

Vol. VI, No. 20

October 16th, 1909

Price 10 Cents

The Canadian **C**ourier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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“AUTUMN”

Drawn by Ivor R. Lewis.

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

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Magazine Literature

¶ The long Autumn evenings are here and with them comes leisure for reading. Lord Bacon's remark that "reading maketh a full man" must have been prophetic of the days of the Magazine Club List. We are living in those days. It is certain that means must be found to meet the growing demand for current literature of the highest sort. To place some tempting propositions before the reading public is the purpose of this announcement. It concerns principally American periodicals; a Canadian list will follow later.

¶ Following are eight clubbing propositions. The publisher's price is given and below is given our combination price. As well as new subscribers to the Canadian Courier renewal subscriptions will be allowed in the club. You may choose any one of the eight.

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7.00

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Canadian Courier - - \$3.00
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Harper's Bazaar - - 1.35
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Our Combination Price \$5.55

¶ They certainly are interesting, are they not? Looks as if one of the combinations should be in your home. Should the combination not strike your fancy write us and we will provide you with what you want. We can suit all varieties of taste.

¶ So much the better if you write TO-DAY. Address

COURIER Clubbing List
12 Wellington St. East
TORONTO

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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Editor's Talk

AUTUMN, although somewhat delayed, has arrived. The indications are falling chestnuts and golden-coloured leaves. It was therefore fitting that this week's issue of the Canadian Courier should have a cover in keeping with Nature's change of mood. Mr. Ivor Lewis has embodied the idea in picture with rare skill. Only a Canadian artist is able to do this perfectly—the artist who works on pure theory is never quite successful.

MAY we again remind our readers that we are dependent upon their kindness for the success of our advertising pages. Every reply to an advertisement which appears in this journal is a boost. Modern advertising is largely based on the number of replies received. In the past our readers have been most faithful in this respect and have seldom failed to mention the Courier when writing. We have no complaints to make, but we take this opportunity of thanking our friends and to assure them that we will appreciate all future courtesies of this nature. Direct advertising to the consumer is getting more popular with both advertisers and consumers. The customs of the United States are being duplicated here. Advertisements are not yet as freely answered in Canada as in the Republic, but the habit has grown enormously in recent years. If it were not so, the advertising columns of such papers as ours would be less freely patronised.

NEXT week's issue will be decorated with a Hunting cartoon done as usual by a Canadian artist. As we have said so often before, every set of cover plates used to embellish the Canadian Courier is made in Canada. No other periodical is able to say that every element in its make-up is of Canadian production.



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E THE T. EATON CO LIMITED TORONTO CANADA E



T H E

Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL. 6

Toronto, October 16th, 1909

No. 20

MEN meet disaster in different ways. Defeat is usually very valuable if the defeated person knows how to take advantage of it. It is not only salutary but it is wonderfully instructive. The few who recognise this and try to study out the reasons for the disaster which has overtaken them, will usually make a great success of their next essay with fortune.

Two friends of the writer of these paragraphs met defeat recently. One had wealth, a good name, prominent social position, and a splendid business connection. He made a great mistake of judgment in some recent financial transactions and lost the accumulations of a short life-time. Others have done the same and have begun again. He had not the courage to do so, and he took the short route out. Apparently he could not face the battle a second time and did not recognise that defeat is to many a valuable asset.

The other possessed an important position, a standing in his profession which was practically unequalled, a large salary which indicated ability, a well-stored mind and accumulated information. In a moment of carelessness and curious bravado, he jeopardised that position—and lost the standing which represented the labour of many years. Though broken and dispirited, he refused to consider the short route out. He faced the disaster manfully, calmly worked out the lessons it might be expected to teach him, and decided to begin all over again.



ANY person who will examine the careers of some of the most respected and most successful men of to-day in Canada's largest cities will discover that most of them have at some time or other met with disastrous defeat. They recognised, however, that a campaign consists of more than one battle, and that a general may be defeated in one or more battles and yet win the campaign. They learned the lessons which defeat taught them and went on with their work in the light of their dearly gained wisdom. According as the lessons were poorly or thoroughly learned, they made moderate or magnificent successes.

The majority of men go through life without risking much, and without doing anything which is worth recording. Therefore the majority of men never meet with one of these crushing disasters. The man who does not risk, cannot lose. It is the man who risks much who loses much or wins much. A nation of men who risked nothing would not accomplish a great deal. Let us therefore be glad because of the man who risks his all on a single judgment, and let us not judge him harshly if he loses. Men should be judged not by the single battle, but by the campaign. Let us also sympathise generously with the defeated general who rallies his scattered forces, recuperates them as best he may, and begins to frame plans for a second encounter with fate.



THAT the new Canadian Navy is not to "hang fire" as long as the late Mr. Prefontaine's naval militia, is proved by the arrival at Ottawa of two British naval officials. Commander Stewart will be chief of staff and Mr. Long will be staff paymaster. These two officials are to take up the preliminary work, the framing of a new navy act and naval regulations, and the advising and instructing of the about-to-be-created Canadian naval officials. Just what Admiral Kingsmill is to do is not announced, but he will probably busy himself with the plans for the future naval shipyard and the future Canadian-built naval vessels.

The presence of these two tried and tested British officials is the first evidence that the Hon. Mr. Brodeur intends to keep politics out of the new department. If he will allow these gentlemen and the Civil Service Commission to examine and report on all candidates for appointment to the naval branch of the civil service,

REFLECTIONS

By STAFF WRITERS

we will be sure of having men who will see that the money voted by Parliament is not frittered away, as it has been too often in the past. Here's hoping that the one or two reactionist English-speaking members of the Cabinet will not be able to obstruct Mr. Brodeur's excellent and efficient programme.



A YEAR ago, any one who had prophesied that the Canadian Cabinet would be busy within a twelve-month framing plans for a Canadian naval shipyard, for an extension of naval docks and coaling stations, and for the building of a fleet of Canadian-made war-vessels, could have been considered a fit and proper candidate for admission to a lunatic asylum. Yet, the lunatics of yesterday are sometimes the wise men of to-morrow. The Ottawa newspaper correspondents are striving manfully to explain to us that the unexpected has happened and that a great, for Canada, naval programme will shortly be announced. They have a little information. They see new faces moving about the familiar avenues on Parliament Hill. They hear of unusual correspondence with men skilled in creating modern aquatic engines-of-war. They learn of unusual activities in civil service investigation into naval possibilities. They put all these shadows of real information into their vague despatches. Summarised, this means that something definite is nearly accomplished and that shortly the public will hear the facts.

A navy cannot be built in a day but Canada already has some of the pre-requisites. The dry-docks at Halifax, Levis and Esquimalt are three of these. Another dry-dock at Montreal or Quebec will probably round out this part of the programme for the present. There are small shipyards on the Atlantic and the Pacific which may easily be enlarged. An admiral, a cruiser and one naval cadet may easily be enlarged to two admirals, several commanders, captains, lieutenants and cadets, with several cruisers. In three years' time, Canada will have a small navy which will be a symbol and a guarantee of her national importance, as well as an acknowledgement of her intention to bear more and more of the imperial naval burden.



SOME time last year, the Canadian Courier, the Toronto *World* and other journals took up the question of the new issue of Canadian Pacific Railway Company stock and the price at which it should be sold. All previously issued stock had been sold at par or less, and sold only to the then shareholders. It was suggested in these columns that if the new stock were sold primarily at public auction, it would bring from \$125 to \$150 a share, and that under these circumstances it would be unwise of the Company to offer it to their shareholders only at par. The agitation was successful to a certain degree. The stock is to be issued at \$125 to shareholders only, at the rate of one new share for every five shares now held. If thirty million shares are issued, this means that the Company will get 7½ million dollars more for it than if it were issued at par.

Just why the public is interested in the price at which new C. P. R. stock is sold may be repeated. By a clause in the charter, the carrying charges made by the Company on its traffic cannot be revised by the Government, that is the Railway Commission, until such time as the Company pays a ten per cent. dividend. The higher the price received for new shares, the sooner the Company will be in a position to pay ten per cent. It is paying seven now; an increase to ten per cent. cannot be long delayed if the present good management continues. When this point is reached, freight rates between Eastern and Western Canada will be lowered not only on the C. P. R. but on the other transcontinentals. Hence the public interest, and hence the newspaper agitation of last year.

The C. P. R. directors are to be congratulated on their voluntary recognition of the public sentiment on this question. They have dis-

appointed some of their greedier stockholders but they have shown themselves capable of deciding between private greed and public responsibility. They have not gone as far as they were asked to do in the public interest, but the compromise is sufficiently fair to be deserving of some commendation. When the next issue is made, perhaps the directors will make another forward step and issue it at \$150. When that issue is ready C. P. R. should be selling at \$200, and \$150 would be a reasonable minimum for new stock.



EXTREMELY curious it is how slowly old ideas give way to new. In that excellent periodical, the *London Bystander*, September 29th, there is a picture of Lord Strathcona's new motor-car and the title under the illustration is "A Car for a Great Colonial." Not content with emphasising the word "colonial," the inscription goes on to tell that Lord Strathcona is "High Commissioner for Canada, which Dependency his lordship is at present visiting." And this, too, at a time when we are making plans for building a navy! Dependency, forsooth!

Speaking at Portage La Prairie to the Canadian Club the other evening, Mr. M. E. Nichols, editor of the *Winnipeg Telegram*, repeated the Right. Hon. Mr. Balfour's recent remarks at the Press Conference:

"There was a time when the relation of this country and the offshoots of this country were like the relations between parent and child. But let every man who hears me, who comes from any colony, understand that no politician of any party in this country holds that view any longer. Everybody recognises, so far as I know, that the parental stage is over. We have now reached the stage of formal equality and nobody desires to disturb it."

That is a view which is much more pleasing to Canadians. Perhaps Mr. Balfour would be good enough to send a copy of his remarks to the *Bystander* office so that the education of its editorial staff will be brought up to date. That word "dependency" should be used more carefully by all well-informed British journalists.



BY the way, the address by Mr. Nichols at Portage is worthy of special notice. Its title was "The New Canadianism" and the speaker explained that his Canadianism involved Imperialism. He defined Imperialism as the idea of Empire as opposed to the idea of nation; it embodies the larger national outlook as opposed to the restricted national outlook. Imperialism was larger than nationalism and included it. Canadians are Canadians still, even though keen Imperialists. "To believe in Imperialism is to believe that Canada's destiny lies in her development as a state within the British Empire."

In developing his argument, Mr. Nichols remarked that the nineteenth century was the century of nations, but the twentieth century would be the century of empires. The smaller countries are falling to the rear; the groups of states or nations, known as empires, are forging to the front. Canada's one safe course is to go forward as an integral part of the British Empire. Only by such a course can she secure permanent safety and the greatest measure of progress.

So far most of us can agree with Mr. Nichols. When he went farther and advocated a more tangible definition of our relations with the Empire he took more debatable ground. Those enthusiasts who desire to have our duties and obligations and rights of an imperial nature carefully defined and unequivocally set down in print are searching for trouble. The undefined relation, resting on admiration, good-will and mutual interest, is just as potent and much less irksome than a well defined relation. There is always a danger in reducing love, affection and mutual esteem to definite words and phrases. There is a loss in flexibility and in adaptiveness. The unwritten British constitution is just as effective and much less irksome than the written United States constitution. The unwritten Imperial constitution, now growing freely and vigorously, will be sufficiently definite to meet the needs of the succeeding years. Canadians who are overzealous in trying to define our relations with the British group of states are doing considerable harm to the great cause which they have at heart.



SOME wise men there were among those who gathered at the eighty-fifth annual meeting of the General Board of Missions of the Canadian Methodist Church which met recently at Ottawa. They actually had the good sense to stand up and boldly declare that the Church was recreant to its trust amongst the newer immigrants. Some one pointed out that in the West there were 160,000 Europeans for whom there was no missionary provision.

Might we suggest that the enthusiastic religionists who are lead-

ing in the Laymen's Missionary Movement should hold a conference with these outspoken Methodists. The Laymen are worrying about Japan and China and India, and forgetting or minimising the need for greater missionary work in the newer parts of Canada. Apparently the Methodists who know believe that the Laymen attitude is wrong.

If we are to be asked to give up our cigars, our clubs, and our automobiles so that our missionary contributions shall be increased, surely we are entitled to know that the policy of the Laymen's Movement is approved by *all* the clergy of the Protestant denominations. This is a *sine qua non*. The Roman Catholic Church has suddenly awakened to its duty in regard to domestic missions, and the Church Extension Society is busy urging Catholics to increase their grants for this work. There should be a similar awakening in the Protestant churches. During three years past Canada has received a larger number of new citizens and created a larger number of possible parishes than in any other ten years of her history. Has ample provision been made for their educational uplift and their religious exercises? Has the expenditure on home missionary work kept pace with the growing demands for such service? We are afraid not.



A LONDON paper, forecasting the next Balfour ministry in case the Liberals are defeated at the approaching general election, gives the Postmaster-General as Sir Gilbert Parker. This would probably meet with the approval of Mr. Henniker Heaton, the postal reformer, who is advocating an Imperial postmaster. He complains that the British postmasters have been parochial. The rates on periodicals sent to Canada are low because Canada pays the difference; the rates to the other colonies are prohibitive and much higher than from the colonies to Great Britain. The rate from New Zealand and Australia to the motherland is one penny a pound, while British periodicals and newspapers sent over the same route must pay four pence a pound. Sir Gilbert Parker would change all that if given the opportunity.

THE DECLINE OF LACROSSE

IS the Canadian national game doomed? For two or three years past there has been a marked decrease in the number of young Canadians playing the game and though during the season just over the Canadian Lacrosse Association has endeavoured to stimulate interest by forming a juvenile series, it has failed to bring its playing membership up to anywhere near its former figures.

Many reasons are advanced for the decline and fall of lacrosse, but all of these reasons combined almost leave one convinced that the lacrosse player will soon be as nearly extinct as the buffalo. These reasons might be condensed as follows: The young men are going west and leaving their lacrosse shoes behind them; baseball is cheaper and more widely advertised; the governing bodies in trying to make an amateur sport out of the national game of a professional country have legislated it out of existence; the game of bowls has become epidemic and absorbs the interest of those who once found their amusement in managing lacrosse teams.

These are reasons enough for a slump of interest in any game and as no one appears with any solution of the question, "How shall lacrosse be kept alive?" it almost goes without saying that lacrosse is dying at the root. It is still, of course, the most spectacular of all games and still appeals to the Canadian more strongly than any other sport. Larger crowds have attended professional lacrosse matches this season than ever before. But with the shrinkage in the supply of lacrosse players the quality of lacrosse must deteriorate and poorer lacrosse will speedily bring poorer gates, poorer press notices and a general lack of interest on the part of the general public.

As a matter of fact this deterioration has already set in. In all Canada there are not more than three first-class teams and the other senior clubs are wildly scrambling after anything that bears a resemblance to talent for senior clubs. Vancouver is trying to gather material from the east while the eastern clubs have also tried to coax players from the Pacific coast.

To boil it all down, there is not enough lacrosse being played to produce players for the senior clubs, the old players are dying out or getting past their usefulness and there are none to take their places. Lacrosse is no longer played in the public schools or encouraged in the towns and villages where it appeared to be firmly rooted. And Canada is in danger of being robbed of a splendid asset in the shape of a national game that has given her splendid men as well as provided her with the best of relaxation and amusement. Who can suggest a remedy?

J. K. M.

MEN OF TO-DAY

Neighbour to the North Pole

CAPTAIN BERNIER of the *Arctic*—in no class with “Cap” Sullivan of the *Minnie M.*—is back in Ottawa, after his two years’ cruise of Ice-Land. The *Arctic* is safe moored on the St. Lawrence. She has added to the geography of Canada and the Empire. Captain Bernier has planted the Canadian flag where it will never drift away with the polar current, and a good deal farther north than any beaver ever built a dam or any maple leaf will ever flutter in the breeze. He believes in both Dr. Cook and Commander Peary. He also believes in Bernier; having said that given time and “grubstake” enough he could have reached the Pole; “grubstake” is not the French word, but that’s what it is in Canadian. It was Capt. Bernier who helped grubstake Dr. Cook, so that the interest of Canada is partly bound up with the veracity of Dr. Cook.

It was probably intended by Providence that Capt. Bernier should discover the Pole. One thing is certain: there is no Tory in Canada who wouldn’t have yelled for Bernier of the Grit Department of Marine and Fisheries if he had brought back a chip of the old block with him. As patriotic Canadians, high-lifted above petty partisan considerations, we should have resolved that as the North Pole can never support voters it will never be the seat of a polling-booth; that therefore the North Pole belongs to no party; that even if so the Conservative party always had a plank in its platform whipsawed out of the North Pole; and that in fact it was intended by political destiny that the Conservatives should have located the North Pole — because why? Didn’t the Conservatives of Canada launch that other famous “N. P.,” the National Policy? Afterwards the Orangemen—mainly Conservatives—formulated the second N. P.—No Popery; and all the old geography books used to say that the earth was shaped like an orange only flattened at the poles; finally it was the Conservatives of Ontario who inaugurated Niagara Power; so that all along the line the N. P.’s were the property of one party and the North Pole would have been the final touch.

Oh, well, it’s all over now. Bernier has been and gone without having done it. Heaven knows that even the Patrons of Industry would never have begrudged him champagne and Arctic high-balls if he had. However, he did what neither Cook nor Peary did and what has been usually regarded as quite impossible to do—he brought out a live musk-ox, now the property of the Department of the Interior, which also owns a few hundred buffaloes in Saskatchewan as well as a few wood-buffaloes in Athabasca. Years ago the United States Government offered \$5000 a head for a pair of live musk-oxen. At least one man did his best to fill the contract; but he failed, owing to the difficulty first of catching the brutes and second of shipping them out overland via Edmonton. Capt. Bernier has brought out the first musk-ox alive. This at least entitles him to consideration as an original discoverer. Candidly it must be admitted that in spite of the political gossip about the *Arctic* and her crew, based upon her voyages of a few years ago, she has now commended herself to the favourable notice of the public and established herself in a class with the *Roosevelt* and the *Half-Moon*.

An All-Round Vice-President

FIRST vice-president of the Maritime Board of Trade is Mr. D. F. McLean, Port Hood, N. S. Mr. McLean also claims allegiance to the “Fourth Estate,” getting out the Port Hood Greetings every week; he sits in the mayor’s chair at Port Hood, and he holds the presidency of the town’s trade board. Busi-

ness versatility and acumen are Mr. McLean’s strong points. He has dipped successfully into not a few branches of commerce during the past thirty years. At present, he calls himself “general merchant,” and the shingle over his office door reminds his fellow citizens of Port Hood that in addition he can be called upon to discharge the functions of Fishery officer, Lloyd’s agent, notary public and insurance agent. Mr. McLean is an acknowledged authority on matters of trade down east. The Maritime Board will hear often and to the point from its vice-president. At the last annual meeting, he submitted some timely resolutions about harbour improvement in Nova Scotia, and the reduction of freight rates on the Intercolonial.

Mr. McLean, however, is not nearly so constitutional and competent a kicker for improvements that cost governments money as are his commercial cousins on the million-acre farm across the channel. The interests of the Maritime Provinces are getting to be more and more a unit.

* * *

Lawyer on Fish Commission

MR. J. B. HUGG of Winnipeg has been appointed to succeed Mr. Justice Metcalfe on the Fisheries Commission. He will assist Prof. Prince, chairman of the commission, in discovering ways and means to perpetuate the fishery resources and industries of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Mr. Hugg is a lawyer. He has been twenty years in the West, educated at Manitoba University, and called to the bar in 1902; one of the most promising legal lights in Winnipeg and a man fully capable of doing the country good service on the important commission of which he has been made a member.

* * *

A Career of Distinction

THE new commandant of Military District No. 8, Maritime Provinces, Lieutenant-Colonel W. M. Humphrey, has served forty years in the Canadian militia and twenty years with his present rank. This is a record which is not easily surpassed in our military annals. The Colonel was born at Halifax in 1852, and was educated at Dalhousie. His initial service was as ensign in the 66th Regiment, Princess Louise Fusiliers, in 1869. In twenty years he rose to be its commanding officer and on retirement was made honorary lieutenant-colonel. In 1901, he was made D. S. A. of District No. 9 and after serving in various capacities reached the present grade—the highest he may hold outside of the general staff. He wears two decorations, Queen Victoria’s Jubilee Medal and the Volunteer Officers Decoration.

* * *

“Fighting Larry”

IN the death of General “Larry” Buchan, Canada sustains a decided loss. Kindly by disposition, generous by nature, a lover of stories and songs, he was also a good disciplinarian and a daring fighter. He had seen active service in ’85 and in South Africa, and he knew what soldiering meant. He was not a book soldier and he always advocated such improvements and supported such movements as tended to eliminate red-tape, ceremonial and the furbelows. In Winnipeg, Toronto, London and Montreal he

exercised a considerable influence. For his manly qualities he had many friends; for his military success he was brigadier-general, a Companion of the Victorian Order and a Companion of St. Michael and St. George. Last Saturday, an imposing funeral in Montreal was a tribute to his sterling character. “Fighting Larry” was born in Braeside, near Paris, Ontario; educated at Upper Canada College. He joined the Queen’s Own in 1872. He was a live fighting-man in the Rebellion of 1885 when at Fish Creek he came near losing his life; his horse being shot under him by one of General Dumont’s halfbreed sharpshooters. He was also mentioned in despatches from South Africa.



Captain J. E. Bernier.
Back from the North Pole World.



Mr. D. F. McLean,
1st Vice-President Maritime Board of Trade.



Mr. J. B. Hugg,
New Member of Fisheries Commission.



Colonel W. M. Humphrey,
Forty Years in the Militia.



MR. PRESTON AND THE MISSIONARIES.

I SEE that my friend, Mr. W. T. R. Preston, is giving the missionary authorities some advice as the result of two years' friendly observation of the work of their representatives in Japan. There is no indication, as I write, of the manner in which they intend to treat this advice; but if I were responsible for the management of Christian missions in Japan, I would consider very seriously what Mr. Preston has to say. He is not a hostile critic; but he is a fiend on efficiency. He does hate to see work botched or neglected. Possibly he sets too high a standard of excellence for missionary achievement; but that would be a reason why his advice as to methods should be considered rather than one why it should be disregarded. They might not attain to the superlative success he has in view; but they would be on the right road as far as they could breast the hill.

* * *

INCIDENTALLY I have come to the conclusion that Mr. Preston is a poor politician. The Conservative press has taught us to think of "hug-the-machine" Preston as the incarnation of experienced and adroit party chicanery. He is pictured for us as the man behind the machine, the shrewd and long-headed schemer who knows all the dark and devious ways of party manipulation, the "handy man" of the Liberals when in Opposition and their favourite child when in power. And, naturally, I along with the rest of the reading public had allowed some of this chatter to soak in. I thought of Preston as shrewd and clever—a past master in the arts of political strategy. But I am beginning to have my doubts. That he was miraculously successful in keeping life in the old party organisation when the Liberals were in Opposition and as poor as the proverbial church mice, is a matter of history; but that is about all there is to the legend. Certainly in those days, he did not win his victories with the long purse; for his party did not possess it. Yet he did win victories—though often only "moral" ones. Is it not possible that he kept alive the saving fire of enthusiasm in the breasts of his fellow workers by that tireless zeal for fighting which now leads him into every "fracas" that comes his way?

* * *

ONE would have thought, for instance, that Preston had troubles enough of his own these stormy times without stirring up the missionary churches to regard him with a questioning—if not a hostile

—eye. To begin with, the Conservative party of Canada—no inconsiderable body of men—look upon him with suspicion. He has had their antagonism practically all his life. Then he goes to London to enjoy a nice office given him by his grateful party friends. You would have said: "That fixes Preston, at least as long as the Liberals are in power." But the first thing we know, he is the centre of a storm in the immigration department, and good old Alf. Jury is out here giving evidence against him. It seems incredible; but it is so written on the records. Now how do you account for that? Well, we find pretty soon that, whatever else may be said about it, Preston has obviously been doing some hard hitting. Instead of lying back luxuriously in a sinecure, he has been keeping up his pugilistic exercises. I am as far as possible from expressing an opinion as to the rights or wrongs of that business. The impression that Lord Strathcona was against Preston has done him infinite harm with the Canadian people who regard their High Commissioner as about the best national product. But it all bears out my belief that Preston is a mighty poor politician. He doesn't even know a "soft snap" when he sees it.

* * *

IN that London business, he managed to get foul of organised labour, too—something no truly good politician would ever dream of doing—and, in the end, he was transplanted to Japan. Now he comes home from Japan with the scars of another fight on him. There he has been defying established trade conditions and seems to have upset nearly everything in the kingdom except the Mikado. There is a good deal of mystery about this part of the business; but it is rumoured that much will come out when Parliament meets. Suffice it to say that it is more and more trouble for the gentleman who was supposed to have retired peacefully to his reward in London a dozen years ago. But is his cup of troubles full? Not for a minute. While he is waiting for this affair to develop, he "takes on" the missionary leaders of Canada. Christian missions in Japan are no more his business than that of any other Christian. He may have his opinion of the way in which they are managed; but there was no especial call for him to get the preachers down on him by assailing methods which they have established and followed for many a year with much boasted success. But that point of view does not seem to have occurred to the pugnacious Preston. He saw what he regarded as a mistake, and he immediately pointed it out—through a megaphone. He is the "enfant terrible" of Canada.

* * *

BUT he is a mighty poor politician. He was providentially provided for the Liberals when they had nothing to offer an organiser but an opportunity to fight; and subsequent events would seem to indicate that they could not have offered Preston anything else half so tempting.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

SCENES IN THE WARD MARATHON RACE AT TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCT. 9



Jack Near, of the Central Y.M.C.A., Winning the Race, Twenty Miles in less than Two Hours.



Line-up of the Marathon Contestants at the Judges' Stand on the Grounds of the Canadian National Exhibition.

SOME NOVEL AND INTERESTING EVENTS



The Science Department of McGill University has a brawny set of Students

Photos by Gleason



Annually the Second Year Students meet the Freshmen on the lawn and fight it out. The vanquished are tied up with cotton thongs



How Moosejaw, one of the leading wholesale and manufacturing cities of the New West, extended a welcome to the members of the British Association who were on tour

Photo by Cunningham



Sir Wilfrid Laurier Speaking at the Laying of the Corner-stone of the New Technical School, Montreal.

Photos by Gleason



Mr. F. D. Monk, M.P., Speaking at the same Function. Mr. Monk is a prominent Conservative leader.



A NEW KIND OF JOUSTING AT TOURNAMENT

Pillow Fights on Horseback indulged in by Members of the Toronto Hunt Club at a recent Gymkhana.

Member for St. Johns and Iberville



Mr. Joseph Demers, M.P.

JET-BLACK hair and a sparkling eye, a polished cane and a peak load of affability, Mr. Joseph Demers, M. P. for St. Johns and Iberville, P. Q., dropped into the offices of the *CANADIAN COURIER* the other day. Mr. Demers was in talking humour; in fact he usually is: and he had something to say well worth while to consider.

In the first place Mr. Demers represents two constituencies, of which three-quarters of the voters speak French with some English, and the other quarter speak English with some French. Therefore he gets a bi-lingual point of view which in any discussion of racial problems in Canada is highly illuminating. Mr. Demers knows his constituents. Trust a French-speaking member for that. St. Johns and Iberville may be a big circuit since its amalgamation in 1896, but the shrewd lawyer with the bushy black hair and the beaming eye knows how to get over the roads and into the ideas of his people. He has been three years at St. Johns; elected in a bye-election to replace his brother, now Mr. Justice Demers. He was born at Henriville, P. Q.; his father was M. L. A. for Iberville. He was educated at St. Hyacinthe and Montreal; for a time he lived in DeLorimer near Montreal—being town attorney. And it was very likely in Montreal, the greatest mixing-place of French and English in the world, that Mr. Demers acquired some of his cosmopolitan versatility.

The ideas set forth by Mr. Demers to the *COURIER* were not a preachment. They were rather a casual expression of his personality—genial, discursive and convincing. There is nothing parochial about Joseph Demers. He represents the Quebec of the twentieth century; and that is as different from the old feudal Quebec as modern France of the tricolour is from the old provinces of the *fleur de lis*.

"You see in Quebec we travel far more now than used to be the case," he said in fluent English. "We have mercantile relations not only in Quebec, but all over Canada. We are progressive. It would not do, you know, to leave all the business of the country to the English-speaking people. Our people are becoming wealthier. Our business men are extending their mercantile horizon. We are what you might call in modern language—'mixing it up more'; cosmopolitan perhaps. Your English-speaking people send their travellers to Quebec. We are glad to see them. We reciprocate by sending our men west and east. That is business; sentiment also perhaps. We want more English-speaking people to come to

Quebec. We desire intercourse. Yes, yes, I know it has been the custom to consider us parochial. That is not so. Why, since I have been in Toronto I have met six or seven of my own acquaintances from Quebec all within an hour or two. They are here on business. And look! five hundred of our French people are going to British Columbia to the saw-mills on the Columbia River. That is travel. In the West do you not find many French?"

Mr. Demers was reminded that it used to be the custom for French-Canadians to go abroad; to the cotton-mills and the shoe factories of New England.

"Ah, yes, I remember. But that was not business. That was to the country a loss; and it was not even good for sentiment. But that is over. Our people do not go to the States now. They are better off at home. Our farmers are doing well. When we have families too large for Quebec we send them elsewhere in Canada. That is far better. We are getting the modern way. In Quebec we believe in the broad unity of Canada. We are Canadians first. When Imperial matters are to be discussed—Canada is our first consideration; not French Canada remember, but the whole of Canada the empire of the provinces."

Mr. Demers was emphatic on this point.

"On the other hand," he said quickly, "remember this—and it is important. This will help you to comprehend better the peculiarities of our Province and of our people. There is a difference. We do not deny it. It is better for all of us that there should be a difference. So that we each in our own way contribute to the life and the ideas of the country at large."

"And what is the difference to which you refer?"

"Well, it is this. You have heard of Quebec as the most inflammable province. You have understood our people as an excitable people carried away by every wind of doctrine and stimulated to be theatrical and spectacular—and in this way you have come to think perhaps that we are a very volatile people."

"And you think—otherwise?"

"I am sure it is not true. Quebec is the most conservative province in the Dominion of Canada."

"Uh—Liberal-conservative perhaps?"

"Ah, but I do not mean in politics. I mean temperament."

And it is temperament that bulks so large to the French-Canadian. Here is where personality counts. Mr. Demers went on to make himself clear. He specified.

"Remember," he said vigorously, "remember in Ontario, your English-speaking level-headed province, what doctrines and infatuations have stamped you."

"You refer to—what for instance?"

"Ah! Take the Granger movement for instance. Where did that originate but in Ontario? It spread across the province. It reached the Ottawa. There it stopped. Quebec would not be stamped by the movement. Take the Patrons of Industry. That was a movement to disrupt the old parties. It started in Ontario. It got to the St. Lawrence—and it

was rolled back again. Consider the Protestant Protective Association—"

"Well, of course, we should have expected you to send that back, Mr. Demers."

"Certainly. And so we did. And municipal ownership has never made headway in Quebec. It has stampeded other parts of the country. I tell you we are not inflammable; not revolutionary. We have temperament; we are sentimental; we are strongly attached to place and to institutions. What we have we hold—apologies to the British bulldog. If we have been parochial we are becoming cosmopolitan. We may have had some bigotries; but you will find as many in other parts of Canada. No land is without them. But we wish to exchange ideas. We believe in Free Trade in ideas. We are coming to see the various parts of Canada and we want your English-speaking people to come down to Quebec and to see us. Come not only to Montreal, the great city, but to Quebec and to Sherbrooke. Come and see Sorel and Three Rivers—and above all do not fail to visit St. Johns and Iberville. Eh? So I will bid you good-day, for I am busy in Toronto—a very busy place and a beautiful city. I am glad to see it; glad to come back again when possible."

The blithesome dispenser of *bonhomie*, member for St. Johns and Iberville, took his leave, having spoken his mind without premeditation and without prejudice.

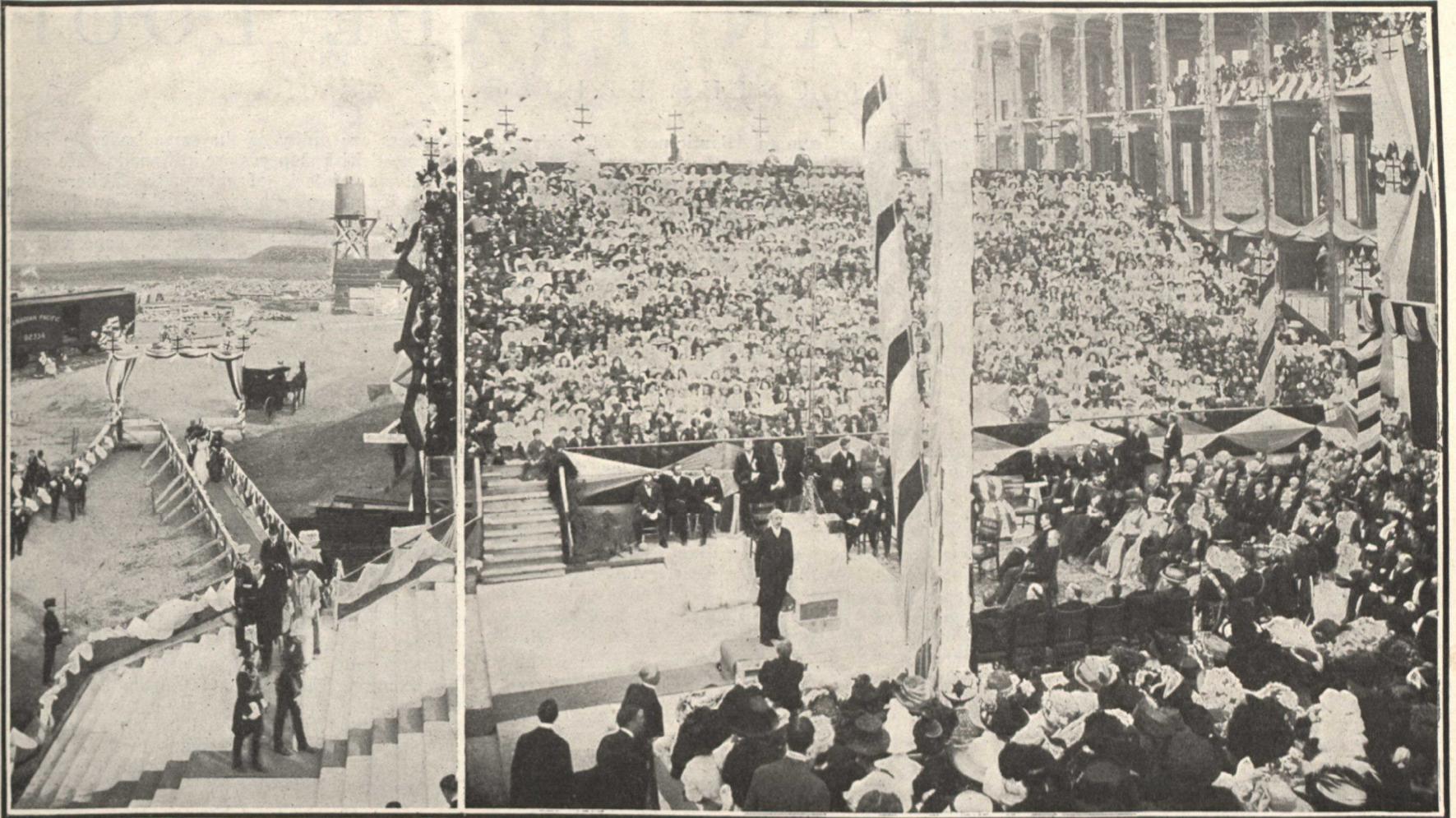
The Race of Parliaments

THE race of the railroads and the rivalry of new towns in the west is no more of a rush than the race between the two provinces, Saskatchewan and Alberta, for the building of legislatures and universities. Each of these provinces began business at the same time; both with a good start and both forging ahead with remarkable rapidity. Two days elapsed between the laying of the corner-stone at Edmonton and that at Regina. It is which and tother as to which will have the finer capitol. Each is to cost more than a million; each has been the result of study abroad; each designed by a Canadian architect and each built by a Grit Government. Each also had the Governor-General at the laying of the corner stone.

Messrs. E. and W. S. Maxwell of Montreal are responsible for the Regina capitol. Three architects conspired to produce that of Edmonton; provincial architect A. M. Jeffers, along with Wm. Fingland, structural engineer, of Winnipeg, and the whole design under the revision of Prof. Nobbs of McGill University. Edmonton has chosen the finest site—which was fully described nearly two years ago in the *CANADIAN COURIER*; the flats of the Hudson's Bay Company fort by the Saskatchewan.

Both cities gave themselves over to a public holiday and in each place there was a programme of festivities that might have done credit to even New York at the Hudson-Fulton fete.

INAUGURATION OF CAPITOLS IN THE WEST



At Regina, on October 4th, Earl Grey eloquently laid the Corner-stone of the new Parliament Buildings of Saskatchewan, in the presence of thousands gathered from City and Harvest Land. The Picture on the left shows Wascana Lake in distance. Photos by Rossie, Regina.



On Oct. 2nd, Mayor Lee, of Edmonton, in the presence of thousands on Jasper Ave., read the Civic Address of Welcome to Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Grey.



Edmonton School Children and Citizens crowded the Streets to see the Corner-stone Laying of Alberta's Capitol on the Banks of the Saskatchewan. Photos by Byron & May, Edmonton.

THE MEXICAN TRADE LOOP

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

THERE is some place in Alberta where the man with a bushel of wheat is interested in Fort William and Port Arthur. Somewhere else in that distant province under the Rockies there is a farmer who talks with some ardour about Fort Churchill on Hudson's Bay; perhaps it is the same farmer. Again—and maybe this is the same far-looking grower of No. 1 hard—there is a farmer who is talking about the Tehuantepec railway which runs from Salina Cruz to Puerto, Mexico, across the neck of the Mexican Isthmus. This farmer of Alberta has surely begun to think in continents. He is not the man who in Ontario forty years ago saw his wheat loaded on a wooden vessel in Lake Erie and drifting out he knew not where.

For the present, the Lake Superior ports get the wheat. But there are some economic people who say that before Fort Churchill is red with elevators much of the wheat from Alberta and the Peace River will be drifting down the Pacific coast to the harbour of Salina Cruz, thence by the Tehuantepec railway across the isthmus to Puerto and from there to Liverpool.

This is the romance of the long haul; but a romance which may very soon become highly practical.

Three thousand miles eastward from this Alberta farmer with the triangular vision there is a factory in Eastern Canada whose owner wants to reach the dealer in Alberta with a case of goods. At present he is doing it by means of a transcontinental railway; and the freight charges are not low. Somewhere in the east there is a manufacturer who is able to figure that he can ship goods eastward to the Atlantic seaboard and float them down to Mexico, tranship at Puerto and by the Tehuantepec railway to Salina Cruz; tranship again and pay water rates to Vancouver and Victoria and Prince Rupert.

This again sounds like the romance of the long haul.

But this end of the romance has already been tested. The Tehuantepec route is not an explorer's dream. The Tehuantepec railway has been successfully operated for more than a year. It is one hundred and ninety miles long. Over this road during 1908 one line of steamships alone—the American-Hawaiian—transhipped four hundred thousand tons of freight; one hundred thousand tons of manufactured goods east to west; the balance of Hawaiian sugar, Alaskan salmon, California tinned fruit and wine from west to east, most for United States ports, some to the United Kingdom. During the latter part of the year also coffee began to move heavily over this Tehuantepec road; coffee from Chiapas and Central America, most of it carried out of Puerto, Mexico, by the Hamburg-American line. The total amount of traffic over this road—of goods originating in and destined to United States ports alone—amounted to \$38,000,000, this in practically the first year of operation.

Thus much for the economic value of the Tehuantepec railway to the United States alone; a route which has antedated the Panama Canal by at least six or seven years, and which before the Panama ditch is complete will have carried probably almost a billion dollars' worth of goods and wheat round the huge intercontinental loop. Once upon a time the Suez Canal was the world's great artery of trade by water between east and west. Later the supremacy—so far as America and tonnage was concerned—passed to Sault Ste. Marie. Panama looms up as a huge future competitor with both. But in the meantime the Tehuantepec route is doing business by the many millions.

What has already been done for United States shippers over this route may be done quite as well for Canadians and Europeans. Vancouver is no farther from Halifax and St. John than is Nome from New York. Prince Rupert is nearer Liverpool by the Tehuantepec route, so far as cost of haulage is concerned, than Edmonton is to Liverpool via the overland railways and the Great Lakes.

The Canadian Government has already recognised the economic importance of this route. Last year a customs officer was stationed at the peninsula to facilitate the transfer of Canadian freight. A code of customs rulings has been drafted applying exclusively to Tehuantepec. The first clause of the rulings reads thus:

"Goods duty paid in Canada or of Canadian

origin shipped from an Atlantic port in Canada and carried across Mexico on the Tehuantepec railway may be admitted at the ports of Victoria and Vancouver, B.C., without payment of customs duty, when carried by water in British registered vessels under Canadian customs manifests and when the transfer between the vessel and the car at Puerto Mexico and Salina Cruz is made under the supervision of an officer of the Canadian Customs."

Following come the details as to how goods are actually transhipped from Puerto to Salina Cruz and thence to Pacific ports free of duty.

Two steamship lines have already made an agreement as to the carriage of Canadian goods. On the eastern side of the isthmus the Elder-Dempster line has agreed to quote eastern shippers a through rate from the Atlantic seaboard to the Pacific, whereby the eastern manufacturer may reach the western dealer without paying two charges for freight. On the Salina Cruz end of the Tehuantepec railway the Canadian-Mexican steamship line agrees with the Elder-Dempster to tranship goods carried by the road and take a percentage of the through rate quoted the eastern shipper. Similar arrangements cover the west-to-east transit. From Montreal to Vancouver by water is about forty days inclusive of transhipment at the isthmus to reach Vancouver. This is the romance of the long haul; but it becomes very practical when already the rate via Tehuantepec is twenty per cent. less than the rate by rail and lake across Canada. It will be still more practical when the rate is still further reduced—as by some it is expected to be very shortly.

Now the Canadian-Mexican line has been a commercial certainty for some time, and was established before there was any dream of the Tehuantepec route. It was subsidised by both the Canadian and Mexican governments at fifty thousand dollars a year for the purpose of improving and developing trade between Canada and Mexico. Concerning this trade there are at least two opinions. The Mexican government are not delirious over it. They have cut the subsidy in two. Canada has promptly tacked that on to the former subsidy, so that Canada now pays seventy-five thousand dollars a year to Mexico's twenty-five thousand—to keep this trade developing and improving.

What is this trade? From Mexico to Canada— asphaltum, salt, oranges, grape fruits, hemp and sugar. Total value of this trade for the last fiscal year was just about half a million dollars. On the other end of the subsidised service Canada shipped to Mexico just about a million dollars' worth of manufactures for the same period. This consisted of seeds and grain, cement and lime, calcium carbide, coal and coke, cordage and rope, machinery, paper, lumber, wood manufactures and spirits.

At present sixty per cent. of what Mexico buys comes from the United States. This is natural but not necessary. Mere contiguity does not do all the counting. The water haul overcomes half of that. Canada may reasonably expect to reduce the percentage somewhat by cultivating better trade relations with Mexico. Mr. A. W. Donly, Canadian trade commissioner in Mexico, has been doing some tall talking about this. He says Canadian manu-

facturers are guilty of the same laxity in Mexico as some British shippers are in Canada. He accuses Canadians of lack of enterprise. Where United States firms have agents in the field, Canada has few or none. Where the United States advertises in good Mexican Spanish in Mexican papers, Canada does little or none, and what little she does is in mongrel Spanish cooked up in Canada from a dictionary. Canadians also expect too much cash and high rating from Mexicans and extend far too little credit.

However, much of this may be overcome when Mexico gets closer to Canada by means of the Tehuantepec route. When Salina Cruz becomes a port of transhipment for Canadian wheat it may be reasonable to expect Mexican trade with Canada to increase. Ships that carry down wheat to Salina Cruz must have something for return cargoes. The balance of trade now in favour of Canada will be easily lessened. With wheat bottoms needing ballast on the return voyage the ratio of two to one against Mexico will easily disappear. With exports from Mexico increasing in proportion to the return cargoes the imports into Mexico from Canada will naturally tend to increase also. Trade begets trade. The country which sells to Canada is most likely to buy from Canada. The sixty per cent. advantage of the United States should begin to diminish as soon as Canadian wheat begins to float to Salina Cruz and is transhipped to Puerto over the Tehuantepec.

Expert evidence on the details of freight rates, etc., is furnished by Captain T. H. Worsnop, manager of the Canadian-Mexican line, who writing in the *Pacific Marine Review* says:

"To make rates via the Tehuantepec route compete with tramp tonnage or all water tonnage will not be possible so long as the rate prevailing last season is in effect, when as low as 24s. were taken for cargoes. It probably will be possible, however, to make a rate to compete with the old rail winter route, providing the C. P. R. brings the rate from Alberta, points to Vancouver down to 15 cents per 100 pounds, or in proportion to the cost of the haul from Alberta to Fort William. We must remember that there is one great obstacle to be overcome in shipping wheat via the Tehuantepec and that is, that the time comes in winter, and that Atlantic boats touching at the opposite end of the Mexican route obtain good-paying cargoes both in coffee and cotton. Until the grain moves in volumes to warrant additional tonnage, it will be difficult to get the Atlantic boats to accept a small rate on wheat in comparison to the better-paying cargoes of coffee, etc."

Meanwhile the Canadian-Mexican line will be ready to begin shipping this year's Canadian wheat just as soon as the wheat can be got from the elevators of Alberta to Vancouver. The steamer *Lonsdale* is designated as the pioneer in this enterprise. She is guaranteed to make her end of a thirty-eight-day voyage between Vancouver and European ports. On the first trip also it is promised that freight will be fetched up which, en route from Montreal, transhipped at Puerto and Salina Cruz and floated up to Vancouver, will have been only thirty-five days out—five days less than the original estimate.

ONTARIO'S NEW READERS

MR. ARNOLD HAULTAIN, private secretary to Mr. Goldwin Smith, and a frequent contributor to magazine literature, as well as the author of books, finds considerable fault with the new readers prepared for use in the public schools of the Province of Ontario. Mr. Haultain's opinion, as expressed in the *Canadian Magazine* for October, is that the new text books reflect more credit upon the publishers, the T. Eaton Co., Toronto, than upon the learned gentlemen who compiled the books.

Mr. Haultain's principal complaint against the compilers is their blindness to "what may be called the purely literary value of literature." He says that the selections included in the readers are excerpts from modern writers, the value of whose work posterity had had no time to sufficiently judge. In this connection he cites as examples the insertion of poems by such Canadian writers as Miss Pickthall, Mr. C. G. D. Roberts and Mr. F. G. Scott.

"Are the compilers so sure of what is 'excellent'

in poetry that they can afford a page and a half to 'Bege' and exclude some recognised and undoubted gem from the wealth of England's poetic treasures?" asks Mr. Haultain.

A literary man of the attainments of Mr. Arnold Haultain, who must realise the profound ignorance of our own literature prevalent in this country, should note the significance attached to the prominence given to Canadian authors in a publication like the Ontario Readers. The worthy object of the compilers has been to place the work of our native born before the youth of the country with the hope of creating a national sentiment in respect to our literature. The literary standard of this work may not be the best in the language but only by evoking interest in our writers by the study of their works will it ever be improved. "The wealth of England's poetic treasures" about which Arnold Haultain seems so concerned, will not suffer in the meantime.

MY TOUR IN AMERICA

By HARRY LAUDER, The Famous Scottish Comedian

“SO you're going to America, Harry! Well, they'll either eat you up over there or freeze you off in two shows.”

This was the delightfully outspoken remark of a comedian friend in the dressing-room of the London Tivoli some nights before I sailed on my first professional trip to America. The prospect before me, according to this prophet, was none too bright either way, for it appeared to me that to be “eaten up” would certainly be a more horrible fate than merely to be “frozen” home again.

A man can stand to be frost-bitten two or three times in his life, but he can only be eaten once! However, I knew quite well what my friend meant. He intended to convey the impression that I would either be a big success or would fail to “make good,” as we say in the vaudeville world. Since then I have been twice to America, and have made provisional arrangements for a third and perhaps a fourth visit, so I suppose the Yankees have, metaphorically, not only “eaten” me, but digested me and found me fairly appetising—what?

The six months' trip to the States and Canada from which I have just returned was a remarkable tour in many respects—so remarkable that now I come to look back over it I can scarcely realise that it all actually happened, and that I, Harry Lauder, was the central figure in a series of events and experiences such as fall to the lot of few men and still fewer comedians. In fact, I've stopped trying to figure it all out, the why and wherefore of it, and in these reminiscences of my last American tour I will tell you as nearly as possible exactly what took place minus any embroidery, bounce, or “swank,” or to use a Yankee phrase, without any “hot air.”

In justice to myself I would like to add that it was not until the enterprising newspaper gentlemen of this country and the States threatened to make my daily life miserable by repeated requests for “some American experiences and impressions” that I made up my mind to tell the whole story in something like concise and complete form. If these reminiscences prove but a tithe as interesting to my readers as the actual happenings proved to myself, I do not think they will grudge the time spent in reading them. However, on that point they can judge for themselves.

It seemed to me that I made my departure from England last October in a very Scottish atmosphere. At Euston Station the skirl o' the pipes was the dominating feature in the general commotion round my compartment in the Liverpool boat-train, and when the pipes did stop to take a breath the words of “Auld Lang Syne” and “Will Ye No' Come Back Again?” took the place of the music so dear to the heart of every true Scot. Intermingled with all the piping, the shouting, and the singing was the wacry of the Water Rats—a prominent society the membership of which is made up entirely of leading music-hall artists—“Rats!” “Rats!” “Rats!”

There was more piping at the Liverpool landing-stage and more singing; in fact, I never knew that I had so many friends and admirers in London and in Liverpool until that day, and I really began to feel sorry that I was leaving them all.

An American variety artiste then in England came on to the *Lusitania* along with several other well-wishers, walked up to the rail over which I was leaning, took my hand in his, and with the other pointed indefinitely towards the west, “Harry,” said he, grandiloquently, “you're goin' off to God's own country.”

“This boat doesna' gang to Scotland,” I pawkily replied; “we're bound for New York.”

He smiled, and added that if I was wise I would never come back again.

“Well,” said I, “I maun be daft, for I'm certainly comin' back.”

We had a splendid voyage on the *Lusitania*. The sea was as calm as Jock McPherson's mill-dam, and nobody gave anything away—to the fishes, I mean. There was a full complement of cabin passengers, including many well-known men on both sides of the Atlantic, and the days passed very pleasantly. If I had nothing to do and lots of money—just how much I can't make up my mind—and could be sure that the sea would always be as smooth as it was during those five days, I think I would spend a good deal of my time on a ship like the *Lusitania*. And I would never keep “runnin' up an' doon the stairs” like my friend Roy McIntosh did at the Carlton Hotel; I would always take the hoist!

We held a concert in the saloon for the benefit of the Seamen's Institutes of New York and Liver-

pool. A certain noble lord presided, and several of the passengers, including myself, sang or recited or told stories, and we raised between £60 and £70 for the institutions mentioned. These concerts are pretty regular affairs on big steamers, and a lot of money is raised every year on the high seas between Liverpool and New York for deserving charities. They are looked forward to by the passengers, and are quite considered to be a feature of the voyage.

I gave my first performance on the afternoon of October 12th, opening at Blaney's Theatre, Lincoln Square, and remaining there for four weeks. Subsequently I was transferred for a week to the Fulton Theatre, Brooklyn, and afterwards to the American Theatre, Forty-second Street, and played there, two shows a day, for another month.

At both performances on my opening day Blaney's was crowded to the door, thousands being unable to gain admission. I shall never forget the scene as I stepped on the stage to sing “Stop Yer Ticklin', Jock.” The entire house appeared to me to rise up and shout itself hoarse. It was very flattering but most disconcerting, and as I stood there—looking very silly, I am sure—I absolutely forgot what I came on to sing, and was very nearly starting off on some other song. By-and-bye the perfervid Scots in the audience subsided, and I went ahead with my programme.

If my reception in the afternoon had been enthusiastic it was really sensational at night. As a matter of fact, I could scarcely get near the stage-door of the theatre for people lying in wait for me. “I'm frae Glesca, Harry; see a shake o' yer hand.”

“Here, Harry, I'm a Dundee man. I heard ye last at the People's Palace.”

“Guid luck to ye, Harry; me an' ma chum here belong to Hamilton. See and paralyse the Yankees.”

“Dae ye no mind o' me, Harry—Jamie McDougall frae Greenock?”

These and a thousand other greetings rang in my ears, and both my hands were nearly shaken off by my admirers and compatriots. When I did fight my way into the theatre I was in a state of collapse and my head was bizzin' like “a bumbee's byke.”

After the evening performance was over on my opening day I was resting on a settee in my dressing-room after having got rid of my grease-paint and stage clothes, when the call-boy came in with a huge pile of visiting-cards—ladies and gentlemen desiring to see me. The spectacle nearly put me in the nerves, and I wailed out “Michty me! Have I got to see a' thae folk?”

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.

Our Celebrating American Cousins

Observations of a Canadian Citizen at the Hudson-Fulton Celebration.

By SYDNEY DALTON

THE first thing that impresses the visitor in New York during the Hudson-Fulton celebration is the fact that the denizens of Manhattan Island are determined to make the festivities of this occasion something unique—something that will go down in history.

The naval procession on the first day of the celebration, Saturday, September 25th, was a striking illustration of progress in ocean navigation. In the Hudson River, extending for nearly ten miles was a fleet of war vessels of the most modern varieties—gigantic fighting machines.

As I thought of Hudson I followed him in fancy on his last voyage to the frozen north, and as I pictured him tossed about in a little row-boat in that great bay which bears his name, I asked why Canada was not represented in this fete; for Canada owes her debt of gratitude to the great English explorer and would gladly have paid her meed of praise to his memory. Canadian representatives should have been invited to participate, and would be, in truth, far more consistently in order than were the American delegates at the Quebec tercentenary.

There were, in fact, several details in connection with the Hudson honours which are not quite clear. For some curious and inexplicable reason a few people still labour under the delusion that Hudson was a Dutchman, and that “Hendrick Hudson” was his real name; but of course this is quite erroneous, as Hudson was born and brought up in England. Yet Hudson was impersonated by Commander Lam, the naval representative of the Netherlands, on the *Half Moon*. Why not an Englishman? Hudson himself could not even speak Dutch. However, the celebration, in its historical aspect, has done much to clear away the ignorance regarding Hudson.

In wandering about town and viewing the extensive decorations I was rather more than usually forced to acknowledge the narrowness—and I am tempted to add, discourtesy—apparent in the attitude of our American cousins on the question of displaying flags of other nations. The Stars and Stripes alone does not lend itself to variety of decoration. And further, in America of all countries, made up as it is of every race on the globe, one would expect to see the flags of all nations displayed—with a proper preponderance of the national emblem, of course. But on the contrary one seldom sees a foreign flag, and even when it is displayed it must be accompanied by the Stars and Stripes, or some idiotic mob is likely to threaten the person responsible for it.

I was particularly on the lookout for the Union Jack, or the British flag with the Maple Leaf in the corner, but in all the mass I only saw three. This

struck me as being particularly discourteous to the visiting English fleet, and in pronounced contrast to the custom in Canada, where the American flag is always prominent upon any occasion of a similar nature and where one can always rely upon having his national colours respected.

This attitude on the part of Americans has an unintended effect upon the foreigner. No doubt the American, in his insistence upon the display of the Stars and Stripes alone, wishes to impress his patriotism upon the world, but if so he fails, for true patriotism goes deeper than mere bunting. In Canada loyalty is so universal and real that it is taken for granted, with the natural consequence that there is much greater liberty and indulgence exhibited in the more superficial aspects of patriotism, such as flag flying.

The naval and military parade was an unusual sight for New York, and was of greater magnitude than any parade of a similar nature that has ever taken place in that city—or any city on the continent. Somewhere in the neighbourhood of 25,000 men participated. Sailors and marines from the American and foreign fleets, and soldiers of the regular army, National Guard and volunteer regiments swept by in columns for three hours. Despite the fact that they are seldom called upon to parade on land the sailors of the various fleets shared the marching honours with the land forces, but I must own that the body of men that carried off the honours, to my mind, were the West Point cadets. Both in physique and in military carriage these young men showed the beneficial effects of a rigorous military training. If these were a sample of the young officers the American army is gaining each year the efficiency of the service is assured.

One thing the American forces need is a tailor to design some new uniforms. The present uniform is serviceable and in one or two cases picturesque, but in a large parade such as the Hudson-Fulton affair one noticed a monotony in the costumes. A Canadian parade is a brilliant and picturesque affair because of the variety of uniforms which delight the eye and lend interest to the march. This element—really the chief element in a parade—was lacking in the great march of 25,000 men on this occasion, and the mere ability of a force to keep step, hold themselves erect and swing around a corner does not hold the observer's attention for long.

Taking it all in all and allowing for a moderate number of shortcomings, the Hudson-Fulton celebration was an imposing, picturesque and instructive affair. It showed the ability of New Yorkers to give a royal entertainment on a lavish scale, and will always be remembered by the millions who witnessed it.



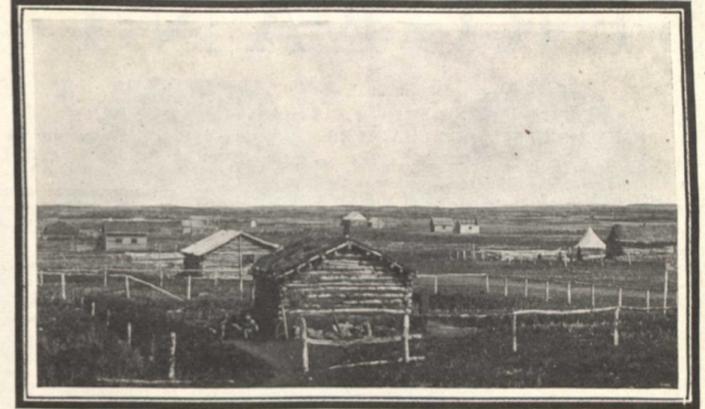
1. Six weeks in a Prairie Schooner, from Idaho to Northern Saskatchewan.



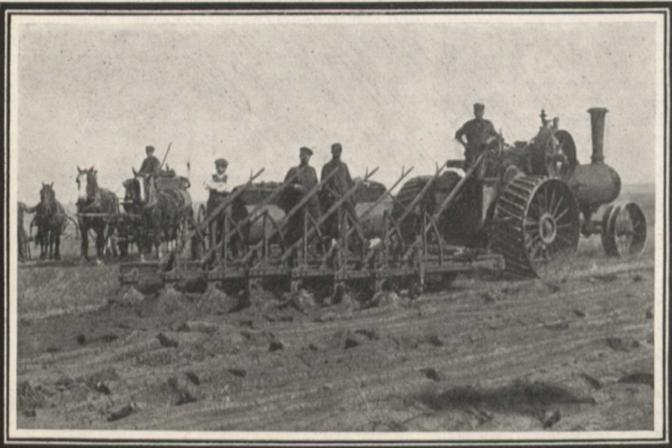
2. Six Hundred Eastern Homeseekers on Trail of the Wheat.



3. Hundreds wait their turn besieging the Land-Office.



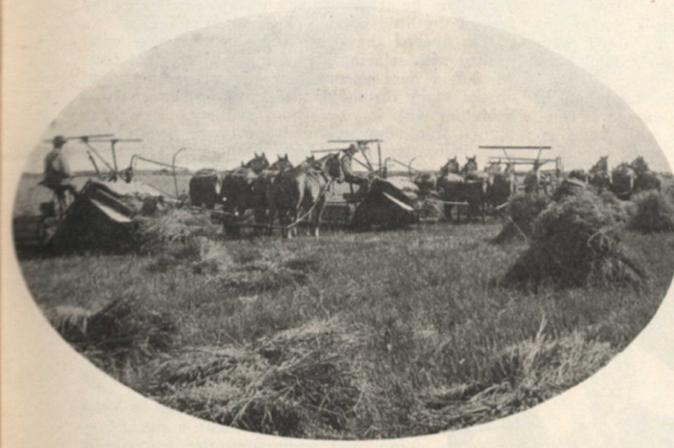
4. Thrifty First-Year Shacks on the Wheat-Lands.



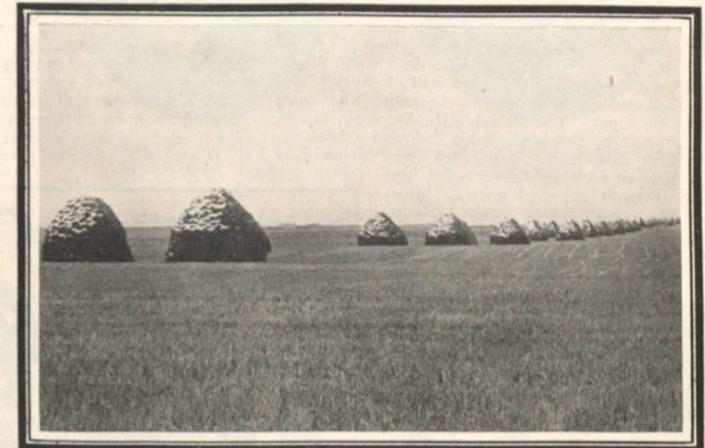
5. Steam-Breaking the Buffalo-Lands at Forty Acres a day.



6. Harvesters up by thousands from the East.



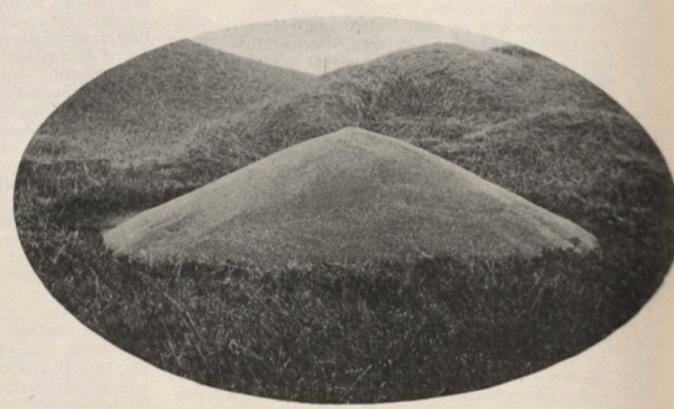
7. A Train of Four-Horse Eight-Foot Binders.



8. A Mile of Stacks, like Prairie Pyramids Waiting for the Threshers.



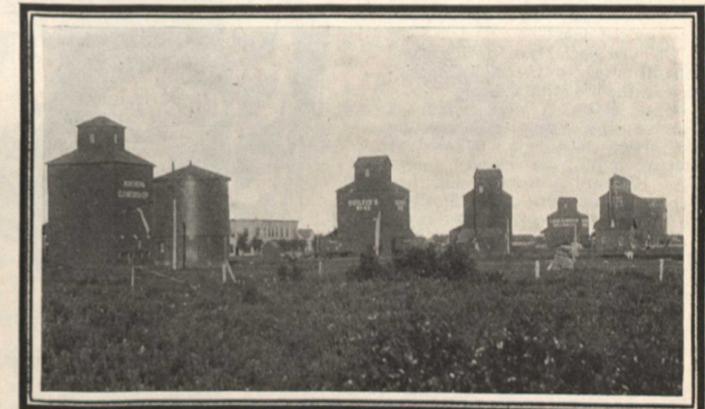
9. The Threshing-Camp that turns out Thousands of Bushels in a Day.



10. All Waggons Loaded, Bags Full and Sixteen Hundred Bushels of Wheat in the Open.



11. At present they Burn the Straw, but in days to come they'll need it on the Land.



12. Three Companies have Elevators in this Manitoba Town.



13. A few Hundred Thousand Bushels of Western Wheat coming down the Lakes.

THE epic of the wheat in Canada has stolen a march on those other great cycle movements, the lumber and the fur. One hundred and ten million bushels of wheat, either as wheat or flour, move annually from west to east. The wheat of the west is housed in 1500 elevators with a capacity of more than fifty million bushels. There are more than three thousand mills in Canada grinding Canadian flour. And it is the wheat that calls population from abroad; when from eastern provinces and from European countries and the

agricultural republic across the border come every year the thousands that homestead and buy land, that build shacks and break the prairie, that gather into stooks and the maws of threshing-machines and into the red elevators that dot the prairie as pyramids the land of Egypt.

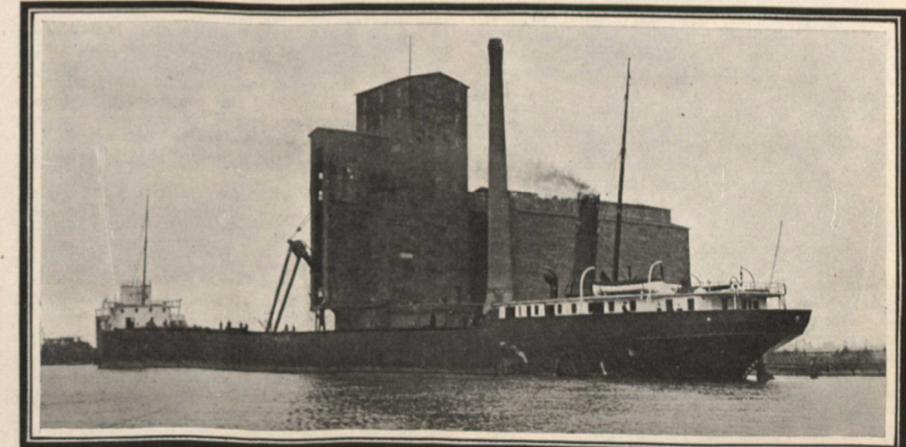
The golden, glorious wheat—and may Heaven save us from the wheat hog, just as we would be preserved from the land-grabber and the game hog and the speculative gourmet! The story of western wheat since this century began is told in cold figures below.

A DECADE OF WESTERN WHEAT

	Manitoba.	Sask. and Alta.	Total		Manitoba	Saskatchewan	Alberta	Total
1900	13,000,000	4,000,000	17,000,000	1905	56,000,000	26,000,000	2,300,000	84,300,000
1901	50,000,000	13,000,000	63,000,000	1906	61,250,000	37,000,000	4,000,000	102,250,000
1902	53,000,000	14,000,000	67,000,000	1907	40,000,000	27,750,000	4,200,000	71,750,000
1903	49,250,000	16,000,000	65,250,000	1908	49,250,000	50,700,000	5,250,000	105,200,000
1904	39,500,000	17,000,000	56,500,000	1909	38,250,000	84,000,000	9,800,000	132,050,000

In 1899 Manitoba produced 28,000,000 bushels, Saskatchewan and Alberta 7,000,000; total 35,000,000.

Only one of the "seven lean kine" in this series—1900—caused by a drouth in Manitoba and a wet season elsewhere.



14. 320,000 Bushels of Wheat Unloading at Pt. Edward, head of River St. Clair.

SERGEANT KINNAIRD

By W. A. FRASER

RESUME OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The Canadian farming community Stand Off is a village in the foothills of the Rockies, close to the international boundary. It is the resort of whiskey smugglers and moonshiners who have baffled the members of the N.W.M.P. and continued to sell to the Indians. Mayo is head man and his daughter Chris is leading woman. Sergeant Kinnaird leaves the force and goes in disguise to gather evidence against the outlaws. As Preacher Black he reaches Stand Off and the Lone Pine Hotel. Matteo tries to cheat him, unsuccessfully. Matteo leaves Stand Off for Montana. The personality of Chris begins to attract Kinnaird. They go out riding. His horse runs away. She urges him not to follow it for fear of meeting Mayo. Kinnaird comes on the smugglers; Matteo fires and Kinnaird escapes.

CHAPTER VI.

IT was eleven o'clock when, with a knife blade already thrust through a crack, Kinnaird lifted the latch of his door. The candle had burned itself out. In darkness he built a small fire in the open fireplace of the mud wall chimney, dried the telltale wet soles of his moccasins and hung them on a peg. Then, placing the burnt-out candle on a chair by the head of his bed, and a book on the floor as though it had fallen from his hand as he dropped to sleep, he crawled into bed to await expected guests. Mayo and the others would surely come to the shack when Matteo arrived with his story.

For an hour he lay, tying to the tail of his future plans the discovery of the night, when suddenly his keen ear caught the dull thud of a horse's hoofs. Voices speaking in muffled tones sounded at the door; then came a rap. He knew it for the hard beat of a pistol barrel.

Kinnaird waited till the rap was repeated; then he queried in a sleepy voice, "Hello! Who's that? What do you want?"

He caught a muttered exclamation of surprise; then, "Light up first, and then open the door!"

"Oh, that you, Mayo! All right!" Kinnaird answered cheerfully, springing from the bed with a thump.

Next instant a light streamed through a crack and as the door swung open Mayo stepped in, followed by Kootenay and Cayuse George.

As Kinnaird ostentatiously lifted the empty candlestick from the chair and picked up his book, he was aware of Mayo's searching scrutiny of himself and the shack interior.

"I hope nobody is ill," he said presently, breaking the silence.

"I guess not," Mayo retorted significantly. "Leastwise they don't seem to be. How're you feelin' yourself, preacher? Me and Kootenay here kinder thought you might've got hurt."

"My shoulder is pretty sore," Kinnaird answered. "I fancy I lit there when Badger dropped from under me."

Mayo started at this seeming admission, and shot a meaning glance at Kootenay. "You ain't surmising' that it might be a careless bullet that sorter sored your shoulder; are you, preacher? People in these parts gets plumb reckless with their guns when they're flustered."

"No; but, by Jove! it's a wonder I didn't get shot. Such a fusillade of firearms not ten yards away! It wasn't their fault that I wasn't pinked."

Mayo gasped at this reckless candour; then he said, "Kootenay kinder feared that somebody had played Injun with your h'ar when he found Badger trailin' along behind his hosses, with an empty saddle cinched to him."

"Oh, Kootenay caught my horse, did he? I'm much obliged to him."

Mayo coughed and spat in the direction of the door. Inwardly he was thinking, "This sky pilot's plumb locoed, or he's got more smoke dried cheek than a Nichie."

"Yes," Kootenay interjected, "I was pullin' inter Stand Off fer a couple of bags of flour, and a hoss cuts inter my outfit from the prairie, as a stampeded cayuse'll gen'rally do when he sees other hosses, and I knows him fer Badger by his white socks. I used ter own that loonhead; so he lets me rope

him." At this juncture he leaned forward and spread the palm of his hand toward the light. It carried a smear of blood.

"Are you plumb sure, preacher," he asked, "that you ain't been tapped fer none uv that liquid?—cause the saddle and Badger's wither is sure wet with it."

"I'm quite sure I'd have felt it. It's awfully kind of you men to feel so anxious about me; but I thought Miss Chris knew I was all right."

Mayo's eyes opened in a dazed way; then he frowned. "Chris!" he ejaculated. "What's my darter got ter do with it?"

"Miss Chris was with me when Badger bucked me out of the saddle. We were returning from Stanford Ranch, about six o'clock."

Kootenay stared at Mayo, who in turn sat with eyes glued on the face of the speaker.

"Badger bolted," Kinnaird continued, "and your daughter advised me he would keep right on to Kootenay's ranch, and that somebody would sure bring him in. It was getting dark; so I didn't follow him. I hadn't a horse, anyway."

Mayo sat for a full minute utterly dumfounded. So many conflicting statements were enough to confuse anyone. His voice was heavy with doubt as he remarked, "You said there was some shootin',



"Are you plumb sure you ain't been tapped fer none uv that Liquid?"

and allowed you might've got hit. That sorter gets me mixed."

Kinnaird explained in a careless voice the incident of the racing cowboys and their reckless fusillade, adding, "But I don't think a bullet touched Badger. He must have cut his wither trying to rub his saddle off against a rock."

As he spoke Mayo's sharp eyes searched his face with a burning intensity; now he said, rising, "Well, preacher, we're kinder glad that things is all right. Kootenay was powerful 'fraid when he see Badger stampedin' the prairie with a bloody saddle that you'd got mixed up with some accident. We'll put the hoss in the stable; he's outside."

"I'll attend to him," Kinnaird objected, reaching for his boots.

"Kootenay'll round him up kinder all right," Mayo answered dryly. "You might's well keep close to the shack to-night. Them fellers as was canterin' out of town is back and lettin' off their guns promiscuous like. Tain't safe nohow fer a man to be out."

Solemnly the three men wished the preacher good night.

With his ear to a crack of the door, Kinnaird heard Mayo's rasping voice say, "Matt, you fool dago! when you fit that stampeded bronco and licked him, you sure had a luxurious pipedream that preacher was thar to help out the hoss; but he warn't. Now put the hoss you licked inter his bed and go home!"

Kinnaird chuckled as he turned to his bed again. He knew that Mayo would leave a man on guard outside until Chris had verified his story of the fall from Badger.

He fell asleep, the dull pain in his bruised shoulder carrying ugly dreams through his slumber. Once it was Chris tempting him with a glass of whiskey—strangely insistent; seeming to stake her love upon its acceptance. Kinnaird pushed the glass away; and then he was lying on his back thrown from a horse, the liquor trickling to his face from the glass in Chris's hand.

With a cry of rebuke on his lips, the dreamer sat up and wiped his wet face. Then he laughed in relief as a tiny stream from the old sun-cracked mud roof trickled down the back of his neck. It was raining. He could hear the sop, sop of a small deluge in the plastic mud above his head.

Rising, he struck a match and peered into the face of the little wooden clock. It was five.

He opened the door, and the wet west wind pushed with solacing coolness against his hot face. All outside was solemn, heavy grey. As he stood on the sippy threshold, the stealthy creep of dawn held him with its mysterious subtlety. It was as though thin, filmy white drapes were being hung with increasing grey effect on the black skirts of night. Inch by inch the prairie crept into view like a sweep of brown sand left bare by a receding tide.

Kinnaird swung the door to with a sigh, as though he barred peace from his thoughts, and, building a fire in the chimney, cooked his simple breakfast—a pot of oatmeal. When it was ready he punched a hole in a tin of syrup and poured some of the contents into his bowl of porridge, not noting in the dim light of breaking day that the syrup was thin.

As he swallowed the first spoonful he sprang to his feet with a cry of horror, and staring at the tin gasped, "Whiskey! Curse the stuff!"

The taste of it was on his tongue. It burned his throat as though fire scorched. The smell of it was in his nostrils. It hung fiendishly, a claiming voice of temptation out of the dead past that he had thought buried forever. Beads of perspiration hung a dew of fear on his forehead. His heart beat in a fierce tumult, and his mind was filled with nameless dread; but in his stomach, or hidden somewhere in his being, was a devil of desire calling for more—for just one soothing quaff of the elixir that lay like red blood in the white bowl.

He had come from the open doorway chilled; now his body, his soul, swam in a lake of fire. The round tin that held the incarnate, devilish power of mastery loomed larger and larger, blurring from his sight and room and everything in it. It was like a Medusa head.

Kinnaird wheeled and threw the wooden door open, its hinges screaming in the wrench. He was choking, gasping. The struggle was upon him that he had walked in dread of for years.

Something won in the man, or for him. Whether it was the vastness of the great created solitude without, the stepping in of a silent God to his side, he knew not; but with a rasping cry of conflict he turned to the table, and, sweeping bowl and tin, crashed them into the fire. The tin rolled back to the hearth like an animated demon seeking escape.

Kinnaird crushed it with his heel as if it was a serpent's head, and kicked it back among the live coals. Blue flames shot up the chimney, roaring and hissing; devil voices in a miniature hell he likened it to, crying hoarsely, "Men's souls are frying there!" He stood on the hearth with drooped head watching the tin blacken, the melted solder etching it with tiny streams of silver white. Then, dropping heavily into a chair, he buried his ashen face in his hands and went to pieces, unstrung by the fiercest conflict that can come to any man—a battle with himself.

Presently, growing calmer, his mind took up the matter of the liquor's presence. He had bought the tin labeled syrup from Cayuse George in Mayo's trade store the previous day, and no doubt had

CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.

A Quartette of 1909 Canadian Rhodes Scholars for Oxford



Ralph Sherman, Bishop's College,
Fredericton, New Brunswick



Morden H. Lang, McMaster University,
Brantford, Ontario



Joseph Daly, St. Dunstan's College,
Charlottetown, P.E.I.



Medley Kingdon Parlee, King's College,
Nova Scotia

PEOPLE AND PLACES

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

A CITY SET UPON A HILL.

SOMEbody has been "stringing" the correspondent of the London *Daily Mail*, which should not be; for Lord Northcliffe aims to know Canada if any British journalist does. The writer in question has been giving his paper information about Fort William. Now the guileless but clever scribe who lands in Fort William and gets away without being gently loaded with facts and figures about that fine young city has never been discovered. Fort William folk just about beat the west—which is akin to beating the world—in the gentle art of boosting. Years ago they had this down to a science. The writer remembers being himself loaded with literature—on a Sunday; told just like the *Mail* man that Port Arthur may be more picturesque but — !

First thing the *Mail* man saw that attracted his attention was the watering-cart on which was painted in big black letters on yellow ground—"You are in the best city in Canada." This from the water-waggon! Next he met a prominent citizen who wore on the lapel of his coat what looked at first like a foreign decoration, but on close inspection the scribe found that it read—"Fort William. Ask me." This also was one way of being a citizen; carrying one's town about on his coat-collar. A little later the *Mail* man was handed a pamphlet; for they wanted to make sure that he was really in the vicinity of a sure good thing, and that though he may have been interested in the physical charms of Fort William and astounded by evidences of its progress, yet it was more to the point to get "Reasons why Fort William is certain to become the biggest city in Canada." Then he was diligently impressed with the history of the town; how that not long ago they had to get a railroad engine to pull a cart out of a mud-hole on the street that was now paved with asphalt and lined with boulevards. Duly impressive. The *Mail* man made a note of it. A little later in the day a citizen of Fort William who had him in tow pointed to the roof of a huge elevator; telling him that he was now gazing at the biggest elevator in the world whose capacity was three and a half million bushels; when a couple of miles away in front of Port Arthur there has been for three years an elevator capable of holding seven and a half million bushels of wheat—and the biggest elevator in the world.

* * *

THE FALL FAIR.

IT is the season of the fall fair, which is an institution peculiar to eastern Canada; because in the west they are always too busy with harvest in the fall to bother with fairs. The real fair belongs to the east. The eastern farmer who goes out west to live comes to realise that the order of things out

there is altogether different from what it is in the east. There is no such delightful variety in the order of the seasons as is found in the provinces east of Manitoba. You who have been brought up on a farm—and be glad of it—will remember the unchangeable sequence of the seasons. You will remember that before the threshing season was more than half over the fall wheat seeding came on. By the time of the harvest home festival down at the church the fields were green. The corn was cut. The pumpkins were being hauled. Between the wheat seeding and the husking came the fall fair, and it fell as a delightful interruption into the midst of the busy season; a sort of holiday hiatus when those who had been niggering the summer long to chase up the nimble season from seed-time to harvest got a chance to visit one another among the prize cattle "lowing at the skies," and the fast horses that never went more than a mile in three minutes; the red riot of the machinery and the maze of the township hall where the women had their fancy work and the patchwork quilts along with the finest fruits of the earth, the apples and the peaches and the grapes and the pears, and the potatoes and the ears of corn—all grown within seven miles of the fair grounds. We knew everybody on the grounds. The day was all too short for the talk we had; for the notes of the season's work and the comparisons of the cattle and the horses. We had no particular need of "stunts." There were no sensations; no imported talent. The fair was a little bit of a thing that had its origin in one township; but somehow it seemed like a huge thing to the imagination. They have different kinds of fairs nowadays. But the kind of fair that used to be the fall holiday of the generation just gone by was in many respects better than any other sort of fair that could be devised.

* * *

THE ACADEMIC PLOUGHING MATCH.

SYMBOLISM is not dead yet—even in the practical west. The other day there was a classic sort of function in the city of Strathcona; one of the most impressive spectacles to be seen nowadays in that progressive land. The occasion was the turning of the first sod for the new University of Alberta. This might have been done with a steam plough; but as that would be altogether too much an industrial matter they chose to have horses. The functionaries were all present; the president of the university, Dr. Tory; the Premier of the province who is also the Minister of Education; also other members of Parliament. The plough was drawn by four horses. One of these classic teams was driven by Mr. John McDougall, M.P.P., who is one of the most remarkable characters in Edmonton, for he was for a long time the fur king and the leading

merchant, afterwards Mayor of Edmonton for two terms, and now having made a fortune has turned his attention to public affairs. One of the plough handles was held by Premier Rutherford; the other by Dr. Tory. Thus did the education plough turn the first sod for the new seat of learning; premier, president and patron of the arts all conspiring to make the occasion a symbol—or was it some such thing as the Premier of Ontario pitching first ball at the opening of the baseball season?

* * *

A NOTED MISSIONARY.

THE Rev. Egerton Ryerson Young is dead. He was one of the most noted missionaries in Canada—and we have had a long line of illustrious missionaries; Lacombe, Bompas, McDougall, Robertson, Stringer, Leduc, Matheson; but Dr. Young, who spent much of his life in the far northwest in the lone land days, has written much more convincingly of the land and the times than any of the others. In fact his book, "My Dogs in the Northland," was so good a description of dogs that an eminent literary plagiarist of the United States had no objection to cribbing freely from it for the purpose of making a story. Dr. Young was a distinguished lecturer and after his retirement from the dog-land spent most of his time in Bradford, Ontario.

* * *

CANADIAN BOYS TO OXFORD.

CANADA has just sent over another batch of Rhodes scholars. Mr. Morden Heaton Lang, Mr. Medley Kingdon Parlee, Mr. Joseph Daly, Mr. Skuli Johnson and Mr. Louis Ralph Sherman are the wide-awake young chaps whose mental hustling at the various schools of the Dominion entitles them to an extra college course gratis in the classic shades of Oxford halls. None of these men were born to silver. They represent the average Canadian family at its best. Mr. Lang is a Brantford, Ontario, boy, who has won honours before this for the Telephone City, down at McMaster University, Toronto. Mr. Parlee is a son of the manse from Nova Scotia and has the reputation at King's College of getting away with most of the prizes there during the past three years, and of being one of the fleetest half-backs down by the sea. Mr. Daly hails from St. Dunstan's College, Charlottetown. Mr. Sherman is another of those temperamental New Brunswickers from Fredericton. He is a philosophy man and like a true eastern academician intends to take orders after he has learned what there is to know about theology at Oxford. Mr. Johnson is an Icelander assimilated. He got all his education in Winnipeg and is one of the best all-round products Wesley College ever turned out.



THE DEMI-TASSE

A RHYME OF RUTHENIANS.

THERE came to bless our country
A band of foreign folk,
Who called themselves Ruthenians
And scorned the tyrant's yoke.

They settled in our western land
And gathered land and gear,
Until the missionaries went
To give them Christian cheer.

The preachers taught the doctrines
By Scots held orthodox;
But, just as they were getting on,
There came some dreadful "knocks."

The *Register* of Mother Church
Declared in solemn wise,
That these bold Presbyterians
Set out to pros'lytize.

Then straightway said McLaren,
"Nay, nay, it is not so;
We merely give them medicine
And help their crops to grow."

Up rose the *Orange Sentinel*
And stormed in accents high:
"Your duty is to save their souls—
Make Protestants or die."

Meanwhile the people read the fuss,
And for the cause do search—
Who are these blamed Ruthenians?
Where do they go to church?

* * *

THAT NIFTY NEWS!

THESE are stirring times in the last quarter of the year, 1909. A citizen may wake up any morning to find himself Ananias. Last year there was an election to make things interesting, but this October threatens to be as lively as ever. There's the *Toronto News*, for instance, which is now camping on the trail of the worthy Girard. That noble journal celebrated the first evening in October by a double editorial attack on the "vee-ra-ci-tee" of two contemporaries, which reads like the good old days of trial by combat. It stirs one's blood to read concerning the *Regina Leader*: "Its characteristic vice is misrepresentation." Isn't that the perfectly gentlemanly way of saying it? None of your rude "You're another" gibes! However, in the "Notes of the Day," the Willisonian note dies out, and some scribe, who is a mere inartistic underling, remarks concerning the *Halifax Recorder*: "If this were said by an individual, instead of by a newspaper, it would be described as deliberate lying!" As our old friend, Mr. William Shakespeare, of Stratford-on-Avon, has remarked: "There is much virtue in 'if.'" Just that little bit of a word saves the *News* from calling the *Halifax* editor what Peary thought about dear Dr. Cook. But it's a long worm that has no turning, and both *Regina* and *Halifax* had stepped on the *News*. It's a far cry from the capital of Saskatchewan to the capital of Nova Scotia; but, as the *Courier* bard would repeat "on the side"—

"Oh, East is East and West is West
But the twain get it right in the neck,
When they both set out to worry the *News*
And call it a poor Tory wreck."

* * *

THE WRONG RESCUER.

THE Editor of the *Toronto Globe*, Mr. J. A. Macdonald, has been heard to boast that he is a "really, truly" Canadian, with three generations of Canadian ancestry to his credit. However, "once a Hielander, always a Hielander," and the "Mac" is unmistakable, either in the pulpit or the press. One fine morning in September of this year, His Editorial Highness was proceeding to the scene of his daily toil, when he noticed an Italian workman labouring a man who had fallen in the fray. The Celtic blood of a race that has seldom deemed the pen mightier than the sword, stirred within the Macdonald heart and he hurled himself upon the child of Sunny Italy and handed the latter over to the tender care of the *Toronto* police. When the case of assault came up in the courts, Mr. Macdonald was called as a witness and it was then discovered that the victim in the fight was no other than

a citizen named Campbell. Now, it is something over two centuries since the Massacre of Glencoe, but Highland hearts have a positive genius for remembering. The magistrate was not slow to appreciate the situation and remarked dryly:

"About the first case in history, I suppose, where a Macdonald has come to the rescue of a Campbell."

"Ah, but I had no idea that he was a Campbell when I helped him up," said the Editor ruefully, reflecting, no doubt, that things could not have been worse—unless he had discovered that he had rescued the Honourable George E. Foster from a foreign assailant.

* * *

A POPULAR ADMIRAL.

WHEN Lord Charles Beresford was at the R. C. Y. C. garden party, during his recent visit to Toronto, he told of how he had been accosted that morning near the City Hall, by a feminine inebriate, who had gaily waved a grimy hand at the passing carriage, exclaiming "Hello, Chawlie!"

The jolly admiral proceeded to tell of a similar occurrence after an election in Great Britain when he had won the seat. A few days after his success he was driving with the Prince of Wales through St. John's Wood when they passed a frowsy-headed dame who had evidently been having a drink or two. As she beheld the distinguished occupants of the carriage, she bowed genially and, waving her hand to the successful candidate, exclaimed:

"Chawlie, I do declare! An' yer've got Wyles with yer this mawnin'!"

His Royal Highness turned to Lord Charles Beresford and remarked: "Really, you seem to have made a great many political friends."

* * *

A HERO OF OUR OWN.

Who cares for Cook and Peary
Or any Polar hack?
We have a hero to ourselves—
Brave Bernier is back.



The Jam that Mother Makes.—Puck.

* * *

AN HISTORIC SPOT.

AN American tourist hailing from the West was recently out sightseeing in London. They took him aboard the old battleship *Victory*, which was Lord Nelson's flag-ship in several of his most famous naval triumphs. An English sailor escorted the American over the vessel, and coming to a raised brass tablet he said, as he reverently removed his hat.

"Ere, sir, is the spot where Lord Nelson fell."
"Oh, is it?" replied the American blankly. "Well, that ain't nothing. I nearly tripped on the blame thing myself."

* * *

BACK TO NATURE.

I WOULD flee from the city's rule and law—from its fashions and booms cut loose—and go where the strawberry grows on the straw, and the gooseberry grows on the goose. Where the catnip tree is climbed by the cat as she clutches at her prey—the guileless and unsuspecting rat on the rattan bush at play. I will watch at ease the saffron cow and cowlet in their glee, as they leap with joy from bough to bough on top of the cowslip tree; and list while the partridge drums his drum, and the woodchuck chucks his wood, and the dog devours the

dogwood plum in primitive solitude. O, let me drink from the moss grown pump that was hewn from the pumpkin tree; eat mush and milk from a rural stump, from form and fashion free—new gathered mush from the mushroom vine, and milk from the milkweed sweet. With luscious pineapples from the pine; such fruit as the Gods might eat; And then to the whitewashed dairy I'll turn, where the dairy maid hastening hies, her ruddy and golden red butter to churn from the milk of her butterflies; and I'll rise at morn with the earliest bird, to the fragrant barnyard pass, and watch while the farmer turns his herd of grasshoppers out to grass.

* * *

ANOTHER PEARY.

A TORONTO school teacher has learned something new about the famous Peary.

The other day she was telling her class, most of whom are little foreigners, about Peary and the North Pole, when she was interrupted by a small piping voice.

"Please, teacher, I know Peary. He lives around the corner from my place."

The teacher suppressed a smile as she tried to explain to the laddie that Peary was quite another person who lived a great way off and had been trying for a long time to find the Pole and had at last succeeded. But the little fellow was too sure of his man to be easily convinced.

"Yes, I know," he insisted, "he said he found the Pole, but the judge didn't believe him and fined him a dollar and costs."

* * *

THE KINDLY DRUGGIST.

I am a druggist, lorn and lone,
A being without guile,
When strangers grab my telephone
I merely smile.

A big directory I keep,
And should through any stress
You want my aid, I'll in it peep
For an address.

I have on hand of glue and string
A large and free supply;
I'll gladly get you anything
You'd like to try.

At midnight I climb slowly to
My little cot to camp,
But I'll get up to furnish you
A postage stamp.

Emotions I have learned to curb;
I've always helpful been,
And naught that happens can disturb
My gentle grin.—*Washington Herald*.

* * *

SQUASHING THE BROMIDE.

THE Duke of Abercorn, who celebrated his seventy-first birthday last week, says a writer in *M. A. P.*, has the unique distinction of also being the Duke of Chatelherault, in France. Married to the daughter of the famous first Earl Howe, he has been Groom of the Stole to the Prince of Wales, and has held the Lord Lieutenancy of Donegal since 1885. Exceedingly reticent and hating the limelight of publicity, he seldom, if ever, engages in political discussions, and it is only on very rare occasions he appears on public platforms. He has, however, a pretty turn of wit, which he sometimes uses with considerable effect.

There is a story told of how, while travelling in a railway compartment, he was constantly being interrupted by a very talkative person who insisted upon making all manner of irrelevant remarks.

"Fine weather, this," said his companion. "Brings everything out. The grass is quite green."

"Quite," replied the duke looking over his paper. "But then consider what a change it is from the pink and mauve grass we have been having lately."

* * *

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN.

AFTER a day and a night spent in answering telephone calls from people who wanted the latest news from Peary and Dr. Cook, the secretary of one of the Arctic clubs had retired for a well-earned rest, when the persistent 'phone bell rang again. A voice at the other end said:

"Do you want the ambulance sent right over?"

"What ambulance?" roared the irate secretary.

"Why, the one you sent for."

"I sent for no ambulance."

"You lie!"

The secretary gasped, then he screamed into the 'phone:

"Send it as soon as possible, and you come over too and I'll send you home in it!"—*New York Sun*.

SERGEANT KINNAIRD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.

been given the whiskey filled one in mistake. Evidently Mayo made use of a rather common expedient in handling his contraband goods, which was to empty his imported fruit and syrup tins of their contents, and refill them with the far more profitable whiskey. The legitimate stuff was then repacked in wooden kegs and pails, and the illegitimate was fairly well disguised by the labels.

These minor matters, the method of handling the whiskey, were of little importance to Kinnaird in his mission. A few vats, a copper still, a snakelike coil liquefying the venom, hidden somewhere up in Mad Squaw Gorge, now dominated not only his mission but the whole endeavour of the Government forces to cripple the illicit trade.

Had he been less thorough, he might have gone away with the evidence he had; but what a ruinous fiasco if, when he led the police into the territory of the whiskey jacks for the grand coup, he should find that he had made a mistake! He must be able to say that the moonshine machine was there, that he had seen it.

Pacing the floor, turning over in his mind how and when to make his dangerous trip of discovery into the pass, his eye by chance sought a big calendar on the wall, tangently, and at variance with his thoughts, dating the passage of days. "Friday!" As though somebody had spoken, the name rang in his ears in revelation. It was the day of Stand Off's hilarity; the "Civic Round Up" it had been flamboyantly cognomened by the dwellers. It was Race Day. Annually in Stand Off came a day of speeding horses and correlative deviltry. Everybody would be in town, and several hundreds who were nobody—Indians, breeds, and nomads of the plains. And—quick thought!—not a soul would remain up in the gorge of distillation. The joyful ones would be flattered by the preacher's absence. Whiskey and cards and horse racing would atone in *excelsis* for a dearth of evangelical endeavour.

Kinnaird's mind galloped, eating into a plan at speed. He would intimate to Mayo that he was going out to rehabilitate the disrupted nerves of the Honourable, and Mayo, shrewd and foxlike of insight, would take this as a delicate elision of his constraining presence. Well clear of Stand Off, he would cut an ellipse in the prairie, and before midnight read the conjectured secret of Mad Squaw Gorge.

Very simple the programme; but entirely voided by the fact that the good citizens were at that very hour, with exquisite drollery, selecting the sky pilot as judge of the races. It had been the highest civic honour in Stand Off since the city's inception; and partly in the way of atonement, and altogether because of his neutrality, being the one man in the gathering who would not have a bet down, it was now conferred on the preacher.

Kinnaird knew nothing of this till he sought out Mayo casually to explain his intended defection. Then it was made clear to him that Stand Off, having done itself proud in this magnanimous way, expected a proper appreciation. Kinnaird yielded—he couldn't help it without arousing suspicion—determining to use the night for his errand.

There were a multiplicity of races, variable, extraordinary, unique, interminable, and it was five o'clock when the great race of the day, the Stand Off Challenge Cup, was called as the wind up. It was primitively simple in its conditions: "Chinook against any horse in the world." Chi-

nook had never been beaten, and all Stand Off had dollars to meet the dollars of anyone rash enough to attempt this impossible feat.

Three days previously a small parcel of humanity done up in parchment had listlessly drifted into Stand Off on the back of a leggy bay. And casually it had transpired that the "locoed gopher," as Cayuse George tagged him, thought Pipestone could make Chinook look like an effete mule. The little man had the tired, resigned air of a dweller in an arid desert; but, viriled out of his parched despondency by the quick whiskey of Stand Off, he had cheerfully wedded dollar to dollar of Chinook money that Pipestone could sure tumpline the other package of hoss flesh over the half-mile course, or his name wasn't Silent Eli.

And now, at five o'clock, with a start of dismay, followed by a sense of repugnance, Kinnaird saw Chris, mounted on Chinook, pass down Broadway, which was the race course, on her way to the start, half a mile deeper in the trail. The girl had ridden past the preacher judge, almost brushing against his shoulder, with averted face, as though she avoided an expected look of disapproval. But this dual feeling of ethical sensitiveness ramified not to the larger area of humanity. All Stand Off rose up on its hind legs and cheered as the girl passed; even potted at the complacent sky in a crackling fusillade of encouragement.

A sudden hush fell over the mosaic of beaded blanket and buckskin coat and loud shirt that had noisily patterned in and out where the judge lined his eye from post to post across Broadway in front of the Lone Pine.

Craning his neck past Kootenay's bulk, Kinnaird saw a puff of smoke and the mad leap of chestnut and bay showing against a solid wall of humanity, as men closed in from either side, like the swing of gates. As the filmy lace of smoke threw upward, a hoarse cry, unintelligible, and then they stood in silence as if the prairie had slipped back a thousand years into solitude. He could see a gleam of yellow where the low-hung sun caught the golden legs of Chinook in front of the bay. Chris was off in front. But on Pipestone, low crouched to the wither, was a figure that spoke of sinister content; and that long, steady reach of the bay was the gallop of a race horse—smooth and an eater of space, that stride. On the breeze streamed the coal black hair of Chris, as, too erect, she sat the looser striding Chinook.

Kinnaird's blood leaped in a palpitating riot as bay and chestnut swept in strife up the trail. The drumming of their eager hoofs was music that thrilled. Now they raced neck and neck. The girl's body rocked as though she urged Chinook. And on the bay a monkeylike figure crouched as motionless as though the man slept. A hundred yards away their hoofs beat with fierce impetuosity side by side; they galloped as a team.

Kinnaird felt the smothered crush of bodies as men, tensed by the struggle, closed in silence about him. No one spoke. They scarce seemed to breathe, so still the suspense held them.

There was a curious sense of long drawn out time in his mind, as if bay and chestnut had galloped for ages, and would gallop on and on like creatures in a dream. But the thunder of hoofs now churned the air like a huge drum. He could see the blood red gleam of spread nostrils that sucked at the air. The girl's face showed drawn and blanched; her lips

twitched, as though she called to Chinook to gallop, gallop.

Suddenly, the brown, wrinkled face of the man on Pipestone showed above the lean reaching head of the bay. His shoulders heaved. An arm swept upward. There was the snake-like writhe of a quirt in the air, and surely the black legs of the bay pounded at the turf a yard in front of the other.

"Gad! she's beaten! Chris, my girl, it's too bad!" This had slipped from Kinnaird's lips in a whisper. He held his breath as the girl drove at Chinook.

A few strides, a slight cutting down of the other's lead, and then, with a surging rush, the two thoroughbreds, the bay head showing in front, swept between his eyes and the white poplar post across the course.

Shrill above the rising clamour sounded the voice of Cayuse: "Hell's cut loose! Oh! won't somebody take my gun off'n me 'fore I shoot that gopher on Pipestone?"

Nobody paid any attention to the excited Cayuse. It was just the phrased thoughts that surged through the minds of all Stand Off.

Mayo pushed his way through the turmoil of troubled men, and asked Kinnaird, "What hoss got it, judge?"

"Pipestone won."
"Guess that's correct," Kootenay substantiated. "The red hoss jus' shoved out his lips, an' sorter won by the skin of his teeth." The speaker laughed a mirthless cackle at his own humour.

Through a rent in the human wall the two horses came back. Chris, slipping dejectedly from the saddle, asked, "Was I beat?"

Kinnaird nodded.
"I thought so. Poor old Chinook! That's the first time—" Her voice choked, and Kinnaird saw the heavy black lashes whip bravely at the moist brown eyes. As she drew at Chinook's rein, Mayo said:

"I'll take the hoss, Chris."
"No—no!" the girl answered fiercely; and the crowd cheered as she led the chestnut away.

Part of Kinnaird's official duty was to hold the stakes. And as Silent Eli waited for his winnings, two men, dressed as cowboys, stood viewing Pipestone with evident interest. One of them ran a hand casually down the horse's cannonbone.

"I guess it's all right, judge," Mayo said. "Nobody ain't made no kick."

As Eli held out his hand for the purse, the man who had caressed Pipestone's leg slipped a pair of strong fingers in the red handkerchief knotted about the little man's neck, saying, "I arrest you in the name of the Queen! Don't pay over that money!" He stopped abruptly and stared, a look of half recognition in his eyes as he turned them on Kinnaird.

An oath and a twist recalled him from his momentary hesitancy. Another hand had thrust in between him and his prisoner to grasp the wrist of Eli, wrenching his fingers loose from the butt of a six-shooter he had reached for beneath his leather shirt.

"What's all this, stranger?" Mayo asked, his lean face set in a look of anger.

"This man's a horse thief!" Eli's captor declared.

"You're a liar!" snapped the jockey.

"Who are you, stranger?" Mayo demanded.

"Sergeant Hawke of the Mounted Police. This horse was stolen from the breeding ranch of Marcus Daly. His name's not Pipestone; it's Redwing. And no wonder he beat Chinook; for he's a stake winner!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

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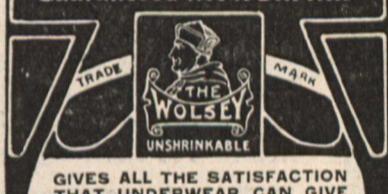
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MUSIC IN CANADA

News and Views concerning a Form of Art which is Native to this Country.

CHORAL SINGING IN CANADA.

IT is understood that Toronto is to have two new musical societies, both to give performances during the coming season. This will make nine choral societies in that city with a total number of chorists not less than twenty-five hundred. This is almost more than enough. There is no other city in the world with three hundred thousand population and over that has a permanent singing force outside of church choirs of more than two thousand singers. Toronto is in a fair way to become chorus mad. Twenty years ago there was but one large chorus in Toronto—the old Philharmonic, under F. H. Torrington. A couple of years later Dr. Edward Fisher organised his Choral Society and Mr. Elliott Haslam his Vocal Society; each a small number of voices. Out of the latter at the retirement of Mr. Haslam—along with the Jarvis Street Baptist choir—came the nucleus of the Mendelssohn Choir. Six years ago the Oratorio Society was formed by Mr. Sherlock; about the same time, immediately following the tour of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the British composer, came the National Chorus, led by Dr. Albert Ham. Perhaps it was a year or two previous to this that Mr. H. M. Fletcher got together his People's Choral Union, out of which has since grown the Schubert Choir as an auxiliary. The old Philharmonic having undergone a lot of Protean changes became the Festival Chorus at the opening of Massey Hall in 1894; the Jubilee Chorus in the year of the Queen's Jubilee; now the Festival Chorus again in conjunction with the chorus of West Toronto.

All these are in full blast, giving last season thirteen concerts in Toronto. Now Dr. Edward Broome has organised a choral society to number two hundred voices. Also Signor Vegara who used to be teacher of singing at the Toronto College of Music—that was ten or twelve years ago and he also gave a few sporadic performances of oratorio—is getting together a singing society to perform operatic excerpts and oratorios like "Samson."

Montreal has two large and important choruses, both of which do excellent work. Hamilton has two public choirs—the Elgar and the choir conducted by Mr. W. H. Hewlett. The Elgar Choir has sung in Toronto and will do so again this season. Winnipeg has a large singing society under the baton of Mr. Fred Warrington, who used to be a choirmaster in Toronto. This choir gave a three-days festival last May in conjunction with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra.

* * *
IS CANADA A MUSICAL COUNTRY?

IT has been asked, whether Canada has any musical atmosphere. It has been asked also, whether even the United States has a musical atmosphere. Some say that there is no doubt of it. The United States has a musical temperament; spends millions of money every year on music; supports some of the biggest orchestras in the world; maintains two big opera houses in New York spending more money in a season on opera than any other city in the world, besides a third about to be built in Boston. This does not necessarily make musical atmosphere. The amount of money spent on any form of art may be a way of judging the interest taken in art, but by no means measure the cultivation of the people. The ordinary man in the United States never hears grand opera and seldom a big orchestra—let alone a church choir. The average man in Canada is much the same. The tendency is to go after big things. Toronto, Montreal and Winnipeg spend large moneys on music. But it can scarcely be said that any of these is a really musical city. We shall get musical cities when the people themselves—not merely the patrons of opera and the subscribers to concerts—are musical. The expenditure of vast amounts of money on concerts and operas is a step in that direction; but till that stage has been passed and the people learn to appreciate good, simple things in music as much as they do musical comedy airs and popular songs, no country or city can be said to be truly musical.

Some people would judge a country's musical status by the character of its national airs. In that case Russia would come ahead of France and Germany, all three ahead of England and the United States with Canada—so far as the hymn "O Canada!" is concerned—up with the best.

* * *
THE ORCHESTRA SEASON IS ON.

ORCHESTRAS are again rehearsing. There are four or five good orchestras in Canada, two of which are in Toronto, one in Montreal and one in Quebec. The most important of these is the Toronto Symphony Orchestra which was organised two years ago and is this season to give eight programmes in its home city besides two or three at outside points. Already this orchestra has been recognised as a touring organisation. A week or so ago a Cincinnati booking agent wrote the conductor asking his terms for a series of concerts in the United States. This of course cannot be considered, as the band has all it can do at home. But it marks a very real development in native music when a Canadian orchestra is invited to go on tour in a country that has a reputation for paying higher salaries to players than any other country in the world. The difficulty of organisation has been very largely overcome. The Toronto Symphony is now on a business basis with a substantial list of guarantors and with the announcement of a series of programmes that would do credit to any orchestra in the world. The Montreal Orchestra has done some big works both independently and in conjunction with the Philharmonic Society of that city. The Quebec Symphony won the Governor-General's award last summer in Ottawa. The problem with Canadian orchestras is to get players. Many must be imported. Canada has not begun to develop her own players to any great extent. For that matter neither has the United States. Most of the best players in the great American orchestras come from abroad, although many of them have been for years in the United States. So with Canada. The difficulty is to guarantee men enough teaching to compensate for a short season, or at least a comparatively small number of rehearsals in the year. In the big American orchestras the season is big enough to include weekly concerts and a rehearsal every day, which does away with the necessity for teaching; in fact the very best orchestras prohibit their men from playing at theatres or teaching at all. In Canada it is necessary for the men to do theatre work whenever possible and to teach as well.

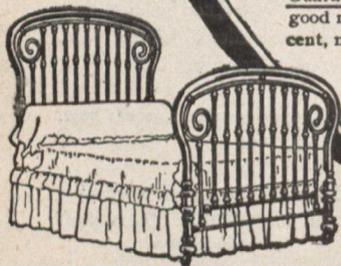
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My Tour in America

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.

The call-boy laughed and said, "Your pleasure, sir, but there's a man outside who has no card and who says he has come all the way from Klondyke to hear you sing. He swears he must see you or he'll tear down the building."

I was amused at the boy's description, and told him to send up the man from Klondyke. In a few seconds a big, burly fellow, with clear blue eyes, a face tanned chocolate colour by exposure, and wearing a heavy tweed suit and an enormous slouch hat, stalked into the dressing-room shouting out, "Where is he? Where's Lauder?"

I meekly said, "Here he is," wondering all the while what manner of visitor had broken in on me, whereupon he tossed his slouch hat on the floor, extended a fist the size of a small ham, and remarked, "Before I say one word, put it right there."

I did as he told me and then danced in agony as he held my hand in a vice-like grip and remarked, "That's what we call a Klondyke shake, Harry!"

"Yes, sir, that's what we call a Klondyke shake," repeated my strange visitor, suddenly freeing my hand and laughing as he watched me gingerly pull the fingers separate.

"It's a good job for me," said I, "that you didn't bring half a dozen of your friends with you."

"Ah," he interrupted, "I'm representing a lot more than half a dozen."

"Heavens!" I exclaimed, starting up and shoving both hands into my waistcoat pockets—I had on my kilt—"I hope they're not outside."

"They're outside, right enough," went on my visitor; "but they're thousands of miles away—in far-off Dawson City."

Then he told me an extraordinary story—a story which almost brought the tears to my eyes as I listened to its narration. It appears that several weeks before the date of my opening in New York a party of Scottish settlers in the Yukon Valley assembled at a convivial party had read in a New York paper that I was booked to appear at Blaney's Theatre for a season, commencing October 12th.

The proposal was promptly made that they should all contribute to a "pool," the winner of which would consider himself delegated to proceed to New York and hear me at my opening performance. The idea was instantly acted upon. The amount of the "pool" was decided there and then, the sum being fixed at a figure which would pay all the traveller's expenses to and from New York, and recoup him for lost time at his work. Lots were then drawn and the pool-winner was the chap who gave me "the Klondyke Shake." I forget how many days and hours he had taken to get to New York, but he had only arrived that morning. He told me that he couldn't get a seat, and had had to fight his way into the gallery, where he stood all the time.

"Now I'm going right off home again to-morrow morning," concluded this extraordinary deputation of one; "but before I go you must sign this document, to prove that I've heard you and seen you. The boys expect it, and told me not to come back without it. That's why I threatened to tear down the theatre if I couldn't see you."

Sure enough, he produced a kind of letter setting forth that the bearer had been in New York, that he had heard me perform in Blaney's Theatre, and that he had interviewed me in the flesh. I willingly "certified" as desired, and sent my visitor into ecstasies by adding at the foot of the

page: "Good luck to a' the Scots in Klondyke." Before going he held out his brawny fist once more, but I smilingly refused to undergo another "shake," and contented myself with gripping one of his fingers. Next moment he had picked up his great slouch hat and was gone.

It was only afterwards it occurred to me that I had forgotten to ask his name, an omission which I sincerely regret.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Book Jottings

THIS is another Kipling story for which M. A. P. vouches as being entirely new:

A certain American publisher purchased a tale from Mr. Kipling. He, the publisher, was of the "unco' guid" type; a teetotaler to the verge of fanaticism, and looking through the story, he was shocked to come upon a passage where the hero had a glass of sherry. Greatly perturbed, he wrote to Mr. Kipling, pointing out the moral harm that might result from reading of such a depraved person and action and requesting Mr. Kipling to substitute some non-intoxicating beverage for the harmful and unnecessary sherry. "Oh, all right," replied Mr. Kipling, "make it a glass of Blank's Baby Food. I see he advertises largely in your magazine."

* * *

IT is but a couple of years since Mr. G. A. Henty passed away, and now the death of Mr. George Manville Fenn the other day removes the other of the two eminent pioneers of modern story-writers for boys. Like Mr. Henty, Mr. Fenn was a most prolific writer. His total output was 150 volumes. A curious fact in connection with his career was that he did not enter the literary world until he had attained the age of thirty-seven years.

* * *

CANADIANS will welcome the volume of sketches dealing with "Old Quebec" written by Byron Nicholson and just issued by the Commercial Printing Company, Quebec.

* * *

IN the *Westminster Gazette* Mr. Eden Phillpotts writes some verse dedicated to his brother novelist, Maurice Hewlett:

My bread doth spring from stones;
the best I know
Of what mankind hath made in highest sort,
Is of the eternal, deep-ribbed mountain wrought
From far Pentelicus. To them I go
And by them is my shaken spirit brought,
Through the sad glory of their after-glow,
Unto a mood of dim content that naught
But these same golden shadows can bestow.
Hellas! thy marble and thy minstrelsy
Shall guide my way where, all unseen among
Thy least of lovers, I still bend the knee
Fainting and trembling. Art is over-long
And drowns life deeper than eternity
Within the ambit of thy stone and song.

—*Westminster Gazette* (London).

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

SOMEHOW GOOD NEWS ALWAYS DOES LEAK OUT.

BUT somehow the news always does leak out. As a rule, some of the inside interests in a company like to take some advantage of the inside information that they may happen to have in order to make a little something out of it from the stock market end. On a few occasions leading interests and directors seem to have honestly tried to prevent the stock market getting wind of some coming good news before it should be the property of the shareholders, but somehow they nearly always fail. Take, for instance, the declaration made the other day by the directors of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company of a bonus of \$10 a share on the common stock. Mr. Robert Meighen, the genial old president, who, with a few of his intimate friends, holds the control of the company, has always been particularly conservative as far as the stock market end of a large business like his own is concerned. For some little time past there had been quite a steady and big advance in the values of the common shares of the Lake of the Woods Company, and the stock market was flooded with all kinds of rumours regarding the good things which were in store for the shareholders of this particular stock, and when it had gained from around 100 to across 130, I ventured to ask Mr. Meighen if it did not look as though some people very close to the directors, if not even some of the directors themselves, had a pretty good idea of what was coming. "They don't know a thing about it," said Mr. Meighen emphatically. "The directors at the present time do not even know what plans it is intended to carry out, and it will only be at a meeting of the board, to be held next week, that I will be able to lay before them my plans, which I think will meet with their entire approval." Then he added, "These stock market fellows think they know all about it, but they don't." In the stand he took, Mr. Meighen was absolutely sincere, and anybody who knows him can readily appreciate this. He wanted the shareholders themselves to know before anybody else just what was coming, in order that they might be able to judge for themselves how they could best derive the most benefit from it. Unless the stock market knew what was coming, it would have been a ridiculous thing to have boosted a six per cent. stock like the Lake of the Woods common up close to 135. After events, however showed that once again the stock market had been right, and when President Meighen was able to announce the declaration of a bonus of \$10 a share the news had practically been discounted as far as the stock market was concerned.

In this remarkably singular instance, special effort had been made to prevent the news leaking out, but somehow or other it did leak out and as far as the stock market is concerned it rather looks as though it would be very difficult for it not to leak out, because if there is something good coming some of the insiders, or some interest close to the insiders, just can't help taking advantage of it. In this connection, the stock market interests who took advantage of the information that they either had or thought they had, regarding what was coming, made a very nice clearing up on the big advance the stock enjoyed from the time they took hold of it on the Exchange until the day on which the announcement was made regarding the declaration of a very handsome bonus.

Lake of the Woods common stock had for a long time been practically as dead as a door nail on the exchange, but the stock market interests so changed the situation that very quickly the stock lost its reputation of being one of the worst acting stocks on the Montreal Exchange, to being rather a very attractive issue, with great possibilities ahead of it.

A peculiar incident in connection with the whole thing is that Mr. Robert Meighen, the president, while always having the control of the company, has never had much of the common stock and on this account does not benefit to any great extent by the bonus he recently decided to give to the shareholders of the stock. The reason why Mr. Meighen never had much of the common was that it was saddled onto the company at the time Mr. David Russell, the meteoric capitalist from St. John, decided to take up the Lake of the Woods concern and from a good money-making concern with a small capital converted it over-night into a great big concern with a large amount of capital. The shareholders of the common stock, however, have for a long time been clamouring for either a higher dividend or a bonus, and Mr. Meighen had promised them that they could likely have it when the company had been able to retire all its outstanding bonds. At the close of the last fiscal year, the bonds were retired, and now it rather looks as though Mr. Meighen had felt that he owed it to the shareholders of the common to do something for them. And he did it.

* * *

CONGRATULATIONS FOR SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY.

WHEN the shareholders of the Canadian Pacific gathered together for their annual meeting the other day, they had a double reason to congratulate the president, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, because besides being the day on which the annual meeting of the company was being held, marking the close of a very successful year, it was also Sir Thomas' fifty-sixth birthday. Most of his associates have always made a point of remembering the date, and were very hearty in their good wishes that Sir Thomas might have the very best of luck during the year upon which he was just entering. It is a very pleasing sight to see a group of these big C. P. R. magnates together, because there is such a friendly spirit among them. As a rule, the directors of corporations are very seldom close personal friends, their relations pertaining to business only. In the case of the C. P. R., however, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy and Sir Wm. Van Horne have always made a practice of spending a good deal of time with the various directors of the company, more particularly when the annual trips of inspection are made over the entire system of the company. Living together under these conditions they have grown to know one another particularly well. Besides, on the days when the meetings of the directors of the C. P. R. are held up at the Windsor Street Station, in Montreal, the majority of the directors usually meet beforehand at luncheon either at St. James or the Mount Royal Club, and as a rule they walk over together to attend the meeting. To some extent they have evidently helped on another to accumulate a fair degree of wealth, as it is stated that, with a single exception, every director of the C. P. R. is now a millionaire. While Sir Thomas was particularly pleased in receiving the congratulations of his friends, this only seemed to serve to make him more ambitious still to make the C. P. R. all he aims at making it.

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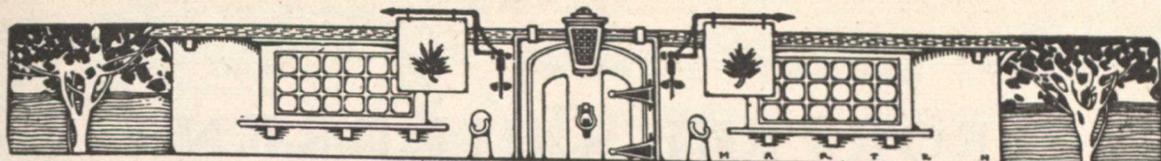
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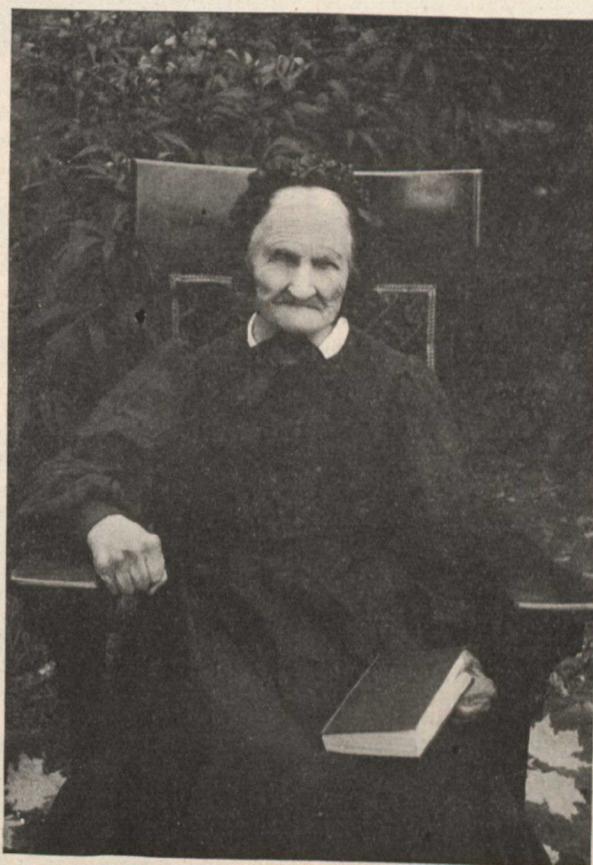
AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

THE OLDEST PIONEER.

TO have celebrated the hundredth anniversary of one's arrival in this vale of tears is not such a common occurrence that it should pass unnoticed. The old lady whose portrait appears below is already beyond the century mark and her next birthday, which comes in January, completes her one hundred and third year. Sixty-one years ago Mrs. Holman and her husband made a tedious journey of eight weeks from their home in Devonshire, England, coming to Canada, where, after spending some years in the towns of Port Hope, Fergus and Elora, they finally settled in Monkton, Ontario. At the present time Mrs. Holman is living with her son on his farm just outside of the above named town. She is still bright and active and takes a keen interest in the events of the day, and it is with her a proud boast that she is the oldest pioneer living in the district.

A CANADIAN'S SUCCESS.

AMONG the numbers of Canadian women who have become celebrities in the musical world abroad, there appears the name of Miss Beatrice la Palme, who has recently scored a success in the role of Marguerite in the revival of Gounod's *Faust* at the Lyric Theatre in London. The story of this plucky young actress' struggle for fame makes an interesting recital, more particularly because by her subsequent conquest she reflects glory on the fair Dominion of her birth. We are told that after seven years of diligent toil at her profession, no opportunity had come to bridge the gulf between obscurity and public notice, and fairly discouraged she had decided to give up the fight. No sooner had her mind been made up, however, when she was called on the telephone by the manager of Covent Gardens to ask if he might cast her for one of the roles in "La Boheme," as the principal soprano was unable to play the part. In a very short time Miss la Palme made herself familiar with the part, the performance of which brought her the reward that had been so long denied. Her success was immediate and she is now a recognised acquisition to the operatic stage.



A CENTURY BEHIND HER.
Mrs. Holman, of Monkton, Ontario, in her 103rd year.

THE IMAGINATION OF THE REPUBLIC.

THE following remarks have been wrung from the writer after examination of a certain folder issued by a line of American steamboats plying on the Upper Lakes. The letter press in question is excellent, with just that mixture of literary finish and businesslike accuracy—nothing left out and everything made interesting—that we are getting to associate with this kind of literature. The poet merged in the advance agent, so to speak. But there appears to be one curious drawback. The territory described, consisting of the Georgian Bay, Manitoulin Island, the towns of Goderich and Kincardine and the villages of Killarney, Little Current, and Thessalon—is all Canadian, yet this rather important fact would scarcely be deduced from the language of the folder. In one place only is the word "Canada" used, and although "Ont." appears twice or thrice after the names of towns it is not made clear to the reader that this fascinating region is part of the Dominion. To the American reader, that is, for the point of view is everything. The average Canadian, taking up the folder, may not be seriously impressed by the lack of direct information concerning his ownership of this special tract of wood and water because he knows already that it belongs to him, but the snare lies in the way the matter must affect the American, particularly the young American. To the tourist of tender years, there is scarcely anything to make him realise that the international boundary goes across Lake Huron, in the middle, and that very shortly after leaving port his ship is in Canadian waters, and that he is gazing on both sides at Canadian scenery. Not

all the Georgian Bay is Canadian, but most of the good scenery in it is, and assuredly the best part of the 30,000 islands marking the famous archipelago. With serene complacency, however, the U. S. tourist, on consulting his folder, may journey on in ignorance of the fact. In all good humour may we not demand some kind of *amende honourable* of the same, an introductory paragraph in the best style of the gifted writer, setting forth the claims of this growing Dominion, her status and influence among nations, also taking up the parable of her wondrous charm and beauty! It would be only fair, for at present the impression conveyed reminds one somewhat of the celebrated domestic situation in an old French comedy, where for many years the man of the house coming to table and eating of well-made and well-cooked dainties day after day always supposes that they are the work of his wife, unaware, of what everyone else knows, that the latter is a notoriously poor cook and manager; and that the delicacies in question are handed in from next door by an impecunious widow, a neighbour who ekes out a slender incompetence in this perfectly legitimate manner. No wonder that when the said tourist wishes to post a letter at Killarney or Owen Sound he uses his own American stamp. There is recognised in all this one more effort of the superb Imagination of the Republic, that peoples the entire continent with its own citizens and would fain annex the rocky isles and glittering channels of a magic Northland. We do not grudge the admiration and we enjoy to the full reciprocity of business interests when thousands of American visitors throng our shores, but I, for one, would like to see the paragraph inserted in the folder. It is clear enough on the map but from personal observation I find that few people really master maps.

A MUSICAL CLUB PROGRAMME.

MEMBERS of musical clubs throughout Canada will no doubt be interested in the following exceedingly broad programme of work drawn up by the Winnipeg Women's Musical Club for the season 1909-10:—
Nov. 1.—Autumn and winter music.
Nov. 8.—Visiting artist.
Nov. 15.—The development of the modern sonata and miscellaneous songs.
Nov. 22.—Gipsy music.
Nov. 29.—Progression in music considered in five or

- six overlapping lives.
- Dec. 6.—Chamber music and folk songs.
- Dec. 13.—Students' day.
- Jan. 3.—Comparative compositions.
- Jan. 10.—Shakespearean music.
- Jan. 17.—Modern German composers.
- Jan. 24.—Visiting artist.
- Jan. 31.—Music of the sea.
- Feb. 7.—Chamber music and operatic songs.
- Feb. 14.—Strictly new school of English.
- Feb. 21.—Characteristic music.
- Feb. 28.—Canadian and American composers.
- Mar. 7.—Music of foreign lands, exclusive of English, French, German and Italian.
- Mar. 14.—Modern French composers.
- Mar. 21.—Students' day.
- Mar. 28.—Spring and summer music (flower songs).
- Apr. 4.—Annual meeting.

AN EARLY MATINEE.

A FRENCH theatrical company telegraphed from Rio that they would give a performance at Dakar, on the west coast of Africa, when the steamer arrived there. At eight o'clock the theatre was full, but the company was missing, and the audience were sent away disappointed. But at 11.30 the steamer arrived, tom-toms were beaten in the streets, and the people flocked to the theatre. The performance began at 1.30 a.m., and finished at 5!

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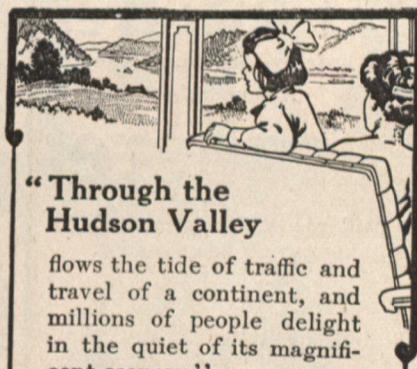
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—(New York Post, April 8, '09).

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RAGAMUFFIN ROW.

THE MAGIC HAT

ONCE upon a time there lived a most charming fairy, whose name was Loblina. She grew so fast that she was obliged to leave the flowers and make her home in an old hat with a tapering crown, and then the hat became a magic hat. It would float over the fields and up to the clouds, if the fairy sat upon it; and whatever it fell upon that she did not like melted away.

Loblina often stayed by a bridge which spanned a pretty river full of fish, but no one dared catch them because under the bridge lived Gribber-Grabber.

Now Gribber-Grabber was a troll—that is, an ugly river goblin—and as he had only one big, round staring eye, he was a frightful-looking creature. Everybody feared him except Loblina; and he, though not afraid of her, was dreadfully afraid of her Magic Hat. But if Loblina went away, Gribber-Grabber would creep nearly to the top of the bridge, and, just out of sight, keep his one eye on the road, where he pounced upon people returning from market, and stole all they had.

In an old house on the right bank of the river, lived Roselinda and her mother; in a cottage on the left bank lived Roselinda's grandmamma; but the house and the cottage were far apart, and to get from one to the other Roselinda had to cross Gribber-Grabber's bridge.

"Roselinda," said her mother one day, "it is your birthday to-morrow, and grandmamma wishes to see you."

"How lovely!" exclaimed the little girl. "I expect she has a cake for me."

"Don't make too sure of it," laughed her mother. "And don't loiter at the bridge, because of Gribber-Grabber."

"I don't believe there is a Gribber-Grabber," said Roselinda.

"You'll believe it if he eats your cake," returned her mother. "Now run along, or you'll be late."

As Roselinda neared the bridge, she began to tremble, but when she reached the middle, and nothing happened, she became quite bold, even peeping over the parapet. All was still except for the ripple of the water under the arches; nothing could be seen except the splendid dragonflies darting among the water-flowers.

"I knew there wasn't a Gribber-Grabber," said Roselinda loudly.

And, hidden under the bridge, Gribber-Grabber winked his one eye to his shadow in the water, while Roselinda went on her way.

"I sent for you because you are seven to-morrow; and I've made a cake for you. Look!" said grandmamma, taking it from a box.

Roselinda did look; then danced with delight as she saw her birthday-cake coated with sparkling

white sugar and her name upon it in pink letters. "Now we'll pack it carefully; and mind you go quickly over the bridge. I've heard Gribber-Grabber has a weakness for cake," warned grandmamma.

"He won't have this one," laughed Roselinda.

A little later she kissed her grandmamma goodbye, and, trotting along the dusty road, thought happily of the morrow. She soon came to the bridge. As before, she paused in the middle, and peeped over to look at the dragonflies.

"O-o-oh!" she screamed; then stood as if rooted to the spot, so alarmed was she at the awful-looking little creature who stared at her from below.

Of course it was Gribber-Grabber, and, glaring at her with his eye, leaped to the top of the bridge.

"I smell cake!" he squeaked. "Hand it over!"

Then Roselinda tried to run away.

"Stir if you dare!" he threatened fiercely. "And give up the cake!"

Roselinda was about to weepingly do so, when she heard a sound overhead, and, looking up, saw Loblina. At a glance, the fairy understood, and, sitting upon her Magic Hat, began to descend.

Gribber-Grabber saw her, too, and, with a dreadful howl, tried to get away; but before he could leap back under the bridge, Loblina had dropped the Magic Hat upon him.

And there Gribber-Grabber fizzled away—he was snuffed out like a candle. When Loblina lifted her hat there was not a scrap of him left; so Roselinda kept her cake, and had a happy birthday after all.—*Fashions For All.*

* * *

THE BITE

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER.

"I've found a nice apple,"

Said Polly to Paul,

"And you'd better have some
Before I eat it all.

Set your mouth open wide,

Push the apple in tight,

And bite a tre-men-dous,

E-nor-mous big bite."

The apple was small

And the opening wide,

And the mouth of young Paul

Most elastic inside.

Sweet Polly declared

The result was all right—

But he got the apple

And she got the bite!

—*Youth's Companion.*

* * *

SO USEFUL

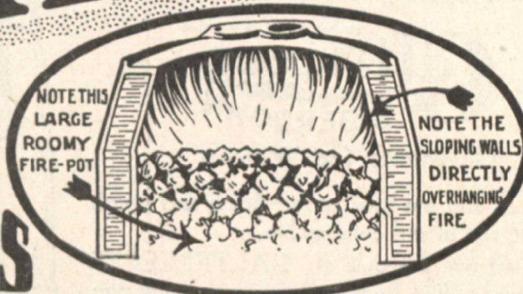
Uncle—"What did you learn at school to-day, John?"

John—"How to whisper without moving my lips, uncle."



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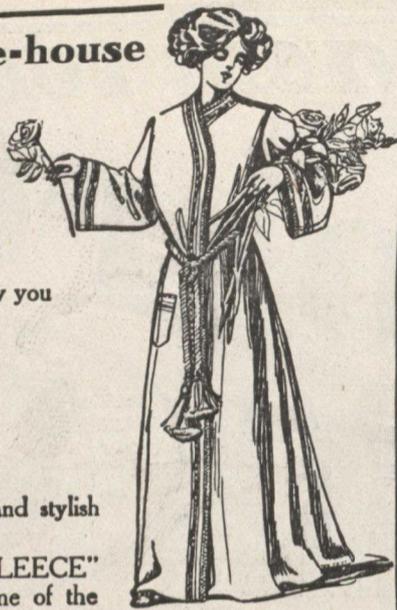
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CONSIDERABLE is the speculation of the reader of fiction as to the time spent by a novelist in producing a book. Bob, the half-baked football hero, who experiences the utmost agony in getting a half-dozen coherent sentences together weekly in order to satisfy the timid family at home as to his safety, would probably gasp if he were informed that a prolific writer like Mr. Le Queux can issue a story of 83,000 words in a month. Nor is Mr. Le Queux's speed with the pen record-breaking. Mr. Hall Caine has written 9,000 words while en route from Scotland to London. Mr. H. G. Wells thinks nothing of a daily average of 7,000 words. But writers who are noted for their rapidity in most cases are writers of the novel of incident and pay no great attention to form. The polished work requires more time devoted to detail. Mr. Watts Dunton laboured for fifteen years over "Aylwin," and Mrs. Humphry Ward, who can show speed when she desires, stayed with "Robert Elsemere" three long years. The late George Meredith allowed a two-year interval in the perfecting of a single one of his books.

* * *

THE Book of Common Praise, annotated edition, by James Edmund Jones, B.A. Toronto: Henry Frowde, Oxford University Press.

Those who have looked at all into the compilation of a hymnal know that the mass of detail involved is enormous. With some notable exceptions it has been the custom in the past for compilation committees to issue the hymn book and allow all record of the work of obtaining the final form of the volume to be lost. Thus nobody knows why one reading was selected in preference to another, why a tune seemingly suitable was not used, and so on. If it was because the copyright was unobtainable, no record is left of the names of the owners or the date of the expiry. While acting as convenor and secretary of the compilation committee of the Anglican Book of Common Praise, Mr. James Edmund Jones of Toronto determined that all the data gathered in preparing the hymnal should be preserved both as a guide to compilers of future hymnals and also as a work that would be of interest and value to the lovers of hymns. While it was not possible to carry this intention out in its entirety in regard to the various readings of all the hymns, this has been done in regard to the most important and most interesting. Mr. Jones might have written a bulky volume for the learned, which ordinary people would never have had time to read, but instead he has issued an annotated edition of the hymnal treating the hymns and their authors and composers in the order in which the hymns appear in the book. The result is a volume of handy size in good plain type which thousands of people, undoubtedly, will use as their regular hymn book. The result will be that these people will be able to see when a hymn is sung, the author and composer and to get the interesting facts about their lives; while the reason why one reading was adopted instead of another will be found in cases where the matter is important.

A look into the book shows that not only is Mr. Jones by his training well fitted to produce such a work but that it has been a labour of love as well as of skill. The hymns from other languages have been traced to their sources in German, French, Greek and Latin, and the amount of

information given shows that the work is the result of the study of years. Mr. Jones was three years secretary of the committee, but for over twenty years he has been studying hymns and hymn tunes. Besides the technical side of the work, Mr. Jones frequently gives interesting notes of incidents connected with the writing of a hymn or the composition of a tune, which add greatly to the enjoyment of the reader. Reference has frequently been made to the completeness of the indexes of the Book of Common Praise and this feature is carried even further in the Annotated Edition. Nothing like the index of tunes has even been attempted before. This index gives the various names under which the tune appears, the name of the composer, date of composition and publication. Many tunes which in every other hymn book are considered anonymous are here credited to their composers. It is safe to say no work of the kind approaches this either for completeness or for interest. Mr. Jones has produced a work which will be a joy to all hymn-lovers and a mine into which all future compilers of hymnals will delve.

* * *

MR. JEROME K. JEROME, known chiefly to fame by his "Three Men in a Boat," announces a new humorous story which he calls "They and I," and which purports to recount the doings of a family of five.

* * *

MR. THOMAS HARDY, who since the death of George Meredith is recognised as the peer in the domain of English intellectual fiction, will not be represented by a novel this season. Mr. Hardy instead will issue through Messrs. MacMillan, "Time's Laughing-Stocks and Other Poems."

* * *

THERE has just appeared in England through Messrs. Methuen three bright volumes of essays from the pens of the three cleverest writers to-day of English humour "that is light." Mr. G. K. Chesterton is responsible for "Tremendous Trifles," most of which have appeared in the London *Illustrated News*. Mr. H. Belloc calls his book "On Everything," and it deals with a varied assortment of subjects which would seem to justify the singular title. Mr. E. V. Lucas' volume, which completes the trio, is "One Day and Another."

Overworked Snake

THE new and very stringent prohibitory law which goes into effect in Kansas has revived an old story on the subject. A stranger went into a Kansas drug store and asked for some whiskey.

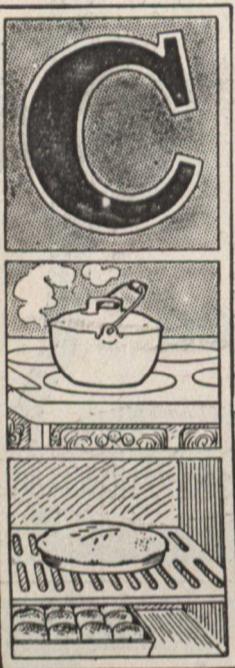
"I can't sell you any whiskey," said the druggist.

"But I'm sick," persisted the stranger.

"That won't help any," replied the druggist. "It don't make any difference. I can't sell you any whiskey for being sick."

"Well, what can you sell it to me for?" asked the stranger.

"The only thing we can sell whiskey for in this town," said the druggist, "is for snake bites. Hold up now! Don't ask me where to get bitten. No use. There is only one snake in town, and he is engaged for three weeks ahead."



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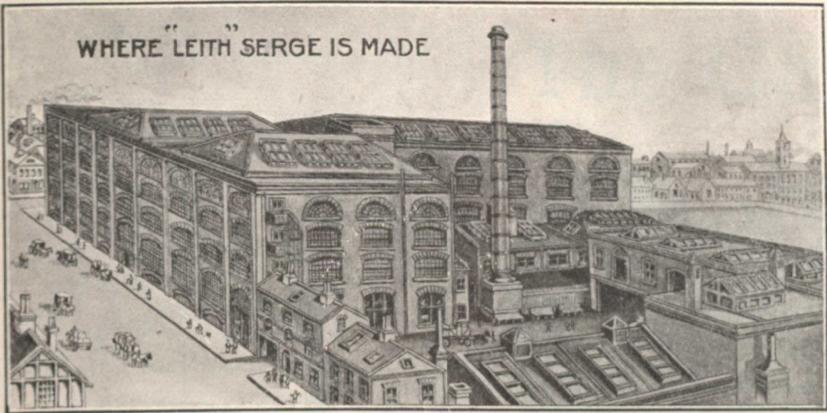
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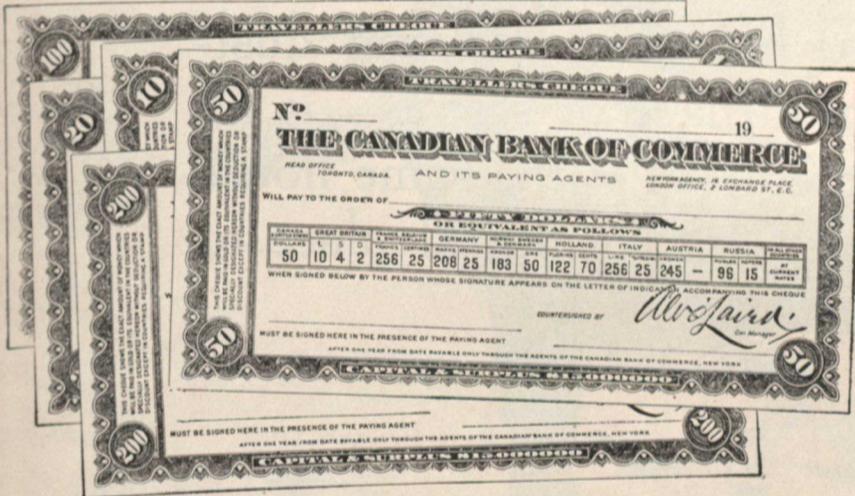
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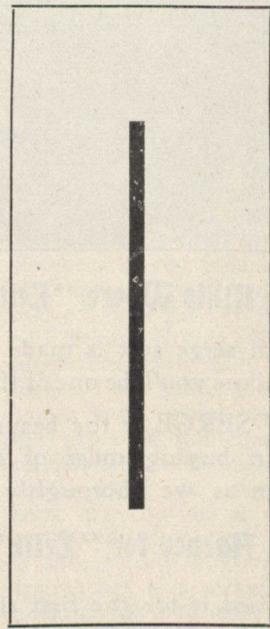
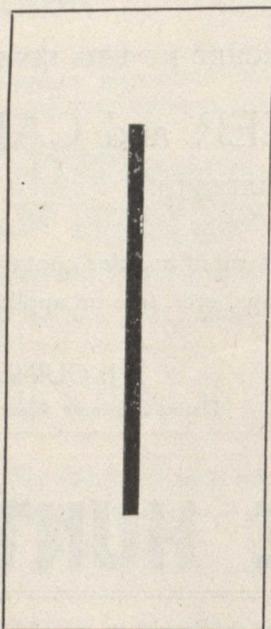
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