

The Canadian ●
Courier
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Read in
Nine
Provinces

“CUTTING THE LAST FIELD”

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

HAVE A LOOK THROUGH THIS BOOK



At a glance, you will see that you should not be without this New Fall and Winter Catalogue. Already it is acknowledged to be

THE AUTHORITY ON PRICE AND STYLES

for the coming season, and people who are wise are getting their orders in as early as possible.

WRITE YOUR ADDRESS ON A POST CARD TO-DAY

Mail it to us, and we will send you this new style book by return post.

THE
ROBERT

SIMPSON

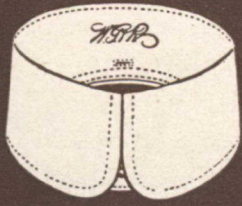
COMPANY
LIMITED

TORONTO

Try This New
Castle Brand
"RIALTO"

3 for
50c.

The
Collar
of
Comfort



Made in
Berlin by

W.S.P.

At 2 for 25c. you can buy
this shape in Elk Brand
named "RUTLAND."

101

2 in 1

SHOE POLISH

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



127

Black and
all colors
10c and
25c tins.

Ask Your Doctor
about

**Cosgrave's
Porter**

The perfect
liquid food—
nourishing,
strengthen-
ing, exhila-
rating, makes
the weak
strong—
the strong,
stronger.



**Oshawa
Galvanized
Steel
Shingles**

You can't afford to roof a
thing without Oshawa Gal-
vanized Steel Shingles.
Good for a hundred years.
Send for the free booklet.

PEDLAR People of Oshawa

Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, St. John, Winnipeg, Vancouver

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

CONTENTS

MEN OF TO-DAY	5
REFLECTIONS	6
CALEDONIAN GAMES AT MONTREAL	7
ONTARIO WEEK IN TORONTO, by The Monocle Man	8
WHAT NEWFOUNDLAND DOES FOR THE EMPIRE	9
CREWS FOR CANADA'S NAVY	10
THE SCIENTISTS AT WINNIPEG	10
PANORAMA OF A WEEK IN CANADA	11
A PARADISE FOR CHILDREN	12
PEOPLE AND PLACES	13-14
THE TURBULENTS. Story by W. A. Fraser	15
DEMI-TASSE	16
QUIPS AND CRANKS	17
MONEY AND MAGNATES	18
FOR THE CHILDREN	20



Editor's Talk

IT is a most satisfying sensation to feel that any extra effort on our part to secure the best material for our readers is met with no small degree of appreciation generally. Last week's Industrial Number created so favourable an impression that we feel encouraged to make each issue hereafter a "special." This week we have secured features of more than ordinary interest.

THE illustration and news features are of timely concern. Lord Charles Beresford, Lord Strathcona and Mr. James J. Hill have all been in Canada during the past few days. Their doings are chronicled in the picture pages of the *Canadian Courier*. Even Lord Beresford himself will be glad to see what the "ancient colony," Newfoundland, is doing for the Imperial Navy as recorded in both picture and story in this issue. Our story for the week is by the well-known author, Mr. W. A. Fraser, and that fact in itself is sufficient recommendation. We have been fortunate enough to secure two racing stories by this gentleman, which we shall hold in reserve, awaiting an appropriate season for their publication.

THE summer season is over. Summer sports will soon be succeeded by the varied activities of autumn. We expect to make the pages of the *Canadian Courier* reflect every important feature of interest. Next week we will have a unique half-page photograph and article on "The Quilting Bee," besides pictures at the National Exhibition and Bonnycastle Dale's illustrated story on the "Whales of the Pacific."



When you jump out of
bed, jump for

**Abbey's
Effer-
vescent Salt**

SOLD EVERYWHERE. 30

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**

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

THE
THIEL

Detective Service Co.
of Canada, Limited

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

OFFICES IN CANADA:

Montreal - Toronto - Winnipeg

OTHER OFFICES:

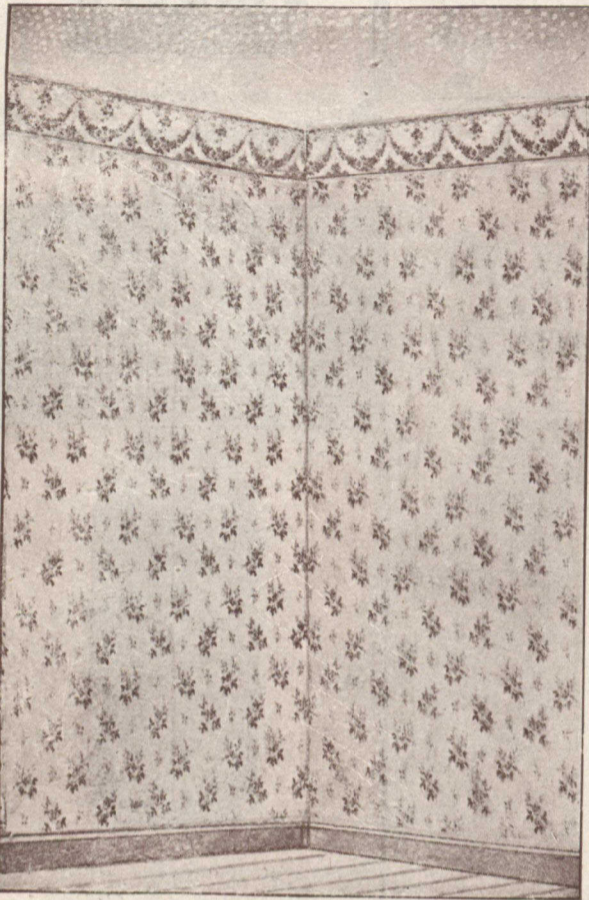
CHICAGO, ILL., Monadnock Block.
DENVER, COL., Majestic Building.
KANSAS CITY, MO., New England Bldg.
NEW YORK, N.Y., Hudson Terminal Bldg.
PORTLAND, ORE., Chamber of Commerce.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Mutual Savings Bank Bldg.
SEATTLE, WASH., New York Block.
SPOKANE, WASH., Empire State Building.
ST. LOUIS,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

SPECIAL EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

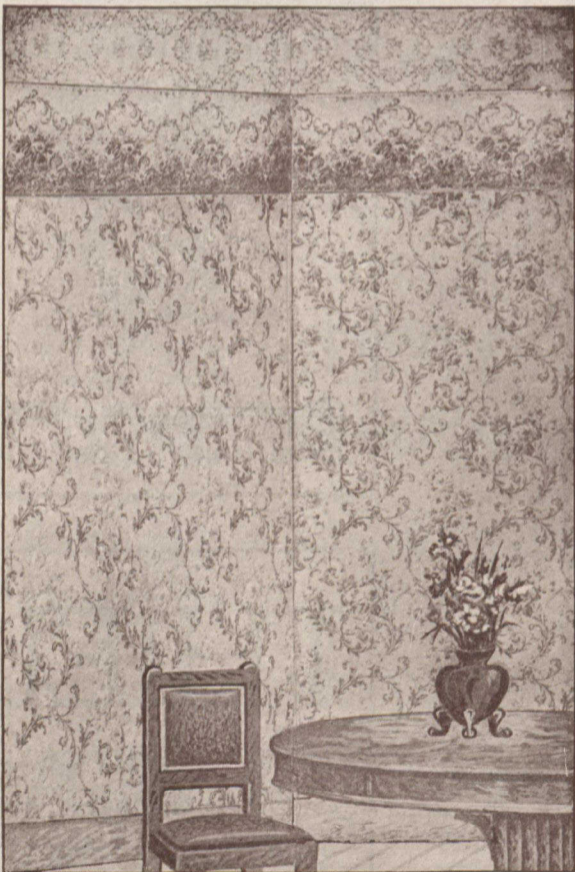
BIG REDUCTIONS IN WALL PAPER PRICES

The Bright Light, 4c Single Roll



L1-971. "The Bright Light." Attractive paper, as cut, for bedrooms, in three pretty colorings of blue, yellow and pink on white background, entwined with green leaves, roses and forget-me-nots pattern, 9-inch festoon border and with a plain dotted ceiling, making in every way a bright room paper. Side wall, ceiling, border. Sale price, per single roll - - - - - **4c**

The Rathburn, 12 1/2 c Single Roll



L1-325. "The Rathburn." Heavy embossed paper, as cut, in floral scroll design. This is a rich looking paper for drawing rooms, parlors and front bedrooms, etc.; has 18-inch shaded border, with fancy ceiling to match, the pattern being brought out in heavy golds and good colorings on white, cream and light green backgrounds and is priced exceedingly low. Side wall, ceiling, 18-inch border. Sale price, per single roll - - - - - **12 1/2 c**

Write for Samples

Gilt and Glimmer 5c to 7c

L1-02. Gilt and Glimmer Wall Paper in red, brown, cream, blue and pink colorings for attic room, halls, bedrooms, kitchens, etc., in variety of designs. Complete combination of side wall, ceiling and borders, 9 and 18 inches wide. Sale price, per single roll - - - - - **5c to 7c**

Gilt and Embossed 10c

L1-01. Heavy Gilt and Embossed Gilt Wall Papers—selections for all parts of the house can be made from this lot. Papers in big variety of designs and colorings, some have 9-inch borders, others are 18 inches wide. Stripe, floral, conventional and semi-floral designs—big saving on every roll. Sale price, per single roll - - - - - **10c**

High Class Paper 17c

L1-03. High Class Papers for parlors, halls, dining rooms, sitting rooms, dens and front bedrooms. Complete combinations of side wall, ceiling and borders, rich colorings light and dark. Good range of designs to choose from. Sale price, per single roll - - - - - **17c**

Imported Papers 23c

L1-04. Imported French and German Wall Papers. In their rich blendings of foreign colorings, big variety of high-class designs are to be had in this class of papers. These papers are made side wall only, being used with fancy and moire ceiling. Sale price, per single roll, **23c**

Varnished Tile Paper 19c

L1-05. Varnished Tile Wall Paper. This grade of wall paper is printed with oil colors, then coated with high grade varnish, good strong stock, making it one of the most serviceable papers for kitchens, bathrooms, pantries, etc., made in tile, block, floral and fancy designs in range of popular colorings. Sale price, per single roll - - - - - **19c**

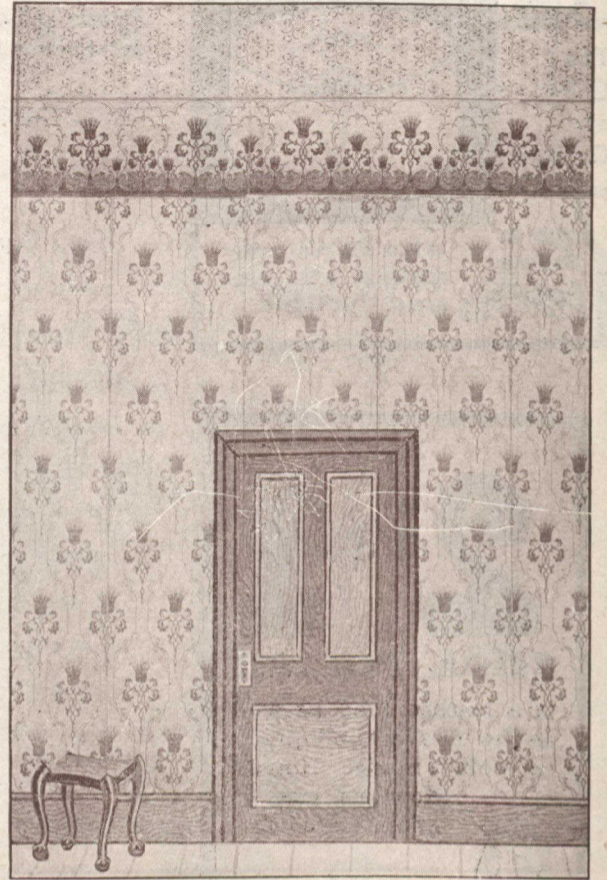
Room Lot 49c

L1-94. Yes, we mean we will supply enough wall paper to cover any room 12 x 14, 8 feet high complete with side wall, ceiling and 9-inch border of a good serviceable wall paper. Only two room lots to each customer. Room lots complete, sale price - - - - - **49c**

Room Lot \$1.19

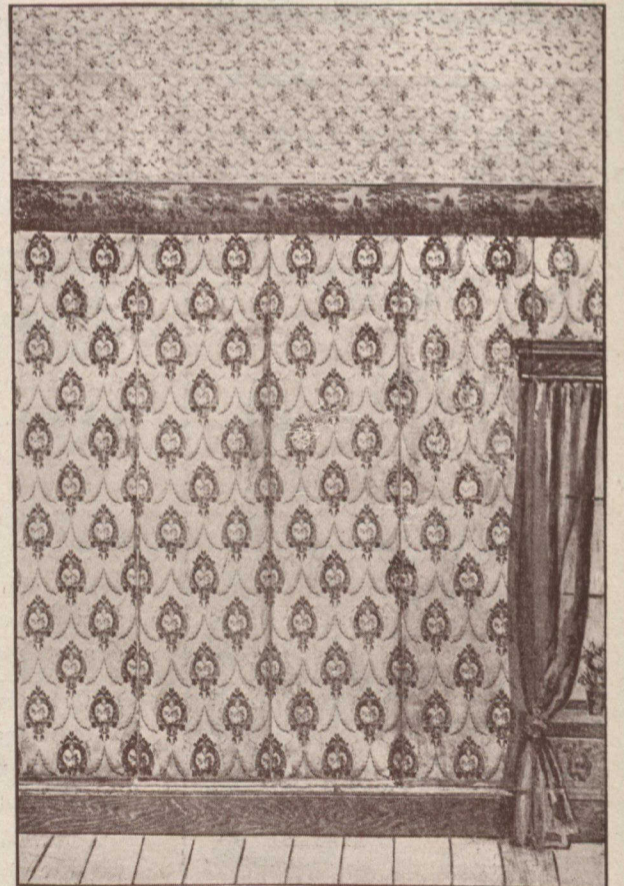
L1-91. Room Lots of Wall Paper in good range of choice designs, large assortment of latest colorings, 9 and 18-inch blended borders to match, papers in this lot suitable for rooms and halls, priced remarkably low, enough paper for any room up to 12 x 14, 8 feet high. Room lots complete, sale price - - - - - **\$1.19**

The Branksome, 8c Single Roll



L1-697. "The Branksome." This high-grade Tapestry Wall Paper, made in four good colorings—green, tan, brown and grey backgrounds, the design being brought out in soft subdued colorings, background of paper having a dotted effect over which is a grass cloth weave; splendid paper for halls, dining rooms, sitting rooms, dens, etc. The border for this paper is 18 inches wide, with Japanese ceiling in lighter shades to match, making in all a handsome decoration. Wall, ceiling, 18-inch border. Sale price, per single roll - - - - - **8c**

The Vandorf, 6c Single Roll



L1-896. "The Vandorf." The above design we have chosen, which is suitable in every way for any part of the house, rooms or halls, and is made in two colorings, wood shades and cream blended with other good colors, the medallion pattern being arranged artistically with 9-inch shaded border and light figured ceiling paper, making it one of 1909's most serviceable papers. Wall, ceiling, 9-inch border. Sale price, per single roll - - - - - **6c**

Give us a Trial as Cosy Home Outfitters

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
TORONTO - - - CANADA

Pretty Wallpaper covers a Multitude of Defects



T H E
Canadian Courier
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL. 6

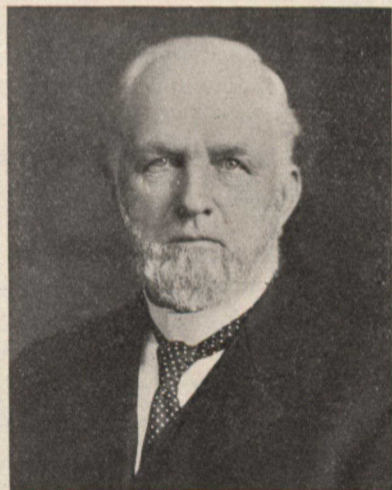
Toronto, September 4th, 1909

No. 14

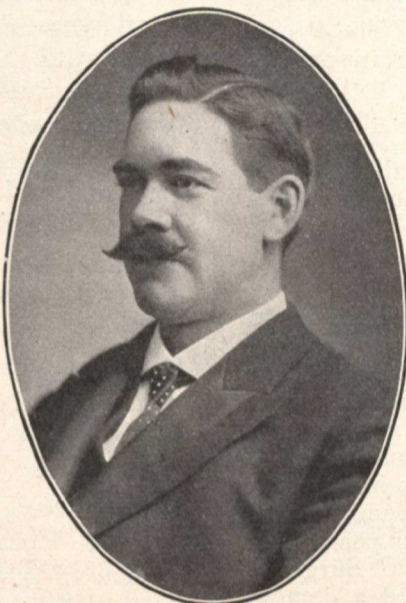
MEN OF TO-DAY

Affluence and Influence

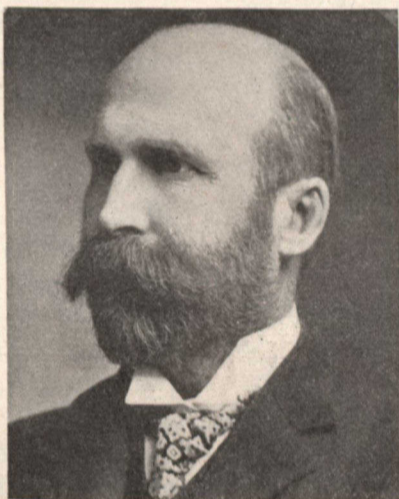
MR. GEORGE H. GOODERHAM, M. P. P., is President of the Canadian National Exhibition. He is also member of the Ontario Legislature for South Toronto. During the past week Mr. Gooderham has had the distinction of entertaining Lord Charles Beresford, who officially opened the Exhibition. It is a happy coincidence that one of the world's greatest sailors should have been guest of a man who for years has been known as one of Canada's foremost yachtsmen. Mr. Gooderham has been a yachting enthusiast all his life, and his father was a yachtsman before him—being one of the owners of *Canada*, the yacht which won the international championship at Toledo in 1896. He is the owner of the finest sailing yacht on Lake Ontario and is an ex-Commodore of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. Some years ago when automobiles came into vogue, Mr. Gooderham became a convert to the motor car; though, as he himself said once at a dinner of the Toronto Automobile Club, the car never interfered with his devotion to the yacht, whereas not a few members of the Club had discarded the horse and made a fad of the car. There is that peculiar note of conservatism in the progressiveness of Mr. Gooderham. He has in him a strong element of caution and a desire to avoid the spectacular. Born to a position of wealth he has never gone into headlong extravagances for mere personal gratification. He has too much public spirit to spend his money and his time merely on himself or his business. His public career has not as yet been remarkable. For a good many years, however, he was a member of the Toronto Board of Education. Once he ran for the Mayoralty of Toronto—and if the campaign had been organised as it might have been he would have occupied with dignity and great efficiency a position which has rather ceased to be an attraction to men of wealth and of the money-making class. His election to the Legislature with a majority of two thousand proves that with all his conservatism and retiring disposition Mr. Gooderham has a large measure of popularity. He has been one of the most useful and eminent presidents of the Canadian National Exhibition. His public appearances are invariably marked by the soundest of good sense and the delivery of opinions which are eminently entitled to respect as the word of a man of large business. He is in touch with modern development both in business and in civic life. All Mr. Gooderham lacks indeed to qualify him as a strong leader of men is a little less of the modesty which so far has kept him in the background. Politically he is making progress and if he persists in the course he is following a position in the Ontario Government would be a natural result.



Mr. George Booth,
A veteran Director of the Toronto Exhibition.



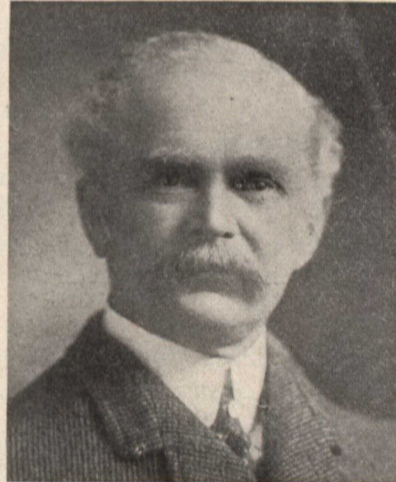
Mr. George H. Gooderham, M.P.P.,
President Canadian National Exhibition.



Dr. J. O. Orr,
Who Manages the Toronto Exhibition.



Mr. C. A. B. Brown,
President Playgrounds Association of Toronto.



Dr. Adam H. Wright,
Pres.-Elect Canadian Medical Association.

Manager of the Greatest Annual Fair

NO doctor in the world occupies a more unique position than does Dr. J. O. Orr, the general manager of the Canadian National Exhibition. Born in a neighbouring township, his ambition early drove him into Toronto, where he has ever since been a prominent figure. After serving on the City Council and taking a foremost part in medical affairs of a general nature, he became interested in

the Exhibition. As a director serving in a purely honorary way, he became general manager and secretary because some wise men felt he was the most suitable man for the job.

The world's greatest annual Fair is an organisation as complete as any business concern in the country. It is responsible for the annual expenditure of quarter of a million dollars besides having at heart the moral and physical welfare of most of a million people who come from everywhere in Canada and from many points in the United States to see a city of industries and products to house which has entailed a capital expenditure of nearly two million dollars. Dr. Orr has most of the qualities of a splendid organiser. To begin with he has a boundless enthusiasm and a tireless energy. He has unstinted faith in the great Exhibition about which he thinks and for which he works from beginning to end of the year. One year's Exhibition is not quite over when he and the directors begin to plan things for the next year; for often the possibilities of next year are best determined by the experiences of this. Dr. Orr has a large responsibility. Though he does not consider himself as a show-man in a class with the late P. T. Barnum, he thoroughly understands that to make a great annual fair possible and successful he has to deal at first hand with that very uncertain element known as the public. He has to listen to complaints from those who think the Exhibition has nothing new; strictures from those who think that all sensations are to be avoided. Some people think that the Fair ought to have better buildings for this and that class of exhibits—when they know nothing of the tremendous difficulties in the way of getting good buildings fast enough for the needs of a rapidly growing list of exhibitors. Some criticise the Exhibition because its scheme of buildings is not altogether poetic—forgetting that the city in Exhibition Park has grown in just the same way as Toronto city has grown, and a landscape artist with the soul of a poet never designed that. Taken all in all the Canadian National Exhibition has as fine a class of buildings, as beautiful a location and lay-out and as efficient an administration as can be found among the great fairs of the world. Much of this is due to

an energetic Board of Directors; much to the City of Toronto; very much to the patient determined energies of Dr. Orr, the manager.

* * *

A Director 30 Years

OF all the directors at present responsible for the Canadian National Exhibition, Mr. George Booth is the only "original." He was a director when the first Industrial Exhibition was held—and

that is a good many years ago. Mr. William Rennie and two other original directors are still alive, but they have not been in active work for a number of years. Mr. Booth was born in Kent County, England, and came to Canada more than fifty years ago, when his father began business in St. Catharines and afterwards in Toronto. He is the only life member of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, of which body he has been treasurer ever since its organisation with the exception of two years. Mr. Booth is a man of sterling integrity; a pleasant-natured man with whom it is a pleasure to be associated. His knowledge of the growth of Canada's great annual Fair exceeds in point of perspective that of any other man, and he is still vitally interested in the Exhibition of which he is one of the most valuable directors. For some years now he has been chairman of the Manu-

factures Section and has seen it grow from one hundred to four hundred exhibits.

* * *

Mr. C. A. B. Brown.

PRESIDENT of the Toronto Playgrounds' Association is Mr. C. A. B. Brown—and the Association has lately opened large supervised playgrounds in Toronto. Mr. Brown is an enthusiastic educationist. He served a quarter of a century on the School Board and the present Board of Education in Toronto, of which twice he has been the presiding officer. He founded the Penny Savings Banks in which during the past five or six years Toronto school children have invested more than seventy-five thousand dollars. A new school in the north part of Toronto is already christened "The Brown School" in his honour. He is a director of the Canadian National Exhibition and chairman of its Buildings Committee. Of two well-known Canadian yachts he has been skipper—the *Condor* and the *Canada*; and he has been twenty-one years an executive officer of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, of which he is also a life member. Of all the "good fellows" in Toronto, none has a wider or better reputation than "Charlie" Brown.

* * *

A Progressive M. D.

DR. ADAM H. WRIGHT of Toronto has been elected President of the Canadian Medical Association, which held its meeting for this year in Winnipeg just before the gathering of the Association for the Advancement of Science. Dr. Wright is one of the most reputable and conservative-progressive medical men in Canada. He has spent a great many years in scientific medicine and has attained a high place in the profession quite apart from his present position. He was born in Brampton in 1846; graduated from Toronto University as a B. A. and in 1873 became an M. B. Four years later he became by hard study a member of the Royal College of Surgeons of London, England, and was soon afterwards appointed a demonstrator of Histology in the old Toronto School of Medicine, which post he occupied for nine years—though during that interval he became one of the surgeons to the Toronto General Hospital and also lecturer in the Women's Medical College. Since his retirement from the department of histology, Dr. Wright has been Professor of Obstetrics, and since 1886 a member of the Senate of Toronto University.

REFLECTIONS

THERE are those who say that considering its size and wealth and education, Toronto is more ignorant of art than any other city of its size in the civilised portion of the Globe. It has no civic art gallery, and it has very few citizens who can distinguish between a first-class lithograph and a genuine oil or water-colour. An art exhibition held during the social season attracts only twenty-five to fifty visitors each day.

This is a serious criticism, because a nation without some admiration and love for that which is artistic cannot be great in either industrial or intellectual spheres. Perhaps, however, the critics are too severe. The number of private picture galleries is steadily growing, and the number of private collectors has greatly increased in recent years. The civic authorities have perhaps overlooked the value of an art gallery and the value of art education, but that is due to the character of the annually elected council more than to a disregard of the appreciation of art among the people. The city has grown fast and the small merchant who becomes an alderman has been so concerned with waterworks, sewage and pavements, that he has had little opportunity to think of furbelows and art galleries.



SOME signs there are which indicate that, however bad the situation has been, there is hope of improvement. Last year some four hundred thousand people visited the art gallery at the Exhibition to look at the hundred and fifty British and Canadian pictures on view. On Monday last, more than four hundred of the best citizens attended a private view of this year's art collection, and the gallery has been crowded every day. That the Exhibition authorities find it profitable to import annually thirty or forty British masterpieces and to spend a couple of thousand dollars on a Canadian collection is tangible evidence that the people of Ontario, if not of Toronto, have some measure of appreciation for good pictures.

This year's collection contains canvases by Lord Leighton, Sir John Millais, Landseer, John Swan, Lucy Kemp Welch, Leader, Brangwyn, Abbey and others whose work appeals only to those who have some deep sense of form, tone, drawing and colours. "Summer Slumbers" by Lord Leighton is a striking composition, with a sleeping maiden as its central figure. It is a riot of glorious tones based on exquisite drawing and wonderful detail which appeals

strongly to those who love the beautiful. Abbey's "Stage Scene from Hamlet" is a much more rugged piece of work, with stronger colours, more numerous points of interest and more daring in its elaborate execution. Brangwyn's "Burial at Sea" is a subject which only a sailor-artist would attempt. It is one of his early efforts but one which probably did much for his reputation. Landseer's sheep and collie picture depends less on its artistic qualities and more on its fidelity to animal portraiture. It probably gains much by tradition also. John Swan's "Leopards" is of a newer and more thoroughly artistic school. While his animals may not be more faithful to natural types, the setting is certainly more pleasing and more in harmony with the canons of art. The Leader is the most perfect landscape by this artist ever shown in Canada and has made a deep impression upon those who are influenced by quiet, pastoral scenes. Lucy Kemp Welch, the English Rosa Bonheur, is represented for the first time and by a picture of horses which displays this artist at her best. Millais' little girl in church, portrayed awake and asleep, appeals to the parental instincts as well as the artistic taste, as do several of the other important canvases.



NO person may visit this collection and witness the eagerness of the people in their study of the pictures without feeling that the residents of Toronto and Ontario are not quite so vulgar and so crude as the critics would have us believe. The rich men of Toronto may not have purchased as many European masterpieces as the rich men of Montreal, but no other city could provide such a steady stream of interested spectators for an art gallery as does Toronto during the days of its annual Exhibition. Those who believe the Toronto Fair to be a big "show" such as Barnum would have provided have but to visit the art gallery and the minor exhibitions of applied art, graphic art, and pictorial photography to have their opinions quickly altered. The directors are aiming high, but the public's appreciation of these departments show that the directors are wise in their day and generation.



AS to the Canadian art in this year's collection, not much can be said. Mr. McGillivray Knowles has three splendid canvases, which relieve the monotony, and which indicate that Mr. Knowles is marching on to great achievements. Mr. G. A. Reid has repainted his canvas shown at the O. S. A. exhibition last spring, but it is still rather weak. Mr. Wyly Grier is not as strikingly represented as usual. Some of the smaller bits of landscape by Chavignaud, Beatty and Brigden are excellent. Indeed the latter shows considerable advance in his work. The figure painters, however, show no progress whatever and it would seem as if Canadian artists have failed utterly in their attempts to produce beautiful faces and forms. Further, there is hardly a single Canadian artist who appeals to the heart or the imagination. Their technique is improving in certain respects, and their blending of colours shows progress, but they have utterly failed to produce a picture which makes a general, human appeal. They seem to lack sadly broad sympathies with human sorrows and pleasures and struggles such as furnish the poet, the novelist and the dramatist with materials for their productions. Their work, considered generally, has neither the virility nor the inventiveness shown by the illustrators whose drawings are shown in the "black and white" department. It is nearly time for these titled members of the Canadian art fraternity to abandon their study of yellow wheat-fields, red and blue rocks, purple woods and ugly women and children, and give us something which will be inspiring and dramatic. Even a few imitations of the "Kiss-mammy" school would be a pleasant relief from the present depressing monotony of flat misinterpretations of nature. The claim that the Canadian art of to-day is better than it was ten years ago is perfectly sound, but that is not enough. That its progress has been commensurate with the progress in the other lines of human effort and achievement is a doubtful proposition.

EXPERT ADVICE.

DURING the past few days Sir William White in Winnipeg and Lord Charles Beresford in Toronto have been favouring us with some expert advice concerning naval defence. Both agree that Canadians should be greatly interested in keeping the Royal Navy efficient and effective. Both base their appeal to Canadians on the ground that commerce needs defence, and defence means warships. Lord Beresford develops his argument along the line that in order to maintain the Empire as a whole, each portion must bear a

portion of the expense. The trade routes connect the various units of the Empire and provide a means for the exchange of surplus wealth. To protect these routes is an imperial duty in which all must share.

Sir William White, the designer of the *Dreadnought*, goes back farther in history. He points out that without Britain's maritime enterprise there would be no British colonies. All British colonies have started at the sea front and gradually pushed inland. "Ships, Colonies and Commerce" was and should be the imperial toast. British supremacy at sea, both with the merchant marine and the navy, is essential to continued success. The trackless ocean is the great connecting link; it supplies the cheapest and most convenient method of intercommunication; it does not divide, it connects. Organised co-operation between the mother country and the dominions beyond the seas in the maintenance of an adequate Imperial navy is essential.

Such arguments are valuable, but they do not quite touch the point. These great experts have not told us whether they would advise a Canadian-built, Canadian-controlled navy. They speak rather kindly of colonial fleets, but refrain from explaining exactly what that term means. Nor do they present even a rough-and-ready basis for an estimate as to what portion of the imperial expenditure Canada should bear. Nor indeed do they answer the question, "Where will this contribution of ships and men and money carry us?" Canada recognises her duty and is willing to do something, but she finds difficulty in estimating and appraising that duty and its obligations. In a partnership, the amount of responsibility to be borne by each partner is clearly defined, and so it must be in this great partnership.

In clearing up this problem, Lord Charles and Sir William have certainly helped some. They have further focused the public mind upon the need for thought and planning and action. They have influenced public opinion, and that without creating excitement or jingoism.

A MASTER OF MANOEUVRE

ADMIRAL LORD CHARLES BERESFORD has done many smooth feats of turning and tacking, but never did he prove a greater adept in avoiding the undesirable bombardment than when he gave the interviewer a wide berth. Many have been the distinguished interview-dodgers in the course of visitors to Canada, but never have a soft answer and a laugh more successfully turned away the curiosity of the reporter than in the case of the "little red-faced man," who kept the bright young men of the Toronto press on the *qui vive* to an agonising degree. Most men of renown who object to the interview form of torture have a surly and crushing style of refusal which leaves wrath and humiliation in the breast of the newspaper man who, after all, is merely trying to "do" his Admiral and earn the contents of a weekly envelope. Mr. Kipling, who certainly should have sympathised with reportorial ambitions, on his first visit to Winnipeg appeared, sleepy and enraged, on the platform of a Pullman car and told the agitated young man from the *Free Press* to

go to such regions as are not described in "Our Lady of the Snows." On his later visit, the writer of those frosty stanzas was urbane and brotherly, treating the youngest members of the craft with an approach to suavity.

The experience of Lord Charles Beresford in Canada may indicate to other notables the proper bearing for the man who does not wish to tell his convictions on imperial defence and other burning questions, before the inevitable moment. Laughter is the most non-committal course in the world and leaves no sting for the baffled reporter, who merely goes back to his desk to spend a bad quarter-of-an-hour in describing the smile and twinkle of the unconfidential visitor. In his loyalty to the promise to open the Exhibition, Lord Charles Beresford gave a lesson to all celebrities in keeping his tender confidences for the crowd which surged to behold and hear "Condor Charlie" and incidentally to see the wonders of the National Exhibition, whose perennial bloom, like the Admiral's smile, will not "come off."

A FREEZING DEBATE

TO drop into the Hibernian figures of speech, one may remark that ice cream is now a burning question in the City of Toronto. That worthy town has a nickname throughout the Dominion which indicates a certain greed on the part of its inhabitants. This grasping tendency is not peculiar to Toronto; but it may be stated that whatever else the capital of Ontario may let go, she keeps the Sabbath with a devotion and fervour which Edinburgh may well sit up and envy. Consequently, the vendors of ice cream have come into collision with the authorities, because, forsooth, that delicacy is hardly to be classed as a food. Learned judges are wondering whether milk, eggs, cornstarch and gelatine, to say nothing of a flavouring of vanilla do not make this refreshing dessert, an item of food. The "Alliance" objects at length to this speculation and declares that, whatever the city water may be, ice cream is not a food. It really looks as if the members of the latter were averse to ice cream because it is more palatable than rice pudding or tapioca.

AN AERIAL SANITARIUM

FROM the enterprising manufacturing town of Paris, Ontario, comes the startling news that a citizen of that peaceful community has invented balloon treatment for tuberculosis. The alluring description informs us that the system consists of a main balloon, which is suspended half-a-mile above the earth by a cable, and an auxiliary balloon running up the cable to take patients and doctors up and down. This is the most out-of-doors treatment for the white plague which has yet been devised and soars far above the Mountain Sanitarium at Hamilton. But it sounds too airy to be true—it belongs to Utopia rather than to the Continent of America. For some years, at any rate, we must continue to fight this dread disease on the common ground of everyday toil, instead of ascending to regions where ozone is a drug in the market.

CALEDONIAN GAMES AT MONTREAL ON SATURDAY LAST



A Dainty Little Dancer.



A 220 Yards Race for Young Highlanders in Costume.



The Highland Fling.

THROUGH A MONOCLE

ONTARIO WEEK IN TORONTO.

TORONTO EXHIBITION is like nothing else of the kind in Canada; and, if I were not afraid of encouraging Toronto to augment its already exalted opinion of itself, I would have said "in the world." For I know of nothing exactly like the Toronto Exhibition anywhere else. Other cities have had far greater Expositions but they do not attempt them annually. Where they are annual, they are not—to my limited knowledge—as ambitious. The Toronto "hardy annual" is very properly a growth and not a creation. It began as an ordinary Fall Fair; and it has grown and added to its girth and multiplied its attractions until it has become a baby World's Fair—or rather the Fair of a baby world. But it has gathered to itself such World Fair features as an imitation of the old Midway Plaisance; and it assembles a grand stand performance from the four corners of the Toronto conscience. But its most striking effect is probably the marvellous manner in which it collects Ontario in its Capital City for the festival. It is Ontario Week in Toronto; and the average Ontario citizen would feel as badly treated, if he were to miss the Fair, as the small boy does when he is cheated out of the circus.

* * *

THE toughest task before the Fair management is to beat its own record. Yet it always insists that this is done. No matter how fine the Fair is this year, we always know that it will be better next year—the impartial makers of the Fair being themselves the judges. They never climax—they are always climbing. I thought long ago that they had reached the last word in the way of pasteboard architecture for pyrotechnic effects; but they are going to beat it again this year. I know because the management say so. I wonder what the Fair management would do to me if I were to say that I think they are on the wrong track in the development of their fireworks. They insist on making their fireworks look like a spavined and dislocated imitation of something impossible or unknown. They have given us Sieges of Pekin that looked like a fire in a fireworks factory, and there is a family resemblance between the capture of the various fortresses they depict which ought to reduce military operations to an exact science.

* * *

NOW the real and only purpose of fireworks is to be beautiful—not to be erroneously instructive. The fireworks contributed by the British warships to the Champlain Tercentenary last summer

did not teach anything. They did not even try to give us a prophetic picture of the "Battle in the North Sea." But they filled the night sky with beauty and the hearts of the thousands who saw them with wondering admiration. Out at Versailles on the night after the playing of the great fountains in the gardens they furnish a pyrotechnic display which attracts thousands of sophisticated Parisians; but it does not pretend to be anything more than it is—simply a painting of vivid pictures on the velvet dark of the sky with quivering lines of light. Possibly Toronto audiences must have something solid even with their most evanescent spectacles. They call a favourite iced confection a "Sundae"; and I was quite disappointed when I discovered that they did not spell it with a "y."

* * *

HOWEVER, this is no time to be carping at this great National Exhibition. At the present moment, it is "first in peace, first in (imitation) war and first in the hearts of its countrymen." A man might as well question the supreme goodness of the Queen City as to criticise its unparalleled display of all its works from high art to low vaudeville of a "high kicky" description. And it is a great Exhibition. There is no sense in being mealy-mouthed about it. It has the defects of the environment in which it grew up; but so have the rest of us. For all that, it is something of which not only Toronto but all Canada is proud; and those who have not seen it with their own eyes, have one of the sights of Canada yet to enjoy. It takes rank with Niagara Falls and the Montreal City Council and the Western wheat crop and Sir James Whitney-in-action and the Lachine Rapids and the "Bore" at Moncton—the "bore" in the river, I mean—and the Rocky Mountains and the Fielding estimates and Longboat and all the rest of our celebrated institutions.

* * *

ONE thing to be remembered, however, is that it is the people who make the Exhibition. If the people stopped going, there would be no Exhibition. At the present time, the people of Ontario "have the habit"; but they could lose it if the management became too insistent upon the educational features of the "show." After all, it is a sort of holiday to most of the visitors, except the newspaper reporters; and holidays are usually quite distinct from school time. I have no doubt that the able and enterprising management know this better than I do; but every now and then I notice that some public-spirited Toronto citizen gives them bad advice about being "better" and taking a more serious view of their responsibilities. If they ever do, they will learn the truth of Mark Twain's saying—"Be good and you will be lonesome."

THE MONOCLE MAN.

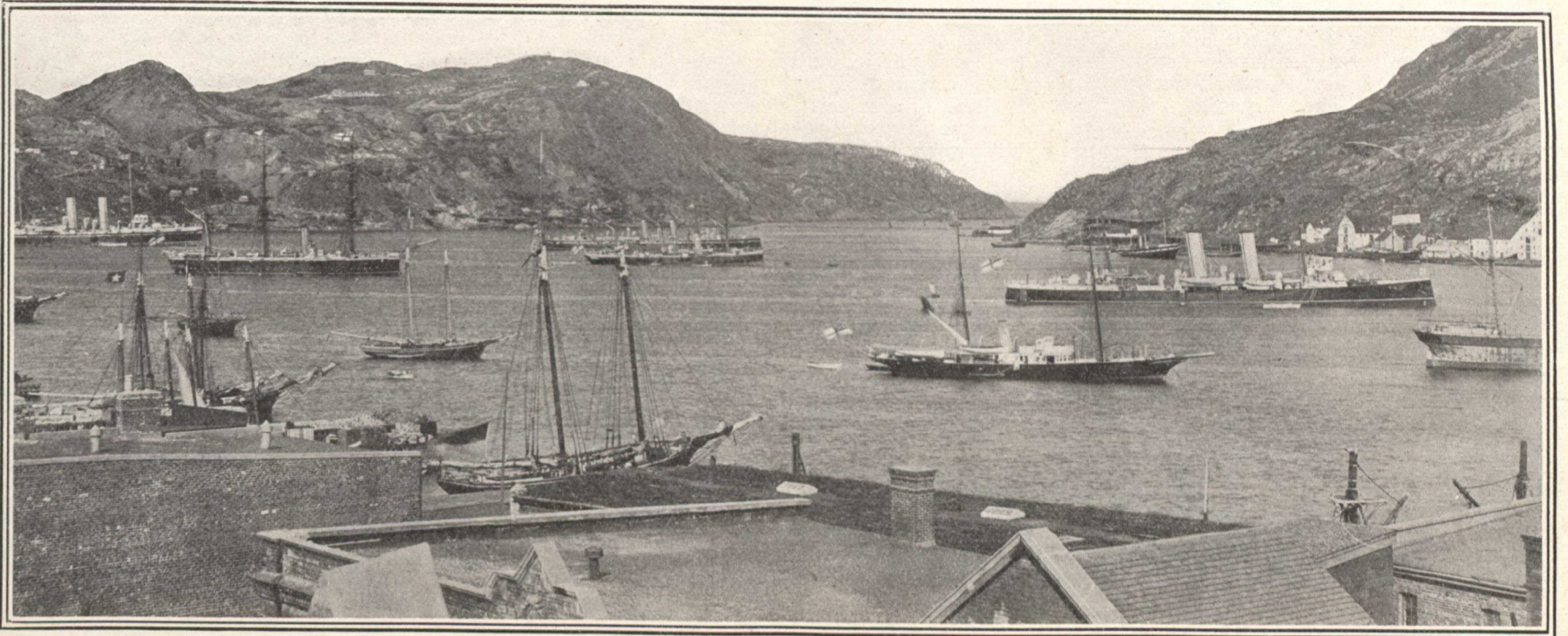


The Canadian Cricketers who defeated the United States Team at Montreal by 143 runs in a three days match for the International Championship. From the left standing: H. Ackland, G. Ferreber, O. Wallace, C. B. Godwin, F. C. Evans, Mr. Hainsworth (Umpire). Sitting: D. Cordner, H. J. Heygate, W. C. Baber (Capt.) G. H. Southam, A. H. Gibson, W. Johnston.

Photo by A. A. Gleason

WHAT NEWFOUNDLAND DOES FOR THE EMPIRE

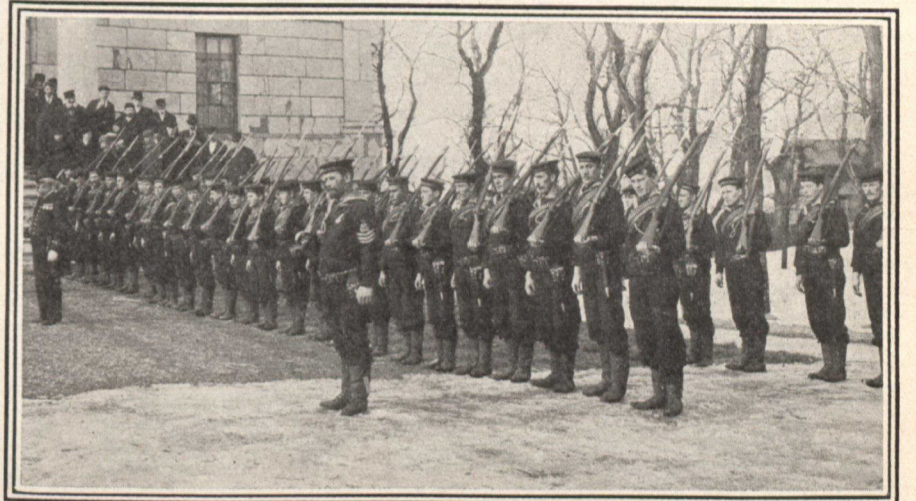
The Colony Which Has Not Neglected Naval Training



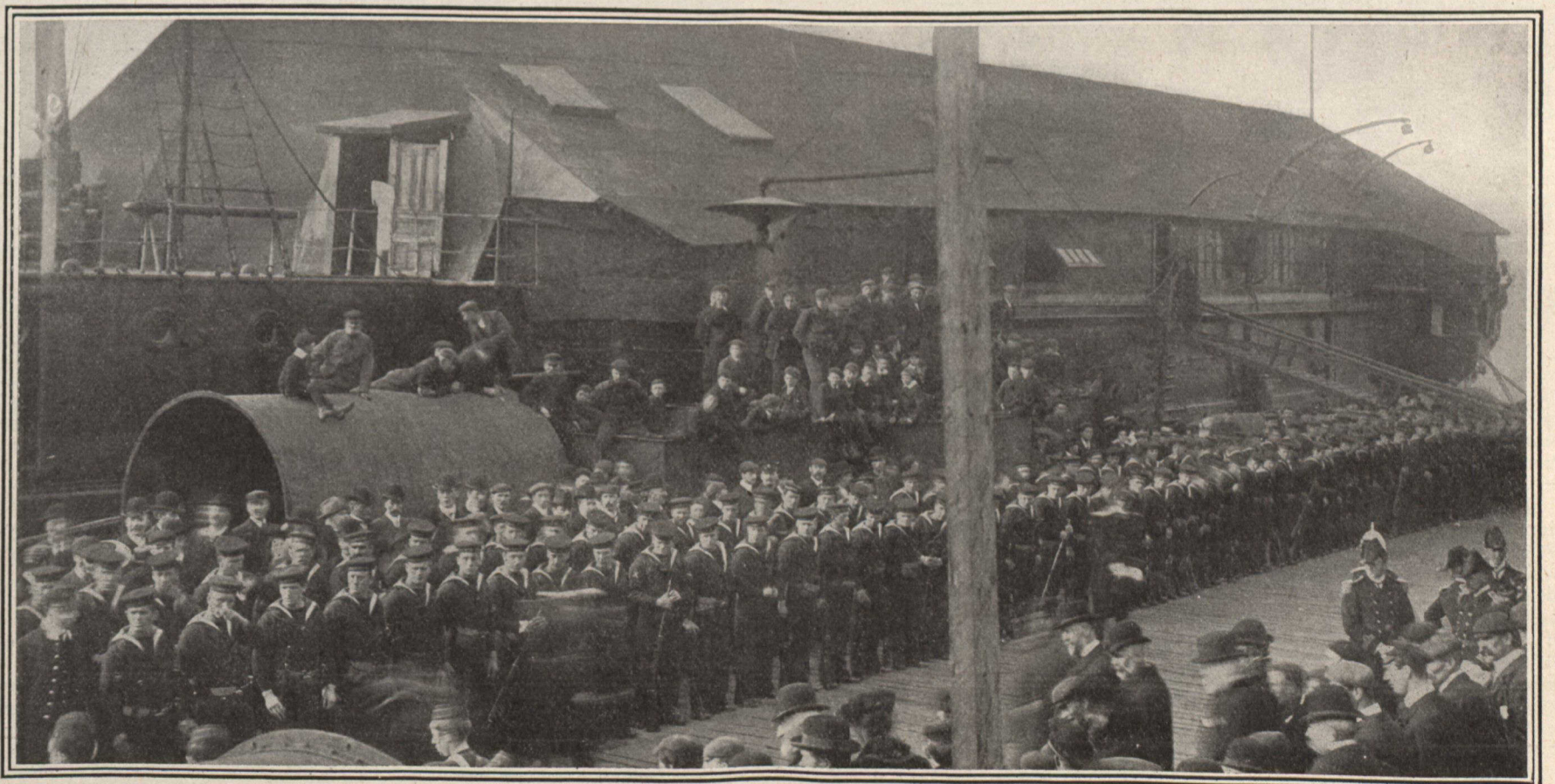
The erstwhile British North Atlantic Squadron in St. John's Harbour, Newfoundland.



A Line-up of Naval Reserve Recruits at St. John's,



Naval Reserves Acting as Guard of Honour at the Opening of the Legislative Assembly, at St. John's.



This picture shows the Naval Militia Parading for Inspection, just before leaving for a Cruise to Bermuda. The Training Ship in the rear presents a unique appearance with its canvas house on the stern deck.

CREWS FOR CANADA'S NAVY

By H. M. MOSDELL.

AS an outcome of the recent Imperial Defence Conference, it is understood that Canada has undertaken to provide a fleet of war-ships to aid in the defence of her own seaboard and merchant marine. According to the plan outlined in press despatches, British cruisers, manned by seamen from the regular navy are to be loaned by the Admiralty to form the nucleus of the proposed fleet. Canada is then to build, equip and man her own ships. With the establishment of new shipbuilding yards, or the elaboration of these already in existence, the mechanical part of the creation of the new flotilla will not be so very difficult of accomplishment; the big problem will be to man the ships with an efficient personnel. Despite the fact that so large a proportion of the population of the Maritime Provinces of the Dominion gains a livelihood from the sea, nothing has been done by either the Federal or the Imperial authorities to take advantage of the sailorly qualities so acquired and adapt them to purposes of naval defence. Furthermore, it is stated, and to the accompaniment of strong argument, that very few of this fishing population are now likely to willingly submit themselves to a course of naval instruction. The fisherman of the Maritime Provinces is essentially a lover of home. Recent years have brought to him a great measure of prosperity. His surroundings are pleasant, attractive and comfortable in the extreme. His work is of such a nature that he is never away from home more than about ten or twelve hours at a time and it pays him better than any other ordinary occupation could possibly be expected to do. The British fleet has nothing to offer these men to offset the attractions of home life in the prosperous fishing sections of the Maritime Provinces. Also the Canadian fisherman has acquired a very considerable bump of independence with long-continued prosperity and having known practically no master but himself in all his experience will be a somewhat difficult subject for an officer to train in the ways of discipline on board a man-o'-war. Also the establishment of a naval reserve in Halifax or one of the other Atlantic ports is more likely to benefit the United States fleet than that of Great Britain, for life on board the ship flying the Stars and Stripes is far more enjoyable, is better paid withal, than that led by the jackies who serve under the Union Jack.

The key to this difficult problem is to be found in the fishing population of Newfoundland. Men and conditions there form a direct contrast to those existing in the Maritime Provinces of Canada. The home ties of the Newfoundlander are far less binding than those of his Canadian neighbour. His avocation takes him generally about a thousand miles away from home in the spring and he spends the whole of the season on the rough, unattractive coast of Labrador. About the middle or end of November he returns home and from then until about the beginning of May he spends his time in enforced idleness. His work is not at all remunerative. His master provides him with a fishing outfit and with the bare necessities of life during the season. He has to provide his own clothing and also to make provision for the family he leaves at home. At the end of the season he receives a wage that may, if the voyage has been a profitable one, amount to \$150. His life during the winter months is dull and irksome and especially palls on the younger folk. Of amusements there are practically none and even if this were not the case he could ill-afford to be extravagant with such a small capital on hand. Of recent years it has become the custom for the younger men and women to spend the winter months in Canada or the United States where they secure employment that enables them to pay living expenses and also to save up a little money to take home with them in the spring.

It was not till 1900 that the Admiralty gave any signs of having recognised the pre-eminent importance of the fisherfolk of Newfoundland to the Imperial navy. Then, at the very urgent and persistent request of Sir H. H. Murray, at that time Governor of the Island, they established the nucleus of a naval reserve. How grudgingly they adopted his suggestion may be gathered from the fact that they stipulated that the enrolment should not exceed 700 men and that they sent over an antiquated gunboat to provide the necessary training quarters for the recruits. Think of the farsightedness of the policy of providing for the training of less than one thousand capable seamen when they could have had more than twenty times that number. And practically every man would have been available for service in the British navy at any time within five

years, for there was very little possibility of their drifting to any other fleet.

The popularity of the movement soon became very apparent. The best material offered itself, and the limit of enrolment was soon reached. Financially the inducements offered were very small but there were other things that counted for much with the young fisherman. The retaining fee of thirty dollars was not the convincing attraction, but he was glad to spend a month on the training ship in St. John's, where life was much more pleasant than at some isolated little village where there was little to relieve the tedious months of idleness. The opportunity of training for the service of the Empire also appealed to the loyalty of the people, for, despite all statements to the contrary, loyalty is one of the deep-seated and inalienable sentiments that mould the character of the Newfoundlander. The annual month of training was always arranged so that each detachment could return home before the opening of the fishing season. During the period of training the men are provided with food and clothing and receive in addition sixty cents per day. Each man enrolls for a full period of five years, and at the end of that time, if physically fit, may be re-enrolled for an equal period, if they so desire.

Life on board the training ship is in all respects

similar to that on one of the regular ships of the navy. The men are, of course, practically conversant with all except the finer points of seamanship. Many of them are also very good shots, for the fisherman has ample opportunity to use the gun either on the wild sea-fowl or on the partridge and deer that abound on the Newfoundland moors. The recruits, therefore, prove especially responsive to training. They are thoroughly drilled in the management of the big guns and in the proper employment of small arms. The course of training results in a wonderful improvement of the physique of the young fisherman and a squad of reservists on parade, acting at some of the public functions always receive generous applause for their splendid appearance from the citizens of St. John's.

Every fall a detachment of about fifty reservists is sent to the West Indies on a six months' cruise in one of the British cruisers which does fishery protection duty on the Newfoundland coast during the summer. This is a trip that few reservists care to miss. To many of them it is the first time they ever left the shores of their island home. Hence there is something especially alluring to them in the idea of looking on foreign parts from the deck of a British man-o'-war. Their association with the regular bluejacket during a cruise of this length makes the reservists most capable in all the duties that fall to the lot of the sailor on board one of the big modern warships. Their capabilities are the subject of much praise by all the English officers who have handled them. They prove willing and persistent in the performance of all the tasks assigned by their superiors.

THE SCIENTISTS AT WINNIPEG

COSMOPOLITAN as Winnipeg is every day in the week—for one week lately even the cosmopolitan Winnipegger has been stopping on the street to notice the unusual-looking men that came in from the east and pitched camp in the city. The British Association for the Advancement of Science has managed to corral most of the modern world's thought in the fields of investigation. But this is the first time science in bulk has travelled so far west in Canada. Both Montreal, in 1884, and Toronto, in 1897, have had the Association. In both these places the visitation was considered remarkable, though each is a university city and each has been the abode of one or more distinguished scientists, such as Sir William Dawson and Sir Daniel Wilson.

Forenoon of a bright, hot day two citizens of Winnipeg meet on Main St. in the swinging sounding crowd that palpitates between the C.P.R. station and Portage Avenue.

"Well—fine morning again?"

"Splendid! Never saw better wheat weather. Did you?"

"Never. A week or so of this and——"

Then a car went by and another man swung along shouting that the West this year will produce a hundred and twenty million bushels of wheat.

"Well what's your calculation?"

"Mm"—whiffing a cigar—"Hundred and four-teen."

"Ho! Say—I'll go you a box of cigars it'll be a hundred and nineteen."

"I'll take you." Bet is recorded in memo books; mere item of business.

"Hullo. What's this outfit coming?"

Both turn to gaze hard at a group of rather leisurely, high-browed and somewhat bespectacled men who drift up among the random, wheat-calculating crowd towards the Walker Theatre.

"Guess that's a bunch of the scientists. British Association——" rather scrambles the rest, but knows very well what he means, for he has been talking for a month about this great gathering, the first in history, with more than a thousand scholars from over seas and from the east, filling the Royal Alexander and the Walker Theatre and putting a touch of subdued scolasticism on the jostling hurly-burly of Main Street.

For a moment the wheat men discuss the newcomers.

"Pretty wise aggregation that, I guess."

"Hmm! Know a little of everything I daresay. Oh say, d'you see that short, stout sailor-looking man mooching along there? Well, that's Sir William White. He's the man that gave the spiel on Canadian waterways and shipping——"

"Oh yes; man that designed the modern British navy. Good head. That's the kind of scientist that makes a hit with me."

And they drift on again. The city of wheat

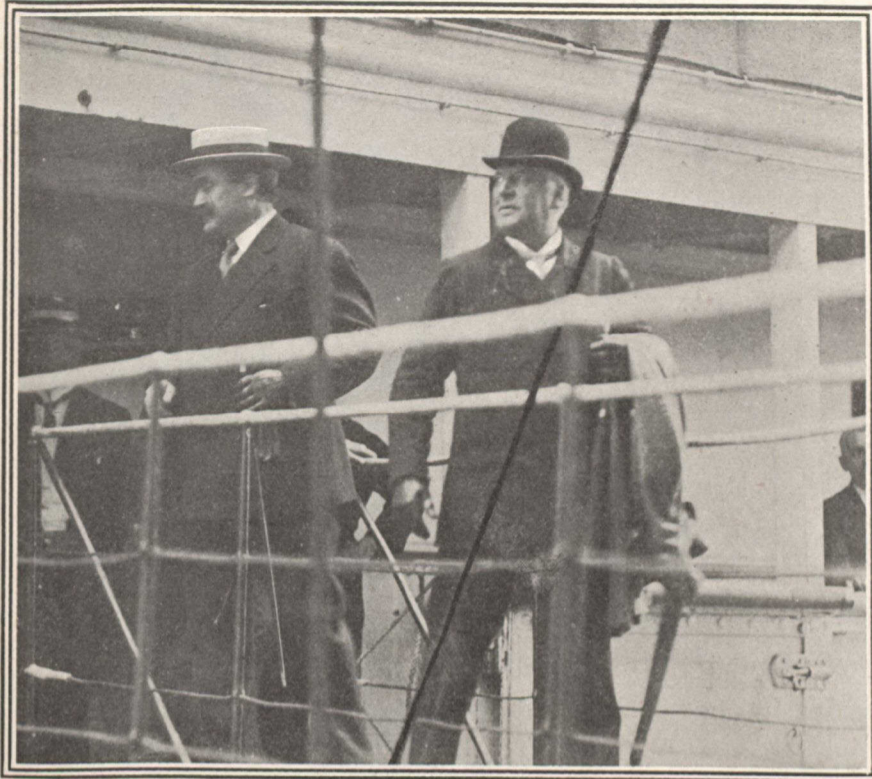
shuffles the men on the board and before noon a hundred theories and counter theories about the wheat and the weather have been swapped, while in the quiet of the Walker Theatre the affairs of ultimate science are being discussed from the geology of Western Canada to the Osmotic Pressure in the blood of fishes.

For once the newspapers of Winnipeg devoted front-page stories to research. What the scientists think about certain things—yea, about almost anything—has been considered as of more passing importance than what's what about wheat or how much So-and-So cleaned up on speculation yesterday. This is a good thing. It was a fine thing and somewhat of a curiosity year's ago when Prof. Tyndall made New York dream dreams about the forms of water; and while the forms of water do not supremely interest Winnipeg except when too much rain and hail happens to come on the wheat, it is quite certain that the most cosmopolitan city in Canada will manage to get more lasting good out of this meeting of the scientists than even Montreal or Toronto did. Winnipeg may not be a university town. But Winnipeg has an open mind. The average Winnipegger has room in his cranium for a large number of ideas. He thinks quickly and moves rapidly. He is not stodgy nor subdued. How can he be with four months of every year a wild-goose chase of late wet and early frost, of hail and of rust—and one huge delightful gamble concerning wheat?

Indeed, if the Psychological Section of the British Association should decide to place the brain of a real live Winnipegger under the microscope they might discover some cellular properties never dreamed of by Huxley or Herbert Spencer. It is a good thing for the Association to have met in Winnipeg. Where in the world or the Empire could this body of savants have found a city of more human interest? Where else are the problems of Empire more in the mixing? What city is so likely to keep the average scientist guessing as to what will happen next? Besides many of them have been living in what Kipling called the finest hotel in the world. They have seen the railway yards with more than three hundred miles of trackage; more sorts and conditions of people in the C.P.R. station than in any other part of the Empire except London; more optimism to the block than can be found anywhere else in the Empire to the acre; and as democratically cosmopolitan a variety of ideas and opinions as can be found anywhere.

But the most occult scientist in the Anthropological Section may search Winnipeg from end to end if he will, and not discover a single roving redskin such as he expected to see; such as he has read about; may not behold even one half-breed unless he should chance to be strolling up around the Hudson Bay Co. reserve; may not even see ten cowboy hats.

PANORAMA OF A WEEK IN CANADA



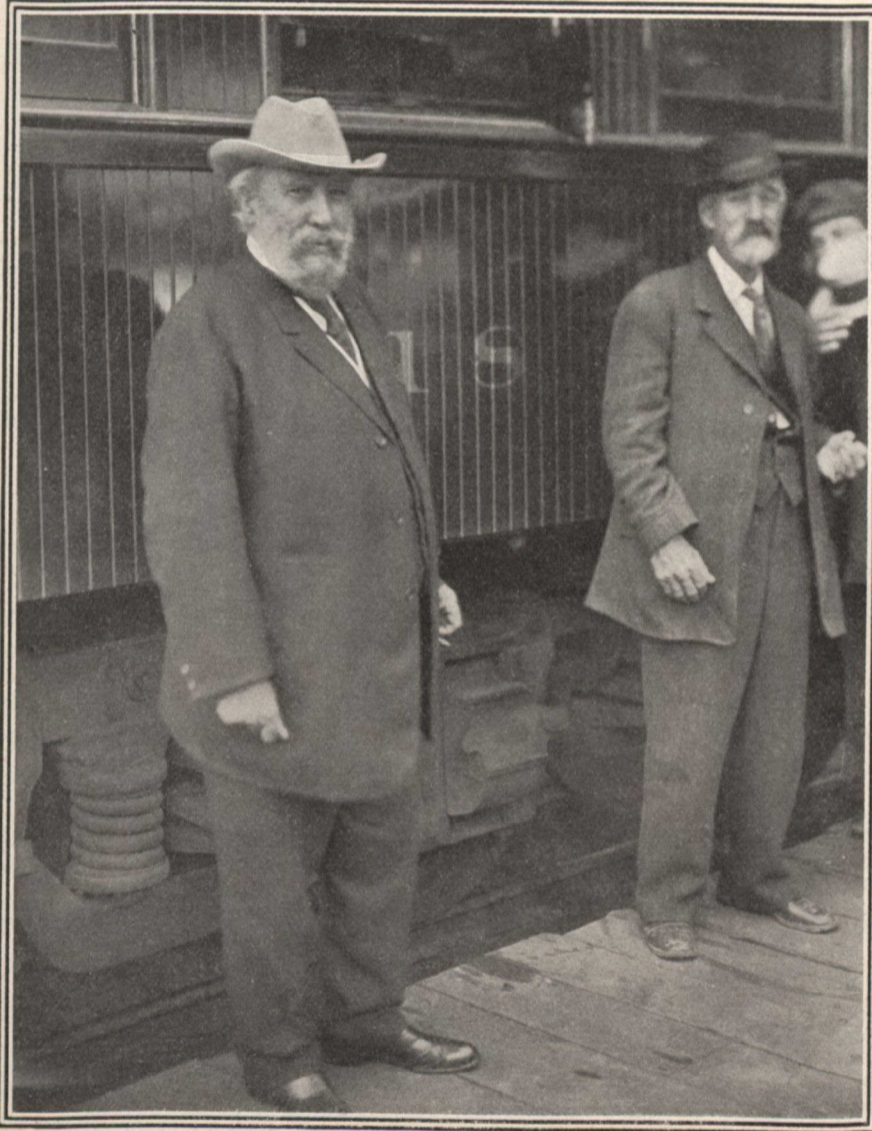
Lord Beresford, (right) landing at Montreal. He is seen leaving the Virginian accompanied by Mr. W. K. George, (left) Past President, Canadian National Exhibition

Photograph by A. A. Gleeson.

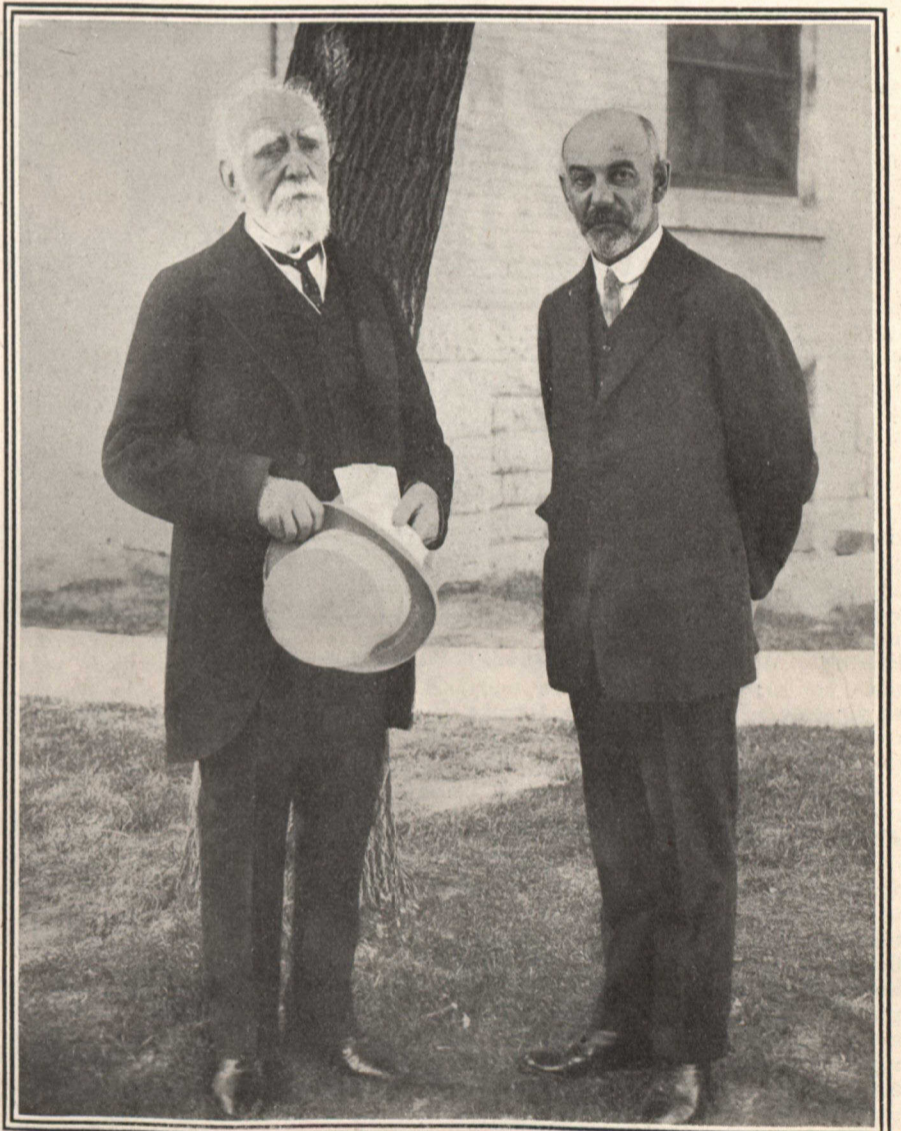


Miss Sutton, the Champion Tennis Player, and Miss Steever, facing Miss Summerhayes and Mrs. Hannon. Mrs. Hannon and Miss Steever won the Ladies' Doubles at Niagara, beating Miss Sutton and Miss Neely.

Photograph by Blackburne, Toronto.



At Winnipeg—Mr. James J. Hill who arrived to assist in the welcome which that city was giving to Lord Strathcona.



At Winnipeg—Lord Strathcona and Mr. C. C. Chipman Chief Commissioner Hudson's Bay Company.



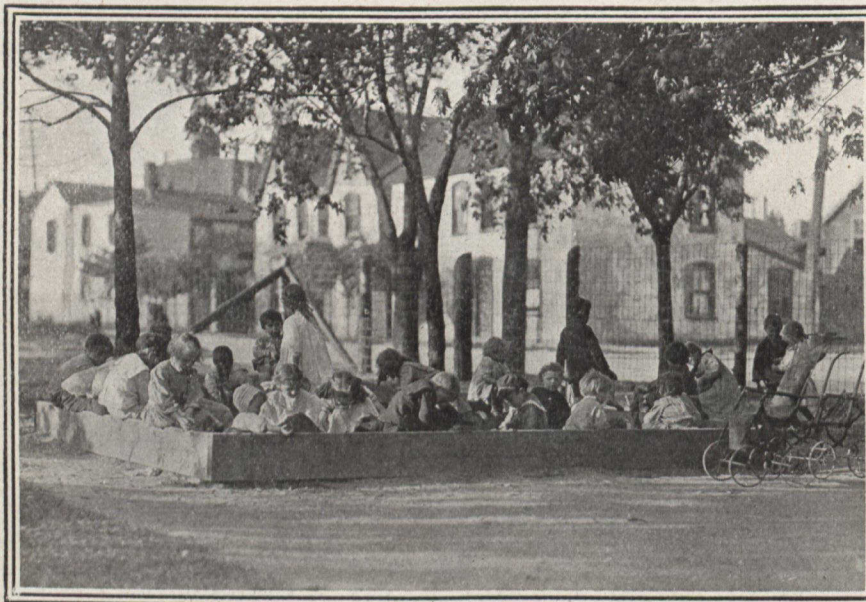
At Winnipeg—Presentation of Address to Lord Strathcona by Mayor Sanford Evans, August 25th, 1909.



At Winnipeg—Mr. James J. Hill and Lord Strathcona coming arm in arm down the City Hall steps.



"Shooting the Chutes," at the New Municipal Playground, Toronto. This popular amusement is seldom without a line-in-waiting.



"A Boxful of Babies," Building Castles in the Sand



The Horizontal Bar for Boys is a great aid to physical development.

A PARADISE FOR CHILDREN

What the Establishment of Public Playgrounds in the Larger Cities means to the Children of Canada

THERE was a time in the history of our Canadian cities when a vacant lot lurked just around the corner from the home of almost every small boy, and the matter of having the school team meet the "Luckies" in old Jonse's field for the Saturday afternoon game, was an easily arranged one indeed. Lately, however, these open places have become few and far between, and Bobby and Johnny and the whole team must take an hour's run on the street car to reach the city limits and unobstructed space before a ball game may be played.

The woods, too, where the girls could go in the summer time to pick the wild flowers and paddle in the brook, have slipped farther and farther away until they have passed completely out of reach. Rapid increase of population and vast building operations have done the deed.

The public park, with its restricting sign "Keep Off the Grass" confining one to the narrow gravel paths, and the city street, busy with heavy waggons, dashing motor cars, and countless dangers at every hand, are the only spots which remain to the children of our great communities wherein they may play. The necessity of some provision being made for them has recently become keenly apparent, and a movement to establish public playgrounds in our larger cities has lately been gaining force throughout the Dominion.

On the 28th of May, 1908, a meeting was called in the City Hall, Toronto, by Mr. J. J. Kelso, Provincial Superintendent of Neglected Children, to establish a playground association, and as a result

of the energy and perseverance displayed by Mr. Kelso and his co-workers in the enterprise, there exists in Toronto to-day eight supervised and fully equipped playgrounds, with an average attendance of from one-hundred and fifty to three hundred children each day.

The provision of these grounds has found great favour with the children themselves, and no wonder that Bobby and Johnny and Little Mary Ann, who all their lives had been accustomed to an atmosphere of smoke and griminess, should open their eyes as well as their mouths when they first entered the playground and saw what had been prepared for them. Swings there were, trapeze and flying-rings for the boys, sand boxes for the little ones, and most beautiful of all, a summer toboggan where they might "shoot the chutes" to their hearts' content. And everything free. That is the point that "hits" with the children.

The big blue-coated policemen, too, have their ideas on the subject. If you were to talk to one whose duty takes him near one of these gardens of play, he would tell you that the public playground is the finest thing on earth. "Why," he would say, "there is never a child to be seen on the streets, except those that are coming from or going to the playground itself."

As for the mothers, it did not take them long to realise the responsibility that had been lifted from their shoulders, and to feel that while their children were in the playgrounds and under the care of the supervisor in charge, they were satisfying their natural longing for play and exercise, and

at the same time having instilled into them a sense of fairness and honesty, and the beauty of a harmonious association with others of their kind. In many instances the grounds have become a meeting place for these women, who come often of an afternoon bringing the younger children with them, and spend a pleasant hour with one another while the little ones play.

At the Toronto Industrial Exhibition this year there is to be displayed a "Model Playground," a facsimile of which the association hopes will some day be established within five minutes' walk of every little citizen of Toronto. It is believed that an exhibit of this kind will awaken a great deal of interest, and open the eyes of the general public to the wonderful work which is going on in this connection.

Mr. C. A. B. Brown, who for some years has been a member of the Public School Board, is President of the Association, and an active worker in the children's cause. As a mark of tribute to his loyalty and support a school which is under erection in the northern part of the city is to be called after him, and it is understood that Mr. Brown has generously offered to supply the equipment for a playground in connection with the institution bearing his name.

Montreal, Winnipeg and Ottawa are also agitating for the establishment of these breathing spaces throughout their cities, and so favourable a welcome has the idea received generally that the men and women who have undertaken the promotion of the enterprise are greatly encouraged in their work. No doubt in time the movement will be adopted by every city throughout the Dominion. In the larger ones at any rate, it has found so firm a foothold that it may be safe to state that the public playgrounds are with us to stay.



Banker's Bay, Gow Ganda—A New Ontario Silver Town in the making.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

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

THE TOWN OF GOW GANDA.

THE social season is right on at Gow Ganda. The bank clerk has been there some little while. The town has settled down to stay. The Gow Ganda Tribune is still coming out—and it is one of the cleverest mining-town weeklies ever published in Canada. At least one prominent Toronto musician has been putting in the summer up on the rocks of Gow Ganda; shoepacking it with a well-known official of the Toronto Electric Light Co. Such is the change in the habits of people—who a few years ago would have required a yacht and a hammock, neither of them procurable at Gow Ganda. If there is so much as a single hammock it is probably used in the evening for a tennis net. There is no doubt that Gow Ganda is far more impressive in the winter. But even in summer it is perhaps as remarkable and unusual a town as can be found in Canada.

* * *

FIRST CHINESE SCHOOL IN CANADA.

VICTORIA, B.C., has the first Chinese school ever established in Canada—recently opened with as much ceremony as the Chinaman is capable of putting on, minus the joss-sticks. The situation is odd. Some years ago the Chinese began to ship juveniles across to Victoria—because in that good obliging city they found benevolent folk who were willing to teach the little Celestials the useful rudiments of an English education; all very satisfactory to John who desired to have his children grow up with a good laundry education duly starched and with plenty of frills. But the educators began to suspect the smug blinking Chinaman of being too much interested. The Victoria school board quarreled with the Chinese settlement. There were pow-wows that made the old Indian functions of that ilk rather tame in comparison. Surely the education people could not deny to the darkened celestial the privileges of education. Was it not better to have little Chinks learning English ways and make of them citizens? How the Johns blinked and gabbled when the trustees shut the school doors in the faces of the aspiring little pigtailed. Then they went to the British courts. Here at least they would get that fine British justice of which they had heard so much in China. But the courts held that the trustees were right. The little heathen Chinese might go back to China for education.

But the Chinese settlement had come to stay. The merchants organised and decided to open a Chinese separate school. The Chinese Benevolent Association was rung into operation. Rooms were rented. They were soon full. The Chinese section decided to have a real school of its own. They put up a building—which looks like a blend between a pagoda and a Canadian school. In this they had the moral backing of the Government at Pekin—whatever that amounts to. They also had the money which is more important; for the Chinese merchants in Victoria and Vancouver make some profit, as was discovered by the Commission which inquired into Mongolian affairs on the Pacific Coast last year.

When the new school building was opened east

and west got together in a curious style. In the morning the ceremonies were of purely a Chinese character. The Consul General from San Francisco and a number of other distinguished visitors were present. The officials of the Chinese Benevolent Association were there in their robes and the principal guests were greeted on their arrival by the setting off of enormous firecrackers and bombs; followed by the clashing of cymbals and the weird playing of stringed instruments. Then the pupils who were assembled outside the building cheered the guests and sang one of the national songs of China. In the afternoon there were speeches in English and a number of orators were present, chief among them being the famous newspaper editor, Ng Pun Chew of San Francisco.

Half of the teachers are Canadians who teach English and mathematics, the other half being modernly educated Chinese. The pupils have morning and afternoon sessions, and in addition to that the same pupils return to the school in the evening for several hours, and a few of the more earnest spend an hour or two after that at one of the mission schools.

These same pupils, in the short intervals between their study hours employ their time in the rooms of the Young Chinese Athletic Association where they are beginning to learn the art of boxing, dumb bell exercising, club swinging, baseball, football, and all the other sports and games with which Canadian boys are familiar. Most of them dress in English style, have their hair cut short, and speak English oftener than Chinese.

* * *

ST. JOHN RIVER AND THE TARIFF.

THERE is a clause in the Payne-Aldrich tariff which enacts a bit of opera bouffe on the St. John River. The text of the opera runs back to the days of the Ashburton Treaty. This vagrant river rises in Maine—and when the Treaty was passed it was not deemed advisable to transfer the mouth, including the city of St. John, to the United States. So when the governments began to tinker up tariffs between the two countries the boundary rivers that rise in Maine and empty in New Brunswick gave rise to some peculiar problems. Of course there was no duty on the water which was permitted to run into Canada in the natural way. But there were pine and spruce forests along the St. John and the St. Croix Rivers—both in Maine and New Brunswick. They were the same sort of pine and they grew side by side; some Canadian and some United States. Both floated down the same rivers to the same ports, to the mills of St. John. Standing on the bank of the St. John River you saw the logs driving down as soon as the ice broke up; and no man could tell except by a stamp on the logs which were Uncle Sam's and which not. At St. John the logs cut by Maine lumberjacks on the Maine side of the river were sawn and piled and loaded on ship by mill-hands and deck-hands paid by United States capital. The logs cut by the New Brunswick shantymen were handled by the same kind of men paid by St. John capital. So far the logs were on an even basis. But the moment the

cargoes began to drift out to the ports of the United States the Canadian lumber paid a tax of two dollars a thousand before it got into the markets. The Maine lumber was admitted free. And some Canadians kicked about this—largely without cause; for were not many mills of busy St. John owned and operated by United States capital paying wages to the citizens of St. John? Did not the farmers of New Brunswick sell truck to the lumber camps up in the Maine lumber camps along the boundary—for there was no backward duty on his goods. And the merchants of St. John sold goods to the mill hands who got wages from United States capital.

But the new tariff has changed all that. Two years from now the mill men of Maine in the city of St. John, N.B., must pay a duty on all lumber sawn in St. John—no matter if the logs do come from the woods of Maine on the St. John River. Hence the mill men of New Brunswick incline to chuckle because for once they are on even keel with the United States competitor. But the farmers of New Brunswick and the merchants of St. John are not chuckling; because a mill in St. John is worth ten in Maine—and so long as the town gets the money what difference who pays it?

* * *

BI-LINGUAL BUBBLES.

THE Association, for the advancement of science, should have investigated the dual language problem created by the Ukrainians of Manitoba. These people, or rather their teacher-representatives, have been meeting in convention in Winnipeg, headed by Mr. Stefanik, who is inspector of Ukrainian schools and something of an educational firebrand. Mr. Stefanik has about sixty schools under his supervision and expects to organise forty more very soon. Thus he is doing a large work. But he has also a large kick coming. He does not like it because it seems that during a recent session of government a resolution was introduced to amend the school act so that the Ukrainian language may no longer be taught in the schools of that province. So because the Ukrainians have a high regard for their own language and at the same time learn English almost as naturally as a duck takes to water, they strongly and fervidly object to being disallowed to teach their own language in the schools where the majority of the rate-payers are Ukrainians. Fiery and sincere resolution to that effect; carried by the convention; whereas the feeling here and there is that the public money should be used to teach no other languages but English and French; for if Ukrainian why not German and Russian and Doukhoborts and a few more? However, the Ukrainians are zealous about education. There need be no haste about assimilating them. They are rapidly assimilating themselves—in almost every way; are making good citizens. One generation of bi-lingualism may give place to the one-language system when the present race of Ukrainians are dead and gone. English is bound to replace all languages but the French. There is not much occasion for alarm either on account of the hysterical sayings of Miss Agnes Laut who on a trip down the Saskatchewan last summer, declared that she heard no English in goodness knows how many days' travel except the word "no" spoken by a Galician boy who was indignant at being accosted as a Doukhobor. Well, even "no" is something. Carlyle had a great re-

spect for the man who could say "no" to himself and the devil if need be. But if Miss Laut had only said "Jhin dobrai!" to that Galician boy she would have got a warm smile and an invitation to supper.

* * *

AN ISLAND OF THE BLEST.

A NUMBER of United States editors have been seeing Vancouver Island for the first time. They have seen a good deal. They have learned that in this land of large provinces there is one, a mere annex to British Columbia, which is larger and more potential than many a state of the Union. They have discovered that Vancouver Island has a coast line of nearly seven thousand miles or about twice the diameter of the United States; an area of sixteen thousand square miles; excellent harbours; what is said to be the largest body of saleable timber in the world—which is saying a good deal when one remembers the forests of Brazil; mines of coal, copper, iron and gold. And the complete summary of this island of the blest is to be got in the largest way from the words of the *Victoria Colonist*, which with pardonable enthusiasm goes on to say: "Vancouver Island has more than a million acres of rich land suitable for farming, although some of it is difficult to clear of timber; it has a climate that permits of the highly successful cultivation of large and small fruits, including apples, plums, prunes, pears, apricots, grapes, peaches and cherries, strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, loganberries and in short, every kind of berries; it has mild winters and summers of moderate temperature; it has snow-clad mountain peaks and many beautiful lakes and streams; it has the finest of sea and fresh water fishing; it has an abundance of big game; its ports are more favourably situated than any others on the American coast line for the purposes of traffic with the Orient; millions of United States capital are invested in its timber lands and other properties; it has taken on a new lease of activity, and its progress from now on will be rapid; it contains more wealth in actual sight than any other sixteen thousand square miles in the world."

* * *

A CANADIAN COMPOSER.

THE indefatigable Dr. Charles A. E. Harriss is, or has recently been doing South Africa in the interests of the music of the Empire. His clever work, "Pan," which has been twice done in Canada under the direction of the composer was one of the features of a festival held at Cape Town and, from newspaper accounts which have reached us, the work was given a very friendly reception, although there was lacking the "wild enthusiasm" which a Toronto scribe read out of the South African accounts of the performance. The critical verdict regarding "Pan" is much the same as was accorded the work at its Montreal performance. It shows Dr. Harriss at his best, has some very melodious writing suggestive of Mendelssohn and but for the fact that it is not very well balanced would doubtless make its way with choral societies on its merits. Up to the present most of the performances of the work have been brought about by Dr. Harriss himself. For so short a work, despite its melodious writing, its demands upon soloists make it a serious matter for the average choral society to take up the cantata.

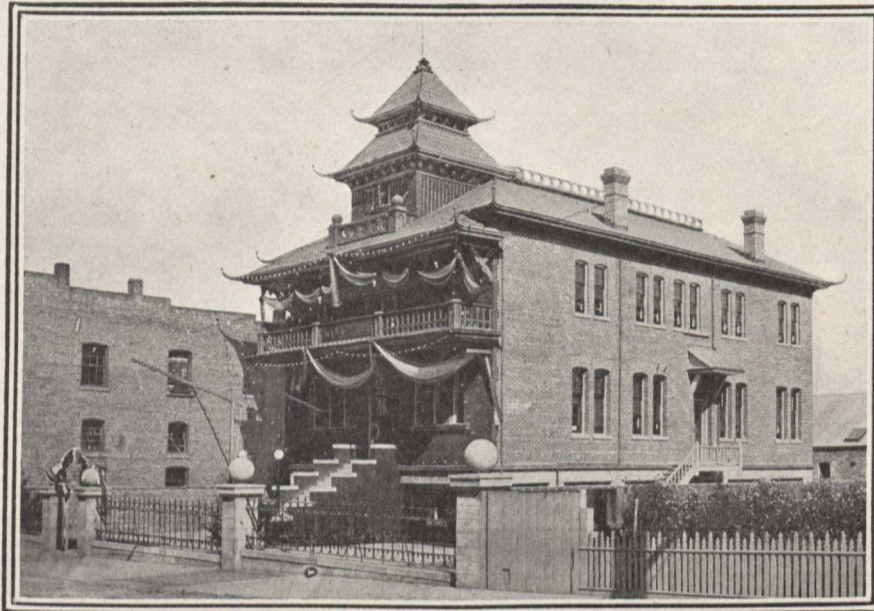
Dr. Harriss' proposition to the Leeds Choir for a trip to Canada next year has been turned down by that body. Dr. Coward is circularising the Sheffield and other choirs, singers proposing a second tour to America to be followed by a trip to Australia and New Zealand, the trip to take place either in 1911 or 1912. Dr. Harriss' name does not appear on the surface in this matter but one would not be surprised to learn that he is the main support of the undertaking. It is proposed that the trip shall not cost the members anything and doubtless the proposition will make a strong appeal to the Yorkshire singers generally. Those with recollections of the discomforts of the exceedingly profitable Canadian tour under Dr. Harriss' management, when the members were huddled together in great numbers in small rooms of a third-rate Mon-

treahotel, with other experiences of a like nature afterwards, likely demand some guarantee of personal comfort before giving their time and services to a similar proposition. It is hoped, however, that Dr. Coward may be able to awaken the necessary enthusiasm and that we may again have the genial conductor and his singers with us.

* * *

SASKATCHEWAN PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

THEY are building two new parliaments in Saskatchewan and Alberta. The capitol at Regina was started last spring and the building is now well under way. It will take two years to complete. But when done the building will be a huge credit to the West. We are not informed as to who is the architect; but it is to be hoped that a Canadian firm got the job. The style is to be of the best. Cost will not be spared. The West must build for a future that changes with great rapidity. Parliaments grow with population. In ten years the number of members of western provincial parliaments



The first Chinese School in Canada—Opened in Victoria on August 9th.



A scene at the Dedication of a Monument on Grosse Isle, to those who Died of Fever in 1846.

will increase much more rapidly than all the other parliaments in Canada combined. Of course, the Saskatchewan building, like that of Alberta, is a Grit building. But the people of the West are bigger than mere politics, and it is not likely that the Conservatives will refuse to win an election because they may not approve of the party that put up the building. Reinforced concrete is the main material in the structure; facings of Roman stone; cost over half a million dollars—with prospects that the legislative pile of Saskatchewan will be quite as fine as anything of its kind in Canada. Alberta, however, has an ambitious scheme on foot and a splendid site for the capitol. Edmonton is not likely to be outdone by Regina, even though Saskatchewan is the second wheat-growing province in Canada.

POLICING REGINA.

CHANGING conditions of law and order in that law-abiding country of the prairies are intimated rather incisively by the *Regina Standard*.

Regina is the headquarters for the mounted police and knows as much about the enforcement of law as any city in Canada. But the mounted men are no longer in charge of town streets—being out on the trail. Local constabularies have been appointed. Regina has imported a chief of police from Ontario—Chief Zeats, who a year or two ago went from Woodstock, Ont., to that city. Chief Zeats has had his hands full in Regina. He is dealing with conditions rather different from those with which the redcoats used to grapple in the earlier days. What those conditions are is well depicted by the *Standard*, which says:—"The German people are predisposed to music and good-fellowship. They are progressing well in Regina, and the young folk—to us a farmer phrase—are beginning to feel their oats. Dance halls that invite everybody who has the price—75 cents—with free beer and "ladies free," openly placarded all around, are a much greater menace to public morals than a poorly conducted hotel. The law provides proper regulations for the hotel, but the free beer and free ladies concerns get around the law as it now stands, in open defiance of police and anxious parents. There was no police discipline here before the appointment of Chief Zeats. We do not say this in disparagement of anyone. The conditions were not conducive to discipline. Regina sprang speedily from the small town to the city status. The transformation multiplied the difficulties to be contended with, but Chief Zeats appears to be quite equal to the task of bringing system and order out of the chaos of extraordinary development."

* * *

CIVIL SERVICE AND TEACHERS

PROF. SHORTT, the re-organiser of the Civil Service, has been getting some rude jolts from a Victoria editor. Determined to have better men in the inside service the chairman of the commission has been enlarging upon the attractions of the service. The exodus from the ranks of the teaching profession seems to worry the Victorian more than anything else, for he says:—"As if British Columbia has not had enough trouble in keeping the ranks of her army of teachers up to the standard without Professor Shortt butting in and encouraging desertion by enlarging in his own peculiarly eloquent way upon the attractions of the Dominion civil service. Annually our pedagogic forces are decimated most alarmingly, or otherwise, by the slings and arrows of that sly dog Cupid and by the allurements of more remunerative callings, yet along comes the chief of the civil service commission, takes up a position in the midst of this already distracted force of Commander Robinson, and encourages further defections by a fascinating discourse upon the attractions of the 'inside civil service' at Ottawa.

When a few years ago it was a great trouble to get teachers enough shipped into the West to supply the schools; in the days when west-trained teachers were scarce or almost unknown, instead of now being some of the most thoroughly trained pedagogues in the world, and many of them men, owing to the good salaries paid by those liberal western boards. Many and many a teacher who used to get between two and three hundred dollars a year in Ontario migrated to the West.

* * *

THE COMMEMORATION OF GROSSE ISLE.

THE Irish in Canada have never been considered as seriously as the English, French and Scotch, though almost everywhere may the Irishman be found. We have known him on farm and plain, in city and saw-mill hamlet. But we have never had an Irish problem—since the Fenian Raid. Just the other day, however, down at Grosse Isle there was a celebration which recalled the day sixty-two years ago when Canada had part of the Irish problem on her hands; when thousands of Irishmen driven out by famine from the "Sweet Auburns" of the plains crossed to Canada in the holds of old sea-going tubs and landed at various points along the St. Lawrence; but the unfortunate many victims of disease and of tragedy cast upon Grosse Isle where by hundreds they died.



THE DEMI-TASSE

MERELY A MATTER OF DOG.

A GROUP of admiring old ladies were gathered about Willie's seven-weeks-old sister, rapturously exclaiming at the wonderful straightness of her tiny nose and the beautiful blueness of her bright eyes.

"Tell me, Willie," said one of them, "supposing I were to give you one of my dear little puppies and a shiny new five cent piece, would you let me have your little sister?"

"No, I wouldn't," said Willie positively.

"Of course you wouldn't; you love your darling little sister, don't you?"

Willie pondered a moment.

"Say!" he broke out presently, "if you'll let me have the old dog I'll trade her to you for nothing."

* * *

ONE TUNE HE DID NOT KNOW.

BLIND BARNEY'S cracked fiddle scraped out a dreamy waltz, and despite the fact that it was the Sabbath eve the feet of the young people refused to be still, and soon half-a-dozen couples twirled it lightly on the green. Presently, from the distance the stern figure of the village minister hove in view and the erstwhile dancers faded like phantoms into the night. All unconscious of the coming storm the blind fiddler continued the air.

The minister approached. "Old man," he said, impressively, "did you ever hear the Third Commandment?"

"Whistle a bar of it," answered Barney, "ef the toone has a swing to it there is no tellin' but what I may be able to pick it up."

* * *

WHY THE DINNER WAS DELAYED.

PREMIER ROBLIN of Manitoba gets the credit of being one of the best political campaigners in the Dominion, but on one occasion he was more than matched. When the provincial elections in 1903 were brought on he entered the field as candidate for Dufferin. During the canvass of the constituency he called near the hour of noon at the home of a substantial farmer of pronounced Liberal leanings. As he and the Premier had been great friends in former days when the latter resided in Dufferin, the farmer courteously extended an invitation to wait for dinner. This Mr. Roblin consented to do and they entered the house together, where he was presented to the lady of the house. Many topics were discussed, and incidentally politics, until the hour of twelve had been far past, but there was no sign of dinner. Then one o'clock, half-past one and finally two o'clock but the Premier

had shown no uneasiness and seemed to be enjoying the hospitality of his host. At a quarter-past two dinner was announced, a dinner that did credit to the hostess and which, it is needless to say, was done full justice to by the guest. Of course he could not hasten away after such generous hospitality and another half hour was spent in chat. Then with a hearty hand-shake all around he took his departure, but three valuable hours had been wiled away. It was then that the good farmer enquired the cause of delay with the dinner. He was fully enlightened by the reply:—"As long as he was here he could do no harm elsewhere." The good lady proved to be a better tactician than her husband and the Premier.

* * *

THE TALE OF THE RAZOR HONE.

WE were sitting on the deck of the *Kingston*, just after leaving Charlotte, in easy chairs, and thoroughly enjoying our good-night smoke, each one giving of his store of personal experiences in order to make the time pass more pleasantly for his fellow travellers. One of the party, who represented a large concern in the States that manufactured all sorts of tiles for mantles, floors and walls, told of an experience of his, of a few weeks previous, that proved rather interesting. It went to show that there is no limit to the ways and means that may be used to get a living out of the public, without the least possible outlay of energy and money.

On entering a small town in Ohio, early in the evening, the travelling man, Mr. Byron, noticed that a large crowd had gathered on the market square, and were listening with much interest to the remarks of an elongated individual on a platform in the centre of the enclosure. Mr. Byron edged his way through the crowd till he reached the stand and found that the article which was being lauded so highly and in such an attractive manner was a "Peerless Razor Hone—selling price \$1.00—now only 10 cents."

Thinking there was a familiar look about the hone, he picked it up to examine it, and on running his finger over the back of the hone, found that it was the identical red tiling, manufactured by his company, that he sold for mantles and floors. At first he felt inclined to give the man away, but on second thoughts decided to make some enquiries.

When the crowd had satisfied their longings for the "Peerless Razor Hone" and had departed, shorn but happy, Mr. Byron started in to give the man on the box a bad ten minutes.

"That's a pretty good line you've got, but where did you buy your tiles?" said Mr. Byron.

At the question, the razor honer turned quickly

with a startled look in his eyes. As he did not reply, the traveller continued: "If you really want to make a fortune out of those hones, why not give me an order for a couple of barrels at wholesale prices and save the profits of the dealers? I am the representative of the concern that makes these tiles and can give you a better price than you can get elsewhere."

After a few more remarks, Mr. Byron succeeded in extracting the "Tale of the Razor Hone" with these details:

Said the elongated one:—"I buy the tiles from the dealers in the different towns through which I pass, paying them less than fifteen cents a square foot, sixteen tiles to the foot, and buy them in barrel lots. The raised trade mark on the back of the tile is covered with a printed label and it would



AT THE PAGEANT.

Walker; "Excuse me, sir, but are you Appius Claudius?"

Tompkins: "About as 'appy as I look"—*The Bystander*.

indeed be a smart person who would think of removing that label to find out what was underneath. Then I fold the tile in a printed wrapper extolling the virtues of the 'Peerless Razor Hone—selling at \$1.00 each.' It is a very poor week for me that I do not sell eight or nine hundred of these at ten cents each, which will give me a fairly comfortable net profit, you see. Then my wife takes a number of them and visits the different offices and banks and offers the hones at twenty-five cents each. Ordinarily she will dispose of a hundred or so in a week in that way."

As he received a large order for red tiles to be shipped in two barrel lots to over thirty different towns and villages in Ohio, Mr. Byron was content to let the man and his wife make what they could out of the unsuspecting public, who wanted to spend their money on hones that would not hone.

Truly there are more ways of living at the expense of our long suffering fellow man than have yet been divulged, and what P. T. Barnum said still holds true.

Dcbbin.

A BIT TACTLESS.

"DERE certnly is a coolness between Mandy Jones an' Clay Jeff'son dese days," remarked Aunt Clorinda to a caller. "Is you got any idee what's de trouble?"

"Yes, I is," was the gratifying answer. "Clay Jeff'son he done hurt her feelings bad at de strawberry social, an' Mandy is gwine t' hab dat boy l'arn to be mo' carefuller in his talk befo' she 'lows any mo' co'ting."

"What did he do?" demanded Aunt Clorinda. "Twa'n what he *do*, 'twar what he *say*," replied the well-informed visitor. "Miss Colby, dat was sarving de sho'tcake, she ax' Mandy will she hab a second piece ob it, an' Mandy say, 'Jes' a mouthful, Miss Colby, jes' a mouthful!'"

"An' dat triflin' Clay Jeff'son he up an' say, 'All you kin get on de plate, Miss Colby,' he say."

"Co'se he tried to explainify away all de trouble, but I reckon he's got to sarve his 'prenticeship befo' Mandy 'cepts any 'apologies."



Vicar (who does a little stock raising). "How are you, Mrs. Jenkins? I'm sorry to say that I haven't seen you at church lately."

Mrs. Jenkins. "Yes, sir, that's so. I 'aven't been so reg'lar as I used, but—confidentially—I don't 'ardly dare, for I no sooner see you a-comin' out of the vestry after the choir but I think of that there pig as I owes you for."—*Punch*.

QUIPS AND CRANKS

ONE FOR THE MINISTER.

AN old minister in the south side of Glasgow, who was noted for his habit of dishing up old sermons again and again, was one day advertised to preach in a suburban church at the anniversary service there. An old woman who in days gone by had sat under his ministry, but who had now removed from his neighbourhood, determined to go in and hear him preach on this particular occasion. After the close of the service, she waited on the clergyman, who greeted her cordially and asked what she thought of his discourse.

"Eh, man," she replied candidly, "it's a lang time sin' I first heard he preach that yin, sir, and I've heard ye at it a guid when o' times sin' syne."

"Aye, Janet," said the minister, "How often do ye think ye've heard it, na?"

"Oh, aboot a dizzin o' times, sir," she replied.

"An' div ye mind it a'?" said the minister.

"Aweel, maybe no' it a', sir."

"Wheel, I see I'll need to preach it to ye again, Janet," said the minister; and Janet felt that she had been sold for once.

* * *

WITHOUT HONOUR IN HIS OWN COUNTRY.

DO you know," said the famous man with a reminiscent chuckle, "that it used to be the height of my ambition to get my name in the county paper so old Tommy Jones would see it. But, alas!"—and the great man sighed—"now that I suppose Tommy has the fence rail I used to whittle, in the parlour as a relic, I do not care at all for his praise."

"Do you know," said Old Tommy Jones in a philosophical mood, as he leaned on his plough handles talking to Bill Dodd, "that I used to think them fellers we read about in the papers was great men. But they ain't. There's that Billings boy that used to hoe corn for me. Now he's gittin' his name in the paper as often as any of 'em. And shucks! He ain't nothin' but a common, ordinary runt."

* * *

EXPERT ADVICE.

COURT was in session, and a prisoner who had been indicted for horse-stealing had entered a plea of "not guilty."

"Have you counsel?" inquired the judge.

"I have not, your honour; I have no money to fee a lawyer."

"Mr. B——," said the judge, addressing a young and rising attorney, "you will defend the prisoner in this action if agreeable. Do you consent?"

"Certainly, your honour."

"Take him to a private room, learn his story and the circumstances of the case from his point of view, and give him the best advice you can."

Counsel and the prisoner retired. About an hour later a jury had been impaneled and the court was ready to proceed. A deputy sheriff was sent for the prisoner, but he returned with no one but the young attorney.

"Where is the prisoner?" roared the judge.

"I do not know," replied the attorney.

"But sir, he was in your charge. You were allowed to take him into a private room to counsel with him, and now you return to the court, sir, with the pitiful plea that you do not know where he is. Explain yourself, sir!"

"Well, your honour, you told me

to take him to a private room, learn the circumstances of the case from his point of view, and give him the best advice I could. I did so. I asked him if he stole the horse, and he said he did, and that he had sold it for fifty dollars. I asked him if he had any money left, and he said, twenty-five dollars. I told him to hand it over. I gave him back ten dollars, led him to the door, pointed to the woods yonder and told him to go, and be — careful not to be caught. He went, and that is all I know about the matter. I submit, may it please the court, that I followed instructions to the best of my ability, and now ask to be discharged from further connection with the case."

* * *

CHURCH RESTAURANT.

The preacher said: "I regret to find That the Maintenance Fund is a bit behind.

So few subscriptions have been received,

I must confess I am sorely grieved. I made an appeal, you recollect,

But still the amount we did not collect.

The money we are impelled to get, But there is one Christian method yet—

A bun feed!"

The Ladies' Aid was a-gloom with woe,

The carpeting fund had dwindled so. A hundred dollars was needed quick, And the treasury looked exceedingly sick.

The members all had paid up their fees,

And more demands would create a breeze.

The president sighed from her honoured perch,

And said: "There's one way to save the church—

A bun feed!"

The Epworth League had a solemn air,

The face of the young chap in the chair

Was lined with worry and pale with woe,

What was the trouble which moved him so?

Their missionary in Old Japan Demanded money—the dear young man.

The league was broke, but one member bright

Suggested the scheme to put it right—

"A bun feed!"

And who can describe the fiscal mess Of the earnest, ardent W.M.S.

Which kept a preacher in old Chen Tu?

The members all were exceedingly blue,

For they needed money—a hundred bones—

And everyone talked in gloomy tones.

Then said Miss Alice de Mountjoy Drake:

"O, girls, I'll tell you what we can make—

A bun feed!"

A thousand sandwiches, ham and tongue,

A few with lettuce to suit the young.

Nine dozen cakes of oppressive weight,

Twelve lemon pies—we regret to state.

Potato salad with garlic in it;

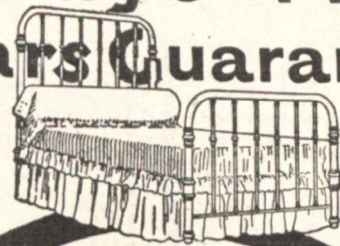
Tomato salad with oil to thin it;

A hundred gallons of savage tea,

A million dishes to wash—O, gee

A bun feed!

J. E. Middleton in Toronto News.

30 Days Trial
5 Years Guarantee

No other
Bed has an offer
like that behind it

WHAT do you think of that offer? Doesn't it sound good to you?—and doesn't it show that there must be a great difference between Quality Beds and any other? And it's on the square, too. There's no strings attached to it—no red tape—no loopholes for you to catch your foot in. We give you a guarantee that you can use the Quality Bed in your own home for 30 days, and that you can return it to us at the end of that time if you don't like it.

And we do more than that—we give you a 5-year Guarantee. If your Quality should not prove to be what you thought, you get a brand-new one, without extra cost, if we can't repair the other one.

Our handsomely illustrated free catalogue, called "Bedtime," shows the great variety of Quality Brass and Enamel Bedsteads. It tells all about the make-up of Quality Beds, and helps you to buy the best Bed made, without taking any fellow's word for it—then you won't get fooled. It gives the details of our 30 Days' Trial and our 5-year Guarantee, and tells how to get a Quality Bed through our dealer in your town.

Don't buy a Bed till you get "Bedtime,"—it's great reading, and means much to you. Will you kindly drop a card for it now—before you forget?



A RARE Opportunity

In the Applied Arts Building at the Exhibition there is a rare collection of

China Art Treasures

These have been loaned by several world-renowned Potteries and this exhibit is similar to that shown at the

Franco-British Exposition

Every article in this collection is for sale. Any pieces not sold during the Exhibition will be returned to England immediately afterwards. A gentleman who can explain every detail is in charge of this beautiful collection and will gladly furnish information. :: ::

Gowans, Kent & Co.
LIMITED
16 Front St. East, TORONTO

PELLATT & PELLATT

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

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

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

Small Sums

Investors having moderate amounts to invest should exercise care in their choice of security. We give particular attention to the needs of such buyers.

Correspondence from the moderate investor invited.

A. E. AMES & CO., Limited

Investment Agents
KING ST. E. - TORONTO

MONEY AND MAGNATES

TELLING THE FARMERS TO HOLD ON TO THEIR WHEAT.

PRESIDENT MEIGHEN of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company, who has always been fighting and always will be fighting against corners in wheat (and their consequent dangers of exorbitant prices) is out with a word of advice to the farmers throughout the West.

"Hold on to your wheat," he says. "Don't be in a rush to sell it or to get it out of the country before the close of navigation. As long as you have the wheat you are masters of the situation."

This seems a strange line of talk from the president of a concern which is one of the large buyers of wheat in the country and only those who really know Mr. Meighen will understand how entirely disinterested he is in making the statement. In the past certain interests have bought up all the wheat they could from the farmer and holding it for the winter months have been able to put from thirty to forty cents more a bushel on it, and the farmer would exclaim that wheat prices only go up when he has not got any more. It is just this situation that President Meighen wants to correct. He wants the farmer to get a little more of what is coming to him, but at the same time there are other interests urging the farmer to sell in order that they in turn should have a chance to make something on the wheat.

* * *

PLENTY OF MONEY SEEKING INVESTMENT.

THE recent statements of the chartered banks of Canada have indicated that there was considerable money throughout Canada that was seeking investment, but a very much stronger indication than this was the very large number of subscriptions received from all parts of the country for the securities of the new big Canadian Asbestos merger, to be known as the Black Lake Consolidated Asbestos Company. The public offering made through the weekly and daily press resulted, not only in subscriptions coming from regular market followers, but in a surprisingly large number of requests from small investors in the different towns throughout the country. It shows how rapidly Canada is growing and the marked prosperity being enjoyed by the people when over \$3,000,000 of bonds and stock of one concern can be absorbed within a few days.

* * *

RAILWAYS NOW COMPETING THROUGHOUT CANADA.

THERE is no longer any tacit understanding between railways regarding exclusive territory in Canada. For a long time there was one between the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk Railway regarding the Northwest and the Province of Ontario and another between the Canadian Pacific and the Hill lines regarding the Canadian Northwest and the American West.

In the first case the understanding was that as long as the Grand Trunk, or any of its subsidiary concerns, kept out of the West, just so long would the Canadian Pacific refrain from the development of the branch line system throughout Ontario. The reason was quite evident. The C. P. R. looked on the West as its natural preserve, while the G. T. R., the pioneers of Ontario, felt that it had very strong claims on the business in the Province.

The agreement worked all right for a good many years, as both companies with their equipment and the business offering had about all they could do in their respective territories. The phenomenal development of the West, however, brought about a big change. The earnings of the Canadian Pacific were jumping ahead at the rate of about \$100,000 a week, while the best the Grand Trunk could show was an increase of \$10,000 to \$20,000 a week. Then in bad times the earning power of the G. T. R. was more severely affected than that of the C. P. R. because its business was centred too much in one district.

It was the Grand Trunk that finally decided to break the tacit agreement, as the leading officials recognised that the company must get into the Western country and provide feeding lines for its system throughout the East. The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway was the outcome. No sooner, however, had the G. T. R. made known their intentions than the Canadian Pacific Railway decided to spread a network of its lines through the rich Province of Ontario, and it intends going right ahead till practically all the main centres are tapped. Some lines were purchased, such as the Bobcaygeon and Pontypool, some were built, such as the Guelph and Goderich and the Sudbury and Toronto, while an entirely new line between Montreal and Toronto is projected. At first glance it would seem as though the Grand Trunk would benefit more by putting its lines through the West than the C. P. R. will by the construction of its new lines in Ontario, but in both instances it is the rounding out of a full complete system.

The other tacit agreement between the C. P. R. and "Jim" Hill was one that it seemed harder to live up to. Hill agreed to leave the Canadian West alone if the C. P. R. would keep out of the American West. But then the C. P. R. had one of its subsidiary lines, the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie, in the American territory, and this always prevented a straight working agreement between the Canadian Pacific and the Northern Pacific and Great Northern, which belong to Hill. There is always some dispute as to which of the two parties put an end to the agreement, but it rather looks as though it was the Canadian Pacific, when it had the "Soo" Railway build different branch lines up to the international boundary line with the evident intention of taking a considerable amount of business away from the Hill lines. Then Hill in turn got control of the Crow's Nest Coal Company and ran up a branch line into the district in order to get coal for his own lines. Then he announced he would build through to Vancouver and would in time have a line of his own right through the Canadian West.

A good many people believe he is bluffing, but then when the Grand Trunk Pacific project was announced even the leading Montreal papers hesitated publishing the yarn when it was brought in by their railway reporters because they considered it a "fake." With railway competition in all parts of the country it should result—but not necessarily does result—in lower freight and passenger rates.

COUPON.

National Trust Company

18-22 King Street East, Toronto. LIMITED.

CAPITAL - - - \$1,000,000
RESERVE - - - 550,000

TRANSACTS A GENERAL TRUST BUSINESS.

J. W. FLAVELLE, President.

W. T. WHITE, Gen. Mgr

CANVASSERS WANTED

The Circulation Department of the Canadian Courier is always able to take in representatives of recognized ability. Just now we could use one or two good men in Western Ontario.

Local agents are also wanted in every town and village. Write to-day.

Circulation Dept. Canadian Courier, Toronto

McEuaig Bros. & Co.

MEMBERS MONTREAL STOCK EXCHANGE

Studies of leading corporations published weekly in circular form. General market review also given.

COPY MAILED ON APPLICATION

157 St. James St. - Montreal

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

\$71,114,368.27 invested in Debentures of Canadian Loan Corporations in 1907 represents an absolutely safe and popular form of investment. The Association issues Debentures in sums of \$100 and upwards, for a term of from one to five years, with interest coupons attached thereto, payable half yearly, at the rate of $4\frac{1}{4}\%$ to $4\frac{1}{2}\%$ according to term.

Write for further particulars and 10th Annual Report.

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

PIPER & COMPANY

REAL ESTATE, TIMBER and MINING

614 HASTINGS STREET WEST, VANCOUVER, B.C.

To Investors

VANCOUVER! The greatest City in British Columbia and destined to become the greatest in Canada. The Climate is ideal the City is growing in a marvellous manner—property is increasing in value every day. If you wish to make money, now is your time, we can invest for you sums from \$200 to \$100,000 and guarantee you large profits and we will look well after your interests.



Chateau Brand Baked Beans

are the result of years of experience in baking beans.

We strove for a process which should excel in result all our previous records and we know we have succeeded.

CHATEAU BRAND BAKED BEANS are as delicious as they are wholesome, yet you buy them at 10c, 15c and 20c per tin.

WM. CLARK, Montreal
Manufacturer of High-Grade Food Specialties

HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA - MONTREAL

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



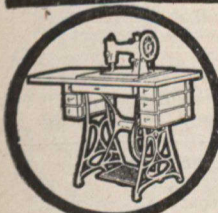
The Largest and Strongest

Fire Insurance Company in the World.

Maguire & Connon
GENERAL AGENTS

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

OLD-MADE NEW



Old sewing machines run like new—new ones STAY new if oiled with 3-IN-ONE. It's the best sewing machine oil on earth—goes right into the mechanism—spreads evenly over all bearings—reduces friction—prevents wear—stops rattle—will not dry out, cake, gum or collect dust, contains no grease or acid—polishes wooden case and prevents rust on every metal part. 3-IN-ONE will save your machine, your nerves and your strength. Try it.

FREE Write us at once. Give name of your dealer. Get sample bottle and 3-IN-ONE dictionary FREE. A Library Slip in every package.

3-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
57 Broadway New York City

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

The Patronage System

PATRONAGE impairs the efficiency of all Canadian governments. It does more. It impairs the efficiency of many municipalities. The other day, Alderman E. Lariviere appeared before the Royal Commission which is investigating the civic affairs of Montreal, and part of his evidence is reported as follows:

"Is it not patronage that is the cause of all this?" Mr. Perron asked. "I think that until we get rid of the patronage we can't have a good civic administration."

"How does the patronage interfere with the good administration of this city?"

"Well, it is a regular steeplechase between the aldermen to get work done in their divisions to the detriment of the general need of the city. Our aldermen are elected for a term of two years. The first year they get acquainted with their new positions and the second year they do their best to secure as much patronage as possible in order to be re-elected for another term."

"What is the result of this system?"

"Well, if the aldermen are influential enough, that is if they have friends among the other members of the Council, they get good contracts for the sidewalks in the small streets and lanes of their division, while the central part of Montreal gets nothing."

"Then would it not be a good thing if the aldermen were to be elected by all the citizens of Montreal?"

"Certainly, it would be the only way to stop that competition between aldermen to get work done only in their divisions."

Literary Notes

MISS L. M. MONTGOMERY, the Canadian novelist, author of the highly successful *Anne of the Green Gables*, whose short stories have appeared in the pages of the *Canadian Courier*, is writing a new "Anne" book entitled *Anne of Avonlea*. This story will deal with Anne's experiences at teaching school.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw, whose troubles with the censor of late are now a matter of history, the other day expressed his opinions of censors in general:—"I think the censorship should be abolished because of my abhorrence of anarchy. The censor is a species of anarchy. A magistrate stands for law and order, but who can follow the chaos of a censor's mind?"

An American writer claims that Mr. Frank Harris, editor of *Vanity Fair*, who only knew Chicago life for a month during a hurried visit to the United States, has written in "The Bomb," a novel better than anything all the Native writers have ever been able to produce.

Mr. W. H. Clawson, lecturer in the English Department of the University of Toronto, has just published an analytical study of the ballads and legends of Robin Hood, entitled the "Gest of Robin Hood." The work is a scholarly and illuminative contribution to an interesting subject and no doubt will find due consideration from college men.

Mr. Richard le Gallienne has announced another volume of poems.

An American writer recently recalled an interesting story of the eminent poet:—

When Richard le Gallienne first visited this country he was introduced at one of the clubs to a gentleman who delights in elaborate fun-making, and does it all with an intensely sober face. After the first formalities were over the humorist asked the poet abruptly:

"Well, Mr. le Gallienne, how is the poetry business?"

Mr. le Gallienne surveyed the face of his questioner, and seeing nothing in the countenance to enlighten him, replied with dignified seriousness:

"I should hardly speak of poetry as a business."

"Why not?" said his interlocutor. "The grocer sells groceries, the merchant dry goods, and you sell rhymed stuff. The market rates you obtain vary with conditions and the quality of the article offered for sale. The grocer is complimented when inquiry is made as to the conditions of the grocery trade. Why not the poet when asked about his business—his sonnets, lyrics, ballades, and other forms, which are often sold at a ruinous sacrifice?"

Mr. le Gallienne stared, still perplexed at this harangue, when the half-suppressed laugh of the listeners cleared the air and the humorist himself smiled. The poet woke up and said with an air of great relief:

"Oh, I see! You are joking."

Upon the top of all this talk concerning authors' and publishers' pecuniary problems, comes the startling announcement that Mr. Hall Caine is to pocket £14,000 for the English and American stage rights to his latest novel, "The White Prophet."

Mr. W. J. Locke, whose "Septimus," "The Beloved Vagabond," and other fascinating novels, have delighted thousands of readers, is contributing serially his new story, "Simon, the Jester," to the London, England, *M. A. P.*

Mr. George Barr McCutcheon has just finished "Truxton King," another Graustark yarn, which Mr. William Briggs will handle in Canada. It is interesting to note that a recent statement of the publishing houses imparts the information that 672,000 copies of Mr. McCutcheon's Graustark have been sold.

Mr. Louis Joseph Vance's story, "The Pool of Flame," which is said to be as exciting as his other efforts, will shortly be ready.

Mrs. Post has written a novel, "The Title Market," which reveals the real lives of the Dukes and Princes which so often trouble the dreams of the American heiress.

Agnes and Egerton Castle have collaborated on a new novel, "Diamonds Cut Paste."

A lady who styles herself Suzanne Marny, well-known in the circles of Ontario's capital, has written a volume of short stories, "Love Among the Ruins and Other Tales of Old Toronto," which Mr. Briggs will issue in the fall.

Mr. Winston Churchill has completed the novel on which he has been working for the past year. It is simply a love story and Mr. Churchill is said to be this time at his best.

The high velocity of the Ross Sporting Rifle

"The Indian Field" the great sporting paper of India says of the Ross Sporting Rifle comparing it with other rifles of world wide reputation:—(April 25th, 1909).

"The highest speed yet attained by sporting rifles is about 3050 feet per second and this has been got by the Ross Rifle of .280 bore. This wonderful rifle gets this high speed with a 140 grain bullet which gives it tremendous power for its small calibre and renders the judging of distances quite unnecessary within sporting distances."

Sportsmen fully appreciate this feature.

If your dealer does not keep Ross Rifles we can supply you direct. Write for catalogue.

ROSS RIFLE CO.
QUEBEC, P.Q.

The Electrical Exhibit

AT THE

Canadian National Exhibition

WILL BE HELD UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

THE TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT COMPANY, LIMITED
IN THE INDUSTRIAL BUILDING (OLD PROCESS BLDG.)

ELECTRIC

MOTORS LAMPS
IRONS STOVES
HEATERS GLUE POTS
PERCOLATORS GRIDS, ETC.

DEMONSTRATED DAILY

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO ATTEND

THE TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT COMPANY, LIMITED
12 ADELAIDE ST. EAST

LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENEWER
is a scalp food and tonic. It nourishes the roots of the hair and stimulates them to new growth. Always cures Dandruff.
At all Druggists 50 cents a bottle
R. J. DEVINS, Limited, Agents
MONTREAL 36A



FOR THE CHILDREN



THE GIFT O' SANDY McTAVISH By GEORGIA WINKLER.

THE night was dark, bleak, and wet, just such a night when banshees and other spirits are at large. Sandy McTavish sat alone in his old log shanty, in a little western town, and counted his gold and silver.

The shanty was a veritable curiosity shop, every corner was heaped full of old clothes, empty bottles, pieces of iron, and all kinds of odds and ends that he had picked up on the streets.

But Sandy was happy, for was he not counting his beloved siller. First he would hold it up to the dim light of the tallow candle, then let it run through his fingers. "My, my," he would mutter, "but its braw. See it shine, the bonny, bonny siller, an' a' from o' penny. Didna' me mither say, 'Save the pennies, Sandy lad, for o' penny's the seed o' a pun. The seed o' a pun, save a wee, Sandy, dinna waste the siller, lad.'"

"Wha' was it the meenister said, 'Better ta gi' than ta racive.' Gi' my braw siller, na, na, Sandy mon."

"Whist, was that a knock at yon door!"

Sandy swept the money into a box and put it under the table.

Then he called out, "Wha's there?"

A little voice answered, "Sandy McTavish, let me in, Sandy McTavish, let me in."

Sandy arose and opened the door, and a little boy stepped into the room, his clothes were wet, and the water ran down upon the floor.

"Wha' do ye want wi' a poor lone mon like me," said Sandy, "that canna even afford a bit o' fire on a cold weat nicht?"

"Sandy," answered the boy, "the Master sent me to see what you would give to the poor this cold, wet weather."

"Me gi' the poor," screamed Sandy, "me, me, yer crazy, laddie. Tell yer Maister, wha' iver he is, that Sandy McTavish is a poor, lone mon, me gi' hoots lad, I ha' na-thin'."

The boy looked around the room, "Surely, Sandy," he said, "you'll give something—just one penny."

"A penny," moaned Sandy. "The seed o' a pun, where would I git a penny?"

"Then—a quart of flour to feed the poor," begged the boy.

"Floor," said Sandy. "Floor, me that dinna has enough ta eat mesel!"

"Then only a stick of wood to warm the poor," pleaded the lad.

Sandy stamped in rage.

"Me gi' gude wood, that canna afford a fire."

The boy stooped, and picked up an old rusty key.

"Wilt give this, Sandy," he said, and the look on his face seemed to strike a chill to Sandy's heart.

"Tak' it, and be gane," he wailed, and threw open the door. The boy stepped out into the dark, wet night, with the key clasped in his hand.

Sandy shut and bolted the door, muttering to himself, "'Twas a gude key, worth a penny anywhere." Then he lit a fire for he felt strangely cold and chilled.

Several days after Sandy felt ill, but would not get a doctor, for doctors cost money. The neighbours brought him food and fire, for they thought he was very poor, but it was no use, Sandy's days

for gathering rags and old iron were nearly at an end.

One night after a long restless day, just as the clock struck twelve, he sank into a deep heavy sleep, and awoke to find himself on the bank of a beautiful river. All was still and peaceful save for the soft, sweet strains of delicious music that came from the inside of a large golden gate, which seemed to Sandy to enclose the whole river bank.

The soothing restful strains of music drew Sandy inward, and so he tried to open the gate, to see what was beyond, but behold! it was locked and fastened and he could not move it. Still the longing grew intense, and he looked around for some other means to enter.

Suddenly a soft, sweet voice, not unlike the music, said, "Sandy McTavish wouldst thou enter?"

Sandy looked up, but could see no one. Again the voice said, "I am the Master, wouldst thou enter?"

"I would," said Sandy, "but I canna unlock yon gate."

"State your deeds on earth, Sandy McTavish if thou wouldst unlock the golden gate."

Sandy thought a moment, then said, "I took Jack Stuart's overcoat from him last winter, because he owest me twa shillings."

"I sold the Widdy Murphy bad eggs for her sick son."

"I hoarded my siller when the poor was starvin'. I am no fit ta enter."

"Did'st thou do no good, Sandy?" said the voice.

"Na," answered Sandy.

"Did'st thou give naught to the poor? Think again, Sandy."

"Naught but a broken key," said Sandy. And even as he uttered the words a little boy stood beside him, and in his outstretched hand lay the broken key. But no longer was it rusty and broken, it was bright and shining.

"Behond how the Master returns what is given to the poor, Sandy," he said, "take it and enter."

And immediately the gate swung open on its golden hinges.

and hand in hand, they entered the presence of the Master.

"WHILE GETTING WELL."

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY.

A little bird sits on my window-sill

And winks his eye at me and says: "Hello! Sick, are you? Why, whatever's wrong? I'm never sick, you know!"

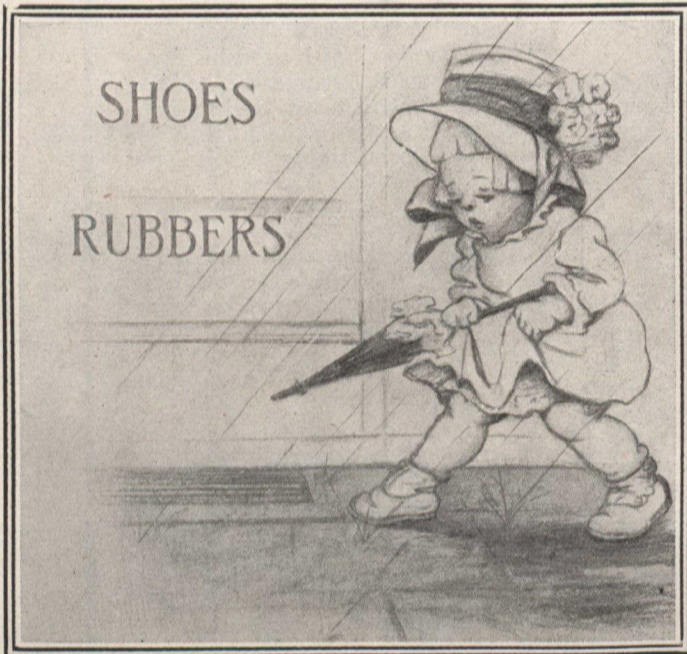
And, just at breakfast-time, in comes the Sun To make queer wiggly patterns on the wall And laugh and say: "Oh, lazy-bones, get up! You are not sick at all!"

And when I shut my eyes I hear the brook Calling and calling as it hurries by— I can't lie still! I'm hot and mis'erable— I'm afraid I've got to cry!

The leaves just whisper, whisper all the time! The little clouds all hurry by so quick!— And nothing seems to care a speck about A little child that's sick!

—Oh! Here's the Wind! How cool his fingers are! He steals across the bed and feels my hands And my hot head, and doesn't say a word— I think he understands!

St. Nicholas.



"Won't someone call a 'Taxi'?"—St. Nicholas.



To the **QUEEN'S** Taste

THE fact that the popularity of an article of food depends primarily on its taste has led us to try to convey some idea of the exquisite flavor of MacLaren's Imperial Cheese—its palate-pleasing goodness, but important tho' this is, it is not of such vital importance as the quality which produces it. Health depends—not on the flavor of a food, but on its nutritive value, and

MacLaren's Imperial Cheese

is most nutritious of all foods.

Otto Helmer, the famous analytical chemist and food expert, sums up the value of Cheese as a food in the following statement: "A proper mixture of soft ripe Cheese and bread with water contains everything which a human being requires in the way of food. Weight for weight, it is at least twice as nourishing as good meat, while it is far easier to eat too much meat than too much cheese."

MacLaren's Imperial Cheese stands the highest in food value of any cheese and contains three times the nutrition of ordinary cheese, and its flavor—well, it is right

"To the Queen's Taste"

Include a jar in your next grocery order. 10c a jar and upward. Sold in opal jars only. Always fresh. Does not deteriorate after being opened.

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

Chief Office for Canada: TORONTO
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager



IRISH & MAULSON, Limited
Toronto General Agents

CANADIAN
HOTEL DIRECTORY

The New Russell

OTTAWA CANADA
250 room.
American Plan \$3.00 to \$5.00.
European Plan \$1.50 to \$3.50.
\$150,000.00 spent upon Improvements

La Corona Hotel

(The Home of the Epicure)
European Plan, \$1.50 up. Montreal

King Edward Hotel

TORONTO, CANADA
—Fireproof—
Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up.
American and European Plans.

Calgary, Alberta, Can.

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

THE TURBULENTS

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 15

He sat down and pulled off his boots, saying: "I'll shinny up an' shake him down. You watch the dogs, Dan."

Locke had been a sailor on the Great Lakes and with arm and knee he worked up the tamarack like a boy. As he approached, the much-hunted one moved from the crotch in which he had huddled and crept cautiously along a slender limb, where he hung by his long, sharp claws.

"Look out below!" Locke cried, standing in the crotch: then he struck the limb a sharp blow with the sole of his foot. The coon, dislodged, drew in a great lungful of air, till he was blown out like a football, and fell lightly to earth.

With a rush Queenie and Bruce were upon him; and then, even as they stuck their noses into his fat stomach as he lay on his back ready to battle, the two dogs sheathed their teeth and, drawing back a little, sniffed in a puzzled manner at the quarry. And through the sensitive nostrils of the collie mother vibrated the faint scent that reawakened a memory almost obliterated; it was the scent that once had stood for one of her own children. She gave a whine of delight; pleading, eager it was, and with her paw she scratched coaxingly at the coon's neck.

The foster-mother had come by the truth: it was Swampy, the escaped one.

But with him, a half-generation reclaimed from the forest life, memory was shorter; he had lapsed rapidly to the primal savagery of his race. His white teeth gleamed for an instant in the fire-light and then were buried in the paw that was the transmitter of mother affection.

With a yelp of pain, even of indignant remonstrance, the collie sprang back, and Swampy, rolling leisurely to his feet, scuttled back to the tamarack and, quite regardless of the fact that his man-enemy was up aloft, prepared to climb beyond reach of the meddling dogs.

The men sitting below had watched with astonishment this curious little pantomime, all but McIntyre; to him had come the thought that the coon must be the escaped Swampy: the dogs would have torn to ribbons any other.

When Swampy laid unfilial teeth upon the paw of Queenie and she shrank back, Jim McRae said, and his voice was keyed high in a sneer: "Blamed if the dogs ain't feared o' coon! Yon's a good coon-dog you've got, Dan McIntyre."

Just as Swampy reached the tree, Campbell took his hand from the collar of the McRae dog, and the latter, darting forward with a snarl, pounced upon the escaping coon.

Then Swampy's foster-mother Queenie and his foster-brother Bruce sank teeth of remonstrance into the rash McRae dog, and sought to tear him limb from limb.

With an oath, Jack McRae sprang forward and kicked Queenie in the ribs. And even as he kicked, something like the paw of a bear smote him in the neck, to the end that he went headlong over the dogs. Then the other McRae and Campbell fell upon the smiter, "Strong Dan," and sought to batter him in the way of reproof.

The din of battle came to Locke's ears, and his breeches screeched and fairly smoked with the friction of his descent as he shot down the scale-barked tamarack.

"You would—blank you!—Huh!" That was a grunt at the butt end of a blow, as Locke's fist swung inward on Campbell's chin and dropped him

to his knees. Before Locke could recoil to guard, Jim McRae's long arm flopped around like the loose end of a flail, and the Scotchman's fist, as hard as a horse's hoof from rough toil, smashed like a brick into the sailor's face.

Locke was a master in the sailor's fighting art, which is a method of fair execution; and McIntyre's strength, known throughout the county, was as hurtful as a bear's. On the other side there were three of the river boys: the McRaes, long of limb, clean of wind, like cats on their feet—proper woodsmen; while Campbell, though short of stature, had been nick-named "Fighting Archie." Hate and clan rivalry set a fast pace, and the combatants' diligent method would soon bring a verdict for one side or the other.

Meanwhile the cause of the little unpleasantness had scuttled up the tamarack once more, where he sat blinking curiously at the extraordinary animals who shattered the peace of the forest below.

The uneven ground, the big roots of the elm, and the slippery moss-covered sticks, introduced a rare element of chance into the contest. Sometimes "Strong Dan" was on his back with two men atop, until Locke, throttling one of them, would slip and all hands go rolling over one another like pups at play. It was like a football scrimmage; in the faulty, glimmering firelight a hard-knuckled fist, missing its mark, would land on the nose of a friend.

The Marquis of Queensbury and his rules had never puzzled the minds of these busy Scotchmen. It was go-as-you-please, kick, and slug, and clench in that ring, which was the whole black-ash swamp. Rough-and-tumble bars nothing but the gouge and the bite; and, so far, the combatants adhered closely to these honourable rules. It was a scrap of fervour, fast and furious; at times a little breathing-spell coming in a clench. They were almost too busy for speech. Once McIntyre grunted: "Take that, McRae, blank you!" as his Scotch knuckles, high in bone, ripped like a saw at his opponent's eyebrow. And Jack retaliated with a kick that would have opened an oak door.

Locke, less economical of speech than the Scots, encouraged his fighting comrade from time to time. "Give it—to him—Dan! I'm at your—back." And he was. But, unfortunately for his powers of succour, he was surrounded himself. Three men can deploy in battle more promiscuously than two; so there was always a spare fist ready to prod either Dan or Ben just as he was getting the better of his opponent.

Locke's face was redder than the rose, and the crimson hue had smeared his shirt-front; he peered with difficulty from beneath a beehive, or something, that hung heavily over his left eye. Three times Campbell had been knocked as many feet; but he was a wasp, a terrier that came snarling back to meddle officiously with four good men who desired to settle, in their own way, a difference of opinion.

Once the two McRaes held McIntyre in their long arms until he was like a figure of the Laocoon. Jack's left hand had Dan's head in chancery, while with his right he upper-cut, only to batter his knuckles against the McIntyre skull.

"Will you take water now, blank you?" McRae panted.

For answer Strong Dan buckled his hips sidewise and with a feint of throwing his opponent backward, gave him the rolling-hip lock, and

Galtfleece
EIDERDOWN

Garments for Women

Are made in the new way—they look neat and graceful, yet they are the acme of comfort.

They are made from specially selected, soft, fluffy wool, fleeced by a special process that makes it most restful and comfortable.

Let us send you a sample of "GALT-FLEECE" material and a little booklet showing some of the styles, and we'll tell you where you can see the garments.



The Galt Knitting Company, Limited, Galt, Ontario

ASSETS
\$ 8-143-485

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

CENTRAL CANADA

LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY
TORONTO

DEPOSITS RECEIVED AND DEBENTURES ISSUED

"The Woman in the Case"

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



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

"The Man in the Case"

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

HEAD OFFICE:
WATERLOO - ONTARIO



Steel Oven
Heats Quicker-
Saves Fuel

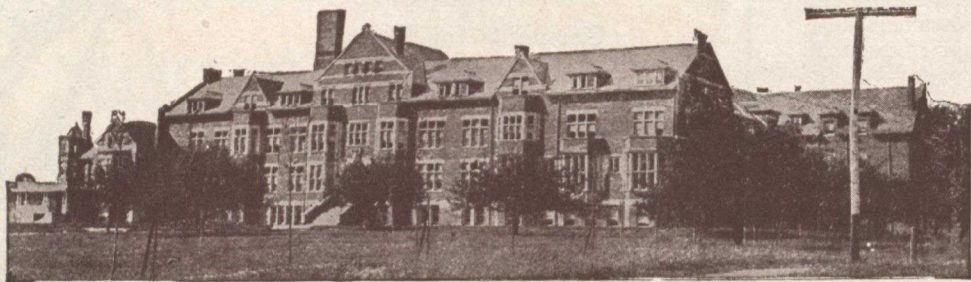
Pandora has a sheet steel oven, because steel is more sensitive to heat—absorbs it faster—than cast iron does. Pandora oven thus heats quicker—less time required to get oven ready for the baking—which also means less fuel-expense. ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴

Make sure your new range has a steel oven, and "Pandora" name-plate on the door. Go, at once, to nearest McClary Agency and pick out size desired.

McClary's Pandora Range

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE

A RESIDENTIAL & DAY SCHOOL FOR BOYS



TORONTO

UPPER AND
LOWER
SCHOOLS

Boys prepared for the Universities, the Royal Military College, and Business.

EXCELLENT STAFF. COMPLETE EQUIPMENT. NEW BUILDINGS. LARGE ATHLETIC FIELDS

Careful oversight of Athletic and Physical Training, with the object of fitting the boy for the work of life. Separate Lower School. During the ten years of its history, the College has met with remarkable success in attendance and efficiency of class room and general work.

Autumn Term commences September 13th, 1909.

Calendar Sent on Application

1705

REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D., PRINCIPAL

HILL CROFT

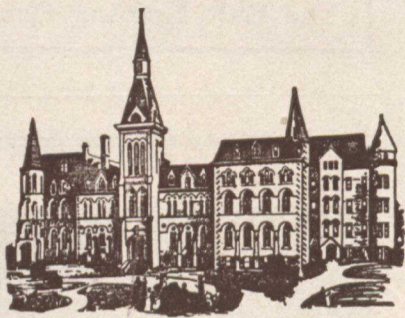
BOBCAYGEON - ONTARIO

A Residential School in the Country for Young Boys

Boys prepared for the Senior Boarding Schools. New and specially designed building. Hot water heating. Electric light. Ample grounds.

Autumn term commences Sept. 13th, 1909.

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



Alma College

Opens Sept. 8th
Will Your Daughter Attend This Term?

The cost of tuition depends upon studies selected; endowment permits low rates. Unexcelled advantages in Literary Course, Music, Fine Art, Commercial Expression and Physical Culture. Domestic Science, Social Training, etc. Large Campus for health developing out-door

Alma Ladies' College

St. Thomas, Ont.

recreation; athletic and social organizations; largest Fine Art Studio. First College in Ontario to organize diploma courses in Music and Domestic Science. Local Music Examinations of University of Toronto held here. Canada's most southerly College; healthful location. Limited number of younger girls received in separate apartment. Write for our Free Booklet to-day.

1

ALMA COLLEGE, ST. THOMAS, ONT.

New Song FREE

Send in the names and addresses of ten of your friends who will be interested in a new series of sacred songs—"Life Songs"—and we will mail you a copy of the new song "Anchored" or "The Golden City" as being introduced by eminent singers.

Revival Publishing Co.
TORONTO - Canada

Albert College

Belleville - Ontario

Over 300 students enrolled annually, one-half of whom are young ladies. Highest advantages in all departments. Buildings heated by steam and lighted by electricity.

WILL RE-OPEN TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7th, 1909

For calendar or room address

Principal Dyer, D. D.

Rothesay Collegiate School

ROTHESAY, N. B.

Residential school for boys. Beautifully situated 9 miles from St. John, N.B.

SPECIAL FEATURE. The school is conducted on the House System, i.e., not more than thirty boarders live in any one building. Each house is under the care of two masters. Manual training. Excellent gymnasium.

NEXT TERM BEGINS SEPT. 14

For illustrated calendar apply to the Headmaster,

REV. W. R. HIBBARD, M.A.

St. Alban's School

Weston Ontario

A Church School for Boys. Three miles from Toronto. Visitor—Lord Bishop of Toronto. Large and beautiful grounds. Boys prepared for the University and Royal Military College. Special attention given to juniors and boys entering commercial life. Reopens Sept. 13th. For prospectus apply to M. E. Matthews, Head Master

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE - Toronto

AUTUMN TERM BEGINS TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 14th

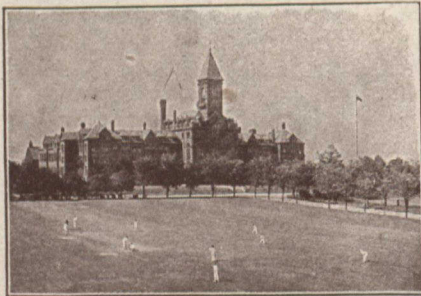
Examinations for Entrance Scholarships Saturday, September 18th

Courses for University, Royal Military College, and Business.

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

H.W. Auden, M.A. (Cambridge) Principal

1812



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.



HOLBROOK'S

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

MADE AND BOTTLED IN ENGLAND—SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

McRae turned in the air, falling on his back heavily. That would have settled it if it had not been for the spare man. Before McIntyre could recover from the throw he was back-heeled by the brother and brought down, with a McRae atop. "

Locke, jumping back from a swing of Campbell's fist, found time for an impromptu kick at Jim McRae's ribs; and at the same minute McIntyre turned his man beneath.

Jack was up again, and, first pivoting a blow into the base of Locke's skull by way of assistance to Campbell, reached down and clutched at McIntyre's throat with his long fingers for a strangle-hold. Then he pitched forward at a blow from Locke, and the three—the two McRaes and McIntyre—rolled over in a round-tussle. Suddenly Jim McRae's hand, clutching treacherously at his enemy's face, found an opening, and two fingers slipped into his mouth, fastening upon the cheek in a gouge-hold.

Just as Locke had landed a subduing blow over Campbell's heart he heard a half-smothered cry of "Gouge!" from his comrade. The flickering firelight fell red upon the polished steel of an ax almost at Locke's feet. With an oath the sailor swung it over his head, and, springing to the struggling group, cried: "Let him up, you dogs, or I'll split your heads open! I'll smash you like a rat for gouging—you cowardly Indians!"

Locke's address was short and very much to the point; even the advantage of a gouge-hold sank into significance compared with the advantage a man held standing above them, ax in hand. With a growl Jack McRae rose to his feet, while the fingers of Jim uncurled from their vise-like grip.

With a twist Dan turned the McRae under and sprang to his feet, saying: "Get up now, you dirty dog, whatever! Stand by, Ben, to see fair play, an' I'll lick the two of them. Fightin' river boys—gougers!"

"Never mind, Dan," Locke expostulated; "we gave them more 'n they sent—they got their bellyful of fight this time. We don't scrap with old women that scratch."

McIntyre was of the patient, quiet kind usually, and, as is the manner of that tribe, when his blood was up, was hard to subdue.

"I'll tell you this whatever, Jack McRae," he said angrily, "I'll give you a thrashin' for this night's work yet. You've boasted from Rodney to the town-line that you could best any man in the Scotch Block, an' I'll make you eat your words. An' forbye you're doubtin' what I'm sayin', just step out here and fight like a man."

"You'll get your chance, McIntyre," McRae retorted, "where there'll not be cowards swingin' axes."

This exchange of compliments was good, in a way, for the respite from action allowed the heated blood to cool. And as for fighting, it would have been a greedy man who would clamoured for more than had been served out in the ash-swamp. McIntyre's face bore eloquent testimony to the excellence of the entertainment, and the McRaes were battle-scarred to a high degree.

As the two parties gathered their axes and prepared to depart, McIntyre spoke again: "I'll tell you, Jack McRae, why Queenie didn't tackle the coon, fearin' ye'll spread it from the town-line to the lake that she's no a good coon dog: yon coon is Swampy, that she raised as one of her own pups; and that's why she'd no put a tooth in him. And now, Locke, do you away up the tamarack again and bring Swampy down in your arms this time. We'll take him back to the shanty."



Full information regarding camp locations and accommodation may be had from the Ticket Office.

Canadian Northern Ontario Railway,
King and Toronto Streets, Toronto.

Good Bass and 'Lunge' Fishing

may be had at almost any point of the Canadian Northern Ontario Railway north of Parry Sound. The Maganetawan River teems with gamy bass and the Pickerel and French Rivers are plentifully stocked with both bass and 'lunge. In late August and all September the fish are in their best fighting form. The districts are new and the waters have hardly yet been fished. :: :: :: :: ::



This Route offers everything to make travel comfortable and attractive :: :: :: :: ::

Up-to-date Dining, Parlor-Library-Cafe and Buffet Cars. Modern Pullman Sleepers, Courteous Attendants. Standard Vestibule Coaches. Beautiful Scenery.

ONLY DOUBLE TRACK ROUTE
Between Montreal, Toronto, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York, Philadelphia, London, Detroit Chicago

Full particulars from any Grand Trunk Agent or address
J. D. McDONALD, District Passenger Agent, TORONTO



The Sea-Side

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

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

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

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY
MONCTON, N.B.

Great Lakes Service



Canadian Pacific Railway's
Clyde-Built Steamers

Tri-Weekly from Owen Sound

TUESDAY - - - S. S. "KEEWATIN"
THURSDAY - - - S. S. "MANITOBA"
SATURDAY - - - S. S. "ASSINIBOIA"

THE WARM WEATHER WAY TO WINNIPEG, NORTH WEST AND PACIFIC COAST POINTS. Special train from Toronto 1 p.m. on above days, making immediate connection with steamers. Ask for copy Illustrated Great Lakes Folder at any Canadian Pacific Ticket Office. :: :: ::

FROM KITCHEN TO PARLOR—FROM CELLAR TO GARRET

LACQUERET IS WINNING ITS WAY



If YOU have Not tried LACQUERET — Ask your Dealer to-day for Free Sample

SOLD EVERYWHERE

INTERNATIONAL VARNISH COMPANY, LIMITED
TORONTO

FINE VARNISHES, ENAMELS, LACQUERS, ETC

AGENTS WANTED

TO REPRESENT CANADA'S
NATIONAL FARM WEEKLY

The Canadian Farm

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

Liberal Cash Commissions. Why not be the first in your community? Sample Copies, Subscription Blanks and Canvassing Outfits supplied.

WRITE TO-DAY

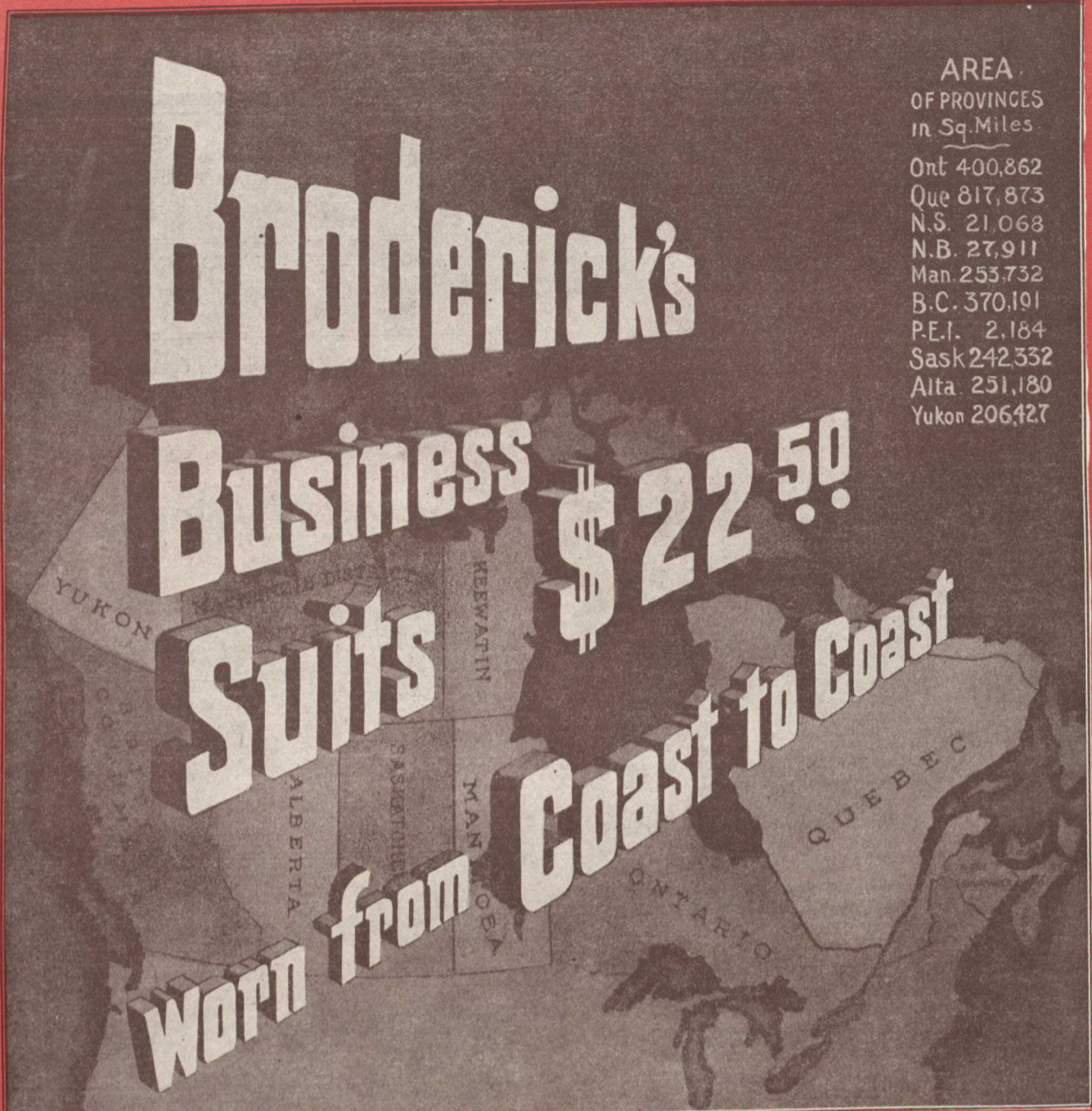
The Farm Press, Limited

12-14 WELLINGTON ST., EAST, TORONTO, ONT.

Broderick's

Business Suits \$22.50!

worn from Coast to Coast



AREA
OF PROVINCES
in Sq. Miles

Ont 400,862
Que 817,873
N.S. 21,068
N.B. 27,911
Man 253,732
B.C. 370,191
P.E.I. 2,184
Sask 242,332
Alta. 251,180
Yukon 206,427

FORTY-TWO PER CENT.

Out of the 104 members of the House of the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Ontario, 43 wear Broderick's \$22.50 Business Suits, an average of 42%. This is considered an exceptional showing. Before the close of next Parliament, we shall increase this number. Why not let us add your name to the rapidly growing list of wearers of Broderick's \$22.50 Business Suits?

FALL AND WINTER PATTERNS NOW ON EXHIBITION

Write for Samples & Measurement Chart
FRANK BRODERICK & CO
DEPT. D • TORONTO • CANADA