspect—"the women who throng to the cheap matinees and read the thrilling serials in the evening papers."

"Exactly," replied the Busy Woman, "and such persons are in the majority and it is the majority for whom an editor must cater. Personally, I don't care at all about this stuff, because it is always the same dreary mess. But it is amusing how sentimental some men can become over the woman in the case—describing her as an innocent angel, a sort of blue-eyed lamb and all the rest of it, when every woman knows that is all nonsense."

"I should say so," said Dear Lady Disdain briskly; "but only a very nice man or an extremely stupid woman is taken in by such talk. A 'fluffy ruffles' sort of woman, with wide-open, appealing eyes, can make men think she is an abused angel and when we women smile, the men (bless their blundering hearts) think we are jealous. But I suppose we women are just as mistaken in our judgments of men. My brother Ted says that a woman usually picks out an absolute cad and worships the ground he walks on."

"The great pity about these murder affairs," said the fair-haired matron languidly, as she dropped a second lump into the steaming Ceylon, "is that

the man doesn't make it more thorough. If he would only shoot the woman as well and then himself, it would rid the world of three good-for-nothing people and save the government all that fuss."

"It sounds very simple," said the Busy Woman drily, "but that kind of murderer is nearly always a coward, who does not dare to be thorough. They're all a bad lot and aren't worth talking about. But I'm sick of slush about the 'lady' and hope there won't be another angel of this sort in a hurry. A married woman who gets drunk and flirts is hardly an object for compassion. I'd rather spend my sobs and sixpence on the decent poor women in Toronto who are trying their best to keep the wolf from the door these cold days. I found a plucky little widow last week who is working from six in the morning till seven at night to keep her three kiddies in clothes and send them to school.

LITTLE GATE OF DREAM

By Isabel Ecclestone Mackay.

Little Gate of Dream!
Tell me where you hide
In the wall that circles round
All the great Outside?

Once, Sleep took my hand
Led me where you are
Whisp'ring, "You may find the way
By the evening star!"

Glad, I hurried through
To the great Outside—
Strange, that such a little gate
Joy so vast can hide!

Then Sleep said, "Enough!"—
Would not hear me pray,
Drew me longing, sighing, back
To the Ways of Day!

Little Gate of Dream,
Tell me where you are?
Long and long I've searched in vain
By the evening star!

Strange, this life we live
Ringed by bliss about—
Not forever, Gate of Dream,
Can you shut it out;

Though so far you seem,
Though so close you hide,
Some day I must wander through
To the great Outside!

As she was born in Tipperary County, she's making a cheerful job of it, too. Of course, some people would rather become teary over a worthless little goose who brings about a murder or two and gets her picture in the New York *Sunday Journal*."

"Have a crumplet," said the fair-haired matron. "Do you know, the Empire gown is doomed? There aren't to be any more after February."

"All the spring styles are the simple life kind of costume," said Dear Lady Disdain pensively. "But those simple affairs are ruinously expensive, for you have to go to the very best tailors."

* * *

THE HELICONIA CLUB.

YES! That is the name of it! It is composed of about three-score-and-ten of Toronto's writers, artists and musicians—of the sex which does not, as yet, exercise the franchise. It is a

fine club with capable officers—not such a ghastly jest as is the Toronto Women's Canadian Club. The dear things belonging to the latter organisation have not summoned breath or courage to introduce their own speakers but are still depending on the timely services of Mr. Byron Walker, President Falconer and other amiable citizens. The Heliconians had a supper the other evening which, according to all reports, was a delightfully jolly occasion and at which the name was decided upon. What, in the name of all that is rational, induced the choice of a name which is affected, cumbersome and which lends itself all too readily to profane parody? Five syllables make an awkward mouthful and are enough to alarm the everyday toiler.

The papers declared (and who has ever known a Toronto paper to say the thing that is not?) that Mr. Goldwin Smith had suggested the name. What had Mr. Goldwin Smith to do with the club? He is our most distinguished citizen and Toronto "points with pride" to him every day in the week. But if seventy Toronto women of credit and renown cannot get a name for their organisation without telephoning or driving to the "Grange" for advice on the subject, then they are sadly lacking in that initiative which club women must possess. What is the use of proclaiming social independence of mere man, having our own five o'clock teas, luncheons, suppers and theatre parties, if we resort to man in the first quandary and ask him to please give us a name for the club? It is mortifying—indeed it is—and I would wager the last bitter-sweet chocolate in the box that neither Hamilton nor Winnipeg would have behaved in this clinging-vine fashion.

The idea of the club is excellent, the officers are efficient and experienced women who have practical knowledge of "arts and letters" but alas, alas—who wants to be called a "Heliconian"? It is classic—but we are mere Canadians and three syllables would have been plenty.

* * *

A BRAVE RECORD.

EVERYONE who has read that story of the sinking *Republic* must have put the paper down with a choky feeling of admiration for the men who sent relief and the men who stayed by the ship—to say nothing of the women who refused to go into hysterics and the Canadian girl who gave up the life-belt to a terrified Italian and went back into the dark for another. It is a story to make ordinary fiction seem tame and tawdry and it warms the blood to think of the sturdy heroism which held firm control amidst the tumult of a wintry sea and finally placed a shipload in safety. We see so much and hear so much in these days of human pettiness and greed—we are so bitterly conscious, at times, of our own struggle to live within hail of the ideal—that pessimism is upon us in the turmoil. But anyone who could read of that struggle in the dark, of the Marconi messages flashing to the shack in the sand and thence across the sea, without a thrill of big belief in the race, must be hardly fit to live in a Saxon land.

No one, save those who have been through the ordeal, knows what it means to be aroused from sleep to a realisation of ocean peril, to the sight of cold, dark waves through the shivering gloom. The record on the *Republic* of the White Star line was a splendid one, for both passengers and crew, although those who came through that night, will hardly forget its terror and suspense. But the honours belong to the captain, the mate and the man who worked the "wireless." The passengers were transferred and in comparative safety when the captain and his loyal companion were left in the grey, wintry seas, to wait for their ship to go down.

The conduct of the women passengers was generally commended and we must admit that, since woman is less exposed to the chances and dangers of life than man, it requires a greater effort for her to face sudden peril with calmness. The hysterical woman is an object of dread to all hearers and beholders and she seems to have been pleasingly absent from the *Republic's* list.

The wireless messages, however, flash out of the scene more vividly than anything else and leave us baffled before the mystery of the waves.

CANADIENNE.

JOSEPH SELLERS' BREAK INTO SOCIETY

By WILLIAM HENRY

It is simply marvellous, when you come to think of it, how many great politicians have been driven from public life by the weaker sex. After my political career had been terminated by that unfortunate incident with the Plummer woman on Van Dorn Street, I was at a loss to know what to do with myself. Talents such as mine cannot be stifled in the narrow confines of the four walls of an office. After having carefully considered all the avenues to fame, at last and not without some hesitation, I resolved to go in for Society.

Society has certain claims on some of us that cannot be ignored. My mother was a Pilkins, a full cousin to Henry Pilkins, who acquired millions as a sewer pipe contractor. He has a beautiful country home out on the Shore Road. I had never seen Uncle Henry; as a matter of fact, being of a rather retiring disposition, I had not made my presence in the city known to him. I now decided to introduce myself and use Uncle Henry as a stepping-stone to Society.

As good luck would have it, glancing over a trade paper one day, quite by accident, I noticed the date of his birthday. I went right out and bought a silver-plated butter dish. I got it at the wholesale and it was, to say the least, a work of art, fit to grace the table of Government House. I sent it with a letter calling myself and mother to Uncle Henry's attention, and congratulating him in a few well-chosen words on the eminence to which he had attained. This was what you would call diplomacy, but, believe me, it is the only way to get into Society. The end justifies the means, and a few days later I was the recipient of a courteous little note from Uncle Henry's wife acknowledging the gift and inviting me to spend a week-end at Pilkins Hall.

You may imagine the surprise and consternation, I may even say awe, of the chaps in the office when I showed them Uncle Henry's wife's note written on paper with the Pilkins coat of arms. Robbins was at first a bit sarcastic and said the coat of arms consisted of a pick and shovel. The figures did look something like those humble instruments of toil, but I hunted them up in a book and found they had Greek names.

However, I must say that all the fellows in the office, including Robbins, were more than decent to me. We talked of little else than my intended visit in our spare minutes.

"You ought to take a valet with you," said Robbins one day when the subject was under discussion.

"Do you think so?" I asked.

"Certainly. Did you ever read of a house party among nobility where the guests did not arrive with their men?"

"But, I haven't got a valet, and what's more, I can't get one," I answered, disposing of the question in a sensible, matter-of-fact way, although, I must confess, it worried me.

"It's the clothes I'm thinking about," I said. "How many changes should I have?"

"Well," answered Robbins, counting on his fingers, "you need a plain suit, a dinner coat, full dress, and frock for Sunday. That's four changes."

"I can't go, then," cried I in despair.

Although I am of a saving disposition, one cannot lay by much on eight hundred dollars a year and Uncle Henry's present had eaten a big hole in last month's allowance for extras.

"Look here, boys," said Robbins, addressing the other men in the office who were standing around, "let's all help him out. I can lend Sellers a frock coat and a silk hat. I got them for my sister's wedding last summer."

Well, to make a long story short, through the kindness of the fellows I got a full outfit and most of the suits were almost perfect fits. There I was landed from the interurban car at Uncle Henry's gate with two big dress suit cases—also loaned for the occasion—and a hat box containing Robbins' tile.

I carried them down the broad avenue that leads to Pilkins Hall and thought for a moment that I would have done much better to have invested three or

four dollars in a cab, but I somehow felt that Uncle Henry would respect me the more for having come without ostentatious display.

As I neared the house, I began to get nervous.



"I was landed from the interurban car at Uncle Henry's gate."

I had often seen Pilkins Hall from Shore Road, but had never fully realised its magnificence. I put the dress suit cases and hat box down under a tree and stood gazing at the massiveness of the home of Uncle Henry. I am somewhat of a dreamer and was wondering whether Uncle Henry had any daughters when I noticed an aristocratic-looking man with a pale face, in evening dress, gazing out of the glass window in the door. Good heavens! said I to myself; now I have put my foot in it. There's a party in my honour and I'm coming in my plain clothes. Uncle Henry and Aunt ———, —I didn't know her name—will never forgive my lack of breeding. I made up my mind to slip around to the back door and betray my plight to the family



"I am your—sort of nephew," I continued.

and the servants, rather than expose myself to the guests. I walked around as quietly as I could and found the back door open. After rapping for a while and finding that no one came to the door, I walked into a big room that looked like the kitchen and bumped into one of the servants who was working intently over a drawer.

"What are you doing here?" he asked gruffly, with an oath.

"Sh! Sh!" I whispered, "don't make a noise. I'm a nephew of Mr. Pilkins and have come on an invitation to spend the week end. I didn't know that there was a party on, and hadn't dressed for the occasion."

"Why! w-what—"

"Now, now, my good man," I interrupted him, "just put me into a quiet room where I can change my clothes. I'm sure Uncle Henry will be grateful to you for taking care of me. You see I haven't gone out in society much, as yet."

The man looked at me and smiled in a supercilious sort of way. I suppose the upper servants will take privileges.

"Sit down here," said he, "and hand me your grips. I'll find out where they go." He carried my suit cases into another room. I sat down to wait his return. The house was very quiet. However, I must say I was not impressed with the order and economy; things were strewn all over the place. I have heard it said that one rich household wastes enough to feed ten ordinary families. I made up my mind if I hadn't gone in for society, I would have taken up social problems. I sat there for probably five minutes when I was startled by a coarse voice calling:

"Put up your hands!"

I stared in amazement. There were two big policemen standing just inside the door.

"We've got you this time, Bow-legs! If you move, we'll fire!"

I was speechless. Here in Uncle Henry's house — policemen! — hands up! — arrested! Bow-legs! What had I done?

I sat in amazement. I must have had my mouth open, for one of the men coming near, told me I might close it.

"What do you mean?" I cried, as he was putting handcuffs on me.

"Means you're pinched, my boy. The jig's sure up this time. Your pal's out there at the door." Saying this, he brutally locked the handcuffs on my wrists and pulled me towards the door. There stood the man whom I had taken for the butler, handcuffed between two policemen, and—horrors!—my two dress suit cases open on the ground and filled with silver. The man with the pasty face and the dress clothes, whom I had seen at the hall door window, was counting the things over.

"H'officers," he said, rising up and turning to the policemen, "I'm sure the master will reward you. I think we are h'all to be congratulated that this thing h'ended without bloodshed, specially when we had to deal with two such bloodthirsty looking rascals."

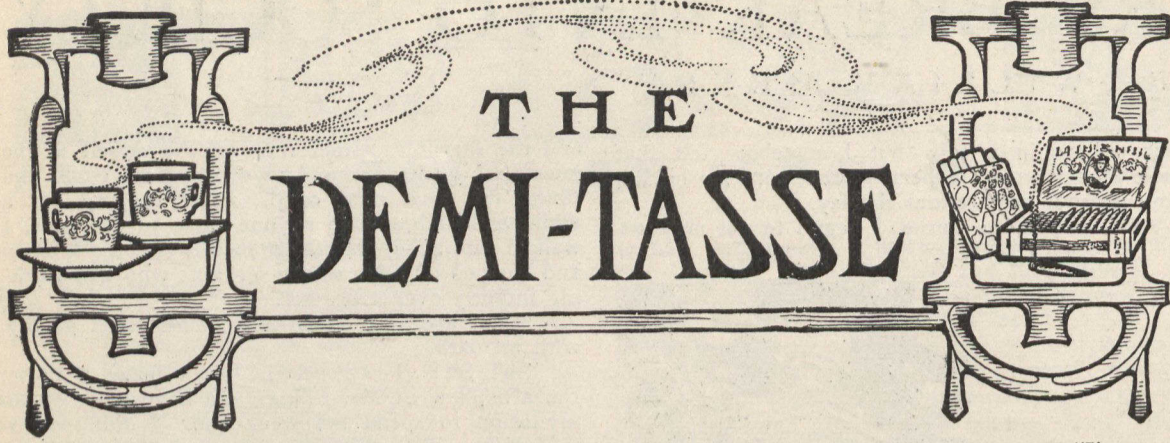
Usually I can hold my own in conversation, but my tongue seemed to be glued to the top of my mouth. Not so the man with the dress clothes. "When I frees myself from the rope the big villain ties me with," he continued, pointing to my supposed accomplice, "I starts for the door, and sees the little villain with the bags. A look-out, says I, dodging back and getting to cover. He sneaks around the back way and as soon as he gets out of sight, I h'opens the door and makes a break towards the road to meet you."

"What's all this disturbance about?" called a loud voice coming towards us from the stables. It was Uncle Henry. I recognised him from a photograph I had once seen in *The Monthly Contract Record*.

"H'its robbers, Mr. Pilkins, as has been trying to take our plate," eagerly cried the man with the dress clothes. "they had me tied up with ropes and locked—"

"Shut up, Briggs!" said Uncle Henry shortly, and turning to one of the policemen, he asked, "What's the matter,

(Continued on page 25)



AN ADAPTABLE M.P.

MR. CLAUDE MACDONELL, member of Parliament for South Toronto, is a sunny and genial Celt and a stout adherent of the Ancient Faith, which *Mulwaney* declared to be "so regimental in her fittings." His loyalty to his church does not prevent his having a host of Protestant friends. The other day, he was in a certain club in Toronto and it was suggested by a party of convivialists that "there was no use asking Claude" to take a Protestant drink.

The answer came back in a flash: "Tut, tut! I take orange bitters."

AN EVIDENCE.

A MISSIONARY, recently returned from a fort far north on the Pacific coast, was asked by an Ontario hostess if the Indian women were becoming "civilised."

"Madam," was the reply: "I assure you that I have seen them studying Eaton's catalogue with great earnestness."

RATHER DIFFICULT.

A SHOP-GIRL of the "ain't-it-awful-Mabel?" type recently asked a companion at the counter why she had been so silent of late.

"Well, you see it's like this. I started at the New Year to give up slang and I've just had to be pretty quiet. I tell you, when you try to cut out slang, you're up against it, good and plenty."

"Sure!" was the sympathetic response.

A CASE OF URGENT NEED.

IT was in the hotel of a Western mining town that the New England guest, registering in the office, heard a succession of loud yells.

"What in the world is that?"—a murder going on up-stairs?" he demanded.

"No," said the clerk, as he slammed the book and lounged towards the stairs. "It's the spring bed up in Number Five. That Tenderfoot up there don't get the hang of it, and every few days he gets one o' the spiral springs screwed into him like a shirt-stud. I guess I'll have to go up, if there ain't anything I can do for you for a few minutes."—*Youth's Companion*.



Phyllis. "I'm very sorry, but I think we must be going, Andrew has borne it as long as he can."—*Punch*.

AN AMOROUS BRAKEMAN.

IT was some years ago, says the *Lindsay Free Press*, that Mr. J. W. Bengough, the cartoonist, was on his way to Haliburton with Mr. R. J. Moore, then of Fenelon Falls. The conductor on the train was the popular Mr. Hunter Gail, familiarly known as "Dinny."

"Is that Mr. Bengough?" asked Dinny of Mr. Moore.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then," said the genial conductor. "I've got a great subject for him to-night. Let's get together."

Mr. Moore, Bengough and Dinny got their heads together. The brakeman on the train was—well, it would be too bad to give his name—but anyway he was in the habit of dropping away from his train at Kinmount in the evenings, and while shunting and stoppages were going on there, he would have a pleasant time in social chat with a pretty young miss who lived near the station. The night before, the brakeman was so interested in his delightful occupation that—his train went off without him.

On some excuse or another "Dinny" after telling the story, enticed the brakeman into the car, Bengough got a good look at him—and the rest was easy.

Arriving at Haliburton, "Dinny" let it be generally known that there was something special to be doing. The result was a packed house.

Many of the pictures given by the talented artist brought loudest applause, but the one that showed the brakeman in his smock and overalls and real as life itself, with the girl most comfortably close and his train most uncomfortably far away, and the trainman's face struggling between appreciation of the closeness of the one and dismay at the farness of the other—well this picture convulsed the house. The applause fairly warped the shingles on the roof, and the laughter shook the rafters.

And the poor brakeman had to stand it all. He was up the gallery—with another girl!

The brakeman never heard the last of it.

AN IRREPARABLE LOSS.

THE teacher of the primary school, in looking round the room after the children had taken their seats, saw a new face. It pertained to a little boy. She called him to her desk. "What is your name, dear?" she asked him.

"Tommy Hunter, ma'am," he answered.

"How old are you, Tommy?"

"Six, going on seven."

"You don't look over five," she said, after a careful scrutiny. "I shall have to ask you to bring me a certificate of your age."

"Bring you what, ma'am?"

"A statement from your parents. You may stay here this morning, but when you go home at noon ask your mother to write me a note, telling me when and where you were born. Don't forget it, Tommy. You may go back to your seat."

After the noon recess was over and the children had reassembled in the schoolroom, Tommy presented himself at her desk, flushed with triumph. The glow soon faded from his little face, however, as he felt in his pockets, one after another, and failed to find the note his mother had written. He began to cry.

"What is the matter, dear?" asked the teacher.

"I—I've lost my—my excuse for bein' born!" sobbed Tommy.

WHAT THEY SAY.

She: Is it true that Miss Blank is going to marry the Prince?

He: Er—well, they have issued a denial of the story which contradicted the report as to the falsity of the rumour that the account was untrue.—*Brooklyn Life*.

HIS OBJECT.

MOST of us are acquainted with the person who asks obvious questions—the sort of man who stops you in the middle of a headlong rush and asks you if you are in hurry. Mr. E. is one of the pests and during a walk abroad the other morning he paused in astonishment outside a friend's house. Before it stood three huge moving vans; the lawn was almost covered with articles of furniture of various

sorts—pictures, wardrobes and china. And there was his old friend B., begrimed, weary and ill-tempered, directing operations in his shirt-sleeves.

"What, B.," exclaimed E., "are you moving?"

"Not at all—not at all," snapped B., with elaborate sarcasm, "I'm taking my furniture out for a ride!"—*Independence*.

A REQUISITE.

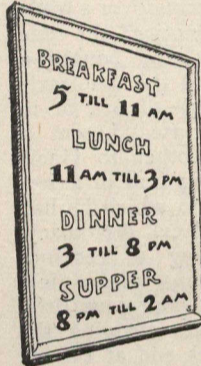
Colonel—What do army regulations make the first requisite in order that a man may be buried with military honours?

Private Macshorty—Death, yer honour!—*Illustrated News*.

WARM FOR WILLIAM.

THE teacher was giving a geography lesson and the class, having travelled from London to Labrador, and from Thessaly to Timbuctoo, was thoroughly worn out. "And now," said the teacher, "we come to Germany, that important country governed by the Kaiser. Tommy Jones, what is a Kaiser?"

"Please 'm," yawned Tommy Jones, "a stream o' hot water springin' up an' disturbin' the earth!"—*The Argonaut*.



HOTEL LIFE

Deacon Upstate: "Jerusalem! When am I goin' to git a chance to see the town?"—*Life*.

TRUE!

Professor (at chemistry examination): Under what combination is gold released most quickly?
Student: Marriage.—*Success*.

SERVING THE DUKE.

The butler was new and nervous, and evidently scared of his ducal employer. He proffered a dish with the insinuating query: "Cold grace, your grouse?"

A BISHOP'S POINTER.

BISHOP SHUTE BARRINGTON of Durham was ill and Pretyman of Lincoln, who was thought to desire that wealthy See, was diligent in his inquiries. Bishop Barrington recovered and directed his man-servant to answer on the next occasion: "I am better, but the Bishop of Winchester has a bad cough."

'T WAS EVER THUS.

MARK TWAIN has a friend who was constantly receiving letters from a man asking for the loan of some money. One day Mark's friend was surprised to receive a letter from the impecunious one which ran as follows: "This time I have decided to reverse the usual order of things, and, instead of borrowing from you, I inclose herewith five pounds, which I am going to ask you lav aside for me for a rainy day." But the recipient of the letter couldn't find any cheque. Thinking that he might have dropped it, he searched for it under the table and all over the floor, but to no purpose. Then quite accidentally he turned over the sheet of notepaper on which the letter was written, and discovered this postscript: "I've just looked out of the window, and find that it is raining like the very dickens."

THE WORST YET.

There was a young woman named Wemyss
Who complained of her terrible dremyss;
When they called in the doctor,
Conceive how it schoctor,
When he said: "You have chocolate cremyss."
Regina Standard.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

LITTLE STORIES BY LAND AND SEA, CONCERNING THE FOLK WHO MOVE HITHER AND THITHER ACROSS THE FACE OF A BIG LAND.

NEW ZEALAND is into a kick-up over British Columbia lumber. The settlers in the great labour island desire to cut their own lumber. They do not object to Canadian lumber; but they prefer to import square deals—a commodity of which we thought New Zealand had a good share already. In other words, they have mills of their own and they want more mills. Canadian fir and pine is good enough, but it costs too much and employs too little labour. The trouble is that if the New Zealanders saw the big firs of British Columbia they will have to build more and bigger mills. One mill at Millside, B.C., has nearly the capacity of all the mills at present in New Zealand.

HOWEVER, Japan continues to be a heavy importer of lumber from British Columbia. Since the war Japan has been building heavily. In the very near future Japan will probably import a million dollars' worth of lumber in a year for shipbuilding alone. The Douglas fir of British Columbia is the very kind they want. They need it for the new railways; and the great Japan exhibition in 1912 is expected to eat up about seventy million feet of lumber. Besides, Tokio of two million population is being rebuilt largely on a basis of wood; one-storey houses are being replaced by three-storeys; and it looks as if in the near future the Japs will also be building sawmills and kicking on the importation of lumber from British Columbia when they might as well saw it themselves from the square. Sawmills in Japan! Well, they have had other things quite as extraordinary.

HOCKEY by telephone is being indulged in by Haligonians. The other night there was a match on at New Glasgow between that town's hockey team and the Crescents from Halifax. The game was followed by Haligonians without the discomfort of travelling to New Glasgow by the old-fashioned way and standing in a cold rink. Instead they stood in the chilly street in front of the *Herald* office, and listened to a megaphone. The *Herald* got the game by points over the 'phone. This is the first instance on record in Canada of the phone-megaphone method of seeing a hockey game.

MIDDLESEX has a new calamity. School-teachers are scarce. Many of the rural schools in that fine county are closed for lack of teachers. This is on account of the closing of the model schools since the new normals opened. How different from what it was ten or fifteen years ago! Then there were ten teachers applying for every school; trustees were as independent as "hogs on ice" and when a school miss landed a job at section number twenty-three, township of Wayback, she considered that she was some distant relation to the royal family. She got board and lodging a mile from the school at two dollars a week—washing thrown in; taught in the Sunday school; attended prayer-meeting and sang in the choir, and in all the ways she knew how kept on the good bland side of the trustee triumvirate of Section No. 23—for she knew there were fifteen teachers waiting to take her place. Now the rural school-teacher has become a monopolist.

MR. EDMUND VANCE COOKE is a Cleveland orator and poet who was born in Canada. But Mr. Vance Cooke has a very advanced style of thinking about his native land; for he said lately at the London, England, Canadian Club: "I am proud of the fact that I was born in Canada and have said so in the United States many times. I think Canadians have a good deal broader democracy than we have. We went too deep on the start and the reaction has made it worse than ever. As to the relation of the two countries, it is just as foolish to talk of the United States annexing Canada as it is to talk of Canada annexing the United States. It is a great nation working out its own destiny. If, in time, the boundary line is removed, all right. We can, however, immediately rub out the boundary lines of ignorance of each other and become, if not one nation, at least one big familiar sort of club. Canadian-American clubs could be the idea that we could just naturally lap over on both sides of the line."

VANCOUVER butter must be something out of the ordinary. The Hindus there are anxious to buy an old creamery to make a temple out of it.

They are willing to pay cash for the creamery and they are backed by a bank at Delhi. Cow worship will probably be set up. This will be quite a different thing from the worship of the golden calf.

THE Canadian Forestry Association will meet early in February at Toronto—in Convocation Hall. They have been invited by the Board of Trade. This association of course exists for the purpose of conserving the hundred million or so acres of timber land that are left in Canada. They have a forestry organ which is called the *Canadian Foresters' Journal*. The membership is seventeen hundred. The society was founded nine years ago by Mr. E. Stewart, then Superintendent of Forestry for the Dominion. The president is Mr. W. B. Snowball, of Chatham, N.B.

A CERTAIN great hunter and trapper yclept Alvin Carlton has just died at Winnipeg. He was perhaps the most remarkable trapper and hunter that ever died in that city. He has left a record of his life that would delight President Roosevelt and throw Seton Thompson into a delirium of fine joy. He lived fifteen years up in no-man's land, which is getting hard to find nowadays. But he was not only a hunter. He was a prose poet. He saw the beauty in the savagery; the great untroubled epic of the silent north—for he wrote last May in the *Manitoba Free Press*:

"Happier still if I could know that when the time comes for me to travel the trail, the sands of which show no imprint of returning footsteps, I might be put to rest on the southern slope of the ridge beside my camp, where the sunshine chases the shadows round the birch tree, where the murmur of the waves comes in rhythm to the robins' song, and where the red deer play on the moonlight nights. Neither will I fear the snows of winter that come drifting over the bay, driven by the winds that whine through the naked tree tops, nor the howl of the hungry wolf, for what had no terror for me in life need not have afterward, and if the lessons that I learned at my mother's knee be true, if there be that within me that lives on, I am sure that it will be happier in its eternal home if it may look back and know that the body which it had tried to guide in its earthly career was having its long rest on the spot it loved best."

The trapper-poet will be buried in his camp.

MR. J. BURCHILL, principal of the Cobourg Consolidated School, writes to the *CANADIAN COURIER* concerning this very successful institution: "In 1906 Mr. Thomas Gillbard, Esq., who had been a member of the Public School Board of Cobourg for forty years, made the Board a present of \$10,000 for the benefit of the public schools of the town. There were at that time four public schools in Cobourg and a room was rented in the Collegiate Institute for kindergarten purposes. A public meeting was called and it was unanimously decided to sell all the public school property and

to consolidate the schools of the town. This course was followed and Cobourg has now one of the finest and best equipped school buildings in the province. It is situated in the centre of the town and is surrounded by a playground of more than two acres. The total cost was about \$40,000. The consolidation of the schools has proved a great success."

WESTERN wheat is moving out by the Pacific. On February first eight thousand bushels of Alberta wheat left Vancouver, shipped by the Alberta Pacific Elevator Company to Mexico. On the fifteenth it is expected that thirty-five thousand bushels will be shipped out via Cape Horn to Liverpool.

WINNIPEG is third in the race for building in the past year. Toronto leads with over twelve millions. The comparative figures are: Toronto, \$12,447,467; Vancouver, \$5,950,923; Winnipeg, \$5,513,700; Montreal, \$5,062,326; Edmonton, \$2,549,847; Fort William, \$1,560,735; Victoria, \$1,214,240. Winnipeg might have finished second had she kept up her pace of two years ago when she spent more than ten million dollars in buildings.

OUT on the fringes of the outposts in Canada—in the north, of course—there are always some men who have things on their bill of fare, and things to do for a daily job that look grisly and bad and unhuman down in comfortable civilisation. More the country opens up the more these outposts multiply. What were outposts at the time of the Klondike rush are settlements now. The frontier crawls farther and farther back. Some of the experiences of that land about the Mackenzie River are contained in a letter written by Explorer George S. Caldwell to his brother in Ottawa. The letter was written in February, 1907. It took seven months to get out. Caldwell never wrote another letter. He said:

"There are about fifty natives here for the winter. They intend to go out after musk-ox as soon as they can gather together a sufficient number of dogs. Out of the ten dogs that I left with At Tung a year ago there were only three left alive this year. There has been a peculiar disease among the dogs and rabbits all over this section of the north. It is curious to see the dogs. It seems as if half of their bodies are paralysed. Their hind legs stick out, and they crawl around until somebody knocks them on the head. But even then the usefulness of the dogs is not over. Their flesh is less oily and more palatable than seal meat, which the natives eat when there is nothing else in sight but the picturesque northern scenery. But in the matter of dogs I struck it lucky. At Tung is a good hustler, and we have got together a fine team of fourteen dogs. These we have foregathered by a combination of diplomacy, barter, and plain everyday dog-catching. We have also secured a fine sled."



Not an ordinary city school, but all the schools of the town merged into one. The Cobourg Consolidated School.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

MENDELSSOHN CHOIR WEEK.

THE final rehearsals for the Mendelssohn Choir events are being held this week and everything is in readiness for next week's quintette of concerts. The announcement of an extra concert made one fancy that there might be "seats and to spare" but the demand has been more than equal to Massey Hall capacity five nights in the week.

Dr. Vogt has made a final selection of the choral numbers to be sung in Chicago by the Mendelssohn Choir in the Chicago concerts of March 3rd, 4th and 5th and has sent to Mr. Stock, leader of the Thomas Orchestra, the names of the compositions to be sung by the Canadian choir. The *a capella* works are drawn from the best productions in German, English, French, Scandinavian, Russian, Italian and American musical art, including choruses by Brahms, Mendelssohn, Elgar, Fanning, Lotti, Palestrina, Tschaiakowsky, Grieg, Howard Brockway and others. Works for chorus and orchestra will include excerpts from Elgar's "Caractacus," from "King Olaf" and "The Bavarian

in the best sense of those ill-used polysyllables. May the year of the centenary of Felix Mendelssohn be a more brilliant triumph than ever before for the choir with his name and their indefatigable "Dr. Augustus"!

* * *

A CANADIAN ACTOR.

MR. JAMES K. HACKETT is coming to Toronto and the heart of the matinee girl is all a-flutter, for Mr. Hackett as *Rudolf Rassendyll* is enough to gladden the eyes and fancy of any young lover of the picturesque. The writer first saw Mr. Hackett in Baltimore as the scorned suitor in *The Pride of Jennico* and since then the dazzling hero has pursued the uneven tenor of the way of the romantic hero. Mr. Hackett is a thoroughly enjoyable actor and one feels, after watching his hairbreadth escapes, as if one were reading the old-fashioned novel—Mr. Kipling's *Three-Decker*—"which is carrying tired people to the Islands of the Blest." Mr. Hackett is coming to the Royal Alexandra Theatre next week in *The Prisoner of Zenda* and other

Packer's Tar Soap

FOR



WINTER CHAPS

Fortify your skin against the annoyances of wintry weather through the daily use of

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

PURE AS THE PINES

Promptly relieves "chaps" and chafed or irritated skin. Hygienic; antiseptic; tonic; emollient.

THE PACKER MFG. CO., NEW YORK



Madame Nazimova, at the Princess Theatre, Toronto, next week.

Vichy Celestins

There is only one Genuine "VICHY" Water. It comes from the *Celestins Spring*, which is so highly prized for its curative properties in Kidney and Bladder Complaints, that the water is bottled under French Government Supervision, and sealed with a Special Label to prevent substitution.

ASK FOR VICHY CELESTINS

Highlands," Bach's "B Minor Mass," Wagner's "Meistersinger" and Hugo Wolf's brilliant and exacting "The Mad Fire Rider."

The echoes of the Sheffield Choir "controversy," if such it may be called, have about died away, and the country has settled down to the conviction that in the Mendelssohn Choir we have a body of singers, who surpass any organisation which has visited Canada, in breadth of treatment and finish of artistic execution.

This is not to be regarded as a "Toronto" choir, in any narrow use of the city's name. As is remarked by *Katherine Hale* in an article in the *Canadian Magazine* on Dr. A. S. Vogt: "It may be interesting to know that out of this number (two hundred and thirty-seven), only one-third of the members are native to Toronto. Seventy-five per cent. of the chorus were born in Ontario, eight per cent. in other parts of Canada, forty-three were born in the British Isles, two in Germany, two in the United States, and one each in the British West Indies, Newfoundland, and British India." The conductor and the choir are both Canadian and cosmopolitan,

delightful plays which will give his velvet garments and melodious voice an opportunity to appear at their smoothest.

* * *

MADAME NAZIMOVA'S VIEW OF IBSEN.

"Is Ibsen difficult to understand, as some people seem to think?"

"Here in America you always say 'Ah, Ibsen,' with a little side smile. But see how people turn out to hear him when they get a chance. I think the fault is in making a mystery of him. He must be played simply, then people recognise the truth of the pictures he presents. I do not think any other writer understands the soul of a woman as he did. He picks out some little thing that you do not notice, opens it out and shows you a whole world behind it. That is Ibsen; there is no end to him. But we are afraid to see things as they really are.

"We shut our eyes that we may not see what we do not like—Ibsen forces them open. That hurts. Then we say that we do not like Ibsen. Or we pretend that we do not understand him."



FISHER MOTORS

Small H.P. Electric Motors for Factory, Office or Home, for operating Dental or Jewellery Lathes, Spice or Coffee Mills, Meat Choppers, Sewing and Washing Machines, or any other machinery. Simply screw the plug into the lamp socket of your lighting line, and start by snap switch. Submit your wants for quotations. Manufactured by

THE A. D. FISHER CO., LIMITED, TORONTO

20 TO 1 HORSE POWER

LITERARY NOTES

A CANADIAN LITTERATEUR.

THOSE who remember the brilliant university career of Frederick B. R. Hellem's of Toronto will be glad to recognise in the author of "Stephen Phillips as a Writer of Tragedy," in a recent issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, this gifted graduate, who has been for some years Dean of the College of Liberal Arts in the University of Colorado, Boulder, Colorado. Mr. Hellem's review of the modern dramatist's poetic tragedies is exhaustive and discriminating and is especially suggestive in the criticism of Mr. Phillips' essay at a new *Faust*. Such literary analysis, as that of which Dr. Hellem's is capable, is not common in these "immolodious days" and it is to be hoped that professional duties will not heep this ex-Canadian from the sphere of critical achievement.

* * *

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

THE February issue of the *Canadian Magazine* is in sympathy with centenary year in an article, "The Mystery of Lincoln" by R. E. Knowles, in which the author, with characteristic Celtic impatience, brushes aside any attempt at accounting for surpassing greatness and concludes his eloquent disquisition with the reflection: "Abraham Lincoln was a separate gift from the hand of Him who maketh one star to differ from another star in glory. Raised up, as surely as was ever Moses of old, for the performance of a stupendous task, called from the silence and the dark of the western forest to the great theatre that awaited him, he was equipped by that Almighty hand according to his need, endowed by infinite love and wisdom for his mighty mission." Dr. A. H. U. Colquhoun contributes a scholarly review of Professor Egerton's "A New History of Canada" and Mr. Charles T. Long gives an entertaining description of "Dresden the Beautiful," with illustrations showing the artistic treasures of the capital of Saxony. Mr. Phil Ives' article, "Cup-Plates and Customs," is the latest in a series of porcelain articles, in which this unconventional contributor discusses a subject not sufficiently familiar to Canadians. "Pelee Island: A Misnomer" by the Scottish writer, J. J. Bell, is an informing sketch of those 11,000 acres in Lake Erie, which are adjacent to the most southern point in Canada.

These are days when the occult and spiritualistic are holding the regard of playwright and prophet. Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone MacKay tells a story of unusual interest, "Through the Wall," which deals artistically and sanely with the question of communion with those who have passed from this world. It is a narrative, not an interrogation—yet the reader will find his imagination pleasantly stirred and his speculation aroused. The Editor discusses the matter of a national literature in calm and philosophic fashion, remarking: "Sometimes earnest discussions arise over the quality of what is regarded as the national literature of Canada. Before anyone enters upon a discussion of that kind, it might be well to be convinced that we have a national literature at all. To attain the dignity of nationality, literature must bear the stamp of age, a result of much testing in the crucible of time, and it must also have taken its place, and still occupy its place, in the formation of national ideals and national sentiment."

THE All-purpose Flour, and superior for every purpose. Highest grade in the world. Purity label guarantees success, or your money back.

"More bread and better bread."

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., Limited
Mills at WINNIPEG, GODERICH, BRANDON.

PURITY FLOUR

HOLBROOK'S SAUCE

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

MADE AND BOTTLED IN ENGLAND—SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

SAVINGS ACCOUNTS

Interest Paid at the Rate of **3 1/2%**

Accounts are subject to cheque without notice. Interest added half-yearly. Sums of 1.00 and up received. Special attention is called to the fact that interest is calculated on the DAILY BALANCE

CENTRAL CANADA

LOAN & SAVINGS CO.
26 KING ST. E., TORONTO

Turnbull's Knitted M Bands

MEAN COMFORT FOR BABY

This picture shows how the tapes are carried from over the shoulders to the tab to which diaper is attached, absolutely preventing sagging or stretching or tearing of the garment.

The wool used is made from the Australian Merino Sheep, noted for its beautiful softness.

Sold by all first-class dealers and made by

THE C. TURNBULL CO. OF GALT, LIMITED
GALT ONTARIO 1318

THE STANDARD LOAN COMPANY

We offer for sale debentures bearing interest at FIVE per cent, per annum, payable half-yearly. These debentures offer an absolutely safe and profitable investment, as the purchasers have for security the entire assets of the company.

Capital and Surplus Assets - \$1,340,000.00
Total Assets - \$2,500,000.00

PRESIDENT:
ALEXANDER SUTHERLAND.

VICE-PRESIDENT AND MAN. DIRECTOR:
W. S. DINNICK.

DIRECTORS:
RIGHT HON. LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL, G.C.M.G.
J. A. KAMMERER. DAVID RATZ.
R. H. GREENE. HUGH S. BRENNAN.
J. M. ROBERTS. A. J. WILLIAMS.

Head Office:
COR. ADELAIDE AND VICTORIA STREETS, TORONTO

Straight Virginia Tobacco

In the popular cut plug form for pipe smokers. No. 1 is all pure Virginia leaf, free from any artificial flavoring—a cool, mellow smoke.

Quarter Pound, 40c. Half Pound, 75c. Pound, \$1.50
Sent postpaid to any address.

A. CLUBB & SONS
Established 1878 TORONTO 5 KING ST. WEST 1304

Direct Connection

The bulk of a magazine's business rests on the basis of individual written orders. The Canadian Courier's subscription list (ever growing) depends on these. Subscribers, therefore, who may wish to change their address, cancel their order even, or transact any necessary business whatever, will do well to write this office direct. Do not trust your wishes to carriers, agents or postmen, but write us and confer a favor, also secure prompt attention. We will not be responsible for other notification.

CANADIAN COURIER
TORONTO

Windsor SALT

is all salt. Every grain is a pure, dry, clean crystal. That is why it never cakes—dissolves instantly—and goes farther than any other.

Insist on having
—WINDSOR
SALT.

MADE IN CANADA

MAGIC BAKING POWDER



There are many baking powders but
There is Only One
MAGIC BAKING POWDER
It is Pure, Wholesome and Economical.
SOLD IN ALL SIZES.
E. W. GILLETT CO., LTD.
Toronto, Ont.

The Hamilton Steel and Iron Co. Limited

PIG IRON
FOUNDRY, BASIC, MALLEABLE
FORGINGS
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
HIGH GRADE BAR IRON
OPEN HEARTH BAR STEEL

Hamilton - Ontario

proverbial greased lightning. "3-in-One" is the only oil for sewing machines, because it won't turn rancid, won't gum, collect dirt, or stain any fabric.

"3-in-One" penetrates the working parts of every action just right, making any machine run easy and light. No "hard pumping" or break a woman's back if "3-in-One" is used generously.

"3-in-One" will bring back to life and usefulness many an old apparently worn out machine. And it adds years to the life of any new machine. Clean and polishes the wooden parts, tightens, and prevents rust to form on all metal parts.

Write immediately to G. W. Cole Company, 57 Broadway, New York City, for large sample and "3-in-One" dictionary—both free. Your favorite store sells "3-in-One."

To clean machine thoroughly, take shuttle and needle out, liberally all parts with "3-in-One" and run at a high rate of speed. This cuts out the gum and dirt and old sticky oil. Then wipe all parts carefully and put "3-in-One" on all action points as a lubricant. Can be cleaned and oiled today and run six months later as if new and dirt will not matter. "3-in-One" won't dry out. Ordinary oils do in less than a week.

FOR THE CHILDREN

THE SNOWBALL.

(A Story for Very Little Children.)

By MAUD LINDSAY.

ONCE upon a time when all the ground was white with snow, and all the roofs were trimmed with icicles, a little boy went out into the world to make snowballs. His mother wrapped him up so nice and warm from head to toe that you could see scarcely anything of him but the tip of his nose; and when the snow-birds, which lived in his own front yard, saw him, they did not know him.

They flew away to the top of the fence, and cocked their heads first on one side, and then on the other, as if they were thinking, "who can this be?" but by and by they found out.

"Chirp, chirp," they said to each other. "It is only the little boy who throws us crumbs from the window"; and they flew down into the yard again to watch him make snowballs.

The little boy knew just how to make snowballs, and how to throw

"Oh! what a nice big fire," he said; and he climbed up into the rocking-chair close beside it, to wait for his mother.

"Rockity rock, rockity rock," said the rocking chair. "Cricklety cracklety," laughed the fire; and the little boy was so comfortable and so warm that he went fast asleep on the cushions.

When he waked up his mother was still away at the market; and the fire was still laughing, louder than ever. "Cricklety cracklety, cricklety cracklety"; but when he looked on the hearth for his snowball, it was gone! There was nothing there at all but a little pool of water.

The little boy looked under the chair and under the bed and under the dresser, behind the door and in all the corners; upstairs and downstairs, high and low; but he could not find the snowball anywhere.

And what do you think had become of it? The little boy's mother guessed as soon as she came home; and

A GRUDGE.

By MABEL BURKHOLDER.

When Auntie Sue is baking bread,
If I 'est steal behind her back,
An' poke one finner in the dough—
Dacious! She comes at me ker-smack!
I wonder why a little fun
Gets her on such an orful string;
She puts her two whole fists wite in,
And no one ever says a thing.

In water I 'est love to play,
But if I start to dabble any,
You'll hear her: "Little muss-cat, you!
Now look at your nice, clean, new pinny!"
But Auntie Sue plays in the tub,
And souses water round an' round,
All Monday morning, long's she likes,
And no one seems to make a sound.

'Est wait 'll I grow, an' Auntie Sue
Comes to my house to visit me;
I'll have the tub out all day long,
An' set it wite where she can see.
An' when she coaxes, "Let me help!"
I'll say, "O no, 'est run away
An' 'muse yourself." Won't she be mad!
Wish I was big this very day.

them, too, for he had seen his big cousin do it. First he took a handful of snow, and then he packed it in his hands like this; and then hurrah! he threw it as far as he could send it.

One of his snowballs went into the corner of the yard, and one against a tree, and one all the way over the fence into the street. It was great fun to play in the snow and the little boy was sorry when the maid called from the house to tell him it was time to come in.

"As soon as I make one more," he answered; and he took a great handful of snow, and made such a big snowball that he thought he must take it into the house to show his mother.

Now the little boy's mother had gone to market while he was playing in the snow; but he took the snowball into her room, and put it on the hearth so she might see it when she came home.

There was a bright fire burning in the grate, and it sounded just as if it were laughing, with its cricklety cracklety, cricklety cracklety, when the little boy put the snowball down in front of it.

if you will ask your mother I am sure she will tell you.—*Kindergarten Review.*

* * *

THE COWBOY.

By W. W. DENSLOW.

The Cowboy cows the Indian,—
That is, if he can;
He also ropes the Texas steer,—
I will when I'm a Man.

I'd like to live on pork and beans,
And so get stout and strong,
And be the cow-boss of the ranch;
It wouldn't take me long.

Just think what fun we'd have all day
Rough-riding on the plain,
A-rounding up the stubborn steers
With all our might and main!

And then at night when all was still,
We'd sleep right out of doors;
Our roof would be the starry sky—
The ground instead of floors.

A hundred thousand head of steers
May sometime wear mp brand;
And I'll be called the "Cattle King"
Of all that western land!

—St. Nicholas.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER



"BABY'S BEST FRIEND"

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

A Book which is
Creating a Stir in the
Higher Circles of So-
ciety—

MY LADY of THE SNOWS

By MARGARET A. BROWN

Cloth, with Illustrations in colors

\$1.25

The publishing of this book
has been spoken of as a national
event in the history of Canada.

FOR SALE AT ALL
BOOKSELLERS

WILLIAM BRIGGS
PUBLISHER

29-33 Richmond St. West, TORONTO

Head Office for Canada, MONTREAL

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



Maguire & Connon
GENERAL AGENTS

Office: "Royal Building," 27 Wellington St. E., TORONTO.
Telephones: Main 6000, Residence, North 3571 and M. 978.

STAMMERERS

The ARNOTT METHOD is the only logical method for the cure of Stammering. It treats the CAUSE, not merely the HABIT, and insures natural speech. Pamphlet, particulars and references sent on request.
THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE
BERLIN, ONT. CAN.

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

The TRADERS BANK of Canada.

Proceedings of the Twenty-fourth Annual General Meeting
of Shareholders

HELD AT THE BANKING HOUSE IN TORONTO

Among those present were : Messrs. C. D. Warren, Hon. J. R. Stratton, C. Kloepper, W. J. Sheppard, Alex. Stewart, Seneca Jones, W. J. McAllister, Geo. Watson, E. Galley, H. R. Playtner, J. S. Williamson, L. Bauer, H. H. Strathy, K.C., Frank Hansel, Jas. Young, J. P. Steedman, A. M. Scott, ieo. Mair, Harry G. Horton, J. B. Fairgrieve, Dr. Garrigue, J. L. McMurray, A. T. Lowe, J. A. M. Alley, A. D. Robertson, F. W. Bain, R. P. Sherris, C. S. Wilcox, E. F. B. Johnston, K.C., H. S. Strathy, Jas. Linton, A. H. Brown, Geo. LeRiche, Archibald Filshie, R. M. Gilkison, Thos. R. Parker, Albert Kleiser, S. Dillon Mills, J. A. Halbhaus, Joseph Morris, J. K. Niven, J. Wallace, M.D., J. P. Hodgins, A. G. Knowles, F. J. Winlow, M. Garvin, G. Reid Simpson, E. Cork, N. Ross, J. A. Laird, N. Hillary, Lt. W. A. P. Durie, A. B. Ord, and Frank W. Strathy.

Moved by Mr. Seneca Jones, seconded by Mr. J. S. Williamson, that Messrs. E. Galley and J. K. Niven be appointed Scrutineers. Carried.
The Chair was taken by the President, Mr. C. D. Warren, and Mr. Stuart Strathy was requested to act as Secretary.

The General Manager then read the following Statement :—

Statement of the Result of the Business of the Bank for the Twelve Months Ending 31st December, 1908

The net profits for the twelve months, after making provision for bad and doubtful debts, and reserving accrued interest, amounted to	\$500,217 60
Premium on New Stock	100 00
Balance at credit of Profit and Loss last year	25,364 39
	\$525,681 99
Appropriated as follows, viz.:	
Dividend No. 48, quarterly at the rate of 7% per annum ..	\$76,168 29
“ “ 49, “ “ “ “ “ “ “ “ ..	76,174 11
“ “ 50, “ “ “ “ “ “ “ “ ..	76,178 44
“ “ 51, “ “ “ “ “ “ “ “ ..	76,178 66
Written off Bank Premises and Furniture	20,000 00
Transferred to Officers Guarantee Fund	5,000 00
“ “ “ Pension Fund	5,000 00
Balance at Credit of Profit and Loss new account	190,982 49
	\$525,681 99

General Statement, 31st December, 1908.

LIABILITIES.		
Capital Stock paid up	\$4,353,592 00	
Rest Account	2,000,000 00	
Dividend No. 51, payable 2nd January	76,178 66	
Former Dividends unpaid	406 27	
Interest accrued on Deposit Receipts	8,786 80	
Balance of Profits carried forward	190,982 49	
	2,600,905 00	\$6,629,946 22
Notes of the Bank in circulation	2,600,905 00	
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date	\$21,285,685 00	
Deposits not bearing interest	4,099,432 02	
	25,385,117 02	
Balance due to other Banks in Canada	14,021 88	
Deposits from Banks in U.S.	229,600 21	
	28,229,644 11	
	\$34,859,590 33	
ASSETS.		
Gold and Silver coin current	400,327 00	
Dominion Government Demand Notes	2,632,234 00	
Notes of and Cheques on other Banks	771,818 85	
Balance due from other Banks	685,202 46	
Balance due from Foreign Agents	1,219,465 06	
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities	614,084 03	
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	955,937 84	
Call and Short Loans on Stocks, Bonds and other Securities	1,871,773 93	
	23,512,673 63	9,150,843 17
Bills discounted current	23,532 83	
Notes discounted overdue (estimated loss provided for)	23,532 66	
Loans to other Banks secured	148,270 49	
Deposit with Dominion Government for security of general Bank Note Circulation	5,928 66	
Real Estate, the property of the Bank (other than the Bank premises)	1,991,808 89	
Bank premises (including safes, etc.)	3,000 00	
Mortgages on Real Estate sold by Bank	25,708,747 16	
	\$34,859,590 33	

STUART STRATHY, General Manager.

Toronto, 31st December, 1908.

The General Manager, having read the foregoing report, made the following comments :

From the statement submitted, it will be observed that the results of the year's operations have been satisfactory, notwithstanding the severe financial disturbance, which was felt, more or less, throughout the world during the period under review. The wave of depression is apparently lifting, and we face another year with good prospects of a general return to normal conditions in several lines of business. A brief consideration of the yearly statement will readily show how successful the Bank's business has been during the past year. The net profits, after making allowance for all probable contingencies, and crediting interest to all interest-bearing accounts, amount to \$500,217.60. Adding to this the balance carried forward from Profit and Loss the previous year, with one or two small additional items, makes the sum of \$525,681.99, which was available for distribution. This amount was apportioned to pay four quarterly dividends at the rate of seven per cent. per annum, amounting to \$304,699.50. \$20,000 has been written off Bank Premises and Furniture Accounts, and \$10,000 has been added to the Officers' Guarantee and Pension Fund, leaving the substantial sum of \$190,982.49 to be carried forward at the credit of Profit and Loss new account.

The paid-up Capital Stock of the Bank amounts to.....\$4,353,592, and the Rest Account\$2,000,000, nearly one-half of the Paid-up Capital.

The total deposits of the Bank now amount to over\$25,000,000. Of this sum over \$4,000,000 is non-interest-bearing, and the total deposits of the Bank have increased \$2,000,000 during the year.

The assets, which are immediately available, amount to over nine millions of dollars, being about thirty per cent. of the liabilities to the public, a condition which places the Bank in a very strong position.

Attention should be called to the excellent character generally of the assets of the Bank, as set forth in the statement.

During the year, seven new Branches were opened and two were closed, making a total of eighty-one Branches open at the end of the year.

The Bank continued, throughout the year, to increase both in volume and character of its business. It is interesting to note its growth by comparison with the figures of ten years ago :

	1898	1908
Paid-up Capital	\$ 700,000	\$ 4,353,592
Surplus	50,000	2,000,000
Deposits	4,930,817	25,385,117
Circulation	697,680	2,600,905

The general depression of a year ago has resulted in a contraction of business throughout the Country. Now, that it would appear that the period of depression is passing away, and provided the incoming year is a prosperous one, it is natural to infer that more activity in commercial lines will ensue, followed by a more active demand for money. We find again this year, a considerably larger acreage will be ready for early seeding in the Northwest, consequent upon the continued flow into those lands of a most desirable class of settlers, principally from the Country to the South of us, the effect of which must benefit this Country at large. The greatly increased transportation facilities will also prove an important factor, not alone in the temporary large expenditure, which continues to be made on this account, but by this very large extension of our Railway System, making it possible to bring to the Seaboard the steadily increasing crops of our great Northwest, with the least possible delay. We have established several important Branches in this field, and, as the Country develops, extension in this direction, no doubt, will meet with your approval.

Before concluding, I wish to express my appreciation of the cordial co-operation of all the officials of the Bank in the work of the year. All the books and documents of the Bank have been carefully examined, and the affairs of all the Branches have been looked into, and reported upon in a manner permitting the Board to deal intelligently with all the assets of the Bank.

Mr. C. D. Warren, President, in moving the adoption of the Report, said : I have much pleasure in moving the adoption of the Report which has been presented. The Management and shareholders may well congratulate themselves on the result of the year's business. The Report affords strong evidence of the prosperous condition of the Bank, and of a satisfactory increase in the general volume of business. The period of prosperity which Canada enjoyed until about a year ago, led to extensive, and in some cases, unsuccessful expansion on the part of many capitalists and business men, and the resources of all financial institutions were taxed to the limit of their capacity to meet the demands of this abnormal enterprise. Depression followed, bringing about conditions that caused a restriction of all financial enterprises, thereby resulting in a withdrawal of capital from business undertakings and an increase in the amount of comparatively idle money not yielding the average return of profits. Last year was, therefore, not to be regarded as one favorable to profitable financial operation, but the results have nevertheless been very satisfactory.

A growing country like Canada, with unbounded resources, naturally has great power of recuperation. Trade depression consequently affected Canada less than almost any other country, and as a result, commercial and manufacturing interests are rapidly recovering from the embarrassment which retarded their progress for the past twelve months. The probability is that in the immediate future, the limit of the available resources of our financial institutions will be reached by the requirements of various legitimate undertakings, which are already beginning to show renewed vigor and vitality.

The Agricultural returns from the Dominion for 1908 indicate a large yield of grain and other crops, and this condition tends materially to create business confidence. With the prospect of fair prices and an increase in the wealth of the country from its natural products, commercial undertakings must receive a great impetus, and manufacturing and all its branches will be greatly extended. The distribution of this increased wealth rests largely with Banking Institutions, and whilst the rate of interest may be somewhat lower than it has been for a year or two, the increased volume of business will, it is believed, maintain the earning power at the same level.

The lumber industry, one of the great National sources of wealth, is rapidly reviving, and increased activity in railway extension and incidental enterprises has given a new impulse to our iron and steel works. Our mining interests now call for large outlays for operation, and our trade, increasing at home and abroad, gives good ground for the hope that Canada in a short time will more than make up for the temporary delay in her course towards the highest point of commercial greatness.

The employment of money is absolutely necessary for current operations, and as these are now extending in all directions, it is not unreasonable to look forward to several years of prosperous development of a substantial character.

To meet the demands involved in the interests I have briefly mentioned, as well as others that readily suggest themselves, our Banking and financial institutions may expect a largely increased volume of business and a ready and safe outlet for all their surplus money during the present year.

The Northwest is extending its cultivated area, and is being opened to the people by means of great trunk railway lines, and many local extensions. Here we have the true source of wealth. The mere interchange or investment of money does not add materially to the general wealth of the country, but the products of the soil, the forest and the mine create new and additional capital, most of which finds its way into Banks, Loan and Insurance Corporations, and other similar Institutions. By keeping a constant and energetic lookout, we hope to obtain a fair share of the handling of this increased wealth, and with this object in view, we have already established Agencies in some of the more important Western points. Yet, without unduly extending the Bank operations, there is still room for other openings, and advantage of this fact should be taken as occasion arises and circumstances permit.

Whilst the value of money chiefly depends on the conditions of the great financial centres of the world, there are many local demands which affect the money market here. It is true that municipal debentures principally find a market in Great Britain. Corporation bonds, such as railway, electric, etc., are largely sold abroad, but much of the cash resulting therefrom reaches our Banks eventually. To show the practical situation more forcibly, I might state that the value of Municipal and Corporation Bonds of this country sold in Great Britain in 1908, was over Nineteen Million Dollars, and that Canadian investors bought only Twenty-one Million Dollars' worth, but the total of over One Hundred and Ten Millions is likely to find its way here, to be used for Local and National development. In view, therefore, of the growth of our transportation and transmission lines, and the development of Municipal works, in every town and city in the Dominion, and the large foreign capital which will be brought into this country for these purposes our Banks may anticipate, not only a large amount of money in circulation and on deposit, but a greater demand for those local needs which cannot be supplied through foreign Agencies. The great industries of the country must be carried on, and these look to our Banking facilities for assistance, and with the return of prosperity the avenues of investment will materially increase. Your Directors have availed themselves of every favorable opportunity to meet this demand, but always having in mind that prosperous times demand greater care and watchfulness than periods of depression.

Instead of increasing a sufficiently strong reserve to meet all probable demands and thereby locking up a large amount of unproductive money in the treasury, we have invested considerable sums in high-class municipal debentures and other bonds, yielding the Bank a profitable return, and being almost as available as cash if occasion should arise in the future. The price of these

MONEY AND MAGNATES

securities is not much affected by the local market, the purchasers in Great Britain practically controlling values, and it was felt that no better or safer investment could be made with surplus or reserve funds which must be constantly and immediately available in every well-managed banking institution.

In call loans, we pursue a very conservative policy, so that no large amount of any particular stock shall be held as security by the Bank at any one time. The margin of safety is always large, and the fluctuations of the ordinary market do not effect the security.

Your directors examine practically all credits and accounts in the books of the Bank. No advance of any moment is made without their sanction, and whilst this method entails a large amount of work, we feel it to be the only safe way to discharge our duty. The various agencies have been carefully inspected, the returns scrutinized, and the state and nature of investments thoroughly considered. In this work, we find the services of the Directors' Auditor, Mr. Willis, most valuable, and through him, important information regarding the Bank's transactions is readily available to the Board.

Our inspectors are competent and efficient officers, and it affords me much pleasure in being able to testify to the great care and ability which they bring to bear in the performance of their duties.

I am glad to be able to state that every part of the Head Office building is rented, yielding a good return, and there does not appear to be any doubt as to this condition being continuous. The same satisfactory state of affairs exists in regard to the Yonge and Bloor Streets Office.

We hope that before long, the result of the careful attention and efforts of your Directors and the management may reach the Shareholders in a substantial and gratifying manner.

I move that the Report be adopted.

The Vice-President, Hon. J. R. Stratton, seconded the motion and said: The ground has been pretty thoroughly covered by the remarks of the General Manager and the President; but I can at least re-echo the congratulations and repeat the expression of pleasure which the report warrants.

I have personal knowledge that the directors have all devoted themselves faithfully to the service of the Bank during their tenure of office. This was to be expected from their high standing, high sense of duty, and ability. Besides, they are among the largest holders of stock, and are, therefore, the most directly and largely interested. Any indifferent or perfunctory performance of service or duty on their part would naturally more prejudicially affect them than shareholders with less interest at stake. It is certain, therefore, that when the responsible officers of the Bank are so directly and personally interested, there exists a guarantee of careful and effective administration. The Bank has more than 1,800 shareholders, many of whom are prominently associated with important and industrial enterprises. The character of these shareholders, associated with the rapid increase of the paid-up capital of the Bank, testifies to the confidence which its stability, and excellent management inspire.

The business of the Bank is expanding in every direction; and it is the aim of the directors to keep the Traders Bank abreast of the great progress this Dominion is making. Of this, its past is a guarantee, which the year just closed strengthens. To see gratifying results achieved, to see business and profits satisfactory, to see securities strengthened, and assets increased, in the face of conditions such as have prevailed during the greater part of the year, seem to be indications of good and efficient management. A financial institution which comes so creditably through a difficult year, can, with improved conditions in every important national interest, reasonably anticipate a prosperous future.

It affords me great pleasure to second the motion for the adoption of the report.

The motion for the adoption of the report was carried unanimously.

Moved by Mr. R. M. Gilkison, seconded by Mr. Geo. Watson, that the thanks of the shareholders are due, and are hereby tendered, to the President, Vice-President and Directors of the Bank for their attention to the interests of the Bank during the past year.—Carried.

Moved by the Hon. J. R. Stratton, seconded by Mr. E. F. B. Johnston, that the thanks of the Directors and shareholders are due, and are hereby tendered, to the General Manager, the Assistant General Manager, and the staff of the Bank, for their diligent attention to the interests of the Bank during the past year.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Alex. Stewart, seconded by Mr. Jas. E. Brown, that the ballot be now open for the election of Directors, and to be kept open until three o'clock, unless five minutes elapse without a vote being cast, when it shall be closed, and until that time, and for that purpose only, this meeting be continued.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Thos. R. Parker, seconded by Mr. J. B. Fairgrieve, that the scrutineers cast one ballot in favor of the following persons as Directors:—C. D. Warren, Hon. J. R. Stratton, C. Klopfer, W. J. Sheppard, C. S. Wilcox, E. F. B. Johnston, H. S. Strathy.—Carried.

E. Galley, J. K. Niven, Scrutineers.

The Scrutineers reported the following gentlemen duly elected to act as Directors for the ensuing year, viz.:—C. D. Warren, Hon. J. R. Stratton, C. Klopfer (Guelph), W. J. Sheppard (Waubaushe), C. S. Wilcox (Hamilton), E. F. B. Johnston, K.C., H. S. Strathy.

The meeting then adjourned.

At a subsequent meeting of the newly-elected Directors, Mr. C. D. Warren was re-elected President, and Hon. J. R. Stratton Vice-President by a unanimous vote.

STUART STRATHY, General Manager.

The Traders Bank of Canada, Toronto, 26th January, 1909.

"In choosing Wall-paper, like choosing a Wife, it is well to Remember that we must Live With our Selection."

THREE-FOURTHS of what meets the eye in a room is wall-decoration.

The Walls therefore supply the key-note to a Home, making it seem cheerful or depressing—restful or irritating—inviting or repellent—elegant or vulgar—according to their coverings.

And, this Wall-created impression cannot be corrected, nor materially compensated for, by the utmost taste in carpets or furniture.

Many people who realize this "Wall-paper Influence" do not know how to control it, nor how to make use of it.

A book recently published, and aptly entitled "Wall-Paper Influence on the Home," treats this subject in a practical manner—without technical terms.

Any Home-maker who will spend an hour in reading it may master the secrets of—

—Color-effect upon mind and mood,
—Pattern-effect in raising or lowering the apparent height of a room, or in making a room seem larger or smaller,

—Effect of both in making a room "feel" coldly dignified, or invitingly cordial, cosy and comfy.

The Why and How of these Influences are, of course, known to, and practiced by, the Master-Decorators.

But, this little book of Brightling's carries the information to where it is most needed, viz.—to the Owners and Occupants of moderate-cost-Homes, to people of taste and intelligence who cannot afford the services of a Master Decorator, nor the high-priced materials he usually employs.

Neatly bound in Cloth, with a handsome portfolio of "Brightling's Studies" in Color and Design.

The book is well worth a dollar but a limited number will be sold by mail or through your wall paper dealer, at the little price of 25 cents per copy.

Write today, if you want a copy, to the Publishers,—the Watson-Foster Co., Ltd., Ontario St., East, Montreal.

IN connection with the recent retirement of Charles H. Hosmer, the well-known C. P. R. director, from the Board of Directors of the Merchants Bank to go on the Board of Directors of the Bank of Montreal, there is an interesting story of how once before Mr. Hosmer tried to retire from the Merchants Bank.

It was at the time that Sir Montagu Allan, the president of the Merchants, requested Mr. C. M. Hays, the general manager of the Grand Trunk Railway, to join the Merchants Board, largely owing to the fact that the Merchants attended to most of the banking of the Grand Trunk in somewhat the same way as the Bank of Montreal has always handled the business of the Canadian Pacific.

Taking this view, Mr. Hosmer, being a C. P. R. director, rather felt that Mr. Hays should not like him to know too much about the business of the Grand Trunk and going to Sir Montagu Allan, he told him his views and asked to be allowed to place his resignation at the next meeting of the Board.

Before the meeting Sir Montagu spoke of the matter to Mr. Hays and when Mr. Hosmer asked him if he should place his resignation in, Sir Montagu replied that Mr. Hays had stated he would much rather that Mr. Hosmer should stay on the Board.

"You see," said Mr. Hays, "if Mr. Hosmer is not on the Board he will hear of our business anyway and will be at liberty to discuss it, while if he stays in he will also know everything about it but he will not care to discuss it."

When Mr. Hosmer finally left the Merchants to accept one of the greatest honours in the financial world in Canada, that of becoming a director of the Bank of Montreal, it meant that the last of the C. P. R. interests had left the Merchants to go to the Bank of Montreal, the previous one having been Senator Robert Mackay.

Now the Allan steamship interests in control of the Merchants have Mr. Hays of the Grand Trunk Pacific in with them just as Mr. Hays with a view of steamship developments for the Pacific Ocean induced one of the Allans to go on the Board of the Grand Trunk Pacific.

* * *

THE vital point in all the bitter fight that has developed between the Mexican Power and Mexico Tramway interests over the lease proposition and one that has never been breathed outside of the close inner circle hinges on a cable that was sent to Sperling & Co. of London by the Bank of Montreal interests then in control of the affairs of Mexican Power. I saw an exact copy of the cable as well as all others that passed between these two big concerns and in this way know practically the whole inside story.

The cable in question stated that the Bank of Montreal interests would agree to the leasing of the Mexican Power Company to the Mexico Tramways Company provided that Sperling & Co. found it impossible to arrange for an issue of preferred stock for the Mexican Light and Power Company.

Sperling & Company being anxious to have the lease go through owing to their large interest in the Tramways Company, almost immediately cabled back that the stock issue was impossible and on receipt of it the Bank of Montreal interests cabled them back to go ahead and arrange for the lease.

The reason for this was that the Power Company owed the Bank of Montreal over \$3,000,000 and whereas the Power Company was unable to pay it off the Mexico Tramways Company agreed to do so provided it secured a lease of the Power Company's property.

At the time that Sperling & Co. reported that a stock issue was an impossibility, other directors of the Power Company had been in touch with other large London houses and two of the latter had reported that an issue of preferred stock could be arranged on very good terms.

It was just here that most of the misunderstanding occurred, as some of the directors of the Power Company had practically pledged themselves to the lease while others would not think of it and insisted that all negotiations for the proposed lease be broken off and that the Power Company should work out its own destiny alone.

In insisting on the lease going through the way they did, the members of Sperling & Co. maintained that they had acted in good faith in reporting against the feasibility of a stock issue and their arrangements had gone too far to permit of the lease or its equivalent being set aside. The Power directors who offered the lease, however, strongly claimed that Sperling & Co. had never looked to see whether a stock issue could be arranged or not, being too anxious, owing to their interest in the Tramways Company, to have the lease go through.

An idea of the division caused by the misunderstanding that has never been known except to the insiders can be given by the positions taken by the two only Toronto representatives on the Power Board. They were Mr. E. R. Wood and Mr. J. H. Plummer, both former associates of Senator Cox and the Bank of Commerce. As a rule these two gentlemen see things in just the same way, but when the Mexican Power fight developed Mr. Plummer donned his fighting armour and set out to do everything in his power to prevent the lease going through. Mr. Wood on the other hand, largely, it was thought, because of his association in other deals with Dr. F. S. Pearson, inclined to favour the lease being put through because some of the leading directors had pledged themselves to it.

* * *

EW if any of the leading financial men of the metropolis are so little known to the public and even to the members of the press as Mr. R. B. Angus, who is alike one of the most active interests on the Boards of both the Bank of Montreal and the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Among his associates Mr. Angus has always been looked upon as a man whose main hobby in life was making money and although he is well over seventy years of age he regularly goes down every day to his office. During the summer months Mr. Angus has a beautiful home on the lakes about thirty miles from the city and often of a hot Saturday afternoon the members of his family will try to persuade him not to go to town owing to the heat. Mr. Angus, however, has never been known to have acceded to such requests and he always comes in on Saturdays if only for a couple of hours, reaching the city about ten o'clock and leaving on the noon train.

Although not known to the public, Mr. Angus is held in the very highest esteem by his associates, one of whom once told me that Mr. Angus had remarked to him that it was the object of his life to so live it that no one could ever point a finger that reproach at him

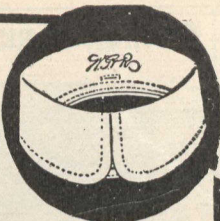
COUPON.

Joseph Sellers' Break Into Society

(Continued from page 17)

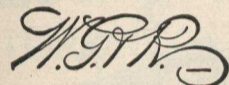
BOULEVARD

Here's a snappy style that has caught the eye of the best dressers. The collar for service, style and comfort. 2 in. high in front, 1 1/2 in. at back. Called Newport in Elk Brand.



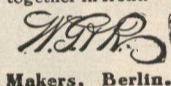
MARATHON

Our latest product — one of the best designs of the season. Height, 2 inches at back. Known as Arabic in Elk Brand.



RIALTO

It is 2 1/4 inches high in front and 2 inches at back — fits close together in front.



Makers, Berlin.

Size Collars

are double stitched so they hold their shape and resist laundry wear. Castle Brand, 20c. each, 3 for 50c. Elk Brand, 2 for 25c.

Chief Office for Canada: TORONTO
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager



IRISH & MAULSON
Toronto General Agents

Phoebe Snow Chamois Skin

For delicate skin. Produces a rosy hue. Highly medicated. Tanned exclusively for the face. Four Styles—Plain, 25c. Highly Embroidered, 35c. 50c., \$1. Sent to any Address. Stamps or money. Phoebe Snow Chamois Co. Clinton Buffalo NY

UNUSED TALENTS

That's what it is keeps some people poor. And lots of people may discover through a little application that they have the particular ability required to represent a first class national magazine like the Canadian Courier. Depend on it, if you appreciate the spirit and scope of the Courier you are the person we want in your community to solicit subscriptions for us. Financial Rewards of high percentages go with the work. Let us tell you. But first tell your wishes to—

CIRCULATION MANAGER
CANADIAN COURIER

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

sergeant?"

"The butler's right, Mr. Pilkins. He called us up on the phone to say men were robbing the house and we got here just in time to get them with the swag."

All this time I stood gazing at Uncle Henry, trying to make up my mind as to what to say. After a little while I got my tongue working.

"Unc-Uncle Henry," I gulped. One of the men shook me roughly. "Here, don't try any tricks," he called. "You can't play sick with us."

Uncle Henry looked at me. "That fellow," said he, "doesn't look like a criminal." I could have fallen at his feet for those kind words. Blood's thicker than water. Here was a relative who didn't know he was a relative, rushing to my defence. "His face doesn't look strong enough for such work," he continued. I rather resented the latter remark, but was pleased that, at least, I was not thought by the head of our house to have a criminal countenance. A weak face is no bar to social advancement.

"Mr. Pilkins, may I say a few words?" I gasped.

"Shut up, and come on out of here! You'll have time enough to talk," said the sergeant.

"Let him speak, officer," said Uncle Henry.

"Well, it's my duty to tell you that anything you say may be used against you at your trial," warned the sergeant in an official voice.

"I guess the trial won't amount to much," replied Uncle Henry, looking at the open suit cases.

"Uncle—Mr. Pilkins," I stammered, "there has been a terrible mistake. I'm not a thief. My name is Sellers—Joseph Sellers."

"Yes," said Uncle Henry, eyeing me coldly.

"You remember me?" I expectantly asked.

"Can't say I do," he replied.

"I am your—sort of nephew," I continued as he looked at me with a stern, set face. "I—I'm the man that sent you the butter dish on your last birthday."

"He must be crazy," said Uncle Henry, turning away. "Better take him off to the lock-up."

"He's shamming," said the officer.

"But, Uncle—Mr. Pilkins! Mr. Pilkins!" I cried, as they were dragging me away. "I was invited here by your wife—my—our—my clothes are in your house. I've got a letter of invitation." Uncle Henry was walking into the house, but, when I mentioned the letter, he turned back.

"Let's see the letter."

I raised my arms despairingly and moaned: "I can't get at my pockets with these things on my hands."

"Well, well! That's a new dodge to get the derbies off," laughed the sergeant.

"Take it from my inside coat pocket and give it to Mr. Pilkins," I indignantly commanded—at least commanded as indignantly as a man can who is handcuffed between two policemen. Such was my display of firmness that without further ado he obeyed. It goes to show how force of character, even under trying circumstances, will assert itself.

Uncle Henry read the letter carefully and then called the butler to his side and talked for a few minutes. "Did you say you had some clothes inside?" he asked me.

"Yes," I replied eagerly, "brought them in two dress suit cases, and that man over there," pointing to the robber, "took them."

"Briggs, go into the house and see

if you can find any clothes," said Uncle Henry to the butler.

Briggs soon returned with the information that there was a whole heap of clothes lying on the floor of his pantry.

"Sergeant, I think you can believe the man's story all right. This letter is from my wife. I've been away and she apparently invited him out for a little visit without mentioning the date. She is away at present, but I am certain it's genuine enough."

"I've nothing to do with him," said the robber, who, up to this time, had not opened his lips.

"Well, I hardly like to take the responsibility of releasing him," said the sergeant hesitatingly. "One of my men recognised him as 'Bow-legs Phil,' a fellow we've been looking for this past several months."

"But, Mr. Officer, just look at my legs," I called, standing as erect as I could. I fancy I overdid the part and in my nervous excitement may have trembled a bit, for the sergeant looked at me and laughed.

"I guess you've proved an alibi. You look more like 'Knock-knees Phil,'" he said.

"Oh, you're safe enough," said Uncle Henry, smiling, "leave the boy here. I'll look after him."

Uncle Henry apologised for not keeping me to dinner as the house was closed for the season, but when the family returns I am going to go out and have a week end at Pilkins Hall.

ANOTHER COBALT IN THE FAR NORTH.

(Winnipeg Telegram.)

A DESPATCH from Prince Albert states that a copper vein has been located near Lac la Ronge, a Hudson's Bay post, some hundred and fifty miles due north of that city. This is not the first discovery. During the past year a number of claims, principally of silver and copper, have been staked in that district.

The news has not been heralded abroad as it would have been by the enterprising speculators and promoters of Cobalt, yet even as it is the reports have spread to far off camps and prospectors from British Columbia and the Western States have all summer and fall been drifting into Prince Albert and quietly slipping off into the north land.

That there is mineral wealth in the Lac la Ronge country is not a new story to Prince Albert old-timers. For years Indians and trappers have been bringing down glittering specimens and telling weird tales of mountains of copper and islands of silver. The recent finds have given citizens of Prince Albert visions of the future in which they will be the distributing centre of a great mining country. Already they are agitating for a railroad.

Whether Lac la Ronge will prove a second Cobalt or but a graveyard for prospectors' hopes time alone will tell. However, that Northern Manitoba, Northern Saskatchewan and Northern Alberta have undreamed of mineral wealth seems undoubted. The rock formation is the same as in Northern Ontario. Geologists are unanimous in saying that iron, copper, silver, gold and diamonds will be found in the far north. We are apparently only on the fringe of the development of the western provinces.

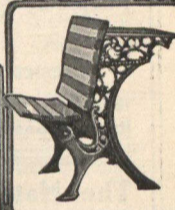
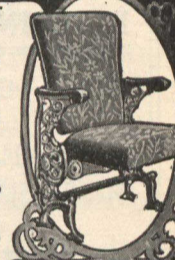
Dewar's

"Special Liqueur"

Stands in a Class by Itself.

The CANADIAN OFFICE & SCHOOL FURNITURE CO. PRESTON, ONT.

Manufacturers of High Grade Bank & Office Fixtures, School, Library & Commercial Furniture, Opera & Assembly Chairs, Interior Hardwood Finish Generally.



THE THIEL

Detective Service Co. of Canada, Limited

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

OFFICES IN CANADA:

Montreal - Toronto - Winnipeg

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

OTHER OFFICES:

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

SPECIAL EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE

Consumption Book FREE



This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to the Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 1267 Rose Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will send you from their Canadian Depot the book and a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful cure before it is too late. Don't wait — write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

What Canadian Editors Think

WHACK AT TORONTO.

(Montreal Gazette.)

MUCH noise is being made by men out of employment in Toronto. Out of 494 who requested work from the city only 155 men reported. Thirty men who were given their breakfast at the House of Industry walked out when asked to do a little work in payment, and when questioned in regard to their action attempted to justify it by complaining that the breakfast had consisted of soup. It is easier for an agitator to get space in the Toronto newspapers than it is for a yellow dog to bark at a passing team.

* * *

MARITIME PROVINCES O. K.

(St. John Globe.)

IT is noteworthy that in the business depression which prevailed during 1908 the Maritime Provinces were far less affected than other sections of Canada, if the failures be taken as a criterion. The total number of failures in Canada during the year was 1,712, with assets of \$7,344,550, and liabilities of \$17,581,314, compared with 1,361 failures in 1907, with assets of \$5,250,153 and liabilities of \$11,627,334. In Ontario there were 640 failures last year, against 529 in the previous year, the assets being \$2,493,693 in 1908 and \$2,138,340 in 1907, and liabilities \$5,220,529 in 1908 and \$4,468,728 in 1907. In Quebec the increase was even greater. The failures in 1908 numbered 639, with assets of \$3,164,302, and liabilities of \$8,542,340; in 1907, failures 497, with assets of \$1,806,770, and liabilities of \$4,692,293. New Brunswick's failures last year were 51 in number, with assets of \$84,944 and liabilities of \$205,600, while in 1907 they were 42, with assets of \$179,150, and liabilities of \$403,588. Thus, while there were nine more failures, the liabilities in 1907 were almost double those in 1908. In Nova Scotia the failures in 1908 were 47—ten less than the failures in 1907.

* * *

LORD MORLEY'S REFORMS.

(Manitoba Free Press.)

THAT the name of Lord Morley, the Secretary for India in the present British Government, will hold a high place in the history of the Empire, on account of the courage and statesmanlike wisdom with which he has framed the reforms which are being introduced in the governmental system in India, seems altogether probable. British opinion, on the whole, sustains the Morley policy, though there are some criticisms of details, notably by the *Times* and the *Spectator*. There is nothing extreme or radical in the reforms introduced; the most startling innovation is the admission of one native of India to the Council of the Viceroy as a member in full and regular standing. Inasmuch as the Viceroy can exercise his veto even against his whole Council on any matter, it can hardly be argued that there is anything dangerously revolutionary in admitting one person of native blood, as the representative of the more than 200,000,000 people of India, to take part in the deliberations of the Council.

* * *

TRIUMPH OF WIRELESS.

(St. John Sun.)

THE story of the steamer *Republic* cannot fail to impress everyone with the wonders of our modern civilisation. Miles at sea, fog-enshrouded, helpless and sinking, a great ocean-liner crowded with passengers,

brought around her within two or three hours, by the magic of wireless telegraphy, a fleet of rescuing vessels. These, far away some of them, had caught the appeal for help flying through the air, and immediately changing their courses, bore down with all the power of steam, to the assistance of the sinking liner. Upwards of eight hundred men and women facing death, almost before they had time to recover from the first panic, were safely transferred to another steamer and were on their way to port. Had this collision occurred fifty years ago, ten years ago, what would have been the result? If our advanced civilisation creates newer opportunities it also provides for the preservation of human life.

* * *

FLOCKMASTERS OF COWICHAN.

(Victoria Times.)

THE annual dinner of the Flockmasters' Association in the beautiful little town of Duncan, the business and social centre of the fine farming district drained by the pleasant waters of the Cowichan River, may be truthfully and honestly described as one of the great events of the winter season upon Vancouver Island. There is one characteristic of the extremely prosperous farmers of the Cowichan District, and of the citizens of Duncan which it might be well for the people of other parts of the Island, and particularly for the people of Victoria, to emulate. They are proud of their own place. They think there is nothing like it on the face of the globe—that is to say, nothing that is attainable. And they will brook no contradiction when taking that position. They believe what they say, and they have an abiding and comforting faith in the future of their most attractive valley. They "point with pride" to one fact which sustains their position—the Cowichan creamery butter takes first prize wherever it is exhibited in British Columbia, and it carries off this prize year after year.

* * *

UNIVERSITY AT PRINCE ALBERT.

(Prince Albert Herald.)

PLACES in the province there may be where the plain prosaic level is broken by a river and a few deciduous trees, but at what other City but Prince Albert is that wealth of woodland and magnificent and varied landscape of hill and dale, flowing stream and pellucid lake which form the undertone of the masterpieces of art in all ages? From Moosomin to Maple Creek, from Lloydminster to Kam-sack, from Estevan to Rosthern, the University Board of Governors may search for that richness of flora and fauna which forms the very warp and woof of literature, of art, and of music, but in vain. How can men and women be taught to appreciate the meaning of art without an intimate knowledge of the elements which lie at the base of all artistic production? Shall we educate a race as barren and bald in their conception of the beautiful as the Egyptians; or shall we rather let them behold the wonders and mysteries and beauties of the world with Grecian eyes? It is for Professor Murray to determine, and if he has once caught the vision there can be only one place for the University of Saskatchewan. And that place is Prince Albert.



Vapo Cresolene
ESTABLISHED 1879

For Whooping Cough, Croup, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis, Colds, Catarrh

"Used while you sleep." **Diphtheria, Catarrh**

VAPORIZED CRESOLENE stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Ever dreaded Croup cannot exist where Cresolene is used.

It acts directly on the nose and throat, making breathing easy in the case of colds; soothes the sore throat and stops the cough.

CRESOLENE is a powerful germicide, acting both as a curative and preventive in contagious diseases. It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma.

CRESOLENE'S best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
Send Postal for Descriptive Booklet.

Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, of your druggist or from us, 5c. in stamps.

THE LEEMING-MILES COMPANY LIMITED
Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada.

SHEET METAL BUILDING MATERIALS

Cornices, Skylights, Ventilators, Finials.

Corrugated Iron, straight or curved.

Metallic Shingles, Siding, Coiling and Lath.

Fireproof Windows, Shutters and Doors.

Pressed Zinc Ornaments.

Write for Catalogue and Quotations
Reliable Goods Only—No Cheap Trash

The Metallic Roofing Co. Limited
MANUFACTURERS
TORONTO WINNIPEG



O'Keefe's PILSENER

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

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

The O'Keefe Brewery Co. of Toronto, Limited

LONDON GUARANTEE AND ACCIDENT COMPANY LIMITED

Guarantee and Fidelity Bonds.
Sickness and Accident Policies.

Phone Main 1842. Confederation Life Building
COR. YONGE and RICHMOND STS.

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

THE HIGH PARK SANITARIUM



A modern medical institution, affiliated with the Battle Creek (Mich.) Sanitarium.

Delightfully located near the north gate of High Park, overlooking the park and Lake Ontario. Thoroughly equipped with modern appliances for the medical application of Electricity, Baths of all kinds, including the Electric Light Bath, Massage, etc. Resident Medical Staff assisted by trained attendants. For rates and descriptive literature, address Dept. C

144 GOTHIC AVE. - WEST TORONTO

Hotel York

New York



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

EUROPEAN PLAN

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

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

H. G. WILLIAMS, Manager



IF YOU WANT HEALTH STRENGTH VIGOR APPETITE DRINK

Cosgrave's Ale or Cosgrave's Porter

Made from pure IRISH MALT.

Or a delicious blend of both
Half and Half

Always Ask for COSGRAVE'S

CANADIAN HOTEL DIRECTORY

The New Russell
OTTAWA, CANADA
250 rooms.

American Plan \$3.00 to \$5.00.
European Plan \$1.50 to \$3.50.
\$150,000.00 spent upon improvements.

TORONTO HOTELS

King Edward Hotel

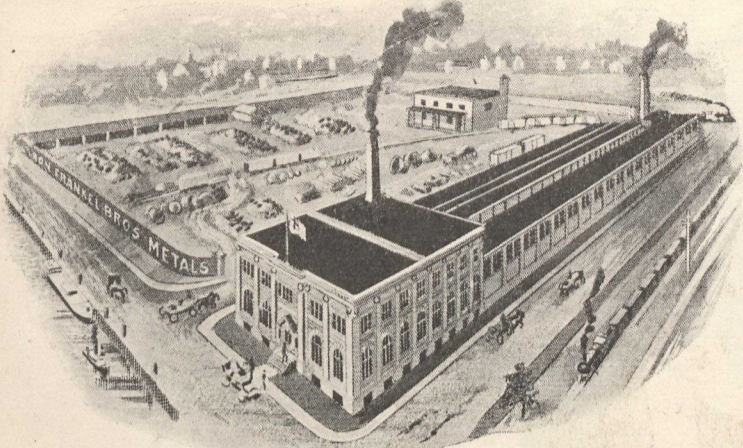
—Fireproof—

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

Palmer House

200 Rooms. \$2.00 up.
American and European.

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier



DON RIVER COR. EASTERN AVE

FRANKEL BROTHERS

TORONTO ————— MONTREAL

METALS

OUR NEW PREMISES ARE THE LARGEST IN CANADA
 — WE COVER AN AREA OF 250,000 SQUARE FEET —



National Trust Company

18-22 King Street East, Toronto. **LIMITED**

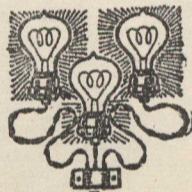
CAPITAL, PAID UP - - - \$1,000,000.00
 RESERVE - - - - - 550,000.00

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

- President**—J. W. Flavelle. **Vice-Presidents**—Z. A. Lash, K.C.; E. R. Wood and W. T. White.
- | | | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|-----------------------|
| Hon. Mr. Justice Britton | Hon. Geo. A. Cox | Geo. H. Watson, K. C. |
| Chester D. Massey | Elias Rogers | Robt. Kilgour |
| Cawthra Mulock | Jas. Crathern, Montreal | H. S. Holt, Montreal |
| H. M. Molson, Montreal | Alex. Bruce, K. C. | E. W. Cox |
| H. H. Fudger | H. B. Walker, Montreal | A. E. Kemp |
| William Mackenzie | Alex. Laird | J. H. Plummer |



— Progressive Retail Merchants



all light their establishments with Electric Light. In these times of Scientific Merchandising the up-to-date retailer keenly appreciates Electricity, not only as the best illuminant, but also knows its great value as an advertising medium, its adaptability to decorative effect, and its general attractiveness, and profits by its use.

No one can afford to be without it.

TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO., LIMITED
 12 ADELAIDE STREET EAST

OUR CANADIAN CLIMATE

is hard on the skin. Guard then against the effects of sudden changes, raw winds, dry cold, smoke and dust, by using

Campana's Italian Balm

freely on face, neck and hands. It soothes irritation and keeps the skin soft, healthy and beautiful.

25c at your druggist's—35c by mail.

Free Sample on request if this journal is mentioned

E. G. WEST & CO., TORONTO



WINTER TOURS

To MEXICO, COLORADO, CALIFORNIA and PACIFIC COAST POINTS are PLEASANT TO CONTEMPLATE.

The Grand Trunk Railway System

Is the popular Route from all points east through Canada via Chicago

Features:—Double Track, Fast Service, Finest Roadbed, Modern Equipment, Unexcelled Dining Car Service, All Elements of Safety and Comfort.

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED TOURIST EXCURSIONS

to Chicago, all points West, California and the Pacific Coast are operated three times a week from Boston, Mass., over the Boston & Maine, Central Vermont, and Grand Trunk Railways, via Montreal and Toronto, through the famous electrically operated St. Clair Tunnel, leaving Boston Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 11.30 a.m., Montreal 10.30 p.m., Toronto 8.00 a.m., following days, arriving Chicago at 9.25 p.m., making close connection with various lines for all points West. *Write for illustrated booklet giving full particulars, rates, etc.*

W. E. DAVIS
 Passenger Traffic Manager
 MONTREAL

G. T. BELL
 General Passenger and Ticket Agent
 MONTREAL



THE BEST TRAPPING COUNTRY IN SIX PROVINCES

IS TRAVERSED BY THE SIX RAILWAYS OF THE CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY

In Nova Scotia the Halifax and Southwestern hedges in between the south shore and the wild places of the back forest where there is an abundance of fur bearing and big game.

In Quebec the Canadian Northern Quebec and the Quebec and Lake St. John Railways, traverse the famous Valleys of the Ottawa, the St. Maurice, the Batiscan and the Saguenay. The new line to La Tuque reaches a large preserve belonging to the company.

In Ontario the Canadian Northern Ontario links Toronto with the magnificent game lands of the Georgian Bay hinterland, and the wild country surrounding the Moose Mountain Iron Mines north of Sudbury. The Canadian Northern follows that famous fur trail—the old Dawson Route, from Thunder Bay to Lake of the Woods.

In Manitoba the Canadian Northern serves the Riding and Duck Mountains; the Porcupine Forest reserves and the game resorts around Lakes Winnipeg, Manitoba and Dauphin.

In Saskatchewan and Alberta the line griddles the one-time stronghold of the fur-traders and gives easy access to the country north of Edmonton which has made that city the largest fur-trading centre in the world.

For information, maps, and general particulars apply to the Information Bureau, Canadian Northern Head Offices, Toronto

"As the Crow Flies"

run the trains of the C. P. R. from Toronto to Winnipeg and western Canada, by the time saving, direct and most interesting route.



C. P. R. is the only through-car service to the West. From Toronto at 10:15 p. m. daily, making the journey to Winnipeg in 38 hours.

Toronto to Winnipeg

CHARTERED 1892

The Peoples Building and Loan Ass'n

LONDON - ONTARIO

Out of a \$500,000 authorized Stock issue, there remains \$50,000 for allotment. Subscriptions for one or more shares are now invited.

Par Value of Stock \$100 per share.
Dividends 6 per cent.
Reserve or Rest \$27,000.

Clergymen, teachers, professional men, men, women and those who cannot personally supervise the investment of their money should secure a block of this stock, which pays a good rate of interest and where the principal is invested in first mortgages on productive real estate security.

Write for particulars and 15th Annual Balance Sheet.

A. A. CAMPBELL, Managing Director.



☞ It's in tailoring Dress Suits and Frock Coats that the Semi-ready Company excite the enthusiasm of their customers.

☞ A Semi-ready Full Dress Suit, with silk-faced lapels, \$25.00.

81 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

FOR SOLE SELLING RIGHTS, WRITE
SEMI-READY, LIMITED, MONTREAL