

The Canadian

# Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Drawing by Marguerite Buller-Allen.

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# MOST FASHIONABLE SPRING STYLES



**Misses' All-Wool Panama Suit**

**13<sup>50</sup>**

J-7439. MISSES' SUIT MADE OF FINE ALL-WOOL PANAMA CLOTH. THE COAT is single-breasted, semi-fitting style, made with long shawl collar and turn back cuffs trimmed with corded silk, braid and buttons; pocket flaps and back trimmed to match; lined with silkaline; length 28 inches.

THE SKIRT is cut in nine gores with side pleats showing panel front, the gore in each side ending in scalloped design at the knee and being trimmed with braid and buttons, two side pleats complete the gore.

COLORS ARE, black, navy or brown. Price ..... **13.50**



**Misses' Repp Dress 4.50**



**Misses' Fancy Worsted Suit**

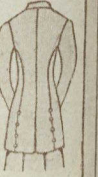
**12<sup>50</sup>**

J-6564. MISSES' SUIT OF FANCY WOVEN WORSTED, in stripe effect.

THE COAT is made in double-breasted style with semi-fitting back; collar is trimmed with covered buttons and silk braid loops, and lapels are faced with corded silk; buttons and silk braid are used on the cuffs, and small covered buttons give adornment to the back; lined with silkaline; length 30 inches.

THE SKIRT is an eleven gore model showing a double box pleat panel front; each gore is stitched flat over the hips and falls in open pleats below.

COLORS ARE, black, navy, green or rose. Price ..... **12.50**



**Junior Girls' Suit of Panama**

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J-7489. GIRLS' JUNIOR SUIT OF ALL-WOOL PANAMA CLOTH, made specially for girls of 13, 15 and 17 years.

THE COAT is single-breasted and semi-fitting, trimmed with flat silk braid and silk soutache back and front and on cuffs; lined with silkaline; length 28 inches.

THE SKIRT is made in seven gores, stitched flat over the hips where a tab formed of braid appears and below which two pleats are shown extending to the bottom.

Made in navy only. Price ..... **9.00**

SIZES ARE: For ages 13, 15 or 17 years with choice of skirt lengths 31, 33 and 35 inches. The bust sizes of these suits are for 13 years 30 bust, for 15 years 32 bust, for 17 years 34 bust. When ordering state age and skirt length required—skirt length is measured from lower edge of skirt band to desired length in front—bust measure over largest part of bust under the arms. Sample of material sent on request, also an accurate tape measure.

J-5343. MISSES' ONE-PIECE DRESS MADE OF IMPORTED REPP; front is designed with full length panel; has yoke and attached collar of imitation Irish crochet lace insertion; full length sleeves with deep cuffs trimmed with insertion; skirt is made with nine gore top yoke effect extending to the hips where a pleat is formed; kilted side pleats round the bottom give the fullness required.

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Sizes for Misses' suits and dresses shown on this page are: Bust 32, 34 or 36, with choice of skirt lengths 33, 35 or 37 inches—32 bust for age 14 years, 34 bust for age 16 years, 36 bust for age 18 years.

State bust size and skirt length required when ordering.

Samples of material, also an accurate tape measure will be sent on request.



**Misses' Fancy Worsted Suit**

**10<sup>75</sup>**

J-6565. MISSES' SUIT MADE OF FINE IMPORTED WORSTED, in neat woven stripe effect.

THE COAT is single-breasted with semi-fitted back and is trimmed on collar, cuffs and pocket flaps with small buttons and silk braid loops; buttons and braid are also used to adorn the back; lined with silkaline; length 30 inches.

THE SKIRT is made in nine gores with panel front stitched down flat over the hips and extending to the bottom in deep open pleats.

COLORS ARE, black, navy or grey. Price ..... **10.75**



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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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## Editor's Talk

LAST December was the greatest month in the history of the "Canadian Courier" up till the end of 1909. In the four December issues there were 73 pages of reading matter and 47 pages of advertising. Strangely enough we broke this record last month. The four issues for March, 1910, contained 76 pages of reading matter and 48 pages of advertising.

We give these facts so that our readers may know what progress the "Courier" is making. They will also notice that more advertising means more reading matter. Indeed, if it were not for the advertising, the "Canadian Courier" would be an impossible proposition. The reader should realise the debt he owes to the advertiser in this respect. It is modern advertising which makes modern periodicals.

NEXT week we shall publish the fifth of Mr. Fraser's "Red Meekins" stories and a full-page drawing by Mr. Arthur Heming. There will also be several other special features which will make the issue exceptionally interesting.

## The MAKING of the MEAL



The success of the finest feast will be marred if the cheese is not acceptable. Mac Laren's Imperial Cheese is acceptable, and more than that—it is delicious. It tempts the palate to a relish of other good things.

## Mac Laren's Imperial Cheese

is rich, creamy and appetizing. It is also a highly nourishing food—with more nutriment, weight for weight, than meat.

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## Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 22nd APRIL, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week each way between Crowland and Welland from the 1st July next.

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

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,  
MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,  
Ottawa, 9th March, 1910.  
G. C. ANDERSON,  
Superintendent.



## Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 6th MAY, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way between Oshawa and Raglan and Hepburn (proposed) and Oshawa from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

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

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT  
Mail Service Branch  
Ottawa, 17th March 1910  
G. C. Anderson  
Superintendent.

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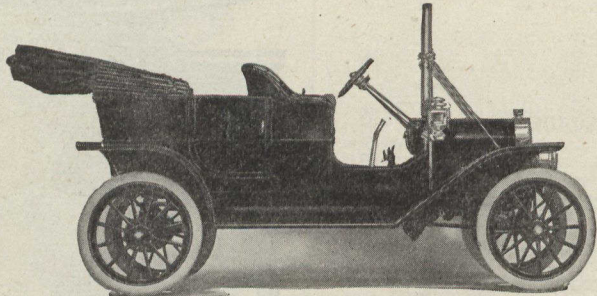
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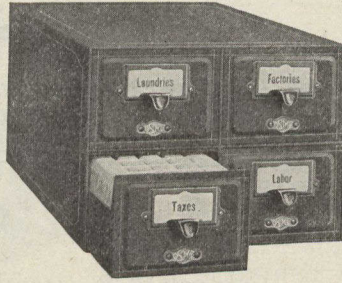
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# Canadian Courier

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

VOL. 7

Toronto, April 2nd, 1910

No. 18

### REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

BEFORE this issue reaches the public an announcement concerning our trade relations will have been made. Apparently President Taft has convinced Mr. Fielding and Mr. Fielding has convinced President Taft. There will be no tariff war, each country making concessions to preserve the peace. The victory really lies with the United States. It concedes nothing from its present tariff; Canada concedes everything. All the United States gives up is the privilege of taxing our goods twenty-five per cent. more than at present. We are inclined to agree with the *Toronto Telegram* that these concessions represent the cost of defeat rather than the price of victory. On this point, however, we desire to reserve judgment until the text of the decision is before us.

EVERY time Canada has been knocked by the United States, the knock did us good. This good was not always apparent at the time. It took some years to find out the results and to estimate them properly. If the United States had not cancelled the Reciprocity Treaty in 1865, Canada would not to-day be a great manufacturing country. Sir John A. Macdonald's "National Policy" might never have come into existence and trade might have been flowing north and south rather than east and west.

What Canada most desires is reciprocity in raw products, but this is just what the United States has steadily refused. Because it was refused in 1896, the British Preference was invented in 1897. We were knocked but the knock was a "boost." The Dingley Bill and the McKinley Bill were intended as knocks, but they caused a couple of hundred millions of United States capital to be invested in Canadian manufacturing.

In the light of history, Mr. Fielding should not make a single concession to the United States. That history shows that we have more to fear from United States friendship than from United States enmity.

NEVERTHELESS it is quite true that while the Canadian manufacturers stand to lose by a reciprocity treaty such as the United States Senate would accept, the Canadian consumer stands to gain. Last year, the Government collected twenty-two and a half million dollars of duties upon a total importation of one hundred and eighty million dollars' worth of United States goods. The consumer may not pay all that tax, but our anti-dumping law is intended to make us pay most of it. Perhaps five million dollars of it was paid by the United States exporters, but not more. Even then seventeen millions is a lot of money to pay on goods which we must import from the United States. About four million dollars of this was paid on iron and steel and manufactures thereof, on electrical apparatus and brass goods. This was mainly machinery which could not be manufactured here. We paid \$342,000 on boots for which we deserve no sympathy, because Canadian boots and shoes are good enough for anybody. This may also be said of ready-made clothing, hats and caps, cotton shirts, gloves and other manufactures of cotton and wool on which we paid a couple of millions duty. The duty on bituminous coal amounting to three millions was an unnecessary tax on a necessary importation. So what we paid on coal oil, anthracite coal, cottonseed oil, garden seeds, watch actions, raisins, drugs, clocks, railway cars, cereal foods, books and beer.

Summing up the situation, about one-half of the seventeen millions paid by Canadians to their own government on goods imported from the United States was paid only because the Government needed the money, not because any Canadian industry was helped by the protection. Therefore a reciprocity treaty well framed might ease the burden on Canadian consumers by eight or ten million dollars without injuring Canadian industries to any serious extent.

If the Canadian cabinet had the framing of the treaty, there is not the slightest doubt that they could frame a treaty which would

bring benefit to both the United States manufacturer and the Canadian consumer. It would be a well-poised bit of machinery; and tariffs are as delicate to balance as the works of a watch.

WHILE this is true, it is not the whole truth. If a reciprocity treaty were arranged, it would probably admit a lot of goods not now coming into this country, and these new lines would displace British, German and French goods of similar description. This might turn out disastrously. We sell much to the European market, and to continue those sales in increasing volume we must buy goods in return. Free trade with the United States would make American goods cheaper in this market, but it might destroy our trans-atlantic trade. The consumers might save seventeen millions in duties now paid to the Canadian Government, and they might lose more than seventeen millions by decreased purchases from Europe. Moreover, if the Government gave up that seventeen millions of revenue or any portion of it, they would have to inaugurate a new system of taxation. The Government must have money and even now it has not any too much.

Viewed in this way, reciprocity would be most dangerous. We would not go so far as to say that it should not be considered, but would emphasise that the broadest view of Canada's relations with all countries must needs be taken to avoid disaster.

SO far as the present situation is concerned, it would seem better to leave the situation in regard to United States trade as it is, and to increase the preference on British imports. We are now paying 90 million dollars a year to the United States in gold, that being the excess of our purchases over our sales. That is quite a large tribute to pay to our Big Neighbour. When they buy more from us it will be time enough to buy more from them. On the other hand, Great Britain is sending us gold because she buys more from us than we buy from her. It is time that we increased our British purchases. We can do it only by increasing the British preference from 33 1-3 to 40 per cent. If we did this, we would not suffer any loss in revenue; we would make surer our present valuable market in Great Britain for wheat, flour, lumber, pulp-wood and minerals; and we would show the people of Great Britain that we are more anxious to develop trade within the Empire than to make lucrative bargains with foreign countries.

If the Canadian manufacturer desires to defeat reciprocity with the United States, his only hope is to advocate an increased British Preference.

THE migration to Canada continues unabated. When the census is taken next year it should show nearly eight million people in the country. During the past twelve months, two hundred thousand new citizens, young and old, have come in and perhaps fifty thousand have gone out. During the next twelve months, the increase will be even greater. The immigrants should increase and the emigrants decrease.

One excellent feature of the present situation is the improved class of immigrants. The medical examination is stricter than it was although not yet what it should be. A new Act has just passed the Commons and will shortly come into force which will make it more difficult for worthless characters and diseased persons to gain an entrance. Moreover, the money test is being applied more closely by the railway companies and the other immigration agencies. The Canadian Pacific Railway is providing special facilities for English families having at least \$500 capital. The Ontario Government is searching England for those who desire to secure finished farms rather than bushland or untilled prairie. The various land companies are taking from the United States only those who are able to pay at least one-half cash for their farms. The immigrant without money is being discouraged in a dozen different ways. Every person interested

in immigration realises that another soup-kitchen era would not be good advertising for Canada.

**M**AKING these immigrants into good Canadian citizens is no easy task. They may be docile, law-abiding, and industrious and yet not be satisfactory citizens. They must learn Canadian history, Canadian points of view, Canadian ambitions and ideals. This is a slow process. The western provinces, where the bulk of these people go, have provided excellent educational opportunities, and they are now making education both cheap and compulsory. Alberta has just passed a law which provides that every child between eight and thirteen years of age must attend school. Manitoba has been discussing more stringent rules in this regard, but apparently the Roman Catholics are afraid of any further legislation.

On these educational authorities, on the various religious denominations and on those behind the Canadian Club movement, rests an important task. It is for them to see that this polyglot body of new citizens is moulded by the proper influences. Perhaps it would be wise if the Layman's Missionary Movement were turned in this direction instead of towards the heathen of China and Japan. Indeed, it might be profitable to withdraw all Canadian missionaries from abroad and concentrate them in the Last Great West for the next decade. The results to the church and to the nation would be ten times greater than the best that may be expected from the present doubtful system of work in Asia.

**E**VERY city in Canada is growing, and it is difficult to speak of the progress of one without arousing the jealousy of the others. As an example of the progress of the East, which the West is sometimes inclined to overlook, the situation in Toronto may be summarised. In growth of population, it has probably surpassed every other city in Canada in the last ten years—in numbers, not percentage. The assessment last year was 227 millions of dollars; this year it is 271 millions. An increase of 44 millions in one year is something extraordinary. The revenue from taxes and other sources during 1910 is estimated at \$6,800,000, or a sum nearly equal to the revenue of the Province of Ontario. Further, the increase in the assessment has made possible a reduction in taxation from 19½ mills in 1900 and 18½ mills in 1906, to 17¼ mills in 1910.

#### BACK TO THE AMATEUR!

**S**PORT travels in spasms in this Canada of ours. A few years ago the general trend of all its more strenuous branches was towards the professional. To-day there is a gradual creeping back to the purely amateur and for the nonce "Sport for sport's sake" is the motto that hangs above the club-house door.

The past winter saw professional hockey driven out of Toronto by a rush of amateur seniors who furnished the best season's sport in the winter national game the Queen City has ever seen. Winnipeg, too, arose and put on her pure white garments, sending her dollar-hunting imports to reinforce the big professional league in the Montreal-Ottawa neighbourhood or to pick up a precarious livelihood in the "Trolley League," the only other professedly professional league west of the Maritime Provinces.

In track athletics only a few short years ago the governing body of Canada imported stall-fed amateurs from the United States for its annual meets and the Canadian candidate for track glory had not where to lay his head. To-day Canada boasts some of the finest track athletes in the world and all because the Y. M. C. A.'s have gone into the sport, and athletic clubs for the encouragement of the amateur have sprung up all over the country. The C. A. A. U. has also cleared its skirts and given its attention to the boys at home instead of the stars of the New York Athletic Club.

Lacrosse has remained professional at the top but the Canadian Lacrosse Association has determined to become amateur and it will succeed if the supply of whitewash holds out. It has reinstated nearly everybody that ever contracted the dollar habit and by a strict residence rule endeavoured to prove that a rolling lacrosse stone shall gather no moss.

Rugby football, too, is more nearly amateur to-day than it has been in years, while "Soccer" has its own little squabbles but is fairly successful in convincing the public that the men who play its games are untainted by the touch of the dirty dollar.

What or who is to blame for all this? Is it that general prosperity has taught the athlete that it pays better to work for his money and do his playing on the side? Or is it just one of those moral spasms that periodically sweep over the republic to the south of us, raising the standard of sporting morals and adding to the discontent of the prize-fighter and race-horse man? Who shall tell—and who shall bother about it? Rather let us occupy our time rejoicing that sport in Canada is healthier because of the change, and hoping that it may continue even unto the end of the chapter.

J. K. M.

## LAST WEEK IN PARLIAMENT

By OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

**T**HE House has adjourned for the Easter recess. Parliament Hill is a quiet spot—perhaps suggestive of that cathedral charm alluded to by T. P. in his remarks upon Ottawa. More than half the members have gone home; practically all the Ontario and Quebec members and a few of the more remote, leaving the two extremes of the country with the Ministers in possession of the capital. Hon. Messrs. Fielding and Graham are in Washington. Which reminds us that for the past few days tariff has been the main part of the talk at the capital, even while the House has spent much time at more subsidiary matters. In fact the tariff has quite eclipsed the Navy as a subject of speculation, though as yet it has not reached such an acute stage in debate. For even Ottawa is as much interested in peace along the border as in wars on the seven seas.

Whilst members are away, it will not be out of place for an Englishman to make a few remarks as to the position of parties in the House at the present day. The first thing that strikes me, is the extraordinary power and influence wielded by Sir Wilfrid Laurier. There is not the slightest room for question, but that he is the strongest and ablest member in the House. The control which he exercises over his own party is extraordinary. His attendance and devotion to the duties of the House is marvellous, and he has the peculiar faculty of sitting apparently absorbed in the deepest attention to a member of the Opposition when he is delivering stale if not inane arguments. Even the speaker himself always has one eye fixed on Sir Wilfrid Laurier and many a time have I seen a nod or a wink from Sir Wilfrid guide the speaker when he was in a difficult position.

There is nothing worse for Parliament than to have a weak Opposition, and there is not the slightest doubt but that the Opposition at the present time is deplorably weak.

Mr. R. L. Borden has shown himself rather weak during the present session; I am given to understand that there has been a considerable change in his tactics, but from what I have observed, I consider him to be far too petulant and testy for the leader of a great party. He has intervened in debates on points totally unworthy of the attention of a leader. These have been points which might have been raised by private individuals in rank and file of the party and served very usefully as pin-pricks, aggravating the Government, but they were points quite unworthy of the serious attention of the leader of a great party. As a matter of fact, if we look through the ranks of the Opposition, it is difficult to find a man worthy of the position of leader, or a man who is at all likely to lead the party to victory. Mr. Foster has great ability, but owing to recent occurrences, he is politically dead. There are, no doubt, many able men in the Opposition ranks, but if one enumerates them one by one, there is always some weakness or other objection to their position as leader.

On the Government side, after Sir Wilfrid Laurier, there appears to be several able men. The Hon. W. S. Fielding is certainly a man of great brain power and ability, but he has the unfortunate weakness of being easily aroused by the Opposition. The Hon. G. P. Graham strikes me as being a very strong man, and he has the saving grace of good humour. Both in the House and in the Committee, I have been very much struck, not only by the good temper which he has displayed, but also with the shrewdness with which he has dealt with all matters brought before him.

It has been a matter of wonder to me to find the great interest which all members take in the present political situation in England. This is not only confined to members, but no doubt, owing to the praiseworthy efforts made by the Canadian press, everyone in Canada seems to take great interest in British politics. It is a great pity that we cannot arouse the same interest in England with regard to Canada.

'Tis true, but sad it is, 'tis true, that the average Englishman has no knowledge, whatsoever, of Canadian public affairs and Canadian public men. Some years back the then Governor-General of Canada was on a visit to England, and he was walking down the Strand with the then Chief Justice of England. He was complaining that the people in England took no interest in Canadian affairs, and he offered to bet the Lord Chief Justice that the first three people that they cared to ask about Ottawa, would no know what or where it was. The Lord Chief Justice, I am sorry to say, accepted the wager. They first met a young man and upon their asking him where Ottawa was, he said he didn't know and hurried on. The second person they accosted was a very old man; on being asked where Ottawa was, he said that he had lived in the neighbourhood of the Strand nigh on thirty years and he was quite sure that it was nowhere near there. They next met a flower girl and the Governor-General, suspecting a Board School education, unfortunately slightly varied his question: "Are you," he asked, "familiar with Ottawa?" "Familiar with 'oo?" was the unexpected reply. "You get along or I'll smack your dirty face!"

WYNNE GRANVILLE.

# MEN OF TO-DAY

## LORD ROSEBERY'S POLITICAL SON

**N**EXT to the two Chamberlains, the most conspicuous case of father and son in British politics is presented by Lord Rosebery and his son, Neil Primrose, M.P. for Wisbech, Cambridgeshire. It is not often that politics follows the hereditary principle closely enough to make father and son equally distinguished. Usually the young man sees as much of politics in his father's business as the average minister's son sees of religion—with the result that we have few examples of either portfolios or pulpits handed down to succeeding generations. The same is true of actors—though we have the well-known cases of Sir Henry Irving and his already distinguished if not famous son Laurence; the elder and the younger Salvini—and a few others. Poets are said to be born, not made—but there are few examples of poets whose fathers ever wrote poetry; indeed the average poet's father inclines to be either a mediocrity or a dub, which is something of a natural law in the spiritual world. Painters also seem generally powerless to transmit genius to their offspring. Musicians are no better; though there are many instances of eminent musicians who had musical ancestors—and Siegfried Wagner is doing his best to follow after his mighty father Richard, though he is under a most awful handicap.

Lord Rosebery's son is quite as unusual a case in politics; though he has contemporaries in the younger Chamberlain and the younger Gladstone; not to mention the two more or less incidental cases in Canada of Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper and Hugh John Macdonald. Neil Primrose is said to resemble his eminent father both in politics and physique. He certainly looks like Rosebery used to be before he got into the "lonely furrow." The young man is but twenty-three. His mother, it will be remembered, was an heiress of the Rothschild family—which was one instance of the triune ambition of the elder Rosebery to marry the richest woman in England, to be Premier of Great Britain and to win the English Derby, all of which he carried out in true Warren Hastings style in the days when he was seized of ambition and glorious youth. Then came the "furrow" and the later Rosebery; somewhat of a sullen, ominous figure on the horizon; whose half-sinister pessimism tinged with genius and coloured by a great career was not able to discourage young Neil from going into politics. Besides, young Neil had another discouraging example in his elder brother, Lord Dalmeny, who sat in the last Parliament but retired because he didn't like politics.

There seems, however, to have been a woman in this case also. Neil Primrose has an aunt who is both wealthy and ambitious—for his sake. Miss Lucy Cohen, having no children of her own, kept a shrewd watch over the sons of Lord Rosebery. She saw that young Neil Primrose had a good deal of political aptitude. Wherefore she bequeathed him a "large fortune"—about \$750,000—and a house in Great Stanhope Street, on condition that he go into politics. Well, he has done it. The member for Wisbech, Cambridgeshire, has gratified both his aunt Lucy and the deepest desire of his distinguished father. It now remains to be seen how far he will get before he strikes either a snag or a "lonely furrow."

## CHIEF LIBERAL WHIP

**M**R. F. F. PARDEE, the chief Liberal Whip in the House of Commons, is a very energetic, progressive young man—though he is grey enough to be half as old again as he is. One night recently the House had good cause to remember Mr. Pardee because there was an all-night session "and then some," all on account of a private bill which the Chief Whip was sponsor for in the House. That was the St. Lawrence Power Company bill which aims to dam and utilise that part of the Long

Sault rapids at present running riot near the town of Cornwall and not far from Brockville and Prescott. There has been more wordy warfare over this bill than there was over the bill which James Conmee thrust in not long ago, desiring blandly to build a canal from Lake Superior to Lake Winnipeg. So far the House, aided by some of Mr. Conmee's political friends, has succeeded in bowling out the Conmee scheme. But the St. Lawrence Power Co. bill is still pending, though the net result of the recent all-night tussle was to force the Government to lay on the table the plans and specifications of the company, so that members might know whether the St. Lawrence was to be unduly muzzled, whether power was to be deported and if so—would the New York Central take most of it for their electrified lines? Which latter was a rumour merely.

Mr. Pardee, however, had the time of his life that night. It's not often that a Chief Whip has to round up members to fight out a bill of his own projection; and this one proved such a hard nut to crack that it's quite certain Mr. Pardee wasn't much in his little room next the Secretary of State at the east end of the building most of that night. He is a born hustler by nature and he knows how to go through No. 16, just opposite the Speaker's entrance, quite as well as ever did Mr. Calvert, his predecessor. He is an example of a young man born to politics; being the son of the late well-known Commissioner of Crown Lands in the Mowat Government of Ontario. One term he sat in the Provincial House. This is his first term at Ottawa and he is coming along strong. A genial, quick-moving, good-looking member is Mr. Pardee, and he is deservedly popular because he is highly effective as Chief Liberal Whip—for he was tried out as Ontario whip last session and proved that he was enough of an organiser to take charge of all the lobbies; much of a contrast in character and manner to his more conservative rival, Mr. George Taylor, who is a much older man and has been so long at the game of Whip that nobody of Pardee's age round the House of Commons remembers when he began.

\* \* \*

## LORD LANSDOWNE, THE BUDGET-KILLER

**N**OW that Premier Asquith has given notice of three resolutions to restrict the veto powers of the House of Lords, it is of interest to recall Lord Lansdowne, sometimes known as "the budget-killer." One of these Asquith wing-clippers intimates that the Lords shall have no more power of veto over money measures; another that on non-money bills the Lords shall be disabled from killing a bill passed in three successive sessions by the Commons and thrown out as often by the Lords. What does Lord Lansdowne think of these two disablers? Recently the leader of the Lords Opposition expressed himself very incisively in the Chamber when he poohpooed the idea of Colonial peers. Having

himself been a Colonial peer in Canada when he was Governor-General from 1883 to 1888, Lord Lansdowne knows whereof he speaks. So far as knowledge of one self-governing colony is concerned, Lord Lansdowne and all the other retired Governors-General who live in England—though sometimes they go to India—represent pretty clearly the sentiments of Canada. When Earl Grey goes back to the House of Lords, for instance, he will be buttonholed by "Fighting Joe" Martin of St. Pancras, who in the British Commons the other day said that Earl Grey had been talking far too much; that a Governor-General in Canada has no right to opinions on the navy and other matters which might become party affairs, though at that time Mr. Martin was not informed on what Earl Grey said about the tariff at Albany week before last.

In any event, the Governors of Canada as represented by Lord Lansdowne and Earl Grey will never be accused of being dead ones. It is understood that Canada requires live Governors—even though Capt. Hamilton thinks the Governor of Canada should be a prince of the blood royal.

One of the most silent Governors Canada ever had was Lord Minto, who, however, made up for his lack of oratory by a great deal of quiet and useful manoeuvring behind the curtain. The most loquacious of all was Lord Dufferin, who never missed an opportunity to talk in public on any subject from the geysers of Iceland to the history of colonial self-government.



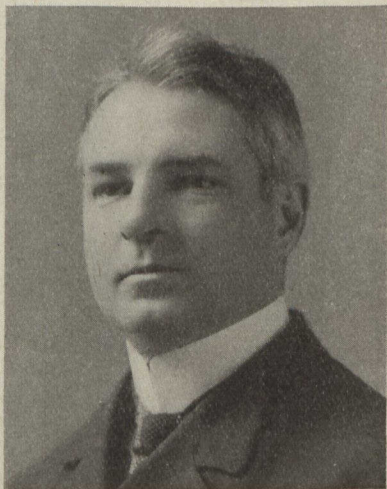
The Hon. Neil Primrose, Member for Wisbech.



Lord Rosebery, Going to the House of Lords.



Lord Lansdowne Who does not believe in Colonial Peers.

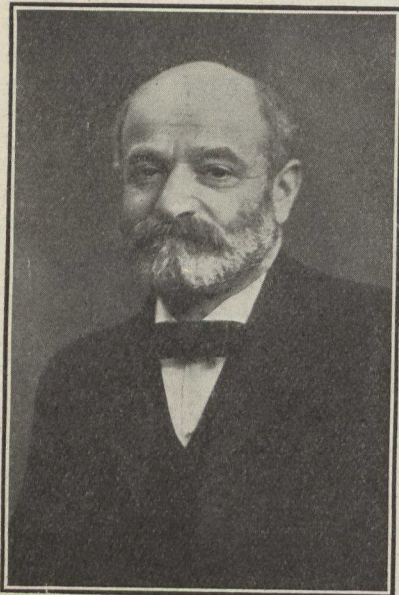


Frederick F. Pardee, M.P., Chief Liberal Whip.

## JOSEPH FELS—SINGLE-TAXER

By PETER McARTHUR

WHILE passing a tedious Sunday afternoon at the Walker House, Toronto, I read papers and watched people in the lobby. My attention was attracted to an alert, middle-aged man who was holding court of some sort by one of the windows. He was distinctly busy, talking, reading manuscripts, and receiving callers. He looked like a business man and I wondered idly if the



Mr. Joseph Fels,

Who is attempting to give away a quarter of a million annually.

documents submitted to him were some of those imaginative company prospectuses for which Toronto is justly famous. I was inclined to doubt this on account of the appearance of his callers. Some had long hair, others had long noses and none of them looked dangerous. Not being in the mood to play at Sherlock Holmes my attention drifted and just then I caught sight of what seemed to be a new paper on one of the chairs. Making a swift raid I captured it and returned to my corner. The paper proved to be "La Follette's," a little weekly devoted to the insurgent ideas of the irrepressible Senator from Wisconsin. In this paper there was an article with a portrait. After reading a while I looked at the portrait and then with a little thrill of excitement at the man who was holding court by the window. The likeness was undeniable. Walking over to the desk I examined the register and found that Mr. Joseph Fels of Philadelphia was a fellow guest. The article about him at once took on a vivid interest and I watched the group by the window with a curiosity which nothing but an interview later on would satisfy.

Briefly stated, the "Who's Who" of Mr. Fels' life is as follows: He was born at Halifax Courthouse, Virginia, fifty-six years ago. At the age of seventeen he entered the small end of the business horn of plenty and for some years past has been bulking prominently in the large end as the multi-millionaire manufacturer of Fels-Naptha Soap.

But the interesting thing about Mr. Fels is not his money but the use he is making of it. He is a reformer of a new type. He not only has radical ideas but he has the means to make them effective. In a word, he is a Single Taxer who goes about the work in a practical, businesslike way. While devotees of the Simple Life are shouting "Back to the land," Mr. Fels is saying grimly, "The land back to us."

Wherever this movement is in existence in any part of the world he is ready to help it along with his money. If the cause is right he is prepared to supply the necessary funds.

When the impromptu court broke up Mr. Fels started across the lobby but stopped to light a cigar. That was the moment I was waiting for and I asked for an interview. When I had explained the nature and scope of my curiosity he took a fresh bite at his cigar and asked me to sit down.

"Justice is what people want, not charity," he asserted.

"But will they accept it if you get it for them?"

"That's a foolish question. Of course they will."

I assumed the air of a man properly crushed but inwardly I was humming the refrain of an old rebel song of the Reconstruction period that seems to me to express a universal trait of human nature.

"I don't want to be reconstructed,

And I don't care a damn."

Mr. Fels had visited Toronto to address the Single-Taxers of the city, to help their propaganda in a practical way and to impart to them something of his own zeal—as if Single-Taxers were ever lacking in zeal. It was to members of that association he had been giving audience and the manuscripts he had been looking over were papers on the various phases of the question. During the interview, which degenerated into a visit that lasted for the rest of the afternoon and all of the evening, Mr. Fels re-stated the well-known principles of single-tax. There was nothing especially new about what he had to say but what was distinctly new was to have these doctrines stated

from the straight lips of a business man in tones that might have been used by one laying down the plans of a new trust. Try as I might I could not get rid of the idea that Mr. Fels is first, last and always a business man. He scornfully denies that he is a philanthropist. He simply sees a great work to be done, he can afford to devote to it his time, energy and wealth and he is going to do that work in a businesslike way and enjoy himself while doing it. During the recent campaign in England he made himself felt by the practical support he gave to the Budget. He will make himself felt to a greater extent in the future for his whole soul is in his work. That he could possibly be mistaken in this reform or that he could possibly fail in achieving it are two ideas that apparently never occur to him. It can be done. It must be done. With such a spirit something is bound to be done.

Mr. Fels' comments on men were as interesting as his arguments in support of his plan for the betterment of human conditions. It is a little hard to picture him among the word-jugglers of the Fabian Club, but in his forthright, business way he should be able to hold his own with the best of them. His concise character sketches of such mental gymnasts as Bernard Shaw, G. K. Chesterton, H. G. Wells and others must have caused burning ears in London while they provoked joyous chuckles at the Walker House.

Mr. Fels does not "fit in" with any altruist, philanthropist or reformer I have ever met or heard of. He is in a new class of his own, enthusiastic, confident, practical—above all things practical. But he has been devoting his entire energies to this work for only the past three years and consequently has hardly had time to get rid of any possible illusions. Perhaps ten years from now he will be in a position to demolish or make heartfelt comments on the rebel song quoted above and the phase of human nature it reflects.

To John D. Rockefeller the *eclat* of spending a cold frenzy of a career in amassing multi-millions for his son to give away; to Carnegie the joy of shoveling out his super-millions for the benefit of public libraries; but the world is infinitely the better for altruism plus an informing idea.

## THE VISCOUNT AND VISCOUNTESS GLADSTONE



The Governor-General Designate of South Africa and his Wife.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone, on his elevation to the peerage, will take, we understand, the title of Viscount Gladstone. The new Viscountess is the daughter of the late Sir Richard Paget, and sister of Sir Richard Arthur Paget. She is very popular indeed in Society.

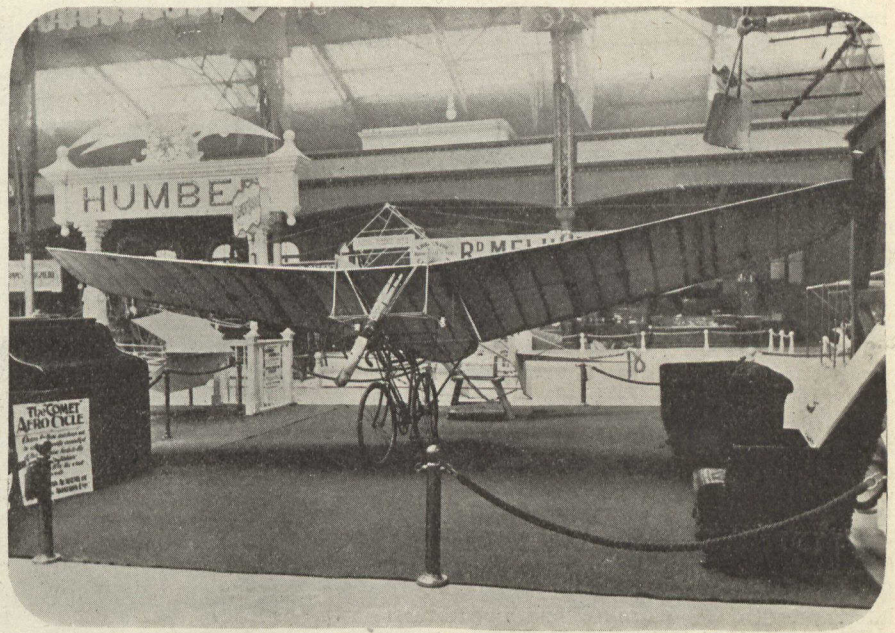
—The Bystander



# AN INTERNATIONAL TOURNEY OF AIRSHIPS



The Bleriot Monoplane—A Famous Machine.



The Comet Aerocycle—Bicycling in the Air.



The Santos-Dumont Demoiselle Monoplane.



The Humber-Lovlace Monoplane.

## Aero Show at London

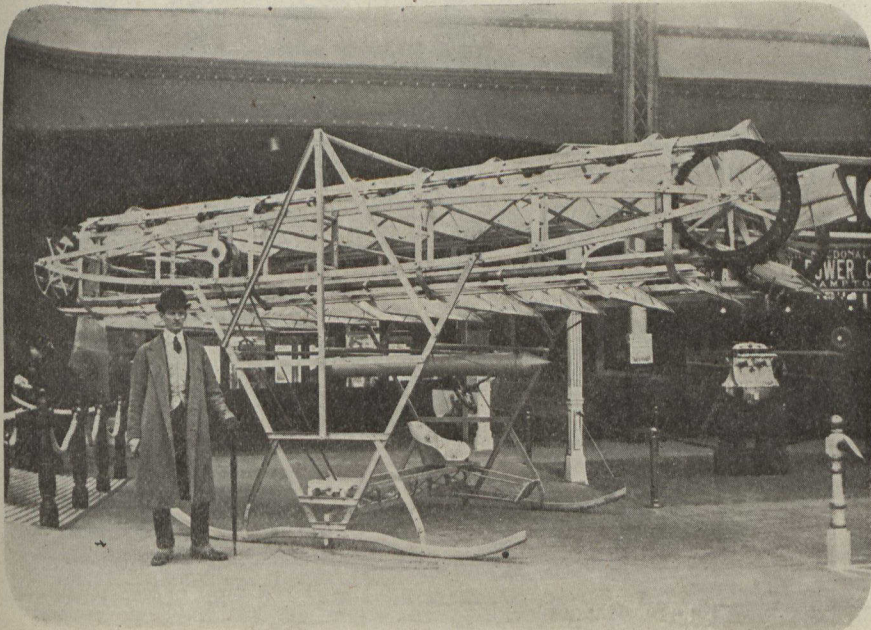
BRITAIN'S second annual aero show opened at Olympia, London, on March 11th and shows how remarkable is the development in this embryonic industry. Over a score of manufacturers have machines on exhibition and this shows that the making of flying machines is already an established business. The manufacturers of automobiles, such as the Humber and Star companies, are going into the business and so are several of the famous coachbuilders. Among those

from the Continent were the Bleriot, Henry Farman, Santos Dumont, Somner and Zodiac. The flying-machine industry really started in France, and British machines are only gradually catching up with the French machines.

As with an automobile show, so with an aero show, the engine-builders and the makers of accessories were present in full force. There were over forty engines on view, ranging from five horse-power to one hundred horse-power. In some cases these engines are made by the makers of the flying-machines, in some cases by outside manufacturers.

Recent meetings held under the auspices of those

interested in aerial matters have brought forth much comment on the backwardness of Britishers in automobile and aerial construction. It was pointed out by such men as Sir Charles Wakefield and Sir George White that Britain must be careful not to fall too far behind. There was danger to the national defence and discredit to British enterprise. It is quite evident that Britishers are feeling keenly the greater progress made in aviation by both France and Germany, and that they are determined to catch up if public interest can be aroused sufficiently. From these facts it is quite evident that Britain is taking aviation in earnest.



An Aeroplane which can remain stationary in the air and go backwards or forwards without turning. The Ottnio-Wyllie.



Mr. A. V. Roe's Triplane being examined by H. R. H. The Prince of Wales,—Stability is its great feature.

# ARTHUR HEMING, ILLUSTRATOR

By ARTHUR STRINGER

HERE in New York I happen to know two wild-life artists. One has just moved up to the Bronx. He moved there, he explained, so that he would be close to the Zoological Gardens. In other words, that clever and facile and feverishly working young artist gathers his "wild life" through the cage-bars and buffalo-fences of a city zoo. He chics his background, whether in spirit he happens to be with Roosevelt in Africa, or with some less illustrious cheetah-shooter in Central America. And on the whole, as a hard-working picture-maker, he does very well. The last time I was in his studio he had seventeen white mice, running as tame as kittens about the floor. He enjoyed their society much more than I did. But that, I fancy, was about as near as he ever got to "wild life."

The other portrayer of animal and outdoor life whom I know is a Canadian called Arthur Heming. Ten long years ago he drew the pictures for the first Canadian story I sold to the *Post*. Some time later, when I wanted him to illustrate another Northwest story of mine for another publication, I suggested his name to the anæmic and overworked editor. "Heming," repeated the busy man of the blue pencil, "Heming, who is he?" Then a light dawned on him and he exclaimed: "Oh, that's the man who travels five hundred miles to get a fact!"

The phrase has stuck in my memory, not only because it was a characterisation of the man and his scrupulous method of workmanship, but also because it seemed about as big a compliment as could possibly be tossed out to an artist in this era of off-hand and short-cut illustrators. It explains why such a magazine as *Scribner's* could send this young man a thousand miles into Canada to bring back a descriptive article on lumbering and river-rafting. For Heming, they say, is always right. He is the natural-born enemy of the "Canada Faker." And, as with a certain cerebral breakfast-food, "there's a reason!"

The reason is that Arthur Heming knows his country. He knew it long before *Harper's* took him up and sent him along with Casper Whitney through the Barren Grounds of his native Dominion. For over fifteen years, in fact, he has been supporting himself by that knowledge, as expressed through his brush and pencil. He was the first illustrator to make a living at his profession in Canada. He was among the first to realise, in his depiction of that frontier phase of life which is creeping closer and closed up towards the Pole, that fidelity to detail must not be swamped by pictorial enthusiasms. The pictorial enthusiasms he always had. The detail he made it a point to acquire. He "tripped" with the trapper. He lived with the Indian, side

by side with him, in his teepee. He bunked with the lumberjack. He investigated "white-waters" with the river-driver. He went over his ground. In his day he has travelled over four thousand six hundred miles by canoe (figure out the paddle-strokes if you care to); he has trudged over two thousand miles on snow-shoes. He has done his round five hundred miles by raft. For thirteen hundred miles he has followed dog-trains through the



Mr. Arthur Heming

Who is returning to Canada to act as Art Editor of the Canadian Courier.

Northern Wilderness. Into this wilderness, at different times and on different occasions, he has made no less than fourteen trips. Metropolitan recognition—and in London and Paris and New York and Berlin he has found it—did not convert him into one of those artists of the second dimension who divorce Art from actuality and "professionalise" their work. He did not become one of those studio-

rats who turn around, as it were, and eat their own tails. He kept going back to nature for both his facts and his inspirations.

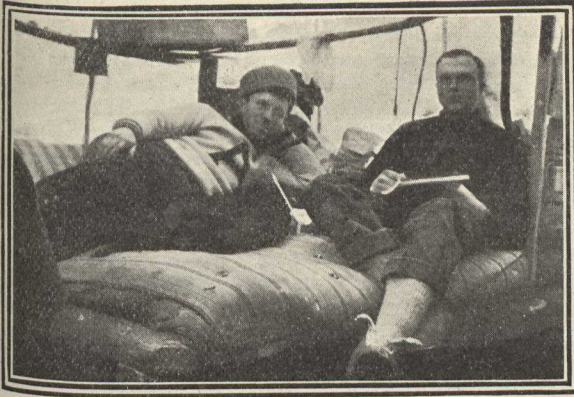
This meant enthusiasm; and Heming is essentially a man of enthusiasm. It takes a lot of devotion to truth to travel eight hundred miles to draw a lynx or a black bear. It means danger and hardship and going without more things than the morning papers. But it has its rewards, its rewards quite outside of truth, and the mere completion of a canvas. There's a thrill to it—if you doubt me, ask Heming himself—there's the blood-tingling satisfaction of a long chase well ended, of a long quest rewarded, of a fine danger faced and vanquished.

It's somewhat curious to think that this man who can happily bunk with cussing cow-punchers, who can listen to timber-wolves through nothing thicker than a teepee-wall, tramped with bull-whackers and packers, sung with river-drivers, swirling down raft-ridden "cellars," loped along lonely patrols with mounted police, followed moose and caribou for a hundred miles to get nothing more than a pencil-sketch, broken his bannock among lousy half-breeds and sweated over weary portages with an empty grub-bag and a tightened belt—I say it's somewhat curious to think of this man of muscle and sinew being ensconced in a London studio, such as Brangwyn's, working in the midst of the great English artists. But there he has been, and there he has broadened his powers and added to his equipment. To point out that he is the only Canadian member of the Society of Illustrators, that small but select organisation which includes such names as Abbey and Pyle and Gibson and Pennell and Brangwyn, need not, in itself, mean a great deal. But when it is remembered that Heming will be and must be some day looked on as the faithful and authoritative exponent of that wild life which is slowly but surely passing away, that he is the true interpreter of a vast region of Canada which he has made peculiarly his own, then we can realise both his vogue and his value. To enumerate the magazines to which he has contributed would be to give a directory of the Periodical Publishers' Association. His book, "Spirit Lake," has been published serially in England and France and the United States. You see his stuff in everything from *The Idler* to the *Scientific American*, for to both the scientist and the idler there is appeal in his drawings. To call him the Remington of Canada would be as unjust and as inappropriate as to call Gertrude Atherton the Agnes Laut of the States. It would be like comparing the lily to the rose, which is always confounding and never conclusive. But some day when the North as we now know it has passed, when the wheat fields of Canada stretch far up into the Sub-Arctics and the caribou is a zoo curiosity and the moose a memory, we will go back to Heming for our record of things as they were, and we will realise that our debt to him is greater than we dreamed.

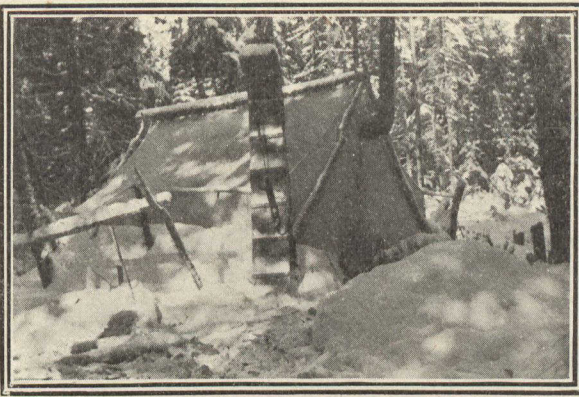


THE OLD IMPERIALISM AND THE NEW—NO APOLOGIES TO THE 'SEPARATIST' BOGEY.

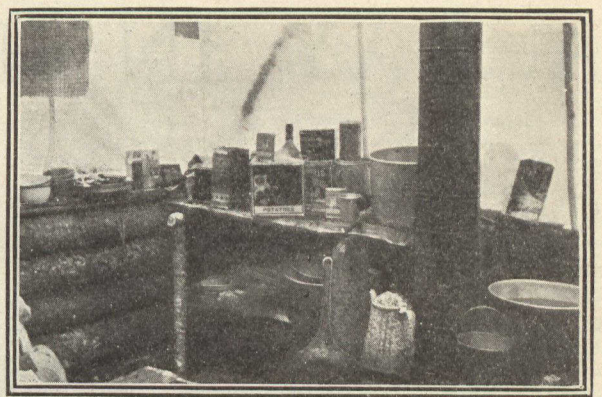
Drawn by C. W. Jefferys



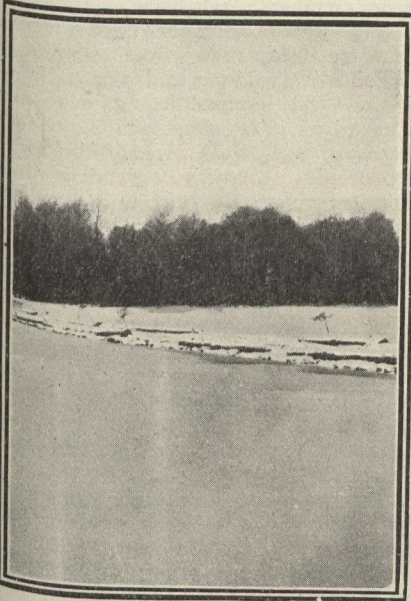
Talking it over in the Bunk End of the Tent.



Temporary Camp on the Timmins' Claim.



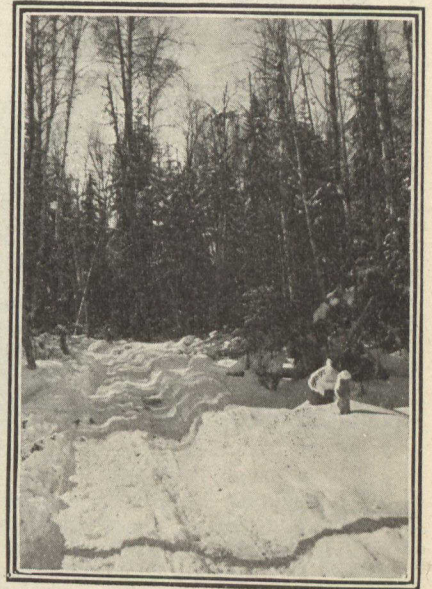
The Cookery End of the same Tent.



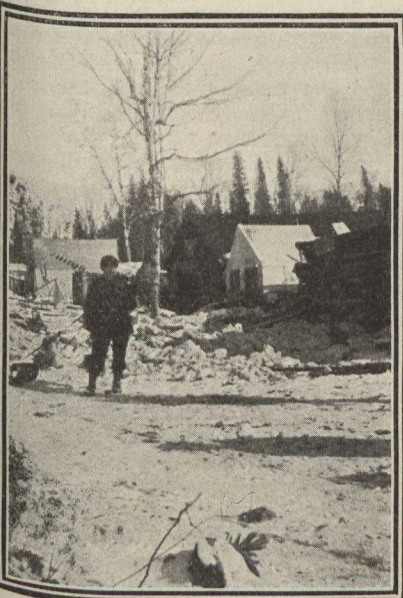
Part of the Timmins Road; Corduroy Bridge over the Frederick-House.



This is what they are all in Porcupine after; the Black Streaks in the Quartz.



Famous Timmins Road from Mileage 222 to Porcupine.



Prospector ready to hit the Toboggan Trail from Golden City.



More varieties of Dogs in Golden City than in the Yukon.

### Pictures of Porcupine

THE pictures on this page are direct from the interior of the Porcupine, the new gold camp beyond Cobalt. They were taken three weeks ago when the only warm thing in Porcupine camp was language. The young man to the right in the first picture with the heavy socks and the stogas is from New York. He is said to be "watching" the interests of a New York firm. The road to the right is the famous Timmins road, built by private enterprise from Mileage 222 on the T. and N. O. to get into the camp. This road cost money. Not long ago a deputation of Porcupiners jog-trotted down to Toronto to ask the Ontario Government to pay the cost of the road. The Government side-stepped. The miners threatened. It is necessary to have a recorder's office in Porcupine; a recorder's office needed a safe; and the safe was shipped over the T. & N. O. to Mileage 222—where the miners said it might stay till the Government paid for the road, for it would never get over the Timmins road without a civil war.



Main Street of Golden City, the Metropolis of Porcupine.



These Dagoes are not digging Gold; but excavating for a Residence.

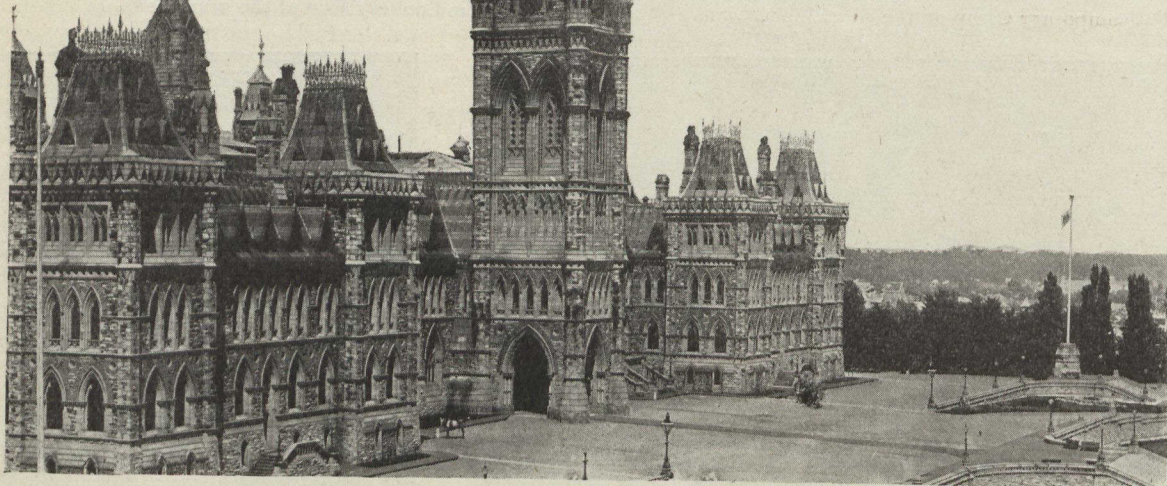
# A DAY IN PARLIAMENT

How Members at the  
the Interests of

Capital Spend their Time in  
Canada and Hansard

By

AUGUSTUS BRIDLE



IT'S a peculiar thing to be a member of Parliament in Ottawa. I often wonder how certain kinds of men stand the pace. Here again we have the implied contrast: the pace is both swift—and insufferably slow. Much depends on the man. There are a few members in Ottawa whom neither time nor circumstance nor people and events could ever jolt out of their two-by-four grooves; men who went up to Ottawa originally with the local preacher idea and have hung to it ever since.

But not many! The average M. P. in Ottawa is liable to make discoveries as the session goes on. If you could obtain a diagram of his efficiency curve, as they do in power stations, getting his peak load, and his intermediate and all his variations, he would be a picture of disturbed equilibrium. Because it is quite palpable that the mean-average M. P. goes to Ottawa for the first time with one set of ideas and leaves it with many.

Speaking a few days ago concerning an eminent Ontario politician who is sometimes known as the Ajax of the Legislature, a very prominent Liberal member who is one of the most efficient in the House said with a covertly knowing grin:

"By George! If ever he gets down to Ottawa in a political capacity and tries to play Ajax we'll put a few crimps in him."

Which is what happens quite often on Parliament Hill; and the man who keeps his strait-jacket and his up-country idolatry among an aggregation of crimpers must be a man of excessively pronounced idioms—to say the least. Pity such a man; for though he may be an excellent patriot and a good member he is doomed to miss a lot of the really human diversion which is his for the having anywhere from the main entrance of Parliament to the top row of books in the library.

There is no college of human experience in Canada quite the equal of Parliament—when you comprehend all that Parliament implies. I should say that a man might enter the House a neophyte and leave it a philosopher, provided he should stay long enough and profit by his experiences. Just the sort of philosopher, whether a Stoic or a Cynic or an Epicure or a little of each, must depend very much upon himself. The show is all there as it has been for many years and it doesn't change much except to become more so. There are all the big-ring acts and the zoo and the side-shows and the trapeze performances, and the clowns and the concert after the circus; all a large human study with quite as much underground solemnity as belongs to any such serio-comedy as a real circus.

Indeed, it is a wonder that Parliament and the circus have not long ago been regarded as analogues. Civilisation seems doomed to have both; whereas barbarism neither needed nor tolerated either.

Wherefore let us not misapprehend the member's life, but as far as possible enter into its joys and its sorrows, its *ennuis* and its exhilarations, its comedies and tragedies and farces. A day in Parliament is a study in human diversion. It is a spectacle of how men put in the time from eleven a.m. till eleven p.m. with two hours off for lunch—though as in the case of the St. Lawrence Power Bill a few days ago it may mean an all-night session which again is part of the comedy known as the surprise element.

Forenoon from eleven till one o'clock, on an average finds half the members in attendance on committees, some of which meet every morning. There are several committees; which are really sub-parliaments; and it is in these assemblies that many a member who in the House never rises above the dead level goes up by a curve to his peak load.

## The Railway Committee.

OF all committees the Railway Committee is the most like a circus ring. It is the largest of all the committees; almost as large as all the others combined and it well represents the relative importance of transportation interests in a country which is handing out charters for railways by the hundred, a large number of which never get further than paper and talk.

I don't profess to understand the Railway Committee; but I have been hugely entertained by it. The time I saw it at its real bear-garden height was perhaps a common episode to the members; but it was the nearest resemblance to a parliamentary pandemonium I have ever seen outside the House itself on unusual occasions. There were times when it got very much like the wheat pit in Chicago. A hundred men or more, many of them smoking; scores of them lounging; half of them talking; on the platform surrounding Chairman Hugh Guthrie, the Minister of Railways with his good-humoured red tie; members of deputations; corporation lawyers; members of Parliament—and there seemed to be others: though precisely who was who was by no means so easy to determine as in the House, where once in a while at least the Speaker has the right to decide the rules of debate.

The question before the committee was the right or wrong of a certain railway company in British Columbia being allowed an extension of time to construct a traffic and railway bridge; as against the claim of the municipalities to build the same bridge. Said bridge would be three thousand miles by rail from the dooryard of the honourable member for Pictou; but said member was as much interested as though it had been down in his own province. There were spouters for and belligerents against; corporation delegates who insisted and explained and municipal representatives who ex-

plained and insisted. There was neither Grit nor Tory. Speech was unpartisan and for the most part free. There were as many sides to the controversy as there are kinds of weather in Canada. Sometimes two sides were up at once. Members who in the House would be as demure as unshorn lambs, in the committee roared like bulls of Bashan. In fact if a man doesn't sometimes get up on his rear heels and roar in that committee he must be like a tin whistle in a full orchestra. By some process of mental gymnastics the same thing could be both clearly right and absolutely wrong in one minute. A man might speak as long as he felt like it; but the chances were he didn't feel like it more than five minutes. A member popped up and delivered a broadside; subsided again, and before he had struck his chair another was up in the midst of a sonorous sentence.

Blessed bedlam! where no man has the opportunity to bore the members; where it is the common right of any in the audience to interject advice; where sometimes the whole committee swung into a whoop of laughter and the redfaced orator laughed also—but lammed in again with a strenuous soul. And as it is sometimes a mystery how the wheat pit or the Wall Street Stock Exchange suddenly decides to inject a pandemonium round a common centre, so it is a mystery how the Railway Committee, seized of some element of comedy or some hiatus in the etiquette, goes into a paroxysm of concerted and simultaneous noise. The chairman calls order; knowing by experience and somewhat by intuition the point where order leaves off and disorder begins—when to the lay mind it is all disorder and all too utterly interesting to stop. Suddenly one member points a lurid finger at another and bawls in a furious way:

"Do you mean to say you haven't agreed with So-and-So to talk this bill out?"

"I mean to say you are absolutely wrong—"

Cries of "Oh! oh!" and some groans with much laughter.

"But I myself heard you getting instructions from So-and-So—"

Groans with more laughter and derisive cries of "Oh-oh-oh!"

Whereupon the Minister of Railways rises and with that blandly sonorous trombone of his paternally chides the tumultuous members, reminding them that there may be many a man in the room guilty of talking bills out; coupled with homely advice—to try and get together outside the committee and compromise; since agreement in the committee is out of the question.

One o'clock; time up; but there are still members who would go on with the talk. Adjournment. Precisely what was done and what it all amounted to—well the chairman knows: he is used to the game and it is all part of the show; the programme of extracting as much amusement out of a dry subject as is possible and as far as may be finding out what's what, even if who's who remains in doubt.

There is nothing dull or tedious about the Railway Committee. It is the liveliest aggregation in Parliament and it sets the pace for dramatic interest for all the other committees. Private Bills sometimes becomes a hulabaloo—as it did recently over the St. Lawrence Power Company bill. Public Accounts is invariably a rogues' gallery, and once in the writer's recollection developed an intimation that if so-and-so member would not take back his words at the decision of the chairman it might be necessary to go out in the back yard.

One committee which held sessions every day for almost two months was a real relief—the Anti-Gambling Committee instituted by the anti-race track bill of Mr. H. H. Miller, the chairman, and empowered to hale witnesses from anywhere in Canada to give evidence to show—that there were many rogues outside of Parliament.

## A House of Commons Siesta.

FOR pure religious ennui commend us now and again to the House of Commons in session. There may be duller functions than some of these sessions. But an essay at a women's club or a chapter in the Book of Numbers done on a phonograph could scarcely be more classically tedious than the House—say in Committee of Supply with Hon. Mr. Pugsley reading Leviticus about wharves and slips and cribwork, and Dr. Sproule opposite in a front bench, mirthless and persistent, quizzing the Minister as to cost per cubic yard of stone-work and cribwork and cement; thirteen drowsy-eyed members on each side of the House—twenty-five is a quorum—stifling yawns, reading newspapers, writing letters and counting the panels in the ceiling.

But of course the House in Committee of Supply is usually the deadliest dullness this side of the grave; and it is only rivalled by many a humdrum afternoon or evening when the members seem

animated (?) by one desire—to kill time which costs twenty-five dollars a minute while they deliver soul-killing harangues on over-classification or the Canadian Navy. Technically the process is known as "talking to Hansard." Religiously the House reporters transcribe every word, and as piously the King's printers set them up by the acre, whence they are distributed by tons to constituents throughout the length and breadth of the land. For even the newspapers, except in the case of notable speeches by leaders, have abandoned the custom of verbatim reports on the theory that this is a busy age and that the supply of pulpwood is rapidly diminishing.

Talking to Hansard is the most scientific mode of killing time ever devised by the *ennui* of mankind. Pity of it is that so many members who on the stump and in committee are capable of handling a thing without gloves and with consideration for the clock, succeed in talking to Hansard so well. Talking out a bill in committee is a lively operation compared to strangling a bill in the House or keeping up the balance of speech-making. It seems to be an axiom that on any given measure or amendment one side of the House must deliver to Hansard as many columns of dry-as-dust as the other. It might seem to be quite as much of an axiom that if speeches in the House are not interesting enough to keep more than forty members out of two hundred and twenty at their desks, they are not vitally effective enough to interest even the constituents of the members who reel them off with such superfine disregard of the motto *Tempus fugit*.

Sometimes it happens that a member's wife is in the gallery; in which case she is a second edition of Hansard. Usually it happens that the member is talking for party purposes even while engaged on a so-called national question. In either case the effect is peculiarly enervating. Even the page boys seem to get lassitude. Weary of counting the panels in the ceiling; weary of matching the number of arches with the panels; still more weary of enumerating the members who wear red ties and those who have bald heads, the galleryite listens to the interminable dron of some man with a voice; almost startled when a member snaps his fingers—when all the member wants is a page, and to keep from going plumb to sleep four boys engage in a sprint across the floor of the House.

In such cases the only scientific way to fight off a headache is to analyse the sentences for subject and predicate; and it must be admitted that members have no trouble ringing in enough verbs to hold the nominatives, and as for adjectives—well, they work in automatically from an inexhaustible repeat order. This is not to say that members are not as a rule good speakers. Most of them who speak at all do so very well; though there are few orators in the House and the occasions for oratory are becoming few and far between.

**The War of Words.**

JUST why the House of Commons debates should be of such remote interest to the country at large has never been explained. Even the Navy debate which was supposed to concern people in general—being a national question—petered out to a tourney of words; a supreme parliamentary Fantasia exploiting the idiosyncrasies of members on both sides of the House. Perhaps there were six really able speeches that threw any real light on the subject. Most of the rest were a war of words with which the gallery clock had nothing to do. Many of the speakers seemed to labour under the delusion that a speech is an essay. You understood that many of the members had been thumbing encyclopaedias and naval papers and magazine articles; and that in a week after the debate was over they would have forgotten most of it—blessed be forgetfulness!

It may be true that government is essentially partyism; that actual business administration should be left to departments and to ministers and deputies; but the spectacle of a large number of brainy men yawning out a debate, stalling about the lobbies, whiling away the time in the restaurant, lounging in room 16 and room 89—anywhere and anything to escape the boredom of a debate in the House, is not one to inspire much faith in the working efficiency of Parliament.

Empty benches may be the rule of all parliaments; they are certainly a commonplace in Ottawa. One marvels at the self-stimulus of members who are able to spin out the thread of a two-hour speech with nothing but a corporal's guard of members opposite to shoot at; with perhaps three ministers in their seats—though it must be said that the ministers are more regular in attendance than most of the members; with a good half of those present busy writing letters, reading papers, holding cross-aisle caucuses, once in a while automatically thumping the desks—which could be done almost as well by a machine. Now and then a member crosses the floor and consults one on the other side of the House; arrangement—that each shall leave the House; which is technically known as "getting a pair"—in case of a division.

The visitor in the gallery—and there are always a number content to sit and sit and wait and wait and wonder—is not interested in mere talk. He likes cross-fire; delights to see some member ruffling up and calling "You're another"; puzzled that anybody down there in the pit has enough energy left even to raise a kick; worse than a hot

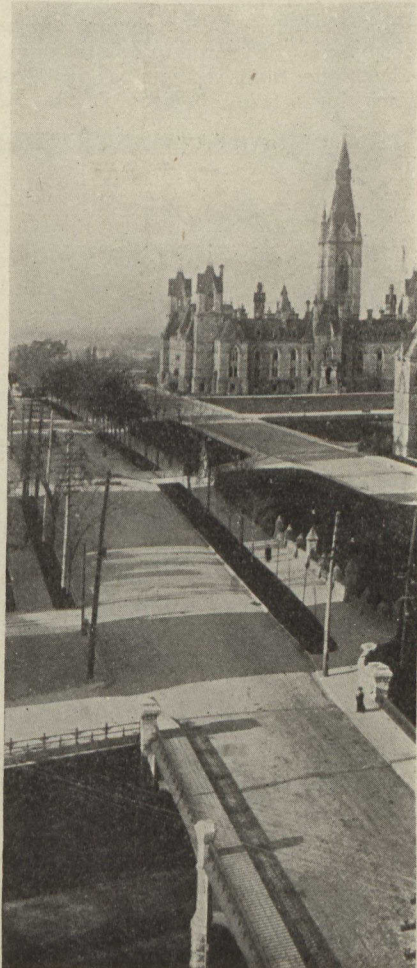
day in a cornfield with a hoe-handle; all the worse if it's an evening session—hoping members will at last say something worth while, call each other oblique names through the Speaker, insinuate graft and corruption, raise a laugh, do anything to escape the droolery of mere debate.

**Then the Scene Shifts.**

WELL, the House may be clear down in the dumps about time for adjournment; three hours and not a speech that interested anybody but Hansard; the man in the gallery goes out for a turn in the lobby. He sees that room 16 is middling full up—considerable of a buzz in there; also 89 has a good-sized caucus; and in the lobbies there



Members' Entrance on the West, Hansard Desks in the middle of the floor; a race with the Gallery Clock.



Wellington Street, the real Boulevard of Ottawa, where the Members walk up to the House.

are knots of members head-on; up in the restaurant three or four more aggregations; all interested in something—snatches of talk about who's coming on next; probably Mr. Borden—or the Premier?

Going to be a division; that seems certain. Probabilities are that somewhere in the building you might round up two hundred members. Perhaps even now forty more have sloped out of the lobbies into the House. The chief Liberal Whip is not in his office; neither is the Conservative Whip. But they are somewhere in the building; so are the local whips—and there begins to be a scurrying. Some one says the Premier is up. The visitor perambulates back—to find the gallery almost full and the House filling; by ones and twos the benches are occupied; hats on and hats off;

for the Premier is up; that impressive, classic figure and unusual voice with the odd French turn to it—and, not a member is writing letters or reading papers now; all the ministers in but three; members trooping in—and it is long past one o'clock before the Premier begins to get done.

You don't care if it never breaks up. You feel there's a fight on. The *ennui* has gone. The House is a spectacle; reminding you of the youthful notions you had about Parliament where the speeches were all of the grandiose sort and the hero was always on the floor. Hours during the day you've noticed the First Minister looking abstrusely at members opposite; patiently cogitating—and this is the result. The speech! The leap to oratory! You feel the thrill of it; because the dreary drivel has you in the mood for an episode. It's drama. No matter what the subject may be. The machinery of Parliament is at top speed and the dynamos are getting to the peak load.

Two o'clock in the morning. Opposition scowling and bellicose; Premier shows some temper; Government members fusilading the desks. Is he right? For the present that makes little difference. The game's the thing; oratory, personal magnetism—always available; he himself both master and creature of Parliament.

Now for the last time he is done; the House is in a hulabaloo. Division is called.

"Those in favour of the amendment say 'Ay,'" calls the Speaker.

"Ay," from the Opposition; a roar of it.

"Those in favour of the motion say 'No.'"

"No-o-o!" from the Government; a scream.

"The No's have it," says the Speaker.

Opposition object.

"Call in the members," says the Speaker.

The bell rings; the ten-minute gong heard over all the lobbies. Whips are busy on the round-up. Like Roderick Dhu's chieftains the members seem to rise from the scrub; all somewhere in the building for they expected a division. One by one at the call of the names from the Clerk the Ays rise and their names are recorded. So with the Nos.

"Ays—eighty-four," reads the Clerk. "Nos—one hundred and ten."

Bombardment from the Government benches. The machine has done its work. Turn off the power; let down the dynamos. Five to three by the gallery clock; House empty; members streaking out to the nip of the snow-blown air. Out go the electricians in the tower.

Such is the end of one day in Parliament.

**T. P. on Canada**

ONCE upon a time Mr. T. P. O'Connor, the *genie* of *M. A. P.*, was in Canada and he has written a few of his impressions. T. P.'s reflections were inspired by a recent article in the *London Times* from the pen of Mr. J. S. Willison, Canadian correspondent of that paper, one of whose paragraphs reads:

"In the short course of twenty-five years this city has grown from a town of 100,000 to a city of 325,000 people. Society is broken into groups. A city of homes this is if ever there was one, and in the eyes of visitors who explore it thoroughly that must be its chief beauty and glory. It is said now that while Montreal has more splendid mansions and more men of great wealth, in fortunes of from \$500,000 to \$3,000,000, Toronto eclipses all Canadian cities."

T. P. goes on to say: "Toronto, as everybody knows, is the capital of the great Province of Ontario. It is a town which has a curious resemblance at once to an English and to an American town. It has a certain underlying tranquillity which is characteristically English. But it is so go-ahead, it throbs with such full and tumultuous life, that it looks for all the world like one of those new Western towns which you find in so many parts of the United States. Montreal is a big and strong and ho-ahead town also, and yet it remains more English than American. Toronto looks more American than English. Ottawa, the capital, might be a cathedral city so profound and universal is the spirit of holy calm that pervades it. There is no calm in any part of Toronto—except in some of the beautiful residential parts in the suburbs. The terrific noise of the universal street-car thunders in every street; there are mighty lumber mills which are working away with all the tremendous noise of Titans; and all around there is rushing and tumultuous water as if Toronto were within sound of the Niagara Falls."



Melville, Sask.—This picture was published on December 25th, last, but was improperly named. It is used again to do justice to an enterprising and progressive Town.



A Skating Rink at Melville, begun on December 10th, finished January 10th.

take a room at the hotel and begin to stroll about town seeing the place and talking to the inhabitants that you find out the big differences between towns that look so much alike in the camera but in reality are as different as a huckleberry and a saskatoon.

Melville has its own local colour and is fast making a local history. It is a cosmopolitan burg whose citizens have come together from various parts of the earth; strangers yesterday but neighbours to-day; united by a common civic impulse—and the civic impulse is a leading *motif* in the West which has more experimental civic spirit, with more hope of doing new and useful and original things than any other part of Canada, just because they have no traditions to live down and everything to make themselves for the benefit of posterity.

Just as a sample of the originality of Melville, let us say that it is probably the only town in Canada which has a municipal skating rink; pictures of which are shown on this page. This is more than an oddity; it is an institution. Ice is an important thing in the West. Hockey and curling and skating are native to the winter of Saskatchewan. The bylaw for this civic rink was voted on November 26th, 1909. The building was begun on December 10th. It was begun in the true spirit of western hustle and the first picture was taken one week after the first timber was laid. The thing was finished from mudsill to gable by January 10th and ready for immediate business, of which it has had a good lively season. The main rink for hockey and skating is 190 feet long and 80 feet wide. It has a wing on each side for curling 28 feet wide. The total cost was \$10,000. In twenty days, including Sundays, the total receipts of the rink were \$700, which for a whole season at the same rate



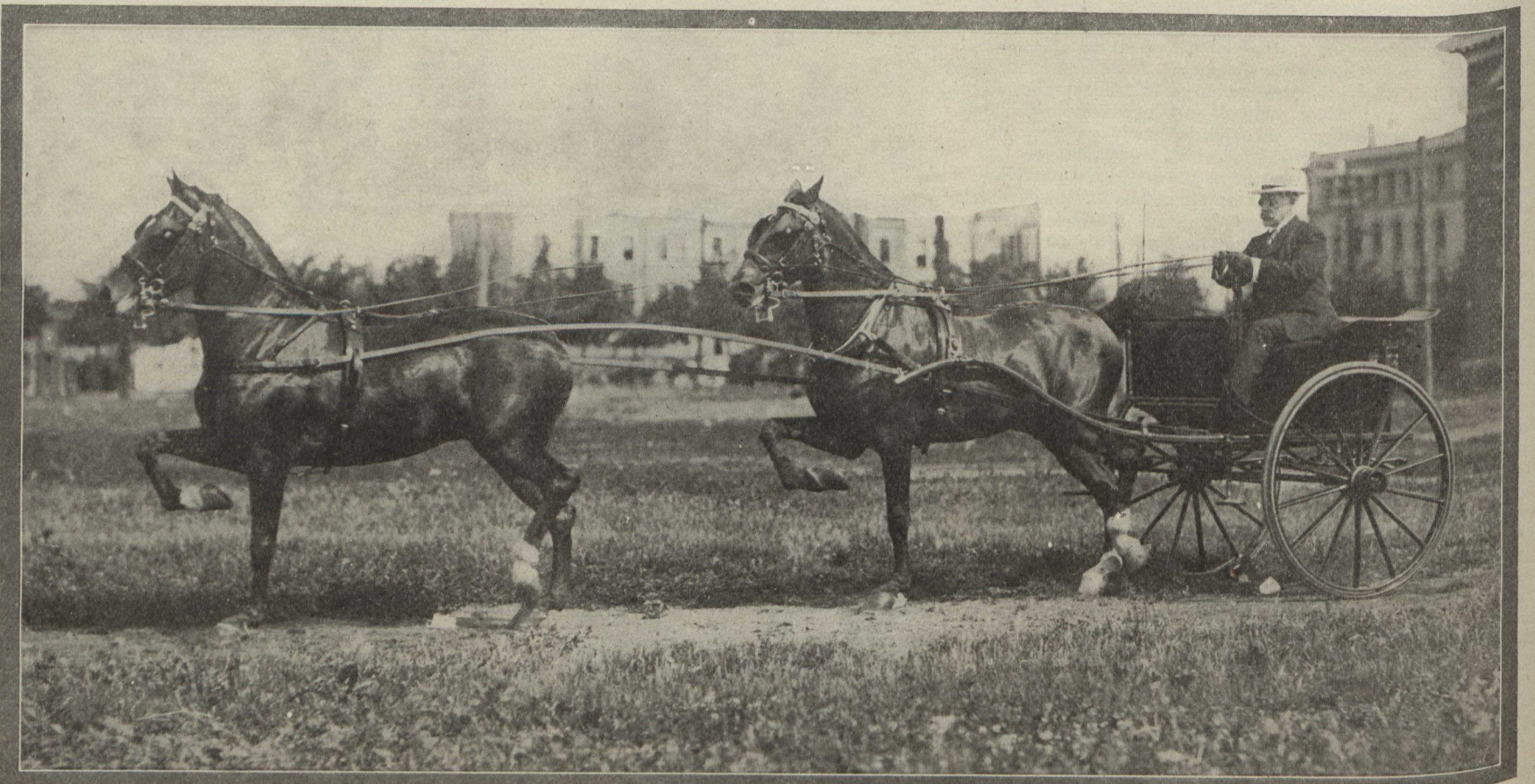
Melville Rink—Main portion 190x80 feet; two curling wings 28 feet wide. Cost \$10,000.

## Hustling Melville

SOME time ago a picture appeared in the CANADIAN COURIER which was designated as Rivers, Man.—when it was really Melville, Saskatchewan, which is a neighbour town on the G. T. P. The picture is again published on this page, because we are convinced that although two men you meet may be both rattling good fellows neither appreciates being called by the other's name. Those western towns are jumping up so swiftly that unless a newspaper has a travelling gazetteer on the trail half the time keeping tab there's grave danger of getting the names crossed. Of course in a photograph it often happens that new towns look alike. It's only when you get off the train and

would aggregate easily a third of the cost of the building.

This is a mere sample of what Melville is able to do. If Melville is able to put the same amount of aggressive ginger into every other municipal and public enterprise there ought to be a big new story of civic progress written in that town. Ten years from now—what will be the story of the Melvilles in the West? There are hundreds of places that have precisely the same chance for progress that Melville has. They may not all build municipal skating rinks; but it is certain that the new towns of the West are doing things in a spirit of true constructive publicity and in many cases on a scale which is quite unknown in the traditional East.



As Fine a Pair of Tandems as ever stepped; owned and driven by Mr. Hugh Sutherland, one of the leading horsemen of Winnipeg, rapidly becoming famous for its high-class horses.

# ANTLERS OF THE CARIBOU

*The First of Twelve Delightful and Original Animal Stories*

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

When the frost is on the barrens,  
And the popple leaves are thinned,  
And the caribou are drifting  
Down the wind—

NOW, what does he mean by that?" demanded Neville Baker, dropping the book on a heap of fern and spruce twigs beside the tent door. "Seems to have got the leaves and the caribou mixed up a bit, doesn't he, Adam? Must be one of your nature fakers, eh?"

"Well," said Uncle Adam the guide, after a ruminating pause, while a wreath of thin smoke from his pipe circled away softly on the still evening air, "I reckon he's about right, Mr. Baker. 'Drifting's' jest about the word for the way I've seen a herd o' caribou go a-sliding down afore the wind, biting a mouthful here an' there as they go; but jest so indifferent as to where they go that the little shove of the wind's all it takes to decide 'em."

Uncle Adam's slow voice stopped. The repose of his large, loose jointed frame, of his long, immobile, tranquil face, seemed to become a part of the repose of the wilderness sunset.

Neville Baker made no reply, but waited expectantly. In the course of his many visits to the many watered wilderness of the interior of the woodsman's frugality of speech. He knew that if Uncle Adam had anything more to say at the moment in regard to caribou, he would be more likely to say it without prompting. That capacious and sagacious head of the old guide was a very treasure house of woodcraft; but, at the same time, not one that could be drawn upon at will.

"But you mustn't run away with the idee," continued Uncle Adam some five minutes later, as if there had been no break in his discourse, "that caribou's always careless an' easy going like that. When they take a notion into their heads, it's different. They go where they've a mind to, and it takes something extraordinary to stop 'em. You never know where or when to find 'em. And when you do find 'em, you never know when or why they're going to quit, nor where they'll bring up after they've got started."

"It seems to me," said Neville Baker thoughtfully, knocking the ashes out of his pipe and hesitating as to whether or not he should fill it again—"It seems to me I know less about caribou than I do about any other of wild folk. I've been coming to these New Brunswick woods a good many years, and I flatter myself I've picked up something; but I know precious little more of caribou than when I first came—except that they're bad to find and mighty good to eat."

A slow, contemplative smile went over Uncle Adam's face. "You're not the only one," said he. "And let me tell you, when you hear some chap begin to brag as if he knew all about caribou—well, you jest smile. They're unexpected! What I learn about 'em one year, I most generally have to unlearn the next."

"Well," said Baker, "I know they grow a mighty handsome set of horns once in awhile. And that's what I want you to help me get this trip, Adam. I haven't a good caribou head in my lot."

"I ain't making no promises where caribou's concerned," said the guide; "but with moose, now, it's different, sometimes. If you'll jest take the trouble to turn yer head a leetle to the left, an' cast yer eyes out across the lake to the point yonder, I'll promise you as purty a picture of a bull moose as ye're ever going to see anywheres off the cover of a gun catalogue."

NEVILLE BAKER was sprawling on his blankets. He turned on his elbow and looked. The lonely lake, smooth as a mirror between its flat, desolate shores, spread pink, amber, and gold toward the cloudless pink and orange sky, where the sun had just sunk below the horizon. All the way up the lake, on one side, the shore was an unbroken stretch of treeless barren. On the other side the low, dark, serried ranks of fir forest advanced almost to the water's edge, their tops like embattled spear points against the coloured sky.

From this shore a spit of sand jutted straight out into the lake.

On its extremity, his magnificent bulk and lofty head black against the pellucid orange glow, stood a giant bull moose, motionless as if modeled in bronze. His huge muzzle was thrust straight out before him, as if he was about to roar a challenge. His wide, palmated antlers were laid back over his shoulders.

"By Jove!" muttered Baker. And a faint puff of aromatic wood smoke from the dying campfire, breathing across his nostrils at that instant, so fixed the picture in his memory that never after could he sniff the smell of wood smoke on evening air without the desolate splendour of that spacious and shin-

leaves and a dense patch of water arum in a cove below the point, pulled up the canoe, and felt their way cautiously through the wet fringes of undergrowth. Coming upon a lumber trail which the guide knew, they followed it single file without a word or a sound, stealthiest and most crafty prowlers of all preying kindred. Then, arriving at a covert of young balsam fir, from beneath whose dark and sweeping branches they could command a close view of the sandspit, they settled themselves to wait—to wait and watch with that exhaustless patience, that vigilance, alert yet immobile, which is one of the hardest essentials of woodcraft to acquire.

Close to Uncle Adam's arm lay the big horn of rolled birchbark by aid of which he was going to "call" (that is, to imitate the hoarse summons of the cow moose to her mate). For the present, however, he made no move to put his delusive art into practice. He would give time for the forest to forget the coming of the canoe and the passage of the trail. For perhaps ten or fifteen minutes there was not a movement or a whisper behind the ambush of the balsam firs. In the stillness the shy wood mice, reassured, came out and resumed their play, with almost inaudible patterings and rustlings over the dry carpet of fir needles.

AT last, above the flat black horizon beyond the lower end of the lake, came the first pale glow of moonrise. Uncle Adam lifted the birchbark horn to his lips and breathed through it a deep, bleating call, grotesque and wild, yet carrying an indescribable appeal, as if it was the voice of all the longing of all the wilderness. Twice he sounded the uncouth call, and then he waited.

Neville Baker, motionless, his back against a tree, thrilled with exquisite expectancy. Many a time before had he been at a moose calling; but the tense mystery of it never failed him. He knew that when one called a moose he never knew what might come. It might, of course, be the expected bull, his lofty, antlered head thrusting out over the dark screen of the bushes, while his burning eyes stared about in search of the mate that had called him. In that case, he would perhaps feel vaguely that he had been deceived and fade back soundlessly into the darkness; or, taking it into his head that another bull had forestalled him, he might burst out into the open, shaking his antlers, threshing the bushes, and roaring savage challenge.

But, on the other hand, it might not be a bull moose at all that would come to the raucous summons. It might be an ungainly moose cow, mad with jealousy and frantically eager to trample her rival beneath her knife edge hoofs.

Or, it might be nothing at all—no answer, all through the long, cold, moon silvered night, summoned the birch horn never so wisely.

Or, again, it might be something dangerously different. It might be a bear, a powerful old male who had learned to spring upon the cow moose and break her neck with one stroke of his armed paw. In such a contingency there would be excitement; for when a bear undertakes to stalk a cow moose he gives no notice of his intentions. The first warning, then, that they would get of his approach would be his savage rush upon the utterer of the delusive call. For such a contingency, therefore, though he had never yet been confronted by it, Neville Baker held his rifle always ready.

AFTER a space of silence, again the birchbark horn sent forth its appeal. And this time Uncle Adam put more art into his effort. First he called repeatedly, loud and long. Then he murmured—if so harsh a voice could be supposed to murmur—a series of caressingly desirous notes, hoarsely impatient and importunate. When he stopped, from the darkness of the woods nearby came a light snapping of twigs and brushing of branches, moving toward the open point.

A puzzled look went over Uncle Adam's face; for a moose bull, coming in answer to the summons, would either come with a defiant rush and make a much louder noise, or he would come secretly and make no noise at all. Such a subtlety of discrimination, however, was beyond Neville Baker's



The White Bull.

ing scene leaping into his brain. "By Jove!" he said again. And at that moment, for no reason apparent to the two watchers, the stately bull turned and strode off into the woods.

"That chap would do very well for me!" murmured Neville Baker, after a minute of appreciative silence.

"There's no knowing!" said Uncle Adam. "We might git him, an' then again we mightn't; but I reckon we can't do better than try to call him to-night after moonrise."

"Right!" said Baker.

WHEN at last the tiny campfire had died to a few white ashes and the half-dark of a cloudless night had fallen—still, and chill, and faintly sweet with damp, tonic scents of spruce, bayberry, and bracken—the two silent men rose and noiselessly launched their canoe. There was that in the air which spoke of frost before morning.

There was no hurry, so Neville Baker did not paddle. He lounged in the bow of the canoe, with his rifle between his knees, and watched with quiet eyes the wide, unstimulating world of the night, so inexpressibly desolate, yet, as he knew, so populous with unseen, furtive life—hunting and hunted; loving, fearing, trembling; enjoying or avenging. There was no sound, except now and then an elfish gurgle from under the prow, or a hushed swirl from about the throat of Uncle Adam's stealthily fanning paddle.

They pushed ashore through a tangle of lily

woodcraft. With pounding pulses, though a steady hand, he leaned forward, expecting to see the giant moose of his sunset vision stride forth upon the sandspit.

To his surprise, it was no moose, but a small grey cow caribou, looking almost white in the level rays of the now half-risen moon. She was followed by another cow, larger and darker than the first, and then by a fine caribou bull. Uncle Adam sounded again, softly, the call of the moose; but not one of the caribou paid any attention to it whatever. To the bull it mattered not what lovelorn cow moose should voice her hoarse complaints to the moon. He and his followers were on their own affairs intent. He was a noble specimen of his kind, as to stature, with very light greyish head, neck and shoulders, which showed in sharp contrast to the dull brown of the rest of his colouring. But his antlers, though large, were unevenly developed; so obviously imperfect that Neville Baker, though he had raised his rifle, hesitated to shoot. He would rather bide his time and take his chances of securing a more perfect specimen. Uncle Adam, comprehending, nodded approval. Baker lowered his gun, and the two waited with keen interest to see what the animals would do.

For some minutes the bull stood staring across the lake, as if he thought of swimming it, and his two cows—antlered, like himself, though much less imposingly—watched him with dutiful attention. Whatever, it was never carried out; for suddenly there came a new and more impetuous crashing among the undergrowth, and all eyes turned to see what was approaching.

AN instant later, a second bull, about the size of the first, but much darker in colouring, broke furiously through the bushes. He rushed about halfway down the sandspit, and then stopped, snorting and blowing defiance.

The newcomer had a magnificent set of antlers; but Neville Baker at that moment had no thought of shooting. What were the most wonderful antlers in the world compared to a fair fight such as seemed to promise? He laid a hand on Uncle Adam's arm, and felt that the latter was of the like way of thinking.

The light bull, surprised by the unexpected chal-

lenge, stood for an instant staring stupidly, waving his ears. Then all at once the hot blood of arrogant possession and jealous mastery seemed to rush to his head. Thrusting aside the two cows, who stood huddled in his path, with a furious booming grunt he lurched forward to meet the challenger.

With lowered heads, noses between their knees, and the branching spikes of their antlers presented straight to the front, they came together with a shock and a snort. The hard horn clashed with the dry resonance of seasoned wood. And, being on about equal size, both withstood the shock. Both staggered; but, recovering themselves simultaneously, they stood pushing with all the strength of their straining, heaving bodies, their hoofs digging deep into the sand.

Then, on a sudden, as if the same idea had at the same instant flashed into both their seething brains, they disengaged and jumped backward.

For several tense seconds, which seemed minutes to the eager watchers in the fir thicket, they stood eyeing each other like wary gradators, antlers down; while the big eyed cows, with ears slowly waving, looked on placidly, and the moon, now full risen, flooded the whole scene with lavish radiance. The only concern of the unruffled cows was that the best bull should win and with proved mastery compel their allegiance.

Suddenly the newcomer, the dark bull, as if to get around his adversary's guard, feinted to the right, and then lunged straight forward. But the white bull was too experienced to be caught by such a well worn ruse. He met the attack fairly. Again the pantings and savage gruntings arose on the stillness, as the matched antagonists heaved and pushed, their hind legs straddled awkwardly and their hoofs plowed the sand.

SEEING them so engrossed, Uncle Adam did not scruple to move. Grasping his companion's arm, he whispered, "I'll lay ye five dollars on the white bull!"

"Done!" whispered Baker excitedly. "It's up to me to back the stranger, of course. He looks to me the better man, anyhow."

"Mebbe," muttered Uncle Adam's voice at his ear; "but Whitey's fighting for his rights."

While the words were yet in his mouth, the

white bull put one of his hind feet in a hole, gave way for a second under the strain, and was forced backward almost to the water's edge.

"Ha! I win!" muttered Baker. But, "You wait!" retorted the guide.

And the next moment, with a desperate effort, the white bull recovered himself completely and regained his lost ground. Both combatants paused for breath, and the fight hung exactly in the balance.

Judging from his antlers, the white bull was the elder, and therefore, one may suppose, the craftier duelist. It occurred to him now, perhaps, that against a foe so nearly his equal in strength he must seek some advantage in strategy. He made a sudden movement to disengage his antlers and jump backward. The intention was obvious to the trained eyes watching from the thicket; but it failed curiously. At the instant of his effort, the dark bull had surged forward with violence. Not meeting the expected resistance, he was taken by surprise and sank on his knees. The white bull, quick to feel the advantage, instantly changed his purpose and thrust forward with all his weight. For a moment the dark bull seemed to crumple up, as his rival's heaving shoulders towered above him.

"See!" grunted Uncle Adam.

NOW this was the white bull's chance. It was for him to roll his enemy over, disengage, rip the dark bull's unfortunate flank, and tread him down. But he did nothing of the sort. He himself staggered forward with the fall of his adversary. Then he drew back again; but slowly. With the motion his adversary regained his feet. And once more the two stood, armed front to front, grunting, straining, heaving, but neither giving ground an inch.

"By George!" whispered Neville Baker. "I believe they're locked!"

For half a minute Uncle Adam made no reply. Then he nodded. "Locked, sure enough!" he agreed.

But what was so clear to the spectators was apparently not yet recognised by the combatants; because, when either tried to back free, so as to renew the attack more advantageously, it seemed to him

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.

# THE QUESTING OF MR. McMUNN

*An Amusing Scottish Story*

"Wud ye be wishing to know what's wrang wi' yer?"

"I dinna ken masel, and I dinna ken hoo yer going to tellit me," grunted Mr. McMunn.

"Mebbe; but I'll be telling yer. It's no' so much that yer near—"

"I told ye I wasna."

"It's no' so much that yer near," continued Maggie, brushing aside the interruption, "as that ye're yersel'. Juist yer ainsel', Andy, mon."

"Who else wud I be?" queried Mr. McMunn. "Yer bletherin, wumman!"

I.

By A. E. ASHFORD

SOME folk achieve matrimony; some have it thrust upon them; some—one refers to Mr. Andrew McMunn in particular—contract it as a habit of convenience. When the third Mrs. McMunn followed her two predecessors in the way of all flesh, though, it seemed for a while as though Mr. McMunn's ingrained proclivity would perforce fall into desuetude through sheer inability to continue the sequence.

"Deed, but I'm surprist at ye," said Kirsty Blair. "And pair Elspeth hardly cold in th' ground."

"I'm no' saying anything about th' wumman," said Mr. McMunn; "but she'll be as past looking after th' hoose as she ever will be."

"I wudna have ye if yer was th' last man on earth!" snapped Kirsty.

"I wudna ax yer," retorted Mr. McMunn unemotionally. "I'd tak ma pick."

This, his first rebuff, he took philosophically enough; but as refusal followed refusal a vague perplexity began to trouble his soul. Without in the least comprehending it, he began to perceive that he had locally exhausted a type. There had only been three Mrs. McMunns in the neighbourhood, and he had married them all. Excellent housewives in their way, neat, thrifty, hardworking; none had been other than properly submissive and respectful to the will of her lord and master; each had fitted her colourless individuality into the scheme of Mr. McMunn's life in all due subserviency; and all, contented enough in their lot, had experienced

the stirrings of a mild pride in espousing so "warm" a man as the phlegmatic arbiter of their destinies.

The three cheap photographic enlargements, which hung above the mantel-shelf in the hallowed respectability of the parlour, attested convincingly to the blamelessness of their memories.

Mr. McMunn, surveying their faded presentments a twelve-month after the demise of the most recent nonentity, disconsolately helped himself to a pinch of snuff and sighed. For a year he had been reduced to the services of a salaried housekeeper, and was no whit nearer to cutting down the wasteful expenditure in wages than he had been at any time during his last widowerhood. Discriminating at first, with less fastidiousness as his quest lengthened, he had sought to supply the connubial vacancy, and here he was, his hearth still desolate, at the end of his resources, vainly endeavouring to conjure up the name of some spinster or widow of his acquaintance whom he had neglected to "speer." The one effort was as hopeless as the other: his quest had been too systematic and exhaustive to allow of any omission.

"Deed, but I canna mak' it oot," he said sadly, apostrophising the portrait gallery; "there was never ony trouble about it before. I just axed ye and yer said yer wud."

He wandered gloomily into the kitchen.

"What's wrang wi' me, Maggie?" he blurted with abrupt simplicity.

"What is'na?" rejoined Maggie laconically. Gifted with a candid tongue and an errant spouse, whose whereabouts—the spouse's—had afforded scope for uncertainty and indifference for full five years, she utilised the former as might be expected, and the latter as occasion for pious and outspoken thankfulness in preserving her from the blandishments of Mr. McMunn.

"I've been miscalled mair names than I can lay ma tongue to," continued the latter, resentfully reminiscent.

"Such-like?" queried Maggie, assuming an air of utter uninterestedness.

"Near!" grunted Mr. McMunn.

"That'll be Aggie Cullum," commented Maggie. "She was telling me on'y th' nicht that's gang."

Mr. McMunn scowled. It was less than four-and-twenty hours since he had tendered his proposal to Aggie Cullum. And already, it would seem, it was tittle-tattle for the gossips.

"It's no' juist Aggie: it's what they a' call me!" he grunted.

"Weel! And what's wrang?"

"It's a lee! I'm no' near."

"It'll be a new-fangled kind o' lee, then," commented Maggie drily.

"Gin I was near," retorted Mr. McMunn, too dispirited to be triumphant and jerking a stubby thumb toward the parlour. "Gin I was near, wud I have had them peectures taken? Ye ken fine th' wasteful extravegence o' em."

"Peectures!" ejaculated Maggie, and threw aside her air of detachment. "Peectures! I'm never so contentit to be ma ain man's wumman as when I



clap een on yon peectures! Wud ye be wishing to know what's wrang wi' yer?"

"I dinna ken masel', and I dinna ken hoo yer going to tellit me," grunted Mr. McMunn.

"Mebbe; but I'll be telling ye. It's no' so much that yer near—"

"I told ye I wasna."

"It's no' so much that yer near," continued Maggie, brushing aside the interruption, "as that ye're yersel'. Juist yer ainsel', Andy, mon."

"Who else wud I be?" queried Mr. McMunn.

"Yer blethering, wumman!"

"Peectures!" repeated his informant. "Peectures!"—Mr. McMunn deemed her foolishly inconsequent—"Gin ye wish to add to yer peecture collection, Andy, mon, ye'll gang awa' to some place where th' wummin folk will no' be acquaintit wi' yer. Happen ye'll chance on some puir onfortinit body who'll no' ken when th' Lord's guid to her."

Mr. McMunn turned on his heel with slow dignity.

"Yer blethering, wumman, but there'll be mair sense to what yer saying than yer aware. It's little th' doitered wummin folk around here ken when th' Lord's guid to 'em. Happen there's wummin folk elsewhere will be sensible o' their mercies."

Maggie delivered a final thrust as he wended his way out of the kitchen.

"Mind yer sensible o' yer ain mercies gin ye git amang th' strange wummin folk," she cried shrilly. "Mind yer not cotched, Andy, mon!"

Mr. McMunn disdained to bandy repartee. "Cotched!" He, Mr. Andrew McMunn, with all his matrimonial experience, to be "cotched!" The warning was too "daft-like," he reflected, to merit any other than silent contempt; and yet, for all her foolishness, she had contrived to put into words the idea which had for some time been hazily stirring within his own brain. Since the women folk of the neighbourhood were so insensible to their own interest, why not prosecute his search elsewhere?

For some days he cautiously considered the matter, weighing the pros and cons; and then, with all due solemnity, he made up his mind.

"I'll be gangin' awa', Maggie, for twa three weeks, juist for a bit holiday," he announced impressively.

"And will I tak' they peectures down ferninst ye return?" queried Maggie, betraying no surprise, though for Mr. McMunn to make holiday was surprising enough. "Mebbe she'll no'—"

"Yer blethering, wumman," retorted Mr. McMunn stolidly.

\* \* \*

Not for two or three weeks, but for six weeks, his absence provided inexhaustible provender for speculative gossip among the home folk. It was dished up with the morning porridge; it was the snack which was discussed in casual moments and at chance meetings; it was the *piece de resistance* at all foregatherings; in short, as gossip, it constituted the staple commodity of the community. If anyone was observed to shake his or her head in a humorous fashion, or suddenly, for no other obvious reason, begin to chuckle, moderately or immoderately, the chuckle or head-shaking needed no explanation—it was at some thought of Mr. Andrew McMunn.

It was Kirsty Blair who, after her informant, Maggie, had the first news. She broke it to her brother with abrupt brevity as they sat at supper.

"He's gotten her, Tam!"

Tam, arrested in the act of nourishment, spilled the contents of his spoon promiscuously, and began to chuckle.

"They'll be arrivin' th' morrow's nicht."

Tam's eyes were a-water with mirth. He could only nod comprehension as he chuckled.

"She's a rare guid housewife and does'na hold wi' wummin who are no guided by Paul."

"Who tellit yer?" Tam contrived to gasp.

"Maggie?"

"Ay. She's gotten word she'll no' be wanted."

"A maist successful man in his marryings," commented Tam, mopping his eyes.

"She's a widow," added Kirsty thoughtfully.

"Andy's no' precisely a single mon," said Tam, and chuckled afresh at the witticism.

"It'll be his first experience o' a widow wumman," continued Kirsty, still thoughtful.

"If it hadna been a widow this time it wud th' next. It was bound to come sooner or later."

"Ay, it was bound to come, Tam," assented Kirsty.

"Proverbs are gey, queer-like things, and I mind one that's juist applicable."

Tam wrinkled his brow, pondering.

"I'm no' quite cotching yer meaning," he said presently.

"I didna suppose ye wud," retorted Kirsty. "It'll just be th' one about th' pitcher and th' well."

II.

WITH never a thought save that she would unconditionally approve, Mr. McMunn pompously opened the door of the parlour, and with a backward glance at his latest connubial acquisition, invited her to enter and inspect.

"It's no' such an unpleasing room," was the comment of the most recent Mrs. McMunn, after a critical appraisal, as thorough as it was rapid. "Gin I mak' a few bit alterations and get some o' th' things fixed up decent like, it'll be a real bonnie one."

Mr. McMunn turned and scrutinised the would-be innovator coldly. None of the late Mrs. McMunn's had ever ventured such an independent suggestion, and the very novelty of the experience left him in a temporary quandary for speech. A convulsed, indistinct sound roused him, and he turned to discover Maggie in the doorway, sardonically

monosyllabic protests as she moved about on her tour of minute investigation, or feebly suggest that she had "speered" round sufficiently, and that there were other apartments to inspect; to which protest and suggestion Mrs. McMunn was most cheerfully deaf.

"And who'll these be?" she queried presently, turning her attention to the portraits (if she had noticed them before she had carefully concealed the fact); "ye never told me ye'd gotten three sisters, Andy."

Mr. McMunn coughed. He might, had he been so inclined, have retorted that neither had he told her that he had had three wives. Ungiven to nice calculations of sentiment though he was, he found a fresh awkwardness weighing upon him, and with it the memory of a certain agitation which the third Mrs. McMunn had once or twice displayed before the portraits of her predecessors, and the third Mrs. McMunn had really been a remarkable meek woman.

Mrs. McMunn repeated her question.

"They'll be juist th' puir dears," he explained evasively.

"And who'll ye be callin' th' puir dears?"

"It'll be juist an expression. Juist th' puir dears who've gang before."

"And where will they be gone to, Andy?" queried Mrs. McMunn with, her years and size considered (she was of a ponderous comeliness), a highly creditable assumption of *naivete*.

Turning his eyes piously upwards, he signified dumbly the mode and direction of their departure. Following the direction of his glance, Mrs. McMunn exhibited a lack of comprehension which was almost exaggerated, affecting to believe that they had taken their departure by balloon.

"Gin they were no' gone," mumbled Mr. McMunn, "ye'd no' be where ye are th' noo, wumman."

No woman of discernment carries the process of misunderstanding beyond effective limits. Uttering a shrill little shriek, Mrs. McMunn at length permitted herself to comprehend.

"Ye never told me ye'd been marrit a' they times!" she protested.

"Mebbe I no' named th' precise number o' times," admitted Mr. McMunn uncomfortably; "but ye'll no' deny I told ye I had been marrit. It will be juist an ower, sight. And it's no' as if I'd a hooseful o' incumbrances. I told ye I'd been most extraordinair' unsuccessful in raising th' callants. Hoot, wumman! ye might have marrit worse!"

"But I canna bear th' sicht o' em!" sniffed the distressed lady.

"They're peectures," said Mr. McMunn. "What will ye be proposing to put in th' place o' 'em?"

"It'll be like living in a harem wi' one o' they heathen Turks," sniffed Mrs. McMunn. "'Deed, but it was no' kind o' ye to deceive me, Andy."

She buried her face anew in her handkerchief, and then, just as he was dismally anticipating hysterics, looked up and smiled wanly.

"Ay, but I ken fine why ye did'na tell me, Andy. It was just because ye were so gey fond o' me, ye were scare't I'd no' be willin' gin ye did."

"Weel," began Mr. McMunn cautiously, "I didn'a put it to masel' juist that—"

That was as far as he got in his prosaic qualification of a romantic insinuation. Somehow or other—he was not quite certain how—he found himself deposited upon the couch beside his spouse, one hand clasped in her two plump ones, and altogether in a disconcertingly affectionate situation.

"Eh, but it's a rare guid wife I'll be to ye, Andy," murmured Mrs. McMunn amorously.

"It'll be what I marrit ye for," murmured Mr. McMunn miserably.

Mrs. McMunn, choosing to put upon the statement a gracious interpretation scarcely justified by his tone, nestled to him yet more cosily.

"How many weans were ye telling me it was that ye cud'na raise. Nine?"

Mr. McMunn nodded. The failure of his wives to raise their offspring had always been a matter for grievance with him.

"Such a mither as I'd have been to them, too," sighed Mrs. McMunn. "Eh, deary, deary! to think what ye've missed, Andy. To think how their little feet—" She sighed again, and for a few moments was pensive. And then: "Eh, but I've gotten a grand surprise for ye, Andy."

"Ye'll be full o' surprises," muttered Mr. McMunn, displaying no enthusiasm.



"'They'll be juist th' puir dears,' he explained evasively."

appreciative of the situation.

"I'll be quite able to show th' house masel'," he remarked with dignity. "Ye'll be better occupied gin ye prepare th' supper."

By way of emphasis he closed the door, and then, clearing his throat, prepared to correct his wife's erroneous conception of her duties.

"'Deed, it's a verra nice room already," he observed heavily. "Ye might gang juist a verra short ways and find mony that will no' compare wi' it. There's been nothing wrang wi' it a' these years, and I dinna ken hoo ye're going to improve—improve—"

He came to an abrupt pause, displeasure and a slight incredulity in his aspect. So far from accepting his rebuke in the spirit of humility proper to a wife, especially one who professed herself animated by the principles laid down by Paul, Mrs. McMunn was not even paying attention to him. Mr. McMunn gazed helplessly at the portraits of her predecessors, wondering how he would have expressed himself had any one of them discussed the propriety of recovering the couch and chairs, laying another carpet, hanging fresh wall-paper, buying a new table-cloth, and acquiring this, that, and the other with the same light-hearted assurance. It was a speculation which afforded no solution to the present crisis. Exemplary paragons that they had been, his very lack of experience in dealing with aught save their unopposing meekness, left him utterly at a loss in his present situation. Watching her in a species of stupefaction, he could only interject

# DEMI - TASSE

## Newslets.

THEY are having such a perfectly delightful party down at Albany-on-the-Hudson, don't you know? President Taft makes a charming host, assisted by Governor Hughes, in receiving Earl Grey, Hon. W. S. Fielding and J. A. M. of *The Globe* were among those present, the former wearing a spring costume in the latest shade of London smoke, the Canadian Minister wearing a recherche creation, fresh from Sparks St., Ottawa, and the Celtic Editor appearing in the kilts of his native clan. The evening was spent in promenading and listening to the music rendered by the High Tariff orchestra which discoursed such sweet strains as "Will ye no' Come Back Again?" and "Let a Little Sunshine In." Altogether, it was the most enjoyable Taft Pull in which Canadian visitors have ever taken part. Each guest was presented with a gold brick on leaving.

Mr. Robert E. Motherwell, the comet specialist at the Dominion Observatory, declares that Halley's comet went into seclusion for a fortnight about the seventeenth of March. We knew that the speech of Hon. Charles Murphy would put the comet out of business and dim its radiance for a feded interval. When the Minister of Foreign Affairs celebrates St. Patrick's Day with a little oratory, the other heavenly bodies turn pale. "After all, things might be worse," muses Premier Rutherford of Alberta, as he reads that Premier Khuen von Hedevary of Hungary had his head cut open by an ink-well. Budapest is not a nice capital.

\* \* \*

## When Whitney Jumped.

There was a sound of revelry  
From the cannon in the park;  
The Governor in glad rags came,  
It was a joyous lark!  
But Whitney left with visage sad,  
The Show had been disrupted,  
Behold a Suffragette has been  
And boldly interrupted.

\* \* \*

## A Matter of Temperature.

THE recent Foster-Macdonald suit, in which the Editor of *The Globe* came out a smiling scribe, gave rise to several humorous comments. Perhaps one of the best unconscious "bits" was the announcement on the bulletin board of *The Globe*.

The first item was to this effect: "First day of the Macdonald-Foster libel case."

Following this announcement was the item: "Cold to-day and stormy to-morrow."

\* \* \*

## Exit of an Ex-Minister.

The birds are flying north, they say,  
For spring is surely here;  
Yet Foster's winged his was far south  
Of chills he has a fear.

\* \* \*

## Even Under Suffragette Rule.

LOUIS PIERRE was one of a number of Canadian immigrants who settled at Fitzgerald, Georgia. As he spoke both French and English he rapidly became a man of importance, and was successively elected to the offices of city marshal, coroner, and justice of the peace.

A dispute arose between the French and English settlers as to the superiority of the United States over the Canadian provinces. They finally agreed to leave the decision to Judge Pierre, who handed down this decision:

"Yoost tage a loog at me. Ferst dey mage me constabul, den coroner,

und now joostis of de pees. Soon I be ze governair, den senator, den president. I wood be ze long time in Canadaire fore dey mage me queen."—*The Circle*.

\* \* \*

## Partial Forgiveness.

A FARMER, believing himself to be dying, sent for a clergyman and somewhat shocked that good man by the offhand, easy way in which he announced his fitness to die. Pressed upon certain topics, particularly upon the question of forgiveness to his enemies, he said he forgave everybody who had injured him, "except Johnny Smith."

John had played him such a trick about the sale of a certain cow that the farmer declared nothing should make him forgive him. Impressed by the exhortations of the clergyman and moved by fear of the consequences of dying unforgiving and unforgiven, he turned to the minister and said, with an air of satisfaction at having hit off a solution of the difficulty: "All right. Jest as you say. If I die I forgive him, but if I live, by jiminy, he'd better look out!"

\* \* \*



Elder Sister: "Come, Clarence, take your powder like a man; you never heard me make a complaint about a little thing like that."

Clarence; "Neither would I if I could daub it on my face. It's swallowing it that I don't like."—*M.A.P.*

\* \* \*

## Her Only Fear.

SHE was just three years old, and it was her first visit to the Zoo. When the towering form of the elephant appeared in sight she drew back, clutching at her father's hand. "I won't go too close, daddy," she whispered. "I might frighten him."

\* \* \*

## Designed for a Profession.

IT was impossible to shake James Martin's self-esteem or satisfaction in any way. He had not been the Willowville shoemaker for twenty-eight years to acquire modesty. "I'm glad to hear your boy Willie's got a chance to teach in the college your money put him through," he said loftily to a summer resident as he sewed in the tongue of her shoe. "I always thought he'd be a good one for such a job."

"You did?" said the lady indifferently.

"I certainly did," and James Martin looked at her from his seat on the bench as from a pinnacle of wisdom. "I said to a number of folks after one or two conversations with him as to his prospects when he's just through high school—I said, 'Take a young feller like him that can't tell kid from pebble goat without you point out

the difference, and best thing for him would be a so-called profession,' I said, 'where he could make use of books, have 'em handy and not trust his own intellects, brain powers nor judgment except in extreme cases,' sech as would seldom or never occur."

"That's what I said then, and I say it now, ma'am."—*Exchange*.

\* \* \*

## Stonewall's Bridge Builder.

"STONEWALL JACKSON," said an old Army veteran, "used to tell a story about a bridge-builder."

"This bridge-builder was called old Miles. He was very necessary to Jackson because the flimsy bridges on the line of march were continually being swept away by the floods or destroyed by the enemy; and in these contingencies Miles was a regular jewel. He could run up a bridge in the time it would take another man to make the measurements."

"One day the Union troops burned a bridge across the Shenandoah. Stonewall Jackson called old Miles to him and said:

"You must put all your men to work, Miles, and you must keep them at it all night, for I've got to have a bridge across this stream by morning. My engineer will draw up the plans for you."

"Well, early next morning Jackson, very much worried, met old Miles."

"See here," he said, dubiously; "how about that bridge? Did the engineer give you the plan?"

"Old Miles took the cigar from his mouth and flicked the ash off with a sneer."

"General," he said, "the bridge is done. I dunno whether the picter is or not."

\* \* \*

## Temptation.

ONE warm February morning in Florida a visitor was motoring with a young lady, and by a stream they got out to gather flowers. After a while a boy came up and said: "Hey mister, is that your girl over there?" "Yes. I suppose so," said the man. "Well, tell her to go home," said he. "Us fellers wants to go in swimmin'." He told the young lady of this odd request, but she had not yet finished her bouquet, and she said, with a laugh, he must tell the boys she wouldn't look. She'd shut her eyes. This they were duly told. And they consulted gravely on it. Then the spokesman returned and said: "The fellers says they dassent trust her."

\* \* \*

## Put Me Among the Immortals.

(Mr. H. G. Wells has recently stated that in future the greatest scientific discoveries will be in the direction of prolonging human life by means of surgical operations.)

Alas! that I was born too soon,  
Before the surgeon's knife  
Has learned the way to give the boon  
Of long-extended life!  
I still must be my stomach's slave,  
My large intestine's prey,  
Because I know no surgeon brave  
Who'll cut them out to-day.

I care not for the aeroplane  
Or gyrosopic car;  
For me the poles are sought in vain—  
What matter where they are?  
The only science that appears  
Of value in my eyes  
Is that which promises more years  
To man before he dies.

O men of science, cease, I pray,  
To wrestle with the air,  
Put charts of polar seas away—  
For warmer work prepare;  
Prepare the anæsthetic, grip  
The keen and glittering knife,  
And through our innards let it rip  
To give us longer life!—*Truth*.



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# PEOPLE AND PLACES

THE picture below illustrates the pathos of moral progress in Victoria, B.C. What was once a chattering shrine of the opium-eater—being then an entrepot for the sale of opium wholesale by Celestials—is now a mere curiosity shop. It will be remembered that following exhaustive investigations by the now Minister of Labour the importation of opium for consumption in Canada was forbidden by law. Hence a vanished industry.

\* \* \*

## The Traders of the North.

FUR traders in the far north are a wee bit worried just now. The factors are convinced that this year's collection of furs won't strike the average. The fur-bearing animals are in the woods—plentiful as ever—but there is a problem how to get them out. The trappers are few. For this the railways which are being projected into the wilds at such an alarming rate are blamed. The Indians are going into railway work. Two dollars and fifty cents a day—that has proved too big a temptation for a great many red men who have abandoned their trap lines to do constructing under the G. T. P. contractors, building from Prince Rupert easterly along the upper waters of the Skeena and north British Columbia. White men have set out to fill the places of the deserting trappers. But even frontiersmen have found that they do not know the country and the habitat of the game like the aborigines. Up in the Yukon and Arctic district as in British Columbia short receipts is the wail. So it is

in Northern Cariboo. Fort George reports that not half the pelts of former years are being offered. Take the experience of A. G. Hamilton for example. Last year by March 1st, Trader Hamilton had expressed eleven thousand dollars' worth of furs. This year three bales, value one thousand dollars, was his first shipment. Cariboo beaver has been remarkably scarce all winter. The Indian hunters misjudged the opening for beaver and did not set their traps in time. The white buyers at Fort George are kicking because they do not get half a chance at the best furs. The

## MORAL PROGRESS ON THE PACIFIC



From Opium to Curios in Victoria, B.C.

Indians, coming in from the trails, dispose of their goods to the trader of their own race in town. After he has taken his pick the white traders can take the rest, sometimes, too, at exorbitant prices. Lately the white men have devised retaliative measures which are gradually bringing the Indians to time. They are holding up the red hunters for supplies which alone they can get from them. Way down at Winnipeg the fur trade is brisk. This is because the tribes which drifted into the lower Mackenzie basin are given options to the Manitoba distributors. The supply is unusual, quality good, and there is keen competition among buyers. Eleven dog trains were found necessary to land a shipment of fox, ermine, and rat—value, ten thousand dollars—at Gimili, Man., not long ago. All over the northland prices of furs are taking a rise. Fort St. John, Peace River district of British Columbia, quotes the prices prevalent five years ago in comparison with those of 1910:

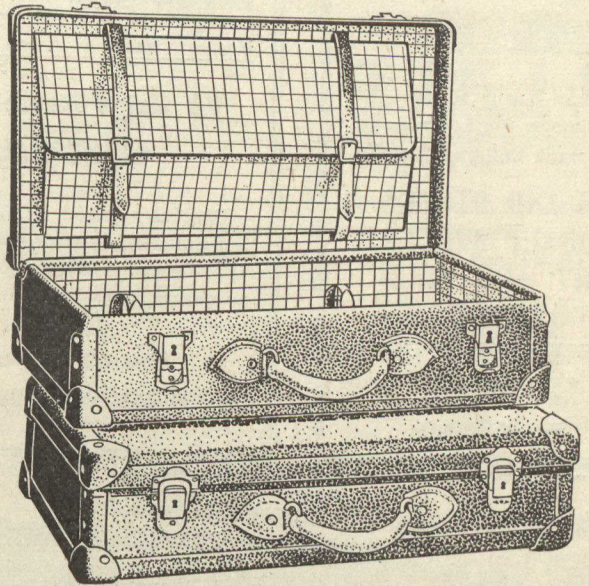
	1905	1910
Rat . . . . .	\$.10	\$.60
Skunk . . . . .	.50	2.50
Red fox . . . . .	1.50	5.50
Mink . . . . .	1.50	7.00
Lynx . . . . .	2.50	25.00
Wolf . . . . .	1.00	3.50
Weasel . . . . .	.10	.50
Badger . . . . .	.40	2.50

\* \* \*

## Navigation on the Red River.

FARMERS along the historic Red River are joyfully basking in this April sunshine watching Old Sol start the ice running down stream. The ice out of the river will innovate a new era for them this year; for after a quarter of a century of squabbling the plans for making the Red navigable have been effected, and as soon as the weather conditions are favourable, navigation will be open between Lake Winnipeg and Grand Forks, N.D. Back a few years there was considerable carrying trade on the river. Then came the railroads and killed the business of the river men. The navigators of those days worked under difficulties. The St. Andrew's rapids lay in the way, a stumbling block to passage from Grand Forks to the northland. But the government engineers have harnessed the rapids. Just the other day they put the finishing touches to the machinery which will operate the huge locks. The opening of the Red River will be a boon to a whole lot of people. The riparian farmers can now load their produce on barges and sail away with it to the big markets. Prospectors and miners will have easy access to what the voyageurs call the "Eldorado" north of Lake Winnipeg. The Red River will at least provide a temporary outlet for the vast mineral resources of Canada's hinterland. Probably the Red River will be as popular with excursionists from Winnipeg as Niagara is with Torontonians. Sunday school teachers are already talking of picnics on the Red. Excursion boats are being built for the boom. The Hyland Navigation Company, which last summer launched the *Winnetoba*, has almost completed the *Bonnetoba*.

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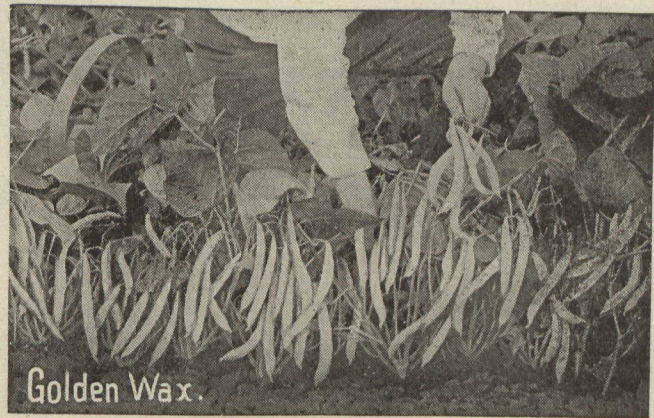
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In other words, you must add a dollar to the "Bedford" price to get such value elsewhere. It is made of fine selected cowhide, brown and russett, on an English steel frame, new comfort-grip handles, two brass lock bolts, figured cloth lining with shut pocket. 24 inch, 4.50; 26 inch, 4.95.

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**MONEY AND MAGNATES**

Brokerage Business Either Feast or Famine.

THE brokerage business is very much like the iron and steel industry, in as much that it is either feast or famine. That is, the average brokerage house either makes a large amount of money during the year, or on the other hand, goes quite a little behind. It is very seldom that they are able to make what can be regarded as a fair amount of money, and must be content either to make too much or too little.

A report the other day mentioned the fact that the New York representative of a Boston house, who only a couple of years ago was making only about \$15 a week in a second-rate brokerage house, received over \$100,000 as his portion of the profits of the year. Looking over the firms who are members of the Montreal Stock Exchange, it would not be very difficult to find from ten to twenty different houses, who during the year 1909, made well over \$100,000, and it is doubtful whether for two or three years previous to that, they had done any more than pay their expenses. Of course last year was a banner year. A number of the different firms had an opportunity of participating in various pools which were particularly successful in their operations, and in addition to this, their regular commission business was away larger than anything they had ever experienced in the past.

At one time, a careful canvass indicated that as many as twenty-seven different pools were operating in various stocks, and were gradually marketing off large blocks of various securities to the general public.

In most instances, the public in their turn have had an opportunity to make quite a fair profit, but of course it remains to be seen whether they will get out of their securities fast enough or whether they, by trying to hold on for too large a profit, will miss their opportunity.

\* \* \*

Public Generally Get Into a Stock Near the Top.

SOMEHOW the public never get really going on a stock till it is up pretty close to its highest level. The most striking instance of this that has been given on the Montreal or Toronto Stock Exchanges during the past few years, has undoubtedly been that of the Dominion Iron and Steel Common. For months it hung around 18 to 25, and hardly anybody wanted it at all even at that price. There were, however, a few staunch friends of the stock down around the Montreal Stock Exchange, the strongest of them all perhaps being Mr. Tom McNulty of the firm of Senator Forget & Co., and Tom, as he would look at the board and his friends would quiz him about the poor showing that Iron was making, would always say: "Your clients and the public generally will be falling over themselves to buy it when it is over 60 and you haven't got gumption enough to take some of it now."

And so as months went by, and as Steel Common gradually but steadily went along finding new high levels, the general public got clamouring for the stock, and inquiry at the different brokerage offices will show you that the amount of general public buying, which is always in small amounts, was by far the largest when the stock had crossed 60, and by this time, the different insiders and pool interests who had picked up a considerable amount of the stock down around the low levels, were just as eager to have the public take the stock off their hands, as the public in their turn, seemed to be to get it.

The reason for the very peculiar condition of the public always getting in near the top, is that it generally takes the average man a good while to make up his mind whether he will really go into the stock or not, and in addition the public always likes an active stock, and will always go into the market when the volume of transactions of the stock, as indicated by the daily papers, are the largest.

\* \* \*

The Very Different Positions Men Sometimes Occupy.

HOW the positions of some men do change! Only a few years ago, Mr. F. L. Wanklyn when general manager of the Montreal Street Railway used to have to go up to the City Hall very frequently and tackle the City Council for various privileges, such as the right to operate on new streets, and now Mr. Wanklyn is ensconced as a member of the Board of Control up at the City Hall, and his successor as general manager of the Street Railway must now go up to him and his associates, with the many and varied requests that Mr. Wanklyn himself used to make.

If there was ever any that should appreciate the other fellow's position, it is certainly Mr. Wanklyn.

Just fancy how interesting a similar situation would be in Toronto if the public, the Board of Control and the city aldermen woke up some morning and found that a man who had formerly been a general manager of the Toronto Railway Company, was now a member of the Board of Control of the city. Of course Toronto would hardly stand for such a situation for a minute, but down in Montreal they seem to view such matters somewhat differently, taking rather the view that the experience such a man should have had in corporation matters, should be of the greatest benefit to him in endeavouring to help the city to carry on its business as it should.

Of course this Board of Control idea is a new one for Montreal, but it looks as though it would work out satisfactorily right from the start, and the public are quite prepared to allow that the corporation interests should have their representative on the Board just in the same way as the working classes and the commercial interests should have theirs.

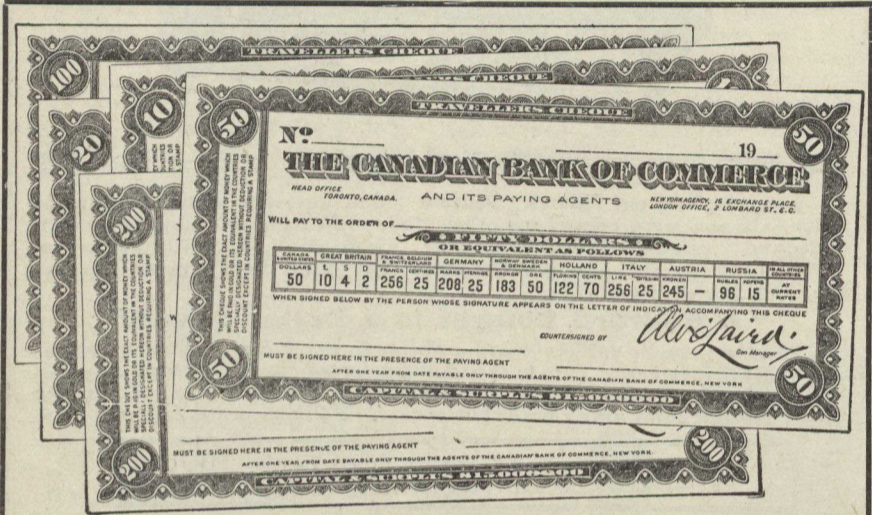
\* \* \*

Ontario Becomes an Important Factor, in a Different Way, in the Milling Industry.

THE other day Mr. James Carruthers, the wheat expert, mentioned to me that after his last trip through the Canadian West he fully made up his mind that by the end of 1915 the Canadian Northwest would be producing at the rate of 500,000,000 bushels of wheat annually.

A tremendous increase, you say, as compared with the present production of 125,000,000 bushels, but then nearly all the guesses about the wheat belt have fallen away below the mark in the past and besides Mr. Carruthers is not given to exaggerating things very much.

If the forecast turns out right that will mean 500,000,000 bushels of Canadian wheat that Canadian mills will have to convert into flour. This



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**A. A. CAMPBELL** - - - **MANAGING DIRECTOR**

will give some indication of the rapid growth that will be seen in the next few years in the milling capacity of the country and at first sight it rather looks as though all the leading companies will be vying with one another to secure favourable locations for their largest mills at the end of deep water navigation on Lake Ontario.

In addition the farmers of the Province of Ontario are getting more and more out of the way of raising wheat and instead are devoting their entire attention to live stock and dairy products.

This new situation will mean a very ready market for the bye-products of the mills that will be located at lake points about Ontario and as you have naturally guessed by this time will all mean that Ontario is to become an important factor in what seems destined to remain perhaps the largest individual industry in the country.

Certain it is that in the past it has been the one from which the largest number of Canadians have made the most money inasmuch as it is the farmers of the country, who supply the raw material in delivering their wheat to the various mills and afterwards through their knowledge of industry have to a great extent become financially interested in the stocks of some of the leading milling concerns.

It has always been a matter of dispute whether the milling industry was not more the backbone of a country than even iron and steel and if it is, why it is nice to see that the Province of Ontario, even after it has to a great extent abandoned wheat raising, shall by its many large mills continue to play a very prominent part in it.

\* \* \*

### Only One Man Made Money in Cobalt—the Insider.

NOW that the Cobalt boom is quietly but steadily petering out, stop for a minute and think who is the man who has made any money out of it. Only one man; the insider, the man who had stock to sell. And if you had known anything about this Cobalt game you would have figured out from the start that it was only the insider who was selling the stock who could have made any money.

Of course there are some good properties up in the silver belt but you can now count them on your finger tips and in most instances you will find out that the real good ones have right from the start been practically close corporations and the public never got a chance to hear about them till the market price of them was so high that it became impossible for the average man to buy more than a few shares.

But that is not what the public want. A few shares—what is the use of them? We want a gamble, a chance to buy not a few shares but a few thousand shares and then make a regular killing. It is like going down to the Woodbine and picking out the 100-to-1 shot. It comes home about once in four years and usually on the day that your business prevented you from going to the track.

And what is more, these insiders know just what the public want and that is the reason they make a point of issuing their stock at 10, 15 and 20 cents. A careful canvass of the various lists of shareholders in Cobalt concerns to-day would show that not one man in a thousand has made any money out of them and what is more they never had a chance to make any money out of them.

This calls to mind an interesting and authentic report regarding a Cobalt property that was very extensively advertised in the American magazines and periodicals. Not an argument was lost sight of, that might induce the public to jump in and buy. Some outside interests had an engineer look over the property in question and when he got back and walked into their office, he smilingly remarked: "Gentlemen, provided you have a little loose silver in your pocket I want to go on record as stating that there is more silver in this office than in that entire property."

\* \* \*

### Montreal Street.

McCUAIG BROS. of Montreal in their weekly letter dated March 24th have this to say of Montreal Street Railway: "There is still no definite explanation given for the sensational rise in this stock during the past couple of weeks. The general idea seems to be that some large interests have purchased a large block of stock with the idea of obtaining control but as there are one hundred thousand shares outstanding and as the stock is now selling at \$250, the control would probably cost over \$12,000,000. There is a persistent rumour that a powerful New York syndicate is working in conjunction with the local syndicate; however, this is only a surmise as nothing official can be gathered in any direction. The consensus of opinion at present is that one of the Subway companies is after the control of Montreal Street, or else a very large block of stock, which would enable it to force some sort of working agreement when the new system is in operation. The petition of the Montreal Underground & Elevated Railway has been presented in the Legislature at Quebec, the company asking for powers to build and operate by electricity, etc., underground and elevated railways through the city and Island of Montreal, also to build tunnels, viaducts and subways. The capital stock is to be \$20,000,000 and the object of the company is to carry freight, passengers and mails. One of the representatives stated that that company intended to commence work as soon as they secured their charter." COUPON.

### Newspaper Influence

IN a way newspapers are thought to have lost influence. All the newspapers except the *World* were against Gaynor for Mayor in New York but he won; all the newspapers in Boston were against Fitzgerald but he won. That looks as though newspapers did not govern after all.

They don't. Few people accept the leadership and direction of any newspaper now as many people did in the days when Horace Greeley wrote the *Tribune*. Papers are cheap. A great many readers buy and read several every day, and are apt to read papers of opposing views so as to get both sides of questions. And readers know the bias of these papers pretty well, or think they do, and make allowances accordingly. If the *Messenger* says Pinchot is a megalomaniac the reader is apt to say to himself: "Well Cohen has got to stand in with the interests, of course, until he gets his mortgage paid off; and perhaps he has a brotherly feeling for the Gugs. Who knows?" So he reads on with amusement and allowances, and then takes up the *Mercury* with a picture on the front page of Glavis tacking up Ballinger's hide on the door of the White House. He makes allowances for that too, remarking that the *Mercury* is unusually strong in "want ads" this winter.—*N. Y. Life*

## A Ready Market

The chief advantage of investing money in a bond instead of in a mortgage is that the investment can generally be turned into cash at short notice.

Where a bond has an International market, its price is not liable to be affected by purely local conditions, and it is likely therefore to be more stable.

Such a condition prevails to a great extent with the bonds of the Amalgamated Asbestos Corporation, which are owned, not only in Canada, but more especially in England and the United States.

Application will be made to list the bonds on the London, New York, and Montreal Stock Exchanges. The Preferred and Common shares are already listed in Montreal, Toronto, and Philadelphia, and application has been made for listing them on the London Stock Exchange.

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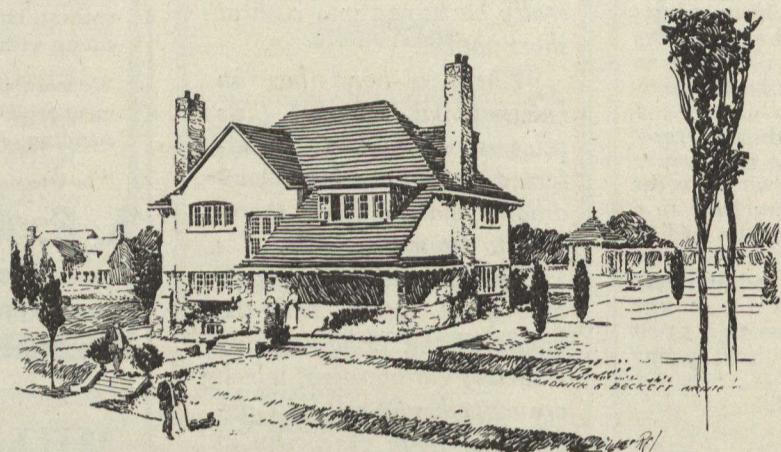
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## Antlers of the Caribou

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.

quite natural that the other should fiercely follow him up. In the struggle they pivoted completely round more than once, and the two cows, perceiving something unusual in the combat, drew off with an annoyed air to the extremity of the sandspit. Little by little the white bull appeared to be getting a shade the better of the duel; for at last, regaining his first position, he was seen to be forcing his rival steadily, though slowly, back toward the woods.

THEN, all at once, after a pause for breath, both at the same time seemed to realise the plight they had got themselves into. Both had tried to back away at the same instant. In the next, they were tugging frantically to break apart.

Struggle as they might, however, their struggle was utterly in vain. The tough, strong horn of their new antlers was never so slightly elastic. It had yielded, under the impact of their last charge, just far enough for a perfect locking; but in the opposite direction there was no yielding. They were inextricably and inexorably fastened together and in a horrid attitude, in which it was impossible to feed or even to straighten up their bowed necks.

In the frantic pulling match that now began the white bull had the best of it. He had slightly the advantage in weight. Little by little he dragged his struggling rival out along the sandspit, till the two cows, almost crowded off, bounced past with indignant snorts and vanished down the shore. A moment more, and he had backed off the sand into a couple of feet of water.

The surprise seemed to startle the white bull into new rage. He laid the blame of it upon his rival. As if with all his strength renewed, he recovered himself and thrust the dark bull backward with such tempestuous force that the latter had all he could do to keep his footing. Presently he was forced back to the very edge of the woods. Then, exhausted and cowed, his legs gave way and he sank on his haunches. But now, frantic with despair, he struggled furiously to butt and strike with his fettered prongs, and in this struggle he fell over sidewise. The white bull, his paroxysms of new vigour suddenly come to an end, was dragged down with him, and the two lay with heaving sides, panting noisily.

"Reckon we'll have to call it a draw," whispered Uncle Adam, forgetting that there was no longer any need of silence.

"That's so. All bets off," agreed Baker in the same tense whisper.

"What's to be done now?" For such a situation he had no precedent and therefore no idea what the etiquette of the wilderness might demand.

BUT before Uncle Adam could enlighten him another spectator, whose presence had been little dreamed of, intervened with a brisk reply. Out from the thickets at the lower edge of the point burst an enormous black bear and fell upon the exhausted duelists. With one blow he broke the neck of the white bull; then, turning like a flash, he was about to serve the other in like fashion. But the sharp tangle of antlers was in the way and delayed him for an instant. In that instant Neville Baker's rifle spoke out. And the bear, shot through the spine with an explosive bullet, dropped in a sprawling heap across the fore legs of his intended victim. Emerging from their ambush, the two hunters hurried to the spot. Uncle Adam, stooping, drew his knife with



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decision across the gasping throat of the dark bull.

"Why did you do that?" asked Neville Baker in astonished protest. "We might let him off! He'd earned it!"

"He was about all in, anyways," explained the guide. "An, we'd have had to spile them dandy antlers. Now, with a pair of locked heads like that, Mr. Baker, mounted jest right, you'll have something in your collection that likely no other sportsman in the whole world can brag of."

WITH such a consoling reflection Neville Baker's compassion was swallowed up in a hunter's pride. Triumphantly he stared down on the massive head of the dead bear; then he let his glance sweep all about the glassy waters and level, desolate shores. But in the still, white peace of the moonlight it grew hard for him to believe in the madness and tumult of struggle that had just been so violently stilled. A curious revulsion of feeling all at once blotted out his triumph, and there came over him a sense of repugnance to the bulk of so much death. He silently filled his pipe and began to smoke, while the guide's practised knife set about skinning the victims.

"Do you know, Adam," said he presently, in a tone of discontent, "I feel as if we'd got so much meat we might almost be going to start a butcher's shop."

The guide, pausing in his sanguinary task, looked up at him with a comprehending grin. "I know," he muttered at last. "One can't help feelin' that way once in awhile, if he stops to think. But one gits over it, mostly. Ye see, Mr. Baker, we ain't got very fur from the Cave Man, we ain't, even yet, an' so we can't help thinkin' it's great fun to go out an' kill somethin'."

### The Questing of Mr. McMunn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.

"Will it no' be bonnie, gin ye come in of a nicht, to have th' wee callants greet ye juist as if they were yer ain'?"

Mr. McMunn gazed at his spouse blankly.

"Nine o' 'em," continued Mrs. McMunn, with an air of relish. "Nine weans to play about th' house. Juist th' verra number—"

Mr. McMunn projected himself as far away from his spouse as the confines of the couch permitted, and regarded her in limp amazement.

"Ma certes, wumman!" he ejaculated in a strangled voice, "and ye told me ye'd—"

Mrs. McMunn corrected him, smiling patiently.

"Na, na, Andy! I told ye there was na any little Todds; but I did na say a word about th' Angus weans, or th' little McPherson callants."

"Angus! 'McPherson!'" Mr. McMunn echoed the names, and was near to choking. "Wumman! ye've deluded me! ye never told me ye'd been marrit a' they times."

"Eh, deary, dear!" said Mrs. McMunn, with a pretty air of surprise, "ye're no telling me so, Andy! It must have been an oversight. Ye mind ye were so busy coorting, Andy, ye were forgetting things yersel'." She sidled penitentially to his side. "I believe yer vexit wi' me, Andy. Will it be because o' th' few bit alterations—?"

Mr. McMunn gulped—and thought rapidly. Before him rose a picture of mirthful gossips making merry at his expense. His! Mr. Andrew McMunn's!

"Gin ye say a word"—he gripped

## Are Your Children Properly Fed?

LET us talk about the right feeding of children. Of course, you want your children to grow up strong and healthy; you want to equip them for the battle of life with rugged constitutions and good red blood. Now, the first step is to see that they are properly fed. And these words "properly fed" mean much in the diet of children. For it isn't quantity that counts, but quality.

There is no better food under Heaven for growing children than plenty of first class bread and butter. They thrive on it, grow strong and fat and rugged. Their systems crave it because it is a complete, well-balanced food.

But the bread must be good—the very best, and the best is made from ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR which contains the full nutriment of Manitoba Red Fyfe wheat—for only wheat of this character contains enough of the right quality gluten to balance the starch. Gluten makes bone and muscle, starch makes fat. It takes the right combination of both to make properly balanced bread.

Bread made from OGILVIE'S ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR is richest in blood building, muscle building, health building gluten. Children like it better and thrive better on it.

With "Royal Household" you need never have anything but the very best results for it is always the same, absolutely uniform, year in and year out and is just as good for Pastry as it is for Bread.

If parents knew this important difference between ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR and other flours they would never use any but "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD".

Send in your name and address also the name of your dealer to The Ogilvie Flour Mills Co. Limited, and get that splendid book of tried Recipes called "Ogilvie's Book for a Cook". 24



It Won't Rub Off

VISIT the finest hotels, the costliest homes, and you will find Alabastined walls. Alabastine is used in these palatial places, not because it is the most expensive wall decoration, but because it is the most artistic and effective. An Alabastined wall is a delight to the eye—so soft, velvety and beautiful. It will not rub off or fade. Alabastine is cement, and hardens with age. Its beauty is permanent. It is the most sanitary and inexpensive wall coating known. Alabastined walls are now the general vogue, in cottage and mansion alike. Wall Paper is out of fashion. The sales of Alabastine in Canada have doubled in two years.

## CHURCH'S COLD WATER Alabastine

None Genuine without Little Church on Label

FREE STENCILS

To still further popularize Alabastine and again double its sales, we have organized a Decorative Department, and are prepared to offer FREE COLOR SCHEMES and FREE STENCILS to users of Alabastine. Write today for particulars. Our advice is free. Let us help you to beautify your home at a moderate cost.

Please send free particulars of your Color Scheme and Free Stencil offer to

Cut out, fill in and mail

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The Alabastine Co., Ltd., 23 Willow St., Paris, Ont.

# CALABASH

## High Grade SMOKING MIXTURE



2 oz. tin costs	25c
4 " " "	40c
8 " " "	75c
16 " " "	\$1.50

PACKED IN  
HUMIDOR TINS

her wrists fiercely—"gin ye say a word, wumman, about me no kenning o' they callants I'll no—I'll no—I'll no' new furnish th' room for ye at a'!"

Mrs. McMunn looked gently abstracted.

"It's a pity," she mused audibly, "that I've no' gotten th' peectures o' ma ain men to put besides they other peectures. Wud they no' go bonnie together?"

Without, a knock sounded on the door, and Maggie, too aggrieved to enter, ceremoniously announced that supper awaited them.

"I'll tak' th' peectures down!" whispered Mr. McMunn hoarsely, "gin ye promise ye'll no' give me awa."

Mrs. McMunn gently disengaged her wrists from her husband's ungentle clutch.

"I'll juist be gettin' Maggie to show me ma room, and tak' ma bonnet and bit things off. Bide ye till I come back, Andy."

Before he could remonstrate, a chaste kiss was imprinted on his forehead, and he was left by himself, absently rubbing the ravished spot. One more determination he arrived at.

"I'll no' gang to a strange toon to be marrit again," he reflected bitterly. "It's th' verra first strange wumman I've fetchit to ma home, and it'll be th' verra last."

### Experts if not Fakers

A CORRESPONDENT writes, apropos of Canada-faking: I see you score Arthur Stringer for inaccuracies in a western harvest story. May I mention a pictorial faking that I have just seen? *The World Today* is an admirable magazine of Chicago, which in its editorial policy is eminently fair to Canada; and in its general articles gives Canadian subjects the prominence they deserve. The April number has a finely written, beautifully illustrated article by Rex Croasdel on "A Three Million Dollar Canoe Route"—a description of a trip over the Dawson route between Windigoostigan and Fort Frances; which intersects the Quetico Forest and Game Reserve set aside last year by the Ontario Government. The cover of the magazine is a striking picture of an immense moose swimming, with a canoe containing three men, within a few feet of him. The moose is swimming for all he is worth. The canoemen, when you look at them, are in repose. That two photographs have been combined is evident, for in Mr. Croasdel's article the moose half of the cover design appears, without the canoe. The effect produced by the cover is mightily attractive till it is examined. It may seem ungracious to criticise a magazine so friendly to everything Canadian, but the mere truth about the great game country in far Western Ontario is good enough.

### An Author Reciter

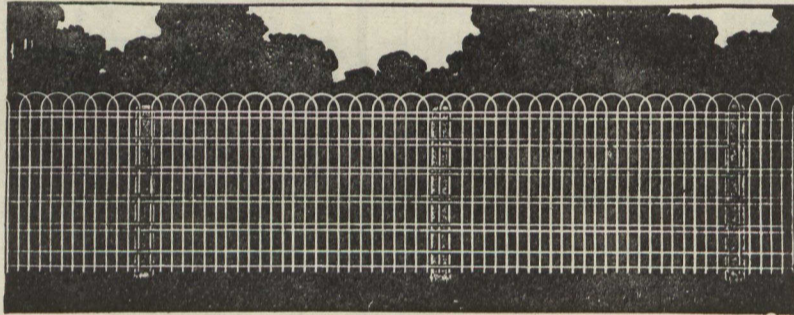
MRS. NELLIE McCLUNG, of Manitou, Manitoba, author of that popular book, "Sowing Seeds in Danny," has discovered that she possesses a new talent. Mrs. McClung has become something of an elocutionist. In the aid of charity some time ago, she consented to read a little of her work at church gatherings. Her rendering of parts of "Danny" created quite a furore. Requests began to come in from all the little towns throughout Manitoba asking for engagements. Mrs. McClung decided to go *en tour*. She has been so successful that arrangements are under way for an Ontario itinerary. One of the most popular numbers on the author's programme is three chapters from "The Second Chance," which is to be her next book.



### Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 6th MAY, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years three times per week each way, between MEAFORD and WALTER'S FALLS from the 1st July next. Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Meaford, Walter's Falls, route offices and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,  
MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,  
Ottawa, 22nd March, 1910.  
G. C. ANDERSON,  
Superintendent.



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  - Solid Gold-filled Signet Rings, with Monogram Engraved on, 25 cents.
- Sent Postpaid Anywhere. AGENTS WANTED.



J. C. FENTON, 31 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO, CAN.



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O'KEEFE'S "PILSENER"

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

5/6s O'Keefe Brewery Co.  
of Toronto, Limited

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### Canadian Tours to Canadian Resorts By the Sea.

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Write Advertising Department.

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Where You  
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SUBSCRIBERS who change their addresses will confer a favor by notifying us promptly. Give the old and the new address.

**Literary Notes**

"The Story of Yuku."

DOROTHY DEAN TATE.  
Wm. Briggs, Toronto.

TORONTO has literary prodigy—Miss Dorothy Dean Tate, who is certainly the youngest Canadian to publish a novel. Of course, hosts of budding geniuses in the Dominion have written profusely before they have escaped from their teens—novels, too, perhaps, but the fate of which have been only to be locked up in a trunk and to be smiled over and wept over by an audience of one. Miss Tate has been prolific ever since she was six years old with desperate heroes and sighing maidens, and now, at the age of twenty, her first lengthy effort, "The Story of Yuku," is announced in William Briggs' spring list. We have read the proof sheets of Miss Tate's book. "The Story of Yuku" is a tale of Japan, somewhat after the manner of Francis Little's popular works, but without the cheery, mellowed optimism of that author. A young Romeo drifts out to the "Land of the Rising Sun" that he may forget. He meets his Juliet there in the person of a coy, young Japanese maiden, Yuku, and marries her. All is merry as a



Miss Dorothy Dean Tate, the Youngest Canadian Novelist

marriage bell for a time, till somebody away across the sea writes asking for money that she may keep up her appearance before the world and effect a wealthy marriage which she has been designing. The money is sent, Yuku attributes her husband's generosity to a sinister motive. There is a tragedy. This is a slight outline of "The Story of Yuku." Miss Tate's story has a comic opera plot. Moreover there are some glaring blunders in construction. How can we forgive Miss Tate for suddenly dragging certain Irish characters over the bounding billows into her story! What is the function of these persons anyway, who *mirabile dictu*, lose their Hibernian brogue almost immediately on landing? Miss Tate describes a hypodermic syringe incident—very, very flat and unconvincing. With all the wide experience of life which she seems to have crammed into her brief span of existence, really, now, did she ever see a hypodermic? Miss Tate's faults are due in a large measure to her years. She will overcome these in time. Her career will be well worth watching. Evidently Miss Tate is a writer of promise. She has a touch of that poetic mysticism which reminds one of another Toronto writer, Miss M. Pickthall, much of whose work has appeared in the COURIER.

**Wind has no terrors**

The up-to-date woman whose skin and lips easily chap and burn in the cold winter winds, turns, for quick relief, or as a preventive, to her assortment of

**VASELINE**  
Preparations in Tubes—12 Kinds

Each remedy for special purposes, Convenient, Economical, Sanitary.

**VASELINE CAMPHOR ICE**  
Heals chapped hands and face, cracked lips, cold sores, rough skin, sun and windburn.

**WHITE VASELINE**  
Invaluable internally for coughs, colds, sore throat. **CAPSICUM VASELINE** is better than a mustard plaster and does not blister.

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With Words and Music Complete for  
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We issue a special line of popular priced novels by such famous authors as Conan Doyle, Mrs. Southworth "The Duchess," Alexander Dumas, etc., etc. Send us fifty cents for a trial order of a dozen books and we will include the Song Book free of charge. This offer is for a limited time only. Address all orders:

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**Mail Contract**

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 6th MAY, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years three times per week each way, between LEWISHAM and WASHAGO from the 1st July next.

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

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,  
MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,  
Ottawa, 22nd March, 1910.  
G. C. ANDERSON,  
Superintendent.

**Mail Contract**

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, the 6th MAY 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed Contract for four years 37 times per week each way, between Bracebridge and Grand Trunk Railway Station from the 1st JULY next.

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

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT  
Mail Service Branch.  
Ottawa 17th March 1910  
G. C. Anderson  
Superintendent

**PREVENT COLDS**  
Raw, damp, chilly evenings made comfortable by aid of an

**Electric Luminous Radiator**

HEALTHFUL CHEERFUL  
CONVENIENT SAFE

NO WAITING  
Heat is instantly radiated upon turning on current. Shown in operation at your home or office at your pleasure.

**The Toronto Electric Light Co.**  
LIMITED  
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TRAINING FOR THE TRACK

By F. H. HURLEY

THOSE who win the 100 yards, as a rule, win also the 220, it being merely a long sprint, and requiring speed chiefly for success in it.

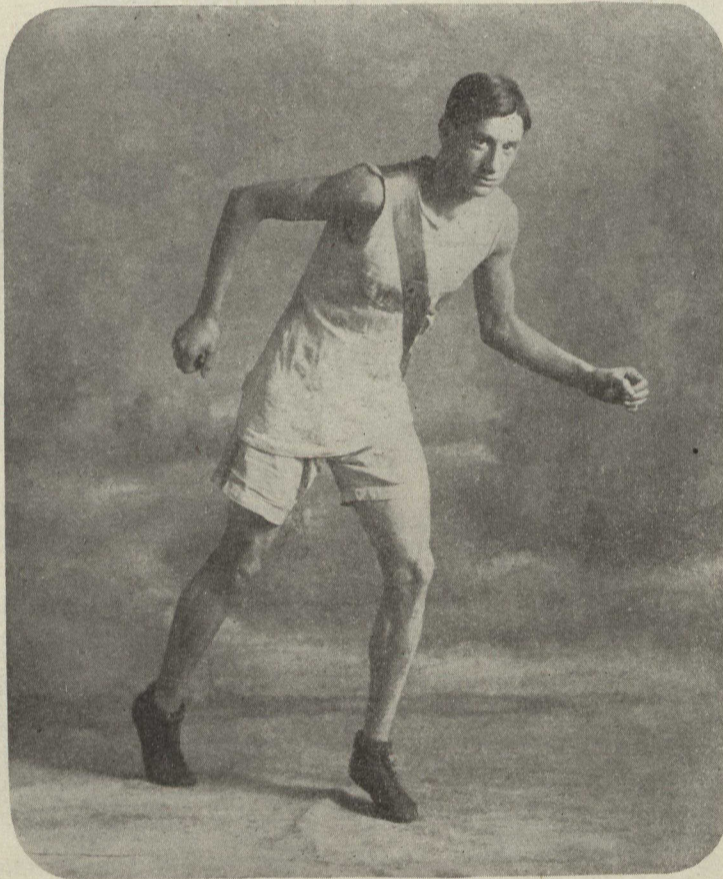
The only difference advisable to make in the training for it is to run the distance or, 300 yards, say, three times a week to give a little more endurance as the runner will find to his cost that unless he does this he will find himself not able to finish the distance as he should. The clip may not be faster than a quarter-mile gait, as no risk must be taken to get stale. Take then, the usual "warming up" exercise and the 3 or 4 fifteen-yard starts and one or two of 30 and 40, and three days a week run the 100 through at, say, 4-5 speed and the remaining days go 300 yards at 3-4 pace, or a quarter-mile rate.

The 440 yards requires plenty of speed, too, and that will have to be strictly attended to. It is impossible to run a fast quarter unless you can run a fast, or at least, a "good" hundred. You must also have considerable "stay" for the quarter is one of the most punishing races that can be run and unless the runner has good

stay and strength his speed wont do much for him against an opponent who has both. The best way then is to develop both speed and endurance and you can't possibly go wrong. Judgment of pace plays another prominent part. It wont do for the runner to start off at a 100-yard clip and be forced to slow up or quit entirely before the half.

To put it briefly the best system I think to adopt for quarter-mile running is to three days out of the week run half the distance (220 yards) at racing pace for the full distance and the remaining three days to run the distance (440 yards) at the racing rate for twice that distance, taking besides 3 or 4 sprints of 50 yards each for speed.

For example: Suppose a man can run a quarter in 60 secs. at his best, and we'll say a half in 2.20, and wishes to train for the quarter. According to what I have said, he would, therefore, three days of the week run 220 yards in 30 secs., and the remaining three days run 440 yards in 70 secs., taking, of course, the 50-yard sprints. By this method, he will develop both speed and endurance.



Jack Tait—Remarkable Sprinter.

Canada's Fastest Mile Runner

NO man in Canada at the present time, is doing so much, in the way of advertising his country, through the medium of amateur athletics, as the original of our photo—Jack Tait.

His recent victory over Wilton Paull, of the University of Pennsylvania, the holder of the Intercollegiate record for the mile (4.17 4-5), at that distance, and his later races, at two and three miles, with George Bonhag, who holds the best American records from two to ten miles (inclusive), in which he compelled that worthy to break the record, in each case, to beat him, and his subsequent winning at a mile and a half and two miles from the same gentleman, the former in record time, and the later but a couple of seconds short of it, show what manner of runner he is. His versatility, too, is truly sur-

prising. He can, it may be said truthfully, run any distance from 100 yards to the full Marathon course, and run it well. To give a better idea of this, I present a few of his best performances:—100 yards, 10 3-5; 440 yards, 53 sec.; 880 yards, 2.00; 1 mile, 4.24; 2 miles, 9.16 3-5; and longer distances in proportion, although he has not been specially timed in them lately, merely because there haven't been very many of them, and he hasn't, consequently, been given the opportunity to show what he can do.

As he is still young, and naturally short of his full development, it is only reasonable to expect, that he will yet improve materially on his best performances. Indeed, his friends look forward to his doing something phenomenal before the close of the current year. Good judges are of the opinion, that he is the fastest mile-runner in the world to-day.

Nature's cure for Liver and Stomach Troubles—

**Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt**

SOLD EVERYWHERE. 36

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For pre-senility or premature old-age, the too early decline of the virile and physical powers, it is unparalleled.

Ask YOUR Doctor.

**BIG BOTTLE**

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By Royal Warrant



to His Majesty the King

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**EXTRA DRY**

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**Selected Brut**

A superb Brut Wine of unsurpassed style and flavor.

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- His Majesty The German Emperor.
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Natural Alkaline Water

Used at meals prevents Dyspepsia and relieves Gout and Indigestion.

Ask your Physician

**VICHY CELESTINS**

Boivin, Wilson & Co., Agents

If you like the goodness and purity of our Cosgraves Pale Ale then try

**Cosgraves Half and Half**

you'll like it too. It is brilliant and sparkling and as good as any beer can be

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European Plan \$1.50 to \$3.50.  
\$150,000.00 spent upon Improvements

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**RATES**  
Rooms without bath, \$1.50 up  
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Great West. Rates \$2.00 per day. Free Bus to all trains. H. L. STEPHENS, Proprietor

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GEORGIAN BAY—Black Bass, Salmon Trout, Lake Trout, Pickerel, Pike.

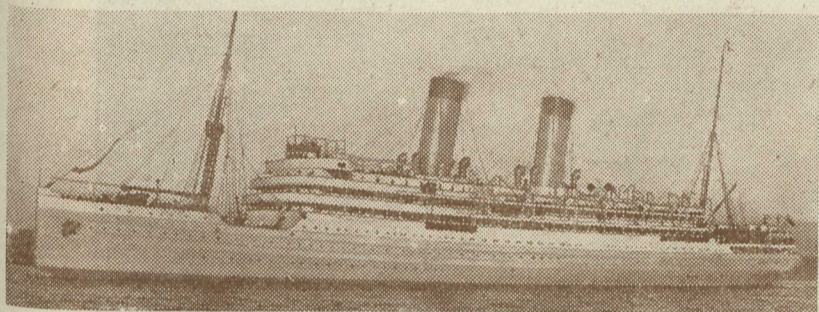
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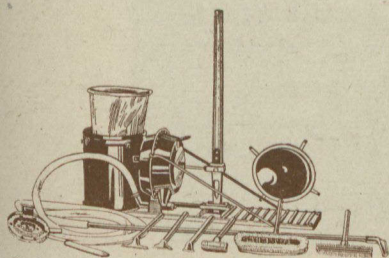


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Rugs, carpets, furniture, bedding, etc., thoroughly and quickly cleaned without being disturbed.

A Cleaner that is light, strong simple in construction, effective and easily cleaned and has a blower attachment. Handpower \$25.00, water motor \$35.00 A. C. Electric \$75.00.

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A Perfect Washing Machine. The latest on the market, "1910," one that will do the washing right on the stove while the clothes are boiling, no rubbing, no damage to the most delicate fabric, producing cleaner and much whiter clothes. A complete surprise to everybody. Prices \$10.00 and up. Purely Canadian. Patented both here and in the United States. Write for pamphlets and further particulars. Mail orders receive special attention.

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Here is a car strictly high-grade in every respect; a long car—120 inches wheel base; a car with big wheels—36 inches all around; a car with full standard construction. But it is a light car, and therefore an economical car to maintain.

No man who has needed capacity in his car for seven passengers can fail to appreciate the importance of this splendid model.

Come in and see the car. Have a ride in it. We'll be glad to show you what this car can do.

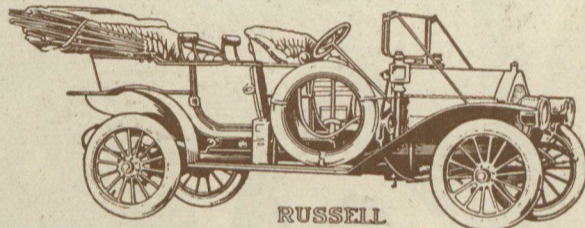
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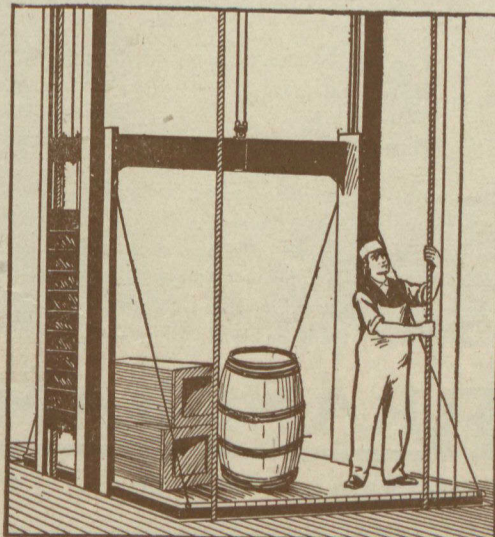
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# China-Lac

## THE HOME BEAUTIFIER and HOME ECONOMIST

- A new Desk for 40c.
- A new Book Case for 40c.
- A new Dining Room Table for 40c.
- A new Parlor Table for 25c.
- A new Chair for 15c.

This shows how little it costs to use "CHINA-LAC." A couple of dollars, invested in this new varnish stain, will give you bright, beautiful furniture *as good as new* and the *same as new*.

"CHINA-LAC" comes in 14 rich colors—

Rosewood	Oak	Gold	FOR	Furniture	Refrigerators
Cherry	Golden Oak	Flat White		Floors	Carriages
Ox-Blood	Mahogany	Aluminum		Doors	Linoleum
Green	Walnut	Dead Black		Windows	Oil Cloth
Gloss Black	Brilliant Black	and Ground Color		Screens	Radiators

"CHINA-LAC" makes the old, new—the worn-out, fresh—the dull, bright—the common-place, beautiful.

"CHINA-LAC" is a varnish stain that stains and varnishes at one operation. It covers all scars and scratches and puts a brilliant polish on everything it touches.

"CHINA-LAC" is water-and-soap-proof. Wash it all you like, wood-work finished with "CHINA-LAC" won't get white or dull. Its china-like finish is as lasting as it is hard. In fact, "CHINA-LAC" has a tough, lasting finish that will surprise and delight every woman.

"CHINA-LAC" is the latest product of Brandram-Henderson, Limited, makers of "English" House Paint and Brandram's B. B. White Lead.

Whenever and wherever you buy, insist on having "CHINA-LAC," the varnish stain with the china-like finish.

**BRANDRAM-HENDERSON**  
LIMITED  
MONTREAL HALIFAX ST. JOHN TORONTO WINNIPEG