

The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



WITHIN THIS MAGIC CIRCLE,
WHERE GLEAMS THE JEWEL'S RAY,
THERE DWELLS A WORLD OF RAPTURE,
WHERE CUPID HOLDS HIS SWAY.

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

Announcement!

The Simpson House Furnishing Club Opened Monday, June 1st. In Conjunction with our June Sale

Thousands of Canadians in all parts of the Dominion are at this moment well pleased ex-members of our former House Furnishing Clubs. Each and every one, without exception, so far as we know and believe, is ready to wholeheartedly endorse this plan of furnishing homes, from their own personal satisfaction and experience. It has proven the most liberal convenience ever offered to home owners in this country. The persistent development of this business and strengthening of our resources enables us to plan things on a large and liberal scale, which will show to exceptional advantage this month in connection with our June Sale, which we are holding in preparation for moving into our new building. The hundreds of new homes going up all over Toronto are to share in this plan of house furnishing that has revolutionized all ideas of liberal methods and discounted the best that you or we have ever known. There is nothing visionary about it and no experiment. We propose to sell an extra \$100,000 worth of Furniture and Carpets during June, and to do it in this way. WE COMMENCED MONDAY, JUNE 1st to organize what is so well known as a SIMPSON HOUSE FURNISHING CLUB, LIMITED TO JUNE, LIMITED TO 500 MEMBERS, which will enable responsible persons in Toronto or anywhere in Canada to buy anything they want in Carpets, Curtains, Furniture and Pictures now, and arrange for payment, extended over remainder of the year. IT COSTS NOTHING to join the club with no extra charge in any way.

Any responsible home owner, hotel keeper, church or corporation can get anything they want in Carpets, Curtains, Furniture or Pictures, if bought and delivered during June, and arrange terms of payment spread over the remainder of the year, to suit their convenience. NOT ONE CENT OF EXTRA CHARGE IN ANY WAY, SHAPE OR FORM.

Special June values will appear in our Store News, with all prices marked in plain figures—the same to one and all. The Club plan is limited to 500 members and to one month, with the distinct understanding that all goods must be bought and delivered at once. Cannot agree to hold over a single purchase—haven't the room. And in order to make sure of a Club Membership, those who are at all interested should make application at once. If convenient to visit the store within the next day or two, cut out and mail attached coupon, giving your address. All names will be filed in order as received.

The Secretary will be at your service during June in the Housefurnishing Club Office in Curtain Department. Talk it over with him in person if you can. Write, if more convenient. Join now. Take all the advantage which is yours if you but choose to say the word.

THE ROBERT	SIMPSON	COMPANY LIMITED	June _____	1908
TORONTO, ONT.				
<i>Will you kindly enroll my name as a member of your Housefurnishing Club, details to be arranged later.</i>				
Name _____				
Address _____				

YOU PAY FOR MATERIALS ONLY

No extra expense to customers of our Carpet and Curtain Department for cutting, fitting, hanging, sewing, laying or covering, to encourage the reduction of our house furnishing stocks previous to our moving into our new store we will place any of the above mentioned goods in your house ready for use without the customary charge. We will send men to take the necessary measurements, have the goods made up, deliver them and put them down, or hang them as the case may be, **At Our Own Expense**, thus saving you from 25 to 50 per cent. of the usual cost. This offer applies to everything in the Department and will continue throughout the month of June. Select your goods and leave the rest to us.

Free During June Sale	WINDOW SHADES MADE AND HUNG. FURNITURE RECOVERED. CURTAINS MADE AND HUNG. LINOLEUMS LAID. CARPETS MADE AND LAID.	Free During June Sale
------------------------------------------	------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	------------------------------------------

THE ROBERT

SIMPSONCOMPANY,
LIMITED

TORONTO

THE ROBERT

SIMPSONCOMPANY,
LIMITED

TORONTO

Unless we knew that the superiority of

Stephens' Ink

must be apparent to any discriminating writer, we should not advertise. Ink costs so little—it lasts so long—that it could not pay us to advertise if you bought only one bottle. We rely on retaining your life-long custom.

We provide Supplies to Families, Campers and Sportsmen throughout Muskoka and Northern Ontario.

TO FAMILIES desiring to secure Cottages at Muskoka we offer information as to several that have been reported to us for rent this season.

TO CAMPERS we furnish the Provisions, Tents, Utensils, Blankets and General Camp Outfit. We also have specially prepared charts of 30 canoe trips in Ontario.

Michie & Co. Ltd.
7 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

The THIEL Detective Service Co. of Canada, Limited

—OFFICES—

Toronto, Canada

Suite 604-5-6, Traders Bank Building

MONTREAL, CANADA, Liverpool, London and Globe Bldg.
WINNIPEG, MAN., Union Bank of Canada Bldg.
CHICAGO, ILL., Monadnock Block.
DENVER, COLO., Majestic Building.
KANSAS CITY, MO., New England Bldg.
NEW YORK, N. Y., Broadway Maiden Lane Bldg.
PORTLAND, ORE., Chamber of Commerce.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Mutual Savings Bank Bldg.
SEATTLE, WASH., New York Block.
SPOKANE, WASH., Empire State Building.
ST. LOUIS, MO., Century Bldg.
ST. PAUL, MINN., Germania Life Building.
CITY OF MEXICO, MEX., Equitable Life Ins. Bldg.
LOS ANGELES, 621 Trust Bldg.

THE **Canadian Courier**

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

Published at 61 Victoria Street, Toronto, by The Courier Press, Limited

Subscription: Canada and Great Britain, \$4.00 a Year; United States, \$5.00 a Year

CONTENTS

IN THE PUBLIC VIEW	5
REFLECTIONS	6
THROUGH A MONOCLE	8
OLYMPIAN ATHLETES	9
DR. GRENFELL AND HIS DOGS	10
OTTAWA CELEBRITIES	11
THE FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION	12
THE FUNERAL OF A POET	13
THE REVOLUTIONS OF A RING, Story	14
THE YELLOW GOD, Story	14
DEMI-TASSE	16
PEOPLE AND PLACES	17
AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE	18
THE HUMAN SIDE	19
WHAT CANADIAN EDITORS THINK	20
HITHER AND THITHER	21
LITERARY NOTES	23
FOR THE CHILDREN	24



PUBLISHERS' TALK

ANOTHER subscriber criticises the "Canadian Courier" because it is unfair to organised labour. This gentleman lives in Fernie, B.C., and has read something in our columns concerning the wages paid to miners with which he cannot agree. He says it is a question of fact; we believe it is a matter of opinion. Whatever the rights of this particular case may be, there is no doubt that writers occasionally make mistakes. In one of last year's issues, the editor-in-chief was himself responsible for putting "Yarmouth" opposite Halifax, instead of "Dartmouth," and this in spite of the fact that he has made several visits to both towns.

ANOTHER "constant reader" finds fault with the phrase in one of the "Reflections" of last week which admitted that it would be unwise for this journal to decide whether the famous "Three-Fifths Clause" of Ontario's local option law was just or unjust, wise or unwise. He accuses us of being either spineless or cowardly. We resent the insinuation and also the accusation. Yet we do not mind admitting that every time we have anything to say on a phase of the prohibition question, our subscribers cause us much trouble. Those who have followed our whole course in this connection could not accuse us of cowardice. With regard to this much-discussed "Three-Fifths Clause," we still believe that it would be unwise for any journalist to endeavour to give a decision. There is so much to be said on both sides, and political considerations so affect the situation that only time may decide.

MEANWHILE, we are maintaining our efforts to improve the "Canadian Courier" from week to week, and to provide our readers with a continuous succession of interesting issues. Judging by the growth of our lists, our efforts are appreciated.

The Wise Man's Four Wishes

"Bread—when I'm hungry,
'SPEY ROYAL'—when I'm dry,
Money—when I'm 'broke,'
Heaven—when I die."

Gilbey's "Spey Royal"

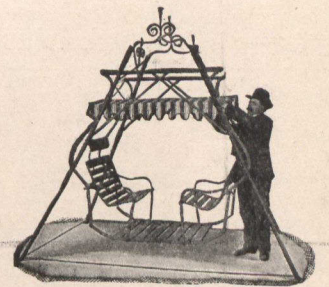
is distilled from the finest materials and is the choicest and oldest PURE MALT SCOTCH WHISKY obtainable.

DISTRIBUTORS:

R. H. Howard & Co., Toronto
G. F. & J. Galt - Winnipeg
And Others

897

HOURS OF SOLID COMFORT



is what you get in one of our

Eagle Lawn Swings

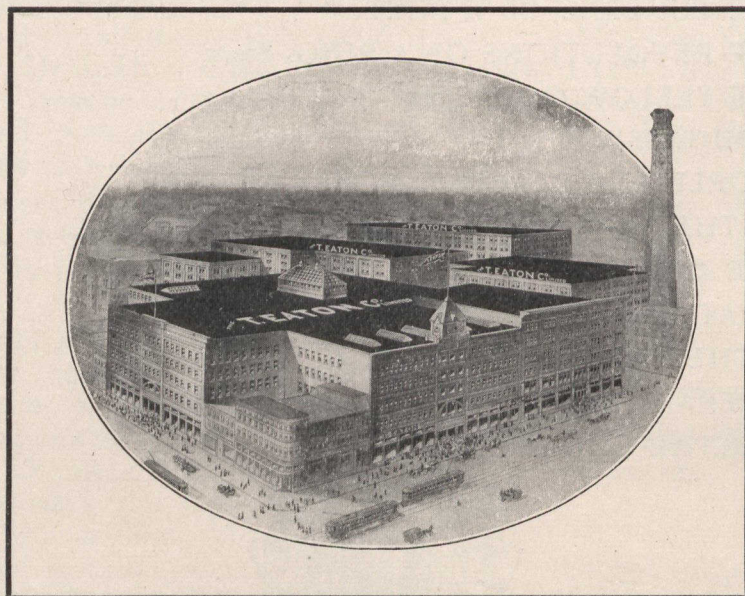
No money invested gives greater value than one of these swings. They last a lifetime with care, as they can be taken down, folded and stored away for next summer. They swing so easy that the little "tot" is at home as well as the older ones. Perfectly safe, being of high grade steel, and it is an ornament to any lawn. Just compare it with one of those clumsy wooden swings which are an eye-sore, and soon rot and fall to pieces. We are confident if you see one you will find what we say is the truth. Price—

\$18.00 without head-rests
or \$20.00 with head-rests.

You can get table and side and end curtains at small extra cost.

Send for Booklet No. 75, with song.

Ontario Wind Engine & Pump Co. LIMITED
TORONTO and WINNIPEG



*"The house
That Value
Built"*

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

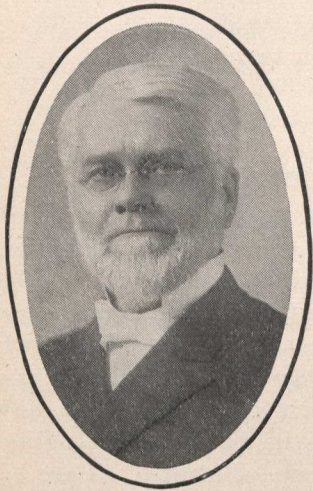
Subscription: \$4.00 a Year.

Vol. IV.

Toronto, June 13th, 1908.

No. 2

IN THE PUBLIC VIEW



Rev. Dr. DuVal, recently elected Moderator of the Presbyterian Assembly.

THE same week in the same province died two men who by the broadest kind of contrast made each a great name in Canada; Dr. Louis Frechette, the poet laureate of French Canada, and Sir Robert G. Reid, the most celebrated bridge-builder and one of the most famous contractors on the continent of America. It is safe to say that this country never before lost in one week two such big men.

Reid flung bridges over half a continent; Frechette wrote verses immortalised by the French Academy. The Scotch-born contractor ruled and all but owned a whole Crown colony whose railways and docks and telegraph lines he built and whose ships he floated. The Quebec-born poet translated his vision of life into words that lovers of pure literature rank among the choicest gifts of language and

the poetic soul.

That Canada knew Sir Robert Reid from Newfoundland to Vancouver and heard of Frechette only now and then, probably means that Canada has had more direct use for bridges and docks and railways than for gems of literature. Sir Robert Reid, however, was a restless, adventurous sort. He traversed Canada in the rude and raw places of a generation ago when public utilities were in the making. He saw the country regardless of its beauty or its history and mainly in the light of its practical destiny. Poet Frechette got as far west as Chicago where for a while he published a French paper called *L'Amerique*, but after the decease of that paper he went back to French Canada where he was happier than anywhere else in the world. What he knew about Canada was largely in the nature of a poet's dream added to the ken of the historian and the statesman.

Dr. Frechette was born at Levis in 1839; educated at the seminary of Quebec and at Nicolet; called to the bar in 1864; went to Chicago as a journalist. In 1871 he returned to Quebec, went into politics and at the election of 1874 entered the House of Commons as member for Levis. In the year of Sir John Macdonald's return to power with the National Policy, Mr. Frechette was defeated and turned his attention to literature; he was defeated again in 1882. Seven years later the Mercier Government appointed him clerk of the Legislative Council. In twenty years of political and legal and literary life Dr. Frechette found time to edit half a dozen French papers and to write two volumes of poems, recognised by the French Academy. Many minor works also he wrote in verse and considerable prose. Even his prose was poetic; but Dr. Frechette was also a profound scholar on the purely literary side and was man of action enough to fight a duel.

The duel was fought in New Orleans during the siege of Paris in the Franco-Prussian war, his opponent being a German who in a theatre had spoken insultingly of the French.

In contrast to this literary, rather knightly and altogether chivalrous career, the life of Sir Robert G. Reid is a striking study. The character of the man was far different from that of a man who either wrote verses or fought a duel. He cared nothing for public life except that the big things he put up over half a continent and as far south as Mexico were monuments of publicity. When he began to build bridges in Canada there was more need for bridges than for poetry. Long before he had

done contract work on the western section of the C.P.R., he had built part of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, and the Lachine bridge over the St. Lawrence and the bridge at Niagara Falls. At the Soo and over the Rio Grande, on the Delaware and at Cape Breton, the bridges of Sir Robert Reid are standing to-day, while two volumes of verse from the pen of Dr. Frechette repose in the library of the French Academy. As to Reid's work in Newfoundland, it has never had a parallel on this continent. Newfoundland without Reid and his boys would be a strange place even for so rugged a character as Dr. Grenfell. No poet has ever told the story; most of it would make infinitely better prose; but in all their industrialism and commercial character the enterprises of the quiet Scotch wizard on the island of fog are an epic as big as any of the epics that have made Canada, from the discovery of the northern rivers to the building of the C.P.R. and the railways of the Saskatchewan.

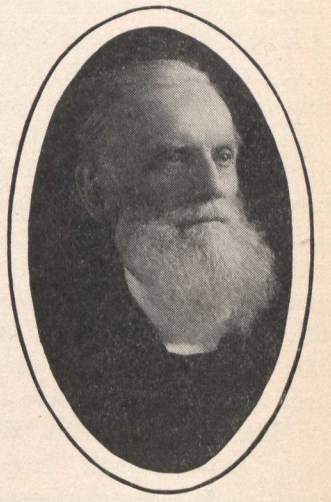
That Reid worked largely with dynamite while Frechette toiled with the pen is one way of noting that Canada has become large enough this while back to produce great men who have little or nothing in common except the desire to leave the land for which they laboured bigger than they found it. The bridge-builder was always building bigger than he knew even when he was building fortunes of colossal magnitude for the family of the Reids. The poet of French Canada was writing bigger than his race in Canada, more widely than the boundaries of Quebec, even though the English-speaking population of Canada knew next to nothing of the medium which he used or the things he uttered.

One of these days the bridges and the telegraph lines of Sir Robert Reid will have to be rebuilt by those who knew nothing of the conditions that made the career and the character of the greatest bridge-builder of America. The writings of Dr. Louis Frechette may not be so universally known; but they will be a deal harder to destroy. Some of them may never die as long as the French language endures. As long as they last they will be one of the voices of Canada.

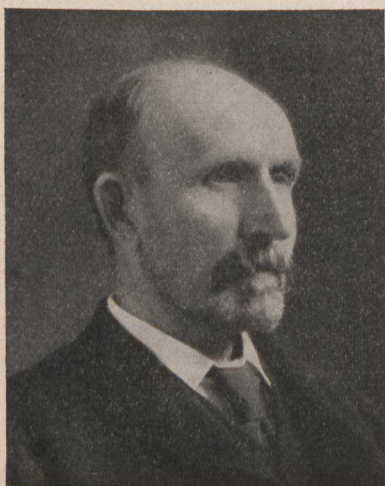
* * *

THE highest official honour in the gift of the Presbyterian Church of Canada has been conferred upon Rev. F. B. Du Val, D.D.,

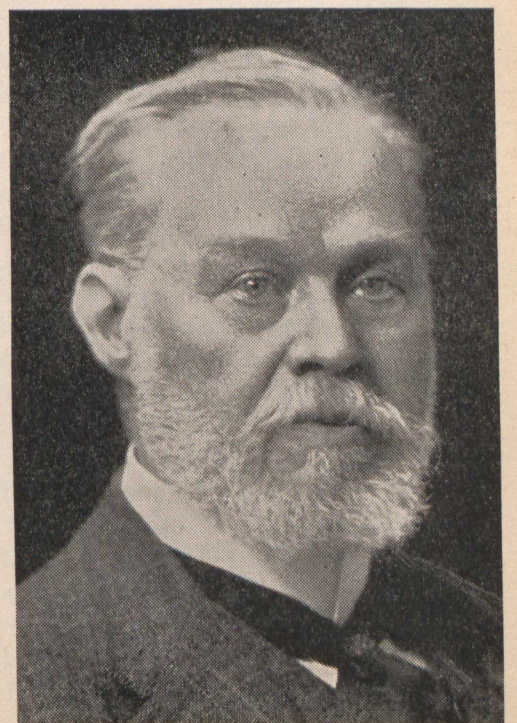
the pastor of Knox Church, Winnipeg. With a pastorate of over twenty years in Western Canada, the new Moderator has accomplished much for the cause of religion and morality and his ability and familiarity with the affairs of the church, with its legislation and enactments, and with its principles of doctrine and discipline, will eminently qualify him for the responsible duties which have devolved upon him. Born in the State of Maryland of Huguenot French and Scotch ancestry, he began a brilliant ministerial career in the eastern States and in 1888 when the people of Winnipeg were much discouraged by the crash of the early boom days, and when many other ministers had declined an invitation to Knox Church, Dr. Du Val was induced to come.



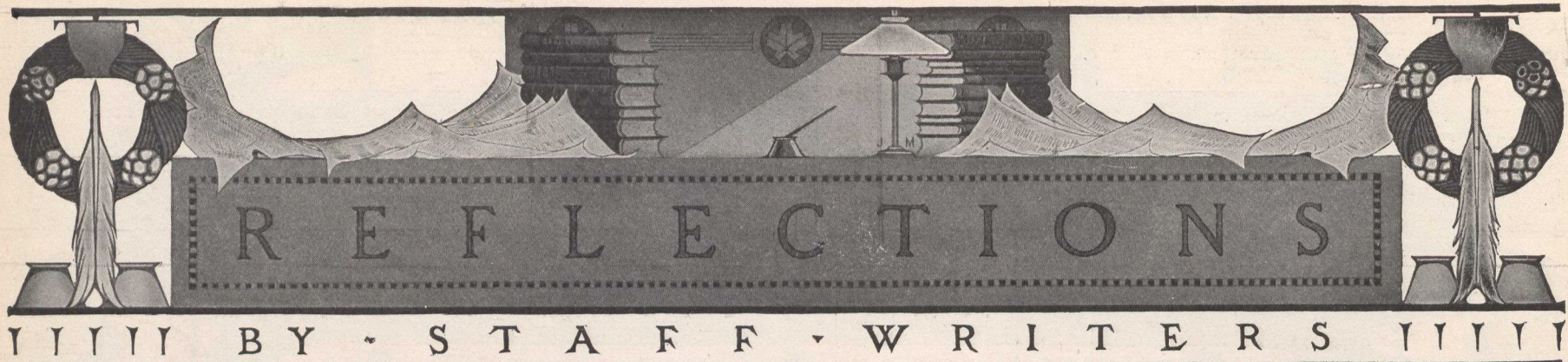
Rev. R. Campbell, D.D., retiring Moderator of Gen. Assembly Presbyterian Church, Canada.



The late Sir Robert Reid, Railway King.



The late Dr. Louis Frechette, C.M.G.



THE STRENGTH OF IMPERIALISM.

HE who is constructive accomplishes more than he who is purely critical; the strength of Imperialism lies in its constructive tendency. Nearly every day there is an additional proof of this, one of the latest being the founding of "The Standard of Empire," a weekly edition of one of Mr. Pearson's London dailies. Its object is simple and clear: it is to be an organ of Empire in the weekly field as The British Empire Review, Britannica and The Empire Review have been organs of Empire in the monthly field. It will contain the news of the Empire and will inculcate "the wider patriotism" as Lord Milner discusses it.

What will be Canada's attitude toward this advanced Imperial movement? So far as officialdom is concerned, the answer is simple: Officially Canada supports the movement. In the pages of this new journal are to be found the advertisements of the Dominion government and of most of the provincial governments, of the three great railway corporations, of the larger banks and other big institutions. The answer of the unofficial classes will come later, when the subscription canvassers have set out upon their rounds.

The South African War had an adverse influence upon the Imperial movement. It made many people hesitate. Now that period of doubt seems passing away, and Imperialism is again gaining ground. This is especially true in Great Britain where the popularity of preferential tariffs and other Imperial movements has greatly increased during the past two years. Whether the present movement will go far enough to lead to Great Britain giving a preference to colonial products remains to be seen. If Mr. Balfour becomes premier after the next general election, the preferential trade wing of the Unionist party will undoubtedly endeavour to introduce some measures along this line. As that general election is at least three years distant, it is too early to prophesy with any degree of certainty. Nevertheless, the present indications are that the political pendulum is swinging towards a unionist success.

Whether they live in New Zealand, Australia, Canada or Great Britain, the British imperialists are active and constructive. Their ideal may or may not be visionary, but to them it is real. They are working for it in season and out of season. They are enthusiastic and untiring. Moreover, they are patient and hopeful. They may not succeed in their commercial aims but they are certainly succeeding with the sentimental and military portion of their programme. The other success may follow.

ACTIVITY AT OTTAWA.

NOW that the two provincial elections are over, activity at Ottawa will be resumed. Last week there was a series of conferences between the leaders on both sides relative to the deadlock over the Manitoba lists. At times, Sir Wilfrid would walk across the floor of the House and have a chat with Mr. Borden; later on, Mr. Borden would return the visit. At the top of the Government side, a group of half a dozen chairs would be likely to contain a number of Western Liberals with Hon. Frank Oliver in the centre. It was then rumoured that in return for a generous concession of territory to Manitoba, Premier Roblin would agree to allow the Conservatives to withdraw all opposition to the modified election-list bill. The developments of this week will tell the public whether or not that rumour was correct.

While these negotiations were proceeding last week, and both parties were waiting until the elections were over, Dr. Sproule, Mr. Taylor and other Conservative speakers pounded the air in the monotonous way to which we have become accustomed. The Hon. G. E. Foster increased his reputation as a wordy critic—if that reputation can be increased. The House presented a most unedifying spectacle, quite unworthy of itself and unworthy of the country which it represents.

The ultimate gain in all this to the Conservatives is doubtful. The Government in the end must get credit for the Manitoba extensions, while the Opposition will be charged with having delayed public works and prevented public servants from getting their wages. The latter is a serious offence in this country; when the housekeeper's weekly allowance runs short, the business of the country is sadly interrupted.

However, the waiting is over. The battle must now be keener, with the two armies more aggressive. The time for parleying is past; activity is absolutely necessary.

THE PROVINCIAL ELECTIONS

THAT the Conservative Party is gaining ground in provincial affairs is shown, not only by the recent general election in New Brunswick, but by the two general elections which were held this week. Ontario has materially increased the number of Conservative members supporting Mr. Whitney in the Legislature and has also increased their electoral majorities. In Quebec the Conservative Opposition has been more than doubled in spite of the excellent record of the provincial Liberals. The result will probably have the effect of postponing the Dominion general elections for some time. Business is not so good as in previous years, and the effect of the prospective bumper crop cannot be fully felt before December next. These recent Conservative successes will probably give encouragement to the Conservative cause generally, and the Liberal Government will not care to face opponents rendered enthusiastic by what they consider to be great victories.

So far as the Quebec results are concerned, Premier Gouin and his associates have every reason to be pleased with their reasonable majority. The Opposition is larger, but it was previously too small. The Liberals have still a large working majority, quite sufficient to enable them to carry out any prospective programme of legislation which they may have decided upon. The ministers have been returned with possibly one exception. Mr. Bourassa's victory over Premier Gouin in St. James Division of Montreal is the one feature of the campaign which the Government will seriously regret. Mr. Bourassa carried both seats for which he stood, and with his friend Mr. Lavergne will undoubtedly put fresh life and colour into the legislative chamber in the Citadel City.

In Ontario, Premier Whitney and his colleagues have received an endorsement which is too enthusiastic to be comfortable. The size of the bouquet is so tremendous that the ministers will be inclined to examine themselves to see if wings and halos have not begun to be visible. Mr. Whitney undoubtedly deserved a victory; a decided victory; that the victory was too great, can only be charged up against over-enthusiasm. The Opposition were critical only, and offered no constructive programme. It was not a time for criticism, and hence they went down to a defeat which while unfortunate was to some extent deserved. During the three and a half years Mr. Whitney has been in power he has been progressive; he had a policy in view and he hewed fairly close to the line. That his Government made mistakes is true; yet on the whole, the legislative and administrative record is such that the public decided to renew and extend its previous support. That both the liquor and temperance interests supported the Government is also quite evident. Mr. MacKay was not in a position to detach either.

The lesson of the two campaigns, if there be a lesson, is that the people are looking for honest and efficient administration in provincial matters. The issues are mainly questions of administration, not policy. A provincial government should be a body of business men, managing the affairs of the province in a non-partisan, common-sense manner. It should in a large measure forget that it represents a

particular party but should never forget that it is responsible for much that closely relates to the business and domestic life of the people. The Dominion Government deals with harbours, canals, external commerce and transportation of a larger character; the provincial governments deal with private property, the enforcement of law and order, the building and regulation of highways and municipal undertakings, and in numerous ways come close to the domestic fireside. In that lies the reason why a government which is honest, clean, business-like and progressive, need not be daring nor brilliant to win a generous measure of support.

CANADIAN OLYMPIC CANDIDATES.

JUST what measure of success Canadian athletes will have at the coming Olympic games in London, England, is a matter affording much room for speculation. The general opinion is that it will be small. However, it is well that our best men should have an opportunity of testing their skill against the best of other countries. If they are beaten, they will be stimulated to further training; if they win any of the more important events, there will be a further revival of interest in athletic training.

Kerr of Hamilton, Lukeman of Montreal and Sebert of Toronto are our best sprinters and will carry Canada's colours in the 100 and 200 metre dashes. Bricker of Toronto may do something in the hurdle races, the running broad jump and the hop, step and jump. Barber, his clubmate of the Central Y.M.C.A., is a likely candidate in the jumps and hurdles, especially in the running high jump. J. L. McDonald of New Glasgow has an opportunity in the jumps. In the twenty-five mile Marathon Canada will have Harry Lawson of the West End Y.M.C.A., Toronto, which has several good men in the crowd to cross the ocean; W. H. Woods of Brantford, Goldsboro of Central Y.M.C.A., Toronto; Fred Simpson of Peterboro and Tom Longboat of Toronto, two representatives of the red-men; Jas. Lester, Toronto; F. Noseworthy, M.A.A.A., Montreal; and C. Petch, Toronto. The two candidates of the Waverley A. C. of Montreal who did so well in the trials, made a poor showing in the finals. For the long walk, Goulding of the Central Y.M.C.A., Toronto, and for the five-mile run, W. B. Galbraith, a club-mate, and Fitzgerald of Edmonton are all good men. Archibald in the pole vault and Con Walsh in the hammer throw are two men whose names may yet be flashed across the cables. The Argonaut Rowing Club of Toronto have a fair chance in the four oars and a dimmer chance in the eights. In tennis, football and lacrosse, there is little possibility of any spectacular win.

Whether or not any of these men bring back laurel wreaths, the competition for places upon the team has given a great filip to athletic work. It is rather unfortunate that so many of the winners are from Toronto and Montreal, but it is only natural that the stronger athletic associations of the larger cities should be able to present the best-trained men. The bodies are able to pay good trainers and to try experiments which are impossible with individual athletes or small clubs. Moreover, an outsider who shows promise is usually invited to move to the large city before his reputation has become fully developed. However, on this occasion all the competitors will be Canadians and the whole country will be watching their efforts with patriotic hope and pride. We can be confident that none of them desires to win by any but the fairest means.

THE COMING OF A COUNTESS

IT has been remarked more than once that the women of this continent are less interested in political subjects than are their sisters in the British Isles. Those Canadian or United States women who have married British politicians have quickly adopted the methods of British matrons and have thrown themselves into the social side of politics with enthusiasm. The Englishwoman's interest in political matters is not to be confused with the woman suffrage movement. Many women prominent in English political circles are not at all desirous of votes. Mrs. Humphry Ward, who is frequently seen at Liberal receptions, is decidedly opposed to woman suffrage, while Mrs. Felkin, the daughter of Viscount Wolverhampton, whose novels show a decided *penchant* for politics, is also an opponent of the suffragette movement.

This difference of attitude between American and English women gives decided piquancy to the announcement that the Countess of Warwick, who is of English birth and an amateur Socialist, is coming to the United States next August on behalf of Mr. E. G. Wharton, the Socialist candidate for Congress in the Bellefontaine District in Ohio. The Countess has promised to make twelve speeches, the first

of which is to be given before an audience of 15,000 negroes. As the negro vote is an important factor in that district, this performance on the part of a genuine aristocrat will doubtless win many votes for the Socialist candidate. The Countess of Warwick is one of England's most beautiful women, whose socialistic ventures have been considered harmless feminine vagaries. However, her active participation in a foreign election is regarded by serious politicians as of doubtful taste and decorum; but the sensational papers rejoice in the prospect of beholding a rare and radiant aristocrat, of irreproachable gowns and accent addressing a monster audience of applauding Africans. Mrs. Longworth, the eldest daughter of President Roosevelt, has declined to stump the Eighth Ohio Congressional District in favour of Mr. Cole of Findlay. If Toronto Socialists had possessed any enterprise they would have secured the Countess of Warwick for their Ontario Legislature campaign and that dazzling peeress might have been in the oratorical band "gathered in" by the Toronto police last week. Canadian Socialists are sadly wanting in brilliant initiative.

THE CHURCHES IN THE WEST.

THE recent reports in the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, meeting at Winnipeg, show that the Church of Scotland is holding its own in Western Canada and is devoting especial attention to the Sabbath schools in the new settlements. The Canadian churches were wise in the selection of men sent out as early missionaries to the far districts. Such men as Rev. Dr. Robertson of the Presbyterian Church and Rev. George MacDougall of the Methodist are among the most heroic figures of Canadian pioneer life. Of all Protestant churches in Western Canada, the Presbyterians have won most prominence of late years from the simple fact that their doings have found a clerical chronicler in the novelist, Ralph Connor. The Canadian travelling in certain parts of the United States finds it difficult to convince the natives that there is any other church in Western Canada than the "kirk." Have they not read *Black Rock* and *The Sky-Pilot of the Foot-Hills*? Here is proof once more that the songs and stories of a people are mightier than statistics. For some years, it looked as if India, China and Japan were going to obscure the claims of home missions; but the foreign fervour has settled into soberer views and that which lies the nearest in the mission field is receiving the deserved consideration. When Rev. W. E. Hassard, Field Secretary of the Upper Canada Bible Society, states that, with the exception of Johannesburg, the city of Winnipeg last year had a greater diversity of languages spoken within her gates than any other city in the world, it is impressed upon most Canadians that there is a fairly wide field for missionary effort within our own boundaries.

RHETORIC AND POLITICS.

OF the making of speeches, there is no end in Canadian politics. Speeches are numerous, but orations are exceedingly scarce. The orators of the Dominion are mostly French-speaking Canadians, graduates of Laval which is the only university which pays any attention to rhetoric. The Maritime Provinces have produced a few orators, Ontario scarcely any, and the West only one. The French-Canadian has usually a broad basis in principle for his larger utterances. He knows how to treat a subject in a large and brilliant way, clothing his ideas in picturesque language and employing a wealth of striking phrase and brilliant metaphor. Few English-speaking Canadians have any training along this line, and the speeches made by these gentlemen are seldom worthy of being preserved for the quality of their style.

This general situation is having an effect upon our public life. Most debates resolve themselves into assertion and counter-assertion, statement and counter-statement, charge and counter-charge, black-guarding and counter-black-guarding. The speech-maker who knows not principles, whose vocabulary is of the most limited character and who has little appreciation of the finer and more subtle qualities of human reason and understanding is forced to use blunt words and phrases in order to condemn his opponents and their conduct. The orator who deals with principles and appeals to the higher sentiments of his audience cannot mix vulgarity with rhetorical utterances. The differences between the ordinary talk of a coal-heaver or a deck-hand and that of a university professor are much the same as those which distinguish a speech-maker from an orator.

All speeches are not bad, nor all orations good. Yet with a greater attention to rhetoric and logic in our universities, both speeches and orations should improve.

Through a Monocle

THE fear of the "closure," which we hear of occasionally these days, is one of those hereditary fears which we got from our ancestors; precisely as most of us will not go through a graveyard if we can help it. It is true that we do not believe in ghosts; but our ancestors did, and the fear of them is still in our blood. So we have been taught for so long to value above all other things the "sacred right of free speech" that we tremble all over when anybody proposes to interfere with that right, especially in the high court of Parliament. There is precisely where our ancestors had to fight hardest for their "blood-bought right" to say the thing they would. Parliament was their spokesman; and it was Parliament's right to discuss freely any measures proposed by the Crown which they found it most difficult to win and most costly to defend. To propose to limit the free speech of the people's representatives in Parliament would, then, cause these old champions of liberty to turn over in their graves. Unfortunately, the graves of many of their sensations are in the bodies they gave us; and there is consequently a mighty "turning over" in us when some one disturbs one of their old battle-fields.

* * *

BUT let us come down to June, 1908. Let us banish for the moment those heroic ghosts of Pym and Hampden and the like, and consider the case of the more or less respectable, but not very heroic, gentlemen whom we elect to do our business at Ottawa. Now suppose they talk a trifle less, will our liberties be in danger? If they were compelled to cut their speeches in two or even three, would we begin to send people to the Tower or would a grim Bastille rise in our midst? Never mind this hereditary passion for hoary phrases that is implanted in us just now. In what way is freedom bound up with garrulousness at Ottawa? This frightful monster—the "closure"—exists in London. Is Britain any the less a free country than it was in the golden days of Pitt and Fox when open bribery was rampant, when Peers nominated a fair proportion of the Commons, and when the great mass of the British people did not have a vote between them?

* * *

THE "closure" has come to be a sign—not of the death of liberty—but of the growth of the nation. All big countries, which are governed by elective bodies, have it. It is the mark of an adult people. Only a small people, whose business is not of much importance anyway, can afford to leave the affairs of State at the mercy of a few long-distance talkers. It is not for a moment a question of which is right or wrong at Ottawa just now. The next time trouble arises, it will probably be the Liberals who will propose to prevent a Conservative majority from doing business. We could take the risk when we had twelve months in which to do about two months' worth of business. Then we could feed that passion in our blood aroused by the old cry for "free speech" and the sanctity of the persons of our members of Parliament. But now we are growing up. Sir Wilfrid or somebody has made us a nation. We have a nation's fair allotment of business to do in our national business session. And we must forget our fear of ghosts and devote our attention to seeing that the national trains run on schedule time.

* * *

IN two words, free speech has ceased to be an issue in democratic countries. It is as firmly established as trial by jury. Indeed, if one heeds the grumbling one hears at the jury system, it is more firmly established. There is not the remotest danger of any tyrannical government daring to interfere to the slightest extent with the full right of everybody—including members of Parliament—to speak freely. That stage in the evolution of human liberty has been accomplished so far as such countries as Canada are concerned. The issue now to the fore is efficiency. How are we to get the public business done in the best way, in the shortest time and at the least expense? In Britain and the United States, they have decided that they must condense the debates of Parliament, which is no more

important, so far as liberty is concerned, than a newspaper's decision that it must condense the reports of Parliament.

* * *

THERE is no deliberative assembly in the world in which speech is freer or more vigorous than in the American House of Representatives, though there the Opposition get just as much time to discuss a measure as the Speaker—who is practically the majority leader—sees fit to allow him. But they can say what they will while they are up; and they get a chance to say much more than the country pays any attention to. If debate were not limited in that body, public business would not get done, and the will of the people as expressed at the polls would not be carried out. Now just so soon as unlimited debate at Ottawa prevents the people from getting their way, unlimited debate will go. The people express an opinion at the polls as to which party they desire to trust with the spending of their money, for instance; and if the power of debate is employed to take this power away from the majority, it will only be a matter of time until the people will demand that business go on. As to the manner in which the "closure" will be introduced, it was introduced, to begin with, in the British House on the simple action of the Speaker who arranged on one day with the Government that at nine the following morning, if the House were still debating the bill at issue, he would arise and put the question; which he did. This disposes of the notion of some that it would take the Government at Ottawa as long to get a "closure" bill through as to pass supply.

N'IMPORTE



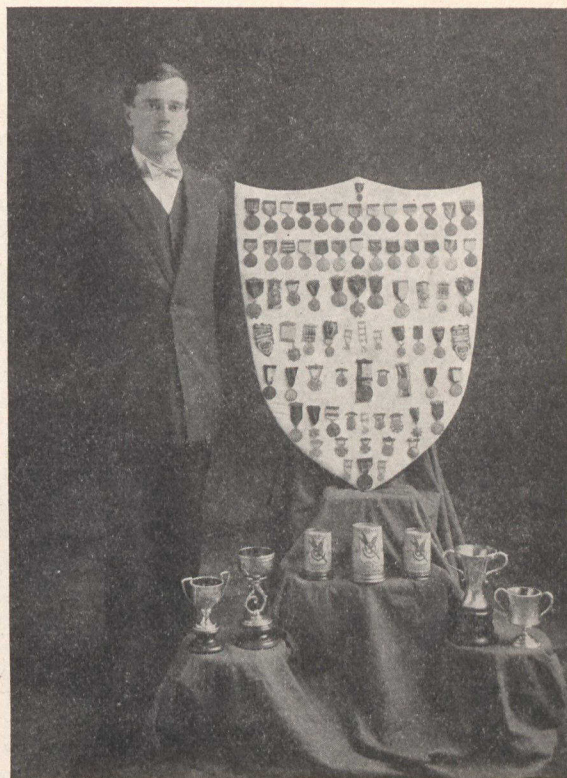
A royal portrait in the Academy. Princess Patricia of Connaught.—By J. J. Shannon, A.R.A.

—ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



W. Happenny M.A.A.A. who won the Pole Vault, the Standing Broad Jump, and the Standing High Jump in the Montreal Trials and was second to Archibald in the pole-vault finals

PHOTOGRAPH BY R. F. SMITH, MONTREAL



Lukeman of the M.A.A.A. who won the 100 metre (109.3 yards) 200 metres and Running Broad Jump at Montreal Trials. He was second to Kerr in the sprinting finals and third in the Broad Jump. His only superior in Canada is Kerr of Hamilton

PHOTOGRAPH BY GORDON



Frank O'Rourke of Clovers Harrier Club, Sixth in Marathon Trial Race at Montreal

PHOTOGRAPH BY GORDON



A Hundred Yard Dash at the M.A.A.A. Lukeman is at the left. This is one of the largest Athletic Associations in Canada and it will be represented in London by Lukeman, Payan, Griffiths, Stanley, Buddo, Savage, Noseworthy and others

PHOTOGRAPH BY R. F. SMITH



Galbraith, Central Y.M.C.A., Toronto, winner of five mile finals and 3200 metres steeplechase.



Lawson, the grand West End Y.M.C.A. winner of Marathon finals, at Toronto.



Sinclair, winner of discus throwing finals.



Woods, of Brantford, second in Marathon finals at Toronto.

SOME OLYMPIAN ATHLETES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GLEASON



Typical Dog Team and Sled, used by Dr. Grenfell in his Labrador journeys.

DR. GRENFELL AND HIS DOGS

BY H. M. MOSDELL.

SEVERAL stories have appeared in recent newspapers concerning the remarkable experience of Dr. Grenfell, the medical missionary of Labrador, with a team of dogs afloat on a cake of ice along the coast of Newfoundland. One report stated that Dr. Grenfell fought with wolves; another that he fought his own dogs to keep them from killing him. All agree, however, that he killed his dogs on a drifting ice-floe and used their skins to wrap about his clothes. The whole matter happened more than a month ago, but owing to the remoteness of the region in which Dr. Grenfell labours the facts of the case have only now come to light. The story herewith was told by Dr. Grenfell to Rev. P. J. Richards, an Anglican missionary, with whom he lives in Newfoundland.

With the opening of navigation along the Newfoundland coast, come tidings of the welfare of the thousands of fishermen in the far northern districts of the island, who, throughout the long, dreary winter months, have been isolated from communication with the outside world. The railway system has not yet been extended to these more northerly parts, and in summer mails and passengers are transported in coastal steamboats, which give a weekly service to the various ports. But at the beginning of the new year, with the entire closing of the season's fishing operations, traffic becomes unprofitably slack; the general inclemency of the weather and the presence of much ice renders navigation of the coast dangerous and inadvisable, and the steamboats are then withdrawn until about the end of May.

During these months very little is known of the welfare of the general population of the isolated section of the coast. Letters take a month or more to reach south to the more settled districts and have to be conveyed by means of dog teams over hundreds of miles of rough, almost totally uninhabited country. The journey is a very dangerous one, leading through thick forest and over broken upland, along precipitous mountain sides and across many a frozen river, lake and arm of the sea. Almost every season some of the mail carriers lose their lives. The trip is especially hazardous in the early spring, when the streams begin to flow and the thaws render the ice dangerously weak.

The settlers in the north are ministered to during these months of isolation by a band of missionaries who undergo much exposure to the Arctic weather and brave many a peril in their journeys from village to village. At St. Anthony Harbour is the hospital of the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen. During the winter months it is superintended by Dr. W. T. Grenfell, the medical missionary of Labrador fame. Considering the fact that his practice extends along a stretch of some four hundred miles of rocky coast, it will be easily understood that the doctor and his famous team of dogs are almost continually on the trail. His work has inured him to the most terrible hardships and has many a time brought him face to face with death, but Wilfred Grenfell is a giant in energy and one of the most fearless of men. He and death have run many a race.

What was perhaps the most notable of his many thrilling adventures was that which concerns this story. A number of men had come to St. Anthony

Hospital with an urgent call to a patient at Englee, a coast settlement some fifty miles south. Harnessing his own trusty team the doctor immediately set out. Part of the journey led across a wide inlet known as Hare Bay. When its shore was reached the men who were driving the second team warned



Dr. Grenfell in the rig-out made from the skins of his dogs.

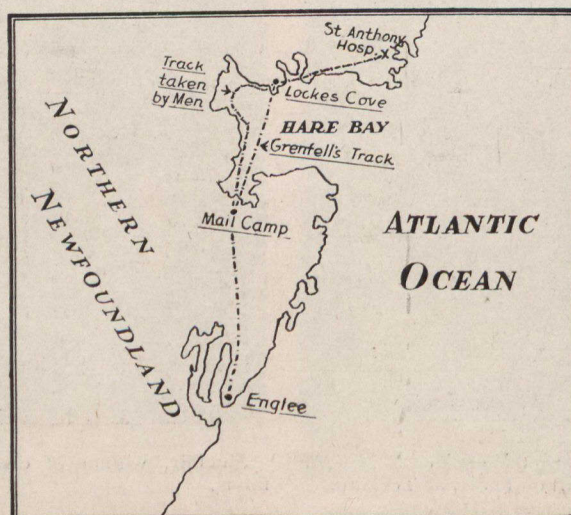


Diagram of Route covered by Dr. Grenfell.

him that the ice in the centre of the bay had been so broken by the sea that it was unsafe for travelling on; that, therefore, it would be advisable to keep to the more solid portion which fringed the shore. Hoping, however, to save time, Dr. Grenfell decided to try the short-cut. He went on alone, the other team skirting the weak spot and heading for a camp on the other side of the bay, where they were to prepare for his coming, should the state of the ice necessitate his turning back.

For a while the doctor's team made good progress, but when he had almost reached the other side he discovered that the ice had been so pounded to pieces by the sea that it would be impossible to cross it and reach the solid ice on the farther side. He decided to retrace his path, and turned his dogs northward again. But in the meantime a sudden gale of wind had sprung up from the north-west and was loosening the pieces of ice, sending them out the bay. The footing rapidly became more insecure until at last the doctor with his team and sled went through into the water.

Now his danger was threefold. The water was bitterly cold. The small pieces of ice filled his long skin boots and weighed him down like lead, while, splendid swimmer though he was, he found it almost impossible to make any headway. The frightened dogs began to beat their way towards him and he feared that in their efforts to escape they would force him under water. But before they came near he managed to get the harness unloosed from the sled. By superhuman efforts he battled his way to a small pan of ice, and on to this he also pulled his dogs. But he found that this was not sufficiently big to float them all, so he decided to get to a better position. Removing his heavy boots and coat, he fastened them on to two of his dogs and again plunged into the icy water, succeeding in gaining a larger pan of ice than that on which he had at first sought refuge. But he was soon deprived of even this frail support, for the wind and tide carried the ice over a shoal where it went to pieces and he was again forced to do battle for his life with the ice-covered waves. Finally he won his way to another icy raft and also managed to get his dogs upon it.

Even now his situation was perilous in the extreme. A heavy swell was heaving in the bay and at any time this support might go to pieces as the other had done. His clothes were drenched and his whole body numbed with cold and bruised by the struggle with the ice. Now he was drifting towards the ocean, tossed by the sea, bareheaded and exposed to the biting northerly wind and without a morsel of food. It was quite evident that unless his predicament was observed and rescue came soon his chances of escape were very few indeed. The pan was altogether too small to permit of his moving about enough to keep up the circulation of the blood. He began to fear that he was to slowly freeze to death.

One ray of hope there was. It was now quite early in the day and there was a chance that the people of Locke's Cove, the little settlement at the north of the bay, from which they had started in the morning, might discover his danger and effect a rescue; or that the men who had gone on to the camp might start in search for him when he failed to turn up in good time.

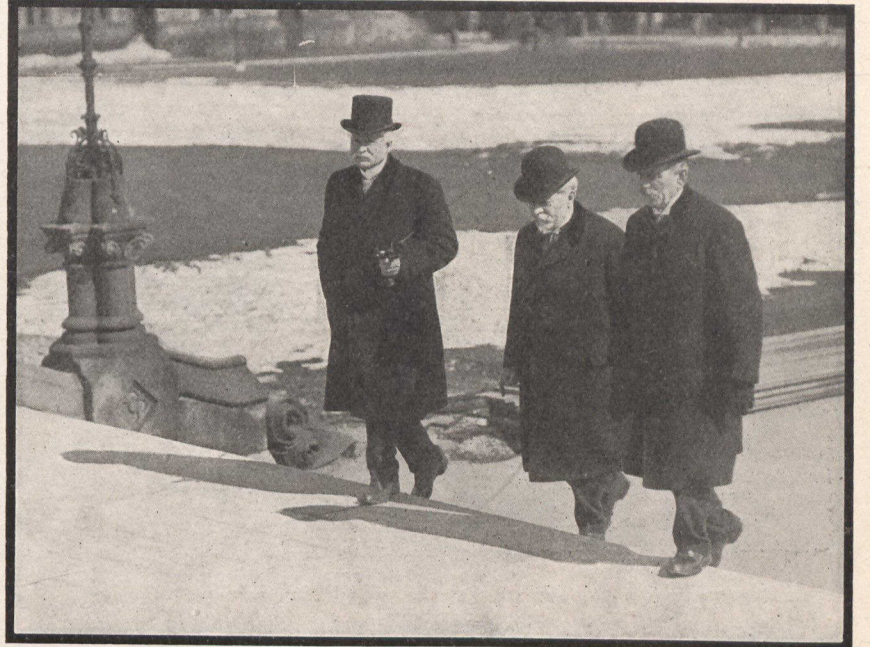
The day wore on and help failed to arrive from any source. The wind began to increase in strength and as the sun declined the cold became more intense. The situation was one of the most hope-

(Continued on page 19)

OTTAWA LEGISLATORS COMING AND GOING



Senator Watson and Senator Ross, Sas. in foreground and Senators Young, Manitoba and Gibson, Ontario



Mr. G. O. Alcorn, M.P., Major Thomas Beattie, M.P. and Mr. George Taylor, M.P.



Mr. F. D. Monk, M.P.
Jacques Cartier



Lt.-Col. O. E. Talbot, M.P., Bellechasse, and Mr. J. C. Walsh, M.P., Montreal

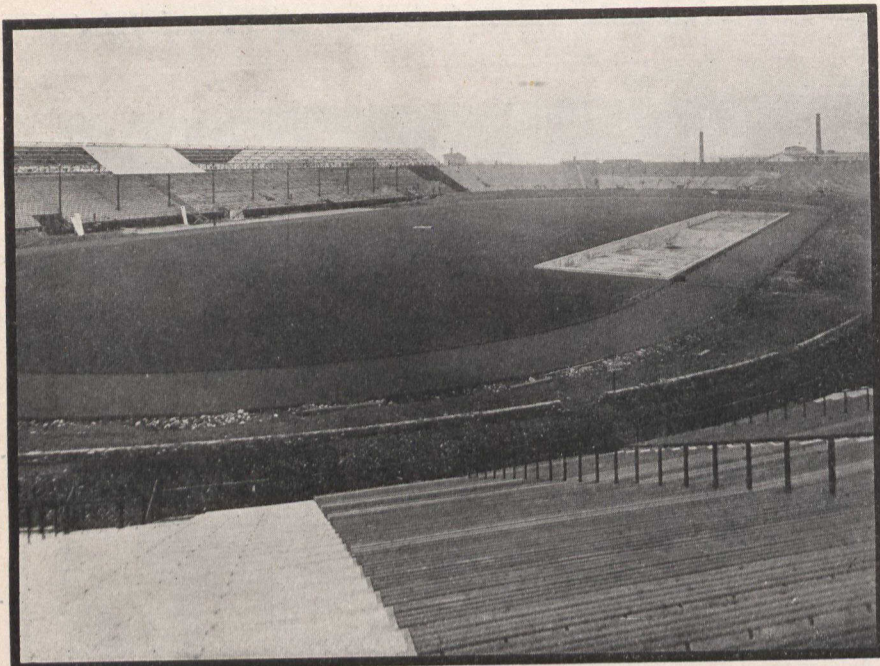


Mr. Hugh Guthrie, M.P.
South Wellington



Senator McMullen, Ontario

PHOTOS BY PRINGLE AND BOOTH, TORONTO



The Stadium, accommodating 150,000 people, where the Olympic Games will take place.



A general view of the Buildings, showing Court of Honour. The centre of the Court is now filled by a Lake.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. N. BECKETT, LONDON

The Franco - British Exhibition

By H. LINTON ECCLES

THE first of May saw the opening in London of the Franco-British Exhibition, which will, in every way, be a worthy successor of the great exhibitions of 1851 and 1862. Indeed, many people think the 1908 Exhibition will eclipse—in success, at any rate—everything of the kind that has preceded it, either in this country or anywhere else. The Exhibition is for the encouragement of science, arts and industries, not to mention all sorts of sports which will be a big feature of it. It is not a world's affair, but is limited to the French and English nations and their colonies, excepting in the sports section.

A glance-through the long list of presidents, vice-presidents, and members of various committees is sufficient to indicate the influential and representative character of the undertaking. The Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Derby, and Viscount Selby are the honorary president, president of the Exhibition, and chairman of the executive committee respectively, and the Lord Mayor of London is another member of the general committee. The general committee is made up of a remarkable body of public men, and may be said to be even more representative than the two Houses of Parliament, since it includes such names as Hon. Sir John Cockburn, Sir John Wolfe Barry, Sir George Taubman Goldie, and many others not in Parliament.

There are on the committee 171 peers, hundreds of members of Parliament, dozens of agents for colonies, besides mayors, chairmen of railways and chambers of commerce, and leading men of every profession and trade. Lord Strathcona is, of course, Canada's most prominent man on the committee, but other Canadian representatives already appointed are: Hon. C. A. Duff Miller (New Brunswick), Hon. J. H. Turner (British Columbia), Mr. Harrison Watson (Prince Edward Island).

The area of the exhibition grounds at Shepherd's Bush—a suburb of West London—is by many times

larger than that of any exhibition previously held over here, but is smaller than the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893, the Paris Exhibition of 1900, or the St. Louis Exhibition of 1904, for the obvious reason that such huge spaces are not available in or near London. But there is not the least doubt that the Franco-British Exhibition will be as epoch-making as was the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park in 1851. The buildings occupy thirty acres, and they are equally divided between the two nations, whilst the entire space occupied by buildings and grounds together is over 140 acres.

The making of the Exhibition has been a remarkable object lesson. Where previously there stood an open space, a beautiful town, with iron and steel and concrete as its foundations, has sprung up. No wood has been used, and so all the buildings are fire-proof. The Exhibition is a model of symmetry and compactness, and will be, from May onwards, a veritable hive of human activity. There are, by the way, over 11,000 exhibitors.

The central feature of the whole Exhibition is the Imperial Tower, a magnificent structure, indeed. The exhibits fill twenty palaces, the largest of these being the Machinery Hall. The twin palaces of British and French Industries and the palaces of Fine Arts and Music are also notable features.

The section devoted to Women's Work is also extremely interesting, and is fully representative of the work and efforts of the women of the world. Another section that will claim the attention and raise the envy of thousands of lady visitors is that touching the field of Decorative Art. It includes specimens of every example of domestic architecture and furniture, past and present. Foodstuffs and beverages of all kinds, with special attention to the wine industry of France, form another feature of note.

The Colonies, of course, will be specially interested in the Exhibition. Canada, New Zealand, Africa, Australia, Ceylon and India have separate buildings

to themselves. Canada alone has secured a space of 120,000 square feet, and her trade and resources are adequately represented.

A unique attraction of the Exhibition will be the fourth International Olympiad, which, as it fortunately happens, is due to be held in this country next July. A vast amphitheatre, or stadium, twice as large as the one at Athens, and capable of accommodating 150,000 people, has been erected for the decision of these historic games, and more than twenty countries will send representatives to take part in the numerous events. The Olympic games will be supplemented by other sports features, including probably a gladiatorial display after the manner of ancient Rome.

In the sports section, too, there will not only be the ordinary popular athletic events connected with football, hockey, racing, cycling, and so on, but the British Olympic Association, who are organising the games, have decided to include in the programme an airship race. This is sure to prove a novel and instructive feature, especially following the recent successful flights of Mr. Henry Farman in Paris.

Elaborate preparations have been made for the speedy, safe and easy conveyance of the multitudes of visitors who are expected. A railway extension has been built, with a station right inside the Exhibition, and from this station passengers are able to reach almost any part of London without difficulty. The railway people say they can handle passengers at the rate of 80,000 an hour to and from the Exhibition.

Sir John Cockburn, vice-chairman of the organising committee, recently read an interesting paper on the Exhibition before the Society of Arts, in which he said:

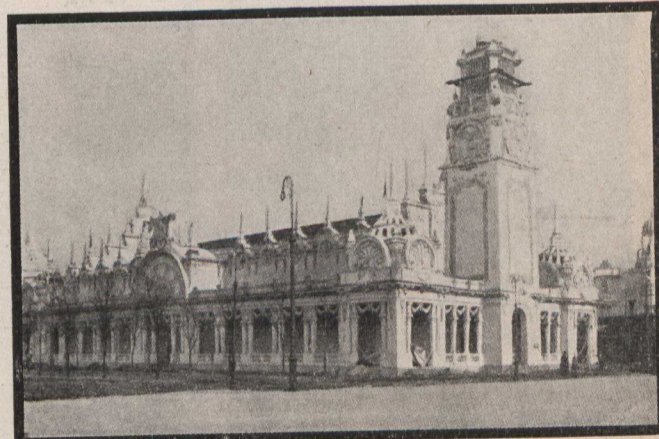
"In a galaxy of enchanting scenes the Court of Honour will glitter like the queen jewel in a cluster of gems. Here is a spacious lake spanned by a bridge strong enough to bear the tramp of an army.



Palace of Women's Work



Palace of British Applied Art



Palace of Music

Types of Palaces

"These glittering palaces are essentially modern in their construction. They are built of light steel pillars and girders filled in with coke-breeze panels covered with plaster. The painter and modeller have completed the illusion of marble and gold. The rooms of the royal pavilion, which is to be used on the occasion of royal visits to the exhibition and other special occasions, have been charm-

but with tracery air and gossamer as a strand of coral. At the head of the lake a cascade leaps in musical cadence down a terraced fall. On the bridge and at intervals jutting into the water from the sides of the lake are stationed dainty pavilions in which visitors can sit and enjoy to the full the surrounding delights. The scene will be surpassing-

ly brilliant by day, but at night, when 1,000 dazzling lights make dim the stars and are multiplied myriad-fold in the broken reflection of the waters, whose surface is stirred by a procession of gaily-decorated craft, when by an ingenious arrangement of electric beams the hues of the rainbow are refracted through

the cataract in a scheme of bright and ever-changing colours, the sight will be one to bewitch the beholder, and the *chef d'oeuvre* of Mr. Imre Kiralfy, one of the greatest living masters of form and colour, will long dwell in the memory as a beautiful dream."

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL VISITS HAMILTON AND STONEY CREEK BATTLEFIELD.



Reading from left to right, back row.—Mrs. Hanbury-Williams, Miss Hendrie, Miss M. J. Nesbit, (Historian), Mrs. John Crerar, Capt. Newton, Hon. J. S. Hendrie, Hon. J. M. Gibson, Mrs. Gibson. Row Sitting.—Lady Sybil Grey, Mrs. J. Calder, (Pres.), Earl Grey, Lady Grey, Mrs. J. S. Hendrie, (Vice-Pres.)

PHOTO BY BLACKBURNE, HAMILTON

THE BURIAL OF CANADA'S NATIONAL POET



The Funeral of M. Louis Frechette, C. M. G., leaving the house of M. Honore Mercier, Montreal.



M. Honore Mercier and M. Henri A Beique, sons-in-law of M. Frechette, following his remains.



Mr. Gervais, M.P., Premier Gouin, Senator David and others



Arrival at Church, St. Louis de France.

PHOTOS BY LA PRESSE, MONTREAL

THE REVOLUTIONS OF A RING

The Story of a Wandering Jewel

"WHAT in the world is the matter, Dorothy?" Mrs. Bilton stared in amazement at her daughter's swollen eyelids, for tears were almost an unknown quantity in that cheerful household.

"N—nothing," was her daughter's extremely feminine reply, as she rubbed industriously at her blinking eyes.

"Surely," said Mrs. Bilton, with an anxious thrill in her voice, "you and Jack have not quarrelled." Jack Travers, her future son-in-law, was almost as dear to the elder woman's heart as her own two boys and she waited in apprehension for Dorothy's reply.

"Of course, we haven't," was the guppy reply. "but I'm afraid he'll be so dreadfully disgusted—you see—I've lost my ring." And Dorothy's fair head went down on the maternal shoulder in a perfect howl of misery.

"Not your engagement ring!" repeated Mrs. Bilton in dismay. "Why, Dorothy, you were wearing it last night when you came home from the party at the Farringdons."

"I know I was and I had it on for a few moments this morning when Linda Carruthers came in to call. She wanted me to show it to her and said she had never seen a finer stone and at the Farringdons last night all the girls were admiring it, except that horrid little cat, Gertie Evans, who said that of course diamonds were very popular with a certain class but she preferred something more distinctive. Then she went on to tell about how her cousin, Genevieve Adams, had such a weird, carved ring which her fiance had brought back from Egypt. But I can't find my ring—anywhere"—and there came another wail which brought fresh remonstrances from the mother.

Everywhere they searched for the missing solitaire but it refused to send forth any comforting gleam and Mrs. Bilton was forced to the conclusion that it was a case of a vanished jewel. Dinner-time came and the loss was reported to the boys and Mr. Bilton who were inclined to treat the matter as a joke.

"It's a clear case of a jewel mystery, Dot," said her father comfortingly, "it will all come right in the last chapter."

"Gee!" said Billy Bilton, the youngest hopeful in the household, who regarded the lovers as his lawful prey and had to be heavily bribed to keep away from the parlour in the evening. "Won't Jack Travers be in a perfect rage when he finds out you've gone and lost it. Why, that ring must have cost as much as a hundred dollars. I wouldn't be in your place for a good deal." Billy surveyed his sister with an air of triumphant tragedy, in spite of maternal frowns and Dorothy hurried mournfully from the room.

With much hesitation and a few effective tears, for Dorothy was wise enough to know that profuse weeping is a terror to the masculine beholder, the story of the lost ring was told to the young man who had gone cigarless for months in order that the solitaire for the "only girl" might not be lacking in

brilliance. In fact, the vanished ring expressed so many of Jack Travers' small luxuries and so much of his present happiness that he was rather dismayed by its disappearance. However, anything was better than Dorothy's damp lamentation and he hastened to console her by saying:

"It isn't really worth crying over. It must be somewhere, you know."

"So is the moon," said Dorothy despondently. "Mother keeps saying 'Just wait until sweeping-day next week and it will be sure to turn up.'"

But several sweeping-days came and went and the carpets were made to yield an extraordinary quantity of dust, yet the lost ring remained a mystery and Jack Travers appeared one evening with a heart-shaped box containing a modest circlet of pearls.

"I was going to get opals," he said in explanatory tone. "But some people think they're unlucky."

"I'm sure of it," replied Dorothy, firmly. "Uncle William gave me that opal pendant just a week before I lost my ring."

"Circumstantial evidence," laughed her lover. "Well, don't wear the opal pendant until after you are a widow."

After the wedding ring was safely shining above the circlet of pearls and the bridegroom had made a few agonised remarks in response to the toast of the occasion, Mrs. Jack Travers whispered to her mother, resplendent in mauve brocade:

"I've a strange feeling that my diamond ring is going to be found some day. You won't forget about it, will you?"

"I'm going to clean house next month," was the prosaic reply of the bride's mother, who was practical on all occasions, "and if it's in the house I'll be sure to find it then."

But the house was cleaned the next month and the next year and two years after and still the diamond engagement ring was not to be found, while Mrs. Jack Travers, two thousand miles away, would suddenly sigh as she sat before the winter fire and exclaim, "I wonder *whatever* has become of that dear old ring. I suppose it was stolen and went to a pawn-shop."

Mrs. Ellen O'Flynn sat sewing in her bare-floored sitting-room, which served many purposes for herself, her son, Terence, and her small granddaughter, Nora, who was playing at her feet and who caught with glee at the bright-coloured cloth.

"It's the fine dress you're cutting up, Mrs. O'Flynn," said a neighbour who had looked in to borrow "a scrap of tea."

"It's a wrapper that belonged to Miss Dorothy that's now Mrs. Travers. The dresses she left behind her have just been put away till yesterday when Mrs. Bilton brought a roll of stuff down from the attic and says to me: 'Ellen, if you're making quilts and rag carpets, you may as well have the old things that belonged to my daughter.' Yes, the wrapper's a pretty colour but that bright red would never be becomin' to me, so I'm just cutting it up

for rags"—and Mrs. O'Flynn tore vigorously at the shirring above a deep frill. . . .

"Mother," said Terence O'Flynn that evening as he took from Nora's small, sticky fingers a ring with a stone which gleamed dazzlingly, even in the light of one feeble lamp, "wherever did the child get this ring she's playing with?"

"It's some copper draw those Jones boys are always giving her."

"That's no copper draw," he said significantly, holding up the gleaming stone. "It's got letters inside of it, too," he continued, peering into the small circlet. "J. T. and D. B. and a queer word that doesn't mean anything—t-o-u-j-o-u-r-s."

"Mercy on me," said his anxious mother, "that must be the ring that Miss Dorothy lost three years ago. It has dropped out of the shirring of that wrapper. I'll go over to Mrs. Bilton's this very night with it."

"Pretty!" said Nora, snatching at the gleaming ring.

"Yes, it's pretty all right," said her father, taking the small girl in his strong arms, "but it's not the like of that ring you'll be getting, Nora dear."

"Don't talk foolishness to the child," said the busy mother as she hunted for the shawl and the bonnet with purple flowers. "I've done the Bilton washing for the last twelve years and I'm mighty glad to take back the diamond ring to Miss Dorothy. I mind how worried she was."

In a pretty home, near a wide river of British Columbia, Dorothy Travers was wondering why her husband was so late for supper. It was the anniversary of their wedding-day and she wondered if Jack had forgotten, for he had said nothing about it at the breakfast-table.

At last, a firm step was heard on the walk and a broader, browner Jack than the boy who had proposed to Dorothy Bilton came to the side verandah.

"Guess what I've got," he said teasingly.

"Then you didn't forget what day it is," she said, with a sudden radiance in her eyes.

"Hardly," he laughed. "But see how you like your present." He put a box of chocolates on a rustic chair, for Dorothy had by no means grown out of a fondness for bonbons, and then tossed a small jeweller's package into her lap.

"Why, Jack Travers!" she exclaimed as a ring dropped into her hand, "it's just like my engagement ring—motto and all."

"It is your engagement ring," he replied, "your mother sent it out to me to give you as a surprise." And he told the simple tale of the finding.

"I'd rather have it than anything else," said Dorothy fondly. "Do you remember the night you gave it to me?" Jack remembered that and many other things.

"But you must be starved," said Dorothy contritely, "and we have an extra good dinner."

"After all, you can't dine on diamonds," said Jack an hour afterwards, when Dorothy asked for more pudding.

THE YELLOW GOD

By H. RIDER HAGGARD

Author of "She," "King Solomon's Mines," "The Witch's Head," Etc.

Resume: Major Alan Vernon withdraws from partnership with Sir Robert Aylward and Mr. Champers-Haswell, promoters of Sahara, Limited, because the editor of "The Judge" has informed him of the company's dishonorable methods. Vernon refuses to sell to Sir Robert a curious idol which has been a feature of the office for over a year, and which seems to have a talismanic quality. Vernon spends the week-end at "The Court," Mr. Champers-Haswell's home, and while there Jeeki, the negro servant, tells the story of the idol, the "Yellow God," which was brought from Africa. Miss Barbara Champers, the niece of the host, is the object of Sir Robert Aylward's and also Major Vernon's devotion. Alan finally wins Barbara's promise to become his wife but their engagement is to be kept secret. Sir Robert becomes Alan's bitter enemy on learning of the betrothal. Alan and Jeeki set out for Africa in search of treasure from the worshippers of

the Yellow God, "Little Bonga." In their African adventures, Major Vernon and Jeeki are attacked by dwarfs, armed with poisoned arrows, who are driven off by a cannibal tribe, the Ogula, who take Alan and Jeeki prisoners but treat them kindly on account of the Yellow God. Alan falls sick but the Ogula take him and Jeeki up the river. They reach the Gold House where the Yellow God is placed and meet the wonderful priestess, Asika, who takes them through the treasure house. The Gold House is a great revelation of riches but Alan and Jeeki become anxious when they observe Asika's determination to make the former her husband. At the feast of Little Bonga, Alan is disgusted by the slaughter and heathen orgies. Alan is given a store of gold which he sends to coast by Jeeki's mother and some of the Ogula whose chief, Fahni, is anxious to be rescued. Alan and Jeeki find themselves practically prisoners at Asika's mercy. They escape to

find Mungana, Asika's husband, has also fled. The latter is drowned during the journey. Then ensues a terrible conflict when the Asiki and Ogula forces meet. Sir Robert Aylward suddenly appears on the scene with a small company of native soldiers.

JEKI stepped forward and asked a question of the soldiers, to which they replied with a derisive shout. Then, without a word of warning he lifted Aylward's express rifle which he carried, and fired first one barrel and then the other, shooting the two leading soldiers dead. Their companions halted amazed, but before they could lift their guns, Jeeki and those with him rushed at them and began stabbing them with spears and striking them with sticks. In three minutes it was over without another shot being fired. Some were

despatched, and the others, throwing down their guns, had fled wounded into the forest.

Now shouting in jubilation, certain of the men began to drag away the dead bodies, while others collected the rifles, and the remainder, headed by Jeeki, advanced towards Alan and Aylward waving their red spears. Alan stood staring, for he did not in the least understand the meaning of what had happened, but Aylward, who had turned very pale, addressed Jeeki, saying:

"I suppose that you have come to murder me also, you black villain."

"No, no, my lord," answered Jeeki politely, "not at present. Also that wrong word—execute, not murder—just what you do to some of these poor devils," and he pointed to the mob of porters. "Besides, mustn't kill holy white man; poor black chap don't matter, plenty more where he come from. Think we all go and see Miss Barbara now. You come too, my Lord Bart, but perhaps best tie your hands behind you first; if you want scratch head, I do it for you. That only fair, you scratch mine this morning."

Then at a word from Jeeki some of the natives sprang on Aylward and tied his hands behind his back.

"Is Miss Barbara alive?" said Alan to Jeeki in an agonised whisper, at the same time nodding towards the grave that was so ominously short.

"Hope so, think so, these cards say so, but God He know alone," answered Jeeki. "Go and look, that best way to find out."

So they advanced into the camp through a narrow gateway made of a V-shaped piece of wood, to where the two tents were placed in its inner division. Of these tents the first was open, whereas the second was closed. As the open tent was obviously empty they advanced to the second, whereof Jeeki began to loosen the lashings of the flap. It was a long business, for they seemed to have been carefully knotted inside; indeed at last, growing impatient, Jeeki cut the cord, using the curved knife with which the Mungana had tried to kill Alan.

Meanwhile Alan was suffering torments, being convinced that Barbara was dead and buried in that new-made grave beneath the trees. He could not speak, he could scarcely stand, and yet a picture began to form in his numb mind. He saw himself seated in the dark in the treasure-house at Bona-Town; he saw a vision in the air before him. Lo! the tent door opened, and that vision reappeared. There was the pale Barbara seated weeping. There again, as he entered, she sprang up, and snatching the pistol that lay beside her, turned it to her breast. Then she perceived him, and the pistol sank downwards till from her relaxed hand it dropped to the ground. She threw up her arms and without a sound fell backwards, or would have fallen had he not caught her.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE LAST OF THE ASIKI.

Barbara had recovered. She sat upon her bed in the tent, and by her sat Alan, holding her hand, while before them stood Aylward like a prisoner in the dock, and behind him the armed Jeeki.

"Tell me the story, Barbara," said Alan, "and tell it briefly, for I cannot bear much more of this."

She looked at him and began in a slow, even voice:

"After you had gone, dear, things went on as usual for a month or two. Then came the great Sahara Company trouble. First there were rumours and the shares began to go down. My uncle bought them in by tens and hundreds of thousands, to hold up the market, because he was being threatened, but of course he did not know then that Lord Aylward—for I forgot to tell you, he had become a lord somehow—was secretly one of the principal sellers, let him deny it if he can. At last the Ottoman Government, through the English ambassador, published its repudiation of the concession, which it seems was a forgery, actually executed or obtained in Constantinople by my uncle. Well, there was a fearful smash. Writs were taken out against my uncle, but before they could be served, he died suddenly of heart disease. I was with him at the time, and he kept saying he saw that gold mask which Jeeki calls Bona, the thing you took back to Africa. He had a fine funeral, for what he had done was not publicly known, and when his will was opened I found that he had left me his fortune, but made Lord Aylward there my trustee until I came to the full age of twenty-five under my father's will. Alan, don't force me to tell you what sort of a guardian he was to me; also there was no fortune, it was all gone; also I had very, very little left, for almost all my own money had gone too. In his despair he had forged papers to get it in order to support those Sahara shares. Still, I managed to borrow about £2,000 from that little lawyer out of the £5,000 that remain to me, an independent sum which

he was unable to touch, and, Alan, with it I came to find you.

"Alan, Lord Aylward followed me; although everybody else was ruined, he remained rich, very, very rich, they say, and his fancy was to marry me; also I think it was not comfortable for him in England. It is a long tale, but I got up here with about five-and-twenty servants, and Snell, my maid, whom you remember. Then we were both taken ill with some dreadful fever, and had it not been for those good black people, I should have died, for I have been very sick, Alan. But they nursed me and I recovered; it was poor Snell who died, they buried her a few days ago. I thought that she would live, but she had a relapse. Next Lord Aylward appeared with twelve soldiers and some porters, who I believe have run away now—oh! you can guess, you can guess! He wanted my people to carry me away somewhere, to the coast, I suppose, but they were faithful to me, and would not. Then he set his soldiers on to maltreat them. They shot several of them and flogged them on every opportunity; they were flogging one of them just now, I heard them. Well, the poor men made me understand that they could bear it no longer, and must do what he told them.

"And so, Alan, as I was quite hopeless and helpless, I made up my mind to kill myself, hoping that God would forgive me, and that I should find you somewhere, perhaps after sleeping awhile, for it was better to die than to be given into the power—of that man. I thought that he was coming for me just now, and I was about to do it, but it was you instead, Alan, you, and only just in time. That is all the story, and I hope you will not think that I have acted very foolishly, but I did it for the very best. If you only knew what I have suffered, Alan, what I have gone through in one way and another, I am sure that you would not judge me harshly; also, I kept dreaming that you were in trouble, and wanted me to come to you, and of course I knew where you were gone, and had that map. Send him away, Alan, for I am still so weak, and I cannot bear the sight of his face. If you knew everything, you would understand."

Alan turned on Aylward, and in a cold, quiet voice asked him what he had to say to this story.

"I have to say, Major Vernon, that it is a clever mixture of truth and falsehood. It is true that your cousin, Champers-Haswell, has been proved guilty of some very shameful conduct. For instance it appears that he did forge, or rather cause to be forged, that Firman from the Sultan, although I knew nothing of this until it was publicly repudiated. It is also true that, fearing exposure, he entirely lost his head, and spent not only his own great fortune, but that of Miss Champers also, in trying to support Sahara shares. I admit also that I sold many hundreds of thousands of those shares in the ordinary way, having made up my mind to retire from business when I was raised to the peerage. I admit further, what you knew before, that I was attached to Miss Champers and wished to marry her. Why should I not, especially as I had a good deal to offer to a lady who has been proved to be almost without fortune?"

"For the rest, she set out secretly on this mad journey to Africa, whither both my duty as her trustee and my affection prompted me to follow her. I found her here recovering from an illness, and since she has dwelt upon the point, in self-defence I must tell you whatever has taken place between us has been with her full consent and encouragement. Of course, I allude only to those affectionate amenities which are common between people who purpose to marry as soon as opportunity may offer."

At this declaration poor Barbara gasped and leaned back against her pillow. Alan stood silent, though his lips turned white, while Jeeki thrust his big head through the tent opening and stared upwards.

"What are you looking at, Jeeki?" asked Alan irritably.

"Seem to want air, Major, also look to see if clouds tumble. Believe particular big lie do that sometimes. Please go on, O good Lord, for Jeeki want his breakfast."

"As regards the execution of two of Miss Champers' bearers and the flogging of some others, these punishments were inflicted for mutiny," went on Aylward. "It was obviously necessary that she should be moved back to the coast, but I found out that they were trying to desert her in a body and to tamper with my own servants, and so was obliged to take strong measures."

"Sure those clouds come down now," soliloquized Jeeki, "or at least something rummy happen."

"I have only to add, Major Vernon, that unless you make away with me first, as I daresay you will, as soon as we reach civilisation again I shall proceed against you and this fellow for the cold-blooded

murder of my men, in punishment of which I hope yet to live to see you hanged. Meanwhile, I have much pleasure in releasing Miss Champers from her engagement to me which, whatever she may have said to you in England, she was glad enough to enter on here in Africa, a country of which I have been told the climate frequently deteriorates the moral character."

"Hear, hear!" ejaculated Jeeki, "he say something true at last, by accident, I think, like pig what find pearl in muck-heap."

"Hold your tongue, Jeeki," said Alan. "I do not intend to kill you, Lord Aylward, or to do you any harm—"

"Nor I neither," broke in Jeeki; "all I do to my lord just for my lord's good; who Jeeki that he wish to hurt noble British 'ristocrat?"

"But I do intend that it shall be impossible that Miss Champers should be forced to listen to more of your insults," went on Alan, "and to make sure that your gun does not go off again as it did this morning. So, Lord Aylward, until we have settled what we are going to do, I must keep you under arrest. Take him to his tent, Jeeki, and put a guard over him."

"Yes, Major, certainly, Major. Right turn, march, my lord! and quick, please, since poor, common Jeeki not want dirty his black finger touching you."

Aylward obeyed, but at the door of the tent swung round and favoured Alan with a very evil look.

"Luck is with you for the moment, Major Vernon," he said, "but if you are wise you will remember that you never have been and never will be my match. It will turn again, I have no doubt, and then you may look to yourself, for I warn you I am a bad enemy."

Alan did not answer, but for the first time Barbara sprang to her feet and spoke.

"You mean that you are a bad man, Lord Aylward, and a coward too, or otherwise you would not have slandered me as you have done. Well, when it seemed impossible that I should escape from you except in one way, I was saved by another of which I never dreamed. Now I tell you that I do not fear you any more. But I think," she added slowly, "that you would do well to fear for yourself. I don't know why, but it comes into my mind that though neither Alan nor I shall lift a finger against you, you have a great deal of which to be afraid. Remember what I said to you months ago when you were angry because I would not marry you. I believe it is all coming true, Lord Aylward." Then Barbara turned her back upon him, and that was the last time that either she or Alan ever saw his face.

He was gone, and Barbara, her head upon her lover's shoulder and her sweet eyes filled with tears of joy and gratitude, was beginning to tell him everything that had befallen her when suddenly they heard a loud cough outside the tent.

"It's that confounded Jeeki," said Alan, and he called to him to come in.

"What's the matter now?" he asked crossly.

"Breakfast, Major. His lordship got plenty good stores, borrow some from him and give him chit. Coming in one minute—hot coffee, kipper herring, rasher bacon, also butter (best Danish), and Bath Oliver biscuit."

"Very well," said Alan, but Jeeki did not move.

"Very well," repeated Alan.

"No, Major, not very well, very ill. Thought those lies bring down clouds."

"What do you mean, Jeeki?"

"Mean, Major, that Asikis smelling about this camp. Porter-man what go to fetch water see them. Also believe they catch rest of those soldier chaps and polish them, for porter-man hear the row."

Alan sprang up with an exclamation; in his new-found joy he had forgotten all about the Asiki.

"Keep hair on, Major," said Jeeki cheerfully, "don't think they attack yet, plenty of time for breakfast first. When they come we make it very hot for them, lots of rifle and cartridge now."

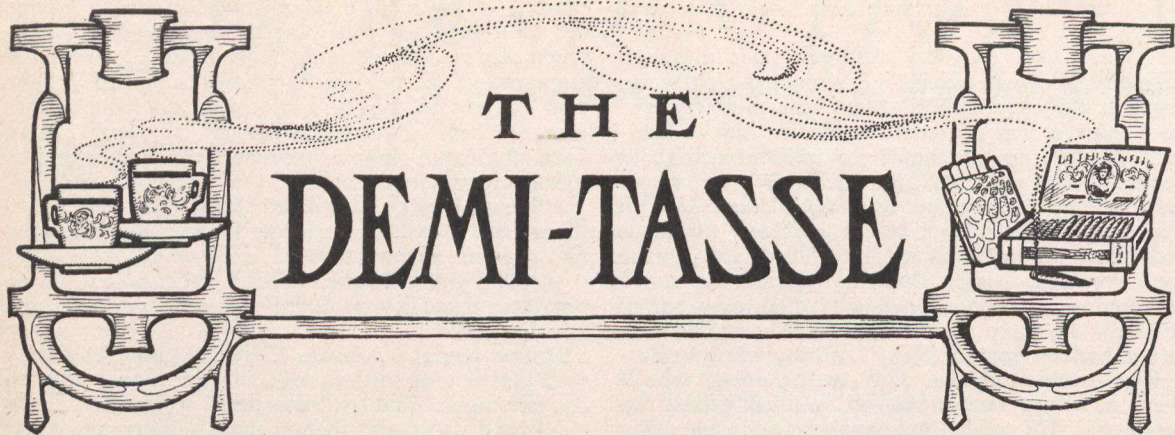
"Can't we run away?" asked Barbara.

"No, Missy, can't run; must stop here and do best. Camp well built, open all round, don't think they take it. You leave everything to Jeeki, he see you through, but p'raps you like come breakfast outside, where you know all that go on."

Barbara did like, but as it happened they were allowed to consume their meal in peace, since no Asiki appeared. As soon as it was swallowed she returned to her tent, while Alan and Jeeki set to work to strengthen the defences of the little camp as well as they were able, and to make ready and serve out the arms and ammunition.

About midday a man whom they had posted in a tree that grew inside the camp, announced that he saw the enemy, and next moment a company of

(Continued on page 25)



THE DEMI-TASSE

RHYMES OF THE WEEK.

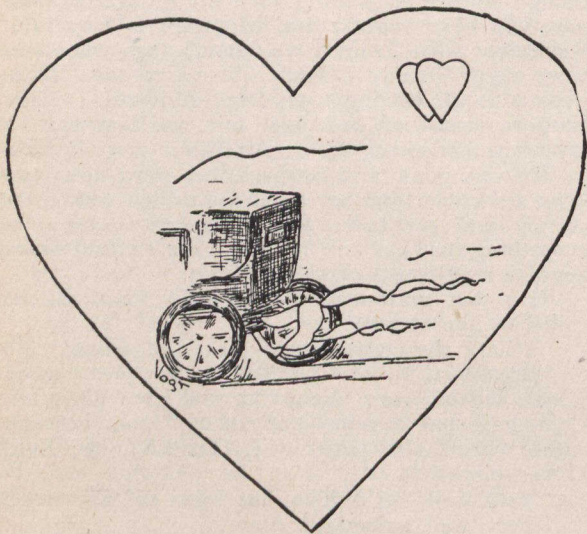
There once was a summer election,
Which gave little room for selection;
And those who got in
Are wearing a grin,
While the others are clothed in dejection.

Seven merry Socialists
Talking in the Ward
Set Toronto "bobbies"
Muchly on their guard;
So they snatched the orators,
Marched them off to gaol;
Now those seven martyrs
Turn the landscape pale.

From the attic is wafted the odour of paint,
The state of the cellar would worry a saint;
And we earnestly pray to the fast-sinking sun:
"Send the hour when the house-cleaning season is done."

A SIDE-LIGHT ON HISTORY.

"Who were the Fenians, Johnny?" asked a Toronto teacher.
"They were a lot of heathens who came over from Buffalo and wanted to be Mayor of Toronto," was the startling reply.



A Leaf from the Cabbies' Calendar.—Life.

MORE WINSOMENESS FROM WINSTON.

RT. HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL has been saying nice things about Wolfe and Montcalm at Oxford and has declared that Canada has a potentiality for expansion (like Winston's head) and also possesses a great range of hope. Since he was elected in that marmalade town in the north, Mr. Churchill has indulged in sweet and sticky remarks concerning "this here country." But Canada has a long memory and the vast insolence of Winston the Guest will go far to neutralise the efforts of Winston the Advance Agent, who is really fond of Montcalm because the latter is a dead Canadian.

NEWSLETS.

HON. W. J. HANNA says that his lucky number is a fraction—three-fifths.
The name of the new premier of Persia is much worse than anything Mr. Whitney ever called Hon. G. W. Ross.
It is reported that the County Constabulary of York County are going to present Mr. John A. Ayearst with a loving cup, in token of their appreciation of the latter's remarks regarding the "most mortified ever."
The sheath skirt will not be the fashion in Canada. This is disappointing to several young

ministers who had intended to preach on the subject, and who find a dearth of denunciatory topics at this season of the year.

The Chateau Frontenac at Quebec almost had a fire last week. Think how happy the guests would be if there would only be a fire the last week of July in that noble hostelry and destroy all the hotel bills for the Tercentenary season!

It is said that there will be a great rush of students to the Chateau for the summer, as the palms of the happy waiters will hold vaster tips than have been.

Earl Grey refuses to tell Dr. Chown just how much he dropped at the Woodbine but it is rumoured that His Excellency is not going to the seaside this summer.

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

CANADIAN candidates for political honours are not yet required to commit themselves on the subject of woman suffrage, but in the United States, Secretary Taft has been recently asked for his views on the subject. He believes in it but cautiously adds that the time is not ripe for it yet.

"But is he for ripening it?" demanded a persistent lady.

CONSIDERABLY CUT DOWN.

THE ship upon clearing the harbour ran into a half-pitching, half-rolling sea, that became particularly noticeable about the time the twenty-five passengers at the captain's table sat down to dinner. "I hope that all twenty-five of you will have a pleasant trip," the captain told them as the soup appeared, "and that this little assemblage of twenty-four will reach port much benefitted by the voyage. I look upon these twenty-two smiling faces much as a father does upon his family, for I am responsible for the safety of this group of seventeen. I hope that all the thirteen of you will join me later in drinking to a merry trip. I believe that we seven fellow-passengers are most congenial and I applaud the judgment which chose from the passenger list these three persons for my table. You and I, my dear sir, are—Here, steward! Bring on the fish and clear away these dishes."—*The Argonaut.*

LOST HIS LUGGAGE.

WAITING for a train at the depot in Paisley, Scotland, one day, a traveller noticed an old Scotchman in workingman's attire, with a most crestfallen countenance.

Having some time to wait, he approached the old man and said: "Have you met with some misfortune, my friend?"

"Aye, I've met wi' a great misfoortune."
"Well, tell me what has happened, and I'll endeavour to assist you."

"Na, na, ye canna assist me. There's nae use daein' onything about it. I've loast ma luggage."

"Why, that's not so very bad. I'll telegraph on to the next station for it. It will certainly be recovered for you."

"Tut, maun, what are ye haiverin awa about? There's nae poower on airth can recover it for me."

"Why, how did you lose it?"

"Weel, I dinna ken vera weel hoo it happened, but I wis comin' down by yon street, and some way or ither the cork cam' oot."

WHAT HE WANTED.

NOT long ago there entered the office of the superintendent of a trolley line in Detroit an angry citizen, demanding "justice" in no uncertain terms. In response to the official's gentle inquiry touching the cause of the demand, the angry citizen explained that on the day previous as his wife was boarding one of the company's cars the conductor thereof had stepped on his spouse's dress, tearing from it more than a yard of material. "I can't see that we are

to blame for that," protested the superintendent. "What do you expect us to do, get her a new dress?"
"No, sir, I do not," rejoined the angry citizen, brandishing a piece of cloth. "What I propose is that you people shall match this material."

"OH, DRY THOSE TEARS."

NEAR a French cemetery there stands a wineshop with an attractive and thoughtful advertisement. The public-house calls itself "At the Sign of the Return from the Funeral." The board underneath bears this considerate announcement: "Private rooms for persons desirous of weeping alone." Still lower are the consoling words, "Wines and spirits of the best quality."—*Montreal Star.*

OPTIMISTIC TO THE END.

SOME time ago there was a flood in western Pennsylvania. An old fellow who had lost nearly everything he possessed was sitting on the roof of the house as it floated along when a boat approached.
"Hello, John."
"Hello, Dave."
"Are your fowls all washed away, John?"
"Yes, but the ducks can swim," replied the old man.
"Apple trees gone?"
"Well, they said the crop would be a failure, anyhow."
"I see the flood's away above your window."
"That's all right, Dave. Them winders needed washin', anyhow."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

THE MUMMY AND THE YORKSHIREMAN.

LADY DUFF-GORDON was describing, at a dinner in New York, the visit that she paid to Chinatown under the able guidance of Chuck Connors.

"It was a most interesting visit," Lady Duff-Gordon said, "but I could not understand the English of my guide, nor could I understand the intricacies of the opium smoking, the Chinese acting and the other strange and novel things I saw.

"Altogether, I must have appeared very ignorant—as ignorant as the Yorkshireman who came to London to see our famous British Museum.

"Unfortunately, the Yorkshireman chose a close day for his visit, and the policeman at the gate, when he presented himself there, waved him away.

"'But I must come in,' said the Yorkshireman. 'I've a holiday on purpose.'

"'No matter,' said the guardian. 'This is a close day, and the museum is shut.'

"'What! Ain't this public property?'
"'Yes,' admitted the policeman; 'but,' he cried, excitedly, 'one of the mummies died on Tuesday, and do you begrudge us one day to bury him in?'

"'Oh, excuse me,' said the Yorkshireman, in a hushed voice. 'In that case I won't intrude.'" —*Washington Star.*



TERRITORIAL TROUBLES

Recruit: "Please, Sergeant, I've got a splinter in my 'and."
Sergeant-Instructor: "Wot yer been doin'?" "Strokin' yer 'ead?"—Punch.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

THERE are said to be more motor-cars in Victoria, British Columbia, than in any other city of its size in the world.

PUGWASH, N.S., has had a bear hunt in the public streets. This was not an escaped tame bruin but a genuine wild live bear that got into town by accident and afterwards into the water where he was pursued and captured by that extremely civilised and tantalising conveyance known as a motor-boat. A town where they hunt wild bears inside the town limits with motor-boats has some features that ought to attract tourists.



Landseekers are thick these early summer days on the western trails.

EDMONTON now has an inclined railway. Any one who has ever attended a baseball game in Edmonton will be inclined to think that it is high time Edmonton had an inclined railway. For as many years as Edmonton has been a town of any consequence the inhabitants regularly descended by actual count one hundred and fifty-nine wooden steps to get to the river flats where the game was played; when the game was over half the population of the town patiently and puffingly mounted the one hundred and fifty-nine steps of the long wooden staircase again. A few ambitious and prosperous citizens, however, succeeded in overcoming that difficulty by building houses on the cliffs overhanging the ravine and from broad piazzas they watched the game free of charge and minus the labour of the wooden staircase. The inclined railway cost thirty thousand dollars—which would have been more than enough to buy the whole town twenty-five years ago.

THE cable station at North Sydney, N.S., handles more cablegram messages in a day than any other station in the world. More than fourteen thousand under-water messages were pumped into Sydney in one day last week, which was a total of more than one hundred and forty thousand words averaging for twenty-four hours nearly a hundred words a minute. A large number of these cablegrams were stock exchange talks between New York and London.

CHINESE in Vancouver own three million dollars' worth of property and save nearly two hundred thousand dollars every year. As there are about twelve thousand Chinamen in the province the average wealth of a Vancouver Celestial is two hundred and fifty dollars. This is not evenly distributed, however, since Lee Yuen owns up to having made twenty thousand dollars in one year out of the manufacture of opium; also Wong Lung claims nineteen hundred dollars a week damages for the closing of his theatre and restaurant during the Oriental riots last fall.

AN Indian national day will hereafter be observed by the red men of the Six Nations. This is the result of a Victoria Day celebration at Oneida, Ont., where a large number of these patriotic copper-skinned congregated with felicitations on the progress of the Empire which they helped to inaugurate in Canada a few hundred years ago. The Indian holiday will be held on September the twenty-fifth.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has conferred a boon on Fort Frances by asking Congress to override his veto on the construction of a dam on the United States side of Rainy River for the purpose of making paper cheaper than it can be made by the paper trust. The dam will proceed. Fort Frances on the Canadian side of the river will be enabled to notice hundreds of thousands of dollars being

spent every little while to bring this United States enterprise to a conclusion.

AUTOMOBILES will now be made in Winnipeg. The new car will be the first yet made on any but a home-made basis anywhere west of Ontario. Twenty-five years ago Red River carts were made in large numbers in Winnipeg.

THE most versatile Chinaman in Canada lives in Montreal. This is Lee Johnston, who not long ago was a Montreal policeman, before that a special agent for the Dominion Express Company, and before that again was engaged in life insurance and

starch, and is now a prosperous family grocer. Lee's former home is St. John, where he began his prosperous and versatile career in the usual way by running an ordinary wash-house. He is now on his way to China to get a wife.

MR. HAMAR GREENWOOD has been giving the English the short story of his career in Canada. He indulges in considerable radiant satire at the expense of the village locally known as Spodunk, where it seems he taught school; where as he alleges being the schoolmaster he was eligible to sing in the choir, help run the Sunday school, to be best man at most of the weddings, godfather at baptisms and chief mourner at funerals. This retrospect of Mr. Greenwood's is part of a speech which he has delivered in Canada.

JUST on the eve of an election in which Ontario Conservatives expected that Ontario Liberals would be relegated to the political museum, Mr. E.



Between Dufferin City and Pine City—Specimen of a new road chopped and built along the line of one of the new railways in Northern Ontario.

G. Whitney, brother of the Premier, presented to the University of Toronto three valuable works on the arts and monuments of ancient Egypt; also a superbly illustrated catalogue of the museum at Cairo.

ONE hundred years ago this month the Fraser River was discovered in British Columbia. The discoverer was Simon Fraser, who was a fur trader occupying a remote trading post known as Fort George in the Cariboo mountains. The Fraser, which is next in importance to the Columbia, is

nearly seven hundred miles long. Simon Fraser began the tortuous journey over the course on May 28th, 1808, he had nineteen voyageurs, two guides and two lieutenants.

VICTORIA, B.C., has received a thousand bunches of bananas from Mexico. These are the first Mexican bananas ever shipped to the Canadian Pacific coast. Mexican bananas are said to be as good as any that have formerly been shipped overland by long railroad haulages from the Gulf of Mexico.

MR. J. G. SCOTT, manager of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, was banqueted in Quebec because he had built five hundred miles of railway over a fifteen-hundred-foot height of land in order to traverse the Laurentide mountains.

THE *Saturday Sunset* of Vancouver hedges at Chatham, Ont., for departing Englishmen unable to find work, and tolerating negroes who since the day Chatham was the terminus of the "underground railway," have made a large percentage of the population in that city. The editor alleges that Chatham is half negro and that a white woman is not safe alone on the streets at night because of negroes. The facts of the case are that Chatham has a thousand less negroes now than she had twenty years ago; that half the negro population of Chatham has gone to Windsor and Detroit; that negro assaults on white women in Chatham are a thing unheard of; that though Chatham negroes have several separate churches and once had both a separate public school and collegiate institute, now negro children attend school with the whites and the colour line is never talked of.

MR. RENNIE, the wealthy Canadian who recently jumped overboard from a steamer and was drowned near Hong Kong, seems to have been a living book of information about mediaeval Western Canada. He was the private secretary to Premier Norquay, of Manitoba, in 1885, and secretary to both James J. Hill and Donald A. Smith, now Lord Strathcona. The plunge made in the seventies by the two railway magnates to get hold of the road projected from Minneapolis to Manitoba was intimately known to Mr. Rennie. In the words of a despatch: "Mr. Rennie sat at a table in a small room in a St. Paul hotel, the atmosphere thick with tobacco smoke, and drew up and witnessed the signatures of the document that proved to be the basis of the vast fortunes of Donald A. Smith and J. J. Hill."

A MUSICAL society for the Province of Saskatchewan has been organised at Regina. Yearly festivals will be held at various points in the province. Certified members of any choir or choral society or orchestra anywhere are eligible to join.

CONTRACTS for the cutting of two hundred thousand telegraph poles will be let by the Canadian Northern Railway in British Columbia. The number of miles these poles will measure when set up along railways may be figured out.

McGill University

MONTREAL

Session 1908-1909

Course in Arts, Applied Science, (Architecture, Chemistry, Metallurgy, Theory and Practice of Railways, and Civil, Electrical, Mechanical and Mining Engineering) Law, Medicine, and Commerce.

Matriculation Examinations will commence on June 15th and September 10th and Examinations for Second Year Exhibitions and Third Year Scholarships, will commence on September 10th.

Lectures in Arts, Applied Science, and Commerce, will begin on September 21st; in Law on September 15th; in Medicine on September 16th.

Particulars regarding examinations, entrance requirements, courses of study, fees, etc., can be obtained on application to

J. A. NICHOLSON, M. A.
Registrar.

Queen's University and College

KINGSTON,
ONTARIO

ARTS
EDUCATION
THEOLOGY
MEDICINE

SCIENCE (Including Engineering)

The Arts Course may be taken without attendance.

For Calendars, write the Registrar,

GEO. Y. CHOWN, B.A.,
Kingston, Ontario.

Royal Victoria College - MONTREAL

A residential hall for the women students of McGill University. Situated on Sherbrooke Street, in close proximity to the University Buildings and Laboratories. Students of the College are admitted to the courses in Arts of McGill University on identical terms with men, but mainly in separate classes. In addition to the lectures given by the Professors and Lecturers of the University, students are assisted by resident tutors. Gymnasium, skating rink, tennis courts, etc. Scholarships and Exhibitions awarded annually.

Instructions in all branches of music in the McGill Conservatorium of Music.

For further particulars, address

The Warden, Royal Victoria College,
Montreal.

SUMMER SCHOOL

June, July and August leads into our Fall Term without any break. Enter any time. New Catalogue free. CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE, Toronto. W. H. SHAW, Principal.

ONE YEAR'S GROWTH

The strength of a bank is tested by its ability to successfully weather financial storms.

The strength of a Life Company is tested by its ability to grow in "hard times."

Last year the New Business of

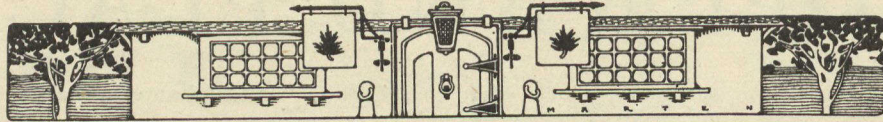
The Mutual Life
OF CANADA

amounted to \$7,081,402, a gain over 1906 of \$1,577,855, bringing up the total insurance in force to \$51,091,848, a gain over 1906 of \$4,179,440—and yet the operating expenses were just about the same as last year.

The Company also made substantial gains over 1906—in Assets, \$1,271,255; in Reserves, \$906,221; in Income, \$171,147, and in Surplus, \$800,841.

Agencies in all the principal Towns
and Cities in Canada.

HEAD OFFICE - WATERLOO, ONT.



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

THE JUNE BRIDES.

AFTER a dull and rainy May, the June brides with their blushes and bouquets are a welcome sight. Cut-glass and silverware are bought on every hand, the financial stringency is forgotten and the white-ribboned whip is waved jauntily by the cabby who drives the happy bridal party. But it is emphatically an occasion for feminine airs and graces and man is shrivelled into an insignificance which is enough to rejoice the heart of the most savage suffragette. The gowns of bride, bridesmaid, flower-girl and even the sober costume of the bride's mother leave room for nothing but the bridegroom's name as "among those present."

* * *



The Queen of Italy and the Princess Giovanna.
—The Sphere.

* * *

A NOVELIST'S LUXURY.

GABRIEL D'ANNUNZIO, a well-known Italian novelist of the day, who indulges occasionally in writing a drama, is said to be prouder of his wardrobe than of his literary achievements. He rejoices in the finest raiment and is always supplied with the latest novelty of fashion. He is especially proud of his stock of violet silk umbrellas of which he possesses eight. His street gloves are said to number four dozen pairs and are of the finest cut and material. He is a resplendent figure when he takes his walks abroad, attired in trousers of delicate mauve tint, a waistcoat of pale rose, pearl-gray coat and hat of a tender green. The sum spent on this magnificent wardrobe is, of course, quite equal to that which feminine leaders of fashion consider it necessary to lavish on their costly gowns. D'Annunzio is certainly a hero to his valet and the idol of his tailor. One of the novelist's cheerful notions is the design of his own coffin and mausoleum, which are said to be exceedingly elaborate. Fate would be playing a scurvy trick if it were to allow this exquisite man of letters and patterns to be drowned in mid-Atlantic with no one at hand to give him gorgeous and picturesque burial.

* * *

SENSATIONAL PARAGRAPHS.

A CORRESPONDENT enquires: "Don't you think it is undesirable to have so much written about

murders on the front page of the papers?" This matter has been discussed frequently and usually fruitlessly. Editors have asserted that women are more to be blamed than men in the matter of reading sensational details of a murder case. Personally I have no fondness for such affairs unless they occur in the pages of Sir A. Conan Doyle, whose murders are certainly worth while. In the ordinary newspaper, however, such occurrences become cheap and vulgarly hideous.

Speaking of sensational news, one reads with the strongest indignation the career of that mean scoundrel named Anderson who deserted wife and family three years ago and culminated his crimes by marrying a young girl to whom the revelation of his villainy must mean a tragedy infinitely worse than death. Compared with this Anderson creature, the average murderer seems a clean and respectable citizen. It is difficult to imagine any punishment which would fit the crime but one hopes that the authorities realise that no ordinary sentence would be the proper infliction on such an offender.

* * *

THE WAITING-ROOM.

A WRITER who describes with considerable humour the scramble in the ladies' waiting-room of the Grand Central station, New York, comments on feminine stinginess in the matter of tips and describes the vagaries of a richly-dressed woman who demanded considerable service of the maid in attendance and finally offered her two cents by way of payment. This sort of selfishness is too much in evidence among women travelling. It is usually the woman who demands most in the form of attendance who doles out the most wretched compensation. One might think it the practice of economy if the same woman were not seen buying magazines by the half-dozen, bonbons by the two pounds and lavishing caresses on a costly poodle. The unselfish traveller is a rare experience in the "ladies' waiting-room."

* * *

THE UNCHEERFUL HENRIK.

TORONTO has been accused many a time of not liking Ibsen and I fear the charge is just. But if Toronto is not fond of the Norwegian dramatist, it is surely better for that Philistine city to be sincere and admit the dislike or indifference than to pretend to appreciation.

I shall not soon forget my experience of *Rosmersholm* with Miss O'Neil as the disagreeable heroine. I went because I thought it was the improperly proper thing to do and was prepared for all manner of dismalness; but the audience (bless its uncultured heart!) made a shocking mistake and took the production for a comedy, actually chuckling when the lady went off to drown herself. It was one of the most cheery misunderstandings which I have witnessed and, after the first thrill of sympathy with the unhappy Miss O'Neil, I gave myself up to the spirit of the occasion and giggled when the suicide number was announced on the programme. It may be peculiar taste, but I should rather read Jean Blewett's spring songs than witness Ibsen's assorted suicides.

CANADIENNE.



"MORE BREAD AND BETTER BREAD"—that is the sure result of using PURITY FLOUR. Made from the finest Western Canada Hard Wheat in the best equipped Milling Plant in the world, that's why PURITY FLOUR is full of nutriment and never disappoints in the baking.

Sold Everywhere in the Great Dominion

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO.
LIMITED

MILLS AT WINNIPEG, GODERICH, BRANDON





GILLETT'S

PURE POWDERED

LYE

Ready for Use in Any Quantity.
For making SOAP, softening water, removing old paint, disinfecting sinks, closets and drains and for many other purposes. A can equals 20 pounds Sal Soda.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.

LONDON GUARANTEE

AND ACCIDENT COMPANY LIMITED

Guarantee and Fidelity Bonds.
Sickness and Accident Policies.

Phone Main 1642. Confederation Life Building
COR. YONGE and RICHMOND STS.

Dr. Grenfell and His Dogs.

(Continued from page 10)

less imaginable, for even the toughest of men could scarcely hope to live through such a night as this would be. But W. T. Grenfell is made of even sterner stuff than the dwellers of the northland, and where mere physical endurance would have failed, his mother wit has often come to his assistance and rescued him from many a tight place.

Now he began to make preparations for a night on that frail pan of ice. First he got all the water possible wrung out of his clothes. Then he decided that the lives of some at least of his dogs would have to be sacrificed. It was a hard decision to have to make and one harder still to carry into effect. His dogs had been his constant companions for several years; they had been his faithful and affectionate servants, and many a time had their strength and intelligence brought him safe to the end of a hazardous journey. But sentiment had to be ruthlessly thrust aside in obedience to the instinct of self-preservation, especially when his salvation meant so much to others. Three of the team would have to be slain, but how? His instruments had all been lost when the sled went into the water and the only sharp instrument he possessed was a slight pocket knife. To master these heavy dogs in such a situation and despatch them with such a weapon was a project born of desperation; but he saw clearly that it was the only chance of lengthening out his life for the hours that would have to elapse before morning dawned and brought another chance of rescue from the shore.

At last the sickening task was done. That the struggle was a fierce one is shown by the fact that the doctor's arms and legs were badly bitten by the poor, maddened brutes in their efforts to fight him off. Then he removed the skins from the bodies of the three dead dogs and used them to shield his body from the searching wind. Turning the fur inward, with one he improvised a cap to take the place of the headgear that had been lost in the water. The other two he wrapped around his legs. His skin boots, too, were ripped abroad and fashioned into a kind of cape for his shoulders. The rope of which the harness for the dogs is made is always covered with strips of woollen material to prevent chafing. These strips the doctor unfastened and then wound them about his legs to keep his skin covering in place. He also unravelled the rope, picked it to a kind of oakum and used the soft material to fill up the openings in his uncouth clothing.

These preparations had taken some time. In the meantime the night had fallen. It brought disappointment as well as added discomfort to the lone man on that tossing cake of ice. He had hoped that with the coming of darkness some signal would be made from the shore by his friends as a token that they had seen him and were making the necessary preparations for his rescue. But the night wore on and no beacon of cheer shone through the wintry darkness. So, perforce, he abandoned all hope of being seen until the morrow, should its dawning light see him still afloat. Disappointment discourages some spirits, others it renders desperate. It set Grenfell to devising other ways and means of making his unenviable position a little more comfortable. This he accomplished by piling the bodies of the dogs on the windward edge of the ice and then behind this improvised shelter he lay down and forgot his danger in sound slumber!

Some hours afterward he awoke

with a start. He had no means of discovering the time, but noticing a faint light in the eastern sky he inferred that daylight was breaking. He arose with gladness in his heart that the night was at last past. But he had miscalculated. It was but the rising of the midnight moon and her rays served only to remind him the more clearly of the desperate nature of his case, there adrift on the waters of the stormy Atlantic. Toward morning he aroused himself and set to work on another design to facilitate his escape. His idea now was to improvise some means of signalling the shore as soon as the day was far enough advanced. Rather a difficult matter, one would suppose, considering his situation on a small pan of ice, bare except for himself, the four surviving dogs and the bodies of the three that had been slain the evening before.

Here the originality of the man again asserted itself. Using his pocket knife, he dissected the legs of the three dead dogs and fastened the bones together as a kind of staff. The greatest difficulty of all was to find the signal flag. This entailed still further hardship, necessitating the removal of his shirt and so exposing himself to the frosty air. The expos-

ure was beginning to tell on him, and small yonder. He had now been adrift for twenty-four hours, forced to remain during that time in wet clothing, which was chilled by the cold wind, and hunger and thirst was beginning to make him feel faint and exhausted. But he kept energetically at work, refusing to abandon hope of rescue. So busily was he engaged in making his preparations for signalling the shore that he failed to notice the approach of a boat until the reflection of the sun's rays from the wet oars caught his eyes and he realised that he was saved.

The kindly treatment of the fishermen effected the rest. They had had a kettle of hot tea prepared in the boat and this soon sent some heat into the doctor's chilled body. His feet and hands had been rather badly frostbitten, but otherwise he was quite well within a couple of days. In fact within a night or two we hear of him addressing a missionary meeting at one of the near-by settlements and receiving such whole-hearted congratulations on his escape as showed the hold this remarkable man has on the affections of the people to whom he delights to minister.

THE HUMAN SIDE

By ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE

THE SPECIALIST.

THE specialist entered the operating-room. His step was quick, his probing eyes swept the faces there, from house-surgeons and nurses to the wan face of the woman, standing beside the cot. Then they rested and became concentrated on the little crumpled form of the child.

There was awe on the faces of the watching doctors, awe mixed with pity, for they were all young men. Some day they hoped to be a great man like the specialist. They hoped to be able to hold their soul's emotions submissive to their duty to science, as he did.

There was a look of wonder on the specialist's cold face as he raised his head and thoughtfully drew on his gloves. His examination had not taken long.

He motioned to one of the doctors and drew him aside. "It's only a matter of minutes," he said brusquely. "I can't see why you sent for me, unless," he said slowly, "you rightly divined I would be interested in a case such as this. The whole base of the skull is fractured. Never saw anything quite like it before."

He turned and passed quickly down the long room, toward the door.

The doctors and nurses bowed respectfully as he passed, but he saw them not. The wail of a stricken woman came to his ears. He had become innured to such cries, but a new note in this one made him stop and glance back. The mother was kneeling beside her dying child. He glanced at the scene carelessly.

"I must write a treatise on this case," he murmured. "Never knew another like it, in all my experience."

A single ray of the setting sun crept through a chink in the shutters and glided down the room. The specialist watched it climb and rest across the pinched white face of the child. It made a golden halo of the tangled yellow curl, that nestled on the forehead of the little one. Perhaps there flashed before the mind of the man, a scene very similar to this one, that belonged to the olden, golden days that lay years and years behind; for into his eyes there stole a light that killed their hardness. Perhaps

his soul struggled beneath the bonds that leashed it down, for he took a step or two backward, toward the cot.

But the ray of sunlight crept suddenly and quickly away and out, and with it passed the soul of the child.

And down the dim steps of the hospital, the specialist passed briskly, the cold, probing expression once more in his eyes.

"Never saw anything quite like it before," he kept murmuring.

* * *

SPITE WORK.

"AS I wor after sayin', Big McCloskey niver loiked me fer some rason, I dunno. Ivery chanst he had t' do me a dirthy turn, he took it, he did. He wor a great fighter, as you know, Dennis, an' I bore wid him gently as behouldin' a good Christian an' a small man an' hoped steadfast fer th' bist, as McCloskey had th' name av bein' werry careless wid dynamite.

"As ye have heern, Dennis, he was blowed til fragments, blastin' on th' Crowbeak claim, wan year agone come nixt August. I won't be spakin' ill av th' dead. Let thim say as will, as it war a good thing McCloskey wor blowed up. I niver will. May he rist in pace, poor feller.

"I'll jist telt ye how th' big goodfer-nuthin' scamp made me lose me hard-earned money outen simple spite, so I will. I'll telt ye about th' fight betwixt Big McCloskey an' Terror Murphy—a lovely darlint av a lad he was—an' let ye judge fer yerself what a mane man wor McCloskey. It do same as young Murphy called McCloskey a liar, an' av course that mint only wan thing in our camp.

"Th' bye weighed wan hundred an' t'irty an' McCloskey weighed over two hundred, th' big—anyhow, they fit an' I bit ivery cint I could scrape up on little Murphy. I didn't have til look fer takers, they come til me, they did. Some av th' byes wor bettin' four till wan on McCloskey.

"As soon as they stood out ferninst each other, there in th' ring, wid th' pine torches flamin' high an' Tommie Baker as refera, I felt glad, Dennis, as I'd bit eight dollars on th' bye, I did. I knowed he'd lick McCloskey.

Afther th' sicond round I borried two dollars an' put that up too. That mint as I'd win farty dollars, Dennis.

"In th' fourth round, whin McCloskey swung a vicious lift an' missed by a shade an' th' bye planted a solar-plexus upper-cut t' th' pint av his nose an' sent him til th' mat, I could contain me feelin's no longer. I yelled t' Murphy t' eat him up, I did. 'Kill him,' sez I, 'an' we'll kape you in spendin' money all th' rrist av your days, Murphy,' sez I.

"Then what happened, d'ye suppose, Dennis? I'll telt ye what happened, jist til show ye what mane, petty spite'll do. It do same as Big McCloskey heern me tell Murphy t' ate him up, an' jist outen pure spite, knowin' as he did as I had money on th' bye, he got offin th' flure an' give poor Murphy an awful trouncin'. An' I lose me money, Dennis."

* * *

BEAUTY.

It is in the rosy, crimson glow of skies at sunset.

It rests deep in the seas, where red coral-wreaths clutch sands of gold not borrowed from the sun.

It climbs from earth to heaven in a morning dress of white and purple.

It rests upon the woodland where the flowers are.

It is in the valleys and all the quiet, restful places of the world.

It is everywhere where thought is born and life palpitates. Without it there could be neither thought nor life.

God made it when He made the soul and like the soul it is undying.

It is the companion of true love.

In life it is the link that binds, in death the halo that sanctifies.

Look for it on the hills, or seek it in the shadowed places of earth. You will find it everywhere.

It rests in the deep sky and on the wide sea. It glows untarnished amid pollution.

* * *

BILLY.

"SAY, Mister, Billy died las' night and I'm wantin' a little box ter plant him in.

"Who was Billy? Say, you don't suppose he was a ostrich, do you? Why, Bill was a triller, that's what he was; a warbler, and don't you forget it. All th' boys knowed him an' all th' gals was clean stuck on him.

"How old was he? Mister, I ain't qualified to answer dat query. Bill didn't have no age, I guess. Hadn't nuthin' but voice. Cracky, but jest couldn't he sing dough? But nobody ain't goin' ter hear Bill sing no more.

"How about de box? What's dat? I'd best see a undertaker? Say, boss, dere ain't no call ter be funny right here. I ain't in no trim fer it. Get busy with de sale. Gimme de box, an' here's your chink.

"Feelin' bad? Who, me? Oh, no, it's a mistake. Why, Mister, I ain't got no call ter be feelin' bad, have I? Why, dis world's jest plum full o' joy fer me, jest chock, plum full. I've had so much o' th' glad stuff in this life o' mine, dat sumthin' had ter be cut out, an' sumthin' has.

"Eh? Did Billy sell papers? Mister, I'm sorry fer you, I am on de dead. Jest han' me out dat little box wid de flower painted on de lid. Thanks, here's your money.

"Naw, Billy wasn't a boy, he was jest a canary—jest a little, no-'count canary."

* * *

JUNE.

Her kingdom is a world of blossoms sweet,

Her touch is rest, her kiss swift to condole;

Her days with tender teachings are replete;

Her nights, the benedictions of her soul.

The Finishing Touch of Your Holiday Equipment.

To a city man a "scrubby" face is a horror, even though he be "far from the madding crowd" on his summer vacation.

To have to shave with the old style razor is likewise a punishment sufficient to spoil his whole holiday.

The Auto-Strop Safety Razor

is a complete solution of the difficulty—

1. Because with the **Auto-Strop** you can shave closely—and not cut your face— on a moving boat or train and without a mirror.
2. Because a single blade—owing to the self stropping arrangement—will last you for scores of shaves.
3. Because there is nothing to take apart to clean—just rinse it in water and wipe it off.

GIVE YOURSELF A REALLY GOOD PRESENT FOR ONCE

and convert a trouble into a pleasure for lifetime.

Buy an Auto-Strop

If not at your dealer's send us \$5.00 for complete outfit, including razor, box, 12 blades and strop.

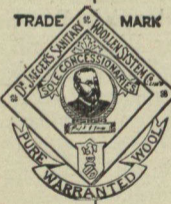


The Auto-Strop Safety Razor Co., Ltd.

14 ST. HELEN STREET, MONTREAL

"Cool Off"

With Jaeger Pure Wool Underwear, you can do so with Safety.



The nature of pure wool makes the evaporation and diffusion of moisture easy and rapid, no matter how hot you may be, or how much you may perspire.

No other material makes this possible. Jaeger Summer Underwear is absolutely the safest and most comfortable—it is made from the finest fleeces procurable.

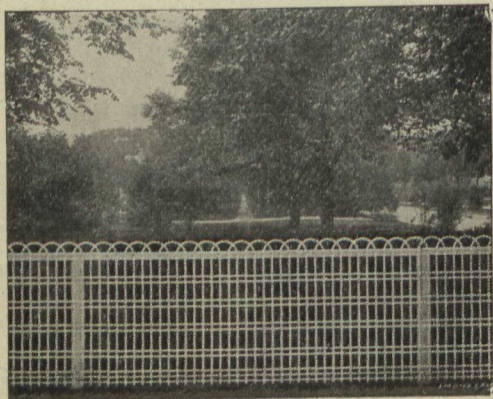
It is sold at fixed moderate prices in most cities in Canada. Ask your dealer.

Retail Depots: (MONTREAL: 316 St. Catherine St. West. TORONTO: 10 Adelaide St. West. WINNIPEG: Steele Block, Portage Ave.)

IDEAL LAWN FENCE

The neatest and most serviceable lawn fence made. Manufactured from stiff, heavy steel wire, heavily galvanized. Better than wood or iron fences—cheaper than either. Easily erected. Write for particulars.

THE McGREGOR-BANWELL FENCE CO., LIMITED Dept. A WALKERVILLE - ONTARIO



What Canadian Editors Think

THE PROSPERING MARITIME.

THINGS about St. John are looking alive and well, so far as trade and commerce are concerned. (St. John Globe.)

"The statistics of the export trade of St. John during the season just expired are very satisfactory. The notable feature is the increase in the value of the shipments. Compared with the previous season the gain is over three and a half million dollars. The grain shipments, it is shown, were considerably in excess of the year 1906-07. The statement of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company also shows the very prominent part taken in the business of the port by that company. The steamers owned or chartered by that enterprising corporation took away forty cargoes out of a total of one hundred and eleven. These figures are evidence of the ability of the great railway to bring business in this direction, and they suggest possibilities in the direction of trade expansion. Next season there ought to be a continuance of this growth in business."

THE NEWCOMER'S OPPORTUNITY.

THE genteel Englishman on the coast has a chance of working into the economy of that hopeful country. (Victoria Colonist.)

"Every now and then some good-looking young fellow comes into this office and asks for work. He is clean and wholesome to all appearance and the first impression he creates is favourable. Every one wants to help him, but when he is asked what he can do, in too many instances he is completely nonplussed. He has come out here, perhaps from England, perhaps from one of the eastern provinces, believing that for a decent young fellow, ready to go to work, there ought to be a chance in this land of boundless opportunity. There is, but the young fellow cannot always see it, and it is not always easy for others to point it out to him. What shall he do to be saved from idleness or from drifting into some employment with little or no promise for the future? Perhaps in trying to answer this question, we may help some people, who may be thinking about just this sort of thing."

GROWTH MEASURED BY COUNTING TIES.

RAILWAY building is perhaps the best single index to Canada's development. (Lethbridge Herald.)

"Canada's population to-day is about the same as the United States in 1805. Its railway mileage is about that of that country in 1858, according to the New York Sun. The pace of railway construction in the Dominion may be shown by total mileage for different periods, thus:

1877	5,574
1887	11,691
1897	16,437
1907	27,611

"Railway business has increased during the last ten years much more rapidly than has construction. Within that time there has been a gain of 70 per cent. in mileage. There has been an increase of 134 per cent. in freight traffic, measured in number of passengers carried and tons of freight hauled. Capitalisation a mile is \$56,995, and total capitalisation in round figures is \$1,550,000,000. Passenger earnings for 1907 were \$45,730,652, and freight earnings were \$95,738,079, a total of \$141,468,731.

Operating expenses were \$103,748,672. Within the next five years enough new rails will be laid to give Canada a system of more than 30,000 miles in total length."

FRENCH PEASANTS WANTED HERE.

THE frugality and diligence of the French peasant seem like a good asset for Canada. (Ottawa Journal.)

"If the frugal, industrious classes of French peasants and farmers could be induced to come out and take up land in the Northwest they would be an acquisition to Canada and warmly welcomed. It is a pity more of them have not settled in the new western provinces. In farming, in spade cultivation and husbandry, there is room for thousands of them in the Dominion. But artisans are not required at present either in the French-speaking province of Quebec or in any other part of the Dominion."

PATRIOTISM IS NATIVE-BORN.

TO love Canada better than the Empire seems to be a reasonable form of loyalty. (Montreal Standard.)

"One has seen the eye grow moist with feeling at allusions to other lands which have never been seen. The sanctions of the past have been sacred to many who have made this country their adopted home. Nor need the past be blotted out; but it is part of wisdom to direct sentiment into Canadian channels, to give our young people to feel (and especially those of them born in the country) that our own story is alluring; that we have precious names and events; but, above all, that we have a free and happy land, soft and tender, large and august, with vast possibilities, incomparably superior to those which any older civilisation can offer. With the national sentiment comes the song, the story, the thrilling cry, the swelling sense of power, and pride, and hope. The traditions of the past are to be remembered as incentives; but Young Canada must find its best and most impressive sanctions at the elbow."

WINNIPEG AND IMPORTS.

NOT wheat alone, nor three hundred miles of trackage in one railway yard, but imports also must be considered in the phenomenal growth of Winnipeg. (Manitoba Free Press.)

"In 1903 the import trade of Winnipeg was \$10,795,836, in 1905 \$12,898,193, so that it will be seen the increase is a steady one. In the nine months of the short fiscal year 1907, the port imported 23 per cent. more than in the twelve months of 1903, which means an increase of over 60 per cent. in four years. The figures also show that Winnipeg is every year getting a larger share of Canada's import trade. Statistics published by the United States show indirectly the permanency of the influences which have been building up Winnipeg as a port of entry. This is found in the rapid increase of the trade across the northern border of the republic. This trade, according to American reports, aggregated \$63,595,594 in 1897, and not less than \$198,673,650 in 1907. During the nine months ending March last it reached the unprecedented figure of \$226,297,573. It needs no long explanation to show that Winnipeg, standing in the centre of the continent, must benefit more than any other city from this growing trade between North and South, of which new lines of railways are tending to make it the centre."



Our Sheet Metal Fronts

Offer you splendid improvement, at small cost, for any style of building. We make them complete, to suit any sized or shaped structure—the entire metal finish including door and window caps, cornices, etc.—in a great variety of styles. They give a very handsome effect, and enduring, practical satisfaction. We give estimates if you send measurements and outline of the building. Think it over.

Metallic Roofing Co., Limited,
Wholesale Manufacturers,
Toronto, Canada.

A BOY'S PEA SHOOTER and its effects upon the man in the front row.

The man in the front row of the theatre started angrily and made remarks when a pea from the second balcony struck him. Investigations were made and it was discovered that a boy, name unknown, had brought a tin pea-shooter into the theatre. There is nothing simpler than the blowing of peas. Air pressure does the work. But look at the effect it produces. Air pressure can accomplish great things. For instance, it can operate the Angelus, the finest mechanical piano-player on the market. A vacuum is created in the piano's "midst" and when the perforation in the music roll slides over the tracker board, the air rushes in. A little diaphragm is instantly filled with air, a lever is moved and the action facing of one the strings is affected in exactly the same way as when one of the keys of the piano is struck with the finger. That, in a word, is the secret of pneumatic piano playing. But the Angelus goes further. It recognizes that a heavier pressure of air will strike the strings more firmly. The converse of this also holds good. Accordingly by means of simple devices, the music can be made soft or loud at pleasure. Moreover, it is possible for the Angelus to pick out and emphasize the notes of the melody in any composition. This marvellous instrument which by far surpasses any other pneumatic piano-player on the market has been secured for Canada by Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming and is installed as an interior part of the splendid Gourlay Piano. It is only the Angelus which is combined with the Knabe piano in the United States and Boradwood in England. The Gourlay-Angelus is a notable combination. Each instrument is worthy of the other. Persons who appreciate truly artistic piano playing are invited to call at the firm's Yonge Street Piano Warerooms and see the Gourlay-Angelus in action.

ESTABLISHED 1892

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Moles, Warts, Etc. permanently eradicated by our method of Electrolysis. Satisfaction assured. Pimples, blackheads, blotches, eczema and all skin and scalp troubles cured. Booklet "R" and consultation free at office or by mail.

HISCOTT
DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE
61 College Street, Toronto

TELEPHONE M. 831

Hither and Thither

MISS FLORENCE GREENWOOD of Whitby, Ontario, who is visiting her brother, Mr. Hamar Greenwood, Liberal member for York in the British House of Commons, has been the guest of the Earl and Countess Beauchamp at Madresfield Court. Lady Beauchamp, who is a sister of the Duke of Westminster, was brought up in a strongly Tory environment but since her marriage has gone over with enthusiasm to the Liberal camp and is known as one of the most influential hostesses in the Asquith ranks. Mr. Hamar Greenwood, as a rising Liberal, is made much of at London receptions. Unlike Sir Gilbert Parker, Mr. Greenwood has taken care to remain un-English in voice and manner. His recent M. A. P. article in "The Days of My Youth" series shows how ardent is his love of Canada and Canadian conditions.

THE races have made the Woodbine at Toronto the most fashionable spot in the Dominion for the last fortnight, where elaborate gowns and thoroughbred "gees" have proved costly attractions. But the scene of racing interest has shifted to Montreal, and Hamilton, also, will have its share of race devotees. The latter city, as the home of Hendrie of *Holmstead*, has especial associations for those who admired that model sportsman. His sons show the same clean and manly interest in the turf and it will be many a day before a great racing event in Canada is unattended by a representative of the Hendries. Among the Canadian women who have given their hearts to the fascinating sport, none is more spirited and charming than Mrs. Adam Beck of London, Ontario, whose interest in all that concerns her equine favourites is as keen as that of her dashing husband who would rather lose an election than a prize at the Woodbine.

THE Women's Institutes of Ontario, now a flourishing association, have arranged for a summer series of picnics and meetings, when improving addresses will be given to the accompaniment of luxurious luncheons and out-door recreation. The farmer's wife has a dull lot, indeed, in too many sections of Canada but a better and brighter day seems dawning for the women who are doing the most valued toil of all and the Women's Institutes deserve the credit of ushering in the new order of things. The speakers engaged for the summer meetings are those well-acquainted with the most advanced methods and theories in connection with all which relates to farm life—and farm life is interpreted in a broader sense than the petty round of manual toil.

EVERY once in a while, a group of United Statesers manifest a desire to erect a monument to their fallen brave on Canadian territory. Such a plan was formed some years ago by enterprising admirers of Montgomery who wished to have a costly structure in memory of the departed at Quebec and, had it not been for the protests of Canadian women, would have carried out their project and made a laughing-stock of "easy" citizens of this Dominion. The latest proposition of this kind comes from certain ardent United States patriots who wish to erect a monument at Fort Erie to commemorate the virtues of their soldiers who fell in the War of 1812. This time it is Hamilton to the rescue. The Wentworth Historical Society has protested against such a

bit of granite grotesqueness and will probably arouse others to like resolutions. A slab or memorial stone is one matter and a monument of adulation is quite another. When New York allows British subjects to erect a monument to Lord Howe, when Yorktown permits a similar erection in honour of Lord Cornwallis, it will be time enough for Canadians to allow the commemoration of the courage of invaders.

THE closing of the musical and dramatic season has been marked by several events of interest. The Arion Club of Victoria, B.C., gave an excellent closing concert last month and Winnipeg reviews show that the public of that city has enjoyed an unusual number of high-class concerts. In Toronto there is talk of forming yet another choral society, one which would afford unique and historic entertainment. An English madrigal society has been discussed for some time and there is certainly space in next winter's programme for such an organisation. Mr. R. S. Pigott will probably have charge of its formation and is admirably qualified for the undertaking.

PRESIDENT SCHURMAN of Cornell University, Ithaca, N.Y., has lately been visiting Professor Goldwin Smith at "The Grange," Toronto. President Schurman belongs to that large and worthy class of college presidents, native to the maritime provinces of Canada. He was born in Prince Edward Island and spent his boyhood in that idyllic spot and its neighbour, Nova Scotia. President Schurman is of Teutonic ancestry and has shown in his career the dogged qualities characteristic of that race. Like most presidents of American universities, President Schurman is considered a man of affairs and has served his adopted country in important international negotiations. He was appointed on the commission regarding the Philippines and gave significant advice as to the future disposition of those Isles of Unrest.

FROM the other side of the Atlantic come encouraging reports of the work of Miss Katherine Parlow, a young Canadian violinist who is playing her way into the best musical circles of Europe. Miss Parlow has been spending the recent months in Germany and Paris and, according to report, is to have a tour in South America before her appearance in her native land. Canadians have comparatively little knowledge of the cities of the America which lies south of the Gulf of Mexico; but Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Ayres contain opera houses which surpass anything of the kind in this country and the verdict of Latin America on musical achievement is regarded as superior to the judgment of the Saxon North.

GRAY AND GREEN.
A GLIMPSE OF LAKE ONTARIO FROM A BALCONY.
By Amy Parkinson.

Green in the middle distance, like
A shining beryl floor;
Gray where it met the gray-blue sky,
Gray where it touched the shore.

Green and gray in the cool, soft tones
Of a varying spring-time day,
With now and again, where a sun-beam fell,
A topaz glint on the gray.

Then a sudden change—and white gleams, like pearls,
All over the waters seen—
As a swift-winged wind came rushing down
And ruffled both gray and green.
—Canadian Magazine.


The Hamilton Steel and Iron Company Limited

PIG IRON
Foundry, Basic, Malleable.

FORGINGS
of Every Description.

High Grade Bar Iron.
Open Hearth Bar Steel.

HAMILTON - ONTARIO



IF YOU WANT
**HEALTH
STRENGTH
VIGOR
APPETITE**
DRINK
Cosgrave's Ale
OR
Cosgrave's Porter

Made from pure
IRISH MALT.

Or a delicious blend of both
Half and Half
Always Ask for Cosgrave's



8 Richmond St. East, Toronto
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager



The Water Way

DAILY SERVICE BETWEEN DETROIT AND BUFFALO

The D. & B. Line Steamers leave Detroit week days at 5:00 p. m., Sundays at 4:00 p. m. (central time) and from Buffalo daily at 5:30 p. m. (eastern time) reaching their destination the next morning. Direct connections with early morning trains. Superior service and lowest rates between eastern and western states.

RAIL TICKETS AVAILABLE ON STEAMERS
All classes of tickets sold reading via Michigan Central, Wabash and Grand Trunk railways between Detroit and Buffalo in either direction will be accepted for transportation on D. & B. Line Steamers. Send two cent stamp for illustrated pamphlet and Map of Great Lakes. Address, L. G. Lewis, G.P.A., Detroit

Detroit & Buffalo Steamboat Co.
PHILIP H. MCILLAN, VICE-PRES. A. A. SCHWARTZ, GEN. MGR.

SHREDDED

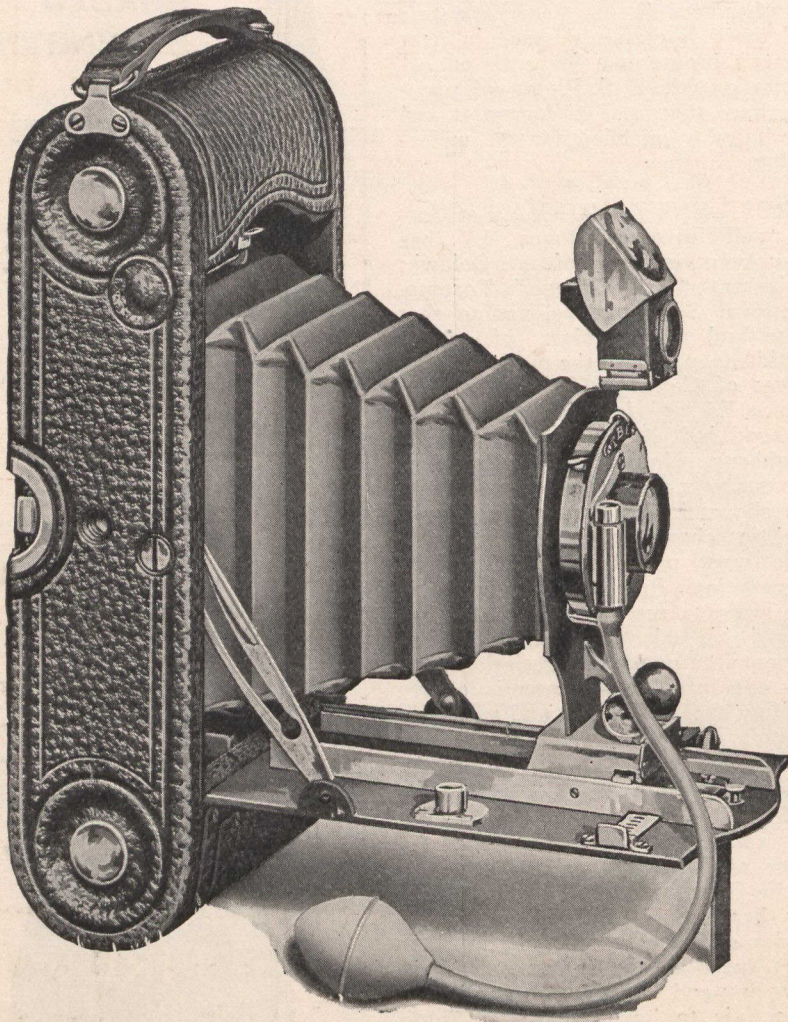
NOW FOR STRAWBERRIES and SHREDDED WHEAT

Nature's purest and best food, insuring a clear head and healthy body.

Is Invigorating without being Heating

TRY IT. SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

WHEAT



THE No. 1 A FOLDING POCKET KODAK SPECIAL

Just as good as a camera can be made
—so small as to never be in the way.

There has never before been so much quality put into so small a Camera—in lens and shutter and mechanical precision it is right. Making the popular $2\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ pictures, the camera itself measuring but $2 \times 2\frac{3}{4} \times 8$ inches and with a high speed lens and shutter equipment it fills every requirement of those who demand a perfect combination of convenience and efficiency.

No. 1 A Folding Pocket Kodak SPECIAL with Rapid Rectilinear Lens, speed f 8 and F. P. K. Automatic Shutter **\$15.00**

Catalog of Kodaks free
at the dealers or by mail

ALL DEALERS
CANADIAN KODAK CO. LIMITED
TORONTO, CAN.



PAGE WHITE FENCES

Get the Best. Styles for Lawns, Farms and Ranches. Made of high carbon wire, galvanized and then painted white. Tougher and stronger wire than goes into any other fence. Get 1908 prices and illustrated booklet.

THE PAGE WIRE FENCE CO., LIMITED
Largest fence and gate manufacturers in Canada.
WALKERVILLE TORONTO MONTREAL ST. JOHN WINNIPEG
219

Sir Francis Bertie.

SIR FRANCIS BERTIE, the British Ambassador at Paris, who is on a visit to London to take part in the festivities in connection with President Fallieres' visit, is the brother of the Earl of Abingdon, and has had a long and varied diplomatic career. He was Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State from 1874 to 1880, and has held such varied posts as Assistant Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, chairman of the Uganda Railway Committee, and British Ambassador at Rome. Both he and Lady Bertie are personal friends of the King and Queen, and Lady Bertie was a bridesmaid at the wedding of their Majesties.

Sir Francis is one of the most unassuming of men, and is no believer in pomp or ceremony. When he was Ambassador at Rome he was once the hero of an amusing incident. On the day of his arrival a large crowd had gathered to give him welcome, and were eagerly waiting for him to appear. Presently a train drew up at the station platform, and a short, stoutish man, dressed in a tweed suit with knickerbockers, hurriedly alighted, and, passing quickly through the throng, disappeared. No one took any notice of him, as all were looking for the elegantly-dressed individual who was their idea of a British Ambassador. But the stranger in the tweed suit was none other than Sir Francis Bertie, and leaving the crowd still expectant, he entered the carriage which was waiting for him and drove off, undiscovered. It is said that on another occasion an important official saw Sir Francis running along the street waving an umbrella, and shouting excitedly. The official in question expected thieves at least, but Britain's representative was only drawing attention to some small boys who were hanging on to the back of Lady Bertie's carriage.—*M. A. P.*

Puzzled.

When I was little like you, Blue Eyes,
When I was little like you,
Three things there are you would like
to find
Whether I used to do:
Did I know when the sleep began
to be?

Could I ever tell what wakened me?
Did I ever dream on till a dream
came true?
When I was little like you?
When I was little like you, Fair Hair,
When I was little like you,
These were the things that puzzled
me,
And none of the three I knew.
And I can not tell when the sleep is
here,
And I can not see what wakes me,
dear,
And I never dream on till the dream
comes true,
Now I am older than you!

—*St. Nicholas.*

The Triumph of the Nagger.

SOUND the loud timbrel in Perth and Dundee! The Nagger has triumphed and Woman is free! The Prime Minister has bowed the knee to the Belle of the Bell. I heartily congratulate Miss Maloney on the triumph of her tactics. She is La Belle Dame Sans Merci. With her bell she has rung out the old and rung in the new. Last week I pointed out that the Suffragette nonplusses the male politician by utilising the varied experience she has acquired in domestic warfare. I showed that her tactics are based upon a scientific study

of the guerilla warfare known as nagging. I warned Man that he was not taking the Suffragette seriously enough. Mr. Asquith evidently read my hint in the morning and took it in the afternoon. He may deny this. He may deny that he is afraid of Miss Maloney. He may deny that he has been nagged into surrender and heckled into humility. He may deny all these facts, and a thousand other facts, but nobody will believe him. Mr. Asquith is a married man. He knows that when a woman makes up her mind to have her own way no power on earth can prevail against her. He is ready to do anything for the sake of a quiet life. I have no doubt Mrs. Asquith has advised him to hoist the white flag.

The political Nagger is a holy terror. For years she has made the lives of politicians miserable. She began to play her pranks before the General Election of 1906. I remember being at the great demonstration at the Albert Hall, and seeing several suffragettes carried out by the stewards. It was not a pretty or a pleasant sight, and I came to the conclusion that the political Nagger would worry her lord and master into surrender. Man is a creature of sentiment, and in a quarrel with a woman his sentiments always get the better of his convictions. He is not really fond of a life of strife. He does not like to silence the political Nagger by brute force. He cannot keep her out of his meetings by fair means or foul. He is at her mercy. Your politician hates to be interrupted and therefore the Nagger has made a study of the art of interruption. She baits the best speakers and spoils the best speeches. The consequence is that the great, wise, and eminent ones of the Front Bench sweat with terror when they get on their hind legs. The Nagger is very crafty, for she hunts nothing but big game. Nothing less than a Cabinet Minister satisfies her. Ten really resolute Naggers can turn an assembly of five thousand men into a pandemonium. They sprinkle themselves artistically over the hall, so that they must be evicted one at a time. They choose inaccessible spots so as to make the business of ejection as tedious and as tantalising as possible. Is it strange that our eloquent orators long for peace at any price?

JAMES DOUGLAS.

My Lady's Slipper.

"Oh, little satin slipper of a fashion
passed away,
Pray tell me of the winsome dames
who graced your little day.
Who was it that once wore you? Was
she young and slim and tall?
A toast at ev'ry banquet, and the belle
of ev'ry ball?"

"You dainty little slipper, would you
deem it indiscreet
To ask if you still dream about her
arched and slender feet?
You never romped the 'Lancers,' nor
learnt to waltz, I know,
But in a stately minuet did point your
satin toe.

"I wonder if some gallant, in bro-
caded coat and lace,
Your blushing mistress courted for
her beauty and her grace,
And if he bribed her waiting-maid,
and stole your fellow shoe?
I rather think that at that date it was
the thing to do!

"Or, did the couple marry? Did they
have a house in town?
Was he a wit—a courtier? Was she
of fair renown?
I want to know what happened! An-
cient slipper, tell, I pray!"

But, no; it held its satin tongue, and
nothing would it say.
—Sheila E. Braine, in Cassell's
Magazine.

LITERARY NOTES

LETTERS FROM INDIA.

SINCE the August of 1902, when Alfred William Stratton, one of Canada's most ardent and sincere scholars, passed away at Gulmarg, India, it has been felt by his friends and by those acquainted with his career that a volume permeated by his gentle and earnest personality should be given to the world. Therefore those who knew Mr. Stratton welcome with peculiar satisfaction the book, "Letters from India," by Alfred William Stratton, with a memoir by his wife, Anna Booth Stratton, and an introductory note by Professor Bloomfield. It is easy for the reader to find whose delicate and affectionate touch has arranged these fragments of a life's correspondence in order that the fine nature and arduous toil of the departed scholar might be revealed more intimately than by conventional chronicle.

Mr. Stratton was born in Toronto in that troubled year, 1866, a time and place justly referred to as not especially favourable to young students. Wellesley School and Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute proved only preparatory to a university course for the young lad who had, according to Mr. MacMurchy, the rector of the Collegiate, "taken to languages as a cat takes to milk." In 1887 he graduated from the University of Toronto with first-class honours in Classics, having already shown such an enthusiastic devotion to what many of his class considered the dreary details of Philology that his vocation was evident. Between taking his bachelor's degree and proceeding to his doctorate there was an interval of five years, during which Mr. Stratton taught in the Caledonia High School and later in the Hamilton Collegiate Institute.

During his undergraduate course Mr. Stratton had joined a Saturday class in Sanskrit which was organised by Professor McCurdy and met for only three months. In Hamilton, "he came under an influence which strongly biased his subsequent career. Once when one asked him what had originally attracted him towards Sanskrit, he named first in his answer the peculiar interest in things Eastern which had been excited in him by Mr. Henry Witton of Hamilton. Mr. Witton is one of those men—rarer in Canada than in England—who, between business hours, have found time for scholarly work. He is a self-taught Sanskritist, and has an enthusiastic interest in the many phases of Orientalism. His relations with Mr. Stratton came about through the son, Gay Witton, who had been a college class-mate of Stratton's. Through this intimacy the latter had access to the Witton library, and soon found that he had tastes in common with his friend's father. They eventually settled into one of those beautiful attachments which are of the eternal fields, 'where youth and age is not.'"

In 1892 Mr. Stratton went to Baltimore for post-graduate study at the Johns Hopkins University, where he remained for three years under the direction of Professor Gildersleeve in the Greek Department and Professor Bloomfield in that of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology. In his last year at Baltimore he was made Fellow in Sanskrit, Greek and English. In the spring of 1893, at the suggestion of Professor Bloomfield, he began to collect material for a complete history of Greek noun-formations. This laborious work was carried on during his last two years in Baltimore and was continued in Chicago.

In 1895 he went to the University of Chicago where he gave two courses

in Sanskrit and in 1898 was advanced to an Associate Professorship in the Department of Sanskrit and Indo-European Philology. In 1899 Mr. Stratton received the double appointment of Principal of the Oriental College in Lahore and Registrar of the Panjab University. It was a long road from the small school in Toronto to the university in the Orient and every step forward had been the result of laborious days. The life of the Canadian scholar in India was not to be long. Less than three years had passed when, after a severe attack of fever, one of the "old boys of Wellesley School" was laid to rest far from his childhood's home, in the cemetery of Gulmarg.

The letters in the present volume show how readily the young "Principal" had settled down in the life of Lahore. There can be little doubt that Mr. Stratton found the atmosphere of an Oriental college congenial and soothing, in a sense impossible in the cities of Western America. Yet there is a touch of *heimweh* in the questions: "Can you walk in the park now, or is winter lingering? Tell me about the waves breaking along the shore and the long line of spray."

The writer makes shrewd comments on the English attitude towards a foreign residence: "The English here (at Lahore) are surprisingly healthy but they earn their good health, riding a good deal, and playing tennis or badminton almost every day, both men and women. Some English women hate Lahore and all India. Away from their old friends, uninterested in the people about them (the 'natives' as they call them), separated from their children—no wonder they have little good to say of the place. . . And after all when they leave India it is said that they cannot cease praising it by way of contrast with England, and often show their real feelings by returning to spend their old age here."

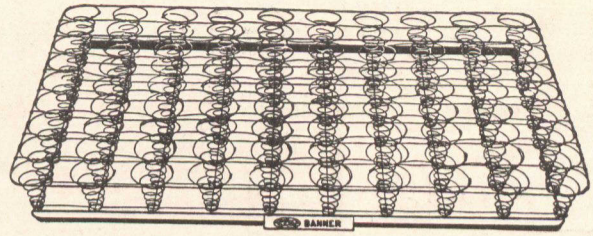
Many of the letters are addressed to A. B. S., Miss Anna Booth Simms whom Mr. Stratton had met at the University of Chicago and who became his wife on November 6th, 1900, the wedding taking place at the Free Church of Scotland, Bombay.

The letters descriptive of Kashmir are especially interesting, such a vignette as this being worthy of remembrance: "The great charm of Kashmir is the varied natural beauty of the valley; water everywhere, little stream or lake or river, green everywhere in grass and trees and waving corn and the rich-coloured rice-fields, and on all sides the mountains with a never-failing variety of green, brown, deep red, blue, and purple peaks, snow-capped, while the clouds gather round most of them."

The conclusion of the preface is in the reader's thought as the volume closes: "Slight, alas! too slight and fragmentary, they yet hold something imperishably his—something of his bright spirit, his sweetness of temper, his singular simplicity, and something of that devotion to science which cost him an early grave in a far country." Toronto: William Tyrrell and Company.

* * *

THE present disturbances in India will render unusually significant an article, *India's Coming Greatness from a Constructive View-point*, which recently appeared in the *Arena*. The writer, Mr. Saint Nihal Sing, visited Canada last year and contributed to several Canadian publications. Naturally Mr. Sing takes the side in favour of that National Congress, discussed so poignantly by Mr. Kipling in *The Enlightenment of Pagett, M.P.*



"The Spring Bed That Keeps Its Shape"

If you have not slept on a

"Banner" Spring Bed

you don't know what solid comfort is.

Guaranteed to please for a lifetime.



This trademark on Mattresses, Spring Beds and Pillows guarantees absolute satisfaction.

12

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will. Write to our Montreal Office.

THE ALASKA FEATHER & DOWN CO. LIMITED
 FACTORIES AT MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG.
 WHOLESALE ONLY.

You know it's pure if you buy SAMUEL, RAE & CO.'S (Established 1836) finest sublime

OLIVE OIL

Extracted from only the choicest Olives, grown and pressed in Tuscany, Italy.
 BEST FOR SALADS, ETC.

KYLE & HOOPER, Sole Canadian Agents, 75 FRONT STREET EAST, TORONTO

FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE SENT ON REQUEST.

943

National Trust Company Limited
 18-22 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

DIRECTORS:

- J. W. FLAVELLE
- Z. A. LASH, K.C.
- E. R. WOOD
- W. T. WHITE
- HON. MR. JUSTICE BRITTON
- HON. GEO. A. COX
- G. H. WATSON, K.C.
- CHESTER D. MASSEY
- ELIAS ROGERS
- ROBERT KILGOUR
- CAWTHRA MULLOCK



DIRECTORS:

- JAS. CRATHERN
- H. S. HOLT
- H. MARKLAND MOLSON
- ALEX. BRUCE, K.C.
- E. W. COX
- H. H. FUDGER
- H. B. WALKER
- A. E. KEMP, M.P.
- WM. MACKENZIE
- ALEX. LAIRD
- J. H. PLUMMER

CAPITAL \$1,000,000. RESERVE \$500,000.

OUR SAFETY DEPOSIT VAULTS
 Are the finest in Canada.
 Call and see them.

School of Mining

A COLLEGE OF APPLIED SCIENCE,
 Affiliated to Queen's University,
 KINGSTON, ONT.

For Calendar of the School and further information, apply to the Secretary, School of Mining, Kingston, Ontario.


- The following Courses are offered:
- I—Four Years' Course for Degree of B.Sc.
 - II—Three Years' Course for Diploma.
 - a—Mining Engineering.
 - b—Chemistry and Mineralogy.
 - c—Mineralogy and Geology.
 - d—Chemical Engineering.
 - e—Civil Engineering.
 - f—Mechanical Engineering.
 - g—Electrical Engineering.
 - h—Biology and Public Health.
 - j—Power Development.

9

Be Particular
 about the little things you eat.
 Impure salt is just as injuri-
 ous as impure milk or butter.
 There is one salt you can
 always depend upon as being
 absolutely pure and whole-
 some—

**Windsor
SALT**

**A Mother's
Testimony**



About a month ago I received one of your **LITTLE BEAUTY HAMMOCK COTS** and find it perfectly satisfactory in every respect and would not like to part with it, for it is the best thing I ever saw.

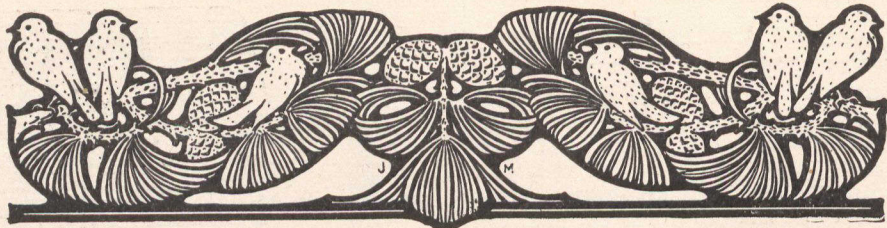
Write for a copy of "**BABY'S SLEEP**" telling all about it.

**The Geo. B. Meadows, Toronto
Wire, Iron & Brass Works
Company, Limited**
 479 Wellington St. W., Toronto, Canada

**GOOD
COFFEE**

costs but little more if any than poor coffee, and you have twice or thrice the pleasure in drinking it; besides, a good pure coffee such as Chase & Sanborn's "**SEAL BRAND**" is healthful and invigorating. :: :: :: ::

CHASE & SANBORN
 IMPORTERS - MONTREAL



F O R T H E C H I L D R E N

JIMMIE'S LIFE-LINE.

ONE fine, bright morning the Fairport boys, who were waiting at the end of Peterson's wharf for Lawrence Dike, were surprised to see him coming with a new boy, a stranger to all of them.

"It must be his cousin from the West," said Johnnie Oliver. "He said his cousin was coming this week to spend the rest of the summer."

Johnnie was right. The new boy, Jimmie Palmer, was Larry's cousin, who lived in a small town in Indiana and had never seen the ocean, or any other large body of water, till now. He was rather small, with slender arms and legs, and did not look as if he could do much; but he looked good-natured and full of fun, and the other boys decided that he was going to be all right and a good fellow.

This morning they were all going in a big dory over to Bayley's clam-flats. To Jimmie everything was new and delightful. He kept snuffing the fresh salt air and looking out across the bay, and by and by he made everybody laugh by saying, "My! I didn't know there was so much water anywhere in the world — all in one bunch!"

That was not the only laugh the other boys had at Jimmie's ignorance. When they reached the clam-flats, and all took off their shoes and stockings and waded in the mud, Jimmie slipped overboard with the rest, and then gave a yell and started to run towards the shore. He thought he was going to sink over his head, and was terribly frightened. And when he began to run, his feet stuck in the soft mud and he fell down, flat on his face. The other boys helped him up, and brushed off the mud as well as they could, and he got well laughed at. But when he found how foolish he had been, and that there was really no danger, he laughed as loudly as any of them.

It was a day full of surprises for Jimmie. He cut his foot on a clam-shell, and got one of his fingers badly nipped by a crab which he found later on, on the beach. And on the way home, when he wanted to row, and the boys let him try it, he "caught a crab," and when his oar came out of the water, fell over in the boat, flat on his back.

All this was great fun to the rest of the boys, and Jimmie himself did not seem to mind it much; but when it was learned that Jimmie could not swim, it was different. In Fairport every boy learned to swim almost as soon as he could walk, and by the time they were eight or nine years old all of them could float, do "dog-paddle" and overhand, and dive and bring up pebbles. It began to be thought that perhaps Jimmie was a sort of "coward," and that made him feel very badly, and also made his cousin Lawrence, in some degree, ashamed for him.

But it was not long before something happened which made them change their minds. The boys were all in swimming one hot afternoon at the end of the wharf. One after another they had stripped off their clothes and piled them up on the string-piece of the wharf, and then with a glad shout had leaped like big white frogs, head first, into the cool, deep water. At last Jimmie was the only one left on the wharf. He sat

there gloomily, watching his playmates diving and splashing below him, and wished that he could share their fun, but he was afraid he could never learn to swim. He had tried and tried, in shallow water, but succeeded only in getting his eyes and mouth full of water, and then becoming frightened and sinking.

Now as Jimmie watched the other boys, he saw that Arthur Holmes was acting strangely. His face looked very white, and his breath was coming in little short gasps. He had turned toward the wharf and was swimming in, or trying to. He looked up at Jimmie and tried to call out something, but with the shouts of the other boys, Jimmie could not make out what it was.

Then the other boys saw, too, but instead of doing anything, they began to laugh. "Look at Art!" one of them cried. "Isn't he doing it great!" They thought he was trying to make believe drown, to fool Jimmie; and Jimmie had had so many tricks played on him that for a moment he thought so, too.

But by this time Arthur had reached the piling on which the wharf stood, and made a grasp for one of the great posts. He clasped his arms about it and tried to climb up, but it was covered with the green slime left by the tide, and was so slippery that not even a cat could have clung to it, and slowly he slipped back, and with a pitiful cry sank out of sight. All the other boys still thought it was only a joke, but Jimmie had seen Arthur's frightened eyes, and quick as a flash he acted. He saw at a glance that there was not a thing on the wharf that could help except the boys' clothes. With one grab he seized two shirts, knotted the sleeves together, and dropped the dangling end of one of the other sleeves down the side of the wharf. Arthur had come up again, and was trying to cling to the slippery post. By lying flat on his stomach Jimmie could just reach him with the shirt-sleeve, but he saw that the line would be too short to do more than hold the drowning boy up for a few minutes. So, still lying on his stomach, and holding to the shirt with one hand, he reached for another shirt with his other hand, and wriggled along until he seized it. Then with his teeth and his free hand he tied that shirt to the others.

He could now stand up, with the life-line in his hands, and crying to Arthur not to be scared, and to hold on tight, he walked along the edge of the wharf, toward the shore, towing Arthur with him, until the water was shallow enough for Arthur to touch bottom.

The other boys had seen by this time that Arthur was not fooling, but had been seized by cramps, and they had come swimming in to help. But the rescue was all over by the time they got ashore.

It was a pretty sober group of boys that went along, helping Arthur to his home; and when old Captain Alexander Bowers heard what Jimmie had done he patted him on the shoulder and said, "You are nobody's fool, my boy, even if you didn't smell salt water till this summer. A cool, quick head is sometimes better than a strong body." And little Jimmie was satisfied.—*Youth's Companion.*

MENNEN'S
 Borated Talcum **TOILET POWDER**



"The Month of Roses"
 calls for special complexion safeguards, to insure a summer of perfect skin condition and comfort.

Mennen's Borated Toilet Powder
 Talcum used after bathing, keeps the skin smooth and healthy, prevents Prickly Heat, Chafing and Sunburn, insuring the much coveted "browning" without burning. After shaving it is delightful.

For your protection the genuine is put up in non-refillable boxes—the "Box that Loses," with Mennen's face on top. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906, Serial No. 1542. Sold everywhere or by mail, 25c. Sample free.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.
 Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder—it has the scent of fresh-cut Parma Violets. Sample free.
 Mennen's Sen Yang Toilet Powder, Oriental odor. No Mennen's Borated Skin Soap (blue wrapper) samples Specially prepared for the nursery



**What a Treat
for a Business Man**

after the work and worry of the day, to have an evening of music. Amusements may pall; books may lose their charm; but music brings rest and relaxation to mind and body.

**New Scale Williams
Player Piano**

brings music to you, instead of sending you to seek the music outside of your home.

You can play this instrument yourself—whenever you like—and whatever music you like.

With the New Scale Williams Player Piano, you have the world's masterpieces—the rousing marches—the seductive waltzes—the "old songs" and the new—literally everything worth hearing and playing.


Our Purchase Plan makes it easy for you to buy one. Write us for particulars and also ask for booklets. Cut out the coupon and mail to us today.

**The Williams
Piano Co.
Limited**
 Oshawa,
 Ont.
 32

Please send me free of all cost, booklets descriptive of the New Scale Williams Player Piano and special easy purchase plan.

Name.....
 Address.....
 CR

**WINNIPEG
CANADA**



POPULATION
 1885.....19,574 1902.....48,411
 1904.....67,262 1907.....111,717

**WESTERN
CANADA
OPPORTUNITIES**

Send for 100 page Booklet of statistical facts, figures and illustrations free. Compilation authorized by sixteen business organizations of Winnipeg. Appeals to manufacturer, financier, commercial men and others seeking genuine opportunities.

—WRITE—
CHAS. F. ROLAND (Commissioner)
 Dept. P., WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.



WEDDING GIFTS
EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS
CHINA and GLASS

WILLIAM JUNOR
88 West King St., TORONTO

"Truly a Wonderful Place"

SCARBORO BEACH

Beautiful picnic grounds and sand beach.
Band Concert every day.

VORLOPP TROUPE
Women Acrobats.

SIDI and his Staff in Aerial Feats
Free Open-air Shows Every Afternoon and Evening
HAVE YOU ENJOYED

THE TICKLER

HOTEL EMPIRE

For Families and Transients
Broadway and 63d Street, (Lincoln Square) N. Y. CITY



IN THE VERY CENTRE OF EVERYTHING.

All surface cars pass or transfer to door.
Subway and "L" stations, two minutes.
ALL MODERN IMPROVEMENTS
Rooms, with detached bath, - \$1.50 per day up
Rooms, with private bath, - - 2.00 " "
Suites, with private bath, - - 3.50 " "
European plan, also Combination Breakfasts
EXCELLENT SERVICE—FINE MUSIC
W. JOHNSON QUINN, Proprietor

PATENTS

64 PAGE BOOK FREE
This book contains 100 cuts of Mechanical Move-
ments and Tells all about PATENTS.
O'Meara & Brock, Pat. Attys. 918 F St. Washington, D.C.

Special Offer

We are still accepting subscriptions at the special price of \$3.00 when paid in advance. This price applies to subscriptions sent to any part of the British Empire.

Why not send the Canadian Courier to some friend in the old land? To anyone subscribing for the Courier to be sent to another person we will send four art proofs of paintings by John Innes. These pictures are 17 x 22 inches and printed in full color.

Fill in form below with name of party to whom paper is to be sent and full address, also your own name and address.

NAME.....
ADDRESS..... CITY.....
NAME.....
ADDRESS..... CITY.....

The Yellow God

Continued from page 15)

them rushed towards them across the open and were greeted by a volley which killed and wounded several men. At this exhibition of miraculous power, for none of these soldiers had ever heard the report of firearms or seen their effect, they retreated rapidly uttering shouts of dismay and carrying their dead and wounded with them.

"Do you suppose they have gone, Jeeki?" asked Alan anxiously.

He shook his head.
"Think not, Major, think they frightened by big bullet magic, and go consult priest. Also only a few of them here, rest of army come later and try rush us to-morrow morning before dawn. That Asiki custom."

"Then what shall we do, Jeeki? Run for it or stop here?"

"Think must stop here, Major. If we bolt, carrying Miss Barbara, who can't walk much, they follow on spoor and catch us. Best stick inside this fence and see what happen. Also once outside p'raps porters desert and leave us."

So, as there was nothing else to do, they stayed, labouring all day at the strengthening of their fortifications, till at length the boma, or fence of boughs supported by earth, was so high and thick that while men were left to fire through the loopholes, it would be very difficult to storm by men armed with spears.

It was a dreadful and arduous day for Alan, who now had Barbara's safety to think of, Barbara with whom as yet he had scarcely found time to exchange a word. By sunset, indeed, he was so worn out with toil and anxiety that he could scarcely stand upon his feet. Jeeki, who all that afternoon had been strangely quiet and reflective, surveyed him critically then said:

"You have good drink and go and sleep a bit, Major. Very good little shelter there by Miss Barbara's tent, and you hold her hand, if you like, underneath the canvas, which comforting and all correct. Jeeki never get tired, he keep good look out and let you know if anything happen, and then you jump up quite fresh and fight like tom-cat in corner."

At first Alan refused to listen, but when Barbara added her entreaties to those of Jeeki, he gave way, and ten minutes later was as soundly asleep as he had ever been in his life.

"Keep ear on him, Miss Barbara, and call me if he wake. Now I go give noble lord his supper and see that he quite comfortable. Jeeki seem very busy to-night, just like when Major have dinner party at Yarleys and old cook get drunk in kitchen."

If Barbara could have followed Jeeki's movements for the next few hours she would probably have agreed that he was busy. First he went to Aylward's tent, and, as he had said he would, gave him his supper, and with it half a bottle of whisky from the stores which he had been carrying about with him for some time, as he said to prevent the porters from getting at it. Aylward would eat little, though as his arms were tied to the tent-pole, Jeeki sat beside him and fed him like a baby, conversing pleasantly with him the while, informing him amongst other things that he had better say "big prayer," because the Asiki would probably cut his throat before morning.

Aylward, who was in a state of sullen fury, scarcely replied to this talk, except to say that if so, there was one comfort, they would cut his and his master's also.

"Yes, my lord," answered Jeeki, "that quite true, so drink to next

meeting, though I think you go different place to me, and when you got tail and I wing, you horn and I crown of glory, of course we not talk much together," and he held a mug of whisky and water—a great deal of whisky and very little water—to his prisoner's mouth.

Aylward drained it, feeling a need for stimulant.

"There," said Jeeki, holding it upside down, "you drink every drop and not offer one to poor old Jeeki. Well, he turned teetotaler, so no matter. Good-night, my lord, I call you if Asiki come."

"Who are the Asiki?" asked Aylward drowsily.

"Oh! you want know? I tell you," and he began a long, rambling story.

Before ever he came to the end of it Aylward had fallen on his side and was fast asleep.

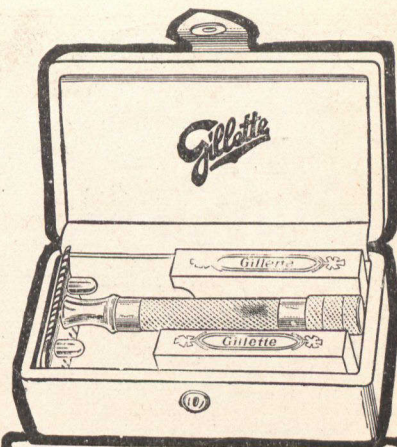
"Dear me!" said Jeeki, contemplating him, "that whisky very strong, though bottle say same as they drink in House of Commons. That whisky so strong I think I pour away rest of it," and he did to the last drop, even taking the trouble to wash out the bottle with water. "Now you no tempt anyone," he said, addressing the said bottle with a very peculiar smile, "or if you tempt, at least do no harm—like kiss down telephone!" Then he laid down the bottle on its side and left the tent.

Outside of it three of the head porters, who appeared to be friends of his, were waiting for him, and with these men he engaged in low and earnest conversation. Next, after they had arrived at some agreement, which they seemed to ratify by a curious oath that involved their crossing and clasping hands in an odd fashion, and other symbols known to West African secret societies, Jeeki went the round of the camp to see that everyone was at his post. Then he did what most people would have thought a very strange and dangerous thing, namely, climbed the fence and vanished into the forest, where presently a sound was heard as of an owl hooting.

A little while later and another owl began to hoot in the distance, where-at the three head porters nudged each other. Perhaps they had heard such owls hoot before at night, and perhaps they knew that Jeeki, who had "passed Bonsa" could only be harmed by the direct command of Bonsa speaking through the mouth of the Asika herself. Still they might have been interested in the nocturnal conversation of those two owls, which, as is common with such magical fowl in West Africa, had transformed themselves into human shape, the shape of Jeeki and the shape of an Asiki priest.

"Very good, brother," said No. 1 Owl, "all you want is this white man whom the Asika desires for a husband. Well, I have done my best for him, but I must think of myself and others, and he goes to great happiness. I have given him something to make him sleep; do you come presently with eight men, no more, or we shall kill you, to the fence of the camp, and we will hand over the white man, Vernoon, to you to take back to the Asika, who will give you a wonderful reward, such a reward as you have never imagined. Now let me hear your word."

Then Owl No. 2 answered:
"Brother, I make the bargain on behalf of the army, and swear to it by the double swimming head of Bonsa. We will come and take the white man, Vernoon, who is to be Mungana, and carry him away. In return we promise not to follow or molest you, or any others in your camp. Indeed, why should we, who do not desire to be killed by the dreadful magic that you have, a magic that makes a noise and pierces through our bodies from afar? What were the words of the



One of 2 Million

Over two million men have learned the easy, safe, comfortable way of self shaving. The argument of satisfied numbers must appeal to you.

Gillette Safety Razor
NO STROPPING. NO HONING

consists of a triple silver plated holder and 12 double edged flexible blades, in velvet lined leather case. Price \$5—at all leading Jewelry, Drug, Cutlery, Hardware, Sporting Goods and Department Stores.

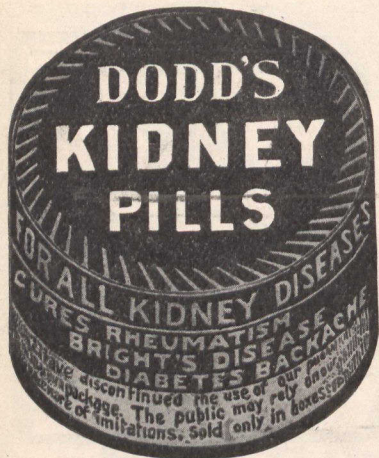
Write or ask your dealer for free booklets. If he cannot supply you, write us.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED
OFFICE AND FACTORY - - MONTREAL.

Head Office for Canada: MONTREAL
W.M. MACKAY, Gen. Manager. I. H. LABELLE, Asst. Manager.

The Largest and Strongest Fire Insurance Company in the World.

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



Hotel York
New York



NEW AND ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF
Seventh Ave., Cor. 36th St.
EUROPEAN PLAN

RATES \$1.50 to \$2.50, with detached bath
\$2.00 to \$4.00, with private bath

Occupies the geographical centre of the city, near the vortex of travel. Within from one to five minutes' walk of twenty-one theatres. Cars pass the door, and within five minutes of all the large retail shops. Norman Grill Room. Cuisine of superior excellence. Moderate prices.
H. G. WILLIAMS, Manager



Insist that your dealer always sends
O'KEEFE'S "PILSENER"
"THE LIGHT BEER IN THE LIGHT BOTTLE"
(Registered)

The O'Keefe Brewery Co. of Toronto, Limited



The Strelinger
(Four cycle one to four cylinder). Absolutely the **Best Marine Engine ever made**
We also carry in stock several of the best makes of 2-Cycle Marine Engines, and a full line of Boat Accessories. Let us know your wants and we will quote prices. **ENGINES 1-1-2 to 50 H.P., \$33 to \$2,500.**
Write for our 1908 Catalog.
The Strelinger Marine Engine Co.
Dept. C. Detroit, Mich.

Asika? 'Bring back Vernoon, or perish. I care for nothing else, bring back Vernoon to be my husband.'

"Good," said Owl No. 1, "within the half of an hour Vernoon shall be ready for you."

"Good," answered Owl No. 2, "within half an hour eight of us will be without the east face of your camp to receive him."

"Silently?"
"Silently, my brother in Bonsa. If he cries out we will gag him. Fear not, none shall know your part in this matter."

"Good, my brother in Bonsa. By the way, how is Big Bonsa? I fear that the white man, Vernoon, hurt him very much, and that is really why I give him up—because of his sacrilege."

"When I left the god was very sick and all the people mourned, but doubtless he is immortal."

"Doubtless he is immortal, my brother, a little hard magic in his stomach—if he has one—cannot hurt him. Farewell, dear brother in Bonsa. I wish that I were you to get the great reward that the Asika will give to you. Farewell, farewell."

Then the two owls flitted apart again, hooting as they went, till they came to their respective camps.

Jeeki was in the tent performing a strange toilet upon the sleeping Aylward by the light of a single candle. From his pouch he produced the mask of linen painted with gold that Alan used to be forced to wear, and tied it securely over Aylward's face, murmuring:

"You always love gold, my Lord Aylward, and Jeeki promise you see plenty of it now."

Then he proceeded to remove his coat, his waistcoat, his socks, and his boots, and to replace these articles of European attire by his own worn Asiki sandals and his own dirty Asiki robe.

"There," he said, "think that do," and he studied him by the light of the candle. "Same height, same colour hair, same dirty old clothes, and as Asiki never see Major's face because he always wear mask in public, like as two peas on shovel. Oh, my! Jeeki clever chap, Jeeki devilish clever chap! But when Asika pull off that mask to give him true lover kiss, oh my! Wonder what happen then? Think whole of Bonsa-Town bust up; think big waterfall run backwards; think she not quite pleased; think my good lord find himself in false position; think Jeeki glad to be on coast; think he no go back to Bonsa-Town no more. Oh my aunt! no, he stop in England and go church twice on Sunday," and pressing his big hands on the pit of his stomach he rocked and rolled in silent laughter.

Then an owl hooted again immediately beneath the fence, and Jeeki, blowing out the candle, opened the flap of the tent and tapped the head porter, who stood outside, on the shoulder. He crept in, and between them they lifted the senseless Aylward and bore him to the V-shaped entrance of the Boma, which was immediately opposite to the tent, and oddly enough, half open. Here the two other porters, with whom Jeeki had performed some ceremony, chanced to be on guard, the rest of their company being stationed at a distance. Jeeki and the head porter went through the gap like men carrying a corpse to midnight burial, and presently in the darkness without two owls began to hoot.

Now Aylward was laid upon a litter that had been prepared, and eight white-robed Asiki bearers stared at his gold mask in the faint starlight.

"I suppose he is not dead, brother," said No. 2 owl doubtfully.

"Nay, brother," said No. 1 owl, "feel his heart and his pulse. Not dead, only drunk. He will wake up by

daylight, by which time you should be far upon your way. Be careful that he does not escape you, brother, for as you know, he is very strong and cunning; and say to the Asika that Jeeki, her servant, makes his reverence to her, and hopes that she will have many, many happy years with the husband that he sends her; also that she will remember him whom she called 'Black Dog,' in her prayers to the gods and spirits of our people."

"It shall be done, brother, but why do you not return with us?"

"Because, brother, I have ties across the Black Water, dear children, one almost black, one almost white, and one white spotted with black, whom I love so much that I cannot leave them. Farewell, brethren, the blessings of the Bonsas be on you and may you grow fat and prosper in the love and favour of our lady, the Asika."

"Farewell," they murmured in answer. "Good fortune be your bed-fellow."

Another minute and they had lifted up the litter and vanished at a swinging trot into the shadow of the trees. Jeeki returned to the camp and ordered the three men to restop the gateway with thorns, muttering in their ears:

"Remember, brethren, one word of this and you die, all of you, as those die who break the oath."

"Have we not sworn?" they whispered as they went back to their posts.

Jeeki stood a while in front of the empty tent, and if any had been there to note him, they might have seen a shadow as of compunction, creep over his powerful black face.

"When he wake up he won't know where he are," he reflected, "and when he get to Bonsa-Town he'll wonder where he is, and when he meet Asika—! Well, he very big blackguard; try to murder Major whom Jeeki nurse as baby, the only thing that Jeeki care for—except Jeeki; try to make love to Miss Barbara against her will when he catch her alone in forest, which not playing game. Jeeki self not such big blackguard as that dirt-born noble lord; Jeeki never murder no one—not quite; Jeeki never make love to girl what not want him—no need; so many what do that he have to shove them off, like good Christian man. Mrs. Jeeki see to that while she live. Also better that white man go call on Asika than Major and Missy Barbara and all porters and Jeeki, specially Jeeki—get throat cut. No, no, Jeeki nothing to be ashamed of, Jeeki do good day's work, though Jeeki keep it tight as wax since white folk such silly people, and when Major in a rage he very nasty customer and see everything upside down. Now Jeeki quite tired, go say his prayers and have nap. No, think not in tent, though very comfortable, and Major might wake up, poke his nose in there and if he see black face instead of white one, ask ugly questions, which, if Jeeki half asleep he no able to answer. Still he just arrange things a little so they look all right."

(To be continued.)

TEACH THE GRAPHIC ARTS.

HERE is an Ontario editor who would like to see more art in the schools:

(London Advertiser.)

No subject in the school curriculum can be made so advantageously the handmaid of all the other as can the graphic arts. The highest, widest aim of all art teaching as it touches the general public must be the development of the power to enjoy beauty and to create it, in the home and in the community, with what is at hand—or within the means.

THE STANDARD LOAN COMPANY

CAPITAL - \$1,125,000
RESERVE - 50,000
ASSETS - 2,250,000

Vice-President and Managing Director:
W. S. DINNIOK.

Director:
RIGHT HONORABLE LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL, K.C.M.G.

HEAD OFFICE:
24 Adelaide St. East, TORONTO, ONT.

Debentures for one, two, three, four and five years issued, bearing interest at five per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly.

Write for booklet entitled "SOME CARDINAL POINTS."

CANADIAN HOTEL DIRECTORY

TORONTO HOTELS

King Edward Hotel
—Fireproof—
Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up.
American and European Plans.

Palmer House
200 Rooms. \$2.00 up.
American and European.

ONTARIO HOTELS

Caledonia Springs Hotel
(C. P. Ry.)
CALEDONIA SPRINGS, ONT.
American Plan, \$3.00 up.
Accommodation for 200 Guests.

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

MONTREAL HOTELS

The Place Viger (C. P. Ry.)
American Plan, \$3.50 up.
Accommodation for 200 Guests.

QUEBEC HOTELS

The Chateau Frontenac
(C. P. Ry.)
American Plan, \$3.00 up.
Accommodation for 450 Guests.

MANITOBA HOTELS

The Royal Alexandra (C. P. Ry.)
WINNIPEG, MAN.
European \$2.00. American, \$4.00.
Accommodation for 600 Guests.

BRITISH COLUMBIA HOTELS

Glacier House (C. P. Ry.)
GLACIER, B. C.
American Plan \$3.50 up.
Accommodation for 200 Guests.

Hotel Vancouver (C. P. Ry.)
VANCOUVER, B. C.
American Plan \$3.50 up.
Accommodation for 400 Guests.

The Six Lines embraced by the CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM traverse widely diversified portions of Canada, thousands of miles from each other, all of them of novel interest to the holidayer and sightseer.

The Canadian Northern (on which line the Superior Express will be resumed on June 14th) is reached from Ontario via Canadian Northern Navigation Co's. steamers from Sarnia, and by C. P. R. boats from Owen Sound, and traverses largely the historic Dawson Route. From Winnipeg there is a choice of three C. N. R. routes to Prince Albert and two to Edmonton.

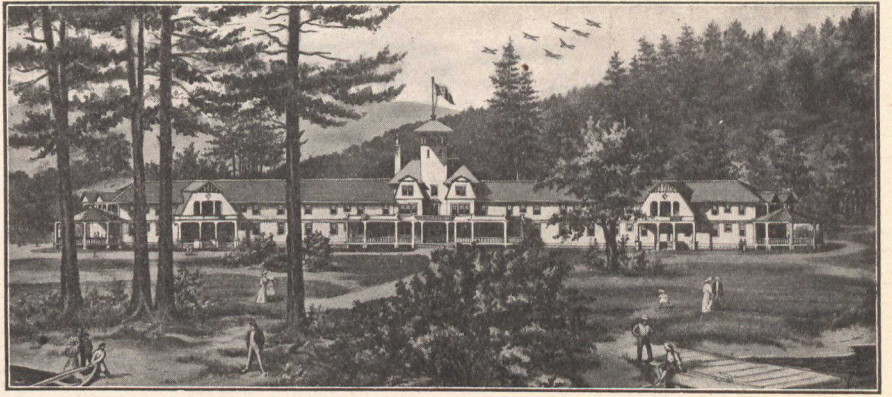
The Canadian Northern Ontario's Lake Shore Express will leave Toronto 10.00 a.m. daily (except Sundays) for the Muskokas on and after June 13th. A Sunday train

will bring week-enders back to Toronto at 11.15 p. m. on and after July 5th.

Your plans for the Tercentenary in Quebec in August will include trips through the Laurentians and into the Lake St. John and Saguenay regions over the Canadian Northern Quebec, and the Quebec and Lake St. John Railways.

The Ocean Shore of Nova Scotia (700 miles of which has been opened by the Halifax and South Western Railway from Yarmouth to Halifax) is a delight in sea air, surf bathing and scenery worth contemplating for the summer; and the quiet hospitality of the Cape Breton folk can be enjoyed by a trip

to their homes over the Inverness Railway. You want to know more? Write for Booklets, the Information Bureau, CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM, Head Office, Toronto.



THE "WAWA"

This handsome new hotel is situated at Norway Point, Lake of Bays, with accommodation for 150 guests.

Reached by Grand Trunk Railway System

Write for copy of handsome booklet descriptive of the territory, to J. D. McDONALD, D.P.A., Toronto.

OWAN'S

Gives Health and Strength to all who use it.

OCOA



Art Electric Fixtures

The cheapness of electric light in Toronto makes it possible to do away with old methods of lighting for the home.

The cheapness of our ART ELECTRIC FIXTURES enables you to get the artistic effect you want at small cost.

A visit to our art show rooms will repay you.

The Toronto Electric Light Co. Limited

12 Adelaide Street East - Toronto

Broderick's

Business Suits \$22.50

Worn from Coast to Coast

Write for SAMPLES and Measurement Chart

DEPT. "D"

FRANK BRODERICK & Co.

TORONTO, CANADA.

New Winnipeg Express

VIA THE MUSKOKA ROUTE

LEAVE TORONTO 9.30 P. M. DAILY

(First trip Sunday, June 14th)
Arrive at Winnipeg 10.35 second morning

1 2 2 9 MILES
IN
36 HOURS

Through the heart of beautiful Muskoka and Georgian Bay

EIGHT HOURS SAVED BETWEEN TORONTO AND THE WEST

Palace Sleeping Cars } DAILY
Tourist Sleeping Cars }
from Toronto to Winnipeg the Northwest and Pacific Coast

Train times, rates and any information on passenger service from

C. B. FOSTER
District Passenger Agent,
TORONTO





That Tired Feeling

“THAT TIRED FEELING” in the Spring is Nature’s warning to shake the shackles of winter foods—to get from under the load of heavy meats and canned vegetables. It is the time of low vitality when the body is an easy prey to disease. It is the time for cereals, fruits and fresh vegetables. Help Nature to put you on your feet by eating crisp, delicious, nutritious

KORN-KINKS

THE ONLY MALTED CORN FLAKES

The food that puts vim and vigor into tired muscles and worn-out nerves. The ideal summer food, full of nutriment and easily digested. Made of choice selected white corn, steam cooked, malted, rolled into thin flakes and toasted to a delicious crisp. The best corn flake food made in the world.

**CRISP, DAINTY, DELICIOUS FLAKES
OF MALTED WHITE CORN**

5 CENTS A PACKAGE AT YOUR GROCERS’

THE H-O MILLS, HAMILTON, ONT.

To get the full flavor and delicious crispness of KORN-KINKS it is best to pour them into a pan and warm in oven before serving, then serve in large dish with cream, piling the flakes in on one side of the dish and pouring the cream in on the other side, dipping the flakes as eaten.