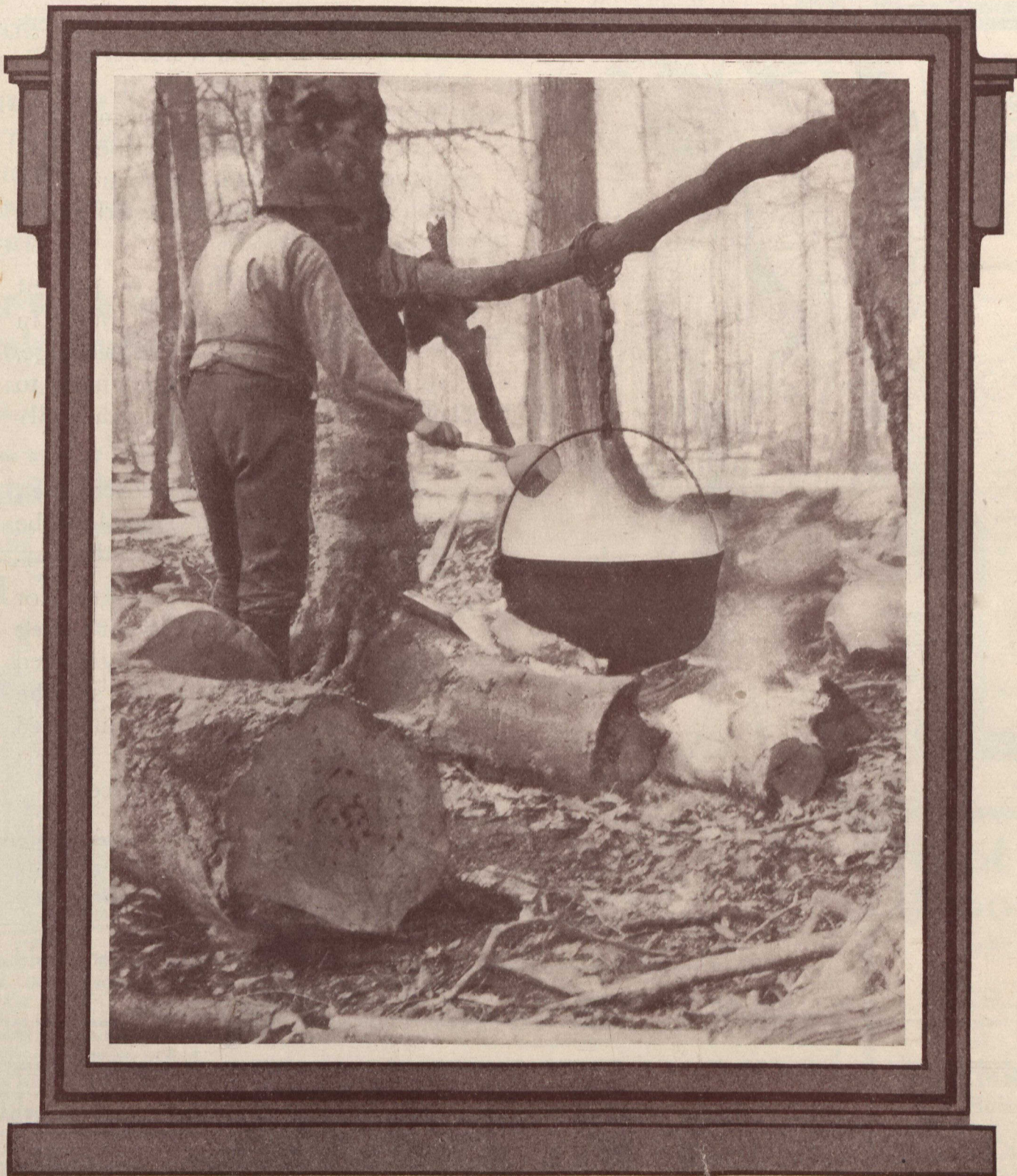


# The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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THE MAPLE SUGAR DAYS

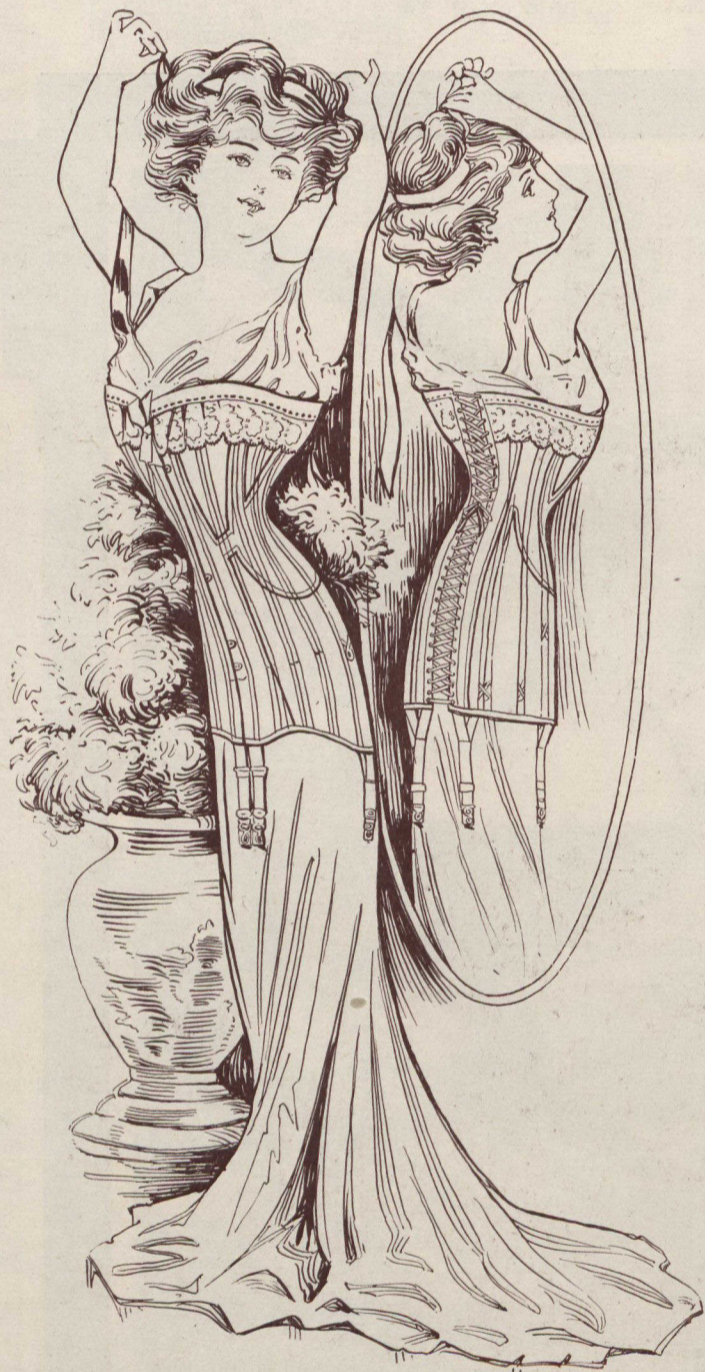
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## The Secret of the Perfect Form



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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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## Editor's Talk

THE maple-sugar days are at hand. The sun is sending more direct rays upon this portion of the earth's surface and the sap is once more beginning to flow in the veins of the maple trees. There is a promise of spring in the air. The snow is taking on that darker hue and that honey-combed appearance which indicate warmer weather. Already the prairie, from Winnipeg to Calgary, is almost uncovered and the farmer is rubbing the rust off the ploughshare. The signs of renewed agricultural activity are everywhere, and the trains from east to west are crowded with men seeking their new homes and new occupations in the Last Great West.

SUCH is the explanation of this week's cover. Henceforth, the cover designs will tell of Easter, spring and summer days. The reading-matter will shortly follow the lead of the cover design, although this week's illustrated feature is rather "snowy" in character. The winter is the busy time for the lumberman, and these photographs were secured in February, the busiest month for the man who handles logs. Moreover, lumbering is still one of Canada's greatest industries.

## COMPLETE SET OF MINING MAPS

I have prepared and have ready for distribution a complete set of nine maps of Cobalt District and adjacent territories.

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22

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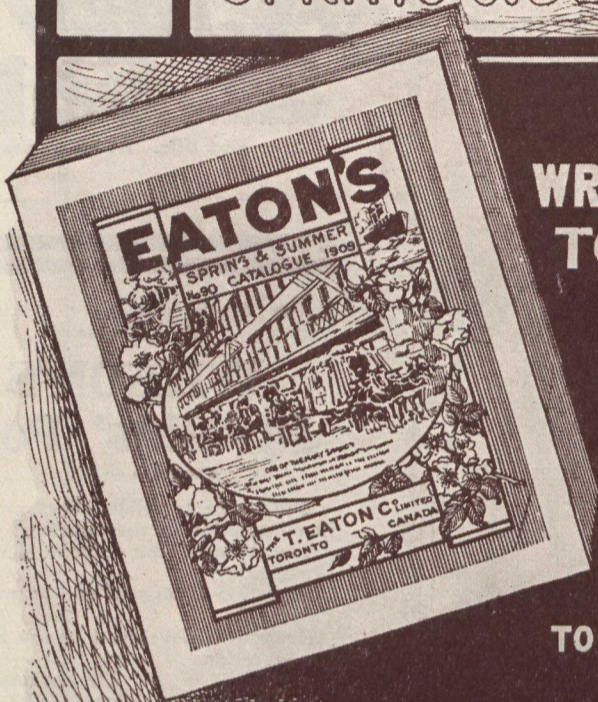
Toronto and Winnipeg

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T H E  
**Canadian Courier**  
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL. 5

Toronto, March 27th, 1909

No. 17

## IN THE DAY'S WORK

### Chief of the Rough Riders

ALMOST the last thing that might be thought natural to happen to Lieut.-Colonel Steele is a Presidency. This famous soldier of the plains has been elected President of the Canadian South African Veterans' Association, which has an affiliation of eleven associations extending over the most of Canada. The Colonel is at present living in Winnipeg. Neither is he retired, but very much alive and active. He has memories of a career that might easily keep him busy thinking the thing over for the rest of his natural life. But he prefers the plains and the saddle. He is a rough rider if ever there was one. Whatever doubts there may be as to Roosevelt's claim to that eminence, none ever could exist as to the rough-ridership of Steele, who is now in command of District No. 10, comprising the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and the districts of Thunder Bay, Keewatin and Rainy River. This is a large contract in geography; but that is nothing new to Colonel Steele, who spent the best part of his life on the plains as a member of the mounted police. He was in the force almost as soon as there was any force; in fact, just a year or so after its organisation he made the famous over-land trek to the Rockies. He saw service in almost every part of the West. He was one of the leading forces in putting down the Riel Rebellion of 1885. It was his scouts and cavalry under General Strange that captured Big Bear, the destroyer of Fort Pitt, and the author of the ten-weeks captivity. Two years later Colonel Steele conducted an expeditionary force into the Kootenay when the Indians there became unruly. He restored order, remained in the Kootenay for a year, trailed his company "D" out through the Crow's Nest land to Fort Macleod—having received the thanks of the British Columbia Government. But the fighting trail-bound Colonel never needed votes of thanks. He always preferred the open trail. The lone land soon became rather a quiet place for him. A few years of keeping order and he went up into the Yukon when the police got their first real footing in that country. In 1900 he went to South Africa with the Strathcona Horse. There after the war he remained in charge of the mounted constabulary, until a year or two ago, when he returned to Canada and to that part of it that had seen the best of his rough rider days. He has been the hero of a good many stories in magazines. He was as much of a big figure in the West on horseback as the late John Murray was on detective trails all over Canada and America. He divided honours with the great and good Pere Lacombe. And he and the good Pere are still in the harness; veterans of the trail; one at Pincher Creek, the other in Winnipeg—the soldier and the priest, waymakers in a great land that will soon have got beyond the waymaker's epoch, but never can forget the soldier of the plains, the greatest rough rider of them all.

\* \* \*

### President of the Canadian Press Association

MR. David Williams, who presides over the meetings of the Canadian Press Association, is editor of the *Collingwood Bulletin*, which his father made successful. The younger man has never allowed any moss to grow on that bit of success. It is not a daily paper, but it is more than a "country weekly." Further, Mr. Williams is a man who takes fairly broad views of a journalist's sphere of action. As a worker in the



Lt.-Col. S. B. Steele, C.B., M.V.O.

historical field he is well known; as first president of the Canadian Club of Collingwood and as a member of the library board he has had opportunities of rendering valuable public service. The presidency of the C. P. A. came to him after several years of office on the Executive and is an honour fairly earned.

\* \* \*

### An Opera House as a Gift

PUBLIC libraries are sometimes used as gifts to municipalities, but an opera-house is a more unusual present. Yet Mr. M. J. O'Brien has presented an opera-house to the town of Renfrew, and it was opened with due éclat on St. Patrick's night, last week. It seats about 900, and cost in the neighbourhood of \$40,000. Mr. O'Brien is a native of Antigonish County, and began life on the Intercolonial Railway as an ordinary worker. Foreman, sub-contractor, contractor on the North Shore portion of the C. P. R., builder of the Kingston and Pembroke, Baie des Chaleurs and other railways, and now a busy worker in connection with the National Transcontinental—this is his career. His romance is the owning of mines, none great until the O'Brien Mine in Cobalt added a million or so to his wealth. To Renfrew he has been a consistent friend. He always took a keen interest in its development and when he had any spare money, it went into Renfrew in some form or other. Renfrew is lucky to have secured from Nova Scotia such a leading citizen.

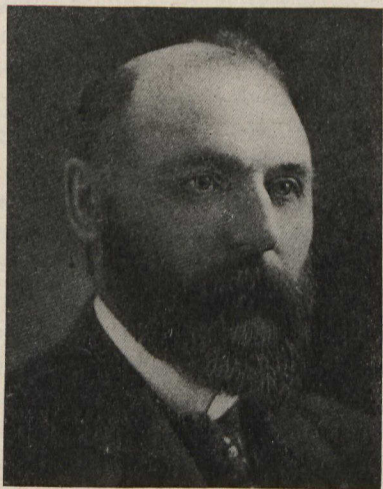
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### A Constructive Musician

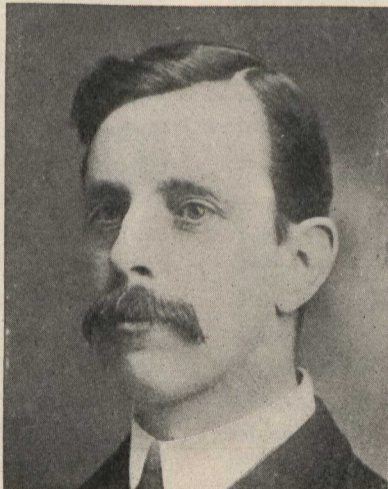
PERHAPS the best-known choral conductor in Ontario—outside of Dr. Vogt of the Mendelssohn Choir—is Mr. Bruce Anderson Carey, conductor of the Elgar Choir and director of the Hamilton Conservatory of Music. Mr. Carey set himself a few years ago to some serious constructive work along choral lines. The Elgar Choir is the result. But long before he dreamed of establishing this choir, he had been engaged in choral work in Hamilton where he has spent most of his life. He has been choirmaster in four or five of the leading churches in Hamilton. The Elgar Choir has a distinctive place in Canadian choral work. In quality of tone and in dramatic expression it is surpassed by but one other choral body in Canada. It is comparatively a small organisation—but it does big work. Mr. Carey has a high degree of enthusiasm and temperament. At the same time he has studied hard. His early tuition was got in Hamilton under some of the excellent teachers who made Hamilton once rather famous as a centre of composition—at least in church work. He took voice culture under Elliott Haslam, who in his Toronto days was the most eminent exponent of that branch of the art in Canada, and is now one of the leading teachers in Paris. Nine years ago Mr. Carey studied abroad—voice production and song interpretation under Alberto Visetti, Premier Professor of Voice at the Royal College of Music in London. In London also he studied orchestration and the art of conducting under Dr. Cummings, Principal of the Guildhall School. So that technically Mr. Carey is well equipped for the work, not only of conducting the Elgar Choir, but also of directing the

Hamilton Conservatory of Music, which is one of the most flourishing institutions of its kind in Canada.

The name chosen for the Choir has met with general approval as it keeps before the Canadian public the genius of one of Great Britain's modern composers, whose works are being carefully studied and interpreted in both European and American musical centres; Mr. Carey's work is meeting with cheering recognition.



Mr. M. J. O'Brien  
Contractor and Mine-Owner

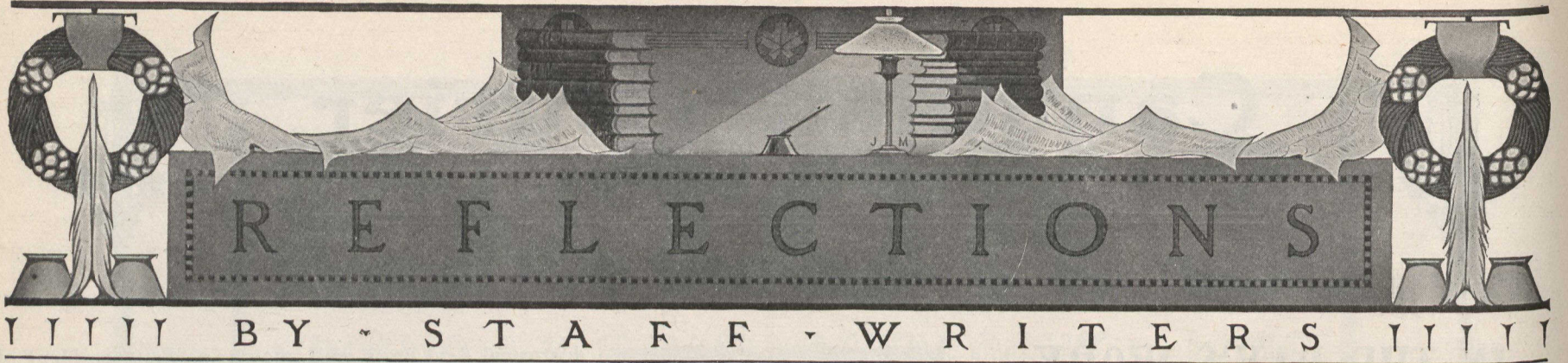


Mr. David Williams,  
President Canadian Press Association



Bruce Anderson Carey,  
Conductor of the Elgar Choir, Hamilton.





# REFLECTIONS

BY STAFF WRITERS

## CORPORATIONS AND CIVIL SERVICE REFORM

**M**OST large corporations are well managed. That is why they are large. A well-managed business grows gradually until it becomes a large corporation. It remains large so long as it is founded upon an efficient system for performing a certain service.

The efficiency of a large corporation depends upon its system of doing business. For example, the Canadian Pacific Railway is well-managed, performs its functions well, transacts business in a prompt, methodical manner and satisfies the public. The basis of its efficiency is its staff of well-trained, intelligent and ambitious officials. It catches these officials young. The engineer serves his time as a fireman and is promoted from post to post as he shows himself capable of taking on higher responsibilities. Its passenger agents begin as clerks, running a typewriter perhaps. They learn how to handle correspondence, how to quote rates and provide for the travelling public, how to sell tickets and frame tariffs. They go from one post to another as they prove themselves efficient. They become local passenger agents, travelling passenger agents, district passenger agents, and then the best men are given the highest offices. So in the freight department, the operating department, the mechanical department, the sleeping-car department, the steamship department and so on through the list. Finally, if their health and brains hold out they may become head officials or even vice-presidents.

What is the difference between the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Intercolonial? One great difference is that no members of Parliament may get a man appointed to a job on the Canadian Pacific for which he is not fitted by training and intelligence. Every employee gets his promotion on his merits. Occasionally, a servant of the railway may find a poor man put over his head because that man has a "pull" of some kind, but very seldom. Every man in that service feels that he can get to the top if he has the brains and the application. In the Government service it is different. A man appointed under a Conservative regime does not know what will happen him during a Liberal regime. He may not be dismissed, but he may find some petty ward-politician put over his head and all chance of promotion cut off. He may find his work divided in two, and a place-man added to the staff to do half his work. He may find his department in charge of a new head who has other favourites looking for promotion. This is the difference between a railway run by a private corporation and a railway run by a Canadian government.

Those who are advocating civil service reform are simply asking that the principles used by private corporations, such as railways and banks, to produce efficiency, shall be applied to the civil services, federal and provincial. They would take all appointments and promotions out of the hands of members of Parliament and put them in the hands of an independent commission which would enforce the merit system. The Civil Service Reformers are not asking for the moon, they are not seeking something theoretical and untried; they are merely asking for the application of private business principles to public administration. The issue is simple and clear.

## ★ TOO MUCH SPORT IN CANADA

**A**RE Canadians giving too much of their time to sport? That is a question that is bound to occupy the attention of national students at an early date and a Canadian Kipling may even arise to ridicule, if not "the flannelled fools at the wicket and the muddled oaf in the goal," at least "the naked fool on the side-line and the padded chap in the field." For it must be admitted that sport is every year making mighty strides in Canada. And the blame rests with the world's champions and the newspapers.

Canada produced her first world's champion in 1876 in the person of Ned Hanlan. He at once became a popular idol and the sporting cultivation of Canada had fairly commenced. Along about the same

time the first sporting page made its appearance. And the cultivation went merrily on.

Canada responded cheerfully to this cultivation. Her climate is peculiarly fitted to the production of strong, active men and the crop of world's champions has been a large one. She has produced two professional world's champion and one amateur world's champion oarsmen, a professional and an amateur world's champion boxer, a professional and amateur world's champion distance runner, a world's champion golfer, a world's champion sprinter, and of course world's champion hockey and lacrosse players galore.

And the size and number of sporting pages have increased even as the crop of champions has grown. So have the leaders and followers of sport, till to-day sport is said by some people to be occupying a large part of that public attention that should be given to the development of Canada's wonderful resources.

Of course the advocates of sport argue that the development of muscle and stamina are just as important to a young country as the development of mineral or agricultural resources. And this is possibly true. But it is also true that sport is reaching beyond muscular development and giving a large part of its attention to the development of gate receipts.

And therein lies the danger. The youth who takes up sport that he may have a healthy mind and body to devote to his business makes the best of citizens. But the boy who takes to sport as a means of making a livelihood does not as a rule develop into the highest type of Canadian. He is devoting himself to an occupation that can only be temporary, that is beset with temptations and high living and that must necessarily unfit him for the ordinary occupations of life once his fleeting grasp of the good things is gone.

Canada in other days was wont to take its sport as an amusement but now we have professional baseball teams, professional lacrosse and hockey teams and professional runners, and the tendency is yearly in the direction of taking sport as a business—and it is a mighty poor business for any except the managers of amusement and recreation parks.

But then the climate is primarily to blame. It produced the world's champions. The champions produced the sporting pages and said sporting pages did the rest. And as we can't afford to part with our climate there's nothing to do but put up with the rest of it.



## CRUCIFY HIM

**I**N these Lenten days, there are many sermons preached about the Crucifixion, and large numbers of people everywhere are again stirred with feelings of horror at the wickedness of the priests and elders and the multitude when they cried "Crucify Him, crucify Him." It was the cry of a passionate mob, throbbing with hatred against a Man who was innocent of any crime but who seemed to be preaching against established opinions and constituted authority. The modern listener to the tale of persecution will honestly believe that if the Man Jesus were living and preaching now He would be accorded honour and praise. But would He?

A preacher in Toronto, the friend of many prominent men, the minister to a large and well-educated congregation, has ventured to express some opinions which are not supposed to be orthodox. What happened? The chief priests and the elders are stirring up the people to cry "Crucify him! Crucify him!" When any man in any church, Roman Catholic or Protestant, preaches a new doctrine, the mob is usually stirred up to give forth the ancient cry. We are not much more tolerant than the Jews were in the days of Pontius Pilate and the Roman occupation. This cry has rung through all the centuries of the Christian era and there have been many victims. The only difference between the practices of to-day and those of the centuries from one to sixteen is that modern crucifixion is mental instead of



physical. The Methodist church in Canada crucified Professor Workman and now proposes to crucify Mr. Jackson. The Presbyterian church came near to crucifying Dr. Macdonell. Each church has had its own particular victim.

The world is making progress but it is still somewhat intolerant of the advanced thinker, the experimenter and the propounder of new ideas. It is quite right for us to be careful of our ancient faiths and our tried constitutions. It is indeed necessary that we should beware of the man who advocates wrong principles and departures from safe and sound methods. But who is to decide whether a new suggestion is an improvement, an advance in human knowledge or intelligence, or whether it is a wicked innovation? Surely it is best to be content to argue and reason and investigate rather than to resort to crucifixion. If Professor Workman and Mr. Jackson, and the other critics of the theological doctrines have not reason and justice on their side, their opinions are not likely to flourish. There is surely plenty of evil to fight without trying to give battle to those who are also fighting evil though not quite orthodox in their methods. Twenty-five years ago, some people would have crucified General Booth if they had been able; to-day the world recognises his great ability in reformatory work. Surely after two thousand years, the chief priests and the elders should have acquired more wisdom and tolerance than their Jewish predecessors!



#### REGULATION vs PROHIBITION

**S**HALL we regulate or shall we prohibit? This is a question which is seriously discussed in several departments of our public life.

Shall we regulate the liquor traffic or shall we prohibit it? This is one form which the question takes and it leads to endless discussion. Some people would let only a few licensed dealers sell liquor and would charge no fee, simply regulating the quality of the liquor sold and the conditions under which the business shall be conducted. Others would put the traffic under government control and make it a government monopoly so that there should be no inducement, in the way of private gain, toward developing the sales. Others would prohibit the traffic entirely.

Shall we regulate combines or prohibit them? This is another form of the question. In this connection, the *Toronto News* remarks that "In the United States it is now recognized that legislation setting the mark of illegality upon all business combinations is both futile and unjust." According to Mr. Herbert Knox Smith, commissioner of corporations at Washington, prohibition has practically failed and the Anti-Trust Law must be repealed. Many leading commercial specialists on both sides of the line are advocating regulation instead of prohibition. This regulation to prevent the public being fleeced by trade combinations would, they maintain, be more effective because it would distinguish between good and bad combinations and would fight only the combinations which are selfish and grasping.

Shall we regulate companies operating public utilities or prohibit them by putting all such utilities under government ownership? This is another form of this question. The Dominion Government answered it by putting all railways, express companies and telegraph companies under the regulating supervision of the Railway Commission. The provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta have answered the question, so far as telephones are concerned, by prohibiting private companies and allowing only government-owned lines to do business. Sir William Mulock, when Postmaster-General, was anxious to follow the British precedent and have the government take over all telegraph and telephone companies, but his ideas have found root only in the progressive West.

This question of regulation and prohibition is a large one and no general rule may be laid down with any degree of accuracy. Much depends on local conditions or on national conditions as the case may be. Nevertheless it may be safely asserted that the general tendency is towards regulation rather than towards prohibition.

#### HOOK UP THE INTERCOLONIAL

**T**HE future of the Intercolonial Railway has once more become a question of practical politics, just when some journals, that are usually wise, were saying that the last had been heard of the idea of departing from the form of government control which has given us forty-year-long deficits. The Intercolonial will vex parliament every year so long as it is a party political asset. It will be a party political asset as long as it belongs to a government department. Behind every demand by a Maritime member of the House

of Commons for its retention in the government family there is the sinister power of patronage, and the prospective value of votes.

The budget speech of the Minister of Railways was a singularly courageous deliverance. Mr. Borden was quick to point out that, by inference, he threw overboard the arguments which induced parliament in 1903 and 1904 to act as if it believed that the National Transcontinental would parallel the Intercolonial without damaging it. Mr. Graham virtually admits that Mr. Borden was right. He talks like a man who is prepared to take the consequences of his words. He has only to continue in that temper and he will find himself a remarkably strong Minister of Railways; for he will convince the country that, given the backing of public opinion, he will furnish a business-like administration of his Department.

The perceptions of Ottawa may have become dulled, but they are keen enough to know when a strong man has a strong force behind him. Before this writing sees the light the debates in Committee will probably have developed pretty fully the newer, more important things the Minister said. Meantime, it is worth while looking at two or three features of the debate, as far as it went last week.

Mr. Graham's proposed Board of Management is obviously a makeshift—if it is as much as that. The real importance of his speech lay in his way of facing the future, not as it may be affected by the whims and necessities of a band of politicians; but as it will certainly be affected by the changing commercial conditions of the country at large, and of the Maritime Provinces particularly. Once and for all, says Mr. Graham, it must be realised that events are fast making the Intercolonial a local road, which will not be able to live without a vital readjustment of its scheme of administration. That readjustment must come, he says, either by the acquisition and construction of branches, or by "hooking up" to a transcontinental line which, through its control of Western traffic, can give the otherwise disadvantaged districts a far better railway service than they could possibly enjoy on a "local" road.

Mr. Graham might as well have invited his Maritime colleagues to forego finally the self-gratification of saying that the Intercolonial was not built to get Western traffic, and was not expected to pay; and that, therefore, it should be kept as a milch cow for maritime people who are entitled to some perquisite left-over from the Confederation bargain. This is the year nineteen hundred and nine. Whatever Joseph Howe and lesser patriots thought in eighteen sixty-five will not pay the interest on vast capital expenditures that have been incurred during the century they did not live to see. The Maritime provinces are too big and too modern for talk such as might be endured from faded spinsters, whose minds dwell perpetually on the obvious fact that they were young once.

The idea that the Intercolonial can be saved by a branch line policy is as delusive as other ideas on which various shrewd, mistaken men have based their hopes of a successful Government railway. Acquire existing branches and build more, in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia—that is the policy. Does anyone suppose that the branch lines already in existence would feed the Intercolonial more than they do now if the Intercolonial owned any of them? Under private ownership they are managed economically—they have to be in order to exist. As Government property they would be managed like the Intercolonial—jobs for political workers, leading to deficits. If new branches were constructed, by how much would they create traffic for the Intercolonial? The territory in which they might be built is already tributary to the Intercolonial; and though the increase of facilities increases traffic, the farming and timber tracts of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, which remain to be served by railways, would not create enough new import and export trade to pay for the branches that would have to be constructed, and for their equipment and operation, and leave enough over to turn the existing railroad system from a loser into a winner.

Branch lines pay when they create traffic for long hauls which would not otherwise be created. A branch line in the Saskatchewan valley, for instance, not only makes it possible for farmers to grow many times more wheat than they could grow if a railway were afar off; but furnishes so much new traffic to and from Port Arthur, anywhere from 900 to 1200 miles away.

Conditions are totally different in the Maritime provinces. There is no prospect of new settlements. Good agricultural land is in small sections. Even if it were as abundant as in Southern Ontario, the imminence of salt water everywhere would make it all but impossible for networks of new branch lines to flourish. Already in New Brunswick there is a mile of railway for every 277 people. In Nova Scotia the ratio is one to 330. Nova Scotians who live out of smell of salt water are very few; New Brunswickers who live near the tide are very many; so that the railway service is even more extensive than the figures alone suggest. The Intercolonial cannot be redeemed by branches. It must be saved by securing traffic with Western territory.

That cannot be accomplished by agreement with any other line which now reaches the Atlantic. Mr. Blair, eleven years ago, agreed with the Grand Trunk to receive freight from it at Montreal, and believed that the era of deficits was ended. Mr. Graham admits that practically nothing comes to the Intercolonial from the Grand Trunk that can be routed any other way. Clearly the only way to save the Intercolonial is by Mr. Graham's "hooking up" plan.



## THROUGH A MONOCLE

THE civic affairs of Montreal are to be investigated by a Royal Commission; and there ought to be bushels of fun at the inquest. Everybody will enjoy it except the corpse. For rich, meaty material inviting investigation, the civic affairs of Montreal would be hard to beat. Every now and then somebody turns up a corner of the "hidden treasure" by accident or the gathering gases blow an opening in the fog which usually surrounds it; and then those who take any interest in such things are either amazed or amused as their temperament dictates. But to rip the top clean off—as Judge Cassels ripped it off the Marine Department—that will let the light into corners which have never been seen by human eye, unless we regard the municipal microbe which feeds on civic plunder as human.

\* \* \*

WHY is it that we have so much trouble in getting good municipal government on this continent? That is the weak spot in our system. We have much better national and even local government than we have civic; and yet, in Europe, the reverse is more often the case. If the affairs of the United Kingdom were as well managed as the affairs of Glasgow or Birmingham, the British people would be rich and happy. But on this continent from New York to California—from Montreal to the minutest township—municipal government is a failure. We appear to be corruptible in exact proportion to our contiguity to the source of corruption. For it is simple corruption, and not carelessness primarily, which lies at the basis of municipal mis-government. We are no more careless civically than we are federally or provincially; but we are not so easily bought in the larger fields. The carelessness we think we notice in municipal matters is largely born of a sense of hopelessness. Our people do not believe that they can accomplish anything by voting for this or that candidate. Their disheartening experience is that it will be all the same in a few months.

\* \* \*

MY own theory is that a much larger percentage of the people are hungry for the "gifts" which lie within the compass of the municipal politician than for those which a national politician can distribute. It is not that we are more virtuous nationally but that we do not covet the things which a national government can give. A Dominion politician can promise us a new post office, let us say. Very well. Whom does that affect? A few "friends" who will get contracts; the man who sells the land; possibly a "middleman" who buys it first and then sells it to the Government; a few merchants who may be asked to furnish supplies at Government prices; and that is about the total. The rest of us may feel a momentary glow of satisfaction at getting a new post office; but is our political virtue to be overthrown by a momentary glow? No, sir! We are proof against a "bribe" which enriches a neighbour and only gives the rest of us communal satisfaction. It requires individual advantage to buy such souls of honour as we possess. We must usually get something which our neighbour does not.

\* \* \*

AND here is where the ward politician comes in. He may be a shady sort of fellow—a man whom we would not trust in our own business for a moment—but he is going to put an electric light

just opposite our shop or to lay down a fine new pavement along our street. He will very likely give the contract to the highest bidder and pocket a "rake off"; but then that is the custom of all ward politicians and are we not going to get from him something of positive value to ourselves? When I say "ourselves," of course you will understand that I mean "the other fellows." All preachers always mean the "other fellows." We would never be bought by an electric light or a new pavement. It would probably take a public library to buy us—or a reduction in saloon licenses. But what I mean to say is that, for every time that a Dominion or provincial politician can touch the lives of the people, a municipal politician can do so a hundred times; and the consequence is that we will "stand for" things municipally that we would not endure in the broader fields.

\* \* \*

THE busy man, who will not bother with politics, we have always with us. He is as present in Federal as in civic campaigns. He is the same danger in both. But when the number of people who are personally concerned in keeping a certain man in office is relatively small, the possibility that the great inert mass of careless citizens may be moved ever so slightly against a notoriously bad candidate prevents his nomination. He has been able to buy too small a percentage of the electorate to make him a safe venture against a man who may accumulate a lot of the floating indifferents. But where he has touched the personal interests of a fairly large percentage of the voters, he has a sure and militant support which enables him to cut his way through the loose mass of the careless many. Thus we see men with bad records triumphant in municipal elections; and we come to the lazy conclusion that it is useless to kick against the pricks. Occasionally there is a revolt and the good men win. But they are usually "good men" because of some fad they want to push; and they immediately proceed to push this fad until an exasperated people turn with relief to the rascals who will at least give them liberty. Most of us would rather be robbed of our money—painlessly—than robbed of our freedom.

N'IMPORTE

## A Hunter's Eldorado

THE ordinary man who knows the heart of Africa only from the map probably believes that there is no more unexplored territory in the Dark Continent, and that every possible paradise for the big-game hunter has been opened up for sportsmen. Colonel J. W. Colenbrander, C.B., with nearly thirty years as a hunter, pioneer and campaigner to his credit, is of another opinion. He is convinced that he has located a region where "no white man has shot, and few, if any, natives have hunted." In this sporting Utopia there are "enormous herds of elephants and other game, all as tame as possible from the fact of never having been scared." And that is not all. Colonel Colenbrander has in view something more valuable than "a great haul of ivory"; he has "absolute evidence of the existence of gold and copper." And where is this glorious Eldorado? That is the colonel's secret, and naturally he prefers to keep it to himself. He is going up to this new Promised Land with a party numbering fifteen, all carefully chosen men; they will share the proceeds of the expedition among them, and "may possibly obtain concessions of land, timber, etc." The existence of the "virgin tract" is vouched by native descriptions, and no one can sift native evidence with a more discerning mind than Colonel Colenbrander. Otherwise, one would think those natives had been reading Rider Haggard and had "passed him on."—*Daily Mail* (England).



The New Normal School at Hamilton  
Opened March 19th, by the Minister of Education

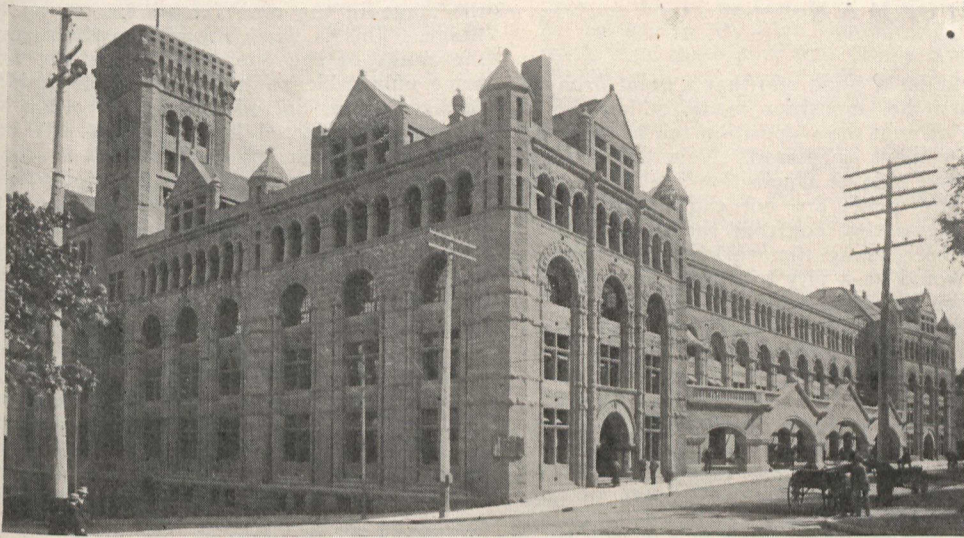


Inspector Ballard, Mr. Hobson, Hon. Dr. Pyne and others at the Opening

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THOMPSON



# A CURIOUS RAILWAY ACCIDENT



Windsor Station, Montreal—This Magnificent Station is to be further enlarged.

**M**ONTREAL has terminal railway stations, that is station-houses built across the ends of the tracks instead of parallel to the tracks. Twice in the history of these stations, trains have gone too far and crashed into the buildings. The latest occurred on Wednesday of last week, when the Boston Express crashed into the Windsor Station. Fortunately it struck a portion of the building in which there were few people and the casualties were small. The passengers were uninjured. Investigation shows that some miles out, a plug had blown out of the engine and the escaping steam had forced both fireman and engineer out of the cab before the throttle could be closed or the "emergency" released. Without engineer or fireman, the great mogul swept through the yards and into the station at a speed which was lessened only by the brakes applied by the brakeman. Apparently there was no criminal negligence of any kind whatsoever, as is too often the case. The station will be repaired shortly, and further enlargements of this largest station-house in Canada are also being planned.



The Donegana Street View of the Station, showing the Baggage Car lodged in the Ladies' Waiting Room.



The Ambulances at the Main Entrance after the Accident.



# THE M. P. FACTORY

*Recollections of the General Elections*

By GEORGE FISHER CHIPMAN



**T**HERE have been horrible creakings and groanings and mutterings from shore to shore. Dirt and smoke have been in the air. Canada's greatest factory has been working to its utmost capacity. Through daylight and darkness have the wheels been turning, shaping wonderful things—Members of Parliament. They have been made—two hundred and twenty-one in number. Seven million hands were employed to pound into (or out of) shape, trim, temper, sandpaper and polish these current commodities. Twenty-five thousand hands were set to work to manufacture each Member. In only two cases was there no strike. In all the other units nearly half the workmen quit and began competition. They set to work on a new brand but didn't get it finished when needed. It was therefore cast aside. In this unique factory there were neither union hours nor wages. Some worked all the time and some not at all; some got nothing and some got everything in sight on which they could lay their hands. Many hands lagged and required inspiration. Some took it in liquid form; some in fumigation; some from jobs or hopes of jobs; some from children's kisses and the rest from HOPES. Through appeals, cajolings, threatenings and rewards many a sloth was urged to his task. The order was filled and the factory shut down. The hands got a four-year vacation. The rumbling ceased; the air is clear.

The People were the hands in this great factory. It was their day of reckoning. Into bundles of twenty-five thousand they tied themselves and from each bundle sent forth one of their number. For four years he is their mouthpiece at the great council fire—Parliament. The council fire burns at Ottawa. The Members are inflicted with beliefs as numerous and nebulous as lunar lights. Generally they divide according to opinions; into two Parties. The largest Party is the Government Party; the other the Opposition. The Government Party choose a chief—called the Premier. He makes the laws of the land, and selects a committee to help him. This committee is the Cabinet. The rest of the Government Party is kept to protect the Cabinet from the Opposition. The Opposition get their name from the Greek word "oppo," which means cold. They sit on the cold side of the council fire, and try to blow the smoke the other way.

Every four years the Members wear out or need repolishing. This process is called a Campaign and the conclusion of the renovation is the General Election. The Premier is the only man who knows when a General Election will be held. General Elections are preceded by Signs and Campaigns are carried on by Stages. Ever since Canada was organised immense public works and projects have been kept in Cold Storage as molasses for the People. The Opposition keep their eyes on the Cold Storage plant for signs. Soon the warmth comes and there is a buzz and a hum around the plant. Sudden and stupendous needs arise for great waterways, great railways, immense canals, drastic reforms and prolific schemes for the People's weal. The Signs never fail and the Premier announces the date.

The Opposition admit the necessity of the great progressive schemes but point out that the Government have not the proper methods. Their plans are obsolete and extravagant. Thus they pass through the Mild Stage. If the People are not fooled, then the Opposition claim that these schemes were their own. History proves that away back the Opposition thought it all out and but awaited the proper moment to begin. Proof positive is shown that a heinous crime has been committed. A Policy has been stolen. The People are the only court in the world before whom such a trial can be held. Strange it is that the People never understand a Policy. Policies are remarkable for their indefinite airiness around which a halo can be thrown but upon which a point can never be made. Neither Government nor Opposition understand the Policy but it is used to build up a maelstrom of opinion in which the People are to be drawn to vote.

Meantime the Government has announced that no one else can make proper laws. There is a great work to be done and the sun must be kept shining and the rain falling. Traditions show that

the sun was under a cloud and that a great drought prevailed when the Opposition made the laws. The present story of ruin the Opposition tell is shocking and the Government is amazed. Never in the history of the land did the Opposition see clearly the needs and their minds are not capable of coping with the problems that confront them. The Government has been doing the work so long and so well that it would be a pity to refuse them longer, especially when becoming aged. Yet they are never weary in well doing. Then there were no Members good enough for a Cabinet in the Opposition. It was utter nonsense to listen to them.

The deadly drug of indecision begins to grip the People. They must be fooled, and thus an advance is made to the Graft Stage. Now it is clearly shown by the Opposition that every Government Member, except some too old and feeble to take advantage, are Grafters. (A Grafter is one who secures a Rakeoff which his accuser would like to secure, but has no opportunity.) In every piece of work done by the Government there has been a Rakeoff for some of the Members. This has a special application to the Cabinet. If it is possible that any are not Grafters it is shown that they will be. They show that when they were boys at school the Government Member cheated in a knife trade. He is not a safe man. On the other hand it is shown that the Opposition lives on fruits of grafts of earlier days. It was terrible when they were in power and if again permitted they would put the country in their pockets and move. In this way it is shown that there are only two or three honest men in the country. It cannot be doubted because it has been proven in the newspapers and on the Stump.

Then Slander and Mud begin to fly in the air and if it is slung thickly and fast enough some Candidates become plastered. This is the stage when the private lives of Candidates are placed on the People's operating table and their characters dissected. The blemishes are held up for the People's benefit. It is shown that most of the Candidates are a positive menace to their communities. They are bad by nature. No good can ever come out of them. Deep goes the scalpel and characters suffer. The People watch and listen and the factory keeps on working.

The next stage in the manufacture of a Member is known as the Roorback Stage. This is usually an imaginary condition into which enthusiasm carried the Candidates. Hallucinatory images of discreditable schemes which their opponents are fostering are exploded in the public arena. It is of course denied, but a story well told, and plausible, always finds some believers. This increases the indecision and the time is becoming ripe for a Stampede of the voters. The People like to be

Stamped. It gives them the assurance that they are the real power controlling the destinies of the country and moving the pawns at their own discretion. The Candidates impress upon the People that they, and they alone, are the arbiters of the country's fate.

As the wheels continue turning they arrive at the stage in the manufacture known as the Libel Stage. This is when the molten shots poured into the ranks of the enemy penetrate the armour at some vulnerable point. The system rankles at the foreign matter introduced and whether or not it is properly injected it is resented. A remedy is ready for influencing the minds of the People. Charges of libel are laid against those who fire the shots and they are brought to the courts to see if they are playing the game fairly, according to the rules of warfare. The lawyers here begin to be busy and there is much noise in the papers. This of course is all for effect—on the People. The libels are only a part of the game and when the Election is passed they are dropped as having served their purpose.

As the day of reckoning draws near the People and the Candidates and the Machinery are all in readiness for Personal Work, which is the last stage from which the Members are shot forth into the cold, hard world. The implements used in this last stage are called in ordinary parlance, Heelers. Their work is a subtle, subterranean process the secrets of which are never divulged. The process improves in the course of advancing civilisation. Both Candidates and Parties declare that Personal Work is not conducive to Purity. No person has ever been found who advocates this process. It is even declared by many that the finished product would be a much better article if the final process were abolished. This may be done some day. Booze is a word which becomes current in this Stage. Neither Candidate knows the meaning of the word but they are led to believe that it has an insidious influence of which neither of them can really approve. All Candidates are imbued with the idea that the intelligence of a civilised People should manifest itself in a ballot marked in accordance with the teachings of their conscience. It is the highest and holiest duty of mankind. Heelers are supposed to have no conscience.

Election Day comes and goes. The factory has completed its work and the product is ready for the inspection of the People. The tumult has ceased; the shouting soon dies away. Defeated Candidates are left over as unfinished work for future consideration. The Members become either of the Government Party or the Opposition. The Opposition is allowed two weeks to tell how it happened. All that is left is to settle the bills. There are no more scoundrels but all are gentlemen and good friends. All are satisfied—even the People. The buzz and hum around the molasses is allowed to cease and the molasses is returned to Cold Storage. The world wags on in the same old way; the sun shines, the crops grow and peace and plenty hover round the homes of the People.

Is all the present process necessary for the manufacture of M. P.s? No, but the People permit it. Will it ever be changed? Yes, when the People get wise. Are not the People the absolute dictators of the country? Sure!

## MANUAL vs. TECHNICAL TRAINING

By DAVID COLLIER, DIRECTOR MANUAL TRAINING, CHARLOTTETOWN

**D**R. GILMOUR in his excellent article in THE CANADIAN COURIER of February 27th gives the impression that manual training is not equal to that which "enables young men to produce a finished article having an assured commercial value." Just why the best teaching in the world should be reserved for "young men" is not clear. It is doubtless better for boys, and girls too for that matter; whilst older men and women need not be excluded altogether. For all of these, the young men included, manual training is good; and finished articles whose finish will be all that is to be desired, may be made exclusively if preferred. The instruction so given can be fully up to date, as the teacher who is in and with the times can see to that, and having a subject not very old in years this ought not to be difficult of accomplishment.

As to value, commercial considerations have no place in manual training; for which we should be truly thankful. Its aims are at least above these, and have placed it where it is to-day—a place it would not have occupied with lower. Still it has a value, and that an unbuyable one—the intimate connection between the maker and the made. It is a poor skill that has no liking for its own produc-

tions. These to the right mind will always stimulate to better things, whilst not disparaging past efforts. Loyalty may be met with in work as well as in more showy ways; not less valuable probably, because quieter.

A common misconception may be mentioned here as it is often met with. Commercialism and trade naturally combine, whilst the public school has nothing to do with either. A trade or technical school is another thing altogether, and here technical instruction has its proper place. The knowledge is imparted in the ordinary school by a person whose profession is or should be, teaching; whilst in the trade school by a skilled person or scientist possibly. Again, the public school is where pupils are looked for and the technical school has its students. In the former are those whose profession it is to teach, in the latter those whose business it is to instruct.

The pupils are taught the various subjects usual in schools, and manual training also if fortunately possible; in the hope that the faculties will be developed by the teaching and skill acquired through the hands. The students will somewhat reverse the process by acquiring all possible knowledge that greater skill may be the result. Besides, school



teachers have, or should have, a knowledge of all the subjects taught in their schools, and so are not confined to any one unless requirements call for it, as in manual training sometimes; whilst technical instructors are generally specialists in certain subjects.

The intention of manual training is not to equip pupils with the ability to earn a living on leaving school with such work, for some may not need to do so, others will not need it for some time; but to furnish all with a certain fund of intelligence, skill, and confidence in themselves. These together form a possession valuable in much besides trade, and easily applied in the chosen line. Naturally some in every school will need to utilise any suitable knowledge for learning particular trades. To these, manual training will prove useful in direct application or adaptable skill and intelligence. Plenty of scope is left for this now the old and unexcelled apprenticeship system does not generally apply, with the result that the imperfectly trained are met with everywhere.

The fact cannot be too clearly understood that manual training is intended to be an integral part of school work; not a separate branch whose teaching is startlingly at variance with the rest of the

curriculum, in which dangerous ideas lurk, and no sympathies with the other subjects exist. Some measure of forgiveness is due to any who not having the chance to know different, indulge such ideas; when as it sometimes happens the head of a school will not be found guiltless. A manual training department worthy of the name should prove a source of benefit to any school in which it is, by having its high standard of morality and work. And the higher that standard the less ground should jealousy have for footing when reasonable thought would show that the benefit from the teaching of sound knowledge and proper methods in one department will not remain after school-days end.

It will not be out of place, then, to begin with the young lives in the public school, in the belief that the beginnings of right doing may be inculcated. The material is ready and only awaits the means. None who observe will deny the curative effect of sufficient work, applying as it does to all ages, especially the young, on whom it will preventively act and save from much; and possibly in the future less corrective efforts in later life will be necessary when manual training in its various forms is more prevalent.

Work itself is not unpleasant to the properly

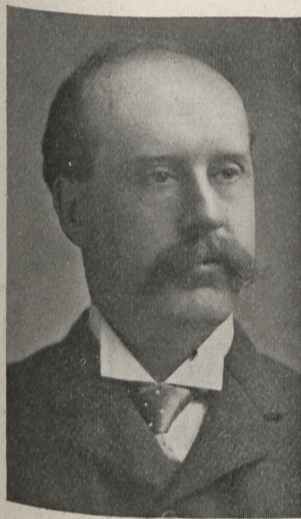
constituted, but conditions of work make all the difference. As a manual training school offers its work under best conditions, these should foster love for efforts, and invariably does so, unless home influences act negatively.

Present times indicate that reflection on faults is not held so remedial as productive efforts to efface the same. Dr. Gilmour's article illustrates well the newer and sounder views of authorities everywhere. Instances quotable are unnecessary, being met with wherever modern upraising thought has taken the place of depressive measures now happily passing away. The results of the new speak for themselves and are available through the press and otherwise to all who take an interest in them. No better sign for the optimistically inclined believers in a better world offers better proof than the modern view of treatment.

So that after all, Dr. Gilmour and the writer need not disagree, working as they do along definite lines for good, each believing in his own work, and in all probability recognising the best on the other side, with one difference—whilst the one is doing all possible to reclaim, the other is doing all possible to save him the trouble, in the all sustaining hope that the latter method will triumph in the end.

# LAYMEN'S MISSIONARY CONGRESS

By NORMAN HARRIS.



Mr. Evelyn Macrae,  
Chairman Reception Committee,  
Toronto.

**I**N Massey Hall, Toronto, from March 31st to April 4th, will convene a congress unique in the history of the world, when some 3,000 of the most earnest laymen and ministers of the Dominion meet to formulate and adopt a missionary policy for this country.

The congress is to be undenominational. It will reflect the policy of no church, or of churches merged for the nonce; it was designed and will be controlled by business and professional men who compose what is known as the Lay-

men's Missionary Movement. be honorary commissioners only; welcome, of course, but not essential. There one sees wherein this Congress is unique. A study of the movement leads one to call it marvellous.

Is it not marvellous?

Think: Concurrently with a markedly less rigid observance of the traditions of the old-time Sunday; with the clergy of all denominations inveighing against poor church attendance; with the higher

continent eager to join the pledge to raise \$4,500,000 a year for the next twenty-five years.

To secure that sum represents the financial object of the Congress.

It is a movement too big and too daring for the churches. In a way it is a reproach to the church.

Following Canada's lead, the United States will assemble its laymen and clergy; Great Britain will follow suit. The aim of each congress will be the adoption of a comprehensive plan looking towards the evangelisation of the world in this generation.

The Massey Hall Congress will be the final winding-up of the grand Dominion campaign which started in Halifax, September 13th, 1908, and finished in Kingston, October 30th, the same year. That was a whirlwind bit of work and leaders of the United States movement stood aghast when they learned of the programme that was carried through in six weeks; that they were asked to duplicate in the same time.

Men, theretofore, unidentified with anything resembling a religious movement, took off their coats and worked. With some the work was almost necessarily incessant. They went on long trips, sacrificing business and professional interests. They stayed at home and canvassed their fellows; forced themselves to appear in a new light locally by appearing on platforms, and in the pulpit, and "preaching." Their discourse was plain, virile, sincere, convincing. It struck the heart aimed at. To the pocketbook was but a short route, then.

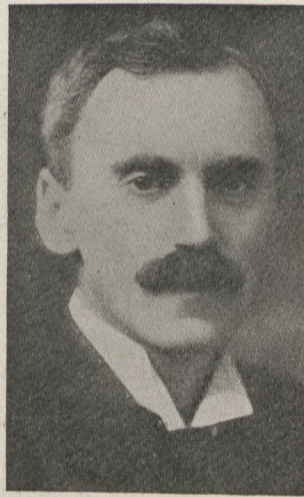
Voluntary and unconscious individual inspiration is the keynote of the Laymen's Movement.

As the master politicians meet in caucus, so the laymen will gather, to hear one from the other of the world cry for evangelisation; to devise ways and means, and then to get to work.

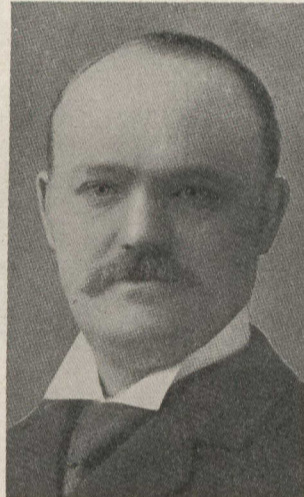
The Central Committee in one of their pamph-

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 14.

men's Missionary Movement. Canada, in this congress, leads the world, both in the conception and the execution of the scheme. Some \$10,000 or more is necessary to defray the expenses incidental to this meeting, but no plate will circulate to secure this money. It is already secured. Lawyers are selling their motor cars to provide it. Plain business men are stinting themselves personally to produce it. Children are joyfully holding up their coins for the purpose. The success of the gathering is assured while as yet not a commissioner has reached here. When they do come they will compose two thousand laymen from "communions" located from Victoria in the West to Halifax in the East. The clergy will number perhaps one thousand more, but they will



Mr. N. W. Rowell, K.C.,  
President of Congress,  
Toronto.



Mr. S. J. Moore,  
Chairman Congress Executive,  
Toronto.

criticism claiming popular attention—this great movement has sprung into existence and will move like a ball of inspiration first over the civilised Anglo-Saxon world and then far beyond.

In a national community that has given dribbles for foreign missions, these laymen travel across



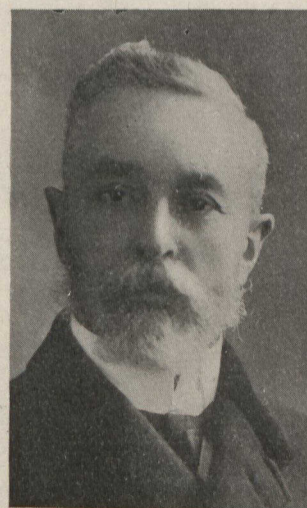
Mr. J. A. M. Aikins, K.C.,  
Winnipeg



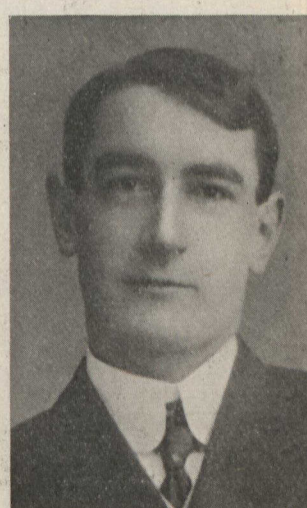
Mr. C. B. Keenleyside,  
Chairman Inter-Denominational Com.,  
London, Ont.



Mr. J. L. Beckwith,  
Chairman Co-operating Committee,  
Victoria, B.C.



Mr. A. M. Bell,  
Chairman Co-operating Committee,  
Halifax, N.S.



Mr. Percy J. Steel,  
Secretary Co-operating Committee,  
St. John, N.B.



# LIFE IN A CANADIAN LUMBER CAMP

Photographs of a Northern Ontario Lumber Camp taken by R. R. Sallows, Goderich



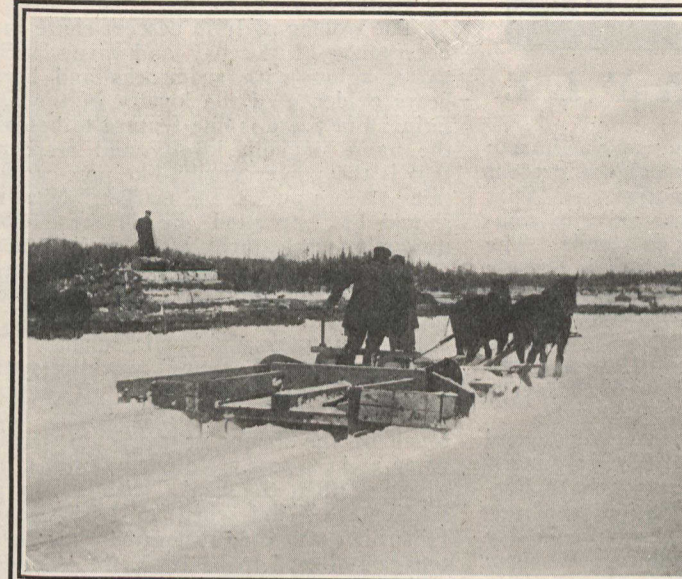
Loading a Sleigh from a Skidway by a Steam Crane.



The Skidway on which the Logs are Piled when first cut.



Sanding a wooden surface to prevent sliding.



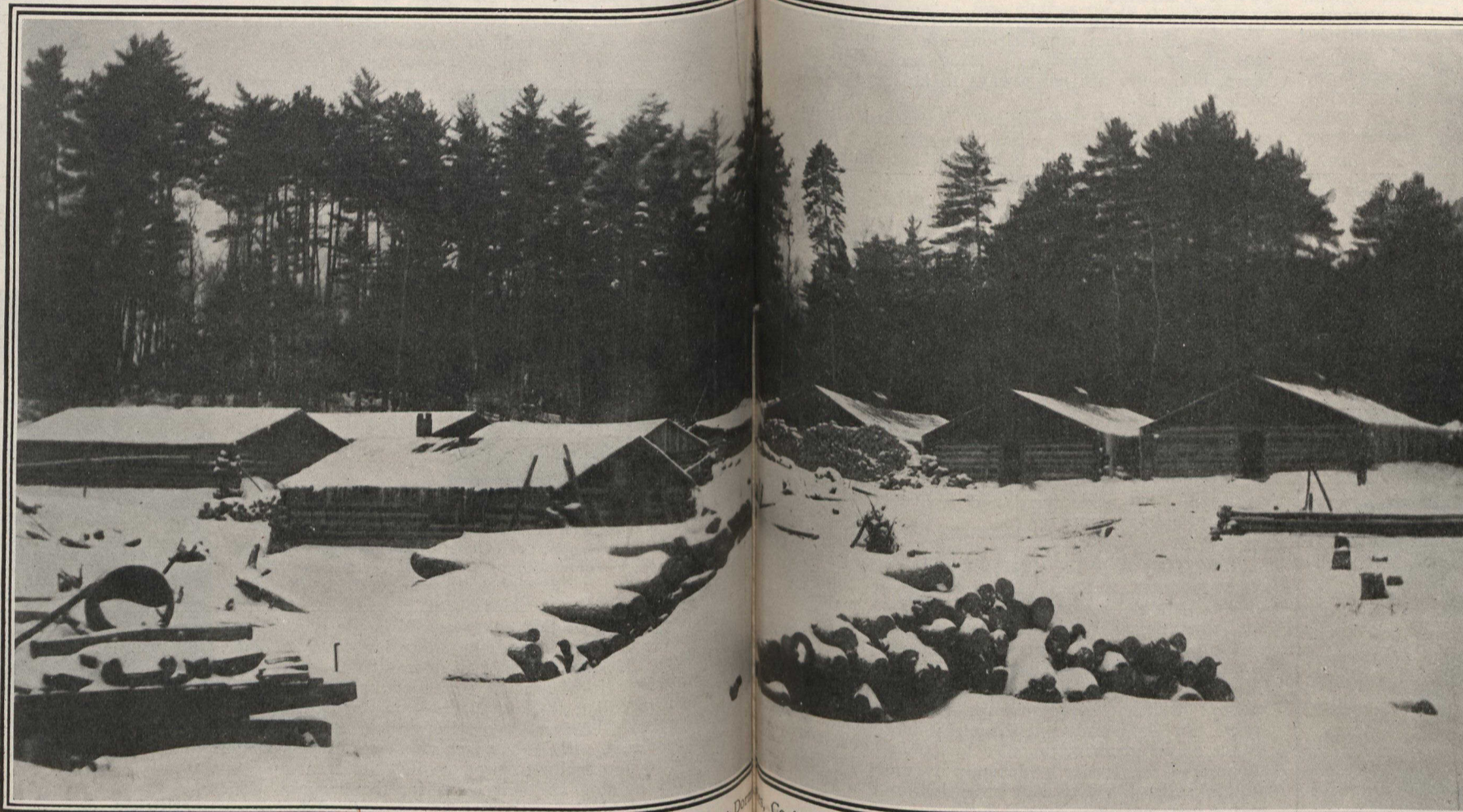
Snowplough breaking Roads on a Lake where the Logs are Dumped to await the Spring.



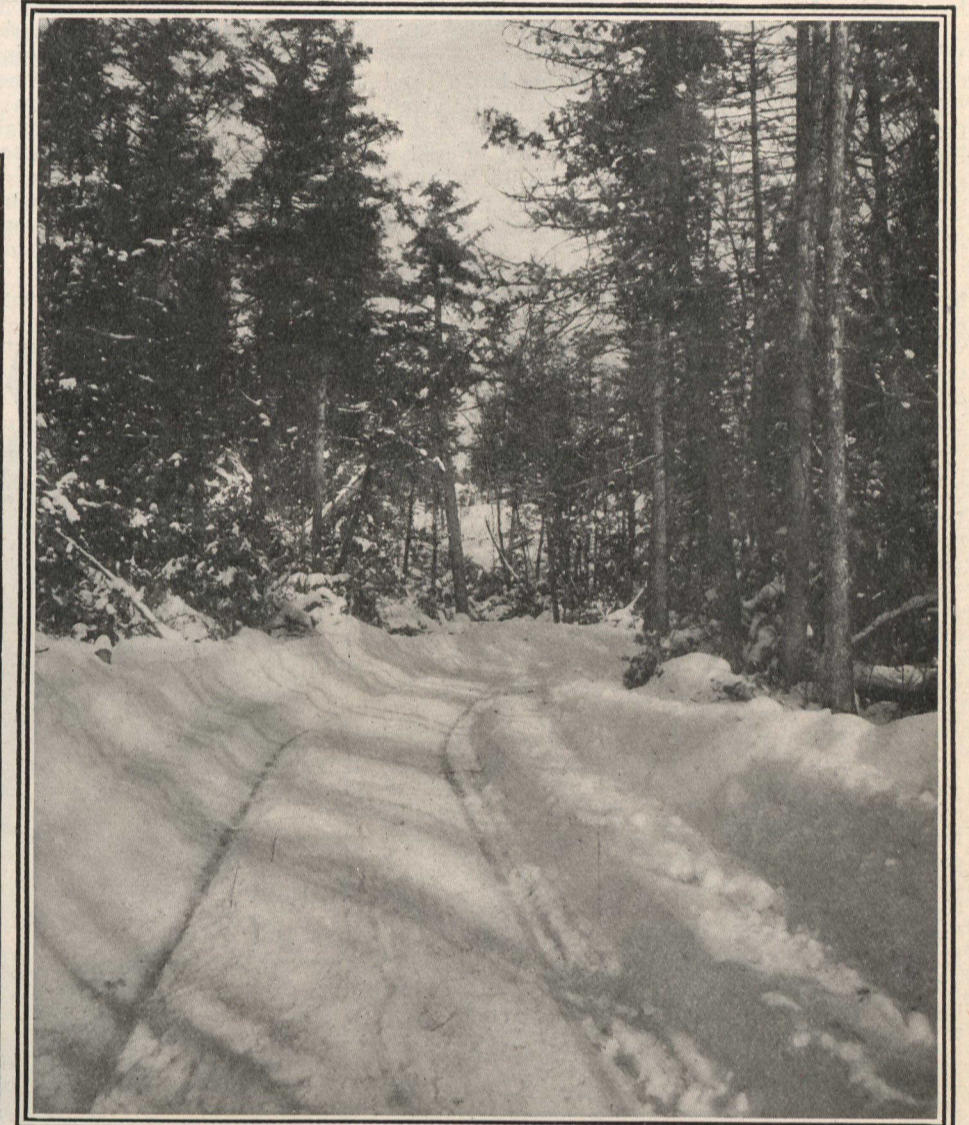
Drawing Logs from a Skidway to Lake or River, where they are Rafted and Floated to a Saw Mill.



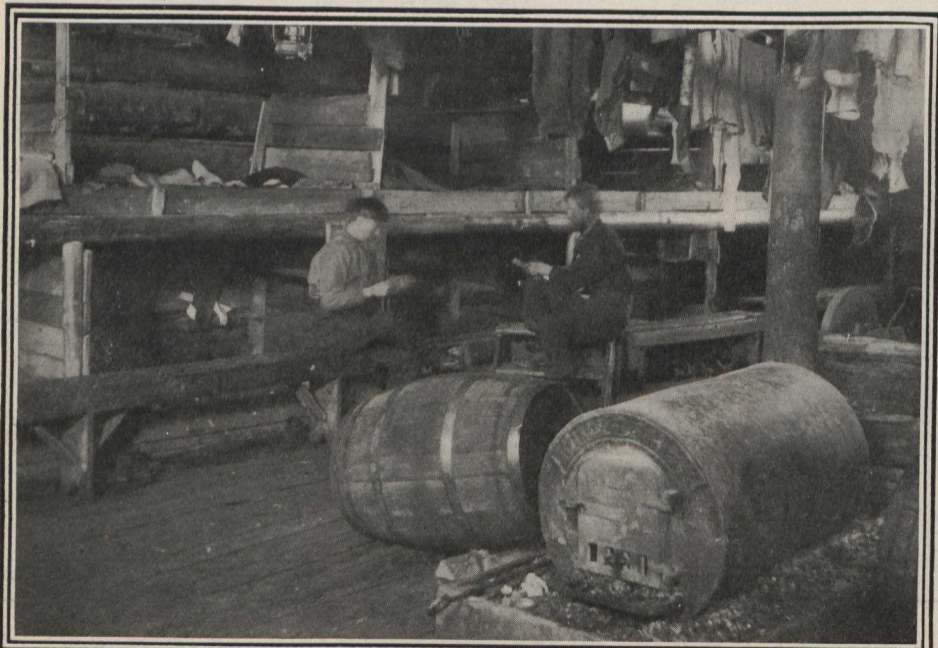
A Scaler at work measuring and marking the Logs.



A Typical Lumber Camp, comprising Cook House, Wash House, Offices and Stables.



A Snow Road through the Bush.



Interior of the Bunk-House.



The "Chuck-Sleigh" Which Takes Out the Men's Dinners.

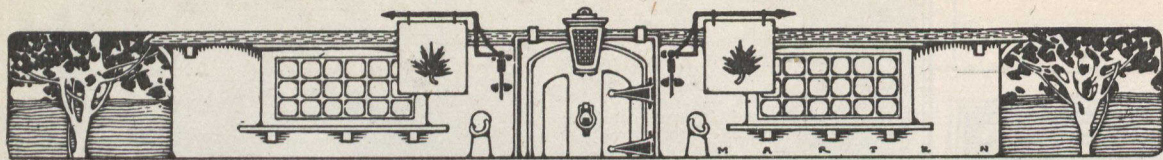


A Group of Shanty-Men Dining in Open.



The Horses having their well-earned Dinner.





## AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

### Women Who Worry

THIS must be an age of anguish, for the magazines and newspapers are full of advice not to worry, and most of this advice is addressed to women. Truly we are an advised sex and if there exists a woman who is not good and happy, she cannot plead that she has not been advised as to how to reach shining heights of integrity and joy. Man pauses between drinks (nothing more serious than apollinaris suggested) to pen a thoughtful paragraph as to the faults and foibles of the sisterhood, with a "they-can't-say-I-haven't-warned-them" expression.

This time, it is Mr. Edwin Markham who has taken an hour to dictate a cheerful article on "Women Who Worry." Some years ago, Mr. Markham achieved a month or so of fame by writing a poem on Millet's mournful picture, "The Man With the Hoe," and certainly there was nothing in the Markham verses to cause anything but a tired feeling. In fact, he was so utterly pessimistic about the person with the agricultural implement that a New York paper arose in its might and offered a glittering cheque to anyone who would write a satisfactory reply to the Markham effort and set forth the joys which flow from the perspiration of honest toil.

That mood has passed, however, and Mr. Markham is now in a frame of mind to declare that every woman should be at rest and enjoy life, if she would only look upon this world as a mere experiment, or place of initiation. Among other shortcomings, woman's fashion of looking backward and bemoaning past blunders and griefs is held up by way of disapproval. "Looking backward," says this philosopher, "brought severe punishment on two widely different ladies of old—on Eurydice and on Lot's wife. These allegories, making the backward-lookers stationary forever, are suggestive." If Mr. Edwin Markham lived in Toronto, he'd be "a-scared" to call Lot's wife an "allegory," for Mr. S. H. Blake and Rev. Elmore Harris would have him in the evening papers in no time and he would have to hurry to a rest cure.

Some of Mr. Markham's advice is excellent but a few of his bits of wisdom are not to be taken literally. For instance, when he tells the worried woman: "Slip away for ten minutes, and tranquilly picture your work before your mind's eye as a triumphant and completed whole," the feminine reader is tempted to smile. Suppose the difficult moment comes when she is busy with mayonnaise dressing—not the boiled stuff which too many Canadian women call mayonnaise, but the "really truly" dressing such as they make down South! If the olive oil and the yolk of egg simply *won't* unite amiably but show a certain incompatibility of temper, how much good will it do to slip away into the silence and picture that mayonnaise dressing as a triumphant whole? Indeed, Mr. Markham, it is sometimes much better to remain with the work and begin all over again.

The writer gives us a few instances of women who have attained an enviable serenity by dwelling upon Lofty Thoughts. There is a lovely yarn about a noble creature who was among those present during the San Francisco earthquake of 1906. "She was awakened by the fierce writhing and wrenching of the world about her. She knew that she was caught in some tremendous cataclysm. But she did not open her eyes. She lay in a great peace, saying, 'I do not know what it is; but come what may, nothing can harm me. I shall be given my own place.'"

Did you ever hear of a more perfect lady? Talk of the repose of Lady Clara Vere de Vere! The fair aristocrat of Tennyson's poem had nothing more nerve-destroying to contemplate than a despairing rural lover. But this Markham heroine, in the midst of an earthquake, while seismic thrills are running up and down her spine, is capable of reflecting that she will be given her own place and does not care the least bit in the world whether she is landed in Mars or left on the Earth. Nerves are not nice and the woman who talks about them is a bore above all others in Israel. But a woman who can take an earthquake with equanimity is almost too peaceful to be true.

\* \* \*

### More Advice

A CANADIAN editor, who is old enough to know better, has written more than a column of fearsome denunciation of the corset. In fact, he

classes it with alcohol as an enemy of the human race. "The two greatest afflictions of the present day humanity are alcohol and the corset. . . . What is to be done, then, to remedy these evils, to combat these afflictions? The answer is simple. The law must take a hand in it. Alcoholism is already being attacked from different directions. The corset must be next on the list for extermination. . . . If the governments of all countries would begin and keep up a fight against alcoholism and the corset these afflictions soon would cease to ravage the human race."

So writes an editor in our own enlightened country and he appears to be entirely sober and serious in his crusade. Horrible thought! Perchance he is a masculine Carrie Nation who contemplates a trip to Toronto on a glad bargain day when certain goods are marked down. He may cherish the design of swooping upon the counters and destroying the fatal garments according to the methods which Mrs. Nation has made famous. Think of this foe to the "Royal Worcester" and the "Bon Ton," reducing a counter of these attractive makes to shreds and patches! But no woman need fear that our Canadian law-makers will stoop to interfere with feminine fashions. They have larger affairs to deal with and are too absorbed in Trans-



"Solveig" in "Peer Gynt," at the Princess Theatre, Toronto.

continental Lines to heed the words of the perturbed journalist. The press of the country is active and enterprising in its discussion of all political and financial questions. But lovely woman will resent the editorial discussion of wherewithal she shall be clothed and will probably refuse to class the corset with the cocktail as a modern evil.

\* \* \*

### Souvenirs of Erin

THE keeping of the "Seventeenth of Ireland" grows in favour with the years, and St. Patrick's Day is observed in Canada by all of Irish blood—whether they come from Derry or Cork. This is as it should be, for the North-of-Ireland folk are far from being Scotch in temperament, although in the States the expression "Scotch-Irish" is used for those who have come from Ulster. In Canada, "Irish" is good enough for all of us who have Erin's blood dancing in our veins. The late Dr. Potts was as proud of the name as any of his South-of-Ireland friends and Canada knew no warmer-hearted Son of the Emerald Isle than the man whose voice and smile made sunshine wherever he went. In the House of Commons at

Ottawa, in the Legislative Assembly of Ontario, the shamrock is the badge on the Seventeenth of March and the health of St. Patrick is drunk by all who love the Green Isle, while Tom Moore is quoted by Ulster and Connaught alike.

The women of Irish descent share in the general observance of the day and many a St. Patrick's party, aglow with shamrocks and harps of gold, bears evidence of the loyalty of the Daughters of Erin. But there is one feature to be condemned, in the name of both loyalty and respectability, and that is the vulgar gorilla-like post-cards which certain vendors put on the market. That sort of stuff should be "boycotted" by all those who object to disgusting caricature. Most of it comes from "the other side" where the Irish have been so misrepresented in art and music that the Hibernian societies of New York have revolted against the hideous cartoons and comic songs.

The professed "funny" weeklies naturally make a business of caricaturing all nations; but a souvenir is a different matter and should have a touch of the dainty or poetic in keeping with its name and purpose. No country has a more romantic story than the land, "with a tear and a smile in her eye," and when an Irish-Canadian sees a Hibernian post-card disfigured by a revolting countenance, alleged to be Irish, the beholder feels like taking a shillalah to the vulgarian who designed the atrocity.

\* \* \*

### Jewel Fancies

WE have an assured way of referring to this as an age when superstitions are dying fast—that is, your superstitions. Mine are beliefs or ideas, but yours are not always to be dignified by such a word.

"I'm not at all superstitious," remarked a wise woman who would not hesitate to undertake a journey or a new venture on a Friday, "but some way I don't like to wear an opal."

"It's prettier than any other stone," said a friend, who simply would not sit down to a dinner of thirteen guests. "I have two opal rings and want a bracelet with opals."

"But aren't you afraid of something happening?" said the first woman.

"Not a bit—except of not having more opals." The birthday ring fancy is a pretty one and has been fairly adopted in modern fashions. March owns the bloodstone, that sturdy dark green "pebble," with a tiny blotch of scarlet, which is supposed to bestow courage and fortitude on the child who is born in the blustery month of the year. To April belongs the diamond, which seems almost too splendid a jewel for the month which never knows its own fickle mind and is cloud and sunshine within the same hour. CANADIENNE.

## Laymen's Missionary Congress

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 11

lets, thus describe the movement of the Congress: "The Committee desire to emphasise the fact that the Laymen's Missionary Movement is an 'inspiration,' not an administration. It collects no money; it disburses no money; it neither secures, trains nor sends out missionaries; but its aim is to act as an inspiring impulse to a more generous support of missionary endeavour by every layman and to enlist his active co-operation in this work in his own parish."

This brief article is intended to deal primarily with the coming noteworthy Congress, not attempting to comprehend the manifold phases of the movement itself, nor the work it has accomplished.

Those who attend the great Congress in Massey Hall will hear addresses by Bishop Thoburn of India; Mr. Robert E. Spier, New York; Dr. Zwemer, Arabia; Mr. S. B. Capen, Boston; Mr. J. Campbell White, New York; Hon. D. F. Wilbur, Halifax; Mr. Silas McBee, New York, editor *The Churchman*; Mr. Charles A. Rowland, Athens, Ga.; N. W. Hoyles, LL.D., Osgoode Hall, Toronto; Mr. J. A. Macdonald, Toronto; Mr. J. Lovell Murray, New York; Principal Gandier, Mr. S. H. Blake, Canon Tucker, Canon Cody, Mr. S. J. Moore, all of Toronto, and many more.

N. W. Rowell, K.C., Toronto, will be president of the Congress. Mr. S. J. Moore, president of the Metropolitan Bank, is chairman.

The foremost men of the land have their names coupled with the movement. The gentlemen whose photographs are reproduced here are but a few of this great army fighting to evangelise, armed with inspiration, bound to achieve victory in this generation.

Polished, courteous, indefatigable, Mr. H. K. Caskey, of New York, executive secretary, has for weeks past kept four stenographers busy in a suite in the Confederation Life Building, Toronto, attending to the multitudinous details of the forthcoming gathering.



# THE STORY OF A SCRAPE

## The Troubles of a Too-Obliging Man

By HAROLD WHITE



AS I told the inspector at the police station, a fellow would not be such an ass as to do such a thing on purpose. The suit is as good as ruined, even if I do get it back, and Annette isn't one of those girls who see things in your light in a minute. As for concealing and condoning a felony, I

ask any sensible person if he would conceal a felony in the newest suit of clothes in his wardrobe, or condone it by the public display of his love-letters, if he could help it.

You see, this is how it stands: I live in what the fellow who let the thing to me called a "maisonette"—goodness only knows why—just off X Square.

At about a quarter past twelve on Friday night or Saturday morning, whichever it is, I heard cries of "Fire!" and that gave me a start, you may be sure. I had gone to bed early and was just dozing off. I slipped a few clothes on in a moment, and ran out of the room and down the stairs as fast as I could pelt, and was exceeding glad when I got to the bottom of the four flights. I suppose that in the excitement of the moment I left the door of my "maisonette" open, but I'll come to that later on.

When I got into the street, I didn't have much difficulty in finding out where the fire was, because a fairly big crowd had collected already, and a policeman was standing just by our front door telling people to stand back and move on, and conducting the proceedings generally. The fire had broken out, it appeared, on the second floor of the corner house, where Bostock, the big banker, lives, but it was not considered serious. That didn't prevent all the people in London from collecting in the streets to see the fun, nor the fire engines from coming up in swarms. I always think it is inspiring to see the greys dashing up, and hear the "Hi! hi! hi!" of the firemen. They were pretty smart in getting their horses out and setting to work, and I was thinking it was a really thrilling sight, when the policeman suggested to me that, if I put myself behind the front door and shut it, I might go to bed, or else put some clothes on.

As I was going up the stairs, I could have sworn that I saw someone scuttle down and dash into my flat. I hurried up and found that I was right. A man was standing flat against the wall in the passage, and as I entered, he shut the door behind him.

"Hallo! Who the deuce—" I said. "All right! All right!" said the fellow as coolly as possible. "Let's get inside," and he walked straight into my sitting-room.

"What the deuce are you doing in my maisonette?" I said.

"Oh!" says he, looking round him, "so this is a maisonette, is it? And pretty cosy, too, I'll be bound."

"Look here! Out you go!" said I.

"No, I sha'n't," he answered. "I like it. It's cosy."

"If you don't go yourself, I'll put you out!" I told him. I tell you I was angry.

"You couldn't 'ave the— Oh! all right, gov'nor. I was only goin' to say want of ospitality."

"Hospitality be hanged!" said I, and came for him.

Then he set his back against the door and flicked something out of his great-coat pocket.

The fire threw a light on the plated barrel of a revolver, and I retired—just a step or two.

"Things come in 'andy, jest when you least expects 'em to, don't they? I've often 'eard folks pass that remark, and they was quite ac'rit. This 'ere," said he, jerking up the pistol, "as bin the means of restorin' peace and brother'ood within the precincts of this maisonette. Now you sit down quiet by the fire and warm yer pore feet"—my feet were bare—"and then we'll 'ave a chat. Too dark for comfort, ain't it? 'Ave you a lucifer?"

I was furious, but I lit the gas and sat down by the fire. He sat opposite to me and looked at me with an encouraging smile. By the full light I could now see that he was a smallish, pale man, with a short, black beard and quick, beady eyes. He was dressed, as I happen to know, in a newish

suit of dark blue, ready-made clothes and an old black overcoat, and his hands were very dirty.

"Now you and me must 'ave a talk. It's what I've bin wanting ever since you asked me into this 'ere—what did you call it? Excuse me," he added, as he stirred the fire with the poker. "I 'aven't known yer for seven years, 'ave I? That's my misfortune, through bein' otherwise engaged durin' the better part of that time. But intimacy don't go by time, does it, I ask you?"

"You aren't going to stop here all night!" I said. "It ain't inconvenient, I do 'ope?" he answered, with affected consternation. "If I'd 'a known that, I shouldn't 'ave made my arrangements; but bein' made—oh, dear! oh, dear!"

"Look here!" I began.

"Look 'ere, you mean," he broke in, producing his infernal pistol again. "I did not think that I should 'ave to interdoce this means of restorin' peace and 'armony to this 'ere what-d'ye-call-it again. I'm bound to stop—per'aps for a day or two," he said, more seriously; then added to himself: "Still, time is time."

"For a day or two! Good gracious!" thought I "this is too horrible!" Then a thought struck me.

"You've come to rob me, I suppose," I said. "Well, why can't you take what you can get and clear out now?"

"To rob you!" he said, with a smile of amusement. "No, not much. You can preserve your goods in peace, as I've 'eard 'em say."

"Then what in Heaven's name have you come for?"

"Well, why shouldn't I tell you? But this is a dry picnic, ain't it? The key of the tantaliser is with you, I'm thinkin'. That's the ticket! And now for the soder and the glasses. I think I can trust yer to git 'em from the next room."

I put the things on the table, and he strolled round the room, commenting on the pictures and the photographs. The cheek of the fellow was consummate. He looked at my portraits one by one and clawed them all over with his dirty fingers. I have a lot of my sisters and my cousins and my aunts about the room, like other people.

"I'm afraid," he remarked, "that you're very wanderin' in your attentions. Now, this 'ere's abart my mark; but then I'm not partic'ler." It happened to be a portrait of Rosie Langton. "I'll keep it as a memento."

"Confound you!" said I. "Tut, tut!" said he. "'Ave a drink and soothe yerself. Can yer recommend these smokes? Yer take care of yerself pretty fair, I remawk."

He lit a cigar and passed me the box, then, sitting himself comfortably down in my easy-chair, remarked:

"I'm a gentleman."

That did not seem to need contradiction.

"Yes, I'm a gentleman, like you. I don't earn my livin'. I lives on what other people earns—not but what I don't have some trouble to git it. Tomorrow I shall be dressed as well as you, and a deuced sight better. It's jest a bit of luck—luck right through all along, and I'll tell yer all abart it. I've come to your what-you-call-it straight from No. 25, where Bostock the banker lives, you know. I was there by invitation."

I expect I looked incredulous.

"Not, as you might expect, from Mr. nor yet from Mrs. Bostock. They 'aven't the pleasure of my acquaintance. It was a very partic'ler little friend o' mine called Mary as arst me. Nice, innercent name, Mary, ain't it? You should see her, and then you could judge for yourself. Mr. Bostock's out of town—gorn away 'untin', and this mornin' 'e 'ad a bit of a tumble orf 'is 'orse and 'urt 'is bloomin' 'ead. Just see my luck. They sent for Mrs. Bostock by the telegraph, and she went orf in a 'urry. See my luck again. But the people in the room—that's the servant's 'all—didn't see no necessity for anticipatin' sorrer before it comes, so they give what Mr. 'Iggins calls a 'scratch affair.' 'Ole 'Iggins! It makes me laugh to think of 'im. So Mary arsts me if I could drop in without mindin' the want of ceremony, which I did not mind. See, luck all the way through. We 'ad a tolerable supper and plays games, and then I says I don't want to break the 'armony of the evenin', but my time was money in the mornin', so 'Good-bye and be good,' and Mary says she'll see me orf the premises. But when I got in the passage I farnd it wasn't quite so late as I thought it was, and so, instead of

'urryin' I took a sort of tour of inspection of the upper floors. I took a sort o' fancy to Mrs. Bostock's room in especial, and commenced to examine more partic'ler the pretty things about. I come by accident on some pretty bits of jewellery, and thinks 'ow careless not to 'ave sent 'em to the bank, bein' in the bankin' line too, and the lock of the drawer bein' a very unperfection-al bit of work. I was puttin' them carefully away, when Mary, 'oo'd bin seein' to things darn below, come out all flustered like women git, and says: 'Art with the light!' and I arts it. Then she told me that they were up to playin' 'Ide and Seek' all over the 'ouse, and some of 'em were comin' upstairs there and then. 'Ere's a 'ole come through my luck,' thinks I. Why, mister, you 'aven't got a glass of anythink."

I poured out a liberal dose of whisky. "Well?" I said.

He continued: "Can I slip darn and art through the 'all-door?" I says. 'The 'all's 'ome,' says she, 'an' Mr. 'Iggins is a-sittin' there along of 'is friend seein' all fair.' 'I must 'ide,' says I, 'like the rest of 'em.' Then she began to cry and go on as 'ow they was comin' immediate, and she couldn't git things straight without a light, and dursn't light one, and I was leavin' 'er in the lurch. The room was rather untidy on account o' my experiments, and I saw that we was abart done if any of 'em came up and 'ad the idea of 'idin' there. We 'eard 'em gigglin' and whisperin' on the stairs, silly idjits. Then an idea struck me on a sudden. 'I 'ave it,' says I. "We must have a conflagration."

"The fire!" I exclaimed. I had forgotten it. "You've guessed it in once. 'If you think they're comin', says I, 'you put a light to them 'ere curtains and run darnstairs. The room'll be burnt out, and no one won't know anythink abart them things bein' missin'. I'll look after myself.' 'What'll you do?' says she. 'I'm hanged if I know!' says I. 'There's a trap-door on top of the 'ouse in case o' fire,' says she, 'and you can let darn the ladder and unbolt the door, and there'll you be.' 'Yes, there I'll be,' says I; 'but 'ow am I to git darn again?' 'I'll let you know when all's quiet again,' she says, and then we 'eard 'em coming up to look for them as 'ad 'id, so I runs up the stairs and waits a bit. They must 'a' come up to the second floor, for I heard Mary 'oller 'Fire!' and them rushin, abart' so I let darn the ladder, undid the trap, and was on the roof in a jiffy."

I began to feel as excited as if I had been escaping myself.

"I don't know if you're the same as me," he continued, "but I think a fire's a most interestin' and amusin' occurrence. I knew I was pretty safe on top, and could soon slip along if the 'eat got 'otter than what I like, so I enjoyed myself. 'Luck come right again,' thinks I. But then the idea come into my 'ead that firemen usually git on top of 'ouses, 'Eaven only knows why, but I'd noticed it, 'avin' bin at a good many fires professionally. Not wishin' to interfere with dooties, I moves along a bit your way. Now I'll tell yer somethink. The trap-door on the top of your 'ouse ain't in what I should call proper condition. I come through it quite easy. I thought I'd come darn through your 'ouse and art into the street, but I 'eard talk at the front from over the bannisters, and I thought of a noo idea."

"You'd better think of the old one again, then," said I. "That seems to me to be the safest thing you could do."

"You speak without thinkin'; that's where you make the mistake," said he, helping himself to another whisky-and-soda. "You go to the winder and 'ave a look."

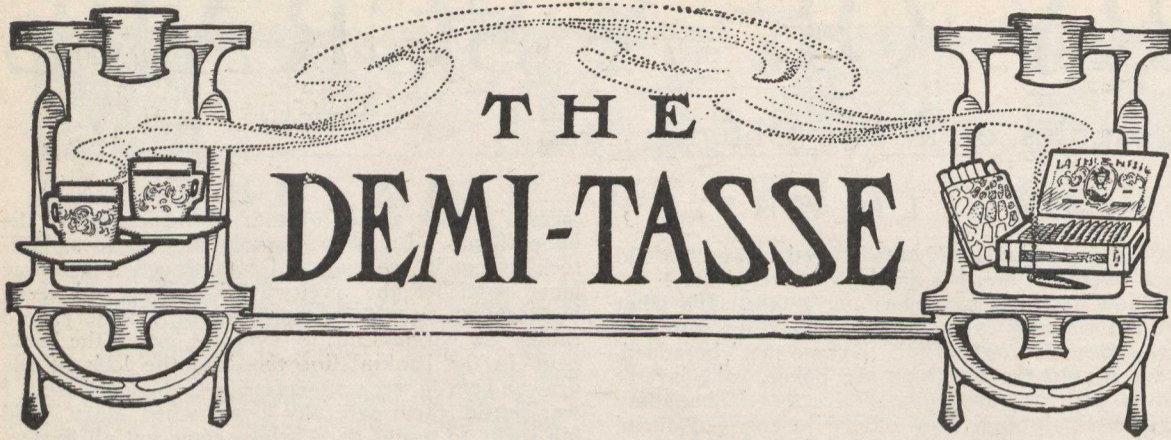
He had taken the command so thoroughly that I simply did as he said. I went to the window and saw that there were still people about, including three or four policemen. I told him so.

"Suppose," said he, "that my little game of fire-works didn't work quite right, and they've found the things missin', they'll 'ave a description of 'oo as in the 'ouse to-night, and perhaps out there there is one or two would know me as I don't know. I'm like the Prince of Wales that way—more knows me than I know. And comin' out at this time o' night looks curious to anyone waitin' outside, don't it? They'd as like as not look me up and down. No, I think I'll 'ave to look a bit different than what I went in like, and then I'll step out in the mornin' and 'ave all open and above-board."

"What are you going to look like?" I asked.

(Continued on page 21)





# THE DEMI-TASSE

## A CREDULOUS CITIZEN.

**M**R. ALEXANDER SAVINE is a vocalist of ability who came from Belgrade on the Danube, across the Atlantic and Eastern Canada, to Winnipeg, to add distinction to the growing musical circles of the Prairie Capital. Mr. Savine is acquiring a working knowledge of the King's English and has a picturesque gift of comparison. The other day his ears became frozen, and he afterwards remarked to a friend: "Next day my ear lak gramophone."

Talking with a Toronto citizen, who asked him how he liked Winnipeg, he said: "Fine town! Fine town! One-hundred-and-feefty-seven thousand people this town in."

"Nonsense!" cried the Toronto man, "about ninety-five thousand." The new Westerner was much disturbed.

"No, no! Meester Mayor Evans himself told me—one-hundred-and-feefty-seven thousand."

The listeners laughed heartily at this excellent authority, but Herr Savine could not see the joke. Then he added: "And Meester Roblan, the premier, he tell me also one-hundred-and-feefty-seven thousand." There was even a more boisterous shout of laughter at this additional testimony. But Herr Savine was utterly unable to understand why the Mayor and the Premier could not be considered ultimate and unprejudiced authorities. Great is the epidemic quality of Western belief in "our town!"

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## A KINDLY COUNCIL.

**T**HE Municipal Clerk in one of the fairest spots of Eastern Canada recently announced his intention to enter upon the holy estate of matrimony. Whereupon, the following entry was made in the municipal minutes.

"Whereas our Municipal Clerk has requested that he be granted two weeks holidays and whereas he has promised to attend the sessions of the Union of Municipalities, and whereas we have it on good authority that he has given a promise to attend another and more important union in which he will undoubtedly receive much of value and weight to bring back with him: *Therefore, Resolved:* That his request be granted on the understanding that



A Merry Widow Hat.—Life.

particulars of these events be given at the April Session. Passed."

\* \* \*

## SLIGHTLY AT VARIANCE.

**T**HE difficulties of theatrical censorship in Toronto might be considerable if one may judge from a few varied comments, such as the following on *Salvation Nell*:

"A fine play with profound moral teaching!"  
"If that play had been at the Majestic, they'd all have been run in."

"One of the best dramas of the season—must do good."

"Perfectly disgusting—no excuse for it."

\* \* \*

## WAS IT INTENTIONAL?

**I**N its issue of March 13th, the *Winnipeg Saturday Post* says: "Let these critics turn to the Kinrade murder and consider the failure of the Toronto police and law departments to find," etc. Talk about ignorance of Ontario geography! No writer in the *Effete East* could do much worse than this. To make Hamilton a suburb or a portion of Toronto is not only a geographical blunder, but it is distinctly bad business for the *Post*. Its Hamilton advertising will be cut off entirely. Nevermore will the Hamilton merchant consider the advantages of "space" in that Winnipeg weekly.

\* \* \*

## TRUE CHIVALRY.

**T**WO young ladies boarded a crowded street car and were obliged to stand. One of them to steady herself took hold of what she supposed was her friend's hand. They had stood thus for some time, when on looking down she discovered that she was holding a man's hand. Greatly embarrassed, she exclaimed, "Oh, I've got the wrong hand."

Whereupon the man with a smile stretched forth his other hand, saying: "Here is the other one, madam!"

\* \* \*

## TRUTHFUL.

**T**HE commercial traveller had been summoned as a witness, and the K.C. for the defence was cross-examining him, and eliciting many interesting details as to "exes," etc.

"You travel for Jobson, Hobson, Slobson & Co., don't you?" said the K. C.

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you been in their employ?"

"About ten years."

"And you have been travelling all that time, have you?"

"Well, no, sir," confessed the nothing-but-the-truthful witness, making a hasty mental calculation, "not actually travelling. I have put in about four years of that time waiting at railway stations."

\* \* \*

## A CURIOUS MEASURE.

"What is this Daylight Saving Bill?" asked an honest Canadian citizen.

"It looks to me like getting up earlier than you think it is, for the sake of going to bed later than is good for you," was the kindly answer.

\* \* \*

## NOT A SUCCESS.

**T**HE manager of the subscription-book department was telling some of his experiences. "The funniest case I remember," he said, "was that of an applicant for a job at book canvassing from whom I expected great things. He made a careful study of the literature we supplied him with and was very enthusiastic. Judge of my surprise when the first morning he went out, back he came and handed in his resignation."

"But you should not be so easily discouraged," I told him. "Few make a success at the start, and you acknowledge that you went into only two places."

"Only two," he said lugubriously. "One was a real estate agent, who persuaded me to sign a con-

tract for two lots in Fizzlehurst, and the other was a tailor, who sold me a suit of clothes I didn't want;" and, shaking his head mournfully, he mumbled 'Good-day,' and went out."—*Lippincott's*.

\* \* \*

## THE MARRIAGE LAW.

The *Buffalo Express* says: Advocates of the marriage license law of this State who would like to know how that law is working are referred to this advertisement in a Buffalo paper:

"Get married in Canada and avoid publicity. Take the rummy to Bridgeburg and go to —'s store for a marriage license."

\* \* \*

## THE ONLY WAY.

Sunday School Teacher—All the boys who want to go to heaven will please rise.

Willie Green—Why, teacher—excuse me—but that's the only way they can go to heaven.—*Bohemian*.

\* \* \*

## TWO OF A KIND.

**A** DISTINGUISHED specialist in Washington was called upon a week or two ago by an eminent government official for treatment for a nervous ailment.

"The first thing you must do," said the physician after an examination, "is to give up both smoking and drinking."

Whereupon the eminent official became real peevish. "Look here, doctor," he burst out, "now you're talking just like my wife!"—*Lippincott's*.

\* \* \*



## THE LIMIT.

"You never 'eard sich langwidge, and the names she called me! Well, even me own 'usband don't call me sich names."—*Windsor Magazine*.

\* \* \*

## DRILLING FOR "THE SEVENTEENTH."

Drill Instructor Casey: Now, min, yez will take one step to the rare, thin one to the front, thin one to the rare agin, an' yez'll be as yez were before yez were as yez are now!—*Life*.

\* \* \*

## QUITE COOL.

**S**HORTLY after his rise to the bench, says the *Argonaut*, Judge Coleman had occasion to pronounce a life sentence upon a notorious offender. In the course of his remarks, the Judge spoke with so much feeling and eloquence that many of the listeners were deeply affected. The prisoner, on the other hand, seemed to be quite indifferent, looking at the ceiling and apparently giving no attention whatever to what was being said. After he had been remanded to gaol, one of the young lawyers had gone into the cell, curious to know how the criminal had felt when His Honour was passing sentence upon him.

"What do you mean?" asked the convicted one.

"I mean when the Judge was telling you that you must go to prison for life."

"You mean when he was talking to me?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I never paid no attention to Dick Coleman; he ain't no public speaker nohow."



# PEOPLE AND PLACES

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

## THE STORY OF KAMLOOPS.

KAMLOOPS has decided to have a centennial. August of 1910, the town on the other side of the mountains will be a hundred years old. Kamloops was originally called Fort Thompson. Almost weird with romance is the story of the old fort settlement; the days when one factor of the fort challenged his brother-in-law, a wandering botanist, to a duel; days also of old John Tod, another factor who was a strategist to deal with the Shuswaps. The fort was built with room enough inside the stockade for the largest horse brigades with all their accoutrements. Pompous, warlike days of fur and red men; but now the modern town is as new as the newest, fashion and music and fairs and all sorts of modern fold-rols. In brief, the history of this hundred-year-old fort settlement called Kamloops is as follows:

Old Fort Kamloops was discovered in August, 1810, by David Thompson, astronomer of the Northwest Fur Company, on his overland journey from Montreal to Astoria, by way of the Yellowhead Pass. The Northwest Company was one of the pioneer fur trading institutions of this district, and afterwards amalgamated with the Hudson's Bay Company. Next upon the ground after Thompson was Alexander Ross, who, in 1812, conducted operations there on behalf of Astor's Pacific Fur Co.

After the coalition of the Northwest Company and Hudson's Bay Company, in 1821, the fur veteran, John McLeod, was in charge of the district from 1822 to 1826.

## SUGAR-MAKING SCIENTIFIC.

DOWN on the River Avon in South Perth there is a maple sugar camp which is a very scientific place and not at all like the haphazard, stuck-in-the-woods old bucket shop where the old folk used to make sugar and syrup. Mr. A. Mountain has a factory in his sugar bush that turns out two hundred and forty gallons of sap from four hundred trees. His evaporator is big enough to boil the sap from five hundred trees. His storage tank holds twenty barrels. The bush lies on the west and east side of the Avon so that some part of it gets the sun all day long and keeps the plant running to full capacity. The sap is gathered twice a day—horse and stone-boat and barrel. The sap is strained three times; average of boiling per day about twelve gallons. Sixteen barrels of sap are gathered in a single day. Two men are hired in the busiest part of the season. For his two hundred and forty gallons of syrup last year Mr. Mountain got a dollar and forty cents a gallon which amounts to a nice little "plunkey" as a mere side-line on the farm when there is not much else to do.

## SOMETHING IN A NAME.

PLACE names in Alberta are troubling the Edmonton News, whose editor sets forth how the modern march of progress and railways obliterates the fine old names that used to stick out so prominently in the talk of the trailmen even when nobody else knew how to find them on a map. The old pathfinders and baptisers of towns were not over particular about whether some other place a few hundred miles away got the same or a similar name. They had no worry about the march of progress and the coming of civilisation. So they called a place up on the Peace River "Fort Vermilion"; and somebody else called a river running into the Saskatchewan "Vermilion"—because that was a thing well known to the painting Indians—and now there is a town called "Vermilion" on the C. N. R. and somebody has suggested dropping the "Fort"

off the northern name—leaving a mix-up with two Vermilions. Similarly there were three Lobstick Lakes: one in Alberta, and one down at Keewatin, one near Lake of the Woods. But the Alberta lake must now be called Chip Lake. Keewatin has been afflicted with the horrible pseudonym "Kineynew." South somewhere also is a river called Kootenai and that has been confounded with Kootenay, B. C.; so that the former must now be called Watterton. But if there is a town in Canada that should be up and down glad to see its name changed, that town is surely Leavings in Southern Alberta. Whoever called that town Leavings?

## TOO MUCH JOHNSON?

VICTORIA, B. C., has as much regard for the nice proportions of things as any city in Canada. It happens that Victoria lies handy on Vancouver Island for the visitation of celebrities. The number and variety of prominent people who visit that English city is very large indeed. Of late the variety has been more marked than usual. Concerning one celebrity a writer in the *Colonist* delivers himself more or less cheerfully—with just a delicate intimation of "too much Johnson."

"Victoria probably got a greater advertisement yesterday in consequence of the arrival here from the Antipodes of Mr. Jack Johnson than it did on the occasion of the coming via the same route a few weeks ago of Lord Northcote, ex-Governor-General of Australia. Yesterday every newspaper in the world almost, of any consequence, had dispatches bearing a Victoria date giving the gist of an interview with the champion pugilist of the world, and we will wager that but comparatively few printed much on the occasion of the arrival here of one of the foremost British statesmen—which shows the sense of proportion possessed by the newspaper-reading public. Great is the man with a \$30,000 punch."

THE OLD-FASHION DOMINIE. MOST people are familiar with the schoolmaster who was so busy turning out great lives from his scholarship mill, that he had no time to become a great man himself. A few years ago, in Ontario at least, there were a large number of these old pedagogues who had never got a salary bigger than \$800 a year; men who had taught school till they got too old to learn anything else; who had been in half the school sections in the townships, dreaded, revered and misunderstood; of most of whom it might truthfully be said—

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,  
That one small head could carry all he knew."

For these old schoolmasters had not only the knowledge of books, and of human nature as represented by the young rustics and their parents, but they understood the whole technique of farming. They could have gone into the woods and hewed themselves out a good comfortable homestead. But they stuck to the old school-house, better known sometimes for what they were than for what they knew, and in so doing left themselves a record of great character—too often unappreciated by a commercial and political generation.

Such a man seems to have been old Nicholas Wilson of London, Ont., of whom the *Advertiser* says: "Nicholas Wilson died full of years and honours. Mr. Wilson's record of activity was something to marvel at. He entered the teaching profession in 1844 and continued in it until 1907. His career as an instructor of the young spanned three generations. In his later years he taught boys and girls whose grandparents had been his pupils."



Post Office recently opened at Regina—which is said to have more post office business than any other Town or City in the west, except Winnipeg.

20c. Each  
3  
for 50c.

**"OXFORD"**  
Newest smart English style, now so popular in London. 2 1/2 inches high at back. Also in CAMBRIDGE, 2 in. high. Demand  
**CASTLE BRAND**  
Some W. G. & R. Collar suits every taste and occasion. Quarter sizes.  
**W.G. & R. OF BERLIN**

**Puncture-proof TIRES**

on this  
**\$550**  
**Motor**  
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Tudhope-McIntyre Model H H is built on the lines of a buggy.  
High wheels, with solid rubber tires—no punctures, and trouble-proof.  
Speed, 5 to 25 miles an hour.  
Chapman double ball bearing axles—oil once a year.  
Entire Motor Carriage—motor, tires, etc., is fully guaranteed.  
12 horse power motor—two speeds forward and one reverse.

**Dealers**  
who can handle a reasonable number of these cars, write us at once for terms and territory.  
15 models from \$550. to \$1000. 4  
The Tudhope-McIntyre Co., Dept. R Orillia, Ont.

**Broderick's**  
**Business**  
**Suits \$22.50**

Worn from Coast to Coast

Write for samples and measurement chart  
DEPT "D"  
**FRANK BRODERICK & Co**  
TORONTO, CANADA

**VICHY**  
**CELESTINS**

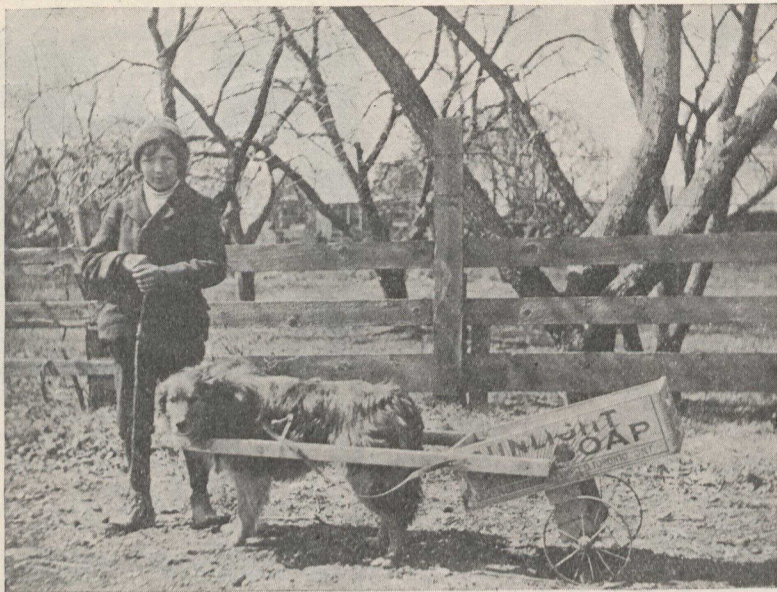
**Natural Alkaline Water**

Bottled at the Springs

A delightful table water with highly medicinal qualities  
Ask your Physician

**VICHY**  
**CELESTINS**





A Rest by the Wayside

## FOR THE CHILDREN

### THE WIND'S FUN.

By MAUD LINDSAY.

ONE day the wind blew through the town, and oh! how merry it was. It whistled down the chimneys, and scampered round the corners and sang in the tree tops. "Come and dance, come and dance, come and dance with me," that is what it seemed to say.

And what could keep from dancing to such a merry tune? The clothes danced on the clothesline, the leaves danced on the branches of the trees, a bit of paper danced about the street, and a little boy's hat danced off of his head and down the sidewalk as fast as it could go.

It was a sailor hat with a blue ribbon around it; and the ends of the ribbons flew out behind like little blue flags.

"Stop!" cried the little boy as it blew away; but the hat could not stop. The wind whirled it and whirled it and landed it at last right in the middle of the street.

"Now I'll get it," said the child, and he was just reaching his hand out for it when off it went again, rolling over and over like a hoop.

"Nobody can catch me," thought the hat proudly; "and I do not know myself how far I shall go."

Just then the wind whisked it into an alley, and dropped it behind a barrel there. When the little boy looked into the alley, it was nowhere to be seen.

"Where is my new sailor hat?" he cried.

"Ho! ho! I know," laughed the wind, and it blew behind the barrel, and fluttered the ends of the blue ribbon till the boy spied them.

"Hurrah!" said he; and he ran to pick up the hat in a hurry.

"The wind shall not get my new hat again," he said; and he put it on his head and held it with both hands all the way home.

But as for the clothes on the clothesline, and the leaves on the trees, and the bit of paper on the street, they danced on and on, till the wind blew away; and that is the end of my story. — *Kindergarten Review.*

\* \* \*

### GOSSAMER-BUILDERS.

By W. L. S.

UNCLE Rollo considered thoughtfully a moment before giving an answer.

"I can't really tell, Hester," he said, at last. "I haven't ever seen any my-

self, but, then, I haven't seen everything, by any means, you know."

Hester, from the footstool, nodded silently. Uncle Rollo's whimsical ways puzzled her sometimes, but he always explained things sooner or later, even if he did tease.

"I remember when I was about your age," he continued, looking down at her, "I used to believe firmly that there were fairies. You couldn't have convinced me that there were not."

The girl's eyes brightened. "That's what I—" she began.

"But I used to believe almost anything," said her uncle, "particularly because of my nurse, who had red hair."

He paused a minute, but Hester did not ask what red hair had to do with it, so he went on: "She would tell me that the gossamer on the grass was built overnight by the fairies. They did it to catch the dew to drink and to bathe in. Just before the sun came up, my nurse said, all of them would come out and have a grand time. The fairies would climb up the beams towards the sun, and splash each other and sing; and a lot of things like that," he concluded.

"How pretty!" cried Hester, nestling her footstool nearer.

"It was pretty," admitted Uncle Rollo, "and I used to think about the fairies whenever I went out before the gossamer disappeared in the morning. But I couldn't understand where the fairies went to, or what they were like, or why we shouldn't see them — just catch a glimpse of them, you know."

"I've wondered, too," said Hester. "Then one day I found out all about it," said her uncle. "It was spiders all the time."

"Spiders!" said Hester. "Ugh!"

"Not at all, Hester. It isn't polite to say 'Ugh!' at spiders, especially when they fool you into thinking that they are fairies, and build such very pretty things."

Hester looked her distress. "Do spiders really and truly make the gossamer, Uncle Rollo?"

He nodded. "Don't be afraid," he said. "They are little bits of spiders, you know. I never saw them, any more than I have seen fairies, but I know a man who has. They spin those threads out of their bodies, like regular spiders in the attic. These threads are very wonderful and fine and strong. They form nets, and they catch food in them."

"I know!" exclaimed the girl. "I've seen little white cones, just like funnels. Do they make those, too?"

"Surely," said Uncle Rollo. "And

they do another queer thing. You've read about the Indian magicians who throw a rope up in the air and send a boy up on it, and he disappears?"

She nodded.

"Of course that is a trick," said her uncle, "but these spiders do something very like it. They throw up a thread that the wind catches, and it flies out and up, like a kite. The spider clammers up along this rope, and sees what he can see. Of course, the rope is tied to the grass or something first."

"I should call him a fairy all the same," said Hester, after a pause. "Anything, even if it is only a spider, that can do things like that ought to be called a fairy."

"Then I can say that I believe in fairies," said Uncle Rollo.

"Then I can," said Hester, smiling. — *The Youth's Companion.*

\* \* \*

### IN DADDY'S BED.

By ANDREW BRAID.

All night I lie within my crib,  
Alongside daddy's bed,  
So snug and warm, and tucked in nice  
From feet right up to head.

But when the morning comes at last  
I jump in with my dad;  
And when he says, "Good morning,  
boy,"  
And kisses me, I'm glad.

He tells me stories, just like books,  
Of Joseph, Bruce, and Tell,  
And Daniel, Ali BaBa, and  
A whole lot more as well.

And when my daddy is at work,  
Alone, I play at some—  
I'm Samson when he goes away,  
And Bruce when he comes home.

And when we have a pillow fight,  
Goliath is his name,  
And mine is David; and we have  
Oh, such a jolly game!

I always beat him, 'cos I'm strong,  
Though I am only four,  
So strong dad says he thinks that I  
Could batter down a door.

And then I get the paper knife,  
And cut off daddy's head—  
Not really though, for if I did  
'Twould muss up all the bed.

I just pretend. Like David in  
The Bible picture-book,  
In which on Sundays after tea  
My daddy and I look.

And sometimes daddy lies quite still,  
And will not move or stir;  
He says I'm Lilly Pussy Ann,  
And he is Gully Vir.

He says that Gully Vir was big,  
Far bigger than a tree;  
And that the Lilly Pussy Anns  
Were littler far than me.

I crawl all over him, until  
Dad gives a great big shout,  
And tumbles me among the clothes  
And rolls me in and out.

But sometimes daddy feels so tired,  
He says his heart is sore;  
So I just cuddle in with him,  
And love him all the more.

And then he tells me of my mam,  
Who died long, long ago—  
I was only a baby then,  
And of course I did not know.

So dear old gran'ma to me 'tends;  
She's kind as she can be;  
But, oh, I often wish that mam  
Could come and play with me!

### BOVRIL Helps You to Eat

Because it contains all the stimulating properties of beef in a concentrated form. This excites the appetite and makes you hungry.

### BOVRIL Feeds You

Because it contains all the Albumen and Fibrin of the beef. These are the vital nourishing properties which make BOVRIL differ so essentially from all other preparations of meat.

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like to have your name and address so as to mail you a copy free. 5 lb. package 50c. at hardware stores.

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FORGINGS  
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In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier



**MONEY AND MAGNATES**

**Senator Cox and the G. T. P.**

There is an interesting little story in connection with the reasons that finally led Senator George A. Cox to become actively identified with the Grand Trunk Pacific project.

When Mr. C. M. Hays approached Senator Cox and asked him not only to accept a place on the Board of Directors of the new transcontinental railway, but also to be its first president, the Senator discussed the matter with Mrs. Cox and the latter tried to persuade him that he had been busy enough for the past forty years and there was not any need of his assuming any position that would mean so much additional work as the carrying out of such a vast project.

The Senator, with his mind always alert for big things, was inclined rather to the opinion that after his many and great successes, it would be a nice thing to round off his business career, as it were, with an active participation in the financial problems that would be attendant on the building of a new line of railways across Canada. When, however, Mrs. Cox had expressed her view, the Senator decided that he would not become actively identified with it and it was only after all the leading Grand Trunk interests as well as Sir Wilfrid Laurier had insisted that he should give the new project the benefit of his great experience, that he finally agreed to be chairman of the financial committee of the Board of Directors.

When the project was planned it was never thought the financial difficulties would become anything as great as they have been owing to the depression that set in about eighteen months ago, and a prominent banker remarked to me that the company, at different times, would have been in a very sorry plight had it not been for the resourcefulness of Senator Cox in knowing just what to do. The task has even been a greater one than the Senator ever thought it would be, but then it rather looks as though the solving of difficulties was one of the outstanding features of his success.

\* \* \*

**Leader of Montreal Market**

The Montreal Stock Exchange in all its history has never had such a generally acclaimed leader as Mr. Rodolphe Forget, who is now serving his second term as president of the Exchange.

For some years past Mr. Forget has practically been back of every upward movement in the market and when he gets busy on the Exchange he is a veritable "wizard." Endowed with a prodigious memory, Mr. Forget is the only member the Montreal Exchange has ever had who is able to go into the crowd on the middle of the floor and buy and sell thousands of shares of different stocks and then walk over to a desk and from memory record on his slips every purchase or sale he has made and the exact price at which he did so. To the ordinary mind this looks like an impossibility, but the correctness of Mr. Forget's slips when turned into the clearing house shows that he is not doing any guess work but that on the contrary he was justified in trusting his memory the way he did.

Where Mr. Forget shines most brilliantly is in handling a bull movement. When he gets going in a stock almost every member of the Exchange gets the fever and figures out that he, too, should go long of a little of that particular issue.

During the past few months, however, some of the younger members of the Exchange have been taking a more active part in different movements and the success they have obtained will surely result in their becoming more aggressive in the future.

\* \* \*

**Secret of Mr. R. J. Fleming's Success**

At a recent meeting of the Canadian Street Railway Association some of the representatives from the different cities were discussing, while at lunch, the success that Mr. "Bob" Fleming has had with the Toronto Railway since he was taken away from the City Hall by Mr. William Mackenzie. The particular reason why they were discussing it was that Mr. Fleming had not had the slightest experience in street railway or any other kind of railway work yet under his management the Toronto system had quickly become one of the finest on the continent. (Of course the average Torontonians does not think this but almost every visitor to the city after a few days is loud in his praises of the system.) After some little discussion one of the other managers who had had ample opportunity of seeing "Boss" Fleming at work up in his office at the corner of King and Church streets expressed the opinion that the main secret of his success had been his ability to quickly size up a man and get absolutely the best man available to take charge of the various departments. This applied not only to the more important departments such as the electrical engineering and operation but extended even to the superintendents who were to have charge of the various loops at the rush hours and see that the cars got off on their schedule time. And the manager added: "When Mr. Mackenzie took Mr. Fleming away from the City Hall most people thought it was because he had been fighting the street railway company too strenuously, but results have shown that the president knew the new general manager would quickly decide on a new plan of development and get around him the men who would enable him to carry it out."

Further, Mr. Fleming's success was probably due to the fact that he had no preconceived notions. He had not been brought up in the business, did not know what other companies had been doing, had never imbibed standardised methods, and came to his work with a free though well-trained mind. He overturned established methods without compunction. He made the old employees stare. Now he has their confidence and the satisfaction of knowing that his newer methods have in most cases been successful.

\* \* \*

**Market Ignores Wrecks**

It is rather a remarkable fact how the stock market has got in the habit of ignoring railway wrecks altogether. About ten years ago this was far from being the case and when a serious wreck occurred on any American railway the bears immediately got busy in Wall Street and would oftentimes hammer a stock down five or ten points.

Recently, however, when the big C. P. R. wreck occurred in Montreal and despatches were sent everywhere that the terrible accident would cost the C. P. R. a million dollars the stock did not fluctuate a fraction more than it had on any of the previous days. What is now the case with the C. P. R. is also almost equally true of the American lines.

COUPON.

**DEBENTURES COUPONS**

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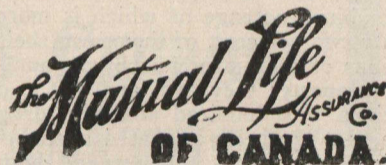
TRANSACTS A GENERAL TRUST BUSINESS.

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W. T. WHITE, Gen. Mgr

**\$54,694,882**

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



made very substantial gains in other departments of its business:

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

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

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## How it Feels to be a Negro

**M**R. ROBERT COLE, of the firm of Cole and Johnson, who are now on tour through Canada, in a musical play called "The Red Moon," to crowded houses, was asked by a representative of the *COURIER* "How it felt to be a negro."

"Before I answer your question, I would like to cite a little coincidence that happened to me, once when Johnson and I with our company were playing 'The Red Moon' in a town where there was situated a large coal mine. I took a trip down in the mine. I had heard a great deal about the many dangers in a coal mine, the deadly gases, the explosions, the cave-ins, etc., and I must admit I did not envy the coal miners' lot. Still I know that it was a part of the plan of Nature to hide the coal down there, but it seemed to me somewhat unreasonably cruel and unjust.

"I said to myself, 'I would not be a coal miner for anything.'

"I asked one old gray-haired man in the mine how it felt to be a coal digger. With a happy look on his face, he answered, 'Well, I've been one so long, it kinder feels natural.' Now I am like the miner. I have been a negro so long that it feels quite natural.

"The most painful inconvenience of the negro is not being able to get employment, 'because he is a negro.' No matter how proficient an artisan, when he applies for a position at mill or factory, he will invariably run

up against the other stock phrase, 'We've got all the men we need.' Of course there are notable exceptions, gentlemen like Mr. Carnegie of the United States Steel Company, Mr. Rockefeller of the Standard Oil and others whom I might mention, care nothing for or about a man's colour, but seven-eighths of the captains of industry throw up the invisible barrier of prejudice.

"You ask me 'how it feels to be a negro.' Well, I can recall one time in my life when I felt very much embarrassed on account of it. It was in London, England. It happened that we were honoured by the Royal command to sing for His Majesty King Edward, their Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales at the Elizabethan Fete at Lincoln Field Inn, given under the auspices of the Duchess of Devonshire, for the benefit of the King's Hospital Fund. Present on this occasion was an eminent sociologist who on learning that we were American negroes, invited us to attend a dinner given by England's most eminent sociologists, scientists and literary men. We attended, of course.

"They entered into the discussion of an article just published in a London daily, called 'The Marvellous Progress of the American Negro.' One gentleman spoke and said in part:

"We have with us to-night two young members of a race of people whose progress in the forty years of their freedom from slavery, stands without a parallel in the history of the civilised world. Four millions of them were liberated by the Emancipation Proclamation of Abraham Lincoln in 1865, in absolute ignorance and poverty. In forty years they have reduced their illiteracy from 100 to 44 per cent., and from abject pauperism they have by their thrift acquired \$500,000,000 worth of taxable property. They own

and operate forty-seven banks, a score or more of well-established insurance companies, they own 177,000 farms (the combined acreage of which is more than Belgium and Holland combined), twenty-two per cent. of them own their own homes; of the ten millions, seven millions of them are church communicants, owning \$27,000,000 worth of church property; they own and edit two hundred creditable newspapers and magazines, two hundred and fifty drug stores, and scores of other creditable businesses are being operated by them. There is numbered among them 32,000 graduates from colleges and high schools of learning. They have excelled in athletics and college oratory, produced world-renowned educators, ministers, orators, poets, painters, sculptors, journalists, actors, singers, all in forty years, and from abject poverty and ignorance. It is simply marvellous. It sounds like a tale from the Arabian Nights. And mind you,' he continued, 'all this they have accomplished in spite of injustices heaped upon these poor, down-trodden people by the American white man, on account of a bitter race hatred against them.'

"I was embarrassed beyond any description, not so much so because I was one of the race who had made such marvellous progress, but mainly because for the first time in my life I had been placed in a position to defend the American white man. When I assured them that the abuses heaped against my people by the white man of America were not half so bad as had been pictured, they were somewhat astounded; even more so were they shocked when I told them that every white man in the United States and Canada who had ever amounted to anything was friendly towards my people.

"Nor do I feel ruffled up with pride because my race has produced such able educators as Booker T. Washington, Kelly Miller, Burkhart Duboise, Prof. Scarborough; such ministers as Bishop Turner, Bishop Gaines, Bishop Payne, Bishop Walters, the Rev. C. T. Walker; such public men as Judge Terrell and Ralph Tyler; such poets as Wheatley, Dunbar, Braithwaite and James W. Johnson; such painters as H. O. Tanner; such sculptors as Rudin, pupil of Miss Warwick; such journalists as Minkins, Fortune, Crosby and Walton; such able women as Mary Church Terrell, Lucy Laney, Jane Bates and Mrs. Booker T. Washington.

"You ask me how it feels to be a negro. When I consider the above facts and regard the Great Plan of Nature designed by the Great Ruler of the Universe, I must answer, like the coal digger answered me: 'I've been one so long it kinder feels natural, and I've got so used to it now I wouldn't be anything else.'



Mr. Robert Cole.



Mr. Johnson.



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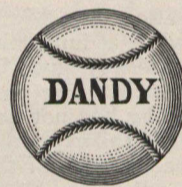
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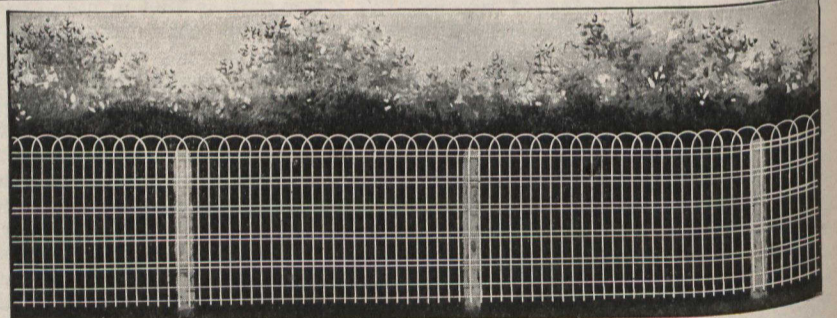
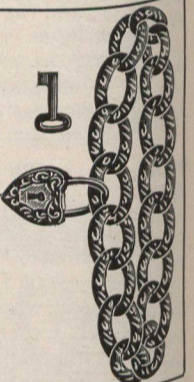
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# The Story of a Scrape

(Continued from page 15)

"Like you."  
 "Hang it!" said I.  
 "And not so bad, either—for a little feller!" he remarked.  
 This was rather too much. I could have kicked the fellow, and would have, but that he had a way of keeping his hand in his great-coat pocket. As it was, I sat still and glared at him while he smoked serenely on.  
 The fire had died down and it was extremely cold. My hands and feet grew numbed, and so did my brain, as I sat on watching for his next move. At last I could no longer hold my thoughts and I fell asleep.

I don't know how long I slept, but when I awoke I found the chair opposite to me empty. A great feeling of relief came over me as I thought that I had only dreamed about the scoundrel, but I was quickly disillusioned by a laugh from my bedroom.

My overnight visitor came in, carrying in his arms my very newest and most satisfactory suit of clothes. "Ullo!" was his greeting—"woke up, 'ave yer? It's lucky it was you that went to sleep, and not me, ain't it? I'm goin' to take the loan of these."

"Not those," I said; "anything but those. They are brand new and the best I've got."

"Then they'll be good enough for me," he said with a grin. "If I'm going to represent yer, I should like to do yer credit."

I could only sit and fume with indignation.  
 "Now," he said, "I'm abart to make my toilet."

"But they'll be coming up to do the room directly," I objected.

"Then you must send 'em away. Pretend—oh! pretend anything you like. And now I want your kind assistance. Let's see, there's water—'ave to have it cold, I suppose—shavin' things—shirt—socks—and anything else you can suggest."

He stood by the table and put the pistol elaborately in front of him, while he divested himself of his clothes.

To see a grimy scoundrel shave with your razor and dress in your linen, nearly burst your boots and split up your waistcoat, is trying; but when you know that these preparations are likely to land you in a most serious danger, they become unbearable.

In the middle of all this, Mrs. Jones, who attends to my rooms, came up, and I had to shut the door of my flat in her face with a wildly muttered excuse. I don't know what on earth she thought of me.

At last he was dressed and was surveying himself with satisfaction in the looking-glass. He had elected to take his own overcoat, in the pockets of which the jewels were, I suppose.

"I don't think no one'll recognise it, thrown over the arm sort of negligay," he remarked, and prepared to go. It seemed the greatest joy I had ever experienced.

"Oh! I forgot," he said. "Proof of identity is what I want, o' course. What shall I 'ave?"

He glanced at the dressing-table and saw one or two letters lying there. Among them were two from Annette.

"These'll do fine," he said, and prepared to pocket them.

Then, as I have just explained to Annette, I made an impassioned appeal to his manhood. I told him he had taken my clothing and drunk of my whisky, and I had said nothing. To which he replied that I blooming well couldn't! I told him that he was exposing me to dangers of the most serious kind and suspicions of the most damaging nature, and he



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# WHEAT

said that it was no worse for me than it was for him. The logic of that, I said, I would not dispute, but I asked him to ransack my maisonette and take whatever pleased him, but to spare the letters. He merely said "Pickles!" and—would you believe it?—Annette just now said something very much of the same sort.

"Ah! and there was Tottie's photo, too—wasn't there?—which I was going to take as a memento of this 'ere maisonette," he said, as he took the photograph of Rosie Langton from his discarded coat and put it in with the letters. "Well, ta-ta!" and he laughed as he went down the stairs.

I was indescribably relieved by his departure, and I could not forbear watching from my window his exit into the street. At the corner of the square was a policeman, who looked at him, as I thought, curiously, as he walked jauntily along with the coat flung over his arm, and then followed him round the corner. Immediately I had a relapse from my pleasure at knowing he was gone, and began to be tormented with suspicions.

I made things as clear as I could in my rooms, and, summoning Mrs. Jones, demanded breakfast.

"Dear me, sir!" she said, "I thought I see you go out 'arf an hour back!"

"Good gracious!" I thought, "this is the beginning of it."

Mrs. Jones brought up the morning paper with the breakfast things, and I snatched at it eagerly. No news, I thought, would be good news. The fire might have destroyed all traces of the theft, and we—I actually thought "we"—could move about the world without a breath of suspicion blowing on us.

I have noticed that if there is something you want particularly to see in the paper, you have to search page after page, and finally, after a quarter of an hour's search, the paragraph turns up in a column you could have sworn that you glanced down half a dozen times at least. Of course, on this occasion the first thing that met my eye was—

**BURGLARY IN X SQUARE.**

Nothing about the fire! I eagerly read the paragraph. It ran:

"Last night burglars broke into No. 25, X Square, the town residence of Mr. Bostock, the principal partner in the banking firm of Bostock, Binns and Bostock. It appears that in the afternoon Mrs. Bostock was summoned to the bedside of her husband, who, we regret to say, met with a somewhat serious accident while hunting in Leicestershire, and the house was left in the charge of the servants. It is a fortunate occurrence that they should have stayed up somewhat late yesterday night, anxiously awaiting news of their master's condition, or the burglary might have gone entirely unnoticed. Our representative learnt from Mr. Higgins, Mr. Bostock's house-steward, that late last evening, as some of the maidservants were going up to bed, it was discovered that Mrs. Bostock's bedroom was on fire. Prompt assistance was given by the servants themselves and others, and the fire was already almost extinguished when the fire engines appeared on the scene. On entering the room it was found that numerous drawers had been rifled, and it is believed that Mrs. Bostock's jewels have all been carried off, the fire being probably caused by the burglars, in their alarm at the approach of the servants, dropping a light upon some inflammable material. We have no further news to hand, but the police, who were immediately communicated with, are making diligent inquiries."

That began the wretchedest day I ever spent. After breakfast I walked out with the firm determination of giving the policeman at the corner the full benefit of my knowledge. But

the policeman did not happen to be at the corner, and I strolled on. It was some time before I came upon a member of the force, and by that time, whether it was from some odd compunction which made me want to give the fellow a chance, or from the idea that it was too late to do any good by giving information now, or from the memory of the close proximity of a loaded revolver, I had made up my mind not to say anything at all about it.

When I reached Regent Street, a placard of an enterprising evening paper warned me of new discoveries. I read that the trap-door had been found to be open, and shuddered. In the next edition there were stories of a suspicious character having been in the house last night. I groaned as I read them. The fifth edition gave a tolerably accurate description of my visitor and me, and I had a fit of despair. The police had a clue. In the "specials" was news of an arrest. I hurried home and found that I was wanted at the police-station.

Now this is how I stand. The Law looks upon me with suspicion, pooh-poohs the pistol, throws doubt upon my intrepidity (before unquestioned) and thinks my behaviour unworthy of a citizen. If I escape being taken up as an accessory after the fact, it is as much as I can hope for.

And then there is Annette — Annette is furious at my having given up her letters, and won't listen to reason for a moment. The presence of Rosie Langton's photograph in the same pocket as the letters has also been the subject of a most disagreeable conversation between us, and she treats my simple and true explanation with contemptuous incredulity. In short, I'm in an awful scrape all round.

But what would you have done in my place?

**MORE ABOUT BREAD.**


(Ottawa Journal)

WHEN a loaf of bread reaches the household table, its cost has included not merely human labour utilised in connection with the machinery of a flour mill, or of even both a flour mill and a farm. The loaf represents also wide-reaching considerations of the value of land, the material cost of fertilizers, buildings, transportation, and rent, and the cost of the brains occupied in operating the latter matters. The cause of Socialism, which is in principle a noble and admirable cause, is desperately unfortunate in the absurdity of statement of many of its advocates. We suppose no one feels this more than the really intelligent and broad-minded Socialists.

**THE TRUTH ABOUT FRUIT.**

(Vancouver World.)

THE fruit-growers of British Columbia want the same rate in-t-o Winnipeg as is enjoyed by the Ontario fruit-growers. The rate on apples and pears from the Okanagan to Winnipeg is quoted as 75 cents per hundred, while the rate from Ontario to Winnipeg is given as 55 cents per hundred. This difference is serious, and its importance becomes fully apparent when it is remembered that the cost of production and of living in British Columbia are both considerably higher than in the East. The Dominion Express Company grants identical rates east and west. On the other hand, it is contended that the reason why British Columbia growers do not do more business in Winnipeg and the Northwest is not the competition of Ontario growers, but the competition of the growers of Washington and Oregon, who, it is stated, dump second-grade fruit into Winnipeg at prices which are tempting to the dealers.



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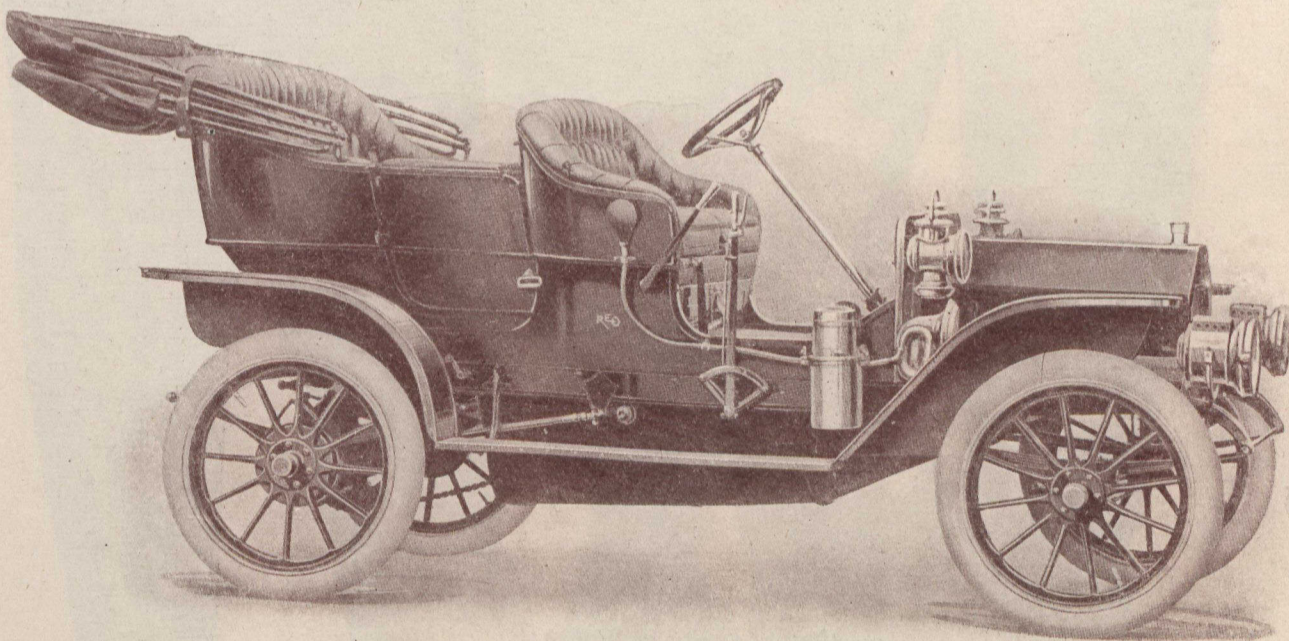


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