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July 6th, 1907

Price 5 Cents

The Canadian Courier



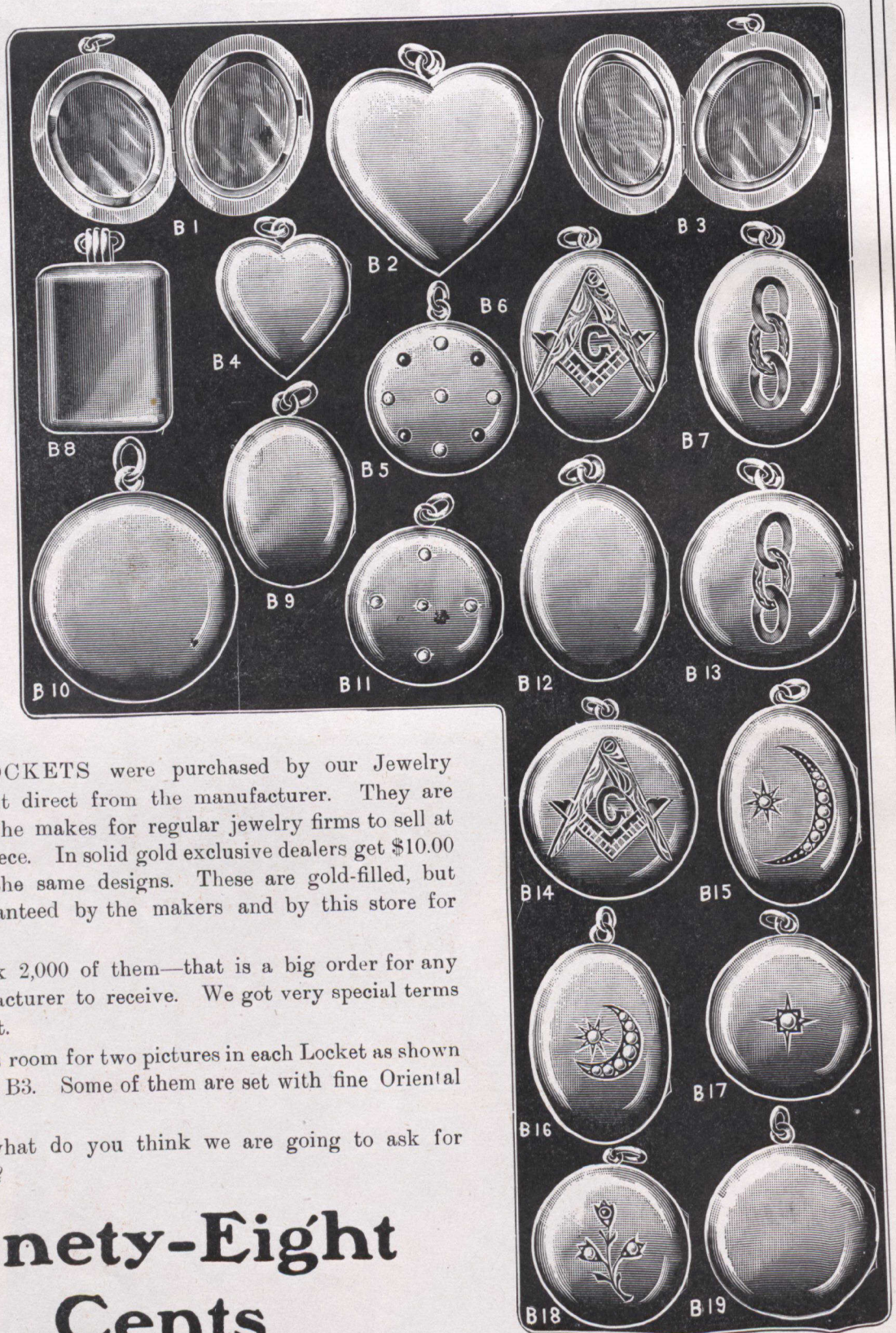
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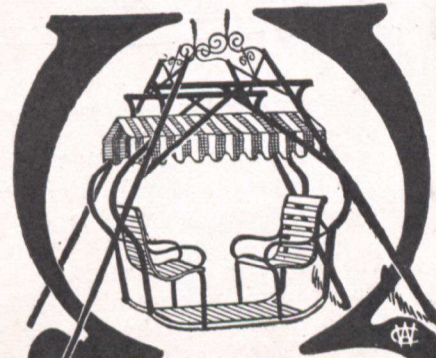
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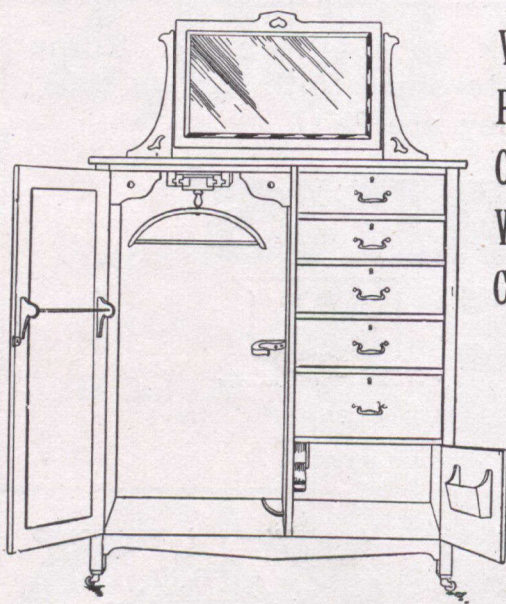
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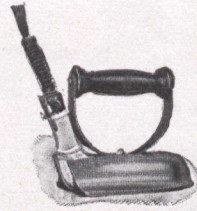
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Who sells 25 copies each week.

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 PURE AND WHOLESOME.
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E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
 TORONTO, ONT.

The
Canadian Courier
 A National Weekly

Subscription: Canada and Great Britain, \$2.50 a Year; United States, \$3.00 a Year.
 81 Victoria Street - TORONTO

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Editor's Talk

WE are not feeling so well, thank you. One of our subscribers, living west of Winnipeg, has cancelled and we were forced by our tender conscience to send his money back. He concluded from one or two articles he read that we were not so independent as we claimed to be. The charge of bias doesn't worry us so much as the loss of the money.

However, the advertising manager has handed us the following record of the amount of advertising carried and this has helped to reassure us.

	Average Per Week
December	: 28 $\frac{1}{2}$ columns
January	: 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ columns
February	: 25 columns
March	: 28 $\frac{1}{2}$ columns
April	: 36 $\frac{1}{2}$ columns
May	: 36 $\frac{1}{2}$ columns
June	: 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ columns

The manager of the newsboy department has also tried to encourage us with goodly reports. For example, he says that a boy in Moncton, N. B., who started a month ago with ten copies a week is now taking forty.

The circulation manager assisted in the cheering process by saying that on Saturday last, that day's issue was in the hands of subscribers in Brandon and Halifax. He did not mention having hired any special trains, but the Editorial staff is still wondering how it was done.

A gentleman writes from Quebec City:


Quebec, 25th June, 1907

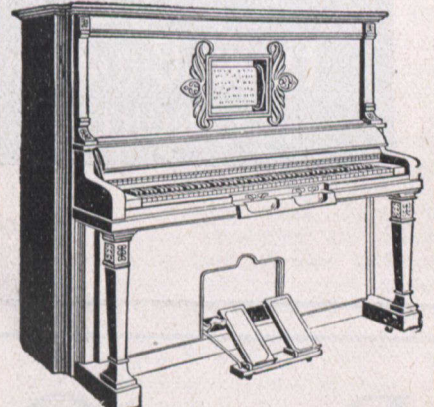
Gentlemen:—I send you herein \$1.00 for the renewal of my subscription with the Canadian Courier. I appreciate very much your excellent paper and I wish you sincerely great success with your publication. I think that a paper of that kind will do a lot to promote good feeling and union between the two races that compose the Canadian Nation. Believe me,
 Yours truly,

At Dainty Luncheons and all social gatherings, serve **CAILLERS**. Its distinctive delicacy delights; its richness satisfies. The guests never forget the CAILLER "taste."

Cailler's
 GENUINE SWISS MILK CHOCOLATE
 (Pronounced Ka-ler)
 comes in various forms and artistic packages: Croquettes, Eating Cakes, Drinking Chocolates, Bonbons, Dessert Chocolate, Pure, fresh, exquisite.

WM. H. DUNN
 SOLE AGENT AND IMPORTER
 MONTREAL


Underwood
 The report of the Canadian Customs Department shows that during April there were imported 584 typewriters of different makes.
 Of these 337 were **UNDERWOODS**.
United Typewriter Company Ltd.
 7-9 Adelaide Street East
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 Is a High Grade BELL PIANO capable of being played in two ways. Whether musician or not you can play it. Booklet No. 79 mailed free.
The Bell Piano and Organ Co., Limited
 GUELPH
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"MORE BREAD AND BETTER BREAD"—that is the sure result of using **PURITY FLOUR**. Made from the finest Western Canada Hard Wheat in the best equipped Milling Plant in the world, that's why **PURITY FLOUR** is full of nutriment and never disappoints in the baking.
 Sold Everywhere in the Great Dominion
 WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO. LIMITED
 MILLS AT WINNIPEG, GODERICH, BRANDON

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 is always the same, whether you buy a 5c. sack or a carload.
 There is only one grade of Windsor Table Salt—the best—and all of it measures up to the same standard of quality.

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Suits \$22.50
Worn from
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Write for
SAMPLES and
Measurement Chart

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☐ The cheapness of our art electric fixtures enables you to get the artistic effect you want at small cost.

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A National Weekly

NEWS CO. EDITION

Subscription: \$2.50 a Year.

Vol. II

Toronto, July 6th, 1907

No. 6

Topics of the Day

ALLAN is a name familiar to Canadian ears almost since young Hugh Allan landed at Montreal in May, 1826, from a boat of which his father was commander and his eldest brother second officer. Since 1831, there has always been an Allan connected with the shipping trade of Montreal. The Allan line proper dates from 1856. This Hugh Allan afterwards became Sir Hugh. With him from 1846 was associated his brother Andrew, and when Sir Hugh died in 1882, Andrew succeeded him as manager of the steamship line, as president of the Merchants' Bank and the Montreal National Telegraph Company.

The second son of Sir Hugh is Sir H. Montagu Allan who was born in Montreal in 1860. When his uncle died a few years ago, he succeeded to the management of the steamship line and the presidency of the Merchants' Bank. He is prominent socially and was for some time master of the Fox Hounds. In a quiet way he has played his part in public affairs. During the recent visit of Prince Fushimi, he was his Montreal host.

Sir Montagu has drawn public attention to himself by his protest against the building mania which seems to have taken possession of those who control the Canadian chartered banks. The Bank of Montreal led the way with a head office which is one of the most gorgeously furnished business places on the continent. The Bank of Commerce is now erecting a building in Montreal which, while only a branch, is apparently intended to be equally impressive. The Traders has erected a fifteen story structure in Toronto which is more extensive than either of these, if less gorgeous in its appointments.

All the banks are going in for expensive head offices and stylish branches, and much capital is thus being locked up.

Some of the bankers are criticising the Dominion Government for spending so much money on public works which do not bring in any return worth while, declaring that this policy is using up the people's savings faster than such capital can be accumulated. If these gentlemen would examine their own accounts they would probably find that the banks are following the same policy in locking up capital in expensive buildings which cannot possibly return a fair interest in return. Sir Montagu's protest was opportune.

* * *

Mr. Cockshutt, president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, in a speech at Winnipeg drew attention to the vast sums of money Canadians are sending out of their country. The foreign purchases are vastly in excess of the foreign sales. He especially deprecated paying forty-two million dollars in three years for fire insurance with British and foreign companies, and intimated that the manufacturers hope to keep a great deal of this money in the country through their new mutual companies.

There is no doubt that Canada's prosperity has induced an era of extravagance on the part of all classes of the community. Every new country buying steel, railway equipment and other construction material, is likely to make great purchases abroad during its "build-

ing" period. These two features have combined to turn the balance of trade against us. When our extensive borrowings are added, it is evident that our indebtedness abroad is increasing at tremendous speed.

* * *

That the manufacturers are not intending to drive Sir Wilfrid Laurier out of office because of his free trade speeches made years ago is indicated by the acceptance of the Brantford Liberal nomination of Mr. Lloyd Harris. He is one of the most prominent and influential members of the C.M.A., an ardent protectionist and a strong "made in Canada" advocate. If he can ride under the Laurier banner it is evidence that the tariff is pretty well out of politics.

* * *

The Census Bureau continues to give new statistics to show how prosperous the country has been during the past five years. This prosperity is well known to all of us, but some of these figures must open the eyes of even well-informed and optimistic citizens. That the grain area of the West should have doubled in six years is one of the startling facts. That the total wheat yield in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta was one hundred and ten millions last year and that the crop of oats produced an equal number of bushels are also striking facts. Eight million acres under crop in a district where forty years ago there were not ten thousand white people is a record which is hardly equalled in the history of the human race.

* * *

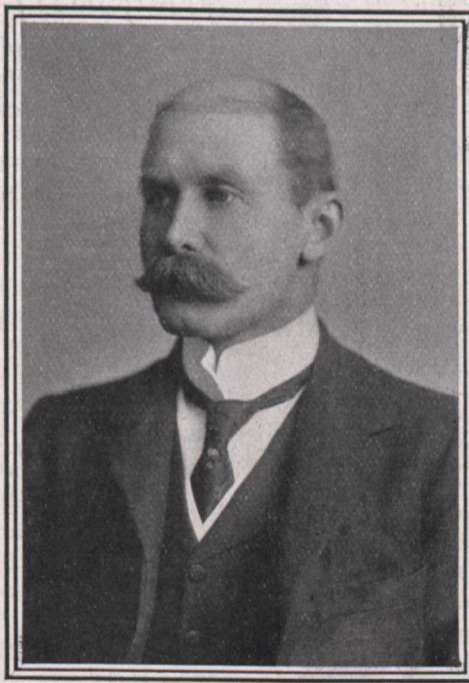
One of the most remarkable features of the public discussions of the past few months is the utter absence of any news concerning the Canadian Society of Authors. Has it been disbanded? If not, why has it not come to the support of the Hon. Mr. Lemieux in his efforts to provide a home field for native writers? Does it not believe in Canadian writers and Canadian literature? Has it no faith in our literary future? Is the greatest literary change in the last twenty-five years to go unnoticed by the persons who should be most interested? Is it the deepness of its affection for Mr. Munsey and Mr. Bok and other United States publishers that causes this stern silence?

* * *

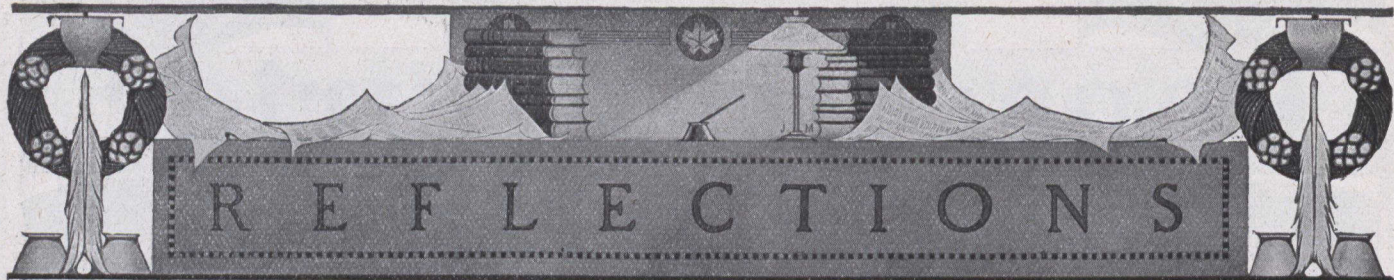
Sir Wilfrid Laurier has been in Paris laying the basis for a new commercial arrangement with Paris. Mr. Fielding and Mr. Brodeur are still there working out the details. Thus Canada is taking unto herself the power and privilege of making her own treaties. The more Canadian statesmen become known in London, the greater the readiness on the part of the Imperial authorities to allow the premier colony the privilege of conducting its own foreign negotiations. Downing Street is a very reasonable centre just now. There is scarcely anything it will not do to please the colonies—except to put a tax on foreign foodstuffs.

Canadians generally will appreciate this extension of our self-governing freedom, and the Empire generally will benefit. When a colony conducts its own negotiations it cannot find fault with the Home authorities if the results do not come up to expectations.

Now that Canada has this privilege, other colonies will demand it. Under supervision, it should be granted.



Sir H. Montagu Allan.



IIII BY STAFF WRITERS IIII

PRESIDENT BUTLER of Columbia has well said: "The same individuals constitute both the mob and the people. When their lower nature rules, these individuals are a mob; when their higher nature guides, they are the people. The demagogue makes his appeal to the mob; the political leader, the statesman makes his appeal to the people."

Throughout the length and breadth of this fair Dominion, two sets of men are preparing to appeal for votes. There is to be a general election within the next twelve months. Will the appeal be to the mob or to the people? Will the people who are in power at Ottawa throw post-offices, canals, wharves and civil service appointments to the mob in return for support, or will it appeal to the people on higher grounds? Will the Opposition make an appeal for support on the ground that it can give a better, cleaner government, on principles more important than those now guiding those in power, or will it appeal mainly to the cupidity of the office-seeker and the animal hate of the partisan?

Will each side try to blacken the reputation of the other, or will there be a discussion of policies and principles of administration? Will there be oratory worthy of being quoted in the school-books, or will there be declamation which even the reporters will be ashamed to transcribe? Will the appeal be to the mob or to the people?

THE truest friend in any hour of development, whether of men or nations—commercially or socially—is not the man who tells us what we want to hear, but the man who most faithfully presents the situation as it is. Judged from this point of view, Mr. W. L. Griffith,

AT CANADA'S EXPENSE

known to many Canadians as Secretary to Lord Strathcona, rendered signal service to Canada at the May meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute in London. Only at comparatively rare intervals does a man arise who possesses the perspicacity to penetrate to the core of things and the courage to tell plainly and bluntly what he sees. Such men are Canada's and the Empire's—greatest friends, and Mr. Griffith probably "builded better than he knew" in the course of a paper read by him at this meeting, on "Some Phases of Canadian Development."

The keynote of this paper may be said to have been: What the Canadian people really think of British diplomacy as exhibited in the settlement of boundary disputes between Canada and the United States, and particularly with regard to the Alaskan decision. As Mr. Griffith pointed out, both Mr. James Bryce and Mr. Goldwin Smith have contended that British diplomacy has not been so unfortunate in its results to Canada as has been alleged, but, he continues, "the significant fact remains that the Canadian people stand prepared to record their emphatic conviction to the contrary." This is the kernel of the situation. This is the exact fact as to the attitude of Canadians, and this is the condition which British statesmen have to face.

There is no use in trying to ignore the situation. Too long has this policy been practised, with the result that the view stated has been handed down from generation

to generation of Canadians, only to grow with the process. The impression prevails to a widespread degree that Canada has almost invariably been worsted in every territorial dispute with her great neighbour, and this impression will have to be eradicated if Great Britain is to negotiate further boundary disputes for Canada and at the same time retain the confidence and esteem of the people of the Dominion.

If a serpent should enter a man's house and take up its abode, a passive policy of ignoring its presence will not do. It must be cast out.

The obvious solution of the problem, as Mr. Griffith pointed out, is to confer upon Canada more direct powers of negotiation in the making of treaties.

LORD STRATHCONA insists that Halifax is the greatest harbour on the continent of North America and that it is the duty of the Empire to fill that harbour with fast steamers. There was once a time when this same statesman

HALIFAX AND STRATHCONA

bought a town site, called it Winnipeg and insisted that the C.P.R. make a city out of it. They did, and the gentleman concerned is said to have laid away a million or so as a result. Has His Lordship bought up a quantity of real estate in Halifax which he is anxious to see go up in price? Has Halifax been sold to this venerable Canadian for speculative purposes?

The amount of money being spent on cables from London booming the All-Red Route and the port of Halifax is considerable. Is the Bank of Montreal in it and the C.P.R.? Will not some person enlighten us as where the money comes from? Every time this combination gets to work on a big scheme, a new millionaire is created. Who is to be the new millionaire? Not Lord Strathcona, not Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, not Mr. Sifton—these gentlemen have already attained that honour. The riddle is hard to read.

Speaking of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, is he pleased with Lord Strathcona's advocacy of boats which will make the "Empresses" look like second-raters? The C.P.R. is usually first when it enters into a competition, but it will not be first when the Strathcona-Sifton twenty-five knot boats fill up Halifax Harbour and blow cinders along the shores of the North Arm. Or is the All-Red Line to be a subsidiary concern of the Canadian Pacific Railway and Steamship Company.

Then there is a gentleman named Hays. What does Mr. Hays think of this scheme to make Halifax the home of the greatest ocean grey-hounds in existence? His new transcontinental railway is to have its terminus at Moncton and Moncton is not many miles from Halifax. To look forward a few years and see G.T.P. steamers carrying G.T.P. freight from Halifax to the ports of Great Britain and Europe is probably a little habit which Mr. Hays has already acquired. Therefore he must be keenly interested in this new scheme. Will it give his older rival an advantage? Will it prevent his getting a line of steamers when he needs them?

But one may go on asking questions in this way, without doing much to solve the mystery. Perhaps when Sir Wilfrid Laurier returns, in a fortnight, some new light may be thrown upon the scheme. In the

meantime, Halifax must be thankful to Lord Strathcona for his interest and his praise. It is a splendid advertisement.

IN a recent issue of this journal, the Monocle Man made a plea for greater unity in Protestant beliefs. He admitted that differences among the denominations were to be expected, but he wanted each church to settle on a set of doctrines and abide by them. He was led to make this plea apparently because of the continued conflict of opinions revealed at assemblies, conferences and synods.

In last week's issue, the Rev. John MacKay of Montreal, in an article written by request, argues for a Protestant confessional, whereby men could take their doubts and questionings to their pastors and receive enlightenment and instruction. He would like to see the office of the pastor as counsellor and confidant greatly magnified.

Few will deny that at present the protestant denominations are being weakened by reason of the two causes mentioned by these two writers—the lack of uniformity in church beliefs and the lack of personal contact between parson and people. The Methodist Church has no great council which sets down church doctrine in an authoritative manner. There was a definite body of Methodist doctrine fifty years ago, but it has become antiquated. The advances in science, philosophy and historical research, in addition to the general progress of civilisation, have presented new theories and new conditions which have modified men's religious beliefs. Some Methodist preachers have changed with the times and hold to much more modern ideas, and the students who have recently come from the theological institutions hold these modernised beliefs either openly or secretly. However, there are still a large number of preachers who do not believe in evolution as taught by the scientists, who cannot reconcile these new theories with their strict and literal reading of the scriptures, and who have so far prevented any radical change in the accredited doctrine of the church as a whole.

The same is practically true of the Presbyterian and Anglican bodies. Some men are preaching the theology of half a century ago; some are endeavouring to get along with a half-hearted compromise, and some are boldly proclaiming a broader interpretation of the Scriptures. In short, protestant beliefs are in a sadly mixed condition, and the result is that many men are leaving the churches alone and relapsing into indifference or scepticism.

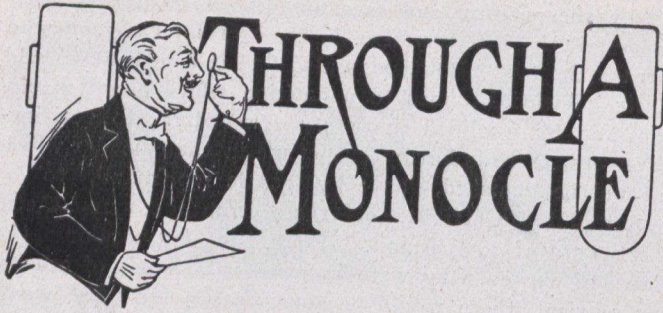
It is about time that the protestant churches bestirred themselves and boldly faced the difficulties. If the present state of affairs is prolonged, the protestant religion will be discredited, the churches will be abandoned, and rationalism and materialism will triumph. The people are willing to believe and are willing to be led, but they are not willing to be led by a crowd of parsons continually quarrelling among themselves as to what beliefs are true and what are untrue.

CANADA is rather given to regarding the United States as a country whose inhabitants adopt an over-lenient, not to say maudlin attitude towards rowdiness or crime. But in the matter of petitions, this forty-year-old Dominion is holding her sentimental own. There may be subjects in connection with which a petition has some social or political value; but when it relates to the mitigation of a sentence imposed by a magistrate, it is usually worse than useless and even pernicious. Clergymen are usually susceptible to this sort of document and affix their signatures with a kind of benevolent flourish, as if they were dispensers of a superfine brand of mercy. Women are also easily affect-

ed by the petition and occasionally act as if they consider jail the last residence in the world for a man who breaks the law. Politicians also find it expedient to add their influential names to a petition which is set in circulation by qualified voters. According to petition-mongers, there is hardly any crime in the calendar which should be punished, save by gentle reprimand, to be followed by a tribute of roses from the sympathetic bestowers of compassion. If penalties for breaking the laws of our country were imposed in a spirit of cruelty or reprisal, there would be some reason for these yards of supplicatory paper. But it is supposed that the magistrate's sentence has already had regard to that mercy which seasons justice. Therefore, there is no need whatever for the judicial condiment to be increased by a public which is seldom in an impartial mood. Our magistrates may, in the vast majority of cases, be trusted to deal firmly and humanely with those who get on the wrong side of the law. Those who sign petitions for the release of sentenced persons are encouraging the lawless element in the belief that sport includes rowdiness and that freedom means a divine right to kick the man who is unfortunate enough to be umpire. The plea of lost temper is no excuse for brutality, for the man who has not learned as Mr. Kipling's soldier remarks, "to sweat his temper" is not fit for the base-ball field or any other. Manslaughter has not been altogether unknown in Canadian sport, and an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of petition.

MUCH interest is excited in England at the moment by the probability of Lord Curzon's return to political life. For the present he is busily engaged promoting the welfare of the University of Oxford, of which he has lately been elected chancellor. But it is said that he will resume his public career within a twelvemonth, and there is much speculation as to the party which will receive his allegiance. From the Liberals he is separated by his political past, not least by his government of India, wherein many Radicals find the cause of the present anti-English movement. Hence he will not follow in Winston Churchill's footsteps. But on the other hand he is not free to enter an undivided Unionist party, for Free Traders and Tariff Reformers have torn it asunder. Should he associate himself with the former, he will come under the ban of the Tariff Reform League, which seems to control the leaders and the organisation of the party. This is so far true that the League has threatened to oppose Lord Curzon with a candidate of its own in any constituency which he may choose to contest, and thus by dividing the Unionist forces to bring about a Liberal victory. Hence he may be driven into the camp of the Tariff Reformers, to lend powerful aid to Lord Milner. Yet there the prestige of Mr. Chamberlain would always dim the lustre of his achievements. He would be compelled, too, to abandon the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Hugh Cecil and numerous other representatives of the best Unionist traditions, who hold to Free Trade. Such is the problem before him. His decision will affect greatly the political future of England and the Empire.

DURING the last two years, Canada has aroused to the fact that teachers must be better paid. "Everything has been going up except salaries" say many workers forlornly. Forty years ago, there were large numbers of men preparing for the profession of teaching in the public schools. To-day, the male student in the Normal School is about as extinct as the dodo. Men do not care to enter "the noblest of professions and the sorriest of trades." The reason is wholly practical and may be revealed by a glance at the three modest figures which stand for pedagogic income.



THE most important object which I can discern Through a Monocle these days is a little white golf ball. Yes; the rising tide has reached me. Everybody I know is playing golf; so much so that I learned to talk golf a full season ago. This was simply from hearing it talked whenever two or three people were gathered together. It was in the atmosphere; it over-rode every other topic; it got on my nerves. I was told that if I once took up golf I would care for nothing else in life. A sober business man assured me that he thought more of golf than of his wife and family; and he seemed in earnest. Another man would take his "driver"—that is, a wooden club a little too long for you and with an incurable tendency to hit the earth too soon—and swing and swing and swing at dandelion heads the live-long day in his own front yard; and when he looked up at you, his eyes were a-gleam with the fire of a great sport. But when one of my own household remarked "I put the book on the table," pronouncing "put" to rhyme with "but" which is pure golfese, I surrendered.

* * *

The first thing I learned was that a "horse's neck" is a fine hot weather beverage. Those who cannot get much out of golf in any other way become adepts at ordering drinks. I do not mean to say that they confine themselves to "horse's necks"; but that is where they started me. Next I learned that golf is not a game at all, but a religion. The men who play it become boyish in all else. At the club house, you would think yourself back on the old vacant lot with the dear old boys whom you played and quarrelled with and expressed free and outspoken opinions about, and yet loved with a quite unconscious sincerity, in green days of your youth. That is, you would think this until they begin to discuss the grave question of why some particular player was "off his game." Then you would come to know that nothing really matters in this life but the possession of a good form at golf. I rather think that "good form" is not the correct phrase; but I have not taken that lesson yet.

* * *

The game itself looks easy until you begin to play it. Even then you cannot believe but that a few days' practice will enable you to do so simple a thing as to hit a stationary ball with a club made especially for the purpose, and finally to "croquet" it over a smooth bit of green sward into a fairly large hole. But every time you go out, you discover new complications. After you can hit the ball practically every time, you will discover that it no longer goes straight as it did at first; and when some one tells you how to avoid "slicing" it—giving it a whirl which sends it to one side—you become so worried trying to remember the seventeen different directions for avoiding this evil that you are likely either not to hit the sphere at all or to hit it on the top which is quite as humiliating. After a few rounds with an instructor, particularly an amateur instructor, you have so many things to think of, every time you start to swing back to hit the ball, that you are quite capable of forgetting to aim at the ball.

* * *

However, I have got bravely over the idea which I once entertained that nobody got any exercise out of golf except the "caddies." You play a round of the

links, rest a while, and then attempt to raise a chair from the floor by its back, and you will discover that your arm muscles have been exercised more effectually than they had been before for many a year. The walking is very much like walking always is, except that most men are induced to do about ten times as much of it while chasing a ball about the links as they could otherwise be coaxed into doing. And this is one of the great virtues of golf. It takes a staid professional man out of his office or his surgery, strips him of his stiff professional clothing, puts him into a loose shirt and a pair of duck trousers, and sends him out into the summer breeze and sunshine to play a game of skill and chance in good company, until his flowing perspiration makes a "horse's neck" look like a necessity of life. As an exercise-provoker for men who would otherwise take theirs on a street car or in a carriage, golf is king.

* * *

The popularity of golf all over the world is something amazing. It has lasted too long now to be dismissed as a fad, and it is growing every year. Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa and Quebec are all golf centres; and they are but following the example of every big city in the British Empire. Nor is it a game of the middle-aged alone. Lads play it, and work patiently up to a form which will admit them to the championship series. The "caddies" all hope to be "pros" when they grow up, quite as naturally as every Sunday School boy in our own youth was full of a passionate desire to be a pirate. Men old enough to be in business pretty seriously predominate on the links; but they are fully as devoted to the game as any lad in his teens is to base-ball, lacrosse or hockey. Ordinarily golf is not a dangerous game; but I have already seen one man who shows a scalp scar from getting the back swing of a "driver," and another man told me that when hit by a golf ball his skin about the point of contact looked as if someone had spilled a bottle of ink on it. Still wounds in the temper seem more frequent; and the swarthy brown of health on the face is commoner than the ink stain of a stopped golf ball. What the penalty is for thus getting in the road of a man's "drive" and thus spoiling his shot, I have not yet learned. But it ought to be something serious. For, as the golfing curate said inadvertently as he gave out his text:—"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose the last hole."



The Real Reason.

He: "Yaas, I shan't be sorry to chuck golf and get back to good old cricket."
 Little Miss Innocent: "I suppose you find a bigger ball easier to hit."
 —Fred Buchanan in the Bystander.

Canada's Greatest Need

By PRINCIPAL GORDON

CANADA as a Confederation is forty years old this week and one is reminded of the message of Moses to Israel, "Thou shalt remember all the way by which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years." To the nation, as to the individual, there comes always the danger "lest we forget."

We can appreciate now more fully than at the first the constructive statesmanship that welded together our provinces, opening a new prospect of national unity and growth. We can recall those early years of Confederation when reciprocity had been cancelled and the southern markets had been closed, when the American tariff bore severely upon us, when we had not found our way to the markets across the seas and our problems of transportation and of tariff seemed almost more than we could solve. We can recall the opening of our great West that had hitherto lain silent and empty, the rebellion that threatened our peaceful possession of it, but that served only to unite our provinces more firmly than acts of Parliament could bind them, the spanning of prairie and mountain by railway, attended by the vanguard of immigration "the first low wash of waves where soon would roll a human sea." Little wonder that it took so long for other nations to know much about us when it took so long for us to know ourselves. But we have in some degree taken our bearings, and have begun to realise our possibilities. We have tapped our resources at a sufficient number of points to assure us of great material wealth; we have checked the outflow of our own people by providing employment for them at home; we are receiving accessions to our population at a rate that now calls for increased care about their admission; we have developed so many enterprises that there is nothing in such demand as labour; from sea to sea there is a pulse of life and hopefulness that makes it seem as if to-day every Canadian must be an optimist.

Yet there are needs that must be remembered and remedied. One only I would here insist upon, a great and comprehensive one, our need of becoming a better educated people. We are a democracy, and education is the very basis of democratic progress, but our advance in popular education is far behind our commercial and industrial development, as witness the condition of our rural schools to-day compared with that of thirty years ago. The interests of education, like those of religion, require to be urged upon public attention. The distribution of mental and spiritual food is not regulated by the laws of supply and demand that rule in beef and wheat. We require to be reminded of our higher needs lest we forget that man does not live by bread alone. And so we can better afford to have weak administration anywhere else than in our educational system. Eager immigrants are crowding each other as they press in by our open door, and it is by the public school that these incoming families are to be fashioned into patriotic Canadians. This is the mint in which the metal coming from many countries is to be stamped with the maple leaf and with the superscription of the king.

If we Canadians are to be worthy of our heritage, by whatever lines we may as fellow-citizens be divided, we must be united in promoting the interests of education, not merely in one class of schools but in all, from kindergarten to university, if for no other purpose than that in this way we may produce a robust and lofty patriotism.

Is Politics Killing Atlantic Fisheries?

THE Atlantic coast without its fishing industry would be a situation too serious to contemplate, yet that is the prospect which faces the Maritime Provinces, according to the Fisheries Committee of the Halifax Board of Trade. Poor methods in handling the catch of pickled fish are said to be the cause of the trouble, and the annual loss to Nova Scotia alone is estimated by the committee to be \$100,000. Part of the trouble is said to be due to faulty methods of curing, but the main reason for the decline in the industry is laid to the absence of proper packages and barrels of a fixed standard for shipping the fish.

In the opinion of the committee the solution of the whole difficulty is to be found in taking the administration of the fisheries of the Dominion out of party politics and placing it in the hands of three boards of experts, one to cover the Atlantic, another the Pacific, and the

third the inland fisheries. It is pointed out that this is the system adopted in Scotland where the most effective results known are obtained. One hundred years ago Scotland's fisheries were in about the same condition as those of the Atlantic coast to-day. Popular agitation accomplished the result in Scotland, and it is held by the committee that the same thing can be done in Canada.

The lobster industry is also said to be rapidly disappearing on account of the wholesale destruction of small-sized and seeded lobsters, rendered possible by reason of the non-enforcement of the law, while the condition of the oyster industry is said to be even worse, for the same reason. In addition, it is pointed out that the clam beds are being depleted in many cases to provide bait for foreign fishermen, a practice which should not be allowed to continue.

The Scotch board, it is interesting to note, consists of nine members—three of whom represent the fishermen, three the merchants, a scientist, a legal adviser and the chairman. Though non-political, the board is under the general control of the Secretary for Scotland, and in the same way, the Halifax committee sees no objection to the Canadian boards being under the general control of the Fisheries Department at Ottawa.

Whether the recommendations of the Halifax committee are acted upon or not, at least the matter should not be allowed to rest where it is. If the situation is anything like as bad as the committee has made out, action of some kind should be taken immediately—investigation by a commission perhaps—and if things are not as bad as they have been painted, the country should know it at once.

The Movements of James

When James J. Hill makes up his mind to leave his St. Paul for his New York office, he stands not on the order of his going. He goes at once and seldom or never does he let the Great Northern officials in the eastern city know that he's on the way. Unless the papers note Mr. Hill's departure from St. Paul, the first the Great Northern officials know of it in most cases is his entrance into his offices in New York. Often the first knowledge of his arrival comes from seeing him at his desk, for Mr. Hill invariably walks direct to his private office and begins work as if he had been at his desk the day before. The time for chatting with the other officials comes after looking over the work.



A Big "Lunge."

This picture shows a 33½ pound Muskellunge caught off Couchiching Beach Park, Orillia, by Mr. Arthur Jennings, on the evening of Tuesday, June 18th. The length of the fish was 4 feet 3½ inches. The previous evening, Mr. George Maynard caught a 26½ pound fish in the same lake. Since these two episodes, the Mayor and Town Council are taking steps to provide special accommodation for the rush of visiting fishermen.



IN THE WORLD'S HEAD JUST NOW

Drawn by J. W. Bengough

How He Hit the Students

WINSTON CHURCHILL always has his courage with him. His nerve was on view when he lectured to the Michigan University students in Ann Arbor Opera House. The subject, of course, was the war in South Africa, and the lecture was illustrated with lime-light views. When Lord Roberts' picture was thrown on

the screen the thoughtful American collegians hissed.

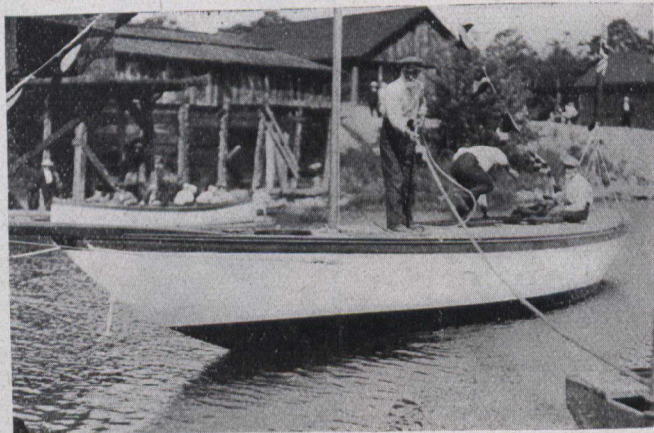
"Turn up the lights!" commanded Churchill. "I want you to be able to see," he said calmly, "that you are hissing the wrong man. I'll show you the man that you should hiss. Turn down the lights."

Then Kruger's face appeared. But the rubs of Michigan couldn't take a rebuff. They cheered Oom Paul like mad.

Preparing for the Yacht Race



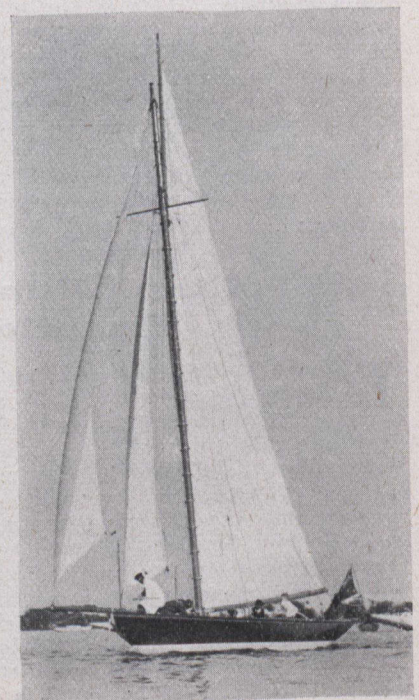
Mr. Norman Macrae
Mr. Fredric Nicholls



Crusader—Just after launching at Oakville

THERE are three boats in Toronto anxious to sail against the Seneca of Rochester for the Canada Cup, now held by the yacht club of that alien city. The three boats are the Aileen, Adele and Crusader. Soon there will be trials and the best of the three will be chosen. Some further facts will be found under "Sporting Comment" on page 23.

The Crusader has been built for Mr. Frederic Nicolls whose picture appears herewith, with that of Mr. Norman Macrae as a background.



The Adele—Mr. Mulock's Candidate



A Marine Boiler made into a "Roller" and "Rolled" a Hundred Miles, from Edmonton to Athabaska Landing.

A Peculiar Wager

TWO or three years ago a peculiar wager was made in the city of Edmonton. It arose in this way. Mr. J. K. Cornwall, one of the most successful fur traders and boat owners operating in the country which lies immediately north of Edmonton, was building a boat at Athabasca Landing. When the marine boiler for this vessel arrived at Edmonton the snow had disappeared from the ground. There is no railway north from Edmonton to Athabasca Landing and if that marine boiler could not be hauled by horsepower over the hundred-mile stretch between these two places Mr. Cornwall's steamboat would be useless. It was loaded on to a

waggon, a large number of horses were hitched to it, and it was conveyed a short distance outside the town, where it stuck.

While Mr. Cornwall sat around in Edmonton with a disconsolate manner, a rather peculiar character sauntered up to him and said, "What will you give me if I take your boiler to Athabasca Landing?"

"I will give you eight hundred dollars," said Mr. Cornwall.

"Done," answered the man. Mr. Cornwall stipulated that it must go the whole distance.

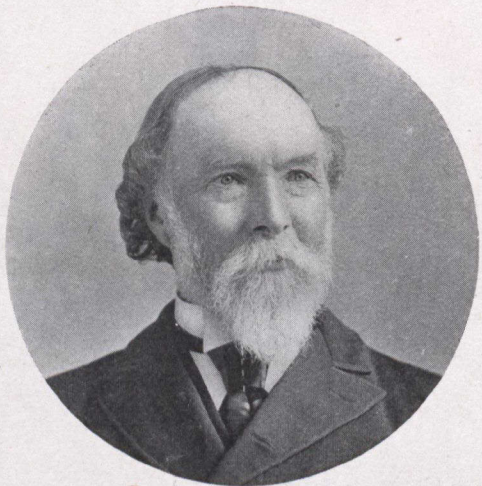
The above picture shows how this ingenious idler won his wager of eight hundred dollars to nothing. He encased the boiler in wood and made it into a huge roller.



Yachting Scene, Toronto Harbour.

The Fathers of Confederation

ONLY two of the Fathers of Confederation remain to tell the story of the famous Quebec Conference of 1864. One by one this little group of thirty-three has passed away honoured and respected even if there were no other great deed to make the life of each memorable. Most



Senator A. A. Macdonald.



Sir Charles Tupper, Bart.

THE TWO SURVIVING FATHERS OF CONFEDERATION.

of them lived to see Confederation a reality, and many of them to see it work out the salvation of five previously unimportant communities. Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and later, British Columbia and Prince Edward Island.

The Quebec conference was the logical outcome of events, but they were stormy events for the statesmen and history makers of that time. Crisis had succeeded crisis in the government of the Province of Canada and ministers were maintained in power by the narrowest margins. Votes of want of confidence were of frequent occurrence and often successful, so that governments came into being like mushrooms in a night, only to perish as swiftly as they rose. Within little more than two years, no less than four different ministries had been condemned. Public affairs were at a dead-lock and frequent dissolutions and elections had only served to aggravate the factional spirit.

Far-seeing statesmen saw that this condition of affairs could not much longer prevail, and, while many had been looking forward to Confederation as a possible solution of the problem, it was Hon. George Brown who gave the matter the first substantial impetus. Mr. Brown had been chairman, early in 1864, of a parliamentary committee appointed to consider the best method of relieving the critical situation which faced the government, and his committee had reported "in favour of changes in the direction of a federative system." He had also expressed the opinion that advantage should be taken of the crisis then existing to settle "forever the constitutional difficulties between Upper and Lower Canada," and he had even expressed his willingness to co-operate "with the existing or any other administration" which would promptly and firmly deal with the question.

The result was, as all readers of Canadian history are aware, the formation of a coalition government of George Brown and John A. Macdonald, which, while it startled the country, was generally approved.

Meantime, in the East, Confederation was also in the air, but it was restricted to a federation of the three maritime provinces. A conference with the object of bringing this about was held at Charlottetown, P.E.I., in September, 1864. To this conference the Canadian coalition government was not invited to send representatives, but eight of the Ministers were sent, nevertheless, and attended the sessions, though they had no official standing. Their arguments in favour of a wider confederation to include the Canadas, as well as the Maritime Provinces, so impressed the delegates that the conference was adjourned to meet at Quebec shortly afterwards.

This conference at Quebec, which began on Oct. 10th, and continued until the 28th of the month, was the historic gathering which succeeded in transferring Confederation from a more or less abstract principle into the domain of practical politics, by the adoption of a series of resolutions which formed the basis of the Imperial legislation of a later date.

The members of the Coalition government at the Quebec conference were:—From Lower Canada—Hon. Sir E. P. Tache, Hon. G. E. Cartier, Hon. A. T. Galt, Hon. J. C. Chapais, Hon. T. D. McGee and Hon. H. L. Langevin. From Upper Canada—Hon. J. A. Macdonald, Hon. Alexander Campbell, Hon. Oliver Mowat, Hon.

W. McDougall, Hon. Geo. Brown and Hon. James Cockburn.

Nova Scotia was represented by—Hon. Chas. Tupper, Hon. William A. Henry, Hon. Jon. McCully, Hon. Robert B. Dickey, M.L.C. and Hon. A. George Archibald, M.P.P.

The representatives from New Brunswick

were:—Hon. Samuel Leonard Tilley, Hon. John M. Johnson, Hon. Wm. H. Steeves, M.L.C., Hon. Edward Barron Chandler, M.L.C., Hon. Peter Mitchell, M.L.C., Hon. John Hamilton Gray, M.P.P., and Hon. Chas. Fisher, M.P.P.

From Prince Edward Island there were:—Hon. John Hamilton Gray, Hon. Edward Palmer, Hon. William H. Pope, Hon. A. A. Macdonald, M.L.C., Hon. Edward Whelan, M.L.C., Hon. George Coles, M.P.P., and Hon. T. H. Haviland, M.P.P.

Newfoundland sent Hon. F. D. Carter and Hon. John Ambrose Shea.

These are the Fathers of Confederation, and must not be confounded with the Members of the first Dominion Cabinet, some of whom were not Fathers of Confederation.

British Gossip

MR. RICHARD CROKER, whose "Orby" won the Derby, is not a popular character, either in England or America. He was born in Ireland in 1843 and the family emigrated to New York while Richard was a small boy. His childhood was passed in a rough district but he soon showed the qualities of leadership which afterwards made him "Boss" of Tammany Hall. His political career in New York is well-known and is frequently used to point a moral. Some years ago he bought a handsome house near Dublin where he now lives in seclusion and pays little attention to Society, which is probably prepared to smile on the ex-Tammany captain who has accumulated an abundance of worldly goods.

* * *

The pageant business seems to have been overworked in England during the last two months. The Lady Godiva controversy made the Coventry affair decidedly undignified. Tennyson's poem is much better treatment for such a romance than an attempt to place a mediaeval episode in a spectacular modern parade.

* * *

This is assuredly an age of fresh air funds. There is no city more in need of such philanthropy than London, and all classes outside the slums seem to be alive to their menace to social well-being. It is not often that a soldier expresses himself regarding urban philanthropy but Sir Ian Hamilton has drawn attention to a comparatively unnoticed aspect of the slum problem.

The Scottish general says: "As a soldier I feel special sympathy with the idea of this fund, for I am sure that the man who would stand up unflinchingly to modern shrapnel fire, retaining all his eagerness for the impending tussle with bullet and bayonet, must have breathed some fresh air in his childhood and must have seen something better worth dying for than a London slum."

How a slum-dweller can grow up with any respect for himself or pride in his country is difficult to understand. There can be no truer patriotism than the effort to bring sunshine and health to those who live in the shadow of physical and moral death. In spite of the fact that Miss Corelli has written some verses in its behalf, the fresh air fund continues to increase.



A Line of Elevators on the outskirts of Carman, Manitoba.



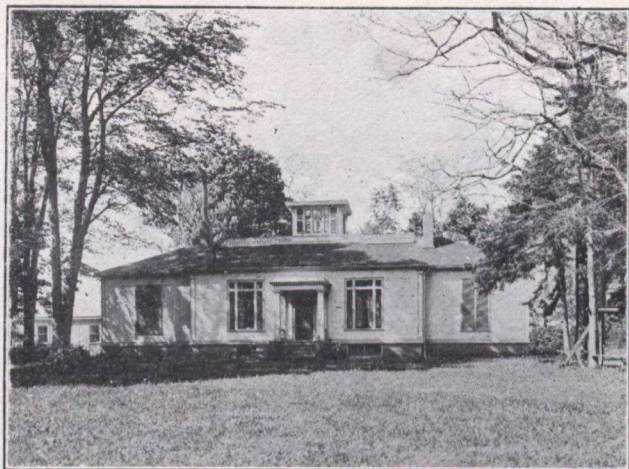
Weyburn, a new Town in Saskatchewan.



School House and Residential Part of Wetaskiwin.



Grand View, Manitoba.
SOME NEW TOWNS IN THE WEST.



Sam Slick's House at Windsor, N.S.

The Sam Slick Place

THE real name of the comfortable old frame house, shown in our picture, is Clifton, but it is more generally known as "the Sam Slick Place." It was built by Judge Haliburton, the noted author and humourist, and was his home for a quarter of a century. It stands in beautiful and extensive grounds, commanding a fine view of the busy little sea-port of Windsor, in Nova Scotia.

Haliburton was born at Windsor in 1796, and there he received his education, attending first the Grammar School, and later, King's College. After graduating at the age of nineteen, he left his native town for some years. On a visit to England he met a young lady who had a most romantic history, and, marrying her before he came of age, he settled for a time at Annapolis, to practise law. He was very successful and in 1826 was elected to the Assembly. Three years later he was appointed a Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and soon afterwards built Clifton.

About this time he published his "Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia," a work which in its day was hailed as a masterpiece, though it is not remarkable for its accuracy.

His next excursion into literature was of a very different character. In the columns of the "Nova Scotian" newspaper, then edited by Joseph Howe, Haliburton began to narrate the doings and sayings of one "Sam Slick," a Yankee clockmaker and peddler, who went on "circuit," as he called it, throughout the length and breadth of Nova Scotia. Haliburton is said to have got the idea of some of "the cute dodges of the clockmaker" from cases tried by him. However that was, the character of the queer, conceited, boastful, good-natured, horse-trading Yankee, with his shifts and his tricks, his impossible experiences, and his incredible "yarns," is brimming over with life, like that of the other immortal "Samivel" created by Dickens.

The "Clockmaker" was speedily published in London and Halifax in book form. For the London edition the author received nothing indeed except a silver salver bearing a complimentary inscription, but he followed up his success with other narratives of "Sam Slick of Slickville," and oddly identified himself with his character so far as to credit the clockmaker with two books in which he does not appear. It seems quite fitting therefore, that the house which was Judge Haliburton's home during the years when Sam Slick was evolving himself, should bear that worthy's name.

In his own character, Haliburton was far from being a grave, pedantic exponent of the law. Though an upright judge, he was not always a dignified one. For instance, he stooped at times to perpetrate a bad pun, or to caricature a witness. But, if he could not resist giving the rein to his whimsical humour at inopportune moments, he was in his element in a social gathering of a low choice spirits. Clifton was the scene of many "brilliant hospitalities," but time brought the usual changes, and Haliburton's later years at Windsor were sad and solitary. At length, at the age of sixty, he left the place and went to live in England, where his works were better appreciated than in his native land. Haliburton was one of the earliest and most ardent of Imperialists, and from his youth had cherished an intense love for England and things English. It seems, therefore, rather a curious instance of the irony of fate that his most brilliant literary success should be the portrayal of the ultra-Yankee, "Sam Slick," and that he himself

should be honoured with the title of the "Father of American Humour."
E. P. W.

The Lady and the Engine

JUST who introduced the fashion of riding on the cowcatcher of a Canadian engine we are not prepared to say. But the stories of women who have indulged in this performance are manifold and full of local colour, to say nothing of smoke. About twenty years ago, Mrs. Everard Cotes, then Sara Jeannette Duncan of the Toronto "Globe," took a trip out to the West and wrote of her experiences on the C.P.R. including among them a ride on the cowcatcher. The Baroness Macdonald and Lady Aberdeen have also achieved this feat. A few weeks ago the "Bystander" attributed the cowcatcher "turn" to Lady Minto and now M. A. P. informs its readers that Lady Tankerville, an American beauty who not only has a thorough knowledge of Greek and Latin, but also speaks French, German and Italian fluently, has also known the ecstasy of having driven a C.P.R. engine for six hours. It was an express train, too, and the passengers had not the faintest idea that they were at the mercy of an aristocratic engineer. If there had been a broken rail or a collision what a sensation the fair creature would have created and how the fashionable papers would have pictured her wounded feelings!

This is just one more instance of the deadly law of average which is continually showing how very small the great are. While most Canadian travellers envy Prince Arthur of Connaught and Prince Fushimi the rose-and-gold luxury which is furnished by the railways of the land, these dignitaries are doubtless sighing to be in the engine-cab or at the switch or to change places with the brakeman who has neither to deliver nor listen to speeches and who is never asked to a civic reception. In like manner, the fair countess, duchess or baroness finds life in the palace car a thing of dullness and a bore forever and longs to be enthroned on the cowcatcher or to drive the very latest steel monster across the prairie. So far, Lady Grey seems to avoid her viceregal responsibility. Canada expects every chatelaine of Rideau Hall to do her duty in the cowcatcher feat and give the British journalist an opportunity for a realistic paragraph about the bracing effects of Canadian unconventionality.

Souvenir Snatchers

THE Duke of the Abruzzi recently entertained at Jamestown, Virginia, on his flagship, "Varese," when his curious guests took occasion to acquire "all that man could move or lift." Even the private apartments of the Duke were stripped of portable articles. The Duke's gold toilet set, a present from the King of Italy, was hastily appropriated by appreciative United Statesers and the various articles composing it are doubtless scattered all the way from Maine to California, and some of them may have strayed into Canada and be at this moment reposing on mahogany bureaus in Montreal or Winnipeg.

Rear Admiral Eyans has expressed himself as of the opinion that the American souvenir fiend will not hesitate to steal anything except a cellar full of water. In the light of these revelations, the Swettenham episode is suddenly illuminated. No doubt, the valiant Sir Alexander knew of the taking little ways of the United States souvenir fiend and was alarmed lest such bits of Kingston, Jamaica, as were lying about after the earthquake might be pocketed by the gallant U. S. marines as interesting souvenirs for their sweethearts. The Duke of the Abruzzi was really quite annoyed by the whole affair and did not rejoice when he discovered that his uniforms were left buttonless. But when murder is called by a prominent New York lawyer simply "dementia Americana," one can hardly expect souvenir snatchers to be condemned. As the New York "Herald" declares: "The ship and its equipment are more or less intact. None of the big guns are missing. The boats are nearly all in place. The armour plate has not been unriveted."

Canadians can hardly afford to throw many stones at the souvenir snatchers. A few years ago, a handsome new hotel was opened in a Canadian city and the public was invited to inspect the premises. The result was that pieces of valuable tapestry were cut and marred, rugs were hacked and torn, statuary was chipped, bric-a-brac vanished in a single afternoon and wide was the trail of the destroyer. But the walls of the hotel and the stationary tubs in the laundry remained, unharmed and majestic.

DANCE OF THE DEAD MEN

A STORY OF INDIAN LIFE IN THE FAR NORTH

By ARTHUR HEMING, Author of "Spirit Lake"

TUGGING at the weight of the frozen carcasses, Standing Wolf slowly hauled the sled in and out among the gravelike mounds of the muskeg. Now and again he slightly turned his head to listen. There were strange sounds in the night air. Sometimes he imagined for a moment that the grotesquely frozen bodies had come to life again, and were dancing on the snow. Once he paused to look around; but all he saw was two great man shadows lying on the snow, with long, outstretched legs that reached toward him and touched his feet. To him the sight was not an unusual one. Often, when the northern lights and the moon were shining, as he hurried through the muskeg or over the silent lakes, he had been pursued by monstrous figures that seemed forever trying to tread upon his heels. So on he trudged.

It was hard work. The prow of the toboggan continually overran the hummocks. When he turned to pull it aside, gnarled roots reached out to catch at his snowshoes, and willow wands stung his frost-bitten face. At last, just as he was leaving the muskeg behind and was nearing the forest that loomed ahead across a wide strip of gleaming snow, he stopped suddenly. What was that? He stood staring at the snow. Were his eyes playing him false? Could it be true? He jerked the tump line off his head and threw it back upon the sled. Then he stepped aside and knelt down to examine the tracks in the snow, while his two shadows mockingly did the same.

"Ah, Kus-ke-tie Ina-ca-sis!" exclaimed the Indian with glee. True enough, it was the track of a black fox, an animal whose skin brings a greater price than that of any other found in the northern forest. Already that winter Standing Wolf had secured a splendid silver fox. To see the trail of a black fox on his hunting grounds was an event so unusual that he could scarcely believe his sight. In his delight he examined the tracks again, lest he might have been deceived. Yes, there were the round footprints of the black fox. Well he knew that its tread makes a print more rounded in outline than that of any other fox. Next in roundness comes the footprint of the silver fox; then that of the cross fox; that of the red fox being the most elongated of all.

Cautiously rising, Standing Wolf charged his gun, and, leaving his sled behind, followed the trail of Kus-ke-tie Ina-ca-sis. There was only one more trap to examine, and the trail ran toward it. The wind was in his favour. As he moved forward, he imitated the cry of a mouse, and occasionally broke into a gentle chant; for, like all his brethren, he believed that he could in that way charm a fox. All the while he was on the alert for the slightest glimpse of any moving thing. When he had covered

about a quarter of a mile of winding trail, he found that the track circled to the left. Looking ahead, he discovered another and a smaller circle running in the same direction. Knowing that his trap lay just beyond, he went on with greater care. As he peeped round a clump of trees, he saw Kus-ke-tie Ina-ca-sis huddled there. The next instant the fox saw him too. In a frantic effort to escape it leaped into the air, but was thrown by the clanking chain violently upon its back. On the snow, within the chain's length, was recorded the story of its desperate and vain struggle for freedom.

Standing Wolf, setting his gun aside, approached slowly with a stick in his hand, and in kindly tones addressed the trembling animal. "Good day, my little brother. I am sorry, but I need your beautiful coat; so I must kill you."

He stunned the fox by a blow on the snout, and then gently pressed the toe of his moccasined foot over the creature's heart, until it stopped beating. In this manner he killed all the foxes he caught in traps, for the slightest blow upon the body would mark the skin.

Opening the jaws of the trap, he laid the fox upon the snow, and stood gazing at it with supreme satisfaction. It was the most beautiful black fox that he had ever seen. It was a perfect specimen. Its entire coat, both inner and outer, was of the deepest blue black, except for a tiny spot of white upon the breast, and a few white hairs at the tip of its magnificent brush. A bushy collaret surrounded its neck. Its fore legs were covered down to the feet with silky, wavy fur that suggested heavily fringed leggings. The black fox, though not so beautiful as the silver fox, is much rarer. It commands a first price of anywhere from one hundred to one thousand dollars, and is sometimes sold at retail for from two to three thousand dollars. But, notwithstanding its great value, it is considered to be of ill omen. Misfortune, to Indian belief, accompanies the wealth it brings.

Though Standing Wolf felt elated over his astonishing luck, he had already begun to fear the evil that must surely follow. There he stood with gloating eyes fixed upon the lifeless object at his feet, yet hesitating to carry off his prize. A faint rumble as of distant thunder fell upon his ears, and a moment later a sound as if made by the waving of whips and the swishing of silken garments. A vague sense of awe took possession of him. Looking up, he beheld the broad expanse of the heavens afire with vast arcs of moving figures arrayed in garments of light. In the unaccustomed brilliance of the northern lights he recognised another omen of ill. To have taken the life of Kus-ke-tie Ina-ca-sis while the Dance of the Dead Men was in progress must add to the evil already in store for him.



The Halfbreed struck wildly at the Indian.

Drawn by Arthur Heming.

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For sometime he stood hesitating. He knew that the skin would more than pay the debt that he and his family owed, yet the thought of what was to befall him filled him with dread. At last, summoning all his courage, he picked up the fox, hurried back to his sled, placed it carefully within the wrapper, and set out for home. All along the way fear stalked beside him. Even on his arrival he could not shake it off. So, when he had exhibited his great catch to his astonished family, he turned to At-tick, his adopted son, saying:

"At-tick, my son, the fur runner is coming soon. Tomorrow do you and the Marten take the dogs and break a two days' trail on Bear River in order to hasten his coming."

Fear of impending disaster was the real cause of his anxiety to ease the approach of the trader. So eager was he to safeguard himself against possible ill fortune, that he was willing even to sell the skin at a sacrifice.

Next morning the boys set out to break the trail. When they came on Bear River on the afternoon of the second day, they cached in the river ice some fish for the trader's dogs. They chopped a hole and, after placing the fish in, filled it up with water, which they allowed to freeze, with the tail of a single fish protruding, in order to show the trader what was cached below. To mark the spot, they planted a pole with its butt in the hole, and rigged up a tripod of sticks to support it. At the top of the pole they tied a little bag of tea and a choice piece of meat for the trader. At the bend of the river below, where he would surely pass, they erected another pole with a bunch of dried grass attached, for the purpose of attracting his attention to their tracks.

On their return home, they found Standing Wolf sorting his furs in anticipation of the trader's arrival. Before him lay the skins of the black fox and of the silver fox, turned inside out upon stretchers. On the boys entering the lodge, Standing Wolf addressed the whole family, saying:

"Do not mention the silver fox to the fur runner. Since it, at least, will bring us no harm, I intend keeping it until I go to the post, in the hope of making a better bargain there. Now sort your skins, and set aside those you wish to give in payment of your debt to the Great Company."

During the afternoon of the following day, Spencer, the fur runner for the Hudson Bay Company at Fort Determination, arrived with his dog train. He shook hands with Standing Wolf and the boys, and kissed the women and the girls, as the custom of the traders is. It being late in the day, Standing Wolf decided not to begin trading until the next morning. So they spent the evening in spinning yarns around the fire. Shortly after breakfast, strange dogs were heard. The boys looked out and saw an unknown halfbreed approaching. When the newcomer had eaten, and had joined the others in a smoke, Standing Wolf questioned him:

"My brother, you are a stranger in this country; so I have given you food and fire and tobacco in friendship. Tell me why and whence you come."

The halfbreed replied, "My brother, I come from the Border Lands, where the plains and the forests meet, and my name is Gibeault. I have come to trade regularly in the region between Fort Determination and Fort Defiance. You will do well to encourage opposition to the Great Company, and thus raise the price of furs. My brother, the white man stands apart. I am of your own kin. We are of the same blood. So I have come to remove the burden which the Great Company has laid upon my blood brothers, the Indians. I have come to show you how the white man has been robbing our people for hundreds of years. I have come to—"

Spencer, glaring across the fire, could contain himself no longer. Turning to Standing Wolf, he said: "My brother, you are a wise man. You know the difference between truth and lies, between strong men and old women. You know that I have brought goods to your camp, and traded with you for many years. You know that when your family starved, the company fed them. You know you owe the company debt. You know that it takes a strong man to beat a track, but any old woman can follow it. You know a man when you see one. My brother, we have been friends from of old."

Standing Wolf kept silence for awhile; then, with his eyes fixed upon the fire, he said, "My brother, I will not forget to look at my debt; but I am master of my other furs."

So saying, he handed to Spencer the bundles of furs which he and his family had set aside to pay their debts with. These were accepted unopened, since they were for the factor at Fort Determination. Then he drew a cross

fox skin from behind him, and threw it down, saying, "How do my brothers look at that?"

It was a challenge to the rival traders. In a few minutes they had opened their packs and spread out a conglomeration of useful and of useless goods and trinkets upon gaudy blankets on either side of the fire. The halfbreed, manifestly ignorant of the ways of his professed business, allowed the white man to outbid him from the very start, and so lost favour with the Indian, who, growing suspicious of his flowery promises, said:

"My brother, you have travelled in vain; you had better go back, unless you can give more than the white man."

Spencer handed the Indian a present of tobacco, and he continued:

"When I visit the Great Company, even if I do not trade, they give me presents of tea, flour, grease, and tobacco in order to seal our friendship. But you have not shown a generous hand; so I will still trade with the Great Company."

Without another word he threw down the beautiful black fox skin. The two traders were completely taken aback at the sight of such a prize. The bidding rose rapidly, until Gibeault had exceeded the value of his whole outfit. Knowing this, Spencer told Standing Wolf that neither of them had enough at hand to pay the proper value of the skin; but that he would agree to pay three hundred "skins," and that Standing Wolf could collect the balance from the company at any time. Although the Indian felt that he was being underpaid, his superstitious dread made him accept the offer without haggling. So all the furs, except the silver fox skin, were sold, the greater number going to the Hudson Bay Company.

Gibeault was enraged at having secured so few furs, and doubly so at having lost the black fox skin. He sat staring sullenly at the fire, and when Spencer intimated his intention of returning to the fort that afternoon, he did not answer him. About three o'clock, Spencer packed his sled, and by four had bidden the Indians farewell. He intended travelling a few hours that night by moonlight. As both had to go in the same direction, Standing Wolf was surprised that they did not travel together for companionship; and when Gibeault expressed his desire to remain with him all night, he wondered why he wished to stay. Imagine his surprise when, on his return from visiting some shares, he found Gibeault harnessing his dogs and eager to be off.

At parting, Standing Wolf shook hands with the halfbreed, but that seemed only to increase his awkwardness of demeanor.

The following evening, while the Indian was at supper, Spencer staggered into the lodge, with his face cut and bruised and smeared with blood. When the women had dressed the trader's wounds, Standing Wolf heard his story:

"During the night I was overtaken by Gibeault. Some noise he made must have roused me; for I woke from a deep sleep, to see him in the very act of going through my furs, evidently in search of the black fox skin. I got upon my feet and rushed to grapple with him, but slipped and fell. He seized a heavy stick and knocked me senseless. Fortunately he had no firearms, for we traders carry none. When I recovered consciousness, I found that he had taken not only the black fox skin, but all my other furs, and even the dogs and the sled. Worse still, he had smashed my snowshoes in order to prevent pursuit."

When he had told his story, Standing Wolf continued for a little while gazing at the fire, and smoking meditatively. Then he knocked the ashes from his pipe, and said, "My brother, this is a bad business. I will go and speak with Gibeault."

Turning to the boys he said, "My sons, I will set out at once. As I am going to travel light, you must follow with the dogs at their best speed. Be watchful, and you will read your instructions as you run."

Rising, he at once made ready for the chase. Going to the "rogan" in which he kept his valuables, he put a fresh supply of tobacco into his fire bag; then, wishing to take a last look at his silver fox skin, he reached to draw it out. It was gone. He knew at once who had taken it, and resentment filled his heart. "The dog who would be my brother has stolen it!" he cried with fury. He hung a small tea pail at his side, tightened his sash about him, slipped a little bag of tea, some bannock, and some dried caribou meat within his capote, and, gun in hand, set out in pursuit of the thief.

Already the moon had risen. Taking up the trail of the thief, he sped across Spirit Lake on his way to Bear River. The freshness of the hard packed trail made easy

going, and hour after hour he ran along. Away up above the trees, the Dance of the Dead Men flickered, and once again two shadows pursued the hunter. But, intent upon the chase, he had little thought for other things.

Entering a thick grove of heavy timber, he paused for a moment to read the signs that told him where Spencer had camped for the night, where Gibeault had ransacked the furs, and where the two men had fought. Then on he sped. All night long he travelled, and all the following day.

Soon he noticed that he was gaining on the thief, for the track was constantly growing fresher. He realised now that it was only a matter of a few hours before he would overtake his quarry. The halfbreed's progress was becoming slower, since he had to go ahead now and beat a new track for the dogs to follow. Judging that he would come up with the thief that night, he had already left the hurry up sign upon several trees for his boys to see. He now blazed again; but with three cuts instead of two upon each tree, so that the boys would press forward faster. Farther on, as the signs of the thief grew fresher, he cut a long blaze and tore it off to let his sons know that he was now closer to his quarry, and expected to come upon him at any moment. To tell the boys how far he was ahead, and at what time he had passed, he drew a bow and arrow on the snow, with the tip of the arrow pointing in the direction of the sun at the time of making the blaze. To show that it was day time, he drew in front of the arrow a circle with rays radiating from the centre, to represent the sun. If it had been night time, he would have drawn a crescent moon.

With the coming of dusk, Standing Wolf increased his circumspection. Shortly after crossing a lake in the moonlight, he heard the barking of dogs ahead. He took hold of two saplings, one on either side of the track, and bent them over and fastened them together so that anyone following would have to stoop to pass under. This was a signal to the boys that danger was at hand, and for them to move forward warily and with their guns in readiness.

His advance became momentarily slower. It was more than an hour before he detected the glare of firelight ahead. He left the trail, and keeping to the lee of the fire lest the dogs should scent him, stealthily approached. The first glimpse of the dying fire showed him that all was still. The halfbreed lay wrapped in his hare skin robe upon a mattress of balsam brush. In the shelter of the undergrowth the dogs were curled in the snow, shivering still, though sound asleep.

Priming his gun afresh, Standing Wolf cocked it, and, silently stepping within the glare of the firelight, called upon Gibeault to surrender. The startled halfbreed sprang to his feet, and, seizing his ax, struck wildly at the Indian, who, in the very act of firing, leaped aside to save himself, and so missed his shot. Again the halfbreed swung his ax, and again Standing Wolf escaped the blow. Then, seeing his chance, he struck Gibeault with the butt of his gun and knocked him down. As he strove to rise, Standing Wolf dealt him a blow that stretched him motionless upon the snow. Stooping down, he felt the heart of the unconscious halfbreed. He was not dead. As Standing Wolf reloaded his gun, he pondered whether he should kill the thief or hand him over to the mounted police. Unable to decide, he bound him hand and foot, dragged him back upon the brush, and covered him with his robe.

Drawing the sleds nearer to the fire, he searched their loads, and found the silver fox skin in Gibeault's dunage bag. The sight increased his thirst for revenge. A

gust of wind blew the coals into feeble life again and reminded him that the fire was dying. He rose and chopped wood enough to last all the night through. Then he sat down to smoke and reflect upon the course he should pursue. The growling dogs, still bristling, slunk away to curl themselves up again on their frosty beds. The breeze, departing, left the trees motionless. All was still, save the ever flickering light of the Dance of the Dead Men far overhead. But Standing Wolf did not look toward the sky, for his mind was on the unconscious figure before him. Should he kill him now? Drawing his knife, he rose to do the deed; but a burning log rolled from the fire, and, sheathing his knife again, he thrust the stick into place. Then, squatting in the warmth of the fire, he fell to thinking. Hour after hour the night dragged through; pipe after pipe was smoked; until at last he began to drowse.

For sometime he slept. When, startled by the sound of movement, he awoke, he found the halfbreed glaring at him. Neither spoke. Again Standing Wolf added fuel to the coals; again he squatted beside the fire, with his gun across his knees, and watched his prisoner. Presently, the thief began struggling to free his hands, and, finding that the knots were too well tied, cursed Standing Wolf vilely. As the Indian heeded him not, the halfbreed grew tired of his profanity, and, rising to a sitting posture, snarled:

"Well, what do you intend doin' with me?"

"Dog. I would not have your blood upon my knife; so will give you to the Red-coats," Standing Wolf replied.

Gibeault, growing defiant, scoffed at the idea of being taken to the police by Standing Wolf.

"It will be easy. My sons will be here in the morning," retorted the Indian.

For some time the halfbreed stared vacantly at the fire, as though rackin' his brains for some means of escape. He became disheartened at last, dropped back upon his couch, and fell asleep. Both men had travelled hard and fast, and were in sore need of rest. Soon Standing Wolf was attacked by an overpowering fit of drowsiness, and succumbed.

It was only for a brief time that he slept; yet, while he slept, he dreamed that he was travelling upon the spirit trail to join his departed friends in the Dance of the Dead Men. Awakening with a start, he caught sight of the brilliant, flickering glare of the northern lights above the treetops, and wondered how soon he should join in the dance up there.

Soon dawn began to break. The hills and rivers and lakes took shape. Still he lingered; for, with the coming of light, he thought of his youth, of the time when he was as young as the day, and he and his people were prosperous and happy, because all that vast region belonged to them. The remembrance kindled in his heart resentment against the white men. As he meditated upon the way in which they had wronged his people, how they had broken an endless trail of destruction across his country, and had left disease and starvation in their wake, he grew indignant toward them. Along with this feeling came an emotion of compassion for the thief, who, he remembered, was, after all, a half brother of his own people.

Just then he saw the boys coming out of the forest on the distant shore of the lake. So he hurried down the hill, harnessed the dogs to Spencer's sled, and, quietly cutting the bonds that held the sleeping thief, left him to his slumber and to his freedom.

When his sons met him on the lake beyond, they questioned him as to the fate of the thief: but Standing Wolf evasively replied:

"Last night he saw the Dance of the Dead Men."



Gibeault.

Drawn by Arthur Heming.

THE GOLDEN FLOOD

By EDWIN LEFEVRE



Resume: Mr. Richard Dawson, president of the Metropolitan Bank, New York, is visited on a Thursday, by Mr. George Kitchell Grinnell, who wishes to deposit \$100,000, and presents an Assay Office check on the Sub-Treasury. One week from then he deposits \$151,000, a fortnight later \$250,000, and three weeks later \$500,000. He makes no revelation of his business, and on his desiring to make a deposit of \$1,000,000, the pompous president becomes excited. A deposit of \$2,500,000 follows, then \$5,000,000, and the following Thursday, \$10,000,000. Mr. Dawson employs Costello, a detective, who reports that Mr. Grinnell lives quietly, but has a load of bullion bars taken to the Assay Office every Monday. The flood continues until Mr. Grinnell has nearly thirty millions in the bank. The president in desperation seeks again to discover the source of the fortune. He is baffled once more, and Mr. Grinnell increases his deposits to \$35,000,000, and informs Mr. Dawson that Miss Grinnell, his sister, shares the secret of his wealth. The president then warns the plutocrat, Mellen, of the gold calamity. They tell Grinnell of the harm of too rapid increase in gold supply.

I REALISE that. You agreed with me that an increase of one hundred millions a year, in addition to the normal output of the mines now in operation, was not excessive. Since I saw you I have carefully studied the matter—Grinnell's voice and manner showed profound conviction—"and I have come to the conclusion that the world could not only stand two hundred and fifty millions more than it is now getting, but be all the better for it. That is only a billion more in four years. Four years is a long time." He looked pensive—as if he were thinking how very long that would be.

Mr. Mellen started. He opened his mouth as if to speak, but Grinnell went on quickly: "Tell me, Mr. Dawson, is it not true that the expansion in business all over during the past few years, while it has been followed by a great expansion in bank credits, has not been followed by a proportionate increase in the supply of actual cash? That being the case, why couldn't it be possible to add two hundred and fifty millions a year without disturbing business, by distributing one hundred millions among banks in Germany, France and England, and scattering one hundred and fifty millions among banks in various sections of the United States?"

"Do you propose to do this?" Mr. Dawson was looking at the young man with an intentness which he could not help tingeing with anxiety.

"That isn't the question," said Grinnell, a trifle impatiently, as if unwilling to lose the thread of his argument. "Do you deny that such a thing could be done?"

"Yes, I do! It would mean wild inflation; it would lead to a world panic!" said Mellen, not altogether composedly.

"Do you think so, Mr. Dawson?" Grinnell persistently ignored Mr. Mellen.

"I think," replied the president, nervously, "that \$250,000,000 in gold a year more than the world is now getting would be too much. Without definite knowledge of the source and limit of the new supply, sentiment would become so alarmed that it would mean a disastrous panic, probably the worst in the history of humanity, since there would be the keenest apprehension over the possibility of gold being demonetised. An inexhaustible supply of gold could lead to nothing else; and then—God help us all!" The president was so impressed by his own words that his face grew livid. Mr. Mellen was breathing quickly.

"Who said anything about an inexhaustible supply of gold?" said Grinnell angrily. "I, of all people, do not wish gold to be demonetised. What would my gold be worth if that happened?"

"Precisely; that's why we wish you to confide in us," said Dawson, with a very friendly smile.

"But I still believe," said Grinnell doggedly, "that

two hundred and fifty millions a year would not do harm. I have made up my mind on that point, and I will not change it. Mr. Dawson, you have asked me several questions. Now, let me ask you one: Do you, or do you not, wish me to make any additional deposits in this bank?"

"Certainly I wish you to if you do."

"Very well." The young man took from his pocket-book a package of slips. He read one after another—the bank president could see that they were Assay Office checks—and finally selected one. He said, "Here is a check for eleven millions two hundred thousand," and returned the others—there were at least eight—to his pocket-book. "I shall deposit this."

Mellen walked over to the desk and took the slip from Mr. Dawson's hand with a calm authoritativeness, as though the bank president were his clerk, which, indeed, was what Wall Street thought, though erroneously. Then he turned to Grinnell.

"What assurance will you give that you will do nothing to ruin us? If the world knew your secret it would mean ruin for all, absolute ruin!" The sound of that word, uttered by himself, seemed to shake Mellen's composure. He glared at the young man.

"Mr. Mellen," said Grinnell, very quietly, "you are an older man than I. I shall try not to forget it."

"I must know! At once! Do you hear me?" said Mr. Mellen loudly. It was not exactly anger which burned in his eyes, but a sort of overgrown retulance at being baffled. There was an obstacle; it might be insurmountable. The uncertainty was in itself a check. An invincible pugilist had been knocked down for the first time in his career as champion.

"William!" said Mr. Dawson, approaching his friend, "you are excited." Then to the young man, apologetically: "He has been under a severe strain for some time past."

The richest man in the world grew composed as by magic. For the first time that day he became his normal self. He had crushed all opposition to his Syndicate twenty years before by the exercise of stupendous will-power. For a decade he had not been called upon to weigh his words or his actions. Through disuse the qualities that had made him the richest man in the world had atrophied. But now he was again the William Mellen his competitors had feared.

"Mr. Grinnell," he said, with a politeness that was not excessive, "I apologize. I beg that you will forgive the nerves of a man who, as you say, is much older than you, and has many more troubles."

"Have you thought of any investment yet, Mr. Grinnell?" interposed Mr. Dawson. It was to change the conversation. At the same time the answer would be interesting, possibly valuable. Mr. Mellen sat down and listened attentively.

"No, I have decided to wait until my deposits at the various banks are larger."

"How much do you propose to deposit with us?"

"Oh," said Grinnell, with a smile full of an ingratiatory humour, "if you are still frightened I'll only deposit a million a week. I suppose I ought to start a bank of my own." Mr. Dawson and Mellen exchanged quick glances, unperceived by the young man, since the young man continued to smile, almost boyishly.

"Yes; you must not dream that you can produce two hundred and fifty millions a year," said Mr. Mellen, ignoring the last bomb, about the bank. "That would not do at all."

"I think it would. Even at that rate it would take a man some time to catch up with your fortune, Mr. Mellen."

"It isn't a question of my fortune, Mr. Grinnell," Mellen said in a kindly voice, "but of the fortunes of all the world; yours as well."

"I have no objections to seeing my fortune many times larger than it is, I assure you."

"Neither have we, provided you take your time about it," said Mr. Dawson earnestly.

"I know I am young, but there are many things I wish to do before I die. Life is uncertain."

"Yes, it is. And if you died?" asked Mellen. He leaned forward slightly as he spoke, his eyes on the young man's.

"My sister would do what she could."

"And if she dies?"

"AFTER US," said the young man, "THE DELUGE!"

A deluge of gold; a deluge of ruin, devastation, and misery! financial anarchy; commercial chaos! thought the richest man in the world. He leaned back in his chair and breathed a bit quickly.

"Mr. Grinnell," said Mr. Dawson, "your fortune already makes you independent. But I think Mr. Mellen will join with me in saying that if you care to consider a working alliance with us, commercial or financial, we should be glad to have your co-operation."

Mr. Mellen was again leaning forward, almost as if ready to shake hands with his dear friend and comrade, Grinnell, to whom he would be as a father whose love made him over-indulgent.

"Mr. Dawson, you will realise how little of a business man I am when I tell you that I desire to stand alone. If it were a question of doubling a fortune of ten or fifteen millions I suppose I'd be only too glad. But I must work out my salvation unaided. You will grant that the possession of such money as I have deposited in this bank may conceivably kill the desire for more, unless it is to be used in carrying out plans nearer to the heart than mere physical comforts. There are many things I'd like to do which, with my present capital, I am not yet able to do. So I'll choose those than I can and let the others wait. For example, do you deny that, if a man had two or three hundred millions of dollars and started a bank with that capital he could solve many problems of vital importance to the community?"

"I see great possibilities for evil—appalling possibilities for harm," said Mr. Mellen, with impressive solemnity.

"Infinite possibilities for good also, Mr. Mellen," said the young man, a trifle sternly. "A bank designed, not so much to pay big dividends to its stockholders, but to protect the public and to help business men and the entire community in time of distress. An income of a quarter of a million a year is sufficient to gratify the most luxurious tastes of any man. It's much more than enough for me. The rest might be devoted to the good of humanity."

"Is that one of your plans?" asked Mr. Dawson very quietly.

"Not at present. I realise that more is required than merely honest motives. I may have the will to do good as the president of such a bank, but I lack the ability and experience to conduct it. I am content to see Mr. Dawson," with a pleasant smile, "at the head of the richest bank in America."

"Thank you, Mr. Grinnell," returned Mr. Dawson, with the cordiality of immense relief. "What are your plans, then?"

"My first plan is to make more—ah—to make arrangements to deposit more gold."

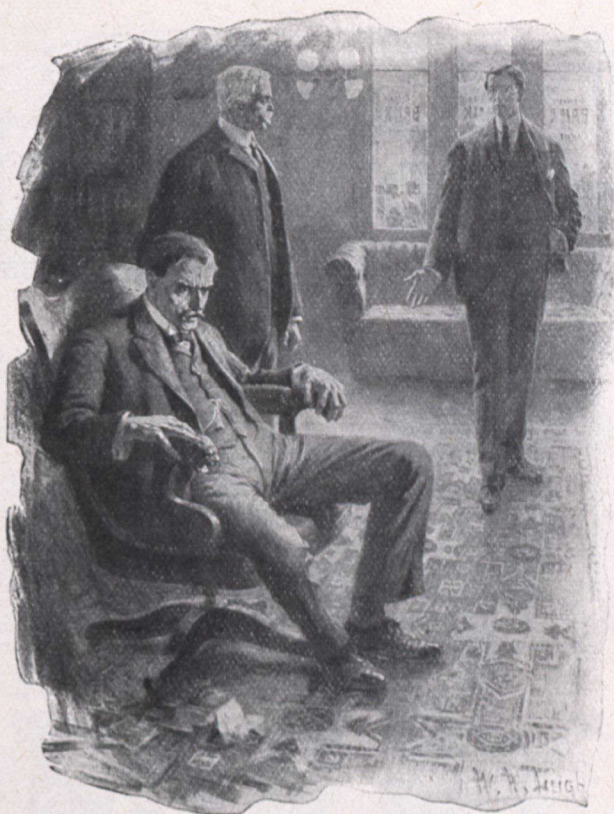
"You were going to say 'make more' something—when you stopped," said Mellen, with a sort of non-chalant curiosity. At least, that is what he meant it to look like.

"I was going to say," answered the young man, very quickly, "make more deposits."

"I thought," said Mellen with a smile, though his eyes were serious, "that you were going to say 'make more gold.'" He was speaking in the quiet, self-possessed way that had so impressed the Congressional Committee which had "investigated" his Syndicate's business and its violation of the law, because it so resembled the self-possession of an utterly honest man to whom there had never come a thought of the possibility of a doubt of the righteousness of his every action. It made logical the impression that the richest man in the world believed himself the instrument of Providence.

The young man laughed. "That would be dreadful. We'd be in a terrible fix if we had to re-create the science of chemistry. It would mean a scientific panic, a slump in the molecular theory market." He laughed again as if pleased at the application of Wall Street phraseology to chemical science.

"Don't you make it?" persisted Mellen; his voice had an insinuating quality, as though he were inviting



"After us," said the young man, "the deluge!"

spiritual confidences. He was not a persuasive man, but he often looked so much as though he had persuaded himself, that it had the effect of persuasion—on stubborn and misguided competitors.

Grinnell looked at the richest man in the world seriously. "It is perfectly astonishing," he said, musingly, "how many people still believe in alchemy. That comes from the tommy-rot they read in the Sunday newspapers about scientific discoveries."

"You haven't answered my question." Mellen's persistence was not offensive. He might have been a Sunday-school teacher trying to make a shy boy tell how good he was.

"Mr. Mellen, the chemical laboratory which you built for the Lakeside University is the finest in the country. Professor Ogden is one of our foremost scientists. Ask him if it is possible for any living man to make gold."

"I'd rather ask you if you make it?" The voice was still of the Sunday-school, and Grinnell the favourite but shy scholar.

"If you insist upon asking such questions I insist upon refusing to answer them. If I did make it, would I tell you? You'd tell everybody."

"Indeed not!" exclaimed Mellen eagerly. He could not help it. He was almost human.

"Well, Mr. Dawson," turning to the president, "I'll deposit these eleven millions."

"You have more gold with you?" asked Mr. Dawson.

The young man felt in his vest pockets, ostentatiously, one after another. Then he shook his head and said: "No."

Mr. Dawson smiled to hide his anger. "I meant Assay Office checks," he explained.

"I'm going," confessed Grinnell, "to make some deposits with the Eastern, Agricultural, and Marshall National banks. But the Metropolitan," he added with a pleasant smile, "is my first love. Good-morning, gentlemen." He turned to go.

"Mr. Grinnell, one moment, please. I should like to ask a favour. I think you are depositing too much. Ten millions a week means five hundred millions a year."

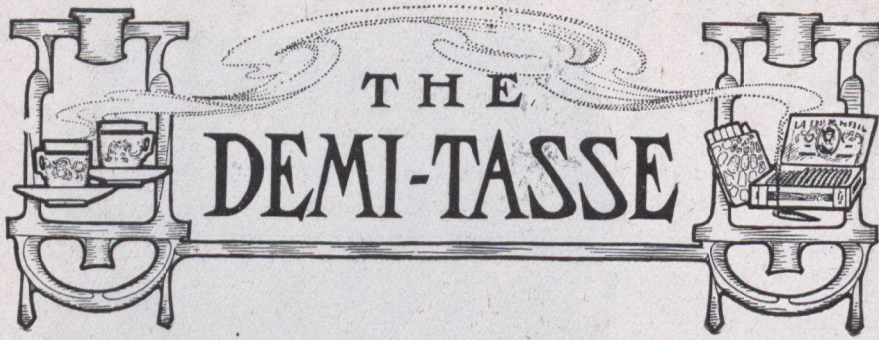
"So it does. But I thought—" He checked himself; and then went on: "What is the favour you were about to ask?"

"Could you abstain from depositing any more gold in any bank for, say a month or two?"

The young man's eyes were thoughtful for a moment.

"Well, I have some gold I must deposit, as I have no facilities at present for storage, save in bank vaults. You see, I had not figured upon—well, one does not always think carefully enough in advance of what he is going to do, and he finds himself confronted by conditions he had not reckoned on. How was I to tell I couldn't deposit even fifty millions without disturbing you? I fear I must deposit a little more. In fact, I can't stop, even if I wish to. But I'll think over what you have said."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



NOT WHAT HE WANTED.

I NTERESTING tales are told of crude representatives in local legislatures, in the days when the provinces were young. It is said that an unusually clumsy member was taunted with his lack of discernment by a cruel opponent.

"You may think I look like a fool," said the attacked politician, to the amusement of the other Manitoba legislators, "but I'm not nearly as much of a fool as the people who sent me here."

MORE MARK TWAIN.

Mark Twain, at a dinner in New York, talked on etiquette.

"I once read a book of etiquette," he said, "and I still remember many of the rules. The most important were these:

"How to accept a proffered cigar—slip the right hand into the box, draw forth two, place one absently in the upper pocket of the vest, insert the other between the lips, and look inquiringly around for a light.

"How to leave a room properly—open the door, place one foot over the sill, follow it up closely with the other foot, and then, turning slightly shut the door.

"How to accept a dinner invitation—eat a light breakfast and no lunch.

"How to accept an invitation to drink—look careless. Say, 'Don't care if I do,' and fix the gaze on the other side of the room while the liquor is being poured into the glass. This will assure you a full portion."

Mark Twain is still being dined and wine by his English friends, and is trying to avoid the representatives of the press. When Mark was in Montreal many years ago, on business connected with copyright laws, he delivered an address, which the guests at a certain banquet long remembered. Towards the conclusion of his remarks he said that he would give a brief talk in French in order that the guests of that nationality might feel especially honoured. He forthwith rattled off about a dozen French sentences, which, on being translated, proved to be such dangerous sentiments as: "Have you the pen of the carpenter? Where are the apples of the friend of my brother? Have you seen the cheese of the baker?"

HOW THEY GOT TICKETS.

There has been a good deal of reminiscence during this week, in which Canada has celebrated her fortieth birthday. A man who is now a prominent politician was speaking of the late Sir John's geniality. Of course, there were and are several "Sir Johns," but a Conservative of the Kingston school means the old chieftain, and hardly thinks it necessary to add "Macdonald." The narrator said:

"When I was a boy about sixteen years of age I was walking along an Ottawa street, one wintry day, with a young chum. We were anxious to attend the night session of the House, for a big debate was expected, and even in those days I was interested in politics. Suddenly we saw Sir John walking alone, and my small companion turned to me in a flash of challenge.

"Bet you're scared to ask Sir John about it," he said.

"I'm not," I answered, warmly.

"Bet you a quarter," he persisted.

"Before my courage had time to ooze out, I approached the Premier, as he was at that time, and said, quaveringly, 'Please,

Sir John, would you tell me how to get into the House to-night?"

"Sir John looked surprised, then surveyed the other boy and myself with a smile of comprehension, and, drawing a card from his pocket, wrote a few words on it. 'Give that to Mr. B——,' he said, 'when you come up to-night, and you'll have good places.' Then he laid a hand on my shoulder and on that of my chum, whose father was a staunch Liberal. 'You're fine-looking lads,' he said, cheerfully, 'and I'm sure that you're both good Tories.' He went on, chuckling, and I lost no time in claiming the quarter for my display of disgusting cheek. We went to the House that night, and had a good place, as Sir John had promised. He remembered us afterwards, and always had a nod for me and Jim. Ah! he knew how to manage men—and boys," concluded the politician, with a regretful sigh, for the days when he bet on Sir John's willingness to oblige.



The Real Thing at Last.—N. Y. Life.

NOT A FAVOURITE.

An English paper informs us that Lord Alverstone possesses a magnificent voice, and that if he were not the highest legal functionary on the English bench he could make a fortune on the operatic stage. The Canadian reader of this item recalls the memory of those lovely little islands of our own which Alverstone gave away to Uncle Sam, and thinks how interesting it would be to have His Lordship on the stage at Montreal or Toronto. He couldn't get a single encore, and only a box of lemons would be wafted to the warbler in appreciation of his melodious charms.

SPORT A LA MODE.

Hit the umpire on the head,
Kick him in the chest,
Strike him smartly on the jaw;
Do your rowdy best.

Make a hero of the brute;
Aren't the bleachers gay?
This is what Toronto calls
Giving all fair play.

UNNECESSARY VOTES.

A prominent Englishwoman was recently asked her opinion of the agitation for woman suffrage. She replied:

"A clever woman can influence as many

votes as she wishes; a stupid woman is better without any."

This conclusion might be an offshoot from Mr. Kipling's epigram: "Any woman can manage a clever man, but it takes a very clever woman to manage a fool."

THE IRONY OF FATE.

He—"So Smythe has been run over by an automobile eh! How did it happen?"

She—"The poor fellow was stooping over to pick up a horseshoe for luck."—Smart Set.

TOO SUGGESTIVE.

In its "Literary Zoo" department, a recent number of Life (New York) tells this story of how an American humourist had a joke played on him unconsciously by a serious-minded Englishwoman:

The perennial humourist, with a heavy yearly out put of stories, rhymes and books, can hardly be blamed for occasionally repeating himself, much less can he avoid the temptation of ringing the changes on an old theme. Yet even the most hardened sinner does not care to have the crime brought home to him, as happened to John Kendrick Bangs not long since. His publishers had turned over to a young artist his latest book, that she might design a book-cover—a dangerous experiment, as the young lady, though clever, was English, and the book was a volume of alleged American humour. Mr. Bangs himself passes upon his book-covers, and in this case, as usual, the design was submitted to him. The motif was a green leaf many times repeated. A grim smile spread over Mr. Bangs' ruddy countenance as the unconscious significance of the design slowly dawned upon him. He sent for the artist.

"My dear Miss K——," he said, graciously, "this is a very effective cover, but this—er—leaf—what kind of a leaf is it meant to be?"

"Oh, that!" she replied, innocently, "that is the chestnut!"

"Ah!" said Mr. Bangs. "I thought so!" Then he painstakingly initiated her into the mysteries of American slang, and showed her why the design would not do.

THE LUNGS OF A LONDONER.

Sir Frederic Treves has recently created consternation in England by declaring that, owing to frequent fogs, the lungs of a Londoner become a dark and unbecoming blue. This is not a pleasant reflection for those of cleanly habits and various lung-cleansers have been suggested. A writer in the "By-stander" breaks out in the following melancholy fashion:

Chloe may flaunt her golden curls,
Her country cheeks, where roses bunch,
Her violet eyes, the set of pearls,
With which she puts away her lunch.
But thou—if Frederic Treves speak true—
Long odds, e'en so, can't freely give her;
For oh! thy lungs are "thunder-blue"—
Heaven knows what hue thy liver.



Wife.—"Good heavens, John, why don't you do something, instead of sitting there comfortably and letting your wife drown?"—Punch.

Sporting Comment

ANOTHER attempt is to be made to have betting suppressed at the Woodbine track. This would indicate that the moral reform folks are not easily discouraged. Their last effort was hailed as a triumph but was really rather less than a gold brick. Its combined results have been probably \$40,000 more gate money for the Jockey Club, double the number of bookmakers doing business and that slight inconvenience to the bettors that makes them all the more anxious to get their money up. At the present rate of going the abolitionists will build up a nice business for the Jockey Club if they can hold the pace.

* *

The Flood incident at the Toronto Baseball Grounds demonstrated two things exceptionally well. The first is how quickly change the feelings of the throng, and the second, that sports are like families, and no matter how they quarrel among themselves, they want no outside interference. The crowd hissed Flood when he jumped into the umpire with his spiked shoes, and agreed no punishment was too great for him. But when Colonel Denison gave him fifteen days in gaol he was the offender no longer, but a martyr indeed. "He is being punished for the sins of others," they yelled. And that yell started an all-round family row. The baseball fans pointed to the lacrosse followers. "They pound each other over the head with clubs every game," they charged. Lacrosse followers passed it on to the footballists: "They killed two men last fall," their ultimatum. The footballists in turn shoved it along to the boxers: "They killed a man, too," was their assertion. And so the charges and counter-charges flew, no body pointing for a moment to various other component parts of nationality that under the name of industries kill men annually by the hundreds with less noise than is made over a mobbed umpire or an assaulted referee.

* *

For sport has its place in nation-making. Wasn't it Wellington who said that Waterloo was won on the cricket field of Eton? Doesn't many a successful Canadian who didn't have the advantage of boyhood on the farm or in the bush owe the fighting qualities that have made him a leader to the physical and mental training he received on the athletic field? Sport plays a large part in the building of our national character. If it occasionally exacts a small price therefor, why blame it?

* *

Will bicycling as a sport come again? Most assuredly. It died of an overdose of popularity. But the members of the old brigade still sit around and tell of great spins, greater races and meets that set the whole country agog. Yes, bicycling will come again, and, more than that, it is coming. At a recent road race in Detroit a dozen cities and at least two countries were represented. It is hardly necessary to say that one of the countries was Canada, and that most of the prizes crossed the boundary. But bicycling is coming! Get your ear to the ground and you can hear it.

* *

The watchful eye of the yachting expert is working overtime at present and so far it has discovered that the Aileen is a wonder in light winds, but that in beating to windward or in a breeze the Adele shows to better advantage. The Crusader is an unknown quantity, having been out but once before going back to Oakville for a new mast. However, she showed sailing qualities that promise to keep her right in the racing.

* *

Of the Seneca, the new defender, little can be seen at this distance. Her trials so far have not been such as make folks sit up of nights. But then our Yankee cousins are a foxy lot, and do not always show their hand before it is called. When Mr. Hanan takes the helm it is just possible the Seneca will take to its heels and set a pace hard to follow.

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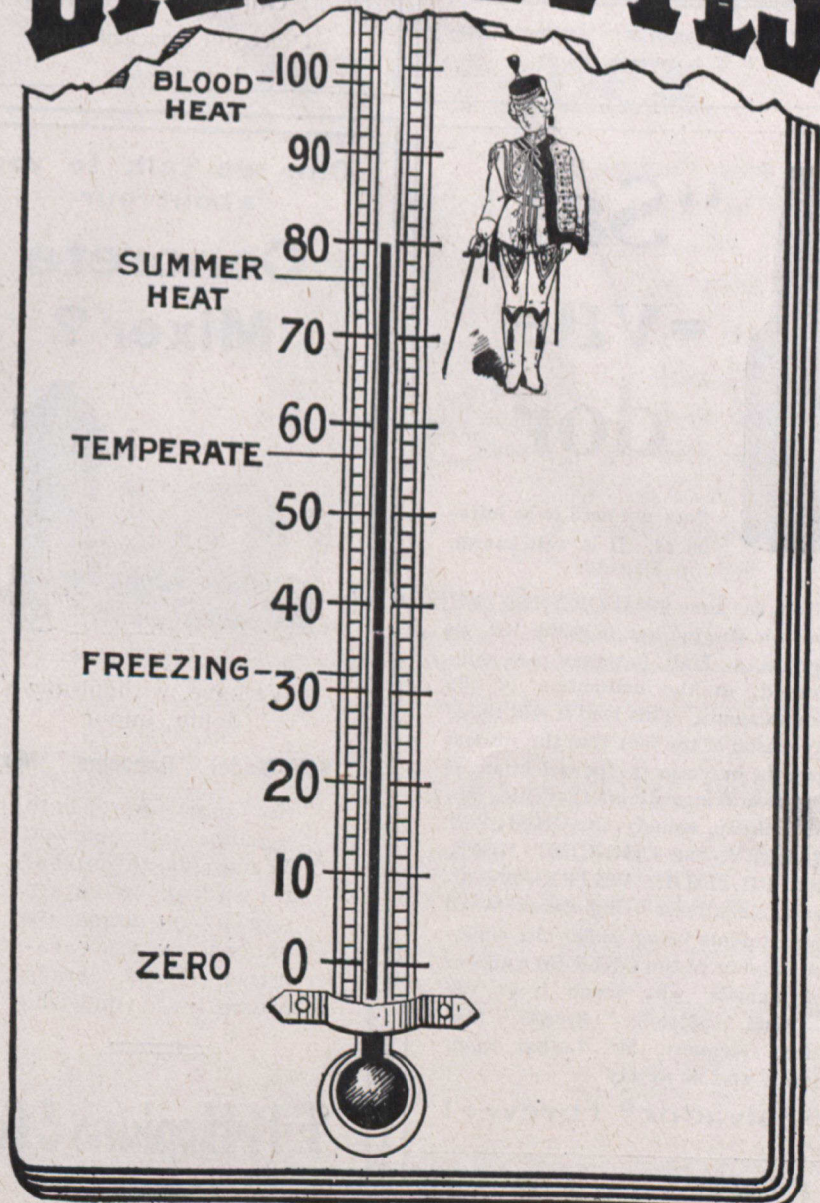


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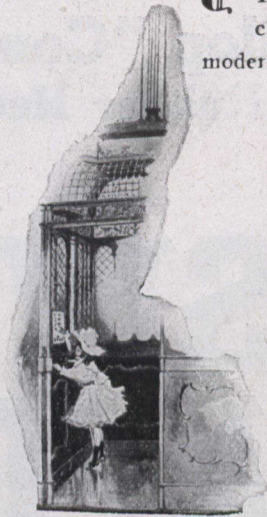
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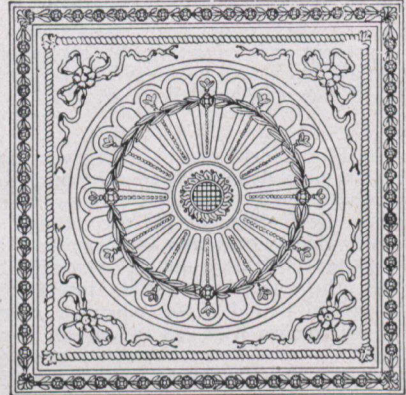
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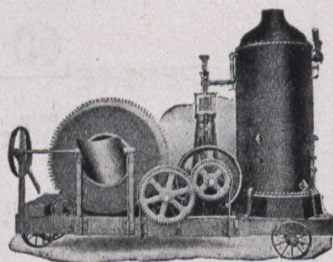
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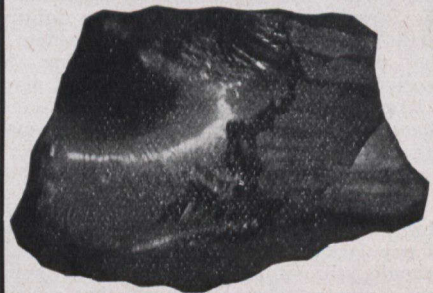
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Peculiarities

A HAMILTON paper has a column article by a medical man on "How to drink," but what the average man is studying this weather is how to get the other fellow to pay for the drinks.

Did you ever hear of anything like the queer practices of the Doukhobors? After their peculiar religious ceremonies, the men spend quite a time kissing each other and bowing to the women. Awful, isn't it? Must be just like kissing the stuffing of a hair mattress.

At Edmonton the other day, a dog that had been rolling in the mud, went up and cleaned himself off on a man that was wearing a white duck suit. The man kicked him into the middle of the street, whereupon the owner of the dog was obliged to thrash the other man. The owner of that dog should be fined. No dog should be allowed to attempt that act who cannot beat the foot by at least a fraction of a second.

The habit which some householders have of leaving out only plated ware for burglars, is one which should be frowned upon. Burglars entered a summer resort in the East the other day, and, finding only plated stuff, left a card attached to it as follows: "No good; leave the silver out; we will return later." Experiences such as this are enough to discourage young and enterprising burglars just entering upon their profession.

They must build those Nova Scotia people out of good, well-seasoned materials. A Sydney man named McLeod was carrying some plugs of powder in his clothing when a spark from his pipe set fire to the powder. In the explosion which followed McLeod's clothing was entirely blown off his body, and a hole was torn in the street, but he himself was uninjured. It might be worth while for the Czar to send over a commission to see how they put those fellows together.

Yarmouth Presbyterians held a garden party last week, at which the Salvation Army Band and a piper were present, and are congratulating themselves that they took in \$100—but think of what they might have taken in if they had had real music.

Messrs. Osborne and Trotter, in charge of Greenwood Cemetery at Brantford, complain that the cemetery is haunted by a snake five feet long, which they have repeatedly tried to destroy with spades and shovels, and also by burning out, but unsuccessfully. There is only one way to put an end to those fellows. Resolve not to touch the stuff for one year.

From London, England, comes the news that full beards are to be fashionable this season. Full beards are useful in two ways. They are handy to catch a drowning man by, and they also afford an excellent hold in a rough-and-tumble fight by which you can pound holes in the pavement with the other fellow's koko.

A St. Thomas paper says that ex-Manager McGuigan, of the Grand Trunk, carried his heart and soul wrapped in the problem of transportation, and that the men who have succeeded him are not in his class. Perhaps they only carry theirs wrapped up in an old G. T. R. folder.

Bliss Carman laments the fact that the delightful art of walking is falling into abeyance. Not so, Bliss. Look at old Jimmie Reynolds, who nearly walked his feet off trying to overtake a pot of the needful. It all depends on whether you make the walking worth while or not, Bliss.

A Vancouver detective named Wilford makes a living by allowing himself to be experimented upon by dentists and physicians. Recently he had a false plate fitted



No dinner is complete without

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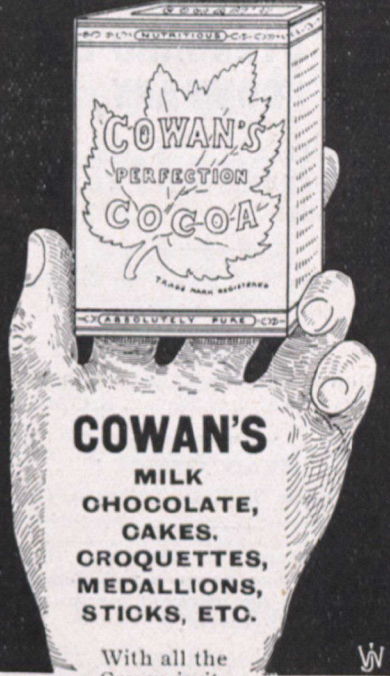
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into his mouth, and before that he had a piece cut out of his leg, all in the way of business. Wilford says there is no joy like having one's plumbing and works overhauled and reconstructed, at so much per haul.

* *

The Epworth Leagues and Bible Study Conferences have been complaining of thin houses at their meetings lately. The trouble may be with the programmes. Perhaps it would help some if they were to engage Thomas Longboat to give an address from the text, "How I put Nebrich where he belonged," with illustrations from life.

* *

Those London aldermen must be heartless chaps. The other day a number of them paid a visit to the Victoria Hospital and were entertained by the nurses to a very dainty luncheon. Before their departure they sang, or rather attempted to sing "Good-night, Ladies," but the "Advertiser" says the singing was execrable, and that they only made night hideous. Now isn't that a nice way to repay the kind attentions of the nurses?

* *

Merchants in London, Ont., are complaining loudly at the competition from the Greek street peddlers, who daily sell candies, fruit and peanuts right under the awnings of the merchants. With things as bad as that, the only way for the merchants to do is to grow two thumbs on each hand to weigh in with each pound of groceries.

* *

Almost every day or so we read of Chinamen being held up and robbed, and generally they have a long, hard run before they can overtake the thief. They must think we are awful people for holding Marathon races.

* *

The coloured bell-boys in the Hamilton hotels object to being called "bell hops," and wish to be known as "bell men." It won't work. As long as they're bell hops you can get off with a five-cent tip, but once they become bell men they'll be expecting to wear a man's size. This movement must be nipped in the bud.

* *

Thieves found \$14 in a Chatham, N.B., newspaper office one day last week. If the editor will tell us how he got it in the first place, we will promise that the police shall hear nothing of it.

* *

A Galt lady has a tabby cat that has been known to wind the clock and assist in the household duties in other ways. No reason why she shouldn't be able to wash the dishes, carry up coal and put the children to bed, with practice.

* *

A Victoria correspondent writes to us with regard to the spelling of the Indian term for the squaws on Vancouver Island, which, he says, should be "Klootchmen," not "clutchmen," as the word appeared in Bonnycastle Dale's article in the "Canadian Courier" of June 15th. It is now "up" to Mr. Dale.

* *

Everyone knows where Okanagan Lake is. Well, they must have some terrible people there, for the following advertisement recently appeared in the Vernon (B.C.) "News": "For sale—36 acres on east shore of Okanagan Lake, 3½ miles from Okanagan Landing, beautiful situation, fine timber and beach, no neighbours, rattlesnakes, mosquitoes or other pests. Price 900, to make quick sale. Apply Allan Brooks, Okanagan Landing."

A LONG WAY ROUND.

The rapidity of press travelling is brought home to the editor of these days. On May 18th there appeared an editorial article, "A Goodly Heritage," in the columns of the "Canadian Courier." On June 30th the Toronto "Sunday World" published most of the "Courier" deliverance under Old Country news, attributing it to the Westminster "Gazette." Thus do we cast editorial bread on the Atlantic and find it after forty days in the pages of a home journal.



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Manufacturing in Winnipeg

COMMENTING upon the recent statistical returns concerning the growth of manufacturing in the Dominion, the "Regina Standard" gives the Western view, as follows:

"For Westerners the most interesting feature is that Winnipeg has jumped into a prominent position in that period as a manufacturing centre. In 1901 her manufactures were no more than \$8,616,248, while in 1906 they had increased to \$18,983,290, or considerably more than double. Montreal and Toronto, of course, lead in totals, but Hamilton, regarded as a great manufacturing centre, produced no more than \$24,625,776 last year, and Winnipeg, therefore, already occupies a very considerable place among the great industrial cities of the Dominion.

"The significance lies in the fact that Winnipeg has attained this position in the face of all those natural difficulties which confront a prairie centre, against which the single advantage is set of closeness to the great Western market for the finished product. So soon as the two big water-power enterprises now in progress are completed, resulting in cheap power, Winnipeg will be more in a position to contest on an equal basis with longer established Eastern cities, but what success has been attained to date has been in face of every natural obstacle, and with but the one natural advantage of proximity to the consumer."

Dr. Morgan Grows Reminiscent

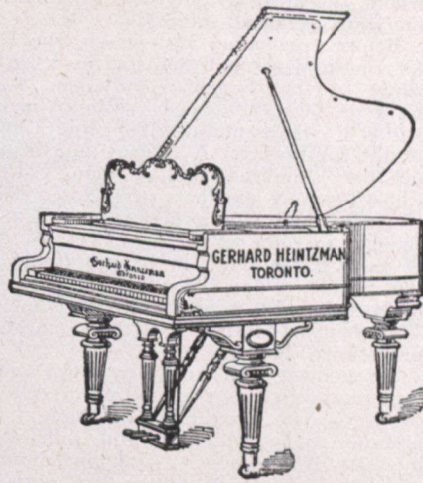
WHEN a man like Henry J. Morgan, LL.D., D.C.L., becomes reminiscent, as he sometimes does—as at Halifax the other day—it is like having a figure from the fading past step down from its frame and tell us something of the sturdy Canadians who hewed out history as well as homes, when this country was young. Dr. Morgan knew many of these men, and his references to them in acknowledgment of the honorary degree of D.C.L. conferred upon him by King's College the other day, were particularly interesting. Moreover, as most Canadians are aware, Dr. Morgan's works on prominent Canadians are standards of authority in this country, so that his remarks possess the added value of being historically accurate.

Speaking of Joseph Howe, who has not inaptly been called the Father of Confederation, Dr. Morgan recalled his first meeting with that statesman in 1864, shortly after the Detroit trade convention, where he delivered a speech which, as an oratorical effort, has seldom, if ever, been equalled in this country. Nova Scotia, he thought, might very fittingly help to commemorate the name of Howe by calling some town or county after him.

Reference was also made to two other graduates of King's College, both of whom subsequently achieved military renown—Major-General Inglis, K.C.B., the hero of Lucknow, who was before Dr. Morgan's time, and General Williams, G.C.B., the heroic defender of Kars. With the latter, who was a stern disciplinarian, Dr. Morgan had been well acquainted, and had had frequent correspondence.

With the Haliburtons, father and sons, the Doctor had been intimate. His first acquaintance with Thomas Chandler Haliburton, the "old judge," was made in the early sixties at Quebec. Thomas, the eldest son, who died at an early age, possessed musical gifts of such a high order as to earn for his the title of "the American Mozart." Dr. Robert Haliburton, who was equally gifted in law, literature and science, was associated with Dr. Morgan in the formation of the "Canada First" party at the time of Confederation. The brilliant record of the youngest son, Lord Arthur, in army organisation and departmental administration, and the signal recognition by the British authorities of these qualifications, were vivid in the memories of all students of Canadian history.

Reference was also made to the distinguished services of such Canadians as Sir Charles Tupper, Sir Adam Archibald and Hon. John Hamilton Gray, with all of



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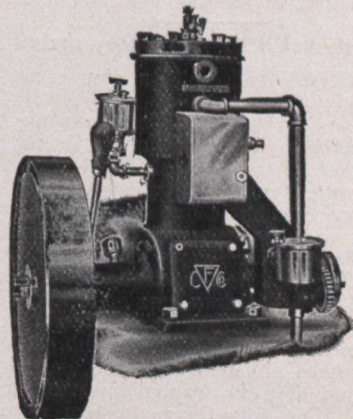
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whom Dr. Morgan had been associated on the most pleasant terms.

Before concluding his speech, the Doctor ventured a suggestion for the strengthening of the Senate, which has never hitherto been advanced, viz., to include within it representation from the Church or the University. A century ago bishops of the Anglican and Roman Catholic Churches were members of the Legislative Councils, and this practice prevailed, he thought in some of the provinces till 1840. If the Church were to be represented in the Senate to-day, it would be necessary to include also representatives from the Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist and Congregational bodies.

An element which could not fail to impart intellectual as well as moral strength to the Senate, would be, he thought, the presence of educational and journalistic interests of the country. Imagine, he said, what the Senate would be like with the addition of such men as a Sweatman, Worrell, Begin, Duhamel, Campbell, Sedgewick, Carman, Potts, Cameron, McLeod, Pedley, Gunn, Forrest, Peterson, Inch, Mathieu, Fleming, Boulden, Gordon, Falconer, Macklem, Burwash, Murphy, Matheson, Patrick, Bryce, Blackadar, Willison, Scott, Graham, Robertson, Reade, Dougall, Tarte, Dennis, Briery, Chapais, Macdonald, Morrison, Macready, Langlois, Berthiaume, Cotton or Higgins. Certainly with a membership like that posterity should never lack for a scholarly chronicle of its doing.

Breakfast

AT Aylmer the other day a speaker, in addressing a session of the Women's Institute, got down to fundamental causes when he warned his hearers to begin the day right, at the breakfast table. The speaker, a Mr. Backus, may be unknown to fame, but he has enunciated a profound fact. Petty grievances, he said, should be eschewed, especially at the breakfast table, as a bad beginning for the day was particularly unfortunate. Another speaker, in commenting upon these remarks, emphasised the importance of cultivating a cheerful tone, especially at meal times.

Perhaps without knowing it, these speakers have hit upon the keynote of a whole lot of the discords and petty annoyances that go to make up the average person's day. Nearly everyone is ambitious to make a success of his calling, whatever it may be, but things keep going wrong, and he makes little or no headway. Perhaps the trouble begins with the breakfast. With many people the meal hour is the chosen time for unloading the accumulated kicks and growls, the prospective troubles and the variety of nasty, snarling criticisms that contribute to the average table gossip.

Why not cut it all out—at least for a trial? Rub the slate clean and begin all over again. We may not all be called upon to steer a ship of state or engage in similar responsible tasks, but we all eat breakfasts, and why not eat them with as little friction as possible. Impaired digestion is at the bottom of a great deal of the average man's physical troubles, and nothing tends to promote good digestion so much as a healthy, cheerful tone of thought and speech.

Kind Act Liberally Rewarded

RARELY indeed is a simple act of kindness rewarded as liberally as was an act performed during the South African war by Thomas Griffin, an ex-member of the Scottish Borderers, and at that time a man of 25 years of age.

On the occasion in question Griffin gave his coat to a Boer lady, who was with a large number of refugees in an uncovered train. He pitied her, especially because she had two small children, one suffering from enteric. A storm was coming on at the time, and the lady, who was a yeldt cornet's wife, thanked him in Dutch, and made him understand that she wanted his name and address. The only things he had were a jack-knife, which he used to open bully-beef tins with, and his visiting card, which he gave her.

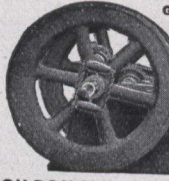
Griffin has lately been notified by a firm of London solicitors that the Boer lady intends to send him from \$1,500 to \$2,000.

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Literary Notes

MR. HEMING'S STORIES.

ONE of the best volumes of Canadian fiction yet produced is "Spirit Lake," by Arthur Heming. The seven stories are distinct, but connected—seven episodes in the lives of a group of Indians in northern Athabaska. The stories themselves are entertaining, though at times slight, but the wealth of woodlore with which they are embellished makes them important, and gives them a decided dignity. Added to these qualities is a store of Indian legend, fancy and custom interwoven among the warp and woof of the tales by a deft and skilful hand.

Mr. Heming has come by his literary and artistic skill only after years of patient devotion to his twin arts. Naturally, he is possessed of little imagination; yet so carefully has he nursed this small quantity, so earnestly has he studied, so persistently has he gathered, that to-day he has few superiors in his field. As this volume indicates, he can both write and draw. Few authors are able to illustrate their own books, but Mr. Heming is an exception.

His earlier drawings, when Hamilton was still his home, were rather crude, and his animals and men were somewhat wooden. After he got to New York and mingled with the best artists there, his technique continued to improve, until he produced work which the best magazines were proud to reproduce. Now his drawings are found beside the best. The twenty-three full-page illustrations in this volume are the best he has yet given to the public, all of them showing a strong grasp of the picturesque, most of them exhibiting the true painter's softness of outline.

In descriptive quality, Mr. Heming's early writing exhibited some of the faults of his drawing—mainly a too great attention to details. Some of this quality still remains, but much of it has been eliminated. There is a lack of phrase-making and of picturesque sentence-construction, such as marks the work of authors who have won fame as word artists, but there is in its place a knowledge of men and animals and outdoor life which infuses warmth into the simple, unadorned narration. This simplicity is attractive for its own sake.

Mr. Heming is to be congratulated upon achieving such a measure of success in his chosen field—the field of the trapper and the fur-trader. This volume must rank as one of the best contributions yet made in this field of literature.

* *

Perhaps the most important book which Messrs. Copp, Clark & Co. will present to the public this summer is a new story by E. P. Oppenheim, entitled "The Secret," which is considered equal to or better than anything he has yet turned out. Another book which is selling well is "A Strong Man's Vow," by Joseph Hocking, the author of "The Woman of Babylon," which is still a popular favourite.

A notable book issued by this company is "A Man of the World," by Antonio Fogazzaro, being the middle volume in a trilogy of which "The Patriot" was the first and "The Saint" the last. A new and very funny book is "Perkins of Portland," by the author of "Pigs is Pigs."

* *

A novel dealing with the subject of Imperial Federation is entitled "Empire," from the pen of Basil Ewes, while a heavier style of book is "The Native Races of British North America," by C. Hill-Tout, which deals with the Salish and Dene tribes of Western Canada. The last named book contains thirty-three full page illustrations and a map of the country in which the tribes reside.

* *

Morang & Co., Toronto, are issuing their "Makers of Canada" in two cheaper editions. The first set sold at \$100 for the twenty volumes, but the later impressions may be secured at about one-half that price

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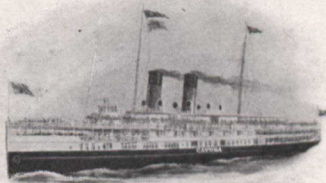
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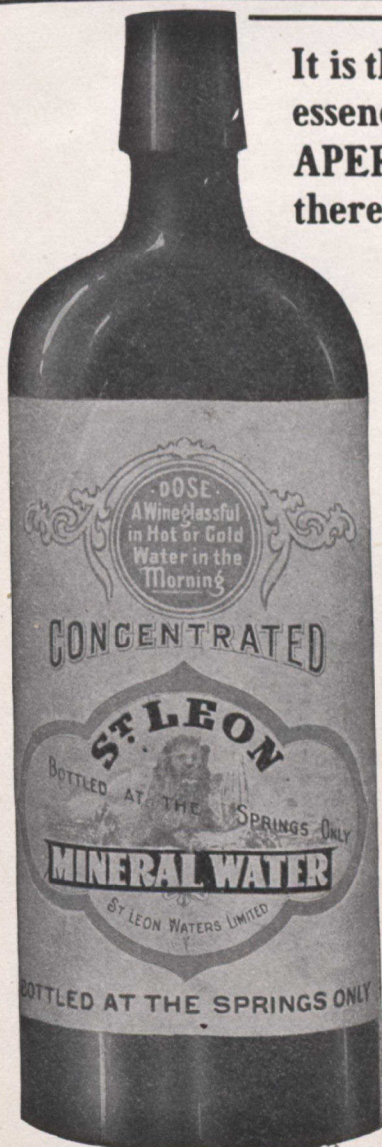





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