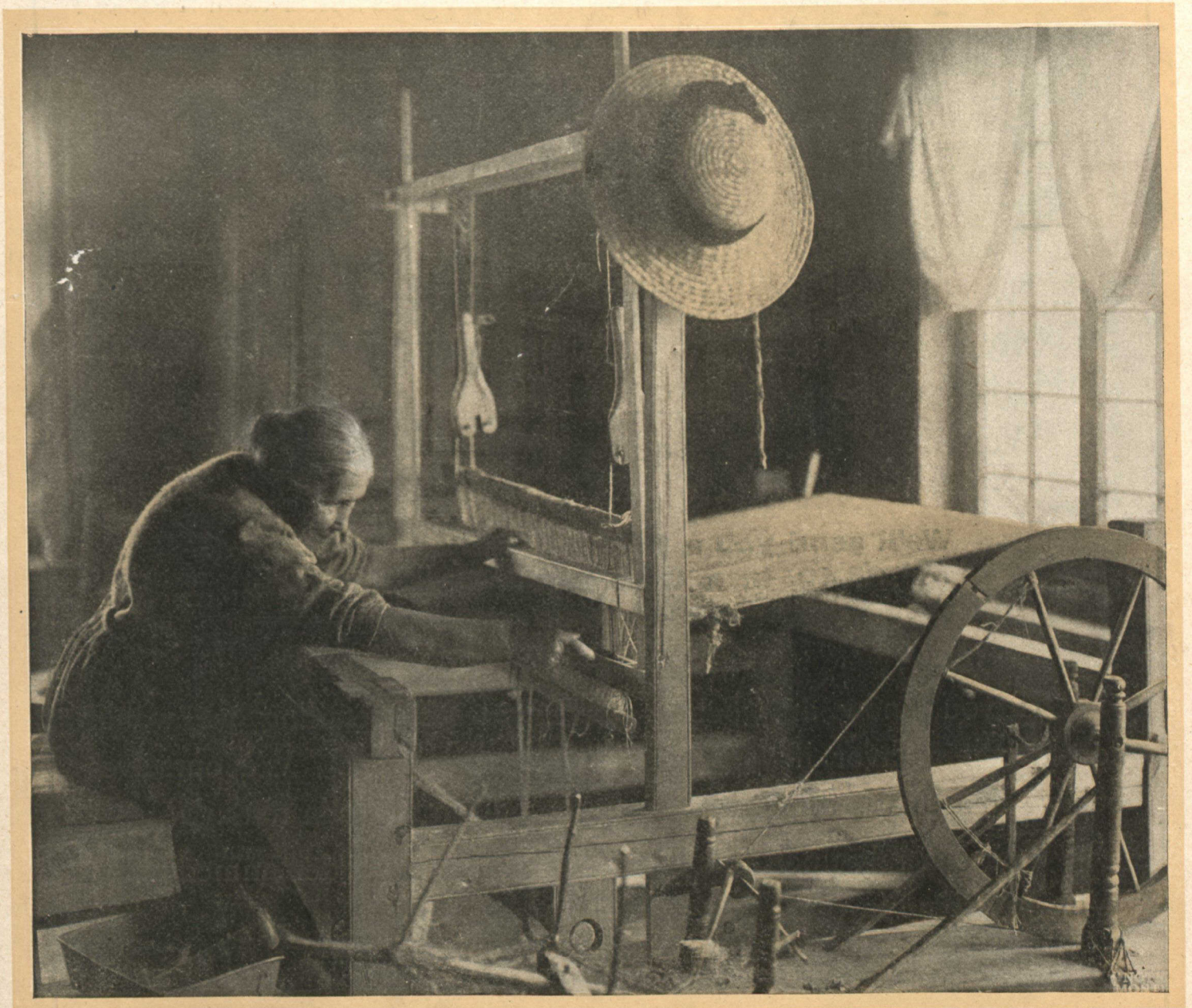


The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly



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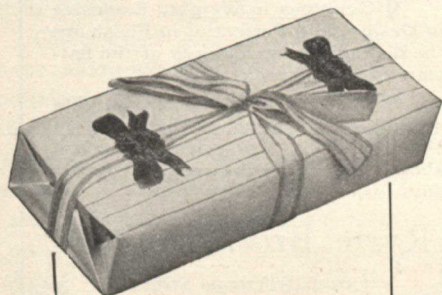
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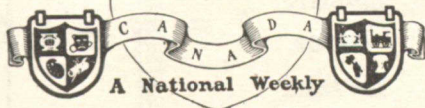
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Editorial Talk

Several articles on Civil Service Reform have appeared in this journal, and some further remarks appear in this issue. The attention of readers will be specially directed to this topic for some weeks to come as the time seems opportune for a discussion of the subject.

Attention is directed to Mr. Cooper's article on the British Post Office in this issue. This article is published because of numerous inquiries asking for a full statement of the case.

The article by Mrs. Dignam and the picture on the cover combine to draw attention to the domestic industries of the French-Canadian women who are now producing fabrics which are wonderfully fine in texture and design.

Next week Mr. Bonnycastle Dale contributes another of his splendid articles on "Wild Life." This time he deals with the smaller fur-bearing animals. In that issue will begin a series of six illustrated detective stories of a superior class. The cover design for next week, by Mr. Butler, will represent a scene in the first of these tales.

Several hundred subscriptions from the West have tumbled into the office this week, and there is not a single province in the Dominion which has not a CANADIAN COURIER representative at work. If there is any town or district which has not yet been favoured by a call from one of these, it may rest assured that the courtesy will soon be forthcoming. Canada is a large country to cover, and this is only our thirteenth week.

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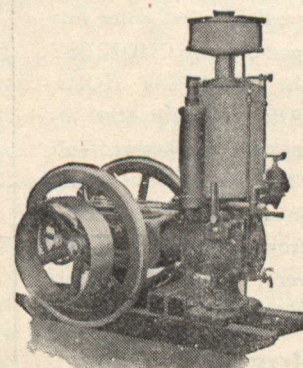
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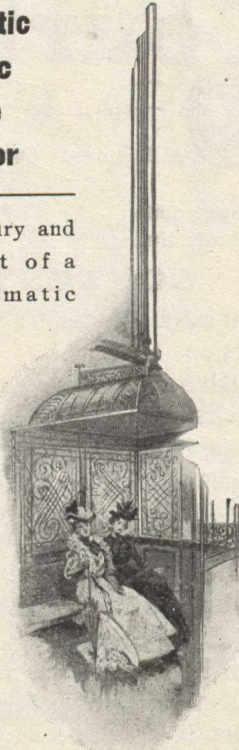
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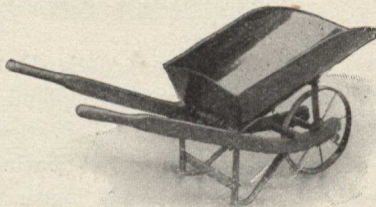
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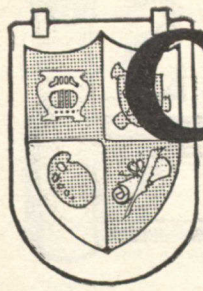
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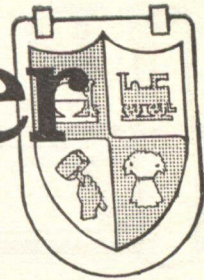
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Vol. I

Toronto, February 23rd, 1907

No. 13

A Provincial Leader

SINCE 1867 there are only two, perhaps three men who have been acknowledged as national leaders. Sir John Macdonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier earned the title, and Sir Charles Tupper came near the honour. No other man ever won the good-will and confidence of the whole of Canada. Mr. Fielding may some day be added to the roll, and so may Mr. Borden. But their time is not yet.

There have been provincial leaders, that is men who were acknowledged by even their opponents to be the political leaders of their respective provinces. Some of these have held undisputed sway for a few years, some for many years. Some have been provincial premiers and have passed on to federal honours still retaining their provincial pre-eminence. Sir Oliver Mowat, Mr. Fielding, Mr. Blair, and Mr. Sifton may be taken as provincial leaders in this broad sense. Mr. Fielding is the most notable example of the day.

Since the death of Mr. Blair, a few days ago, the Hon. Henry Robert Emmerson may be said to be the chief political representative of New Brunswick. He has been premier of that Province, and is now Minister of Railways and Canals at Ottawa. Like Mr. Fielding, his transfer to Ottawa has not affected his position as the political leader of his Province. He is undoubtedly the best known and most powerful of New Brunswick's politicians.

Mr. Emmerson has not leaped into popularity and prominence. He has won his way slowly into public respect. He is not brilliant nor is he a genius. He has built the walls of his renown, brick by brick. The public have been almost reluctant to admit him a master-workman. To gather up the respect and confidence of an entire province is almost the work of a lifetime. To gather the good-will of nine provinces is a task which only a brilliant and wonderful man may accomplish. It is hardly likely that Mr. Emmerson will go so far. Nevertheless, that is not to say that he is a man of whom little may be said in his favour.

Mr. Emmerson has courage. He gave evidence of it the other day when he went to Toronto and boldly proclaimed that the people of Ontario were not so grateful as they should be for the services which the Intercolonial had rendered in the national development. He backed up his challenge with a convincing array of facts and figures. When he returned to Ottawa, he carried back with him more of the respect of the people of the Province

of Ontario than he had previously possessed. Mr. Emmerson startled them, but he came near to convincing them. Another such speech and he might wholly succeed.

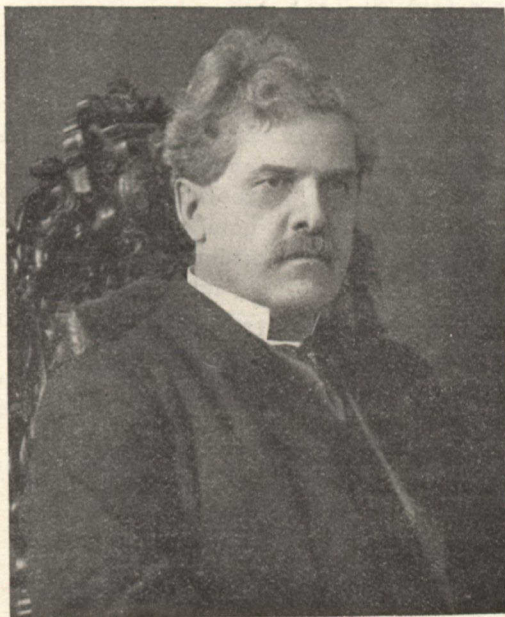
Mr. Emmerson seems to be doing well with the Intercolonial. It has been badly run in the past, no doubt. He has been in charge of it, of all the Government railways, for three years. A more brilliant man might have reached the present stage of reform more quickly, but in so doing he would probably have created more opposition. If Mr. Emmerson has moved slowly, it may partly be his own fault, but it is also partly the result of a difficult situation. No large corporation, with a multitude of ramifications, can be reformed in a day or in three hundred and sixty-five days. The public recognises that and has given Mr. Emmerson time.

The Minister of Railways must recognise, however, that the public desires to see the Intercolonial taken out of politics and put on a sound business basis. This is necessary for the good of the Government, in the interest of the road itself and for the good name of government ownership. The national interest in this subject is so great that it would be suicidal on the part of any Government or any administrator to neglect the public's wishes. Mr. Emmerson's task is to bring Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia to see it as the rest of the country sees it. If he succeeds, he will have outclassed his predecessors.

A railway run by politicians for the benefit of themselves and their friends cannot compete with well-managed, privately-owned roads. When passes and free freights are more common than

tickets and revenue-producing way-bills, deficits are likely to be pronounced. This was the case some years ago. The people of Southern Quebec and of the Maritime Provinces wanted it that way. Mr. Emmerson has tried to teach them otherwise. Perhaps his predecessors did the same, but they were not always working at the job.

His work at this juncture is onerous but since the establishment of the Railway Commission, some responsibility has been lifted from his department. The whole canal system of the country, and our canal system is fairly extensive, is under his jurisdiction and requires much of his attention. On him will fall, in a general way, the looking forward in connection with our canal policy. And there is a future in this matter. Shall there be a Georgian Bay-Ottawa canal? Should there be a canal from Rainy Lake to Winnipeg? These and other questions are to the front now and there may be more to follow.



HON. H. R. EMMERSON
Minister of Railways and Canals.

REFLECTIONS

BY STAFF WRITERS.

THERE is a great piece of work to be done for Canada—and it should be done quickly. The time is opportune. Every bit of patronage should be taken out of the hands of the members of Parliament and the provincial legislatures, and in this

**WOMEN
MAY HELP**

piece of work women may help.

Women are interested in keeping men pure and honest, and at the same time they are ambitious to have them become successful and of some importance. They must recognise that politics, which ought to be the highest form of competition for success and fame, too often brings obloquy and disgrace to fathers and husbands. A member of Parliament is disgraced if the men who back him in his candidature and work for him in his election resort to improper methods. His family suffer through no act of his, nevertheless they suffer.

If the men who resort to these unseemly methods were never rewarded by public appointments, there would be no inducement for them to resort to such expedients. They would not become ward-workers. The work they now do would be performed by men of higher standing and greater sense of political honour.

Civil Service reform is not a cure-all, but it would do much to eliminate the dangers of public life. It would ease the pressure on public men and prevent much of the present "back-stair" business. It would remove a secret dread from the minds of many good women who fear that the men they love and esteem may be mixed up in some political scandal.

THE administrators of the new Provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta are attracting much attention in older Canada. They are, like their own new West, breezy, refreshing and virile. They are enterprising

**INTERESTING
EXPERIMENTS**

men of action. They are not bound down by conventions and the cob-webs of "vested interests."

When they see what they want, they reach out their hands and grasp it firmly.

Perhaps the most interesting of their experiments is Alberta's plan to put a telephone in every home in the province—a Governmental telephone system owned by the people, operated by the people and serving the convenience of all the people. It is like a page from Utopia or a Bellamy dream. If it can be worked out to a successful conclusion, it will make Alberta an attractive place in which to live. Of all modern inventions, the telephone brings the most pleasure to the most people. The electric street car, the electric light and the automobile could be forgotten, but never the telephone.

Alberta legislators claim that the Bell Company's rates are too high, that its conduct has been monopolistic in character, and that it is paying dividends on much "watered" stock. Whether these are facts or not, they are the features which have influenced Alberta in deciding for public ownership and operation, as they have it in Great Britain. If the Alberta Government fails to bring forth the fruits of cheapness and efficiency which they have promised, they will suffer at the hands of a disappointed people and set back the communistic movement. They have attempted an enormous task and

for its accomplishment must secure a staff of reliable public servants and a corps of the best experts. Pitfalls will be found on every side, and they will have much trouble avoiding them all.

Glasgow has led the world in municipal enterprise, yet Glasgow practically killed municipal ownership of telephones in Great Britain. Nearly every city there has installed its plant under the guardianship of the National or of the Post Office. It appears that Glasgow was badly advised in the equipment which it adopted, and it proved unsatisfactory. It is still in use, but a large expenditure for renewal and change is imminent.

Alberta and Manitoba may do much for provincial ownership if their experiments are successful; they will do much to destroy this advanced idea if their experiments are costly and unsatisfactory.

MONTHS have elapsed since the lamented death of Alexander Muir, the sturdy and simple singer of Canada's national chant. A canvass, more or less energetic, according to the neighbourhood, was made by the

**IS THE MAPLE
LEAF DROOPING?**

committees appointed to collect funds for the Muir Memorial. A paltry eighteen hundred dollars is

all that has been accumulated. Surely we Canadians can do better than this. Surely we are not so steeped and soaked in a somewhat sordid prosperity that we are too lazy to do our share in erecting a monument to the good old man who loved his adopted country with an ardour that was almost fierce in its earnestness. Lack of interest is an even less valid excuse than lack of money, and lack of money for such a splendid and fitting object cannot exist in this rich land.

Every Canadian man and woman should consider it a personal obligation to contribute to the memorial to Alexander Muir. It has been suggested that the monument should be erected in Toronto. The writer of this disagrees. The statue, or whatever form the memorial takes, should be high on the swelling chine of the Niagara escarpment, over against the monument to that other stalwart Canadian, Sir Isaac Brock. There, no doubt, the good old singer, if we could have his views, would choose the site of the work of art and of national piety which must some day rear its crest. The Canadian people have no cause to fear suspicion of financial meanness. They have given proof to the contrary time and again. But indolence, or preoccupation, or the stress of the strenuous life, or some other cause, has prevented their doing their duty in the premises. Let us wake up and render fitting national homage to the memory of a man who loved his country, who lived honestly and who died poor.

DID you ever remark how an agitation arises? First, some man speaks to his neighbour and says: "I have been thinking that there is something wrong with —." Neighbour answers: "Do you know, old chap, I

**UNDERGROUND
MURMURINGS**

am beginning to think that myself." The two speak to two others and the endless chain of conversation lengthens. Suddenly there is a puff of smoke and the heather is afire.

In the Province of Ontario to-day there are under-

ground murmurings about the administration of justice. It was wakened into new life the other day, when a bank president who signed false returns was let off without even a reprimand. Business men are going about muttering under their breath. If one bank president can plead ignorance, they can all plead ignorance and what security have we? Is it the Banking Act which breaks down at this point or is it the administration of justice? And many of them think that the courts are not efficient.

Then the muttering is widening. The decisions given out at Osgoode Hall are slow. They are reached only after endless turmoil over rules of practice and after numerous changes of venue, moving to strike out or refer back, and numerous appeals of one kind and another. The lawyers complain that they cannot get their cases to trial and when they do succeed they are not able to get a speedy judgment. Some judges are two and three years in arrears.

There is always talk of "law reform," but it is vague and theoretical. Apparently what is needed is "judge reform." The judges are human and they have fallen into habits which are not satisfactory to this speedy generation. They need stirring up. Their methods are swathed in too much red tape. At least this seems to be the opinion of those who are forced to resort to them for relief.

There is likely to be a stormy time in Ontario some day soon, if somebody does not wake up. The Minister of Justice at Ottawa and the Attorney-General at Toronto might do something, but neither of them seems to have heard this muttering yet. Perhaps when they hear about it, they will give a few private hints which will be beneficial. It would be well, however, if those who have grievances would come out and air them publicly for the general benefit of the community.

IF anything has remained unincorporated in Great Britain it is because it has escaped the memory of the corporations concerned. The policy has been, if you do not see what you want in the municipalisation of

MUNICIPAL FEVER

utilities ask for it. How extensive the asking has been may be judged from some examples. Leaving aside the familiar examples of street railways, gas, electric lighting and water, we find the municipal ownership of dwellings, docks, markets, baths, slaughterhouses, milk depots, employment bureaus, and sewage farms. The evils resulting from the tendency towards monopoly in horseracing has led to the ownership of the local race course by the corporation of Brighton. This corporation, as well as the corporation of Southborough, protects the public taste by municipal ownership of the theatre. Nor does this exhaust the field of municipal utilities. Colchester has a municipal oyster bed. Torquay raises rabbits, and is also entering upon sheep farming. Tunbridge Wells grows hops, while Liverpool cultivates beets. That no field of municipal activity may

be neglected, Glasgow, in a spirit of consideration for those who have looked not wisely but too well upon the insidious "Scotch," maintains an institution for the care of inebriates.

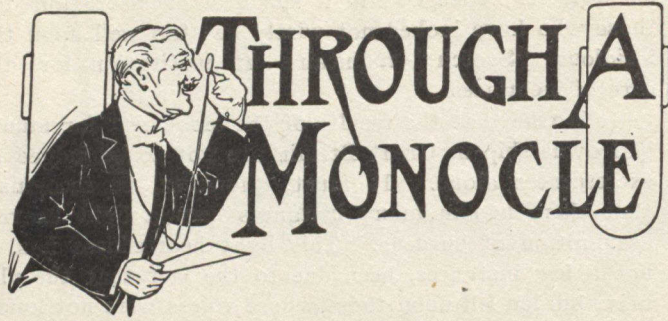
It is true that the results of the movement for municipal ownership in Great Britain are not to be judged by excrescences alone. It must, however, be recognised that there has in many instances been a light hearted assumption of burdens. This light heartedness has, in not a few instances, been due to the fact that the ultimate burden fell upon those whose voices were not loudly heard in local politics. The wide extension of municipal ownership has in many cases resulted in trenching on the field of legitimate private activity. Burdens have been assumed whose management has been beyond the skill of those in authority, and whose weight has depreciated the credit of municipal securities. London has been, of recent years, a happy land for municipalisation. The banks there are now finding in the depreciation of local securities, what excessive municipalisation means. The recent political overthrow of the radical element in the London County Council was an expression of public discontent with the results of extreme municipalisation. If, as seems popular, Great Britain is to be referred to in favour of extension of municipalisation, the other side of the medal must not be neglected.

IT is impossible in these days to avoid the discussion of educational problems. Whether one listens to the wail of the rural community in Ontario, obliged to pay a Twentieth Century salary, to the indignant anti-Japanese utterances of the Caucasians of San Francisco or to the cry of the Birrellites in England, the note of educational unrest is unmistakable. For some years, the Canadian assumed an attitude of cocksureness when any reference was made to the educational system of the country. Of course it was the best, the very best and the last word as to method and manners. But of late there has crept into native utterances a degree of healthy caution with regard to what we are teaching the youthful Canadian and how we are teaching it. We are beginning to believe that Boston, Washington, London and Berlin may have something whereby our educational methods may profit. Ten or fifteen years ago it would have taken a bold man to express editorial doubt concerning co-education. To-day it is seriously debated whether our public schools would not be improved by having "separate classes." All this discussion is no indication that educationally we are in a bad way. It means that we are awake. The men who did the pioneer educational work were neither narrow nor provincial. Dr. Egerton Ryerson looked beyond Canada and beyond this continent when he was given his great task. "Time makes ancient good uncouth," and the men of Ryerson's spirit are to-day seeking for the best at home and abroad that the equipment of the Canadian school-room may be equal to that of any other country.

Don't Crowd, Gentlemen, Please.

IT is peculiar how a reform works its way to the front. Civil Service Reform was hardly mentioned in Canada until in November, 1905, Mr. J. S. Willison, editor of the Toronto "News," read a paper on the subject before the Canadian Club of St. Catharines. This was published in full in the "News" of November 9th, and was much commented upon. In little over a year, the subject has sprung into considerable prominence. Mr. R. L. Borden and Mr. G. E. Foster have practically pledged the Dominion Opposition to support it. Mr. George P. Graham, the newly elected leader of the Ontario Liberals, has declared for it. The people are beginning to see that "patronage" lies at the root of much of our political corruption, much of our political inefficiency. They are discovering that at this point we are away behind the United States and Great Britain. The country has enlarged, and the number of federal and provincial employees has grown; all these offices are now controlled by politicians and "patronage" committees. They claim the appointments as their right, and are causing sane, informed opinion to rebel.

Would you join a Civil Service Reform League, pledged to put all the civil services on a permanent basis, where they cannot be touched by the politicians? If so, put your name on a post card and address it to "Civil Service," care of THE CANADIAN COURIER, 81 Yonge St., Toronto.



ARE you being "investigated"? If not, you must be a very unimportant personage. So many people and institutions are being officially "investigated" in Ontario just now that they have had to cut the investigating Commissions down to one man apiece in order that enough folks not being investigated should be left to investigate the others. We are investigating telephone strikes and the number of hours that a "hello" girl should work. We are investigating license commissioners. We are investigating gaolers and the keepers of the blind. We are investigating the management of the deaf and dumb, and the prevalence of ringworm among children. We are investigating the Grittism of the Gritty and the witticism of the witty. Whenever anybody asks a question, we immediately appoint a commission to send for persons and the papers—or the reporters—and take evidence under oath at so much a folio. We are bound to let in the light. The Monocle feels out of it because it is not a magnifying glass with a Government commission.

* * *

The Monocle is quite conscious of the fact that many things need investigation. Perhaps the Editor of this Great Family Journal will permit him to say that the school book question needed it. Parents had got tired of buying a new set of school books every time the publishers thought they could use a little more money. The telephone business is making an exceedingly interesting field for investigation; and we are learning why the girls sometimes exhibit "nerves" when we big masculine patrons exhibit what we euphemistically call "impatience." It is to be hoped that they will hurry up with that mechanical device which is to do away with the "hello" girl. Possibly the "hello" girl does not hope so. She likes her pay envelope. But it is a question whether civilisation can afford to permit its daughters to earn money in a business which puts an especial strain on their nervous systems. That is where feminine nature breaks first—and most fatally.

* * *

There is, of course, another side to the question. A girl might, perhaps, as well wreck her nerves in the electric chair of a telephone office as in a series of "dances," eked out by "afternoon teas." But is it necessary that our daughters should choose between the treadmill of the wage-earner and the merry-go-round of Society? Have we forgotten the good old fashion of domestic development under which fair young girls were prepared for the coming of the wooer—not with all the knowledge of the world and all the hard brilliancy of Society—but with a sweet sympathy for masculine ambition and a brow of unclouded innocence? Is it a "business partner" that a young man would have when he "a-wooing goes," or a tender and trusting wife whom he must shelter from all the winds that blow? Perhaps, after all, it is a business partner that the modern young man wants. This might form a side-issue of our investigation. Let a hundred young men be subpoenaed, and made to describe their ideal wives under oath.

* * *

While we are investigating things, it might pay to investigate the effect of the exodus of the young girl from the home. We hear a great deal about the inde-

pendence of the "business woman" and the jolly "bachelor girl"; but the real question is—How does this system of rearing our daughters work out in the great scheme of things? Do they marry? Do they make good wives? Do they bear healthy children? Do they give these children that calm and loving and unwearied motherly care which only can turn them out good men and women? This is not a subject on which to dogmatise, or to generalise from a few cases. What we want is an investigation which will go into all the facts, and let us know the result of this "revolt of the daughters" on what is, after all, the chief business of any generation—the rearing of an ideal next generation. Our learned doctors talk a lot about "race suicide"; but they nearly always talk as if numbers made the only test. But it is not the numerous race which wins out; it is the race of the superior individual. There are more Chinamen in the world than Englishmen; yet the English is the dominant race.

* * *

Certainly the wise young man does not want to marry a fool. He will not want a "clinging vine" which can never learn to do anything but "cling." Yet those wives that they used to turn out in the old-fashioned days were as far as possible from being helpless. They were the young girls who made the wives of our pioneers in this country; and seldom has greater heroism been poured into a gentler mold. "Business partners" did I say? They took over the entire business of the management of the household. They went to market. They bargained for most of the purchases of the family. They were surgeons when their children suffered accident, and nurses when they fell sick. Yet, even if they had lived to-day, their opinion as to a good "buy" on the stock market would not have been worth having. They had very little knowledge of "the world, the flesh and the devil." I fear that they would have seemed "countryfied" at some gathering of their emancipated grandchildren. And, perhaps, they were a poor product when compared with the modern graduate of the city counter. By all means, let us have an official investigation!

"This is what I should like to do to the House of Lords," remarked Mr. Lloyd-George, as he inserted a knife into a cake provided in honour of his birthday, at the Carnarvon Liberal conversazione.—Daily Mail.



"Let Auld Acquaintance be Forgot."

Solicitor (making a concession to his client in the matter of charges) "Weel, Sandy, seeing I kent your father, I'll make it sax guineas."
Sandy. "Guid sake, mon! I'm glad ye didna ken grandfaether!"
—Punch.

Manitoba Decks Cleared for Action

SCARCELY longer than three weeks will the Manitoba provincial election campaign last, but the politicians will doubtless be heartily glad when polling day arrives. A winter contest in Manitoba is no joke, even though the central and western sections are well gridironed with railways. This winter has been one of remarkable severity and unless the weather conditions moderate there will be many a meeting in chilly town halls where everybody from chairman to the uttermost auditor over by the door will stick to the coon coat which is the sign of your Manitoban's prosperity—and the unprosperous Manitoban is a rare bird indeed.

The Roblin Government goes into the fight as Emile Ollivier went to war—with a light heart. And it is but fair to say that the Liberal opposition also profess confidence in their coming victory. In the Legislature which has just been dissolved the Liberals numbered only eight out of a house of forty. They enter battle behind a new leader, Mr. Edward Brown, who is one of Portage la Prairie's three or four biggest citizens. Although he has never occupied a seat in the Provincial Parliament, Mr. Brown is a sturdy fighter, by no means unacquainted with the strategy of the resourceful politician. In the late House Mr. Charles J. Mickle was the nominal leader of the Opposition, but he made no concealment of the fact that he was merely keeping the chair warm for his successor. Mr. Mickle is a convinced Liberal but he has small taste for the work of marshalling a party. He is much more at home in his law office where he carries on a thriving practice and is universally respected as an upright and progressive citizen.

It has been said that it is contrary to the spirit of our Canadian governmental institutions for administrations to love bye-elections. The jest has a good deal of truth in it, and even more warrantably may it be said that Canadian governments are not accustomed to defeat. Certain of our philosophers have gone so far as to assert that our ministers remain altogether too long in power. Well, it would be incorrect to hazard the assertion that the government of Hon. R. P. Roblin shows any signs of being an exception to the rule of re-election. On the whole, the administration has been earnest and honest. The flowing tide of prosperity has carried Mr. Roblin and his colleagues along with it. Scandal has been singularly lacking, about the only important accusations having been in respect of the Government's sales of swamp lands at prices which have been criticised as being too low. To this charge Mr. Roblin and his first lieutenant, Hon. Robert Rogers, enter the defence that the lands were advertised for sale by public tender and, that where sales were made, the highest market price was obtained.

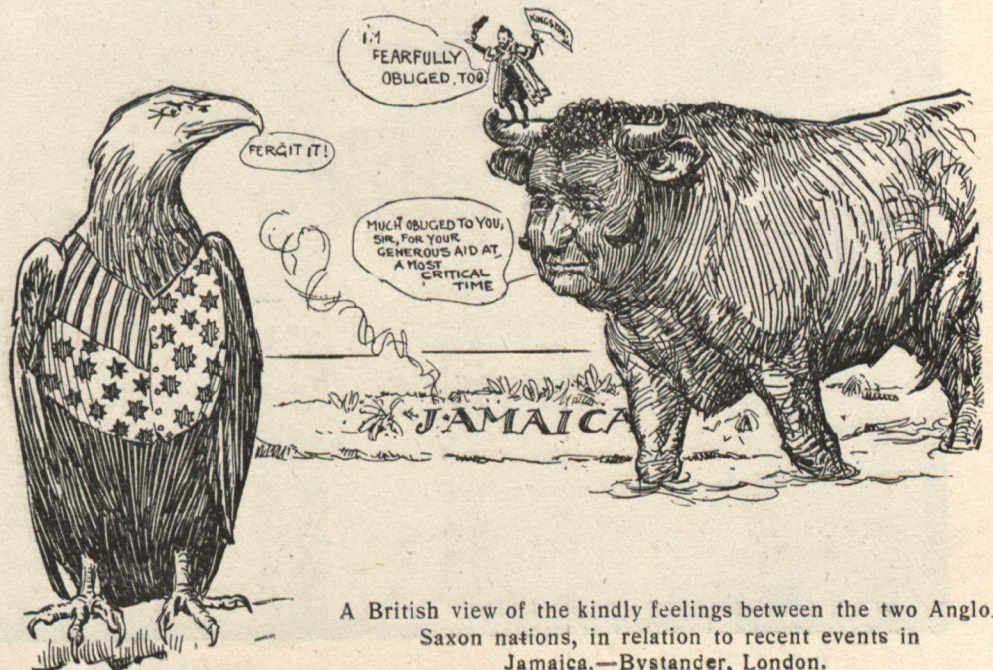
The Roblin Government is lucky enough to have a good strong "talking point"—a useful, durable talking point it is, and which can be utilised to the best advantage by the Tory stumpers. It is nothing more or less than a demand for the cession to Manitoba of Keewatin or a large section of it. For many years the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba was the administrator of Kee-

watin. The people of Manitoba will have no chance, while Mr. Roblin and his associates are abroad in the land, to forget that a year or so ago the Laurier Government took Keewatin under their own management. The Prairie Dwellers are requested to look at the map and compare Manitoba, with its scanty 75,000 square miles with the two new provinces, each three times larger in area. "Keewatin must come to Manitoba," announce the Roblin orators, and they proceed to depict the glorious future awaiting the province when it shall have a seaport on Hudson Bay, a Hudson Bay railway—the which is already building—and an area approaching that of Ontario and Quebec.

The result of the election is on the knees of the gods, but the sportive Manitoban who is in the habit of backing his opinion with cold cash should have small difficulty in picking the winner. A canvass that is fairly strong is the fact that a Liberal Government is in power at Ottawa, and the same arguments that helped Sir Oliver Mowat over many a stile are being advanced in support of Mr. Roblin. The voters are being told that a political community of interest between an Ottawa and a Winnipeg Government would be by no means to Manitoba's advantage. How far this argument will go only the evening of March 7 will show. And the reasoning is heard on every Conservative platform.

Every one of the five members of the Roblin Government is a former Easterner. Four of the ministers hail from Ontario, and the fifth, the Minister of Public Works, is the son of an Anglican rector of Argenteuil, Quebec. In the forty members of the Legislature are to be found English and French Canadians, Germans, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Icelanders and at least one former American citizen. And this latter gentleman, Mr. Hugh Armstrong of Portage la Prairie, is said to be next in the line of succession to a portfolio—always promising that Mr. Roblin and not Mr. Brown, is to continue as the dispenser of these useful and ornamental samples of the leather worker's art. R. K.

The largest and heaviest single block of granite ever sent into Canada from the United States has just been shipped from a Barre, Vermont, quarry to a suburb of Montreal. The stone is three and a quarter feet square and thirty-two feet long, and weighs thirty-two tons. It was consigned to J. Brunet, the sculptor, by whom it will be fashioned into a memorial monument to be erected in honour of the late Raymond Prefontaine.



A British view of the kindly feelings between the two Anglo-Saxon nations, in relation to recent events in Jamaica.—Bystander, London.

Weaving in Canadian Homes

By M. E. DIGNAM

AMONG the pioneer industries that have sprung up out of necessity, none was more important than weaving. Each province had its distinctive development. In Quebec, in the production of homespun, French traditions were strongest. In some places along the St. Lawrence, however, Scotch influence was also evident.

In Ontario, in early days, there were many looms, and homespun was well known in the country homes. German thrift was an element in the industry, having no small influence in preserving interest in hand work.

In New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island there were French and Scotch settlements where good weaving was done and where the home workers aimed at something more than mere necessity required. Considerable skill was attained in dyeing, spinning, in the combination of colours and in workmanship.

These industries never quite died out but there came a time when no interest was taken in them, and spinning and weaving were only done in the homes where strong warm clothing was needed and there was no other way of procuring it. To-day, throughout the world, there is a revival of interest in handicrafts and Canada must have her part in that awakening.

In Quebec the wheel and loom are again in more general use. A slow but steadily increasing demand is arousing an impulse in the Maritime Provinces.

Through the many exhibitions of the Women's Art Association of Canada, public attention was first drawn to the fact that there existed conditions which might be worth cultivating. In the strenuous efforts made by the Association to create interest in art it was found that Canada was behind in the development of handicrafts and home industries. In other countries people were being helped by the revival of lace-making, spinning and weaving. In Italy, beautiful antique designs were being adapted to modern requirements and again brought

into the market. In England and Scotland the homespuns were being used by both men and women for rough dressing in the country. In Ireland a similar revival was being brought about, furnishing great resource to the people. In Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Austria and Switzerland, equally good results were being obtained.

The Association found an open field in Quebec, the women responding readily to the interest taken in their weaving and to directions given them, with the result that now they do better work in dyeing, spinning and weaving than they had ever done before.

During the last ten years the Association has held exhibitions of home industries—a large part of which was the work of the women of Quebec, in the chief cities and towns of Canada, from New Westminster, B.C., to Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Exhibitions and sales have been arranged in many places in Europe, and a depot has been established at 52 New Bond Street, London, England, for the sale of Canadian "Homespuns." Orders have recently been received from Italy Sicily, Holland and France.

The Canadian "Homespuns" are well known in the United States, where keen interest is always taken in good distinctive work, and notwithstanding the almost prohibitive duty, since the large exhibit made by the Association in the Canadian Building at the Louisiana Purchase Exhibition, a considerable and increasing quantity finds its way to the United States from the Association. Many thousands of dollars' worth of orders are sent to the workers by the Association each year, giving directions for dyeing and weaving combinations of colours and spacings, with the result that not only has a revival been brought about but great progress has been made over the work of pioneer days.

The "tufted" portieres and couvertures of Quebec—a tradition of Brittany—have become almost endless in



Some Linen Articles Woven by French-Canadian Women in their Homes.

variety. The old fustic, cochineal, logwood and indigo dyes with the berries and barks of trees and shrubs, give an inexhaustible and ever varying assortment of permanent colours, or rather "tones" so superior to the aniline dyes which were largely in use until the Women's Art Association began its work in developing the Home Industries of Canada, the results of which may be seen any day at the Association's headquarters, Confederation Life Building, Toronto. A large assortment of tweeds for men's wear is shown, comprising greys, browns, indigo and varied mixtures made from natural wool and wool dyed before being spun.

The "tufted" portieres and couvertures show artistic development. The designs are primitive but distinctive. They use the fleur de lis, reminiscent of France, the pine tree, the little Mary and geometrical forms quaintly adapted in whites, blues, pinks, reds, yellows, greens, with various combinations in warp and woof giving a charming and attractive result.

The revival of linen spinning and weaving is a more difficult problem, the growing of flax having been neglected, Quebec alone in a small way preserving the industry. In Prince Edward Island where in former days the best linen was made, nothing is now being done; but owing to the demand which is being created for homespun linen, efforts are being made to bring about flax raising in the Maritime Provinces, and it is hoped that the hand loom will again be brought into requisition to at least supply those who value the thrift of the home, the good work which lasts a lifetime and the unadulterated material used.

The illustration shows various linen combinations in weaving and tufting. Some of the homespun linen is sent to the North West to be embroidered in Russian, Persian and other Oriental designs which many of the people recently come to Canada know so well how to do, thus giving employment and sustenance to them and preserving another home industry to Canada.

Public Opinion

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

The Editor The Canadian Courier:

Sir,—You ask in your last issue, "Are you thinking about it?" I was, fifteen years ago, until the Royal Commission brought out their weak-kneed report on the "Civil Service of Canada" in 1892, then I gave up hope.

Your little note, "Are you thinking about it?" should appeal to every man who loves Canada. You put the case in a nut-shell in saying "political patronage is the curse of our politics, the bane of our public life." "To the victors belong the spoils" system once flourished in the Motherland and every public man in Canada should read from beginning to end, "Civil Service in Great Britain": a history of abuses and reforms and their bearing upon American politics, by Hon. Dorman B. Eaton, Chairman Civil Service Commission, published by Harper & Bros. in 1879.

When, Mr. Editor, a journal has the pluck to take up a matter of such burning interest to the higher political morals of our country it is time that it should receive support.

Owing to the plethora of publications I had contented myself with purchasing odd copies of "The Canadian Courier" up to the present, but I now enclose my cheque for the annual subscription. Yours, etc.,
"Canadian."

ETHICS OF JOURNALISM.

To the Editor:

Sir,—Allow me to say that I think the "Monocle" needed wiping off, or he would never go into a defence of the Thaw stuff. For the life of me, I can't see a bit

of interest in it for Canadians. Ever since the mushroom aristocracy of the United States got hold of more money than they have any right to, and therefore too much spare time, they have been breeding Stanford Whites, Harry Thaws and Evelyn Nesbits. So they are nothing new.

If either one of the remaining two or Stanford White had been related to any Canadian, or even if they were well known here for any reason, I could see some excuse for our papers taking it up, but even those reasons are lacking. If we want any "horrible examples" we have them of our own. How long ago is it since a should-be respectable young man from Toronto finished a round of revelry by committing suicide in a hotel in Chicago? The situation was created mainly by some one's over-indulgence towards him in money—the very same as a foolish mother defeated a father's plans in Harry Thaw's case.

It is the thinnest kind of sophistry to talk about Star Chambers, etc., because people want a readable paper to come into their homes and not one with disgusting details of something entirely foreign. If Great Britain wants lewd publications, let her have them! And if the United States must have yellow journals—let them. Any citizen of Toronto who wants any of those sheets can buy them right in Toronto; but the citizen who does not want them should have a choice. If he pays for a paper according to his ideas, he ought to have it. Paris is rather an unfortunate example to hold up to Canadians—a people who have shoved hell out of their reach by doing away with God—why need they care what they print or what they do? Besides the stage need not come before the youth of the land at every age, but the daily paper reaches multitudes of homes, and, as a rule, is read by young and old alike.

Now you are not so far from your childhood that you forget how the evil stays in a child's mind far easier than good. Newspapers are reformers of the very best kind, and it's very true, as one of Chicago's representatives to the Press Associations declared—not in so many words but to the effect—that whatever class of people you write for, that's the kind of readers you'll get. If you write for the gutter—clean people won't read it. If a paper wants to live, it will be particular, and the better class of New York's papers are not yellow, neither are those of Chicago.

Yours for prosperity,

Not a Puritan, but one who prefers Clean Literature.

* * *

Another letter on this subject from "Anti-Canadian Courier" is omitted because the writer neglected to enclose his card.—Editor.

Gems from the Schoolroom

Among the gems of a recent collection of school-boy "howlers" are the following:

The Star Chamber was a room decorated with stars in which tortures were carried out. From this we have the modern expression, "to see stars," i.e., to be in pain.

Charon was a man who fried soles over the sticks.

Socrates died from a dose of wedlock.

The heart is over the ribs in the midst of the borax.

A thermometer is an instrument for measuring temperature.

The snow line stretches from the north pole to the south pole, and where it crosses the Alps and the Himalayas it is many thousand feet high in the air.

"Honi soit qui mal y pense."—Let him be honoured who thinks evil.

A toga is a sort of naval officer usually found in China or Japan.

Cigarnet Wolseley was the first man to introduce tobacco into England.

Obstinacy of British Postmasters-General

THE STORY OF MEN WHO ARE BLIND BECAUSE THEY DO NOT WANT TO SEE.

By JOHN A. COOPER

ONE of the strangest of unchronicled stories is that of the obstinacy of the Postmasters-General of Great Britain—Lord Londonderry, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Lord Stanley and Mr. Sidney Buxton. They have been blind because they have refused to see. They have steadily and persistently declined to reduce the tax of eight cents a pound now imposed on British newspapers and periodicals mailed to the Colonies.

Railway companies and other public service corporations are often charged with levying undue rates for their services, but no corporation was ever more greedy than is the British Post-Office. For carrying this material to Liverpool and putting it on board the steamer for Canada they charge eight cents a pound—\$8 a hundred pounds—\$160 a ton. They pay something to the steamer, but it is doubtful if the charge would be increased if a few more publications were carried; consequently, this portion of the cost may be overlooked. When the mails land here they are taken in charge by the Canadian Government and distributed free. The British Post-Office gets all the revenue and the Canadian Post-Office does most of the work.

These same newspapers and periodicals are taken from London to Toronto—not to Liverpool merely—by express for 2 cents a pound, \$2.00 a hundred, or \$40 a ton. This is one-fourth of the rate charged by the British Post-Office for little more than half the service.

The newspaper or magazine posted in Birmingham, Glasgow or any British city, collected by the Post-Office and sent over here as a separate article is not under discussion. On this the rate may be considered to be fair. The portion under discussion now is the matter mailed in bulk by publishers or their agents. This can be handled at much less cost than that posted by private individuals, because it is delivered to the Post-Office in large quantities—in sacks which need not be opened for sorting purposes until this side of the Atlantic is reached. It is on this kind of package that the rate is exorbitant.

The Canadian Post-Office performs a similar service for Canadian publishers on matter collected here and sent to Great Britain. The Canadian charge on individual copies is the same as in Great Britain, but on publishers' bulk shipments the rate is one-half cent per pound, 50 cents a hundred, or \$10 a ton. In other words, the Canadian Government charges for a like service only one-sixteenth that charged by the British Government.

What are the results of this blindness and obstinacy on the part of the British Post-Office? In the first place, Canadians are deprived of the privilege of reading British newspapers and periodicals. They know little of British life and feeling. They are out of touch with British affairs. In the second place, the British advertisements are not circulated here and people are not familiarised with British brands, trade-marks and styles. The sales of British goods in Canada are declining. The Canadian market for imported goods is increasing year by year, but Great Britain gets a much smaller percentage of the increase than the United States. Trade follows the advertisement, and the United States advertisement is the only one that circulates freely in this country.

For ten years this state of affairs has been pressed upon the attention of successive British Postmasters.

For ten years they have declined to investigate or to take any steps to bring about reform. About 1898, Sir William Mulock, then Canadian Postmaster-General, drew official attention to the anomaly. On the 18th of June, 1901, Mr. Charles Trevelyan, M.P., drew the attention of the British House of Commons to it. The Chambers of Commerce in England brought a strong resolution on the subject before the Government. The Congress of the Chambers of Commerce at Montreal in 1903 drew further notice to it. In February, 1905, Sir George Drummond made a speech on the subject in the Canadian Senate and copies of the speech were sent to every British Legislator. In the following month twenty-one members of the British House waited on the Postmaster-General and tried to convince him of the absurdity. At that time there was presented a petition signed by thirty-eight prominent Canadians representing the Press Association, the British Empire League, the Universities, the Clergy and other prominent organisations. The press of both countries has discussed it for years.

And what is the answer? They cannot reduce the rate to the Colonies without reducing the domestic rate. This is either a deliberate or an ignorant evasion! It is no answer at all. Publishers in Great Britain do not mail their publications—they send them out by express to dealers. The compactness of their territory enables them to do this. The lower rate is not required in their case. A cheap express rate to the Colonies is impossible because of the distances and because of the scattered population to which these journals must be distributed on their arrival. Only the Post-Office can carry reading matter to the homes of Colonials. A cheaper rate in Great Britain would disturb present conditions to their confusion; a cheaper rate to the Colonies would be in the interests of the Empire and would give privileges not obtainable in any other way.

The British Postmaster-General, who says that the domestic rate must be lowered at the same time as the colonial, is a blind man because he keeps his eyes shut. When he says he would lose a large amount of revenue he is deceiving himself and the public. All this talk about Imperialism, paramount interest of the Empire, and good-will toward the Colonies is a hollow mockery so long as these distinguished statesmen refuse to allow British literature to find a cheap and ready access to the Colonial markets.

If the British Government does not arouse itself, it may be too late so far as Canada is concerned. The old Postal Convention between Canada and the United States comes to an end on May 7th. If a new treaty favourable to the continued predominance of United States reading matter is arranged before that date, the golden opportunity for British newspapers and periodicals will not come again for another generation. When another generation has passed away, Canada may not be anxious about British literature and British periodicals, for she will then have them "made in Canada." This reform, like the repeal of the famous Stamp Act, may come too late. There is a tide in the affairs of Empires as in the affairs of men.

The Manitoba Legislature is giving power to municipalities to buy land and build coal sheds thereon; also to purchase a year's supply of fuel. The lesson of the winter has been taken to heart.



Lethbridge, Alta.—The Business Section and Public Square.

The Lethbridge Coal Mines

By O. D. AUSTIN

THE pioneer coal mines of the prairie provinces, the Lethbridge mines, hold a unique position in the development of the Canadian West. In 1882, Sir A. T. Galt, showed his faith in Western Canada by interesting himself and some English capitalists in the then almost unknown coal resources of Alberta. A company known as the North-West Coal and Navigation Company was formed with the object of mining coal from the out-cropping seams on the banks of the Belly River and of supplying their product to the Canadian Pacific Railway, which was then wending its way across the prairies.

In order to take the coal to the nearest C.P.R. point, which was Medicine Hat, barges were built. After contending with shallow water, and a shifting river-bed for a season that plan was given up. The company then built a narrow gauge railroad, commonly called the "turkey trail" to Dunmore Junction, near Medicine Hat, a distance of one hundred and five miles. From 1885, when the road was completed, until 1896, when the Canadian Pacific Railway Company bought it and made it a part of the Crow's Nest Line, the Company operated the road. Meanwhile, the output of the mines had increased more rapidly than had the market in the Western Territories and it was necessary to reach other markets. Accordingly, another "turkey-trail" was built, tapping the Great Northern at Great Falls, Montana, about eighty miles south. The company has since built another line extending sixty miles south-west to Cordston. All these lines are now standard-gauge, well operated and profitable.

It was in 1885, when the Dunmore road was finished, that the Lethbridge mines really began to be operated. From being a small plant on the side of a river bank, hoisting a few tons of coal a day up the side of the hill to the railroad in small cars attached to a cable, the

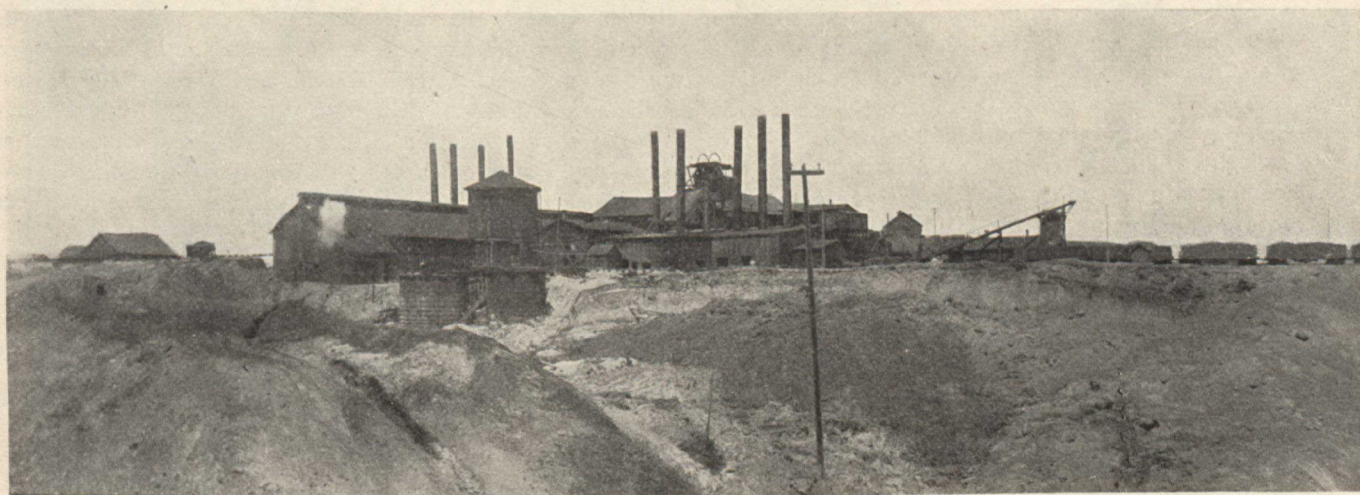
mines have extended to their present large proportions.

The Alberta Railway and Irrigation Company, as it is now called, owns large areas of coal land. The seams have an average thickness of fifty-four inches. The Galt coal is known all over the West as the best domestic coal on the market because of its free burning qualities and hard structure. At Lethbridge there are two other small mines, together producing fifty to sixty tons per day.

When the famous strike was called, on March 8, 1906, five hundred and forty miners refused to work unless their demands for higher wages, a weight-checker, better conditions in the mine and the recognition of the union by the company were granted. The Company considered these demands unfair and impossible. The output from the mines just previous to the strike had been about one thousand tons per day, although it had been at times as high as fifteen hundred tons. During the months that the strike lasted, the management had a few men at work but only enough to keep the mine in repair and to install new machinery. Practically no coal was shipped, although, with the output of the other mines, there was enough to supply the local demand. It is to the credit of these companies that the price of coal was not raised during the strike.

After many months of bitter controversy and several futile attempts at conciliation, the sufferings of the public, especially in Saskatchewan, became so acute that the Dominion Government, through W. L. Mackenzie King, Deputy Minister of Labour, attempted to bring the strike to an end. Finally, after a conference of several days' duration, the operators granted some concessions and the miners generously waived several important contentions, and on Sunday, Dec. 2 the strike was declared off.

The next morning nearly two hundred men returned



The Lethbridge Coal Mines—No. 3 Shaft.



Lethbridge Union Railway Station

to work. This number has been gradually increased until now there are about four hundred men in the mine, producing eight hundred tons per day. Owing to the strike, the galleries in the mine have not been made, so that it will be some time before the daily output reaches its previous figure. The Company, however, took advantage of the strike to put in a good deal of improved machinery, so that eventually the output for 1907 will exceed that of any other year.

The Lethbridge strike promises to hold an important place in Canadian industrial history. Its importance does not lie in the fact that the miners got ten per cent. increase in wages and other concessions or that the Company was successful in resisting the union's claims for recognition. But its importance does lie in this fact, that the attention of the authorities has been directed to the condition into which the public may be brought through an industrial dispute. As a direct result of the Lethbridge strike comes Hon. Randolphe Lemieux's bill providing for compulsory investigation by a Government commission before a strike or a lockout can be declared. The Opposition leader, R. L. Borden, advocates compulsory arbitration. To prevent the recurrence of the serious state of affairs that obtains this winter, the Saskatchewan Government proposes to operate coal mines within the province. These proposals and legislation in the interests of the public coming as a direct result of the Lethbridge strike will make it memorable in Canadian industrial annals.

Extracts from a Revised History of Canada

THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

The battle of the Plains of Abraham was fought because the English and the French couldn't come to an agreement as to which of them should own the country that belonged to the Indians; the English, with the exception of the pro-Boers, being in favour of the English owning it, and the French being practically unanimous in their own behalf. The Railway Commission was unable to adjust the quarrel, so the contending parties adjourned to the Plains of Abraham for the purpose of arbitrating in such a manner as would leave no ground for a subsequent injunction.

The arguments of the English were presented by General Wolfe, and General Montcalm appeared for the French. The Indians were without counsel. On the way to the battle-grounds, Gen. Wolfe was heard to recite in a low voice the poem "Curfew Shall not Ring To-night." Although the crew listened with well bated breath, they couldn't get a bite for it was a poor night for fishing. At the conclusion of the exercises, Gen. Wolfe remarked in a tone that revealed the passion he was trying to conceal, "Gentlemen, I would rather eat the author of that poem than board for life at the Chateau Frontenac!" At this moment a native runner

appeared with the news that the author in question was with the enemy. At this Gen. Wolfe's fury knew no bounds, and climbing up the path from the river, he assaulted the French delegates. On learning that the author was among the slain he said "God be thanked! I die happy."

McAree.

Parliamentary Petitions

THE matter of opening a legislative body with prayer is taken in Canada as a matter of course and seldom excites remark. But in the United States, the action of a Sacramento chaplain who used a tactless supplication and then changed it at dictation has led the editor of the "Argonaut" to indulge in a few timely reflections of a reminiscent order.

"Now there can be no possible objection to praying for, or at, the Legislature. Indeed, it is the duty of every good citizen to do so. When Dr. Goodenough was invited to preach before the British Parliament the Prime Minister of the day, we believe it was Palmerston, answered some current objections with a witty squib:

It's right enough that Goodenough,
Before the House should preach,
For sure enough they're bad enough
The men he's got to teach.

"On the other hand the Chaplain of the United States Senate is said to disclaim any idea of praying for the Legislature. He simply looks at the Senators and then he prays for the nation.

"While the practice of reading prayers at the opening of legislatures is nearly universal throughout civilisation, it has been attacked in more than one country. It has been discontinued in France, and Mr. Labouchere, a radical member of the British Parliament, has tried to abolish it in England. Mr. Labouchere pointed out that parliament had been praying for grace and wisdom for over six hundred years and the then Conservative ministry was the result. 'Now,' he said, 'let us stop this thing lest something worse befall us.'"

A Story of B. C. Politics

IN relation to the late provincial election in British Columbia, the Vancouver "World" tells the following: "One of the prettiest stories that has reached town in connection with the election has been going the rounds in the Okanagan for some time. It was at one of the smaller towns away down the valley and the thermometer was below zero. Messrs. McBride and Bowser had addressed a meeting in the afternoon and were then driven to their next stopping place where they were to speak in the evening. It was just at dinner time that they arrived, almost frozen, and they made directly for the bar, where, in the usual fashion, Mr. McBride invited everyone in sight to stand up. "Awful weather for electioneering," he said affably to the proprietor who was behind the bar in the absence of the barkeeper. "Awful weather?" repeated the host. "Awful weather? Well I should say. Any man or any government that brings on an election at this time of year should be jolly well snowed under." He did not know he was speaking to the very man who had brought on the elections.

Modern Proverbs

Man proposes, but woman makes him stick to it.
He laughs best who has the least to laugh at.
Better say good things and never do them, than never even say them.

It is a wise director that knows his own manager.
An argument is as strong as its weakest kink.
Least said soonest ended.

McAree.

The Old Camboose and Bake Oven

TWO CONTRIVANCES FOR THE COOKING OF FORMER DAYS.

THE accompanying illustration shows the old bake-oven which was the immediate predecessor of our modern cook-stove. They were principally used for the baking of bread, although also for drying apples and berries, and sometimes even cooking roasts.

The bake-oven was built of brick, usually with an outer covering of rough stone plastered with grey clay and lime, most frequently erected in the yard or an outer shed but occasionally built in the house beside the fire-place. A wood fire was built inside until the oven was properly heated. Then the fire was removed and the bricks swept clean with a broom, frequently made of cedar boughs tied tightly to a stick. The dough was placed on the hot bricks and the heat retained in these ovens was sufficient to bake more than one batch of bread. Sometimes it was necessary to allow the oven to cool a little before it was the right temperature for baking.

In those early pioneer days when there was no baker it was necessary to cook considerable quantities of bread; so many of these ovens had a capacity of twenty or thirty loaves. Many of these old bake-ovens can still be seen standing by some of the old residences in the province of Quebec, and perhaps in some of the back settlements an occasional one is still used.

The Camboose was used principally in the lumber camps and was the most economic form of cooking, heating and lighting that could be devised. It was a large square arrangement made of logs and filled with stones and sand on which a wood fire was kept burning.

It was built right in the centre of the log shanty and a hole was cut in the roof directly above it to allow the smoke to escape. Usually some kind of crude, box-shaped chimney was built around the opening on the top of the shanty; sometimes a large pork barrel with the ends knocked out was used for this purpose. From the corner posts of the Camboose large cranes swung, on which the pots hung for boiling purposes.

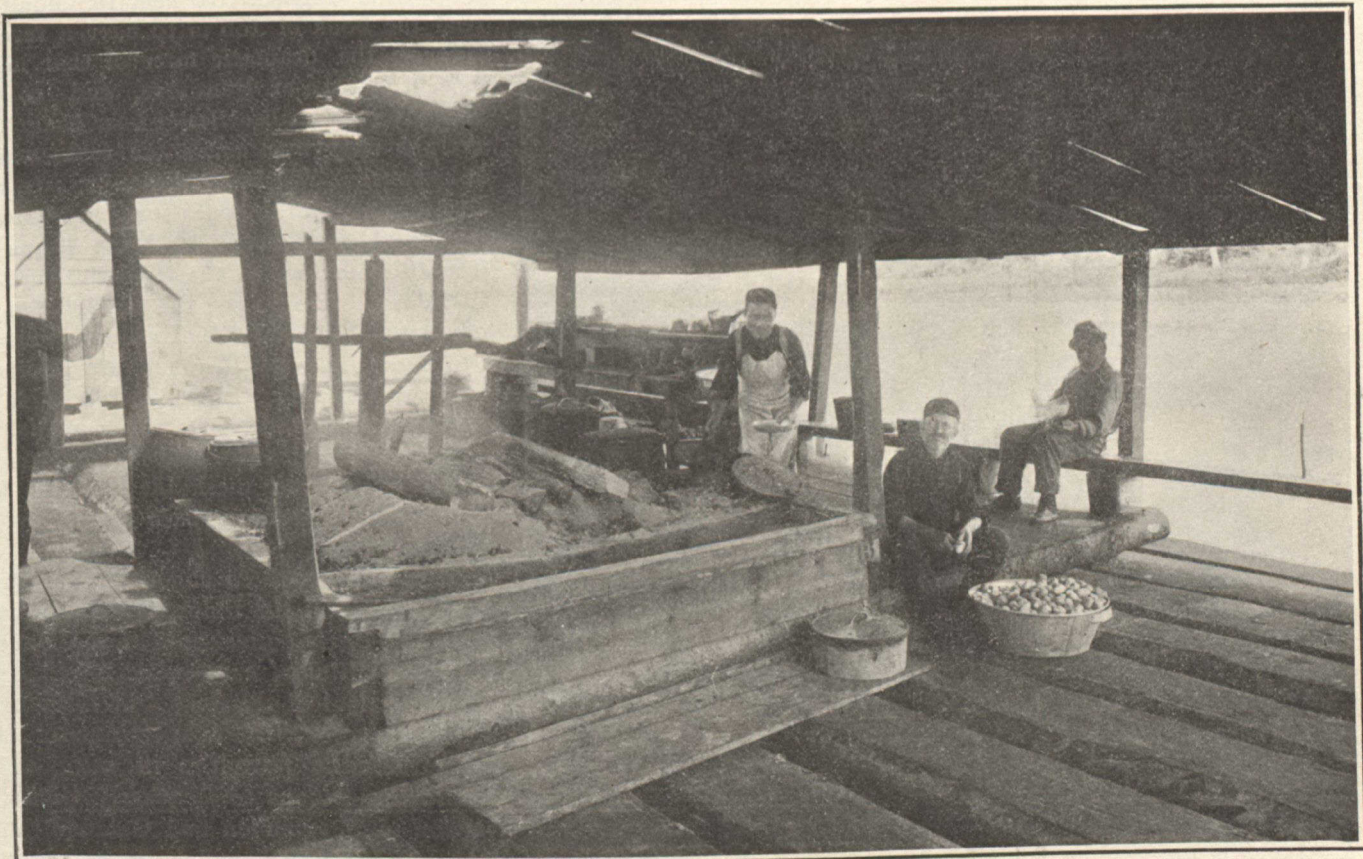
At one end of the Camboose a section was portioned off large enough for a row of big black iron bake-kettles. This section was sometimes called the bean-hole. Here the cook could bake his bread and pork and beans, with his bake-kettles buried in the hot sand and the men could build a roaring fire in the Camboose without interfering with the baking.

The large bon-fire in the camboose of the camp served to do the cooking, light and heat the shanty and dry out the damp clothes of the lumbermen. Lumbermen have told me that the smoke never bothered them. This, however, does not necessarily mean that the Camboose never smoked badly. The baking done in these cambooses was certainly very popular. A loaf of bread rolled out of one of the big iron kettles resembled in colour and shape a large Canadian cheese, although it was usually a little browner and had a thick crust.

The illustration of a camboose shows it on a raft accompanying logs down the Ottawa river. The Camboose is still used in some of the outpost lumber camps in Northern Quebec.



Ye Ancient Bake Oven.



A Camboose on an Ottawa River Raft.

Literature and Expression

ON the seventh day of January, 1907, there was formally opened the most beautiful public building in the city of Toronto. This statement may not be considered highly complimentary, for the outsider says that Toronto is unhandsome in matters of architecture, and a gentleman of high position, himself a citizen of Toronto, has declared his home town to be both un-beautiful and unadorned. But anyone who can survey the severe and classic exterior of the Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression on North Street without a feeling of aesthetic satisfaction is hardly to be moved by what a Frenchwoman has rightly called "frozen music."

While the building itself is one of the last gifts of the late Mr. Timothy Eaton, the school for which it now makes an artistic home was founded six years ago by Chancellor Burwash, Mrs. Burwash and Mrs. Scott Raff. The ideal before this trio of founders was that which one of the foremost professors of the day has called "the vocal interpretation of literature." The word "elocution" has fallen into disrepute and has become associated with cheap display and superficial study. The mushroom schools of oratory, which seemed to spring up by scores in the United States years ago, brought discredit on the elocutionist and provoked a smile by their idle pretensions. But there is a real voice culture, far removed from the affectation and superficiality of that which has proved unequal to modern demands. This development, where the voice is trained to express what the soul feels, is the ideal of the newly-opened school and its enthusiastic support by 167 students is a proof that Young Canada appreciates the undertaking.

That education means much more than acquiring knowledge is a fact sometimes forgotten in these days of hurry and haste. If this modern school can, to any extent, fulfil its promise of being a place "where the education that consists of mere knowledge is supplemented by the culture that opens the way to wider understanding and a larger life," it will have gone far towards making the lives of its students broader and brighter. The curse of many of our educational systems, especially

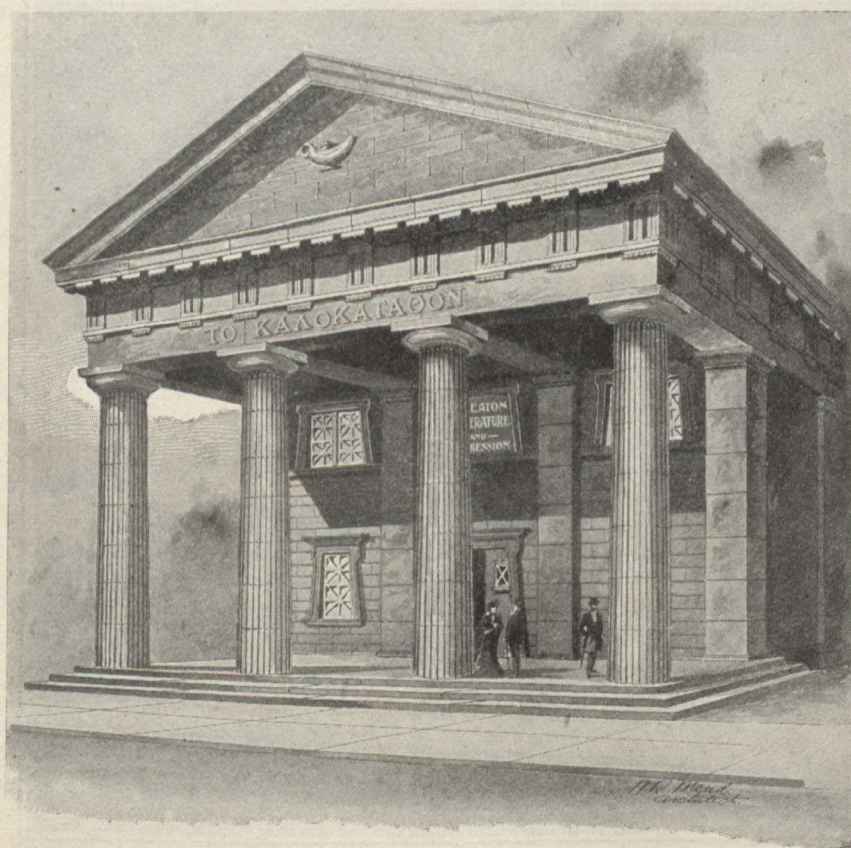
those for women, has been narrowness. They have dabbled in the little learning which has inevitably proved a dangerous thing and which gave the student a touch of intellectual priggishness, a spirit utterly opposed to the things which are more excellent. Literature and voice culture are allied in this modern curriculum with physical culture and household science, proving the healthy recognition of the importance of developing the body and the keeping of the home.

Chancellor Burwash calls attention to a lack in our educational system. "The prevailing method of education to-day cultivates written rather than vocal expression. This we regard as a very serious defect. Our most healthy and natural, and, we think, our highest and best spiritual life is that face to face with our fellow-men. In the great struggle of our active life, our best is called forth, and as it is called forth it at once finds expression in attitude, in countenance and in spoken word or act." The objection may be made by the cynic that we already talk too much. That may be. But do we talk well? The study of true speech, like that of writing, leads to correctness, not diffuseness, of expression. But into voice culture there enter elements, peculiar to itself, all the graces of modulation and intonation which make the difference between articulation and melody. Canada is in sad need of just such training. Listen to Mr. Willard, Mr. John Hare, Mr. Forbes Robertson and you realise what Mr. Kipling means when he talks of a voice that is "a golden miracle." Such tones will not be heard on this side of the Atlantic for many a day; but to acknowledge the lack is a step towards more melodious conditions.

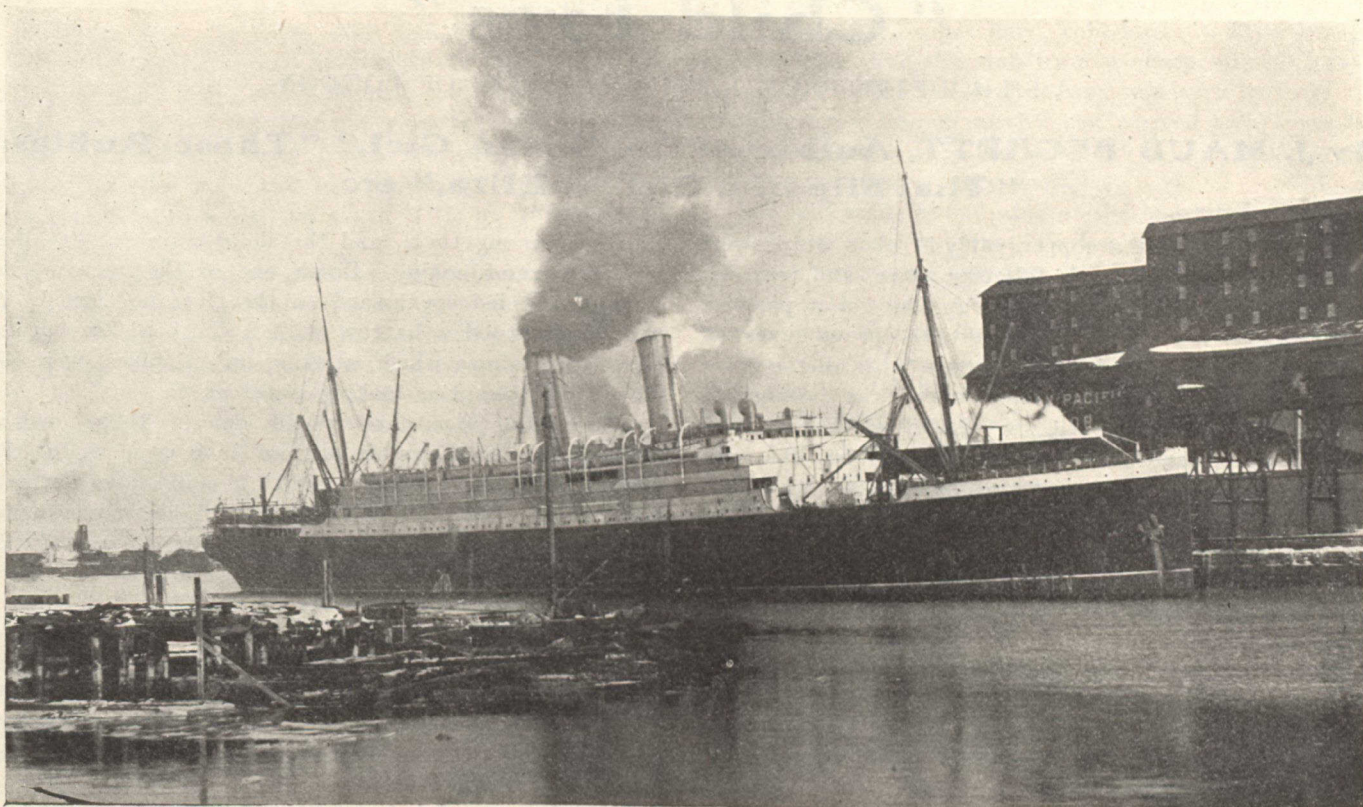
Literature, from the best that ancient and modern writers have given, is the best former of taste. From Shakespeare to Yeats, the selections have been made for this school with a view to the finest dramatic study. The most instructive recitals for this year will be those by Professor Richard Moulton of Chicago University in April, when the distinguished Englishman will give Biblical and Shakespearian interpretations, as well as a discourse on Greek plays in English. To hear Dr. Moulton read the Book of Job is to have a revelation of the dramatic force of that magnificent piece of literature, and to be brought to a realisation of how badly the average clergyman reads the texts which he expounds. To bring such a man to the city is, in itself, an educational movement.

The old prejudice against the drama is fast disappearing, as the formerly Puritan Canadian comes to see the possibilities of the art. National Theatres and University Chairs may yet be among the development of drama. However, these high dreams may meet with failure or fulfilment, it remains for the modern educational system to meet the demand for training in expression, such as the past has not known.

It is a pleasure to announce that Professor Mavor of the University of Toronto and Mr. Davis, president of the Undergraduates' Union, have asked Mrs. Scott Raff, principal of the School of Literature and Expression, to take charge of the Commencement festivities of next June, when "She Stoops to Conquer," Gilbert's version of "Pygmalion and Galatea" and "As You Like It" will be given by the Toronto Dramatic Art Club.



Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression.

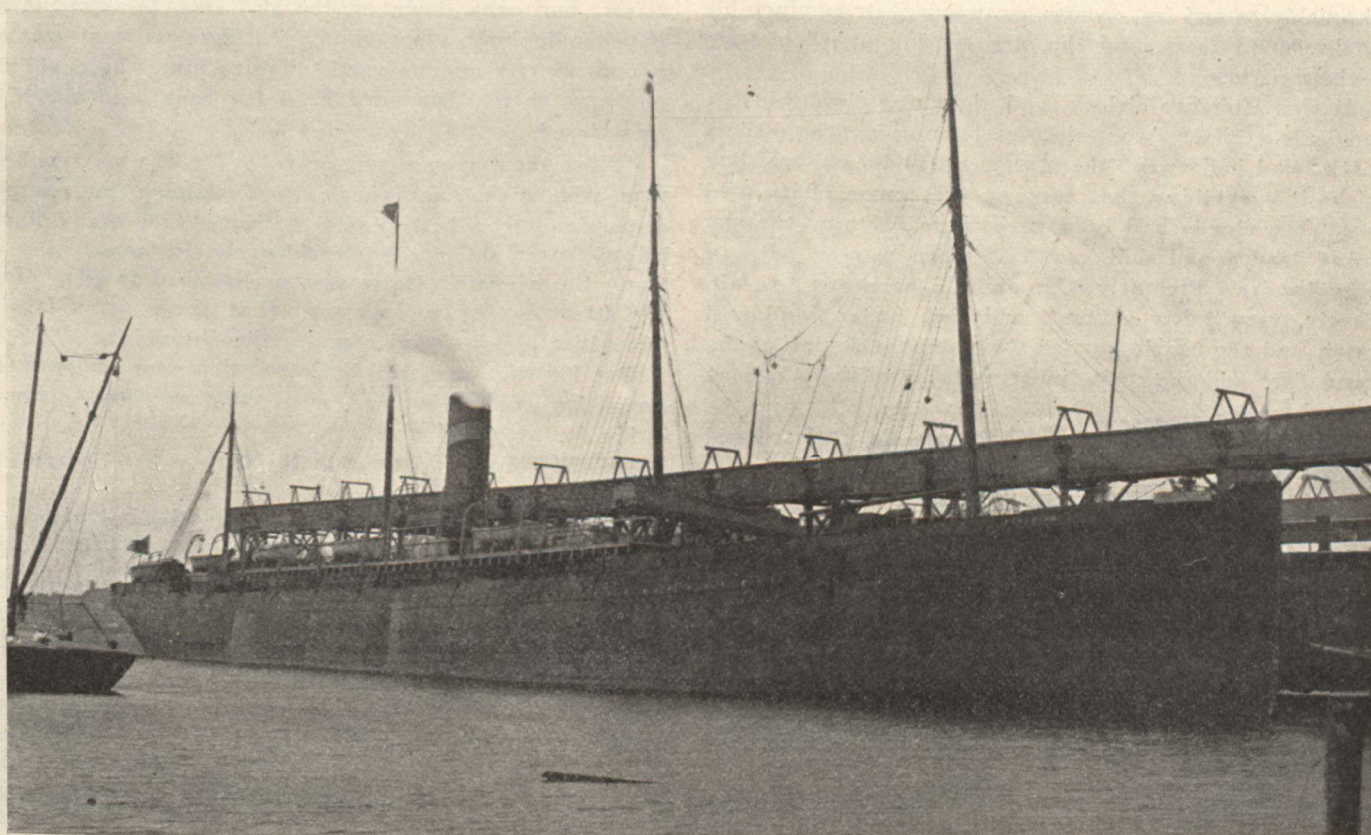


St. John, N.B.—S.S. Empress of Britain, of C. P. Steamship Line, at Sand Point Wharf.

St. John as a Winter Port

UNDER their contract, the Allan Line must call at St. John, if the wharf accommodation is satisfactory. They are now complaining that it is not, and have decided to withdraw their turbiners from that port. They claim that there is only one berth in the harbour suitable for these boats, and the City Council of St. John have allotted this to the Canadian Pacific Steamship Co. The I. C. R. wharf is good enough for their small boats, but not for the turbiners.

The truth of the matter appears to be that the harbour of St. John has not sufficient accommodation for all the lines of steamers now running there. Canada's trade has developed faster than Canada's winter port facilities. St. John must increase its facilities or see part of its trade go to Halifax. This may not be an unmixed evil, but it certainly will not be pleasing to the people of St. John. They have a magnificent ice-free harbour, but it will take millions to put in the necessary docks and equipment. So far, the Dominion Government has not been as generous with St. John as with Montreal, and of course the city itself has not been able to spend such large sums, although it has done a great deal. Hence, Canada's winter port problem is far from being settled. These photographs were taken specially for THE CANADIAN COURIER by Isaac Erb & Son.



St. John, N.B.—S.S. Parisian, of the Allan Line, at I. C. R. Pier.

“Child Eyes”

A SILHOUETTE FROM LIFE IN THE CITY OF LONDON

By J. MAUD BECKETT, Author of “A Girton Girl,” “Those Rubies,”
“That Slip of a Girl,” “Eliza,” etc.

“CAN yer spare a copper, laidy?” The words were spoken in a weak, faltering voice, and two big, blue, child eyes looked up out of a pinched, weary little face into the beautiful, proud eyes of Blanche, Lady Stinsford, as she swept, with all the grace for which she was renowned, out of the fashionable draper’s shop, with its window display of chiffons, and silks and laces, and gorgeous raiment. By her side was a pretty, fair-haired, aristocratic-looking little boy.

But Blanche, Lady Stinsford, heeded not the pitiful question that had been addressed to her, nor did she glance for more than a moment down into the pleading eyes; she only drew her costly velvet and sables closer to her.

“What a dirty, disreputable little object!” she thought languidly, as she stepped into the perfectly-appointed brougham, with its pair of beautiful horses, and gave the word “Home” to her supercilious footman. The little ragged figure on the pavement, with a famished, desperate appeal in his eyes, came nearer.

“Laidy, I ain’t ’ad a crust since—” But the well-appointed footman gave the boy a push, and glanced critically at his gloves to see if they had been harmed in the contact; and then, under his breath, so that the words should not reach the refined ears of his stately mistress:

“It’s always the same lying tales the likes of you tells. Just you take your hook, you little rascallion, you, or I’ll send a bobby after you!” Then he climbed with all the proper and correct amount of agility to his seat beside the portly coachman, and, with a bound forward, the high-stepping horses bore the brougham away.

The small, shivering figure, after casting a longing, wistful, and famished look at the retreating carriage, dragged his poor, starved little body onwards, with the poor little tired feet, all blue and red and swollen with the chilblains that had nothing to protect them from the freezing pavement and the bitter wind. People passed quickly to and fro, women wrapping their comfortable cloaks round them, and the men turning up the collars of their coats.

It was after five o’clock, and night was closing in. It had been a bitter day; since early morning the pitiless north wind had swept the streets, howling and whirling before it everything that came in the course of its wild race. The clouds had been gathering, and now the sky looked leaden and dull, as if it were charged with a sulky burden. Presently the snowflakes began to fall, silently, very softly at first, and then faster, and still faster, and the people hurried their steps, thinking of the warm fires and the cosy dinner or tea awaiting them at home.

Not one of them all stopped to give the little ragged boy a copper.

Doubtless there were many kind hearts among those passers-by, but they were all busy with their own thoughts, and they simply did not notice him; and yet he was such a tiny, helpless little fellow—only seven years old—to be all alone in the world, homeless, and, worse still, motherless.

The child dragged on his tired, aching feet, his little pinched face growing paler and more wizen, and the blue eyes more lifeless, with a dull apathy born of long and continued suffering.

Along Regent Street and through Trafalgar Square he passed, until he reached the Strand. People were even in still more of a hurry and bustle here, but he felt more

at home among them, and the shops were not at all so big and grand-looking. Down one of the narrow side streets that led southward to the river he turned. At the corner stood a barrow with a charcoal fire burning in a stove, above which, sticking up on spikes, were displayed big, tempting-looking potatoes to roast.

What sumptuous fare would one of those prosaic potatoes on that humble barrow have seemed to this hungry little one! What warmth it could have put into his aching little body! He stretched his frozen hands out eagerly towards the bright, ruddy glow, and the owner of the barrow looking down at him said:

“Freezin’ cold, ain’t it, young ’un?”

He was a kindly man, and he had little children of his own, whom perhaps he found it hard enough to keep alive in this bitter weather; but he did not think to offer one of his potatoes to the child, who was too proud to beg for one, though his blue eyes looked so wistfully at them.

To ask a grand lady, wrapped up in her costly furs, to spare a penny out of all her plenty was all right; but this man, one of the struggling poor, with whom the parting of a copper was a serious business, was a different matter.

He was only seven years old, this little scrap of ragamuffin humanity, but into those few short years was crowded the shrewdness and wisdom of half a century’s experience of poverty, wretchedness and misery.

And then the potato-man took up his barrow to move on. He did not wish to drive the little chap away from the warmth, but business was very slack just there, and he must try fresh fields.

Fast and surely the snow continued to fall, lying only a moment in all its pure whiteness before it was trampled on and defiled by the feet of hurrying, scurrying humanity. The cold seemed more intense to the boy when the bright fire had gone, and his aching limbs grew worse. He crept on a little further down the narrow street, and sank down on the sheltered doorstep of an imposing-looking office building. Here at last was a refuge. Surely no one would disturb him; he could do no harm there. His tired head fell back, and the blue eyes closed.

“Now then, young ’un, move on.” It was a policeman who spoke, not roughly or unkindly, but simply dispassionately; he had said the same thing many times before that night, and he would probably have to say it many times again. He was so accustomed to encountering street arabs on doorsteps that the sight did not move him at all—it all came in the day’s duty.

But for that wretched little being, always those same dreaded words, “Move on,” until they had come to sound in his ears day and night.

On the whole of God’s earth there was no place for this weary little one.

The boy shrank off with the guilty look of a beaten cur. He moved as quickly as his feeble strength would let him, casting furtive glances round, as though he expected to see some dreadful thing dart out from the black corners round him. From time to time he strove to pull his dirty rags closer to him, but the bitter north wind, which blew in gusts, driving the snowflakes before it, was merciless; it took up his rags and shook them angrily, penetrating through their thin flimsiness to the poor, weak chest, racking the tiny frame with the choking cough.

Poor little chap! He had had no food for two days,

except a piece of crust his sharp little eyes had discovered in the gutter. He knew what hunger meant.

The child crept on until he reached the Embankment. It was midnight now, and very still. Hardly a soul was about; only a few huddled-up, ghastly-faced men and women occupied the seats; and, far away, the lights twinkled fitfully from the big houses at Chelsea. The snow still fell, covering the earth with its thick white blanket.

His quick eyes, accustomed to searching out so many things, discovered, as he crept along, a small angle in the wall. Only a little place it was, and such a shelter that a dog would have scorned, but it was better than lying on one of the benches; it was very dark, and would probably escape even the watchful policeman.

Curling his little aching limbs up, he crouched down in this desolate spot, and once more he closed his eyes and tried to sleep—there must be rest for him—but the shuddering of his bones and the pain in his side grew worse, and only his racking cough disturbed the silence.

Then feeble, faltering footsteps sounded faintly in the snow, and the thin, wasted figure of a woman stooped down and peered into the corner.

"Bless my soul! little 'un, what are yer 'ere for? Why don't yer go 'ome to yer mar? This ain't no place for a kid with a corf like your'n."

"I ain't got no 'ome," the child answered, half sulkily, and instinctively shrinking further back into the corner as if he feared a blow. "Now, don't you go and tell a bloomin' bobby about me; you jist let me be; I ain't a-doing any 'arm."

"Heaven 'elp me! I ain't a-going ter tell on yer, yer poor little innocent; but this ain't no sort of a place to be in. Ain't you got a mother?"

The boy shook his head.

"Never 'ad one."

"Nor nobody as takes care of you? Bless me, if yer ain't as bad as me. I ain't got nobody, nor no 'ome, nor nothink, either."

She took the little shivering scrap of humanity up in her arms and sank down, drawing him closer to her, and taking the poor, shabby, threadbare shawl from her own shoulders and wrapping it round him.

Under her dirty rags beat a kindly, tender, motherly heart, though, perhaps, women in the streets, as they passed her by, instinctively drew their skirts aside rather than touch her.

"'Pears to me we'd best stay 'ere together, and go ter sleep."

Closer and closer she drew him, and kissed his little, pinched, white face. The blue eyes closed with a sigh of contentment, and in a drowsy faint voice:

"You're as nice as 'avin' a mother, you are," he said, as he nestled up to the woman.

And very soon the ragged heap of woman and child were sleeping as peacefully and soundly as any of the inmates of those big houses at Chelsea on their downy beds and under their silken coverings.

And the snow continued to fall, silently, mercifully—the wind had subsided now—high up it had drifted into that silent corner covering the dark heap of rags.

It was a soft, pure pall for those two lifeless bodies.

Blanche, Lady Stinsford, lay back in the big soft chair by her bedroom fire, and the costly tea-gown of silk and chiffon that she wore made her look very beautiful indeed. The lights from the softly-shaded candles on the dressing-table shone and glistened on the many costly silver trinkets scattered about, and flickered on the shimmering satin gown that lay on the bed.

What a graceful, lovely hostess she would make to-night. She was staying at her brother's house for the big ball he was giving, which had been the only talk of the countryside for weeks past.

She was resting now before it was time to dress, but

as she gazed into the fire there was a more thoughtful look than usual on her hard, cold face. A little twinge of conscience, like the stab from a sharp stiletto, gave her pain, but the cause of it was not very serious. A little orange-coloured missive had arrived two hours before, with only a very few words:

"Come at once, Jerry is ill."

She had read it, and at first she had hurried upstairs to tell her maid to dress her for the journey at once. But then, on second thoughts, she could hardly leave her brother with no one to act as hostess for him, when the guests were almost arriving—unless it was something very serious indeed. Jerry was always ailing; it would only turn out to be some harmless, childish illness, and Nanna—faithful, staid old nurse Nanna—was there to take care of him. She would stay to-night for the ball and start off to-morrow morning—it would not make much difference—and so she dismissed the subject from her mind, and went out skating in her last elegant tailor-made gown with one of her newest adorers.

It was only now, alone in her bedroom, that those little twinges of doubt crossed and recrossed her brain. Although she was a fashionable, spoiled beauty, Jerry was her little boy after all, and supposing he were really seriously, dangerously ill! She took up the day's paper lying on the table beside her to dispel these disagreeable thoughts. Languidly she glanced down the columns, and her eyes caught the words, "Death from Exposure; Found Dead in the Snow."

She did not usually read these sordid items of news; of what interest or moment could they possibly be to a cultured, refined society beauty? But the heading somehow riveted her attention, and she read on through the little paragraph, setting forth, in the colourless, stereotyped words of the newspaper, the pitiful little tragedy.

As she read, the weary, wistful, blue child eyes rose up before her, and the memory of the pleading little voice:

"Can yer spare a copper, laidy?"

The words rang in her ears, and the vision of the child eyes remained.

She gave a mirthless little laugh.

"I wish I had given that wretched little object something yesterday; perhaps he was hungry, after all."

And then the French maid appeared to dress her mistress.

When her toilet was completed, and her hair had been dressed strictly according to the models in the hair-dresser's salon, the eyebrows had been correctly touched up, and the rouge on her cheeks had been skilfully manipulated, in her exquisite Parisienne gown, Blanche, Lady Stinsford, made a lovely picture.

It was a brilliant ball, and her beauty scored another triumph that night, but if any among that fashionable crowd had been able to read the thoughts of their beautiful hostess they would perhaps have been surprised, for a strange jumble of events chimed in her mind.

When the last guest had gone, and Lady Stinsford retired to her room, from force of habit she walked straight across to the glass, and gazed into it, but instead of the pleasing contemplation of her own lovely reflection, the big, pleading child eyes seemed to look back at her from the depths of the mirror.

"Can yer spare a copper, laidy?"

The words kept on repeating themselves, and then it was the grey eyes of her own little Jerry that looked back at her, and the two had the same pleading, longing, wistful, hungry look in them.

She turned away with a shudder, and the lines of her hard mouth were softer than usual, and tears, so foreign to those beautiful eyes, welled up, and still that little sharp pain kept stabbing at her heart.

She undressed and stepped up into the soft feathery bed, and blew out the candles, watching the little red

glow of the wicks flicker and die out into the blackness. Then she settled herself to sleep, but sleep would not come to her. Her eyes remained wide open, and staring out into the darkness all through the long night. From everywhere the two pairs of wistful child eyes seemed to be watching her, and the same words repeated themselves over and over again, only now they were mingled with a pleading cry of "Mother, mother"—dying away in almost a sob.

When morning came, the stately Lady Stinsford journeyed home.

Fiercely she rang the bell at the door of her big Lon-

don house, and when it was opened by the pompous footman she pushed him aside without a word.

Up the wide staircase and along the corridor to the nursery she flew. She opened the door, but no word from the sweet, childish voice greeted her. On the little white bed, with its dainty hangings, lay her child, his golden curls resting on the pure white pillow.

But the big grey eyes were closed, and the happy voice was hushed for ever.

The child spirit had flown away to share the rest of that other, the little ragamuffin.

(The End.)

A Real Royal Stewart

By CY. WARMAN, Author of "The Story of the Railroad."

IN Scotland, near the summer home of the late beloved Queen of England, there lived a comparatively poor family named Stewart. They had a boy, "wholesome and dirty," named John, whom the Queen admired very much. Little John's grandmother, then far beyond the century mark, was often visited by the Queen, and one day the Royal Visitor gave Jack a shilling, his first money, and, patting his head, predicted that he would become a great man, and an honour to the name—"some day."

When he was twenty-one, which was twenty-one years ago, Jack came to Canada. Having a good primary education, and having studied engineering in Scotland, he bought a tourist ticket that took him from Montreal to the Pacific Coast States where railways were being built, and where he began the struggle for existence. Whatever offered he tackled, but often he had not where to lay his head. Down by St. Paul there is a big boulder under the lee side of which Jack Stewart is said to have found shelter more than once.

Not long ago he was walking up and down the locks at Sault Ste Marie when he turned suddenly to his companion: "Say, Doc," he began, "it is fifteen years since I walked along these banks. Do you know why I walked along the locks fifteen years ago? No? Well, I had not the price—I was dead broke, and the only thing that kept me hopeful and happy was the unflinching conviction that I'd be a big man—someday. Somehow that foolish prophecy of Her Majesty just stuck in my boyish brain and grew fast, so that when I got to be a man I couldn't get it out."

There is an amusing little story in connection with Jack Stewart's first fortune and his failure to hold it. After some years of ups and downs, he succeeded in getting together a nice little savings bank nest-egg. He was afraid he might get out on a toot after one of his long cruises in the mountain fastness and blow in his bank roll, so he gave it over, hook and all, into the keep of a friend who knew how to handle money. When he came to town again the man was gone and the funds went with him, and that is why the young engineer walked by the banks of the Sault instead of riding. It was not a bad "break" however, for he began from that day to find himself. He took a shovel and joined a gravel gang, and in a little while was boss of the job.

He became a locating engineer, and ultimately, at the suggestion, it is said, of John F. Stevens, undertook a small sub-contract, and while others on similar work went broke, Jack, by tact and skill, managed to make some money. He did not employ a man now to handle his bank account, but he took care of it personally.

Stewart's work on his first contract brought him under the observing eye of Mr. Peter Larson, now of Foley Bros. & Larson, Contractors, of the United States and Canada. This firm, at this writing, has hundreds of

miles of railway under construction, and Jack Stewart is the guiding genius of it all.

Stewart has always been popular with the men behind the pick. Long before the Public Works Health Act compelled contractors to care for their men, Jack Stewart had a regular medical staff and a complete hospital arrangement. Upon one occasion he brought a doctor at his own expense over four hundred miles in consultation to see an injured labourer. His hospitals are equipped with every necessary article. There are competent nurses, comfortable cots, good food, fresh milk, and all things that tend to the lessening of the danger from disease and the agony of men mangled or wounded on the work.

Success spoils scores of men. It has sweetened and softened Jack Stewart. He sympathises with, and enters into the sorrow of a Saulteaux squaw, hugging the empty board that held her papoose, as deeply as if he shared the grief of a white mother crying over an empty crib in a castle in his native land. When he enters the tepee of a timber Cree they spread a feast of the fat of the land, spiced pemican and Hudson's Bay rum, and make for him a glad welcome to the Wild. When he enters a drawing room in quaint old Quebec, fair faces smile and bright eyes beam on Monsieur Jack.

Jack Stewart is now several times a millionaire, but he's the same Stewart who slept in the second class upper, who walked by the banks of the Sault Ste. Marie, who slept by the big boulder near St. Paul. He wakes early on the works and makes up his own bed, for that is the law at the camp, and he respects his own laws. Jack Stewart is a wholesome and interesting personality—splendid, unspoiled. Last week he might have been seen celebrating the Sun Dance with the dusky dames and damsels up near the Arctic Circle. Yesterday he took off his coat to pillow the head of his dying horse. Last night he stood, tuxedoed, and smiling, in the Waldorf-Astoria. A large, well groomed man faced him, peering into the happy face of the little Scotchman. This comfortable looking man had not always been comfortable. He, too, had known the cramped cruelty of an upper berth in an immigrant car, and as he recognised the merry twinkle in the other's eye he sprang forward and grabbed two hands and said "Hello, Jack! Glad to see you! How are you? Well, well!"

One could see that the returns from the mines and a big success in copper had not altered him any more than the millions made in construction had changed his friend. Before Jack could make answer the big man lifted him bodily, carried him from the corridor and deposited him on the bar. He bought brandy—tiny little after dinner drinks, and asked everyone to drink to his friend, "tramp, millionaire, and all that's good lying between the twain—the only real Royal Stewart with whom I have had the honour to wobble fins."

A Prisoner of Hope*

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By MRS. WEIGALL

Resume: Esther Beresford is a beautiful and charming girl, who has lived in England with her French grandmother, Madame de la Perouse, and has taught music in a girls' school. Her step-mother's sister, Mrs. Galton, appears on the scene and it is arranged that Esther is to go out to Malta to join her father and step-mother. But before her departure, Geoffrey Hanmer, an old friend, declares his love for Esther who promises a future reply to his proposal. She embarks with Mrs. Galton and her two exceedingly disagreeable daughters. Captain Hethcote and Lord Alwyne, two fellow-passengers admire Esther extremely, and Mrs. Clare-Smythe, a cousin of the latter also seeks her friendship. The Galtons become vulgarly jealous of Esther's popularity. The "Pleiades" reaches Gibraltar at sun-rise and some of the passengers are on deck for the sight. At last they arrive at Malta, and Esther looks forward to meeting her father. Her father's household is uncongenial, but Esther makes a friend of her youngest step-brother, "Hadji Baba." Her step-mother, "Monica," is disposed to be kind and rejoices when Esther goes to dinner at the "Palace." Lord Francis Alwyne's attentions flatter the girl who enjoys the gay life of Malta exceedingly.

THERE was a letter from Mme. de la Perouse, which Esther had kept to open until she was sitting on the verandah after dinner. Her father was smoking his cigar, and Monica, dozing in her chair, and before them through the screen of creepers that overhung the whole balcony, the sea lay moving like the breathing of a child asleep; and away up the slope the lights of the camp twinkled like brilliant stars.

"Any news from Aborfield, Esther?" said Major Beresford, dreamily.

"Grandmere says she and Louisa are both well, and she desires her affectionate regards to you father and there is news of the village and of the Hammers."

She paused on the name, for suddenly the thought of Geoffrey and his splendid courage made her choke. "The Hammers? Ah! Your grandmother wrote to me about them," said Major Beresford again. "They are very badly off, I think she said, and there was a young man who had something of a 'tendresse' for you."

In the darkness Esther's cheeks flamed. "Geoffrey and I were always friends," she said, steadily.

"I hear at the club, gossip sometimes," pursued Major Beresford, in a lower tone; "and I hear there is a good chance of your making a first-rate marriage, Esther."

The girl hoped that in the silence the beating of her heart could not be heard. "There is too much gossip here," she said, in some confusion; "far too much; and it is not true."

"We shall see—we shall see—but at least, Esther, I want you to marry well. I want you to be sure to be true to your own heart—true to your own heart for that is always the best."

From the darkness on the further end of the balcony there came a smothered sob, and Monica Beresford sat upright among her cushions.

"Esther," she cried hysterically, "whatever you do, never marry a poor man. Look at us—two poor people together—despised and down-trodden, and slighted by everyone because we are poor and cannot entertain. Look at our children and the house; look at everything and take warning by us."

"Monica," said Major Beresford harshly: "Monica, control yourself; think of the example you are holding out to Esther."

"Confess that it is true, Norman," cried his wife shrilly; "confess that our life has been a failure because of its poverty, and will be a miserable failure to the end."

He was too honourable to turn upon his wife and tell her that it was she herself who had made life the failure that it so surely was. If she had had courage and a good heart, they need never have sunk into the deplorable condition of hopeless failure that was their condition now. He would never have drifted into the man who had no ambition beyond his rubber of bridge and his dinner; while she might have been the loved mother and the admired member of society that a woman of her own standing may so easily be. It was like standing by the grave side of a dead friend to contemplate the past, and since Beresford had no heart for it he rose to his feet and stumbled back into the house with the step of an old man. Whether he or she had been most to blame

mattered little, for the fact remained that neither had owned the stability of a living faith—the hope of a courageous soul.

"You see how it is, Esther," sobbed Monica again. "Take my advice and never marry a poor man: it just takes all the heart out of you," and just because she was overtired and depressed with the reaction of the excitement of the afternoon, Esther felt certain in her own heart that she could never, never marry Geoffrey Hanmer, and embrace poverty even for his sake.

CHAPTER X.

"The wisdom of fools."

"WHAT has happened to me?" said Esther, looking at the bright sunlight that was barring the blind against her bedroom window; "the news from Aborfield no longer interests me."

Upon her knee lay a letter from Mrs. Hanmer that had just arrived, and in every line she could trace a latent fretting anxiety that she was too generous to attribute to Geoffrey's agency. It was he who had persuaded his mother to write to Esther; he who had been so anxious for a personal line from herself that he had never rested until Mrs. Hanmer's letter was in the post. There were four closely-written sheets of foreign paper, but the petty gossip of a small country village fell on inattentive ears; and the fact that Geoffrey was likely to make a satisfactory income out of his Wyandottes and the Berkshire pigs, was swamped in the reality of the lovely gown that lay upon her bed ready for the afternoon.

"I hope that you won't forget your old friends, Essie, in the gaiety of a Malta season; though I suspect that before long you will learn the truth that a penniless girl, however pretty she may be, may have a score of admirers, but never a serious proposal of any value. Geoffrey sends his love."

Mrs. Hanmer had written, as she so often spoke—unadvisedly; and Esther resented the shadow of interference. "I can't help it," she said to herself; "I can't, indeed; I cannot marry a poor man!"

She looked round at the pitiful shifts for furniture typical of an officer's quarters: the orange chests that served so many purposes, the cupboards made out of packing-cases disguised by chintz curtains. She had never disliked them so much before, but since her conversation with Mrs. Beresford, something new had sprung up in her, something that was quite alien to her nature. With her father she had dined at the Palace the night before to meet her grandmother's friend, the mother of Lady Adela Stanier, the Duchess de Menilmontant, and she had once again been the centre of a little court of admiration in which the old French lady was the leading voice. To-day she had woken up with a disinclination for her daily duties that had extended itself to positive irritability over the children's lessons, and Lucy had been reduced to tears. She remembered now Alwyne's last clasp of the hand as he bade her goodnight, and blushed as she recalled his glance, although he had had no opportunity for any private speech with her. She was to drive with him down to the Polo this afternoon, and she knew what he meant to say to her, and to-day she knew what her answer would be. It had taken Lord Francis Alwyne some time to make up his mind seriously as to his proposal to Esther. The position of Lady Francis Alwyne seemed to him to be one of such great importance socially, that hesitation as to the great decision was only natural. But seeing her as he did under the light of the approval of one of the most fastidious of the leaders of Parisian society, he was finally assured that she would make him a suitable wife, and that he might allow the love that was in his heart to have full sway over his scruples. The love that Geoffrey Hanmer had given her was from his whole heart, and would have been faithful through weal or woe. But, with her eyes open, Esther had rejected the true for the false, and was deliberately selling herself for place and power.

"My dear," the little old duchesse had said, as she bade the child of her old friend goodnight, with a slim hand under her dainty chin; "you know that you are a very pretty girl, for I am sure I am not the first to tell

you so, and you can see for yourself that Lord Francis is very much 'epris,' my dear. I should be pleased with the marriage, and so would your grandmother, 'ma chere amie.' You would have a great name, and maybe a great position, for perhaps you do not know that Frank Alwyne's elder brother is an invalid, and that he runs a good chance of succeeding to the title before very long."

Esther had never thought of this before, and the idea that had been thus started in her mind had disturbed the even current of her thoughts and vexed the innocence of her young heart. She thought of Mrs. Galton's wonder and jealousy when she should hear the news; and of Carrie and Sybil, who would have such real cause to envy her, and she began to dress for her lunch-party at the Palace with a thrill of exultation as she smoothed out the folds of the silk and "voile" gown that was of so becoming a shade of blue.

She was surveying herself with interest in the glass when the door opened slowly and Hadji Baba came in. He was a very white, feeble-looking Hadji Baba, and if anyone had had time to notice the dark lines under his eyes, the truth of his illness would have been realised.

"O, Essie, don't go out!" he said, complainingly; "my head aches, and I want to sit on your knee and be comfy."

"Hadji, dear, I'm so sorry I can't stay with you," Esther said kindly; "go to Kopama, and she will nurse you!"

"She is with mummy," said Hadji Baba; "and mummy's head aches, too; but she is having a lot of scent and stuff put on it and no one has any time for me."

"Go to Mrs. Delaney: she looks nice and kind," said Esther, catching up her gloves and preparing to start.

"Mrs. Delaney is cross because Carmela swept all the dirt into the cupboards, and she says it's like a pig-stye!" said Hadji Baba; "and I wish I was a pig because I could lie down in the straw!"

"Lie down on my bed, darling," said Esther, catching him in her arms and laying him comfortably down among the blankets. "I can't stop darling, now, for I can hear the motor at the gate," and with a hasty kiss, she departed, taking with her a heart that was hardly at ease.

For all the way to Valetta, Hadji's small, white face kept intruding between her amusement and herself. It had been wrong to leave him—but she had done so wilfully, because her own gratification came first in her thoughts just then. But the first glance at herself in the long glass of the Palace drawing-room restored her confidence, and she forgot Mrs. Hanmer's half-read letter, and little Hadji Baba's headache, at the first sound of Alwyne's voice. He looked so handsome in his smart suit as he strolled into the drawing-room, that she could think of nothing else but her conquest, and the thought added a piquancy to her beauty that delighted him by enhancing her value in his eyes. The sight of the tandem cart, with its pair of grey Arabs and its silver-plated harness, made her heart rejoice; and as he swung her lightly into her seat and climbed up to her side, and they started up the street at a brisk trot, Lady Adela Stanier looking after them, told herself that they were the handsomest couple in Malta.

The ponies gave some little trouble until they were beyond the gates of the town, and it was only when they were settling down to their bits upon the straight road, that Lord Francis Alwyne spoke.

"I say—I should like to drive on like this for ever and ever!" he said, abruptly; "just you and I—"

"It would be very nice," said Esther; and looking down at the radiant loveliness of her face, he saw that she had not understood him.

"Esther!" he said again, "I have just found out that I love you, and want you for my wife."

Her two hands were lying crossed on her lap, and he laid his own upon them. "Esther, I am waiting for your answer," he said softly.

Suddenly there swept across the girl's mind the memory of Geoffrey Hanmer's sad and steadfast face. He had loved her all her life, she knew, and till only a short time ago she thought that she loved him; indeed, she was very sure of it now, for Alwyne's words left her heart cold. "I don't know—I don't know!" she said, hurriedly.

Alwyne smiled a little; he was certainly astonished that Esther had felt even a moment's hesitation, but this hesitation increased his anxiety for her answer tenfold. "You are not sure of yourself, darling, because you are so young; and you have had no opportunity of learning anything about love; but I am so sure of what your

answer will be, that if we were not in the public road I should kiss you."

Esther flushed crimson. "Oh, no—no!" she said, trembling very much. "I could not bear it!"

Alwyne paused to touch his hat to a friend before he turned to her again. "Dear little girl, I will give you just an hour to think over your answer—so that you shall say 'yes' on your way back to Pembroke: and we can be alone together—yes, by Jove—that will be a delightful arrangement."

Esther turned her head away. He was so confident of her answer, far more so than she was herself, and his very confidence swept her from her feet. "Wait—wait," she said; "how do you know what I shall say?"

Alwyne laughed a little. "I don't think that you will refuse to be Lady Francis," he said, and with superb tact turned the conversation to indifferent matters, so that by the time they swung through the gate on to the Marsa, Esther was herself again, and had regained her colour, and something of her confidence. Alwyne was playing polo that afternoon, and Esther watched him shyly enough from beneath the protecting wing of Lady Adela Stanier.

One of the A.D.C.'s took her into the tent to have some tea, and while he had gone to replenish her cup, she shrank back a little against the shrouding folds of the canvas, for she felt that she was in no mood to bear the stares and whispered comments of the women. As she stood there alone for the moment, she became aware that outside the tent, close to her ear, Mrs. Galton was talking to a friend.

"My dear Isabel," she said; "do you believe for a moment that Lord Francis means to marry that little Esther Beresford? He means to make a fool of her, and he will certainly spoil her chances with any other man. But, believe me, he no more thinks of proposing to her than I do! Why, the idea is absurd! Lady Adela coddles her and spoils her because she can sing and help to amuse her guests. But as for any serious intentions on his part—I have the best authority for saying that they are out of the question."

The colour flamed to Esther's pale cheeks. Mrs. Galton's shrill, spiteful tones had penetrated so clearly into the tent that there was no mistaking her words, and all the girl's pride was in arms. At that moment she saw Lord Francis Alwyne's tall figure looming in the entrance, looking for her, and she made him a little sign. She watched him make his way to her side, followed by fifty pairs of envious eyes, and her own heart beat rapidly. She would show the women of Malta that Alwyne did love her, and that he had singled her out from every other girl as the one to be his wife; and for the moment her senses reeled.

"What a snug little corner out of the world," he said, smiling down at her with eyes that suddenly flamed a little as he read her inmost soul. "You have got my answer for me?"

He was shielding her from the gaze of everyone, standing in front of her; and Esther put up a trembling hand and touched the white frieze of his blanket coat.

"It is—'yes'!" she said; and when the irrevocable words were spoken, she felt uncertain as to whether to laugh or cry. But Alwyne saw the emotion on her face, and acted on the spur of the moment with the cleverness of a diplomat.

"Come, Esther; I can't say what I want to in the tent; come outside, and tell Lady Adela. Ah! there goes the saddling bell! By Jove! my darling, what a happy 'Quarter' I shall play this time!"

Esther walked across the turf by his side feeling as though she were hardly conscious of her feet, and she found herself being congratulated by the Palace party after a few words from Alwyne, until she finally subsided into a chair by Lady Adela's side, feeling that she had achieved the object of her ambition, and uncertain whether she was bitterly glad or bitterly sorry. Mrs. Galton came up to her half an hour later, when Lady Adela Stanier's attention was diverted for the moment by a stout Maltese lady on the other side.

"How do you do, Esther?" she said; "how is your stepmother? I thought that you would soon forget your good resolutions on the 'Pleiades'! It was all very well then to talk of being a home-bird, but you had had no chance then of tasting the sweets of pleasure. I always said that your coming out so young was a mistake."

Esther looked at her silently. She was feeling the strain of the last hour, and her eyes filled with sudden tears.

TO BE CONTINUED

Sporting Comment

THE "business" curling season is practically over, and from date to the going out of the ice curlers will devote themselves to those friendly games that are always said to be the most enjoyable, but which are always left over till the great prizes of the curling world have been lost and won. It has been a great season too. Ice in plenty breeding bonspiels galore to fill in the spaces left between the big competitions, while those main events have furnished yet more proof that while luck has its place in the roarin' game, as in every other sport, the greater part of the "jewelry" will always go to those players whose fame has been made in many a hard-fought battle on the ice.

* *

Does luck or skill win curling games? Some will shout "luck" and point to the Ontario Tankard competition, where four of the clubs in the finals and the two in the semi-final had never before got past the primaries. Others will answer "skill" and point to the Winnipeg Bonspiel where after nearly two weeks of hard play never a new-comer got in at the finish. Both are right, and to win a big curling event you've got to have the skill—and a little luck as well. Barrie won the Ontario Tankard with Preston as runners-up. And nobody who saw them curl in Toronto last week will deny that both had skill. The game Preston played against East Toronto and Paris caused more than one critic to remark, "It is not hard to understand how those fellows come to beat Galt." On the other hand, those who saw Barrie dispose of Southampton and Guelph picked the men of the North to win out in the final. So much for the skill. It was when the finish came that luck got into the game. When these players realised that for the first time in their lives the blue ribbon of Ontario curling was almost within their grasp it got on the nerves of most of them. Had it been one new club against one seasoned to finals and in the habit of winning tankards, such as Galt and Lindsay, the latter would have won in a week. But luck had it that both were new and Barrie won in one of the poorest games seen in the finals in years.

* *

Now no disparagement of either the Barrie or Preston curlers is meant. As said before, both showed some good curling in the earlier games. But it takes experience and lots of it to curl your best when you have one eye on the brass band to welcome you home if you win.

* *

In Winnipeg things are somewhat different. If a crack club has an off day in the Tankard and gets bowled out it is all off with them. In Winnipeg a crack rink will have their off day and lose a game but that simply knocks them out of one competition. They catch their second wind and go on and win in some other event. Every crack skip at the big bonspiel has been beaten. But what a row of cracks lined up when the prizes were being passed round: Mathewson, of Russell, winner of the Empire twice in succession; Braden, of Winnipeg

Thistles, one of the greatest curlers the West ever knew, and this year winner of the Dingwall, Tetley Tea and Grand aggregate; Bob Dunbar, of St. Paul, whose name every curler knows; Russell and his "kid" rink of Thistles in the "jewelry" in every event and second only to Braden in the grand aggregate of games won; Flavelle of Lindsay getting only a "third" but satisfied with his showing in such company; Hicks, of Napinka, a former Grand challenge man but this year forced to be content with the consolation and in fact pretty lucky to win out in that from R. B. Rice of the Toronto Queen Citys, who for his first appearance did remarkably well to bring home a souvenir of any kind.

* *

It must be remembered that Ontario players are at somewhat of a disadvantage playing in the West. The extreme cold makes a different ice surface and necessitates a different game. Ontario ice is practically the same all over the rink but in Winnipeg it is keen in the centre of the rink and dirty or "dull" at the sides. This causes the game to be played almost entirely on centre ice and the game is to play rather stronger than a draw, catch the opponent's stone a little on one side, driving it through, while your own drops over on the side where it is hard to get at. Ontario curlers who play the "draw game" at home have consequently to change their style in the West. Under the circumstances, the showing of Ontario rinks in Winnipeg has been remarkably good.

* *

One week from to-day, Eddie Durnan of Canada and George Towns of Australia meet on the Nipeon River, near Sidney, N.S.W., to decide the sculling championship of the world. It cannot be said the race has as yet aroused any wild enthusiasm on this side of the world, but let Durnan win and the enthusiasm will be forthcoming easy enough. And it might be mentioned casually that the Canadian oarsman and his closest friends are pretty confident that the world's championship is about to move to Toronto Bay. They admit that Tom Sullivan, whom Durnan defeated, was no wonder for a distance, but as a sprinter they claim he had no equal. In all his previous races he was away out in front going to the turn. But Durnan held him handily from the start and then when his coach, Jimmie Rice, gave him the word, went away at will and came home alone. Undoubtedly Durnan has wonderful speed. It is claimed he has staying power as well. If he has it will soon be time to appoint the reception committee.

* *

Is Western Canada to have professional hockey? That is a question agitating the minds of the followers of the winter half of Canada's national sport. Quebec has it, so has Eastern Ontario and so has Manitoba. But so far the territory over which the Ontario Hockey Association holds sway has been amateur in name at least. Of course Toronto has had a professional team good enough to play exhibition games with passing teams from the International Professional League, but its isolation has only emphasized the amateur control

elsewhere. Now London, Guelph, Brantford and other places of like size are crying out for the purely professional brand. They are making all kinds of insinuations about the status of towns and players in the big amateur hockey body and generally coming together in the chorus "No more hypocrisy."

* *

Now, though professional hockey seems bound to come, probably more than one of these towns will find it a costly experiment. Hockey players good enough to earn salaries are limited in number. There are not enough to put good teams in all the places already actively engaged in the business. More professional clubs will not make more first class players but it will raise the price of what players there are. When rivalry between towns gets fairly going the club managers are liable to forget the day of reckoning. And when that day happens along there is trouble. Brant-



The Ontario Tankard
Won this year by the Barrie Curling Club

ford and London have seen the day both in baseball and lacrosse. Guelph has also had a little experience. But they won't be satisfied till they get professional hockey. And shortly after that they'll be done. Hockey as the O.H.A. runs it, is as nearly amateur as the age will permit. It is as good as the towns can afford. They had better take it as it is.

* *

Capitals, of Ottawa, are already taking gymnasium work in preparation for their English trip. Sailing on April 5th, they reach England just at the close of the lacrosse season there. For while Canadians are chasing the elusive puck Englishmen are out after the rubber ball. And to think how Canadians kick when a summer shower happens along to dampen an occasional Saturday afternoon.

THE TALK

Mr. Jacques Bureau of Three Rivers has been gazetted as Solicitor-General of Canada. This necessitates a bye-election there, and, with Richelieu and St. Maurice, it will be held on March 5th. A bye-election in Victoria-Madawaska, New Brunswick, to fill the seat vacated by the Hon. Mr. Costigan's appointment to the Senate will be held on March 12th.

Brantford is seeking the aid of the Ontario Government for the purchase of the Bell homestead and the erection of a monument to the inventor of the telephone.

Canada is to have a new cotton mill. The Mount Royal Spinning Company will have a capital of a million and a half and will employ about 800 hands. Mr. W. T. Whitehead will be general manager.

Mr. C. E. Tanner, leader of the Small Opposition which is in the Nova Scotia Legislature, has come out for a provincial prohibition measure. He advocated this in moving an amendment to the annual address from "the throne" at the opening of the Legislature last week. There is not much danger that anything Mr. Tanner proposes will find much favour with Premier Murray's compact majority.

Dr. Howard T. Barnes has been appointed to the chair of Professor of Physics at McGill in succession to Professor Rutherford, who goes to Great Britain.

The Ontario Government received last year over \$200,000 in incorporation fees, and \$30,000 during the month of January. The magnitude of these figures, which greatly overshadow those of previous years, is due to the number of mining companies which have come into existence.

Saskatchewan is to have five new federal constituencies—Salt Coats, Regina, Moosejaw, Battleford and Prince Albert. The new Alberta constituencies are Victoria in the north and Medicine Hat in the south.

This is the harvest-time of the teaching profession. New Brunswick is to spend \$20,000 more on salaries, the legislative grant being increased by that amount. The allurements of the West are making teachers expensive in the older provinces.

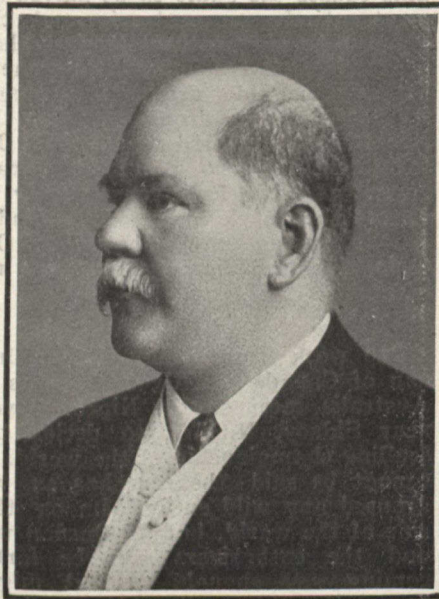
The Edmonton Canadian Club has now over 200 members. Guelph and Halifax are the latest cities to organize institutions of this character.

Mr. W. G. Humble, of Rossland, who has been in Northwest British Columbia for the past six months, has returned from a visit to Prince Rupert, Port Simpson, and the Portland Canal. Mr. Humble reports that there are 200 men working at Prince Rupert, clearing the town site. They are principally Japanese and In-

dians, only a few white men being employed. He says that the climate of Prince Rupert is similar to that of Vancouver. There is plenty of rain, seldom snow, and little cold weather.

Vancouver is to have an eight storey building. The David Spencer Limited, Co., have submitted plans for an eight storey building to be erected on Cordova Street, immediately south of their present Hastings Street premises. The frontage will be about 100 feet.

By a statement issued by the department of trade and commerce, it appears that during the last season of navigation, 56 Canadian and 40 United States vessels were engaged in the grain carrying trade from Fort William and Port Arthur. The greatly increased capacity of United States vessels carried 9,336,000 bushels as against 4,757,000 bushels by Canadian vessels. One United States vessel, the William P. Snyder, loaded 380,262 bushels of wheat, the largest cargo of grain ever carried on Lake Superior.



Mr. W. D. Scott

Superintendent of Immigration for the Dominion of Canada. The Immigration branch of the Department of the Interior was never more important, and 1907 is likely to bring it great responsibilities and great rewards.

The transportation rate to Georgian Bay ports was three cents per bushel and to Buffalo three and a half cents per bushel.

Both the Nova Scotia and New Brunswick legislatures, which opened last week, will consider measures looking to the securing of a measure of the immigration now coming to Canada.

The Saskatchewan Legislature opens this week. Premier Scott has gone south to recuperate but will return, it is expected, about the middle of March. He has suffered from a severe attack of fever.

Mr. Thomas Taylor, M.P.P. for Revelstoke, has been appointed provincial secretary in the British Columbia Government. The portfolio of land and works is still vacant.

The Royal Bank of Canada, at the annual meeting in Halifax, decided to increase the nominal capital from four to ten millions. The head office is

to be removed to Montreal. Four of the directors are in Montreal, five in Halifax, one in St. John, and two in Winnipeg.

The yearly tonnage of package freight handled by the C. P. R. at Fort William during the past six years is as follows:—

1901—	222,342 tons.
1902—	286,563 tons.
1903—	380,635 tons.
1904—	456,977 tons.
1905—	510,822 tons.
1906—	880,681 tons.

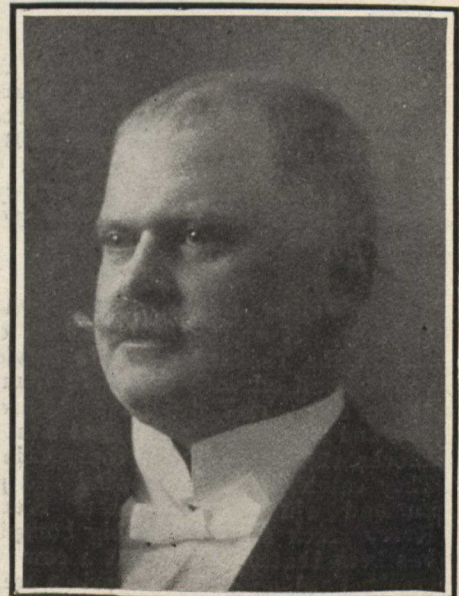
This remarkable increase of 400 per cent. serves to illustrate in a graphic way the expansion of Canada's domestic trade. And, be it remembered that in 1901 there was only one railway in operation from the head of the Lakes to Winnipeg, whereas we now have the Canadian Northern as well. It is hardly to be wondered at that with such rapid growth in the traffic our railways sometimes suffer from growing pains!

Now that the rubber companies have been combined, the successful financiers are projecting a boot and shoe combination. The day of big companies is not yet over.

Mr. John Bain, Assistant Commissioner of Customs at Ottawa, has resigned. Mr. Bain has rendered valuable service in connection with the tariff schedules during his eleven years of service.

The Dominion Power and Transmission Co. is a new Hamilton company with many millions capital. It will control all the electric and traction companies operating in and around that district, including the Hamilton Cataract Co.

Edmund Guerin, K.C., who has been appointed Judge of the Superior Court for the District of Montreal, is receiving general congratulations, for as student, lawyer, and Crown official, he won the good will of his associates. He was born in Montreal in 1858 and educated at Montreal College and McGill, where he won high honours. Since 1881 he has practised successfully at the Montreal Bar.



Hon. Justice Guerin

Recently appointed to the Superior Court of the Province of Quebec, in Montreal.

For the Children

Nancy's Fancy

I've something very, very strange
To tell you, Kitty dear;
Although you are so old and wise,
I know you'll laugh to hear.

The fairies wash their clothes at night
And hang them out to dry
All on the grass and bushes green,
Till sunshine's in the sky.

This morning there I saw them all
With these two eyes of mine,
As thin as my new muslin frock,
And twenty times as fine.

The nicest sheets and table cloths,
And pillow cases too,
And petticoats and handkerchiefs
All snow white—washed in dew.

The cunningest wee scarfs and veils,
And stockings, many a pair,
And pinafores, that I suppose
The baby fairies wear.

I spy them from this window high,
And wish that I could go
And see them near, and touch them,
too,
Just softly, once, and now.

But nurse shakes her head and says,
"Not yet awhile, not yet,"
She says, "'Twill give you shaking
chills
To go out in the wet."

She says they're only spider webs,
And nurse thinks she's right;
But one thing's sure, by nine o'clock
They're all clean out of sight.

* *

The Sculptor Boy

Chisel in hand, stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him,
And his face lit up with a smile of joy
As an angel dream passed o'er him.
He carved that dream on the yielding
stone,

With many a sharp incision;
In Heaven's own light the sculptor
shone—

He had caught that angel vision.
Sculptors of life are we as we stand
With our lives uncarved before us.
Waiting the hour, when, at God's
command,

Our life-dream passes o'er us.
Let us carve it then, on yielding stone
With many a sharp incision;
Its heavenly beauty will be our own—
Our lives, that angel vision.

—W. C. Doane.

* *

The Arrow and the Song

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where,
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where:
For who has sight so keen and strong
That he can follow the flight of a
song?

Long, long afterwards, in an oak,
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

—W. H. Longfellow.



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CANADA is increasing her knowledge of the plays and works of Mr. George Bernard Shaw, and will soon be able to pass an examination in the Shavian philosophy. During this week Mr. Forbes Robertson and Miss Gertrude Elliott are playing the satirical comedy "Caesar and Cleopatra" at the Princess Theatre, Toronto. The production is most luxurious as a spectacle, though in all probability it falls short of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's "Antony and Cleopatra" now dazzling London audiences with its "barbaric pearl and gold." The play, like all other dramas by Mr. Shaw, defies classification or conventional discussion. The word "delightful" has been overworked in describing it, but it does justice to the merely amusing side of the play. If one had not seen Mr. Forbes Robertson as "Hamlet," his appearance as "Caesar," according to Shaw, would not be so perplexing. As it is, the performance leaves the average spectator in doubt as to whether the dramatist means to "guy" the historical Roman or the present-day theatre-goer. The title of one Shaw play might be the motto for them all—"You Never Can Tell."

Mr. Shaw has jumbled ancient history and customs with modern methods and even modern colloquialisms until the bewildered auditor comes to the conclusion that the mixture is intended to be just amusing and gives up looking for a "moral" or a startling philosophy. Mr. Shaw is not even shocking, which is usually his aspiration. To be condemned by those who have any regard for the fundamental decencies of life is his highest joy, but this time he fails to excite any stronger sentiment than amusement.

Mr. Forbes Robertson plays the difficult part of a mock-heroic Caesar exceedingly well, but the majority feel that his ability is wasted in such a flamboyant role. Miss Gertrude Elliott is a naive and girlish Cleopatra, to whose charms it is not easy to adjust traditions of the "Serpent of the Nile." She is bewitching in the "Sphinx scene," but again memory bids us think of the gentle Ophelia of three years ago. "Caesar and Cleopatra" is well worth seeing, but it is to be hoped that two such artists as Mr. Forbes Robertson and Miss Elliott will return to us soon in more dignified drama.

* *

Mr. E. S. Willard, one of Canada's favourites, is having his most successful American tour, according to all accounts. In the states of the Middle West he is greeted with enthusiasm. He may come to Canada this spring. What has become of "The Cardinal"? We should be glad to see it again, even if we were obliged to go without "The Professor's Love-Story."

* *

While Miss Gertrude Elliott has been presenting a unique "Cleopatra," her more illustrious sister Miss Maxine Elliott, has continued her trium-

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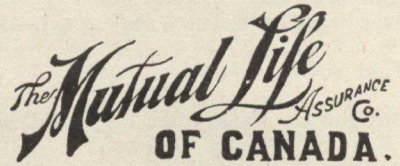
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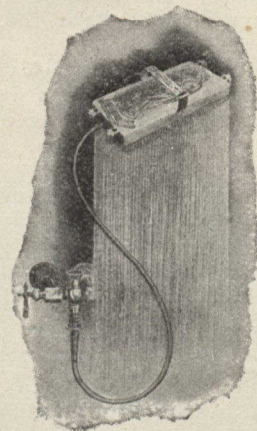
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phant course in Clyde Fitch's comedy, "Her Great Match." Both Vancouver and Montreal have found as much to enjoy in this play as Toronto did twelve months ago.

* *

The concert given in Buffalo last week by the Mendelssohn Choir marked the third appearance of the Toronto chorus which sang with a brilliance hardly equalled before. Certainly if crowds and applause show appreciation, Buffalo has taken the Vogt organisation to its heart in enthusiastic fashion. Those who had heard "By Babylon's Wave" several times before were surprised by the superior dynamic effect which the conductor secured on that occasion. In fact, crossing the international border seemed to give new energy to a choir that had already proved equal to the most strenuous demands. The New York concerts proved to be the artistic triumph which had been anticipated, the freshness of the Northern voices being the subject of general comment. Such critics as Mr. W. J. Henderson, and Mr. H. E. Krehbiel added their discriminating tribute to the eulogy of lesser critics and the choir returned to Canada with fresh laurels from the greatest city of the continent.

The concert to be given in Massey Hall, Toronto, next Monday night by the Mendelssohn Choir is not for subscribers only but is intended to meet the demand of those who could not secure seats for the former events. While the Pittsburg Orchestra will not be in attendance, the Executive have secured the services of Miss Gertrude Peppercorn and other soloists who will contribute variety to the choral programme.

* *

The English drama, according to the sprightly critic of M. A. P., is in a sad way. "The pantomime is the only form of dramatic art which is robustly alive in England. Its vitality is proof against our national gloom. We have done our best to kill it, but it survives. I grieve over the decay of English tragedy, comedy and farce, but I rejoice over the popularity of pantomime. It is the one bright gleam in our theatrical sky."

* *

An English magazine publishes an article in which distinguished Londoners tell of the theatrical performances which had proved most memorable. Sir Gilbert Parker, who is described as "author, playwright and politician," states: "The performances which impressed me most in my lifetime have been Salvini in 'The Outlaw,' Irving in 'Becket' and Edwin Booth in 'Hamlet.'"

* *

A May Festival, under the auspices of the Toronto Sunday School Association, will be held in Massey Hall about May 15th. The feature of this entertainment will be a male chorus of one thousand voices. The services of Mr. H. M. Fletcher, conductor of the Schubert Choir and the People's Choral Union, have been secured for this unique event. Membership in the chorus is open to men between the ages of eighteen and fifty years. Address applications to H. M. Fletcher, 18 St. Mary St. Rehearsals will begin March 19th, in Guild Hall, McGill St. A chorus of one thousand male voices should be a remarkable event in the musical life of Toronto.



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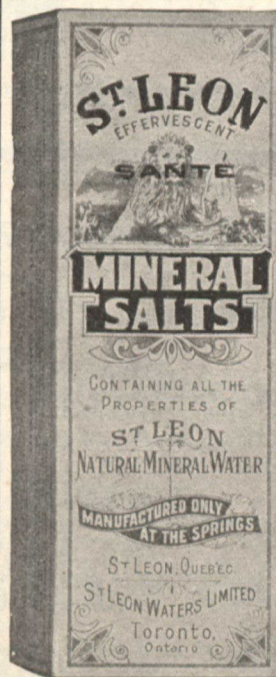
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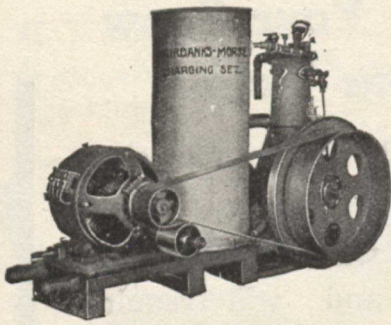
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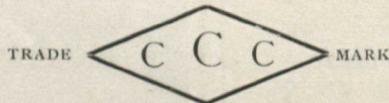
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 Which left Beck in the shade,
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* *

The Wrong Glass

A story comes from England about an old lady from the country who went to the theatre, and, although sitting in the front row of the pit, had some difficulty in seeing the performance on the stage. A very courteous youth beside her took pity on her plight, and drew his binoculars from his pocket.

"Won't you have a glass, ma'am?" he said. The old lady seemed both surprised and pleased. Glancing to right and left, she hastily slipped a cotton pocket-handkerchief over the instrument and placed it in her lap. A moment later she raised it guardedly to her lips. A flush overspread her aged features, and she turned to the young man:—

"What are you gettin' at?" she murmured, reproachfully. "W'y, there ain't a blessed drop in it!"

* *

Appreciative

A Southerner who had taken a brisk flight down a Montreal toboggan slide was asked how he liked it.

"I wouldn't have missed it for a thousand dollars," he said with enthusiasm, adding slowly, "but I wouldn't do it again for five thousand."

* *

The Proper Portfolio

Hon. W. J. Hanna is having troubles of his own these days with the people who do not like the "three-fifths" clause. That department of the Provincial Secretary's work which has to do with liquor legislation was unconventionally classified last week by a small boy in authority who was explaining to a visitor the duties of the various cabinet ministers.

"There's Mr. Hanna. He's the one that bosses the booze."

* *

Poetic Contempt

Judge Henry McGinn of Portland, a prominent attorney of the Oregon bar, was recently fined \$150 by Judge Sears at Portland for quoting a line of Shakespeare at the court. The quotation was, "Not poppy nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the world shall pass judgment upon me." The words were hurled at Judge Sears by the irate attorney, and the court imposed the fine for contempt.

* *

The Wrong Residence

"I was sent out," said a quondam reporter, "to do a society wedding. The bridegroom owned an old-fashioned house, of which he was particularly proud. He told me particularly to mention that after the honeymoon he and his bride would go to live at the "Olde Manse," as the house in question was named. Imagine my horror, when, next morning, I was

called up before the city editor. The idiot of a compositor had set up my carefully-written sentence to read: 'The happy pair will reside at the Old Man's.'"

Purity in English

The principal of a certain school relates an incident in connection with the closing day exercises: "At the conclusion of the programme, a prize-winner was surrounded by congratulating friends.

"Weren't you awfully afraid you wouldn't get it, Hattie?" asked one, "when there were so many contestants?"

"Oh, no!" cheerily exclaimed Hattie. "Because I knew that when it came to English composition I had 'em all skinned."

Friday Luck

'Twas Friday when Columbus first
Set foot upon our soil;
'Twas Friday when the river's gleam
Rewarded Hudson's toil;
'Twas Friday when the Pilgrim dads
On Plymouth sat them down;
The Mayflower on a Friday morn,
Sailed into Provincetown.
And Friday was the natal day
Of our George Washington,
Of Martin Luther, Winfield Scott,
And famous Stephenson;
Of Gladstone and Disraeli, too;
Of Isobel and me—
Oh, Friday seemed the lucky day
Of days in history.
And yet, though backed by sober fact,
I can't believe it so,
For 'twas on Friday eve, likewise,
That Isobel said "No."
—C. W. R. in the Century.

Winning a Wager

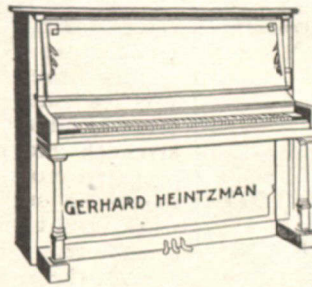
Lord Marcus Beresford, the brother of the famous admiral, has all the high spirits and love of practical jokes for which the witty Irish household is renowned. On one occasion he drove down Rotten Row for a wager. This, of course, no one is allowed to do, with the exception of the Duke of St. Albans, who, if he likes, can exercise the privilege. However, Lord Marcus laid odds that he would himself drive down in broad daylight, and without the risk of police interference. He got the wager accepted, and the time fixed for the attempt was between 11.30 and noon. The hour arrived, and many of his friends were assembled near Rotten Row. But nothing could be seen of the reckless sportsman. However, at last a watering cart was spied, driven by a workman in a smock frock. The cart passed slowly along the Row, and at the end the driver jumped down, threw off his cap and frock, and disclosed the familiar features of Lord Marcus Beresford.

A Libel on "Bobs"

At an Australian banquet over which Lord Tennyson presided last year, he told an amusing story. He had occasion to think highly of the colonial press, he said, during his Governor-Generalship of Australia; but once he was seriously misreported. Speaking of Lord Roberts, he had remarked that that distinguished soldier had "never told the truth to serve the Army." Next day he found himself described as saying: "In order to serve the Army, Lord Roberts never told the truth."

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Literary Notes

FROM a Yukon poet we have reason to expect strong food. Mr. Robert Service in "Songs of a Sourdough," gives us such fare as this conventional age seldom receives. Mr. Jack London for a time revelled in Alaska and the Yukon, serving the world with fiction that was ice-bound and decalogue-less. But Mr. London mistakes brutality for strength and raw meat for properly-prepared nourishment. Mr. Service makes no such blunder, although his work is not adapted for recitation at a pink tea. The first lines of "The Law of the Yukon" will recall to most readers certain verses which an Anglo-Indian author has written of the Jungle, yet the Canadian song is no imitation.

"This is the Law of the Yukon, and ever she makes it plain:
Send not your foolish and feeble;
send me your strong and your sane.
Strong for the red rage of battle;
sane, for I harry them sore;
Send me men girt for the combat, men
who are grit to the core;
Swift as the panther in triumph,
fierce as the bear in defeat,
Sired of a bulldog parent, steeled in
the furnace heat."

These, it will be admitted, are lines almost savage in their intensity but they bring us face to face with a land of stern necessity, where only the superlatively fit survive. The description of the failures in that searching land is given with a painful realism that spares few of the hideous features in a picture of ruin.

"Gnawing the black crust of failure,
searching the pit of despair,
Crooking the toe in the trigger, trying
to patter a prayer;
. . . Steeped in the slime at the bottom,
dead to a decent world,
Lost, 'mid the human flotsam, far on
the frontier hurled."

No exhortation, no sermon could go deeper than the last defiance of "The Parson's Son," and again the reader links this lyric of the lost with the despairing "Gentlemen Rankers." A barracks in India or a shack where it's sixty below—the theme is the same.

"The Spell of the Yukon" is a poem full of the freshness that is close to earth, whether that earth be frost-bound or the yielding mould of a kindlier country.

"The summer—no sweeter was ever;
The sunshiny woods all a-thrill
The greyling a-leap in the river,
The bighorn asleep on the hill.
The strong life that never knows harshness;
The wilds where the caribou call;
The freshness, the freedom, the farness—
O God! how I'm stuck on it all."

"Unforgotten" is a dainty snatch of melody that shows our Yukon writer in a gentler mood. In fact, these "Songs of a Sourdough" reveal an original and versatile writer who has seen and interpreted a life that, whatever it may be, is neither dull nor uninspiring. Toronto: William Briggs.

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