

The Canadian Courier



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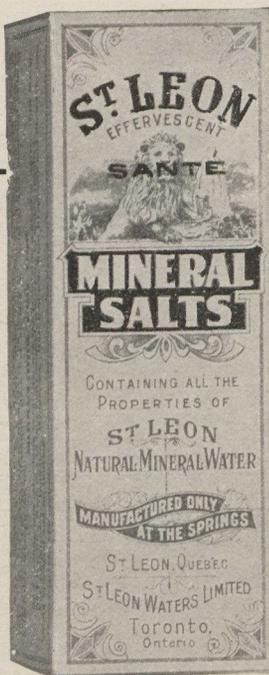
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Editorial Talk

Next week there will be another double-page coloured picture. Our efforts to give the public something better than they have ever got before from a native publication, have been so fully appreciated that we feel encouraged. It takes time to get out these special features. The holidays have interfered somewhat, but, thank goodness, the next one is a considerable distance off. Doing six days' work in five, on a menu of fowl, plum pudding and other rich food, is simply abominable.

Nevertheless we believe that most of our readers will find this issue packed full of good things—some of them in unexpected corners. One of our readers wrote the other day that if he got one really bright thought a month from this journal, he would be satisfied that the price he paid was low. If this staff cannot give him one each week, it will resign in a body. Any first-class newspaper staff looking for a new situation will please take notice.

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CONTENTS

Citizenship	5
Reflections	6
Through a Monocle	8
A Strenuous Soldier	9
Caste	9
Newfoundland's Naval Reservists	10
A Random Thought	10
The Coming Curling Season	11
To Restrict Joint Stock Companies	12
Small Change	12
Maritime Union	13
The Passing of the Hired Man	15
Grand Trunk Pacific	17
A Matter of Initials	19
British Talk	24
The Talk	25
Music and the Drama	26
Demi-Tasse	28
Books	30



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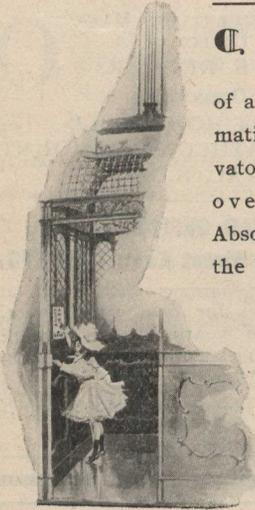
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The British Columbia Coast Indian in his canoe

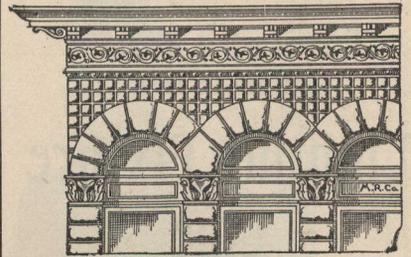
A coloured picture from a painting by John Innes will be reproduced in next week's issue of THE CANADIAN COURIER. This is the second of a series that has been painted specially for this paper. It is strong, graphic, and typically Canadian.

Mr. Innes knows Canadian life thoroughly, especially that in the North and West. His studies of Western subjects have made his name famous among illustrators.

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The Canadian Courier

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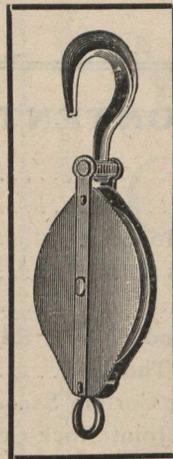
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

News Co. Edition

Subscription: \$2.50 a Year.

Vol. I

Toronto, January 5th, 1907

No. 6

Citizenship

A GOOD citizen is not born; he is made. There are good citizens and poor citizens; there are even some who are bad. Most men are so busy making a living for their wives and children that they have little time to develop the "citizen" side of their nature. Many of them scarcely ever think of themselves as citizens. It is a sort of abstract relation, and consequently is either not understood or is neglected.

During the past few weeks, in nearly every province of Canada there have been municipal elections. A new town council and a new school board have been chosen. This voting for the candidates for each is part of the duty of a citizen. Some take the duty seriously, some flippantly, some selfishly. It is a wonder amidst so much carelessness that so many good men are elected. A few trenchant critics in each town keep the most selfish and most incompetent candidates out of the field. These critics and a few more persons who take the situation seriously, set up a wave of public opinion which overwhelms the least satisfactory of the aspirants for office. Consequently when the votes are counted, seventy-five per cent. of those elected are men ambitious for their town, ambitious to do something for the public good and ambitious to be in good repute among their fellow-men.

This "town" citizenship is understood by the majority of voters. The government of the town is always in sight. The mayor and councilmen move about the streets every day. The street cars, the sidewalks, the water-works, gas supply and street lighting—these are problems in full view of the voter every day of the year. The police, the firemen, and the town hall are further constant evidence that the town is governed, and that those who govern it are elected by the citizens for that purpose.

When, however, the provincial or general elections come on, citizenship seems more indefinite. The "state" is such a vague conception. Is the government in the provincial capital really chosen by the people of the province? Is the House of Commons really the result of a deliberate choice on the part of a million thinking men? Are these legislators chosen after calm and serious thought on the part of all the voters in the country? Are the citizens really aware of their power, of their duty, in relation to these larger governing bodies?

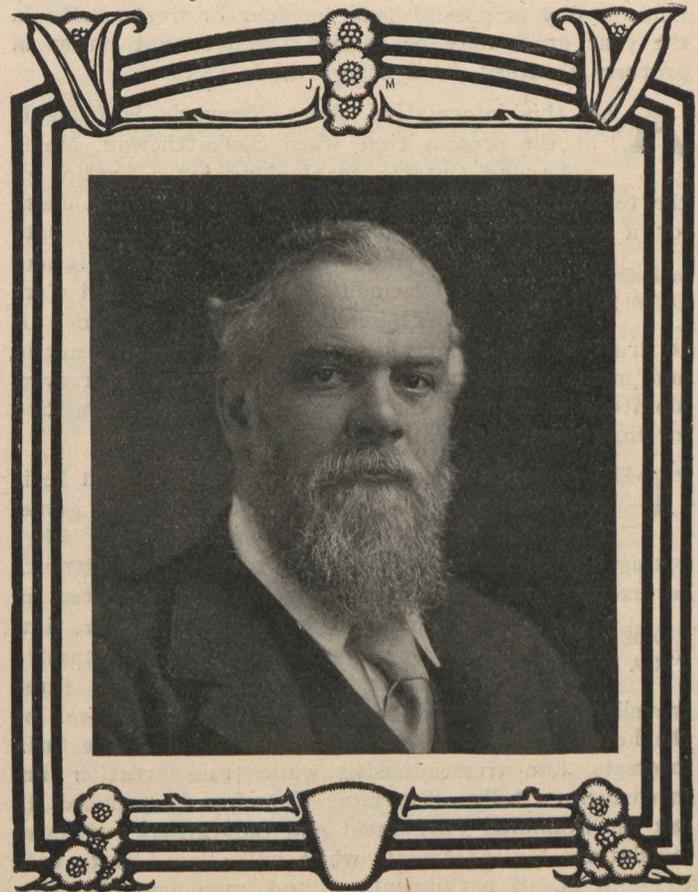
These are questions which are easy to ask, but difficult to answer. The state gives every man protection and freedom; it preserves and maintains social order; it administers justice; it determines the progress of Canada as a whole. The state is all powerful. Yet what is the state? It must not be confused with "government," which is merely the machinery through which the will of the state is expressed. The state, on the other hand, is the indefinite thing created and maintained by the citizens thereof. If all the citizens were to die, there would be no state. The state is the people. The state is society as a whole.

Each of us is determining day by day what the state shall be—in other words, what Canada shall be. Our

fathers decided that it should be a confederation of provinces—a Dominion of Canada. They have handed it on to us and said, "Develop it; extend it; guard it; make it great; keep it British." We are working away, consciously or unconsciously, at the problem. We added Prince Edward Island and British Columbia. We have changed the "North-West" into Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. We have builded railways across the continent. We have tried to be true to the destiny moulded for us. This we have done as citizens.

We have all worked at the problem. Some of us have done more, some of us have done less. The mechanic who raised a family and voted according to his conscience has done his part. The farmer who sent his sons to the West to "break" the undefined prairie has contributed. The railway builder who laid the bands of shining steel has performed his share. The manufacturer who watched his little factory grow and grow and grow has added his mite. We have all done something, for good or ill, because we are citizens, because we are the state.

To make good citizens of our neighbours who are not good citizens, should be our aim. Let us set them a good example, give them good schools, good newspapers, good teachers and leaders, so that they will be conscious of the duties they owe to themselves, to the future generation, to the state. If we were all ideal citizens, what an ideal country this would be!



THE EARL OF ELGIN

Who, it is said, will soon relinquish the Portfolio of Secretary of State for the Colonies.

REFLECTIONS

BY STAFF WRITERS.

BISHOP LOFTHOUSE, of Kenora, has been giving the public a description of Keewatin, the district which lies to the north of Ontario and Manitoba. During the past summer the Bishop spent three months there, during which time he travelled two thousand miles

A BISHOP'S TRAVELS

in his canoe. He went as far north as Trout Lake, where there are six hundred Indians, a Cree missionary and one white man. From there he went to Severn, on Hudson Bay, and thence to York Factory. The Bishop knows the country well, having spent eighteen years at Fort Churchill, which is farther north than York Factory, his northerly visiting place on this particular trip. There is not a post or a mission station on Hudson Bay that he has not visited.

THE Bishop describes Keewatin as a semi-barren waste. For a hundred miles inland from the coast, practically nothing will grow. Inland there are areas lightly covered with small timber and small patches of cultivable land. Much of the timber country

KEEWATIN DESCRIBED

has been fire-swept and thus denuded of a valuable asset. Sedge grass grows in summer time, but cattle could not find sufficient for subsistence. There are multitudes of deer wandering from south to north and back again, according to season, but it requires a vast territory to support them.

Nevertheless the Bishop sees a bright side in the picture. He believes that a railway will eventually reach Fort Churchill, where there is an excellent harbour. While the country through which it will run is not suitable for agriculture, still it presents few engineering difficulties. Navigation through the Straits leading from Hudson Bay is possible and for four or five months in the year grain may be carried through that outlet in properly sheathed, ice-fighting vessels.

ALL this information about Keewatin is valuable at the present time when Saskatchewan, Manitoba and Ontario are looking for a portion of the territory. Manitoba seems to have a strong claim for a considerable portion of it, especially that part

WHO WILL OWN IT?

lying immediately north of it and including York Factory and Fort Churchill. The railway which is to traverse the country will run from Winnipeg north, and must carry mainly Manitoba freight. Moreover, Manitoba is the smallest of the provinces and is entitled for that reason to first consideration.

THE commercial traveller apparently feels that he is not given an equal chance in the political game.

Too often he is away from home on duty when voting day comes round, and he is given no opportunity to exercise the franchise. He is vitally interested in

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS

politics. No person has more time or opportunity for discussing them. Wherever two or three travellers are gathered together, in the smoking-car or the hotel sitting-room, there is political talk. The tariff interests him tremendously; while transportation improvements vitally affect him. Therefore he proposes to ask the Dominion Parliament and the various provincial legislatures for enactments which will allow him to vote by mail at all parliamentary and municipal elections.

At first blush, it seems a difficult proposition. How will he get his ballot? If he is three days' travel away from his constituency, must the returns wait until his registered letter arrives? And so, one sees a half-dozen difficulties. If these can be overcome, no one will care to deny the traveller a citizen's privilege.

THE Canadian Postmaster-General, Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, seems to be a very bold and aggressive person. Not content with popularising the phrase an "intellectual preference for Great Britain" in connection with the proposed reduction of postage on British

SHILLING CABLES

periodicals mailed to Canada, he has given us another. This time it is "shilling cables to all parts of the Empire." In other words, he desires to see cheaper cable service throughout the King's Dominions, in the interests of imperial solidarity and imperial trade.

This subject of all-British cables and cheaper service has long been a pet theory with Sir Sandford Fleming, to whom belongs much of the credit for the construction of the Pacific cable from Canada to Australia. He sent the first message that ever went around the world using the Pacific cable in part. That was in October, 1902. Since then he has steadily pursued the idea of an all-government-owned, world-encircling cable. To this he added recently the idea of a cheap imperial service. That Mr. Lemieux has taken up the subject enthusiastically marks him as a statesman of imagination who may yet play an important part in imperial affairs.

THERE is none of us who has not changed his mind on important questions. To frankly acknowledge that we are wrong is not, however, the most pleasant duty in the world. Hence our sympathy must go out to the Hon. Lomer Gouin, Premier of Quebec, in

PREMIER GOUIN'S CHANGE OF HEART

his frank admission that he misjudged a certain situation. Some time ago he passed a law placing a tax on all commercial travellers, not residents of Quebec, who went into his province to sell goods. A great outcry was raised against it, especially in England. Mr. Gouin now announces that the law will be repealed.

Two or three of the other provinces which have similar laws might do well to follow Quebec's example and withdraw their objectionable regulations. Inter-provincial commerce should be encouraged. That sort of trade has made the United States great and has tended to strengthen the national feeling. Inter-provincial trade will do much for Canada if left to follow its own course. No one who is true to the best interests of the Dominion will allow the slightest impediment to remain in the way.

THE Liberal party in New Brunswick at its recent meeting passed a resolution urging its members to use only pure and honourable methods. It is well. Such a resolution should be passed whenever any portion of either party meets for consultation. There is

ELECTION METHODS

a constant tendency in politics towards deterioration and it must be resolutely held in check.

A more powerful influence making for or against political purity is the attitude of the leaders at Ottawa. If the prominent men in both parties were in earnest in a desire to prevent corruption and were fully determined

to discountenance any wrong-doing, there would be little of it. They have not yet adopted that attitude with any degree of enthusiasm. The campaign funds are still being collected. The unwise party worker is still being protected and rewarded. The day of tacit agreements and election petition "saw-offs" is not yet passed. Nor will they fade away until that distant day when the average citizen ceases to be a partisan.

LEAVING on side the editorial exaltation of the able gentlemen who write for the excellent political press of Manitoba and particularly of Winnipeg, it must be acknowledged, in the cold light of the returns, that Hon. R. P. Roblin's policy of public ownership of **MANITOBA'S MAJOR- TELEPHONES** has scored a notable **ITY FOR PUBLIC OWNERSHIP** success. With a popular majority of more than four thousand, and nearly all the important cities and towns in favour of the Roblin-Campbell act, the independent observer must concede that the Manitobans have been favourably impressed with the government's position. A triumph for public ownership it is. More than this, the election was notable in that it was the first time in Canada of a genuine referendum being submitted to the people of a whole province. The course pursued by the Roblin Government in respect of this legislation was identical with that followed in carrying through a referendum in Switzerland, the home of this modern variation of a mode of settling public or tribal questions that saw its rise among the Teutons. The Government of Manitoba submitted its measure to the Legislature; the Legislature passed it and referred it to the people for endorsement; the majority of the people voted in its favour. The machinery worked well, but the referendum, as a means of legislation, will never commend itself to the whole people of Canada, who are conservative enough to hold the good old British doctrine, "Vote good men into Parliament; if they don't legislate for the advantage of the nation, vote them out."

THREE-FOURTHS of the purchase price of the Cobalt Lake property has been raised by the subscriptions of over six hundred investors whose average subscription is a little over \$1,000. This is not peculiar to this company alone. An analysis of the capital of any of our large industrial enterprises will show the prevalence of similar conditions. In the Ontario Bank over one-half of the capital was made up of holdings of ten shares and less. In the United States Steel Trust the average stock holding is \$25,000. In the eight largest railways of England the average stock holding does not exceed \$8,000. The corporation type of industry attracts and makes industrially effective small savings which separately would, in many cases, be wasted. In our mining enterprises by placing shares at a par of \$1.00 extremely small savings are drawn upon. The extreme was found in Texas, during the days of the Beaumont oil excitement, when a company was organised with shares of a par value of one cent. The great development of the corporation is connected with the great increase in wealth. Savings have increased more rapidly than opportunities for investment. But it is the limited liability feature of the corporation which has especially attracted capital. This is a distinctly modern feature coincident with modern developments in industry. For it was not till the fourth decade of the nineteenth century that such an arrangement obtained legal recognition in England. Limited liability has enabled the ownership of valuable enterprises to be divided into small lots. It has also enabled large enterprises to be carried through without the investor endangering his all. But while the corporation type of industry has thus permitted large enterprises to be financed it has not satisfactorily determined the position of the minority stock-holder. For him the only salvation is to ally himself with a dominant interest in the company; and in many cases the result has been that

the small investor, in defiance of such alliances, has become the football of contending factions.

BY the time the bill for compulsory voting shall have emerged from the committee stage—if ever it gets that far—it probably will have been so severely man-handled that its own father will not know it. The plan is to penalise abstainers from balloting, and they **AN** are to suffer in two ways. They **IMPRACTICABLE** are to lose their franchise and **PROPOSITION** they are liable to be amerced in any sum not exceeding \$100.

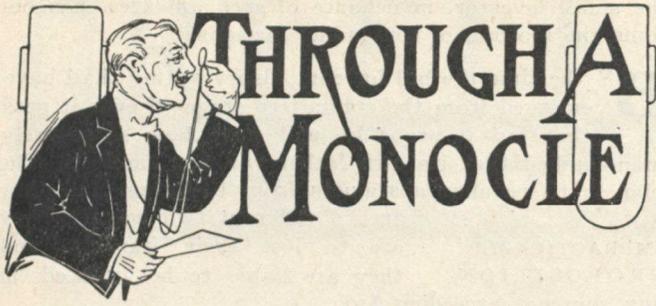
But, in the attempt to compel ignorant or uninterested citizens to appear at the polls the advocates of the bill seem to have forgotten some few things. Take, for instance, the case of the manhood-suffrage voters in Ontario who avail themselves, or who do not avail themselves, as the case may be, of the privilege of registering. In November, 1904, some six thousand registrations were made in Toronto, and there was a similar proportion elsewhere. Now, how are the compulsory-voting advocates going successfully to get after the manhood suffrage citizen? If he will not register, his name is not on the voters' list, and no government can devise machinery to "round up" some thousands of men whose names nobody knows. Thus the uninterested manhood suffrage citizen escapes doing what he does not want to do, while the uninterested householder, whose name is already on the municipal lists, must proceed to the polls and cast a ballot or else suffer the pains and penalties set forth in the bill.

THIS, though, is not the most absurd feature of the prospective workings of this opera bouffe measure. In Manitoba everybody registers. All male citizens who are qualified, from millionaire to scavenger, must annually proceed to the registration booths, if they desire to be enrolled as voters. **AN O P E 'R A** No other method of securing the **BOUFFE PROPOSAL** compilation of voters' lists would be satisfactory in the Prairie Province with its rapidly shifting population and its many rural districts in which municipal organisation exists only in an embryotic form. Governments of Manitoba, both Liberal and Conservative, have found universal registration to be the sanest and fairest plan. Under the proposed federal act the citizen who has taken the trouble to register and at election time finds that neither candidate suits him is liable to punishment. The citizen who takes no interest in political affairs and refuses to register escapes all penalties.

Again, in Quebec plural voting exists, that is, a citizen can cast his ballot in every constituency in which he possesses property. How will the bill affect Lower Canada? Will the man who has property in Gaspe and in Montreal be mulcted if he does not charter an airship and thus enable himself to cast two ballots? Perhaps, however, the best plan would be to leave the whole bunch of absurdities to gentlemen who write librettos for comic opera.

WHAT is the matter with that man of affairs, Mr. James J. Hill? Lately he has kept reporters busy with rumours of his retirement next July and denials of the same. Even New York "Life" has taken a fall out of the railroad magnate, regarding his recent assertion, "Nature knows no politics." The metropolitan weekly reasons thus: "Mr. Hill is conceivably right in accusing the barriers which parties have raised up between Uncle Sam and Our Lady of the Snows, and in calling them a commercial nuisance. But Nature, as it happens, fortunately or unfortunately, is not altogether in the commercial way. Commerce, with her, is but one means among many, all to ends more or less hidden from our short sight."

It is curious how many things Nature can say to the man who wants to hear them. But it is barely possible that Mr. Hill has been listening to a gramophone with republican "records."



SO Blair has resigned again! I had to take my Monocle out, rub it carefully, and read the news twice over to make sure. This time he resigns from private life—which is all he has to resign at the moment. He intimates, if his old constituency is positively languishing for his services, that "Barkis is will-in'." Just what those services will be, it would make a good holiday game to guess. His career in the past has not worn any perceptible rut. He reminds one of that blundering British orator who assured his constituents that it was his purpose to be "like Caesar's wife — all things to all men." Mr. Blair has been the greatest master of coalitions in Canada; he has been the shadowy hope of a fallin' Conservative Administration; he has been a Liberal Federal Minister; he has been a ten-days "bolter" and then an office-holder under the Government he "bolted"; and he has been the sky-rocket of a general election campaign of which not even the "stick" came down. If a New Brunswick constituency sends him to Parliament labelled as a Liberal, Sir Wilfrid will probably insist that it become responsible for his good behaviour.

Still the Monocle will like to see Mr. Blair back in public life. He will relieve the monotony. It will not always be certain just what he will say and do on a given occasion. He is not a man who will jump at the pulling of a string. If he and Tarte were to get back into the Commons, the proceedings of that eminent well-behaved boys' school would become more lively. As it is, Bourassa has to contribute about all the excitement—with an occasional prodding up of the somnolent Opposition by "Billy" Maclean. A member who thinks out loud in that decorous chamber is "sent to Coventry." They will not let him into their "caucuses"; for the chief business of these gatherings is to "cuss" the independents. With Blair and Tarte to the fore, however, there would be some debating in the Commons. We should not be ruled entirely by "caucus." They would ask awkward questions and make the people curious. The professional party "chuckers out" would have something to do nearly every day.

Duncan C. Fraser—now Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia—is one of the best democrats who ever stood on two broad feet in this democratic Dominion of Canada. He used to get up in the House of Commons and make free trade speeches which caused even the then "front bench" of an alleged Liberal Opposition to shudder; and he would cap the climax by quoting Henry George to the shocked members. Happily he somewhat tamed his heart of fire when the Liberals came into office, else the shudder of the "front bench" might have developed into an earthquake at the impact of such free trade dynamite with the modified protective tariff upon which they were then sitting. However, the "new Liberals" played a joke on Duncan. They made him Lieutenant-Governor of the most "English" and aristocratic provincial capital in Canada—that of Nova Scotia. Here was more red tape and gold braid and official "dog" than was to be found anywhere else on this democratic continent; and here was the prize democrat of Canada set down in the midst of it. He was to be the First Eunuch of this epicene courtlet; but he has become its Lord High Executioner.

Every little while the sorrowing telegraph wires bear

the burden of some new outrage committed by this Jeffersonian Governor upon the tender sensibilities of the "upper circles" in Halifax. Instead of lettin' them utilise the Governorship and its functions as the rallying point and outward demonstration of their superiority to common mortals, Duncan seeks out the people, though they be in the highways and the hedges, and compels them to come in. He is for the people, and the whole people, and no one but the people. His latest betise is to do away with the fifteen minute private and select New Year's Day "levee" which has usually preceded the public function. This year everybody came at the same hour; and Duncan was equally glad to see them all — though a trifle gladder to see those who were gladdest to come. It is to be feared that the ex-Guysboro Giant will never be a success with the "uppah clawses."

Spoiling the Landscape

IT is not every person who sits in the railway carriage and drinks in with pleasure the beauty of the landscape. It requires a trained mind and an educated eye to see the Creator's wondrous work in nature. Yet there are many who do enjoy this and to these the setting-up of ugly signs in the fields and on the sides of the hills is decidedly objectionable. Of course, the advertiser must advertise, but may we not plead with him to leave the landscape to us, if he cannot improve it? If he insists on doing bill-board advertising along railway and steamboat routes, let him make it harmonize with the surroundings, as suggested in the January "Century Magazine" and in some of the best advertising journals.

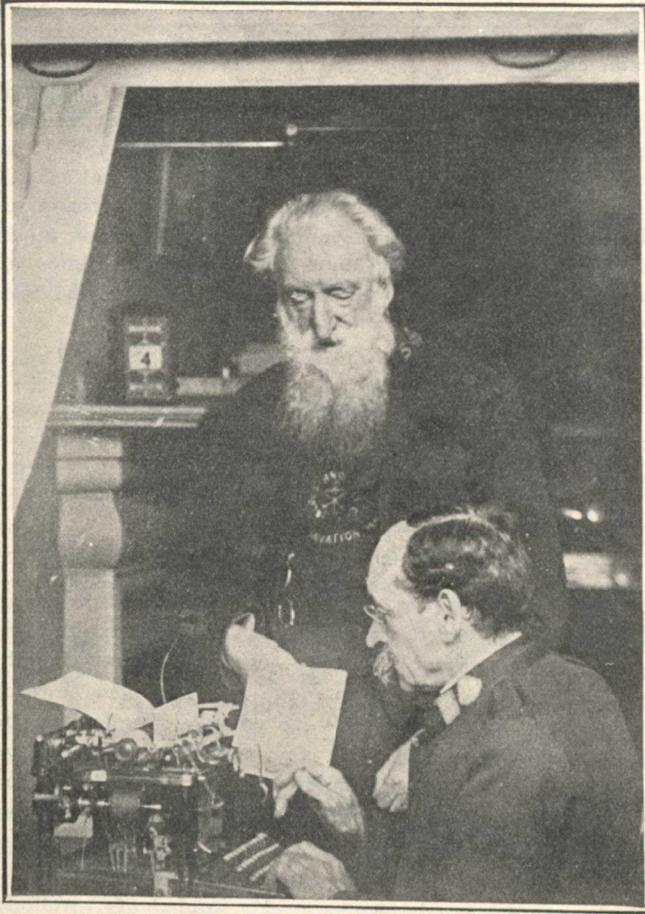
The Indians and Wheat

ONE hundred thousand bushels of grain and \$6,000 worth of cattle were sold this year by the File Hills Agency, which comprises four Indian reserves in the West, near Qu'Appelle. This is a fairly good record. It speaks well for the Government's treatment of the Indian, each farmer being given all the land he will cultivate. It speaks well for the system of education which has been adopted. Most of this production is due to the younger Indians who have been pupils in the Indian schools and who have adopted the English language as well as the agricultural methods of their white neighbours.



A Hot Return.

"Oh, I'm so sorry I could not come to your 'At Home' yesterday."
 "Dear me, weren't you there?"
 "Why of course I was—how silly of me—I quite forgot."—PUNCH.



General Booth dictating correspondence to his Secretary.

This photo was taken through the window of the General's office. Copyright Photograph by Halftones, London.

A Strenuous Soldier

GENERAL BOOTH has so happily represented religion militant that the announcement of his proposed visit to Canada next March arouses interest in circles beyond the Army of which he is commanding officer. The General is to spend a week in Toronto, from which point he will proceed to Ottawa, Montreal, Winnipeg, and Vancouver, thence to Japan. In the course of a few months the General will have reached his seventy-eighth birthday, and to be able to undertake such a journey is a marvellous condition.

The General's recent book, "Sketches of the Salvation Army Social Work," which contains contributions from so "brilliant a woman as Lady Frances Balfour and so picturesque a writer as Mr. George R. Sims," is attracting a large class of readers, inasmuch as it is a veritable human document containing a record of actualities which unite the sternest practical problems with vital spiritual forces. Mr. Harold Begbie makes a pertinent comment when he says:

"I think there is nothing more foolish than the commendation which people without religion are generous enough to bestow upon the social work of the Salvation Army. It is so common to hear persons of this kind remark that they detest General Booth's Christianity, but they approve of his rescue work. General Booth's rescue work, forsooth, would be the greatest imaginable menace to the State if it were not accompanied by that which alone can effect regeneration—the conversion of men's souls."

There is talk of a great colonisation scheme in connection with Army work. According to the London (England) Daily Chronicle, the Chartered Company in Rhodesia is prepared to grant the Salvation Army something like 400 square miles of the best land without stipulation whatever for colonisation purposes.

A scheme is under the General's consideration, but at present it is in an elementary stage. The general plan

is to send out families that will develop the land and take up work in the new townships. The Rhodesian authorities are fully alive to the advantages to be derived from co-operation with the Army in immigration movements.

Caste

WHEN we hear of these daily disasters and of the deaths of sailors and train-hands, we are all moved to pity and regret. Yet when daily on the crowded cars we sit close to workers whose clothes reek of their toil and bad tobacco, we devoutly wish them where these poor fellows are now, or, at least, resolutely keep out of our faces any gleam of human sympathy, any sign of human fellowship. It was not always so. We can recall the old days in the country and the country-town, when we all went to the common-school, and grew up, boys and girls, with no thought of class, or wealth, or family. We came to the city. Some of us worked at our trades, others entered offices, others went to college, others made money quickly in business. We drifted apart. Our interests became widely different. We made different friends. Now and then we met and tried to talk; we had nothing in common. Finally we just spoke. In fact each of us had to live in his own class and tried to forget his "low bridge!" days. And our children! They will go to different schools, and will move in different social sets. The children of those of us who are poor will be unknown, foreign to the children of those of us who are rich. Indeed, the children of the wealthy man will scarcely know their father's old friends, or, if they do, they will laugh at the manners and the grammar, good enough in ruder days. So our castes grow. We are cut off from whole realms of thought and experience and life. Is it all our fault? Are these artificial conventions a necessity to those who dwell in these confining city walls? Or is it our increasing wealth that makes us hard and narrow and selfish, crushing out of our nature, instincts of sympathy, friendliness and Christian charity?



General Booth and His Dog.

Copyright Photograph by Halftones, London.

Newfoundland Naval Reservists

THE present visit of the Newfoundland Naval Reservists to Great Britain is noteworthy in several respects. So far as the writer is aware, this is the first time colonial naval reservists have ever visited the mother country. Colonial soldiers have been there



Newfoundland Reservists in England marching from the Railway Station

many times—at Bisley, at the Diamond Jubilee in 1897, at the coronation and during the South African war.

It is just six years and one month since the first contingent of Newfoundland fishermen embarked on H.M.S.



Taking a Drive around Town

Charybdis, fifty strong, for a six-months' cruise in the West Indies. Since then there has been a regular winter cruise and the contingent is now much larger in numbers. The reservists are drawn from the young fisher-



A "Snap" as they go by.

Photographs by "Topical," London.

men, eighteen to twenty-one years of age, and are enlisted for five years. The men are required to put in a month's drill each year, and during the whole term must spend at least six months at sea in a warship. At

the end of the sea service the men have an examination and those who pass are promoted to the "qualified seaman class."

The fishermen of Newfoundland make good naval men because of their knowledge of the sea, and because they have plenty of leisure in the winter for drilling. It has been proposed that similar corps should be established in Canada, in the Maritime Provinces and on the Great Lakes. The late Hon. Raymond Prefontaine took up the subject enthusiastically, but other militia schemes and expenditures seem to have crowded it into the background.

A Random Thought

By ERIE WATERS.

"O thought at random cast,
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last."

HE was a writer, wielding the pen with uncertain power; striving to reach his readers; to give force to simple words; to express great thoughts greatly. His hope was to move men's minds, to touch fine souls "to finer issues"—to enlarge the horizon for feeble folk. He knew that the power of the pen was mighty when held by a master-hand. For the eye can see, and the mind absorb the written words. They may be imprinted on the memory, assimilated, and added to the great sum of human knowledge. But—lacking a master-mind, words were weak, inadequate, well-nigh powerless to convey the love, the sympathy, the longing to help and to heal. Then, partly because he paid the penalty of genius and let emotions sway him, reaction followed. Depression held him.

Then, one night, he sat at the feet of a preacher—one of God's elect—a man simple, direct, sincere, singularly free from vanity, wonderfully gifted, deeply cultured. And humbly the writer listened to words of wisdom—words, which written, would have conveyed much. Almost with envy—with admiration, with delight, with pure pleasure, he listened—and looked. Here was everything necessary to reach the heart, to rouse the intellect; the keen, kind eye, the pleasant face, the voice that fell as soothingly as a mother's tender touch on a fevered brow; or—as righteous indignation stirred—a voice that probed the conscience, that waked his hearers to better things.

"Ah," thought the writer, "here is the living soul—not the cold page—here is 'visible philosophy,' or what, for want of truer insight we call 'personal magnetism'."

There were many that evening who listened and learned to their great and endless comfort; who went away with fresh strength to aim high, to build their lives anew. The writer walked homeward under the stars, seeing vividly in his mental sky, a new creation growing into shape—went home to write as he had never written before, a little story that was destined to move the multitude.

It was a year later. Author and preacher sat in the rector's study, now united in bonds of congenial fellowship. They talked intimately; talked of courage and despair; the clergyman confessing that he, too, experienced extremes of elation and despondency. It was after such depression, he explained, that he had preached the sermon that had drawn them together. The courage for the utterance, the foundation of the thought underlying the whole fabric, the inspiration for the living words, had come from clear, cold type; from a little paragraph in an obscure corner of a daily paper.

"It was signed 'Rex,'" he added, looking earnestly into the face of his friend, "and now I know that the words and the thought were yours."

The Coming Curling Season

CURLING claims Scotland as its native land, but Canada is the land of its adoption, and when the Scottish curlers toured the Dominion a few years ago they were cheerfully forced to admit that the game had reached a perfection here that could never be hoped for in the "land o' brown heath and scraggy wood." This is because the steady winters of Canada give opportunities for practise Scotland's changing climate can never afford. And it is when winter sets in in early December that the "brithers o' the broom" look forward to a great season. That is only one reason why the season of 1906-7 promises to be a record one.

Another reason is that a revival of interest in the game is evident from the shores of the Atlantic to the foothills of the Rockies—yes, and still further west than that, for up among the mines of the Kootenay country many a dreary winter night is turned into a day of gladness by the genial goodfellowship that ever travels hand in hand with "the roarin' game."

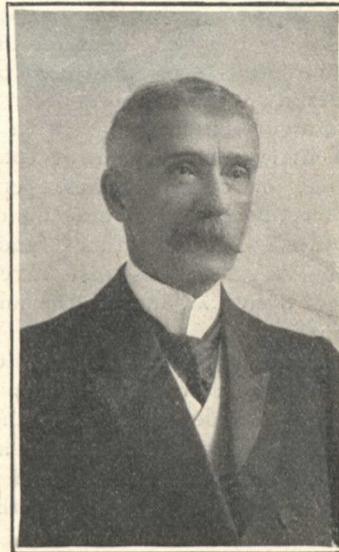
In the Maritime Provinces the game has been played somewhat spasmodically for years, but at present it shows the life that comes from reawakened interest. Clubs are flourishing in various towns and cities while Moncton, N.B., is preparing to hold a bonspiel—though how any town could run a curling bonspiel and a temperance crusade at the same time would tax the imagination of ancient followers of the game.

In Quebec, too, there are signs of great promise. By reason of the fact that in that neighbourhood irons have been generally used intercourse with the curling centres further west, where granites hold sway, has been cut off. Last year, however, two rinks from Montreal visited Winnipeg bonspiel. They did not of course carry off any trophies but they learned the beauties of the stones brought all the way from "Auld Ailsa Craig." The Montreal Club, the oldest in Canada, is giving a bonspiel in January to celebrate its centenary, at which half the competitions are for irons and half for stones, and quite a number of Ontario rinks are expected to take part.

In Ontario nearly every town and village has its



R. N. Burns,
President Ontario Curling
Association.



R. W. Tyre,
President Quebec Branch Royal
Caledonian Curling Club.

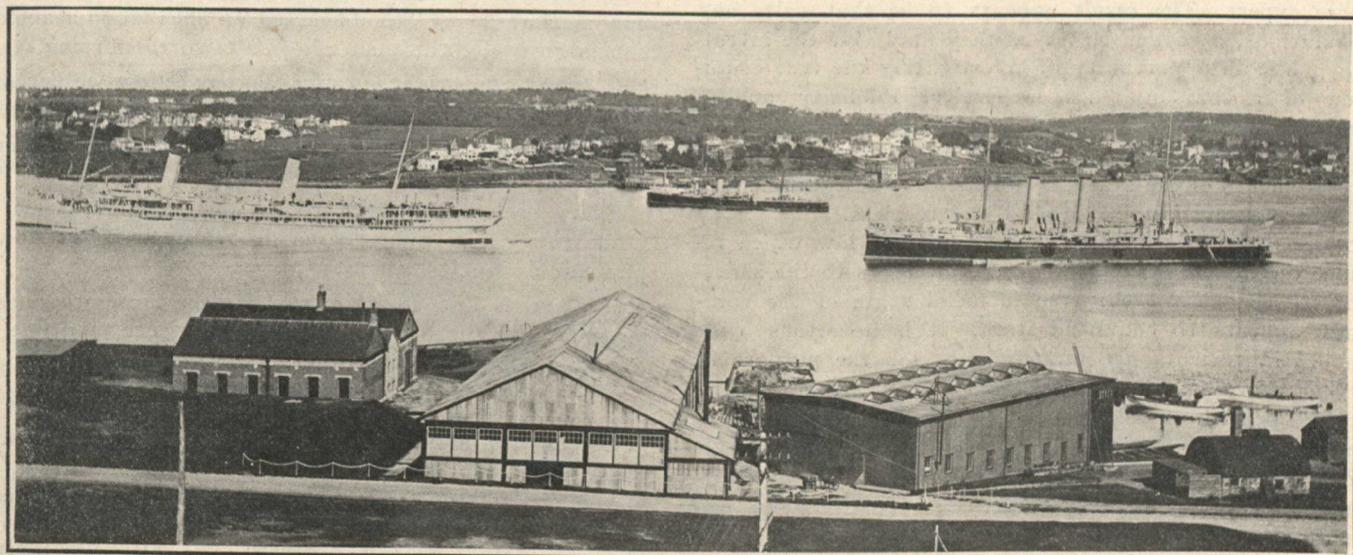
curling club and if that club brings home the Ontario Tankard, emblematic of the championship of Ontario, it is an event of a lifetime. And the charm of the game has laughed at international boundaries, for it has crossed over into the States and Toledo, Grand Rapids and Detroit are among the most enthusiastic clubs in the Ontario Association. The finals in this competition are played in Toronto in February.

But if there is one especial place where curling flourishes it is out on the prairies. The dry cold of Manitoba and her younger sisters has caused curling clubs to spring up in rich profusion and their grand annual gathering is at the Winnipeg bonspiel. There, too, go crack rinks from Ontario, from Quebec and from Minnesota. It is the greatest of all curling gatherings in Canada or perhaps in the world. The proudest rink in Canada will be the one who wins the Grand Challenge Trophy there in February, 1907.

Sharing in the Burden of Empire

IN November, 1905, Canadian troops were sent to garrison Halifax. On December 16th of the same year the full control of that military garrison passed into the hands of the Canadian Government. On April 2nd, 1906, it was announced that the Dominion authorities had decided to accept the transfer of the

dockyard from the Imperial authorities and had agreed to make suitable provision for taking care of the property. On the first day of 1907, at noon, the formal transfer took place. The cruiser "Canada," and Col. Gourdeau, Deputy Minister of Marine, represented Canada as the blue ensign was hoisted.



Halifax—Naval Dockyard in foreground—Yarmouth in distance.

Luxemburg

ALTHOUGH only one-twelfth the size of Holland, Luxemburg is one of the independent states of Europe. A writer in January "Harper's Magazine" thus speaks of it: "Directly between Paris and Berlin; only a hair's breadth, indeed, from being on a straight line drawn between these two cities; there lies a little and independent country. It contains a multitude of ruined castles, perched craggily. It is of the diverting area of nine hundred and ninety-nine square miles." Although this Grand-Duchy of Luxemburg "is in the very heart of most-travelled Europe, one may for a few francs.....join in the annual official chase of wild boar!"

When Queen Wilhelmina came to the throne of the Netherlands, the little duchy became independent because only a male must rule there. Unfortunately the six children of the Grand-Duke are girls, but the people declare that the eldest shall be their ruler in spite of ancient laws. Luxemburg, the capital, is a city of some twenty thousand.

To Restrict Joint-Stock Companies

COMPANY law and legislation in Ontario are in their infancy. Their development has been narrow and inelastic. Many statutes were passed to serve particular cases and particular classes of companies. There is no uniformity in the method of incorporation or management. A new Companies Act has been compiled and advance copies have been distributed. If the proposed act does nothing more than systematise existing statutes it accomplishes a great deal.

In the eyes of the law a company is an artificial person, created by the statute and clothed with extraordinary powers. While the greatest freedom in the conduct of its affairs is required by modern commercial methods, the many and devious ways by which fraud may be done by reckless or dishonest promoters necessitate extraordinary regulations. On the one hand legitimate enterprise must not be hampered, and on the other, recklessness and dishonesty should be prevented.

The Imperial Companies Act of 1900 was passed after lengthy investigation by a commission appointed by the Board of Trade and a parliamentary inquiry by a Committee of the House of Lords. The act was expected to meet all existing wants and to prevent frauds as well as might be. After five years' experience the act is found to be ineffective and new expedients are being devised to remedy its defects. Stringent regulations do not seem to do more than make the corporation lawyers more expert. The result appears to be that rules and regulations, except in so far as they may give the investing public an opportunity of investigating the true condition of a company, are ineffective. Publicity and a healthy public opinion which will oblige companies appealing to the public for capital to conform with the requirements of the statutes are the only safeguards. Yet without statutes cannot protect the reckless.

The provisions of the proposed Ontario law which require the annual statement by the directors to the shareholders to disclose the true financial state of the company appears to commend itself. It is notorious that annual statements are prepared not for the purpose of giving information but for the purpose of withholding it.

The provisions relating to the fying of prospectuses and to companies offering shares for public flotation make such flotations as the Canada Cycle & Motor Company and the Henderson Roller Bearing Company impossible.

The provisions of the part relating to the operation of public utilities point to what appears to be the solu-

tion of this difficult question—public ownership and operation by private corporations.

The winding-up clauses should end what is becoming a public scandal—the cost of winding-up proceedings. When a company finds itself insolvent or otherwise unable to carry on its undertaking its own officers should be able to economically dispose of its assets and pay its debts. As it is, such a company is the prey of greedy lawyers and rapacious assignees.

The old rule of legislative etiquette, that a public bill should be first disclosed to the Legislature, seems to have been properly disregarded in the publication of this bill. The bill is primarily intended to serve the public and their opinion of its requirements is greater than any rule of etiquette. If important measures such as this were always published and the public taken into the confidence of the Government, there would be much less hasty and ill-advised legislation.

Small Change

The Twentieth Century religion—the worship of the man who gets there.

The science of politics is the art of putting half truths.

All popular men and great leaders have had a good opinion of themselves. All the world loves a lover of himself.

A "prig" is a man whose goodness is of another brand to your own, and who hasn't the same redeeming vices.

It is a hard thing to persuade the world that you are worth waiting for.

Life without a grievance is just about as "stale, flat and unprofitable" as life without an ailment.

The two candidates for the poor house and the cemetery—the man who buys things because they are cheap, and the man who eats things to get the worth of his money.

Listening with most of us is waiting till the other fellow has finished.

Cleverness is a good dog, but character is a better.

A Frenchman divides mankind into two classes, those who are and those who are not found out. Why not simplify matters and say, the married and single?

All things come to him who waits, but most things spoil in the waiting, including ourselves.

There is something equally pathetic and sublime about a man's self-love.

Tolerance in its highest form is respect for another man's self-respect.

Every vice is a virtue with a kink in it.

About the meanest thing that can be said about a man is that he is "good-hearted." The "good-hearted" man is generally the man who isn't worth abusing.

It is not the bright, brainy, snappy fellow we bet on, but the man who is always there.

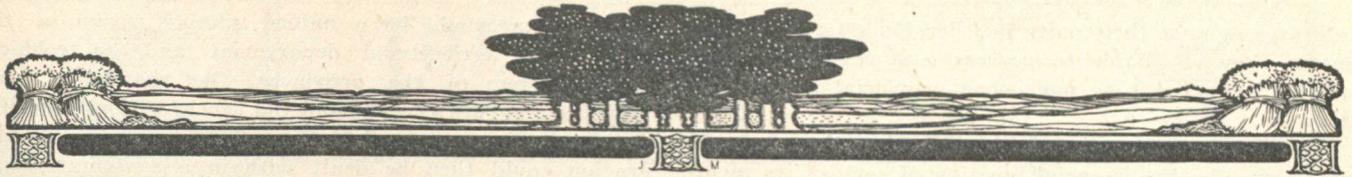
This is the age of young men, or rather of the men who keep young.

Every man has a right to his own opinion, when it is his own. How many of us do really own our "own opinions"?

Mankind is divided into two classes, those who have the time, and those who have the experience, and one is about as helpless as the other.

R. F. D.

Wolves are numerous in Muskoka this winter and stories are beginning to filter through the snowdrifts of belated travellers having to spend the nights in trees while the wolves amuse themselves howling around on the snow below. And the query is how the men in the tree kept from freezing to death.



Maritime Union

By JOHN B. M. BAXTER, B. C. L.

WITH the unexampled progress of our Dominion and its vast material development new conditions have arisen presenting new problems for solution. Among these is the decreasing ratio which the area, population and representation of the three provinces by the sea bear to the federal union, augmented as it has recently been by the addition of the provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan. For years the Maritime Provinces have been almost stationary in population, while the tide of immigration has been setting toward the West, and, accentuated by a recent loss of representation, the people of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island are asking themselves whether the future holds for them economic and political effacement or development. Canada is too broad, in spirit as well as in area, to permit the effacement of any integral portion of her federation; development, then, and not effacement, must be the answer. To shew how that development can best be secured and effacement prevented is the object of this short article on the subject of Maritime Union, a subject which was discussed and nearly consummated before Confederation was considered, and which was only set aside because of the greater attractiveness of the larger idea. Then the dominating thought was that of mutual trade and mutual defence. To-day the subject is agitated as a means of preserving the individuality and ensuring the due recognition of the smaller members of the federal union.

In the January, 1905, number of the Review of Reviews, discussing the proposed admission to statehood of Arizona and New Mexico, the editor said: "The chief advantage of admitting Arizona and New Mexico now as a single state would be that this would end the mischievous political agitation for their separate admission—a scheme fostered chiefly by selfish private interests." Again, "The inequalities among the states already present sufficient difficulties. It is the part of statesmanship to prevent the multiplication of such difficulties." When we reflect that until recent years the West of the United States has been almost entirely dominated by the money power of the East; that the lack of great waterways leading to the interior of that country compelled the development of the centre and of the West to wait until the East was old, rich and established; and that the power thus gained is beginning gradually, but surely, to pass away toward the sunset, we can understand the spirit of the extract to which reference has been made.

With us conditions are vastly different. Our West can be reached by aid of our great waterways in summer and in winter by the railroads which we have built. United States connections cause the West to have but little regard for us of the East from the purely commercial point of view. Again, they do not depend upon the wealth of the Maritime Provinces for their development; they now are or soon will be far more wealthy themselves. Therefore, in Canada, our aim must be not to dominate the West but so to act as to preserve the political balance of the Dominion.

A study of the statistics, taken chiefly from the Canadian Year Book of 1904, will be instructive, both as to population and area.

POPULATION.

New Brunswick (last census)	331,120
(A gain of only about 3 p.c.)	
Nova Scotia	459,574
(A gain of about 2 p.c.)	
Prince Edward Island	103,259
(A loss of about 5 p.c.)	
Total	893,953
Compare these with	
Manitoba	255,211
(A gain of more than 67 p.c.)	
Territories (before erection of new provinces)	211,649
(A gain of more than 211 p.c.)	
British Columbia	178,657
(A gain of more than 80 p.c.)	
Total	645,517
Ontario	2,182,947
(A gain of about 2 p.c.)	
Quebec	1,648,898
(A gain of about 10 p.c.)	

In 1902, 1903 and 1904 Canada received in round numbers 325,000 immigrants, of whom the United Kingdom supplied 107,000, the United States 121,000, and other countries 97,000. Nearly all these people went into our West, the Maritime Provinces, especially, getting but a handful. It is a fact worthy of note that in England intending settlers are persuaded by Government officials to go to the West and emigration to the Eastern provinces is discouraged. The writer has in mind an instance of a farmer in New Brunswick, who, as he expressed it, "had to fight the officials to get any information about New Brunswick at all." What can the result be but that by the next census the Western group will very largely exceed the Maritime Provinces in point of population?

The next consideration is that of area.

	Square miles.
New Brunswick	27,985
Nova Scotia	21,428
Prince Edward Island	2,184
	51,597
British Columbia	372,630
Manitoba	73,732
(And Manitoba feels that she is too small, though half as large again as the Maritime group.)	
Ontario	260,862
Quebec	351,873
Alberta	275,000
Saskatchewan	275,000

These figures enable us to realise the territorial insignificance of the Maritime Provinces.

REPRESENTATION.

The recent decision of the Privy Council, affirming that of the Supreme Court of Canada, establishes the principle that the Maritime Provinces must not fall behind the rest of Canada by more than five per cent. in increase of population or they will be proportionately deprived of their federal representation. While as a general principle this may seem to be fair, yet the present separation of interests within those provinces necessarily

militates against their unity in federal matters. To this extent they are liable to possess less weight than an equally large territory under one provincial administration.

The first consideration with regard to the proposed union must be the financial position of each of its members. Turning again to the Year Book we find at the end of the fiscal year in 1904 the following:

New Brunswick.

Gross debt\$4,066,161
 Net debt 3,415,634
 Or \$10.21 per head.

Nova Scotia.

Gross debt 7,364,623
 Net debt 4,446,771
 Or \$9.61 per head.

Prince Edward Island.

Gross debt—\$7.07 per head 730,223
 Net debt, after deducting Dominion assets only
 —\$5.01 per head 518,291

The gross debts total \$12,161,007, or \$13.60 per head for the united provinces; the net debts not more than \$8,380,696, or about \$9.37 per head. It is impossible to give these figures with accuracy owing to the want of an exact net debt statement for Prince Edward Island. The assets considered in reduction of the gross debts do not include in New Brunswick 7,000,000 acres of Crown land estimated at \$2.00 per acre, nor in Nova Scotia a capitalisation of mining royalties which would represent a very large sum.

The revenues and expenditures per head for the year 1903, the latest of which the returns are available to the writer at the present moment, were:

	N. B.	N. S.	P.E.I.
Revenue per head	\$2.40	\$2.69	\$3.12
Expenditure per head	2.45	2.55	3.21

The resources of these provinces are the same in character and only differ in extent. In New Brunswick lumber predominates; in Nova Scotia, mining, and in Prince Edward Island, agriculture.

It does not seem, therefore, that from the standpoint of debt, resources, or what may be termed "housekeeping" there is any insurmountable obstacle to union. Difficulties, of course, there must be, but these it is the office of statecraft to minimise or remove. It would seem that one of the terms of union might fairly be some special and needful expenditure to be undertaken for the special benefit of any province which appeared to be placed at a disadvantage by the alteration of its relative financial position or be exposed to future disadvantage by a change of the system by which its people have contributed to the revenue.

The union suggested would of course be a merger of the three provinces into one—not a federal union. In thus forming the Province of Acadia we can get no assistance from a consideration of the terms of the Canadian Confederation or those of the Australian Commonwealth. Our own country supplies one instance, however, in the union of Upper and Lower Canada by the Imperial Act of 1840. If, at a difficult period of their history those two provinces, differing in financial strength, in language, in laws and in religion, were amalgamated for their own good and that of the Empire, there should be little difficulty in bringing together three provinces which differ in little but name to-day.

The advantages immediately flowing from the pro-

posed union would be a unified administration of the mines, the agricultural department and the technical school system of the provinces. One system of laws would strengthen the bar and the bench, besides affording great relief to mercantile interests. The policy of immigration could then be dealt with in a systematic way and the effort which is now divided and wasted would become productive of useful result. The East must realise that if she can hold men to her land for a generation it is about all that can be expected. In the next generation the immigrant's children will be found either in the cities or in the West. The only successful policy on this subject for the East will be one which treats immigration as a stream flowing through the land enriching it as it flows. Such a policy needs all the strength of all these provinces, not the haphazard efforts of one or two.

Representation is a matter which would require careful adjustment. At present New Brunswick has 46 legislators; Nova Scotia, 38 in the House of Assembly and 20 in the Legislative Council, and Prince Edward Island, 30, in all 134 men to do the business of fewer than 900,000 people and controlling an annual expenditure of about \$2,750,000. At the rate of one representative to 20,000 of population New Brunswick would have 17, Nova Scotia 23 and Prince Edward Island 5. The island province because of its isolated position might be given more than its proportionate share of representation. A cabinet of six or seven members might well replace administrations which now have nine members holding office and nine without office.

Another question of difficulty would be the location of the seat of government. It has been suggested that the sittings of the house might be held in each of the present capitals, Halifax, St. John and Charlottetown, once in three years, but to this plan there are some obvious objections. The location of the courts, the provincial university, agricultural college, institute of technology and possibly some other institutions should provide opportunity for a fairly equal distribution.

In federal matters Maritime Union must give the provinces by the sea greater weight. The public men of the new province would necessarily acquire a better knowledge of the needs, resources and desires of each part than they can to-day in their separated experiences. With inter-provincial jealousies and rivalries abated our public men would see more clearly that there is trade enough to be done in Canada and with Canada to satisfy the demands and aspirations of every port in the new province. What is needed is not bickering among ourselves as to who shall get the little there now is, but a resolute determination to impress upon the great provinces to the West of us our right to a fair return for those lines of steel which we have helped and are helping to throw across the continent and which make possible the golden return from our land of promise. They can help us by their co-operation in insisting that Canadian trade shall flow through Canadian channels. Nor is this an unfair request for us, who have helped to bear the burdens, to make of those who are reaping the fruit of our endeavour and our toil. We can better present that request if our representative men are enabled to speak for a million of people than if we send them as delegates from a few parishes. Our provinces by the sea have always been rich in their harvest of public men, capable of the highest efforts of statesmanship, but the ablest man speaks with a force largely proportioned to the body which he has behind him.





An extinct species.

THE PASSING OF THE HIRED MAN

A PHASE OF ONTARIO FARM LIFE.

By WILLIAM HENRY

THE hired man is gone. Once he had a well recognised place in the community and, with his small house, plot and garden ground, a few pigs and poultry, brought up a family amid peace and plenty. Now, he is almost an extinct species: soon his skeleton will rest on the museum shelf with the mastodon and other relics of prehistoric ages. Gone—

but where? Northwestern Canada has proved the most powerful lodestone. There is something attractive in the feeling of independence that comes from being "boss," even if the only one to be bossed is oneself. "One hundred and sixty acres of prairie soil to be had for the homesteading" goes a long way towards solving the whereabouts of the erstwhile hired man. In the West, he has become a farmer, an owner of land, a man of substance and, each year in his prosperity is adding to his acreage. Sometimes he has become a professional homesteader. For a term of three years he spends six months each year on the land, making moderate improvements, putting up a few shacks, and obtains a title to a farm worth \$3,000 or more. This sum is probably three times as much as he could earn in the same time under the old conditions. Besides, he has six months in each year for which the railway companies pay him enough money to keep the pot boiling for the twelve months. His boys, if of proper age, can also homestead and add to the family acreage in proportion to their numbers.

But the West has not been the sole destination of the hired man. In Ontario and Quebec, huge manufacturing centres have been built up where good wages are paid. In an unskilled and easily learned occupation, he is drawing from forty to sixty dollars a month—quite as much as the farmer's son who turned city gentleman, took a business college course, and became a clerk in an

office. The mines, the railways, the lumber companies have all outbid the farmer for labour. This is all more or less interesting from the standpoint of history, but what is to become of the farmer and the farm? Old Mother Necessity brought more labour-saving implements, made them better and bigger, and with bigger harrows and bigger rollers, with

four horses instead of two, the farmer can cover almost twice the ground. Steam ploughs have been bought and used by communities of farmers. In the West steam ploughs are used for breaking and the gasoline plough for stubble ploughing. But even self-binders and steam ploughs are not automatic. They require to be manned.

The situation became critical. The Provincial Government called a Cabinet meeting—several of them. An energetic policy of securing emigrants suitable for farm labour was inaugurated. Agents were sent to England. The Salvation Army was subsidised as an emigration agency and did good work too. When the emigrants had landed at Quebec and passed Federal inspection, they were brought to Ontario. Farmers were notified of their arrival, and came in droves to secure the years ago despised emigrant. Many of them looked unsuitable for farm work, but they were better than nothing. For every man who looked as if he could handle a hoe, plough a furrow, or milk a cow, there were ten bidders for his services. While some of the emigrants have made good, on the whole, they have been unsatisfactory, but have totally failed to fill the place of the old time hired man.

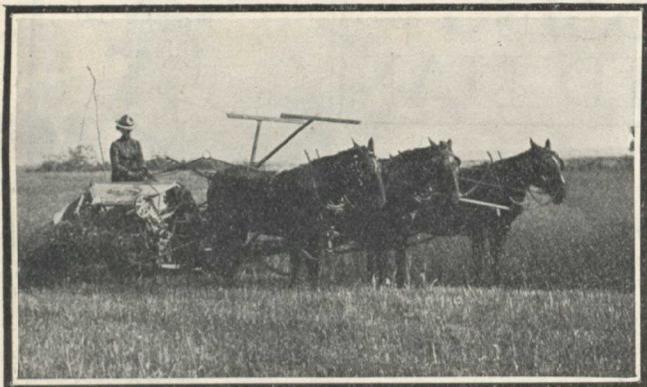
Various expedients have been tried to solve the farm labour problem. In most communities, co-operative or interchangeable labour between the farmers has become the rule. In many instances, the women of the house-



A last resort.



In the West Steam Ploughs are used for Breaking.



Women have gone into the Fields.

hold have gone into the fields. So desperate have the farmers become that farmer correspondents of the Ontario Bureau of Industries have seriously advocated the importation of Chinese coolies and, having in mind no other consideration than the maximum productivity of the farm, it is, no doubt, an excellent suggestion.

We have always been taught that somewhere, there is a substitute for everything and everybody, but, up to date, none has been found for the hired man. It would appear that an agrarian revolution is taking place. Root crops that require to be hoed or looked after by many human hands are being abandoned. Fields that for years have grown grain are being turned into pasture land, and diminished fertility is not the main cause of the abandonment. The small owners have sold their holdings and quietly followed the hired man west or citywards. Their farms have been sold to neighbours and turned into pasture lands. Is it too much to look forward to the day when grazing will supersede crop growing as the staple industry of Ontario country life?

The extent to which this change in agriculture has taken place is witnessed by the decreasing attendance at the country schools. In some school sections, more particularly in Western Ontario, less than a baker's dozen are in the school-house and the Government will likely be asked to change its educational Act to meet the situation. Every part of our political and social organisation will be affected if this agrarian revolution continues and is accomplished in its entirety. There are those who maintain, however, that the worst has passed and that the flow of emigration will restore to the Province its former methods of agriculture.

Cathedral Builders

IN a study of English cathedrals and abbeys, the question as to the structure of these wonderful creations arises. How did these cathedrals take origin in various countries of Europe between 1100 and 1500 A.D.? A plurality of workers, acting under one governing influence, and called the "Comacine Builders," is the probable instrument or agent in the raising of these lofty piles. The reason for the existence of this guild is due to the fact that such an organisation was the only means in the middle ages of masons protecting their interests. The generic name for these architects was "Magistri Comacine."

Whence did such skill and art arise when all other arts were only in their infancy? The existence of a well organized and highly trained guild can only account for this. The phenomenon of the boy Giotto, who was taken from the sheepfolds and trained to be a sculptor, painter and architect of the Campanile, can only be accounted for on the supposition that he must have come under the influence of this guild. As a guild, its scope was not only Italy, but also the whole of Europe. Under Augustine these men traveled to England and were instrumental in building the cathedrals. Diplomas

and papal bulls confirmed to the guild the privileges it had enjoyed under the patronage of the national sovereigns. It is said that this guild originated in Lombardy as early as the fifth century. Every builder is mentioned with the prefix "Magister" before his name. The stone cutters of that day had the term "Operarius" prefixed to each of their names.

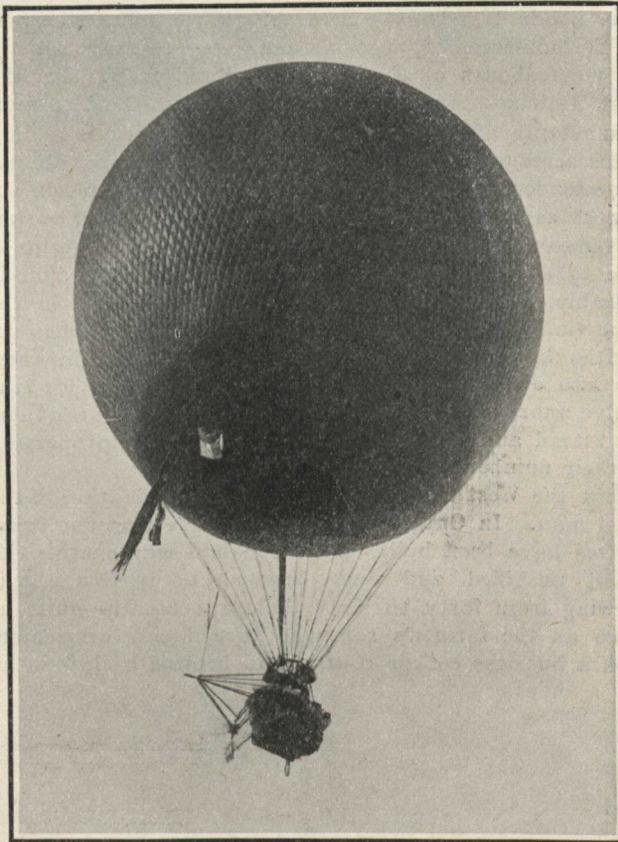
For similar organizations we go back to the time of Solomon. Adoniram, the architect of the temple, had his men divided into three classes for convenience in paying them. To each class a secret sign was given and password. Thereby fees could be regulated and imposture avoided.

As to the spread of this wonderful guild, we find it recorded that these men established a fraternity in every place in which they worked. (Possibly the Masons or the Knights of the Ancient Star could tell us something more about the "Comacines.")

W. Inglis Morse.

Balloons and Aeroplanes

THE progress in navigation by balloons and aeroplanes is exceedingly rapid. The Gordon Bennett balloon race from Paris to England a few weeks ago marked a new era in European opinion. The winner's name was Lahur. The accompanying photograph shows the start of Mr. Santos

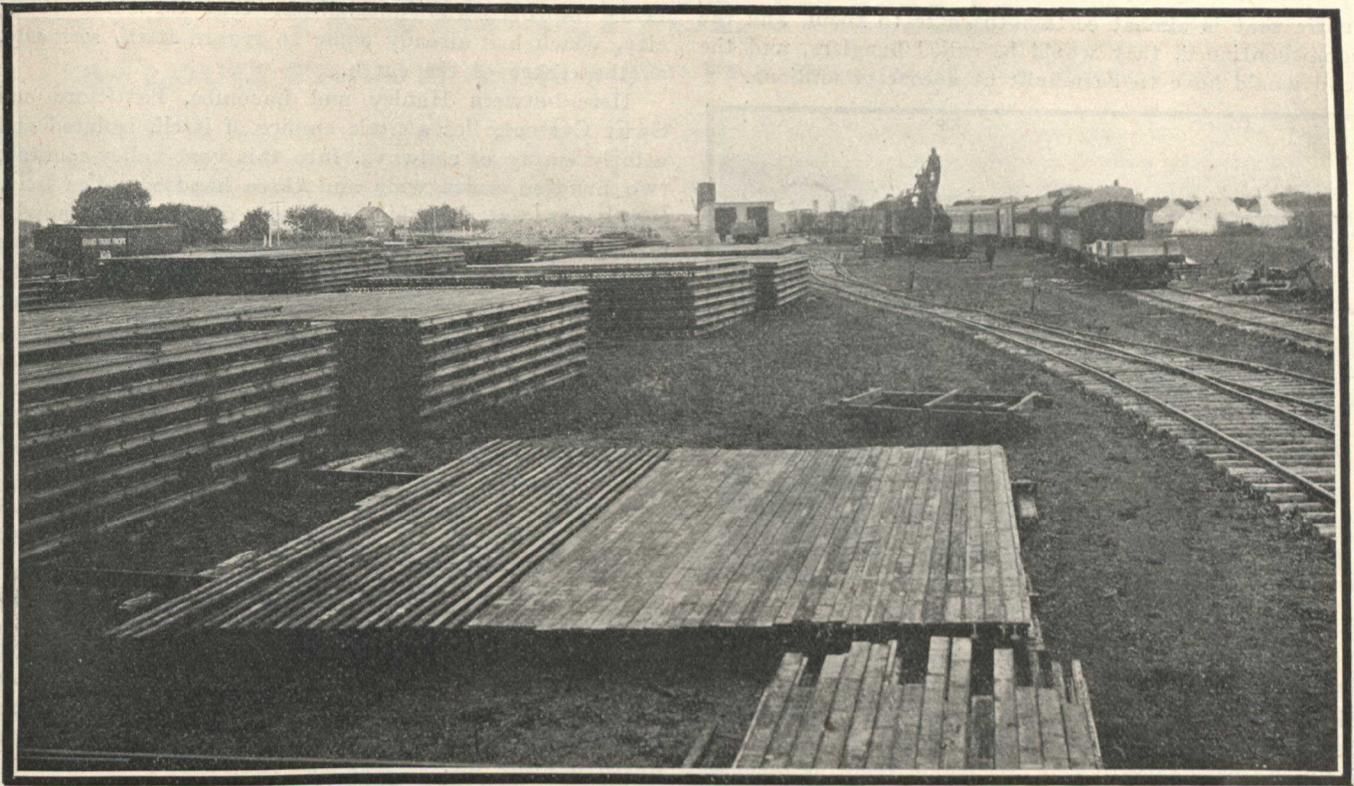


The Start of M. Santos Dumont's Balloon at the recent Balloon Derby in Paris.

Dumont's balloon, which had a remarkable mechanical device consisting of a motor and propeller which enabled him to rise more quickly than the others.

The greatest strides in ballooning are being made by military experts, says Hon. C. S. Rolls, who recently visited Canada. The French army are sending up balloons every day for observation purposes and to test the possibility of dropping explosives upon towns and forts. In England they are experimenting extensively with kites which raise a man 2,000 feet into the air so that he can take observations and telephone down what he has seen.

For transportation purposes the balloon is being superseded by the aeroplane. The Labaudy type now used by the French army is the most successful. It can successfully make headway into the wind at any angle.



Portage La Prairie—Grand Trunk Pacific Yards. "Four Hundred Miles of Steel Rails."

Progress of Grand Trunk Pacific

By CY. WARMAN

THE builders of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway are finishing their first full year's work. The trail is practically blazed from ocean to ocean and already they are receiving and sending out mail at Prince Rupert, on the Pacific, which was a voiceless wilderness yesterday and which will be a hustling, booming city to-morrow.

Doubtless the promoters of this tremendous enterprise had faith in the West, and the Government that backed the builders believed that there was immediate need of another trans-continental line; but no one guessed that the close of 1906 would find the development of the West out-running all the railways. The more we build the more we need to build, for the development West of Winnipeg has barely begun.

As the West was the cause of all this railway construction boom, the West is commanding the attention of the powers that direct the pathfinder and the grade-maker.

The Grand Trunk Pacific management are bending every effort to rail the new fields that lie between Winnipeg and Edmonton at the earliest possible moment, for here, in the great Saskatchewan valley, half way between the "Chicago" and the "Denver" of the Dominion, is the storm centre of a development that would be called a boom were it not for the fact that it has been of steady growth for a number of years. Moreover, it covers a large corner of a continent instead of being confined to a limited territory as booms usually are.

LOCATING IN THE ROCKIES.

Of course they are working west from Edmonton, and east from Prince Rupert, but the task of locating a line of railway, such as the Grand Trunk Pacific propose to build, through half a thousand miles of wilderness that was practically unknown when the preliminary pathfinders set their faces toward the three passes that were supposed to lie somewhere near the headwaters of the Peace River, is proving a hazardous and difficult job.

Every river, gorge and canon was sounded, every possible and many impossible passes examined before the final selection was made, before the President and the

General Manager marked "O.K." on the profile, before the chief engineer penned his official "Put her there," and the Yellow Head became the pass to the Pacific.

Meanwhile the government construction commission are hurrying up the work of constructing the section of the main line that will begin at Winnipeg and continue east to connect with the Superior branch of the company's line, now well along. When the government section to the Wheat City is completed, this will give the Granary another "spout" to the lakes.

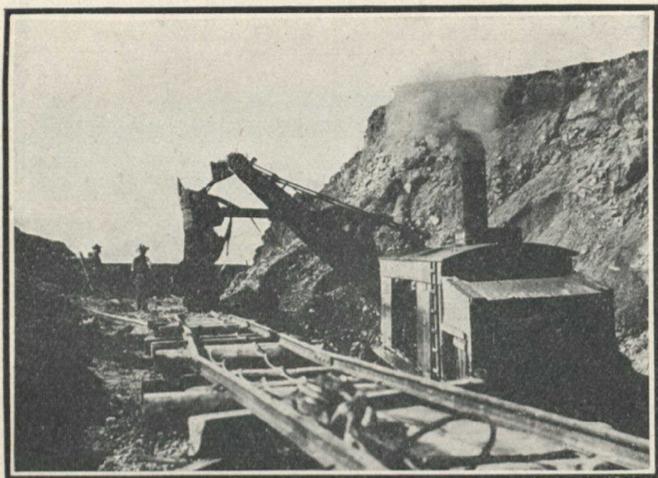
If the men who are to be held responsible for the finished line were satisfied to build as the early trans-continental lines were built in the United States, the last spike could be driven years earlier than it will be driven. If they had less faith in the future of Canada, if they could foresee a slump in the near future, they could build cheaply, have less of fixed charges to pay and earn something on the money expended, even in "lean years," but they are building against a future in which they have abounding faith. If fortune favours them, if the good old earth continues to sweat "gold" at the rate of 19 bushels to the acre as it has done for the past 19 years, they will be counted wise in their generation.

But, by the same token, if they were to build cheaply, following the contour of the country, rising and falling with the swell and swale of the billowing fields, and finish a line utterly inadequate and physically unfit for the



The G. T. P.—Steam Grader at Work.

traffic that is almost certain to come to them, and the boom continued, they would be called bunglers, and the road would have to be rebuilt at a cost of millions.



Steam Shovel at Work near Saskatoon.

And so, having faith, and profiting by the mistakes of others, they have set a standard for the construction of this new National Highway that is proving a surprise to the contractors, who, sometimes, read specifications hurriedly and pass them lightly, regarding them as form or filling, not expecting them to be carried out to the letter.

ELIMINATING BAD SPOTS.

And yet, after the line has been properly located, the proper construction is the next important step. If a valley be wide and deep—no matter how wide and deep—they bridge it from bluff to bluff, for a good line with bad spots is a bad line.

Railway competition on this continent is so keen that to keep pace with the progress of railway perfections, the best is demanded of each and every line—the best roadbed, the best equipment, the best service. Otherwise the business goes the other way.

Such a railway as the Grand Trunk will have from the wheat-fields to the lakes—to the Atlantic when the whole line is finished—will enable them to handle twice the volume of business that could be handled, say on a one per cent. road. They believe that they will be called upon to move an immense amount of freight and are building to that end. They believe that, as the years pass, the travelling public will be more and more in a hurry, and are planning a passenger service that will equal, if it does not surpass, the best between the Atlantic and the Pacific. They believe that with a fleet on the Eastern and the Western ocean, they will have thrown a short "cinch" around the sphere, and will have shortened the run around the world by at least two sleeps.

These dreams, real to the builders, make them anxious about every curve, cut and fill on the three thousand miles of main line; make them patient with the pathfinder and the contractor, and impatient with the unknowing who want it finished NOW.

GREAT FUN IN 1910.

It will be great fun to live until 1910 just to see and note the speed of the West at that time. In England and the States, serious-minded public men are asking one another what changes are likely to come with the changing years, and no man may answer, save that a great change will come, if not by 1910 at the most ten years later.

But out there in the open they talk, not politics, but bushels and acres, sections and townships, as they talk ore-samples and stocks at the King Edward at Toronto. Out there everybody is busy and nearly every one is making money, which makes all the world look different and everything look good.

A year ago the settlement ran 40 miles south-west of Saskatoon. To-day homesteads are located and are

being improved 160 miles from that throbbing young city, which has already come to regard itself, seriously, as the centre of the earth.

Here between Hanley and Lacombe, Battleford and Swift Current, lies a little empire of itself, isolated and utterly empty of railways. Into this vast valley-country, two hundred miles wide and three hundred miles long, eighty per cent. of which is open arable land, hundreds of Americans have gone to buy land in the past twelve months and thousands to settle and build homes. The land is fair and fertile and that is all the born pioneer asks. He knows the railway will come, and it is coming.

The Canadian Pacific is cutting the little empire bias from Moose Jaw to Lacombe. The Canadian Northern are already surveying south of their main line, while the Grand Trunk Pacific, leaving the main line west of Saskatoon, will go to Calgary almost as the bird flies. Three years from to-day this vast region that was empty three years ago, will be served by at least three competing railways and will hold the homes of hundreds of thousands of settlers. The soil here is not so rich as it is further North, not so heavy as it is further East, but it is far enough North to be fertile and not too cold, and far enough West to catch the Breath of Life that lifts from the Pacific coast and blows down from the Rockies, the warm Chinook, that makes the North-West worth fighting for.

At Fort William vast stores of supplies and material have been gathered, while at Portage La Prairie nearly four hundred miles of steel are stored, ready to be rushed to the front and spiked down the moment the frost leaves the ground again. With good luck and a fair supply of labour the rails should reach Saskatoon next summer. Much depends on the condition of the labour market. Yankees will not work with picks and shovels and Canadians are about the same, so we might as well make up our minds to one of two things. Either we must import labour or wait until the work can be finished with the labour on hand.

At this writing a good percentage of the work is done on the Lake Superior branch, but only a fair start has been made on the government section west of Superior Junction to Winnipeg. This section traverses that rough country famous for its iron mines. Some extremely heavy work is to be done here.

Between Portage and Touchwood Hills, the contractors have a large part of the grade finished. West of Saskatoon a great deal of the work is done, but there remains still to be finished along the Qu'Appelle valley, in the Touchwood and again in the Eagle Hills, some heavy work. It is here that the management have concentrated their fire for the winter.

The close of another year will see the work well under way all along the line, but build as they may the builders will not be able to keep up with the pioneer, the homesteader, the settler, who is heading for the West, and who in 1907 will come and settle by the hundreds of thousands, for, as set forth in the beginning of this sketch, the development west of Winnipeg has hardly begun.



The G. T. P.—A Doukhobor six-horse Team at Work, West of St. Lazare, Man.

A Matter of Initials

By LOUIS TRACY, Author of "The Wings of the Morning."

A HANSOM darted out of Waterloo Station, and the acrobat between the shafts began to slide gracefully down the paved slope towards York Road. The occupants, two sun-tanned men, stamped with the military seal, each clutched a brass window-rest and exchanged smiles of quick understanding.

"I say, Jimmy," said one, "which would you rather do—ride down here in this glass box, or gallop over a kopje on a dark night?"

"It is quite absurd, I know, but I prefer the kopje."

"Same with me. It always takes me a week to screw my nerves up to the level of a hansom. The worst scare I ever had was one night in Victoria Street, when a sudden frost came on whilst the street-cleaners were at work, and the gee didn't happen to have his skates on."

And Major MacNaughton, V.C., heaved a sigh of relief as the vehicle turned into the level at the foot of the approach to the South-Western terminus. For a few minutes thereafter neither man spoke. It was a glorious day in August. Once or twice in the year the British climate permits London to wear the outward and visible state which proclaims to all beholders that she is the capital of the world. This happened to be one of those rare occasions. From the perch of Waterloo Bridge the panorama of the Embankment, bounded by the House of Parliament and St. Paul's, unfolded itself gorgeously.

"Great Scott!" cried the Major, "it's good to be back in town after two and a half years on the veldt. It makes me want to stand every 'bus-driver a drink! Look at the fellows in the top-hats! Look at the girls in muslin! Dash it all, Jimmy, let's charter the hansom for the afternoon and go round and see things!"

His excitement met with no response. Glancing at his companion, he suddenly checked the further outburst on his lips.

"What's up, Jimmy? No bad news, I hope?"

"Bad news! I have had none at all."

"From your people you mean?"

"My 'people' consist of a rheumatic uncle, whose hand is too stiff to write letters, so he sends telegrams. I got one at Pretoria, after the occupation: 'Well done, Devonshire.' The next reached me after I was hit—one word: 'Chirrup'; it was some time before I realized that my uncle evidently wrote 'Cheer up' in a very crabbed fist."

"Nothing this morning?"

"Oh, yes. This morning he wired 'Welcome. Have paid one thousand pounds into your account at Cox's.'"

"Begad! I wish I had received a message half so sweet."

"He is a good old soul. Next week I will go down to his place and try to forget that one other person in the world seems to care little whether I am living or not."

"Poor fellow! Is it as bad as that?"

MacNaughton tried to screw his face into sympathetic lines, but Jimmy—otherwise Captain James Wauchope Tennant, of the Devonshire Regiment—laughed him to scorn. Thus repulsed, the Major tried a new tack.

"Faith! there's plenty of good fish in the sea. And what finer fishing does a man want than in London? Believe me, Jimmy, there is safety in numbers. I have run after women all my life and never caught one yet, so I have had all the sport and none of the worry."

Tennant agreed with him. He was in no mood for discussion, nor did his friend's cynical badinage appeal to him at the moment. At last, after an official visit to the War Office and a conference with the agents, the young officer found himself alone, MacNaughton having gone off to a service club. He stood irresolutely for some minutes in the foyer of his hotel whilst pride and

common-sense wrestled for supremacy. Pride said: "Why trouble your soul about a woman who has utterly ignored you for six long months, and now treats your homecoming with absolute indifference? Give her no further heed."

But common-sense whispered: "Find out the truth before you decide. You would have trusted Elsie Stapleton with your life, your future, your honour. Do not now condemn her unheard."

He was a hard man and an obstinate one, as more than one Transvaal commando could testify. Not readily, nor yet in stinted measure had he bestowed his love, and the causeless, merciless abandonment to which he had been subjected had seared his heart. Nevertheless, pride went under in the struggle, and he started forth to ascertain from the lady herself why he no longer found favour in her sight. There would be no pleading, no argument. Merely a question and an answer, and then—transfer to India.

But, like a Boer laager marked over-night, when he reached the lady's house, she was not there; indeed, no one knew where she was. Her father had given up the house eight months ago, and in London, where no man knows his next door neighbour, the interval opposed a blank wall against further inquiry. It struck him as a small coincidence that at the period of this change of residence he was rushing a mounted infantry detachment through the wildest part of the Magaliesberg, and was thereby temporarily incapacitated from writing home. Letters from Elsie, breathing love and hope, continued to reach him by devious routes for some weeks. Then—silence! After some weeks of growing anxiety, he became careless and was sniped one day by a Boer sharpshooter.

Being a determined man, he interviewed local tradesmen, policemen, post office officials, and finally a doctor. Here he found a clue. Yes, exactly eight months ago, Miss Elsie Stapleton suddenly became very ill—received a shock, he believed, by unexpected news concerning a friend in South Africa—and was taken abroad by her father. The girl was dangerously ill. He didn't know exactly what the trouble was, but believed some fellow had behaved in a fearfully caddish manner. Good gracious! he meant no offence. Probably the story was merely idle gossip; but Captain Tennant asked for information, and he could only tell him what he had heard. No, he did not know Mr. Stapleton's address; and the doctor was stiff about it, too, for this hard, lean man seemed to be half inclined to wring his neck.

Ablaze with uncertainty, Tennant found himself in the street once more. It was late, and many places of business were closed. Planning an exhaustive round of banks and house-agents next morning, he went back to his hotel. A man awaited his arrival, an Army officer, like himself, and it was sufficiently amazing to read the stranger's card: "Captain J. W. Tennant, 3rd Battalion the Devonshire Regiment."

"I have been chasing you round the world," he explained. "My business is important. Can we have a quiet talk somewhere?"

Jimmy led his namesake to a sitting-room. Here the other Captain Tennant seated himself, lit a cigarette, and produced an envelope.

"Do you recognise the handwriting?" he said.

Jimmy required no second glance. It was Elsie's.

"How the deuce did this come into your possession?" he demanded fiercely.

"Hold on! This affair may have caused you some trouble, but not half so much as it has given me. Now, just sit tight and listen. My name happens to be John Watson Tennant, and if you look in an old Army List

you will see that I was in the gunners. Just before the war broke out, I went broke in India and had to chuck my commission. I came back to England and took a job as a 'bus driver. Then came a rush for reinforcements. I spent my last six-pence in buying a decent rig-out, got half a day's leave from the 'bus company, and went to the War Office. From that instant my luck changed. They offered me a commission in a militia regiment; I went to Cape Town, was placed on the line of communications, rescued a millionaire's widow from a train wreck, and married her before you could say 'Jack Robinson.'"

"I don't see——"

"Leave me alone. If anybody has reason to growl, it is I. When things quieted down a bit, I looked forward to keeping a racing stable and a yacht, and a few little toys of that sort, when there came a full stop to those bright visions. My wife happens to be at least fifteen years older than I, and she is beastly jealous. She collects my correspondence. I don't mind, as I thought all the letters would be from duns. I didn't count on receiving love-letters, and devilish well-written ones at that, from a young lady named Elsie. By Jove! didn't the missus make it hot for me? Never a word did she let on, though, for I should have discovered the mistake at once. To her there was only one J. W. Tennant in existence, and she did not believe me when I showed her your name in the Army List. I must admit that the last letter appeared to justify her suspicions."

"The last letter!"

"Yes. I am awfully sorry for you, old man, but I couldn't help it. Miss Elsie evidently saw an account of my marriage in some paper and thought it was yours, as you had not written to her for some weeks. Then the fat was in the fire—with my wife, I mean. Since that document reached her she has made my life a misery, compelled me to leave the service, pays all the bills, never gives me a red cent, and alternately ties me to her apron string and threatens divorce proceedings."

"Give me . . . My letters!" gasped Jimmy.

The other man laughed discordantly.

"I am almost in the Divorce Court for demanding even an envelope," he cried. "My wife sleeps on them, and reads them twice a day whenever she thinks I am wheedling her a bit. Now, if you feel equal to it, come with me to the Cecil and try all you know to persuade her that Elsie belongs to you, and not to me."

The persuasion took a form that the rich and elderly Mrs. Tennant was not accustomed to. It astounded and gratified her happy-go-lucky husband to see the way in which she quailed before Jimmy's wrath. The latter walked straight into her palatial suite and thrust some old and frayed letters before her eyes.

"You have some of my correspondence in your possession," he said, with an intensity of passion that cowed her instantly. "They are letters written to me by a Miss Elsie Stapleton. You will recognise her handwriting. Will you give them to me quietly, or must I take them by force?"

"John!" she shrieked, "protect me!"

"Darling," said her better half, "I am helpless. This is the other Captain J. W. Tennant. You refused to believe me, ducky, when I assured you—"

"Do you hear, woman?" growled Jimmy. "Your miserable jealousy has endangered, perhaps wrecked, the happiness of two people who never imagined that such a creature as you could come between them. Give me my letters, or by the bones of your martyred first husband, I will——"

That was enough. She produced a crumpled packet from the bosom of her dress. Without a word of apology or further comment, Jimmy stood where he was and read the blurred lines, for the South African lady had wept hot tears over them, and the paper was almost in tatters. The silly mistake which might yet have a tragic

ending was quickly revealed. Elsie had indeed seen in a lady's paper an account of the Cape Town marriage, and her lover's prolonged silence at that unhappy juncture forced her to the conclusion that he had jilted her. Her last little note of farewell wrung his heart in agony.

"Dear one," she wrote, "I forgive you. I pray you may be happy. Let no memory of me trouble your future life. I believed, God help me! that you held me as dear as I held you; but if you have discovered that you made a mistake, it is better so. Not one word of reproach will I utter. I admit that I am stunned, weary as of a great pain, but I am not capable of harbouring bitter thoughts against you, for indeed I did love you with a great and abiding love."

Then he sank into a chair, and his face was hidden, and the other man silently drew a trembling and stricken woman from the room.

It was a long and difficult search for ten days. Jimmy's chief difficulty was that the only persons who knew the Stapleton's whereabouts regarded him as an unprincipled scoundrel and refused to see him. Then he found the girl's aunt, and the woman knew that this story was true. She told him that Elsie, who had been near to death, was slowly recovering her health at Etretat in Normandy.

He went there by the next steamer, and with him travelled Mr. and Mrs. Tennant—the latter most unwillingly, but shamed now into subjection to her lord and master. With a strategy born on the veldt, the leader of mounted infantry first captured Elsie's father and made him listen to reason. Then it was thought advisable that the South African dame should be forced to go and tell her story to Elsie, and thus prepare her for the coming of her lover.

She played her part honestly, but with whimpers. She happened, too, to hear what Elsie said when Jimmy took her in his arms.

"Somehow," sobbed the girl, "I never really doubted you. I read a description of this woman—and saw—her photograph—and then I thought that fever or hardship had affected your brain."

By succeeding mails from South Africa came batches of Jimmy's correspondence, returned through the Dead Letter Office, and Elsie enjoyed reading them, now that they were married, a great deal more than if he were still Boer-hunting.

The two Tennants occasionally play bridge together at the same club, but the two Mrs. Tennants will never be real friends, though they meet at times.

A Needed Reform

THE action of Hon. Mr. Lemieux in abrogating the arrangement between Canada and the United States as to second-class postal matter is timely and overdue. The Canadian Postoffice has been charged with the carriage of a mass of publications whose sole tenure of existence is the benevolence of the United States postal authorities in carrying them at the rate of one cent a pound. The great bulk of them are, at the best, mere advertising vehicles, and, at the worst, highly objectionable. They qualify as second-class matter by various disguises, and the action of Mr. Lemieux in refusing to carry them any longer at the one cent a pound rate will be generally applauded. It is true that Canadian publications of the same class are carried in the United States mails.

The United States postal authorities have themselves arrived at a questioning mood with regard to the character of a large proportion of the matter that enjoyed these low rates, and the action of Canada may precipitate a change there. At any rate, we are well rid of the obligation, and the money saved can profitably be employed in the plans which Mr. Lemieux is forming for improving the service.—Toronto Globe.

A Prisoner of Hope*

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By MRS. WEIGALL

Resume: Esther Beresford, who has been at Miss Jenkins' private school for ten years, is visited by Mrs. Galton, her step-mother's sister, with a view to the former's leaving school. Major Beresford and his wife are at Malta. Esther is a beautiful girl, who has earned her schooling by music teaching and is a great favourite with her French grandmother, Mme. de la Perouse, who lives nearby. The old lady resolves to send her out on her first voyage into life, with a suitable wardrobe and letters of introduction. Esther goes to bid farewell to two old friends, Mrs. Hammer and her son, Geoffrey. The latter who secretly admired Esther, proposes and is promised an answer in three months.

CHAPTER IV.

"Seek not much rest but much Patience."

"**D**O you think that Grannie will be all right without me, Maria?"

The train was racing through Slough, and Esther leaned forward and laid her hand on the old woman's arm.

"Bless you, Miss Esther, I hope so," said Maria, guardedly. "When people get on in years their feelings are not so keen as those of the young folk. Why, they would never have no strength to bear them if they was!"

Esther remembered the white, rigid face of her grandmother as she had last seen her waving a brave farewell from the front of the cottage. She had been brave to the last, but Esther guessed something of what that courage cost her.

"Maria, if you ever hear from Louise that Grannie is ill, or too lonely, you will be sure and let me know; you have my address," she said, eagerly. "I think that if my father knew she had need of me, he would let me come back to her."

"I will be sure to see to it, Miss Esther," said Maria, who had been cook at Miss Jenkins' school for thirty years, and was the dear friend of Louise Michaud. She was accompanying Esther to London now at Miss Jenkins' desire, and Mme. de la Perouse was very grateful for a kindness that prevented her from being deprived of the services of Louise at a time when she was more or less dependent upon them. Esther had spoken very little for the whole of her journey from Grandchester, for she was struggling with her tears. The parting from her old schoolmistress, and all her school friends, and later the long embrace in which her grandmother had held her as though she could never let her go, had shaken her self-control to its very foundation.

"We are nearly there, Miss Esther," said Maria, whose sister lived in London, and who therefore possessed a superior knowledge of the route to that of the girl who had never left the neighbourhood of Grandchester for ten years. Esther looked nervously at the dressing-bag and neat roll of umbrella and waterproof that had been part of her outfit. "Oh, Maria, I'm frightened," she said swiftly.

"Why, my honey," she said, taking Esther's hand, "you have no call to be frightened; you are going to your father, and this fine lady who is to take you to him (fine madam she is, if Eliza speaks the truth) will only be with you for a short time, and she can't do you no harm. Why, my pretty, hold up your head, and show her that you are a hundred times more of a lady than she is, and don't mind what she says to you. Why look at your pretty frocks, my dearie; she'll find such a change in you as never was since she come Grandchester way!"

The visit of Miss Beresford's chaperon to Grandchester had been canvassed by the whole of the school, and the household had agreed on one point, and that was, the instinctive dislike that each member of it who had been gratified by a sight of her had felt for Mrs. Galton.

"I shall try and be brave," said Esther, pulling down her veil and buttoning her glove; "but leaving everyone I love is very hard, Maria."

"Eliza and me, Miss Esther, knowing you from a child, as I may say, is both thankful to think of you as being in a way lifted to your proper station in life. Why,

maybe when you come back it'll be with a fine gentleman in a red coat by your side, and a pocket full of gold."

And in the laughter that made Esther's face young and happy again shrewd Maria Vine had her reward.

Paddington was crowded, but Mrs. Vine's quick eyes caught sight of the discontented face of the French maid on the platform, and she drew herself up with a sudden dignity that was supported by her neat black gown and bonnet.

"Are you looking for my young lady, Miss Beresford?" she said, and Jeanne, staring surprisedly at the beautiful, well-dressed girl in the blue serge gown and blue travelling hat, with its smart, white wing, wondered if she could be the same Miss Beresford of whom she had heard her mistress speak so slightly. When she heard Esther address her in fluent Parisian French her amazement was complete, and she led the way to a cab, with one subdued eye on the smart leather trunks that were so neatly marked with E.A.B.

"Good-bye, Maria!" said Esther, with outstretched hand, turning to her kind old friend. "Thank you for such lots of kindnesses."

She would have kissed the kind, apple-cheeked old face, but Maria, with a sense of what was fitting, lifted the little hand to her lips.

"God bless you, my dearie," she said, in a low voice; "every day I shall wear the gold brooch you gave me, and shall think of you."

And when Esther caught the last glimpse of her upon the station platform, she felt that her last link with the old, quiet life was severed for ever.

Mrs. Galton and her daughter were having tea in their sitting-room when Esther arrived at the fine hotel, the very sight of the long flight of stairs of which bewildered her country-bred eyes. Mrs. Galton, at the first sight of the fashionable young lady who entered the room, rose hurriedly, for she did not at first connect her with shabby Esther Beresford; but the sight of Jeanne in the background brought her to her senses.

"I suppose it is Esther Beresford," she said. "Carrie and Sybil, this is Esther; come and sit down and have some tea."

The two Misses Galton were heavily built, rather clumsy girls of four or five and twenty, and their light sandy colouring was hardly set off by the dust-coloured dresses that they wore. They had turquoise ear-rings in their ears, and a great many charms and bangles on their wrists, and their hair was elaborately curled and waved; but, like their mother, they found it difficult to greet so surprisingly beautiful a girl whose gown was in the latest fashion.

"How do you do?" said Carrie, limply, as she remembered the crumpled white silk dress and the spotted green serge that were lying on the bed in the room that Esther was to share with Jeanne, and that they were destined to be altered for her during the voyage.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Galton, in a voice that was quite steady, "that your grandmother has provided an outfit for you?"

"She has given me everything that I want," said Esther, eagerly; "and far more than I want, but she took care that everything I had should be of the very best."

"Very unnecessary," said Mrs. Galton, icily; "for I do not suppose that you will know anyone in the island, since your step-mother cannot take you out, and I shall be too busy."

"My grandmother is a great friend of Lady Stanier, the Governor's wife; she thinks that I shall be able to go out with her sometimes," said Esther, gently.

Mrs. Galton bit her lips. "Oh, you must not count on that sort of thing," she said, hastily. "I don't suppose Lady Stanier will care to be bothered with you; she has her own friends out there. We have seen so much of that sort of thing, have we not, Carrie?"

"Oh dear, yes, Mamma," cried Carrie, shrilly. "Do you remember Ada Perkins, who came out to Cairo with an introduction to one or two of the swells there, and, beyond leaving cards, she saw no more of them, and might just as well have stopped at home in Dullshire."

Esther smiled bravely, though her heart sank a little.

"I shall be quite happy in Malta, whatever happens," she said; "and I am sure my stepmother will be more glad to see me in a nice dress than in a shabby one."

"I expect you will have to cut them up for the children," laughed Sybil. "I shall never forget what awful little frumps they were in Cairo. Aunt Monica has no idea of management, or of anything, indeed, but lying on a sofa and reading novels, and having her hair brushed by the ayah when she has a headache."

"Sybil, you let your tongue run away with you!" said her mother, severely—and a disagreeable silence fell upon the tea-table.

"We are going to the theatre to-night, Esther," said Mrs. Galton, at last, "and dining at a restaurant first. You see, my girls are so much sought after that our time is never our own. But I have arranged for you to have an egg and a glass of milk and to go to bed early; I thought you would not care to give your father the expense of dining to-night at the hotel."

"Oh, no—no!" said Esther; "I want to save him from expense in every way."

It never entered her thoughts that Mrs. Galton might have included her in her dinner party, or that her gown of glittering glack sequins would have been very pretty to wear on the occasion; but she cheerfully bade her new friends good-night, and sat down to write to her grandmother in the solitude of the sitting-room after eating her poached egg.

The Galtons were not fond of reading and therefore she had to content herself with a copy of "Bradshaw" and a penny novelette; so she decided to go to bed when her letter was written.

Even the noisy, ill-tempered entrance of Jeanne to the apartment they were sharing could not rouse Esther from her sound sleep; and, looking at the innocent beauty of the girl, the heart of the Frenchwoman relented.

"I would not be a driver of slaves—'ma foi'—no!" Jeanne said, as she looked down with shaded candle at the lovely, flushed face. "To come home at two o'clock in the morning—to be cross, 'ma foi,' how cross—and then to make me pack instead of sleeping—and be up before seven to-morrow; that is what I call slavery. Can I help it if the gentleman does not wish to marry Miss Sybil? I think I see this pretty child here on board ship with her admirers round her, and if I can make her happy I will; for it would be a pleasure to dress such hair—and not the sandy locks of Mlles. Carrie and Sybille." And still grumbling, the Frenchwoman hurried to bed.

Esther was awake early next morning, for the noise of the hotel and the roar of the streets outside roused her soon after sunrise; and, after lying still for a little, she stole noiselessly out of bed, and, wrapping herself in her blue flannel dressing-gown, perched herself on the window-seat. Up and down in the street below, London surged eastward and westward, and the astonished eyes of the girl followed the ceaseless line of traffic.

Opposite to her room, that was so near the roof, a tall block of houses rose across the street, but she, being above, could look down into the top windows, and she saw a roomful of London's weary workers get up from sleep and huddle on their clothes, then sit down to the eternal stitching that was their trade—pale and stunted, without air, religion, or hope—just one of the thousand tragedies that unfold themselves day after day in the world of London.

"Ah!" said Esther, drawing a deep breath like a sob; "I seem to have all and they nothing."

She drew her little book towards her, and turned over the leaves to find the poem that her grandmother had marked in her tremulous handwriting, and the verse that Mme. de la Perouse had underlined seemed to be a swift thought of help:

"There are in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of th' everlasting chime;
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and rumbling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat."

The thought helped her, and in another half-hour she roused Jeanne, and finished her own share of packing.

It is perhaps, on occasions such as that of starting for a long voyage that the character of the individual human being may be best realised, and Esther had cause to be deeply ashamed of Mrs. Galton, even before the

door of the hotel was shut behind them. She fought over her bill, disputing the charges, item by item. She abused the cabmen for their treatment of her boxes, and deplored the fact that Esther had far more luggage than she had expected, all in one breath; and when they finally stood on the wharf at Tilbury with the great ship towering above them, and the last boxes being swung into the hold by the donkey-engine, she felt suddenly relieved.

The "Pleiades" was the finest vessel of a fine fleet, and Esther, with dim memories of the old troopship that had conveyed her home from India, ten years before, wondered and admired each perfect arrangement, as she followed the elaborately-gowned figures of her companions on deck.

"Good gracious! Hethcote—don't tell me that I see before my very eyes the horse-leech and her daughters, to whom we were unfortunately introduced by your aunt, of revered memory, last night?"

"I am beginning to be dreadfully afraid that such is the case, Alwyne," said Captain Hethcote, with a groan. The two young men were leaning over the rail as the Galtons climbed on deck. Captain Hethcote, a fair, keen-faced young gunner officer, was going out to join his company in Malta, and his friend, Lord Francis Alwyne, was also on his way out there to act as A.D.C. on the staff of the Governor of the island. He was a man who seemed to have all that the world and fortune could give him. His blue eyes and crisp brown hair, and tall, finely-built figure, always perfectly tailored, made up a personality that had long been the admiration and despair of many a scheming mother in society. He took life easily, and had no intention of marrying until he could do well for himself; and having a great sense of his own value, and of the importance of the regiment of Household Cavalry to which he belonged, his outlook on life was naturally a limited one. But the attitude of Lord Francis was due more to his upbringing than to any fault of his nature, and he was by birth a gentleman with a good heart.

"By Jove, Hethcote," he said, suddenly, "Surely that is not another Miss Galton whom we have not seen bringing up the rear? Unless my eyes deceive me, my dear fellow, we are going to have a pretty girl on board for your edification."

Jack Hethcote studied the newcomer keenly. "I say, Alwyne," he said, drawing his lips together in a faint whistle, as he realised the beauty of Miss Beresford, "I don't know who she is—not a Galton, I'll be bound—but she is a stunner; only why should she edify me more than you?"

Lord Francis, with an air of what was befitting to an A.D.C., withdrew to the other end of the deck, as Hethcote, blushing and stammering, went forward to meet Mrs. Galton, and to offer his help. But if he hoped to be introduced to Esther, he was doomed to disappointment, for, with a quick word, Mrs. Galton despatched her below with Jeanne to see after the cabins, and the young man had only time for a bow and a glance in her direction.

"Is that another daughter of yours, Mrs. Galton?" he said with a polite smile as she disappeared.

"Daughter? Oh, dear, no!" returned that lady acidly. "Only a girl I am taking out to Malta to her father, Major Beresford, in the Wiltshire Rifles."

"Oh, indeed," said Jack Hethcote with interest. "A very good regiment, the Wiltshires—I should think she ought to have a jolly time!"

Mrs. Galton was vaguely struck by the idea that Esther might be a valuable asset in military life, but she thrust the thought resolutely from her as preposterous. "Oh, I am afraid that Esther Beresford won't have much of a time," she said lightly. "She is going out to be mother's help and governess to her family."

"Poor girl," returned Hethcote, warmly. "But I am sure of one thing, anyway—and that is that all the Wiltshires will unite to make her enjoy her time as far as possible, for they are the best lot of fellows, and the best polo team in the place."

"Did I see Lord Francis Alwyne with you just now?" said Mrs. Galton, breaking in upon the boyish enthusiasm of the young man, which was hardly to her taste. She was making a move in the direction of the A.D.C. when Hethcote dexterously barred the way.

"Alwyne is awfully busy just now, Mrs. Galton. Can't I do anything for you about your cabin? Has the Purser done his duty by you?"

And Mrs. Galton, keenly on the track of anyone who might have possibly neglected their duty towards her, was manoeuvred out of sight and sound of his friend.

Esther Beresford came up on deck, just as the ship

was warping out of dock, escaping with relief from the bustle down below.

She wished to be alone for her last sight of England, and moved to a far corner of the deck where she might be undisturbed. The air was full of sound and life. Las-cars hauling on to cordage with weird minor melody of "chanties" that are their own peculiar heritage: creaking of engines, and wash of water about the white sides of the "Pleiades"; question and answer from ship to shore; harsh scream of a gull following the wake of their keel. The girl suddenly realised how much tragedy there can be under the surface of life, when she saw a middle-aged woman dressed in mourning, with a thin, pale face, waving a handkerchief to a young man who stood not far from her own side. The boy was going out to India young and full of hope, and the mother, who had spent almost her last penny in fitting him for a fine career, was left at home widowed and childless. Esther read the agony in the two faces, and her own eyes swam with tears. Here, too, was a wife bidding her husband farewell, herself doomed to remain at home to educate the children, who could not be brought up in a bad climate; here, two brothers parting. Life was full of sorrow.

Esther turned away, and as she did so, met the eyes of Lord Francis Alwyne, who was looking with keen curiosity at her. He had a pleasant face, she thought to herself.

CHAPTER V.

"La prisperite s'envole
Le pouvoir tombe, et s'enfuit.
Un peu d'amour qui console
Vaut mieux et fait moins de bruit."

By next morning the "Pleiades" was in the chops of the Channel, and a stiff breeze had churned the water into racing foam, and had whitened the black funnels with spray.

Mrs. Galton and her daughters spent the day on deck and Esther had to fly up and down on so many messages, since Jeanne was a groaning atom of humanity in her berth, that she had no time to speak to anyone except to Captain Hethcote, who was hovering in attendance on her chaperon. He seemed to exist for the sole purpose of making things easier for other people, and his kind, good-natured eyes were watching for an opportunity to help the tired girl.

Lord Francis Alwyne spent the day in a long deck chair the other side of the ship, talking to his cousin, Mrs. Clare-Smythe, the wife of one of the naval officers in the Mediterranean Fleet, who was going on with her little girl of five to join her husband in Malta. Lord Francis had contented himself with bowing coldly to the Galtons, and even that lady's courage was not proof against his manner.

The wind rose with every hour, and by night such a pitching sea was the result that Esther attended Mrs. Galton and her two daughters down below with the aid of two stewardesses. The girl was sharing a cabin with Sybil Galton, who was, perhaps, the most exacting of seasick patients; but since all three of her companions had expressed their preference for the ministrations of the stewardess, Esther felt a diffidence about offering her attentions. All night long Sybil lay and groaned, and Esther slept fitfully, and when she awoke next morning to see her dresses swinging against the panels of her cabin, and her shoes taking long dives into distant corners, she was thankful that she was a good sailor. The "Pleiades" plunged with a shudder of her engines into the trough of the waves, and came up with a sickening roll, and Esther heard the merry baritone of Captain Hethcote, in the next cabin, trolling out, "There she lay, all that day, in the Bay of Biscay, oh!"

"Oh, by Jove, Alwyne, I wish I felt morally certain that I was not going to succumb to seasickness!"

"Shut up, my dear chap," said Lord Francis. "Try will-power, as I am doing, and when you see the ceiling bowing towards the floor be morally convinced that it is merely imagination, and nothing else."

Esther smiled to herself, and, sitting up, looked out of her port across the green waste of waters. Every now and then a great rolling breaker broke against the "Pleiades," and drenched the glass with spray, and once a great wind-driven gull flashed past, staying himself against the force of the storm. Presently Esther struggled up and dressed as well as she could, then bent over the prostrate figure in the lower berth.

"Shall I get you anything, Sybil?" she said, anxiously. "Is there anything that I can do for you?"

"Go away!" said Sybil, crossly. "Do you think I want to be looked at when I am yellow and ill and my hair is out of curl?"

"Oh, Sybil! may I get you some tea, or shake up your pillow?"

"Go away!" said Sybil. "I only want the stewardess. It is her duty to look after sick people."

And Esther's visit to Mrs. Galton's cabin was met by a still more imperative refusal. Mrs. Galton, without teeth, or fringe, or complexion, gave Esther such a shock that she ran up the companion as fast as she could, and it was only when she was breasting the wind on the slanting deck that she recovered her spirits. A woman she had made friends with at dinner the night before joined her for an after-breakfast walk, and Captain Hethcote came up on her other side, but Lord Francis was studying the sea at his cousin's side with his usual air of boredom. Little Budge Clare-Smith, a girl of five, whose nurse was ill in her berth, was playing with her doll in the saloon doorway at her mother's side, and Mrs. Clare-Smith, whose dark hair and eyes and vivacious manner made up a fascinating personality, was bestowing languid attention upon her in the intervals of discussing Malta affairs with her cousin. Esther could hear scraps of conversation as she came past them with her companions.

"Well, you'll like Adele Stanier; she is a good sort. But knowing you as I do, Frank, it beats me how you could have made up your mind to take up the A. D. C. job. Neville always calls it a flunkey job, with less than a flunkey's pay, and everybody hates you all round, and every woman makes up her mind that you are trying to keep her out of the Palace set, and—why, Frank, what a pretty girl that is, and how well she walks! Do get little Captain Hethcote to introduce you, and then you can introduce her to me. I want amusing, and I do like pretty girls!"

Lord Francis raised himself leisurely out of the chair. "All right, Nell," he said. "But she is going to Malta with some awful people, and you may be bored with her eventually."

"Nonsense, my fastidious cousin!" cried Mrs. Clare-Smythe; "there is not a woman on board that I should care to speak to but Miss Beresford, and after all when you like a person you are not obliged to adopt all her friends as your own."

Esther, on passing the door of one of the deck cabins, was struck by the wail of a child's voice within. She knew that Mrs. Devenish, the wife of a quartermaster in a line regiment, returning to India with five children, occupied this cabin, and after a moment's thought she knocked and opened the door. The wind was abating, and the ship pitching much less than it had done in the early morning, but to Esther's distress she found the cabin full of crying children, and their mother white and helpless in her berth. She had been trying to dress one of the children, but had collapsed before her task was half over.

"Please forgive me, and let me help you," said Esther eagerly. And when Mrs. Devenish sobbed out her gratitude she began by making her comfortable in her berth and giving her some brandy. Then, with deft, quick fingers, she dressed the children, and swept them out of the cabin with her.

"You need not worry about them all day," she said, "for I will take care of them till you are better."

And hardly waiting for the poor woman's thanks and blessings, she departed, leaving her to sleep.

TO BE CONTINUED



British Talk

Princess Henry of Battenberg has written a book on the Isle of Wight, of which she is governor. Osborne House and the life of the late Queen



Admiral Lord Charles Beresford.

will be interesting chapters. The book will be out in the spring and with characteristic generosity Princess Henry has devoted the profits to local charities.

Prince Edward of York and his brother, Prince Albert, will start at Easter as naval cadets at the Royal Naval College, Osborne, and now that the future king is edging out of boyhood there is a tendency to recall his childish sayings. Here is one: He was asked during his history lesson who Perkin Warbeck was. "Perkin was a pretender," he replied. "He pretended to be the son of a king but he was the son of respectable people."

It is a notable fact that Lord Milner and Lord Cromer, recognised as two of Britain's greatest colonial administrators, are both the sons of immigrants. Lord Milner's father was a German and Lord Cromer's a Dane.

Maxim Gorky is about to visit England and in these days of deep interest in Russian affairs the visit is being looked forward to almost with anxiety. Will the "Slavonic Kipling" allow himself to be lionised? That is the question of the hour. Perhaps on closer acquaintance the lionisers won't be so anxious to act.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone, whom rumour is transplanting from the Home Office into some non-political appointment as yet unnamed, is in many ways an amazing contrast to his father. Gladstone was a fighter, but his son is gentle and shy, extremely popular on both sides of the House, and devoted to manly sports. Oliver Cromwell was not the only sire whose sons reminded you of him by being so different.

The Duchess of Somerset, who after the Duchess of Norfolk ranks above all the peeresses, is a Scotswoman with brains and artistic tastes. She writes, composes songs and paints. She camped out in Canada with her husband in their early days and did the cooking. As the following story shows, she also has a neat line of repartee. She called at a shop to enquire for some article that had been purchased but not sent. It could not be traced. "May I ask who took your Grace's order?" the shopkeeper enquired with great concern. "Was it a young gentleman with fair hair?" "No," answered the Duchess. "It was

an elderly nobleman with a bald head."

Mr. Barclay-Allandyce, who claims as a lineal descendant of Robert II. of Scotland to be heir to the dormant earldom of Avill, was born at Hamilton, Ont., but made his money as a stockbroker in Wall Street. His grandfather and mother both set up claims to the earldom, which hasn't been working for a couple of centuries, but both failed. This is probably the third and last call.

Queen Maud's visit to her native land has brought sorrow into many a once happy home. For her indulgent husband allows her to wear a coat of pure sables valued at \$25,000. As was to be expected, English society has gone sable mad, and many a noble lord who hasn't the price hangs down his head to avoid the angry glance of his lady who hasn't the sables.

England evidently sees trouble ahead if the different races under the flag get quarreling among themselves. The Government of India has issued a notice to all local governments to discourage emigration of Indians to Canada and warning emigrants that there is no probability of their obtaining employment and that in event of their becoming destitute they will be liable to deportation. It's a wise mother that nips family quarrels in the bud.

Ho ye that are inclined to call your friends from the 12th concession by the endearing epithets of hayseed and granger. Also know ye that the champion farmer of England is no less a personage than His Majesty King Edward VII. At the cattle show at the Agricultural Hall, London, His Majesty in all took ten first prizes, nine "breed" cups and plates, which included his own challenge cup, the champion plate, the Prince of Wales challenge cup and four gold medals as well as an assortment of second and third prizes too numerous to mention.

Little Prince Olaf, of Norway, was during his recent visit to England the most popular personage, big or little, in Great Britain. He was all boy and as he liked "Grandpa's country," of course it liked him. "Coming again soon, Granny," were his farewell words to Queen Alexandra.

Lord Ellenborough is the latest nobleman to espouse an American heiress. He is to marry Miss Hermoine Schenley, of Pittsburg, Pa., whose charms lose nothing by reason of a background of ten or fifteen million dollars.

By the death of Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Britain loses one of her great philanthropists. Left an enormous fortune by her father, the great banker, Thomas Coutts, she spent the greater part of it in charitable work. For her noble deeds in the cause of humanity a peerage was conferred upon her by Queen Victoria. Lady Burdett-Coutts was 92 years of age and was the last of those present at Queen Victoria's coronation in Westminster Abbey in 1838.

Various English writers are expressing alarm lest Canada become Americanised and one even goes so far as to declare that Jack Canuck's future children are likely to become a mongrel breed. And if so, will they be any worse off than the folks in dear old England? Are they not a mongrel race, speaking a mongrel language? Are not Angles, and Saxons, and Normans alike responsible for the

Englishmen of to-day? Is that not one of the secrets of English supremacy? Why should results be worse on this side of the Atlantic?

Joseph Chamberlain has addressed a message to the Canadian people in which he once more expresses the belief that the mother country and the colonies will yet be bound together by the bonds of commerce. Mr. Chamberlain admits "this will have to be brought about by mutual understanding—in other words, that England and Canada will have to learn to know each other. Why not introduce a new Education Bill that would compel those voting on colonial matters to learn that Vancouver is more than a nice walk distant from Montreal and that the British Isles could be easily lost in Canada's western wheat fields?"

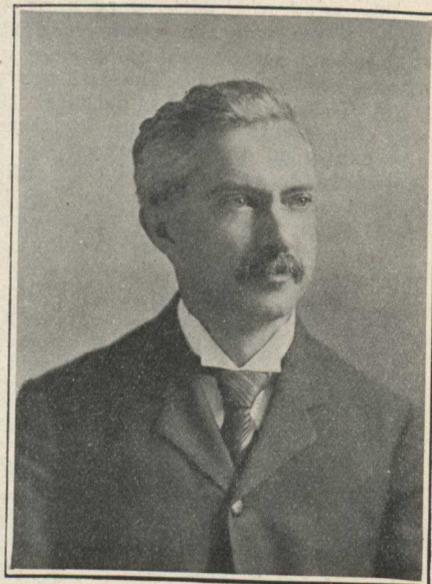
As Britain dug herself out of the recent snowstorm and reckoned up the lives lost and damage done, the Lady of the Snows may have been excused for remarking, "Well, there is something in heredity after all."

A Popular Promotion

The promotion of Mr. C. E. E. Ussher to manage the western passenger traffic of the Canadian Pacific is decidedly popular. Mr. Ussher will make his headquarters in Winnipeg.

Mr. Ussher is of the same stamp of man as some of the higher officials of his company, notably Mr. McNicoll. He can transact business without palaver or delay. This is because he knows. He has brains, application, and common sense. He is not hard to know, and when you know him you will always be glad to see his "croppy moustache over the laugh," as a brother scribe puts it. To me his chief personal peculiarity is the narrowness and the great height of his head. It is a peculiar brain-box, but the works are very active.

If Mr. Ussher lives, he may some day manage the C.P.R. Mr. McNicoll will probably succeed Sir Thomas



Mr. C. E. E. Ussher.

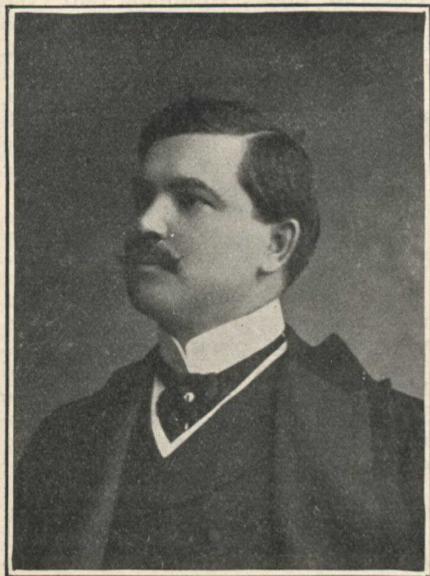
when that energetic gentleman has tired of the strenuous life; and either Mr. Whyte or Mr. Ussher may succeed Mr. McNicoll. In the meantime, Mr. Ussher would no doubt prefer that nobody should speak about it, but leave him to do his daily duty as he finds it.



A car ferry is the latest solution of Prince Edward Island connection with the main land. A company is being formed to build a steamer for the purpose and of course a Dominion subsidy is looked for.

Ontario is becoming too rich for the loan companies. One evidence of this is furnished by North of Scotland Canadian Mortgage, who have decided to close out their Ontario business and follow Horace Greely's advice.

The Liberals in Manitoba have declared for public ownership of telephones under a commission, and Premier Roblin charges them with stealing his policy. Politics are warming up despite the scarcity of fuel and the elections are not far away. In the meantime Mr. Roblin has asked for



Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux,
Postmaster General.

tenders for 50,000 telephone poles, delivery to commence in April, and you can almost hear the ring of his telephone bells.

Huron County Roman Catholics have resolved in favour of boycotting French goods. This is a retaliatory measure prompted by France's boycott on Roman Catholic churches.

The C.P.R. agent at Glacier, in the Rocky Mountains, reports a fall of crimson snow. The Indians are scared into saying their prayers, while the whites are trying to account for the phenomenon. Several theories are advanced, one of which is that red volcanic dust has been caught up by high winds and held in suspension. This is not the first red snow on record, else it might be charged to too much Christmas cheer.

The troubles of the Dominion Coal Co. appear to be a continuous performance. No sooner are things patched up with the Steel Co. than a mine catches fire and has to be flooded out. And on top of all comes a report that the Steel Company has now bought a coal mine of its own and when its two-year agreement with the Coal Company is up will be able to be quite independent. It's an old saying

and a true one that it's better to be born rich than unlucky.

The report of the Inland Revenue Department shows that the consumption of spirituous liquors in Canada is decreasing. The distilleries are turning out larger quantities than ever, but the amount held under Government control has increased to 17,000,000 proof gallons.

The coal arch eighty miles up the Saskatchewan from Edmonton is on fire and burning fiercely. The seam in places is twenty feet thick and parties are being sent out to figure on the possibility of extinguishing the blaze.

Vancouver is the present address of Provincial Constable Munro, who has just returned from a three-and-a-half-months hunt for an Indian murderer in the wilds of Northern British Columbia. By canoe, on foot and on snowshoes he chased the wanted red-man, through tangled forest and over snow-capped mountain. He didn't get his man, but he once more proved that British law reaches far beyond the bounds of civilisation.

With W. W. B. McInnes leading the Liberals, things are getting warm in the British Columbia provincial campaign, and Premier McBride is kept pretty busy answering the charges made against his Government. However, he is buckling gaily to the work. Even the retired Mr. Green is on the stump for him and with his glad hand methods working overtime he may yet make Mr. McInnes sorry he resigned his Yukon governorship.

There is nothing of the "regret to report" variety in what Prince Edward Island has to say of the past year. The yield of farm and orchard was below the average in quantity, but good quality and high prices offset this, while fisheries were ahead of last year and business men report a good average year.

And from all over Canada comes the same story of growth and prosperity. Just a few figures that mark 1906 as the growing time: Victoria building permits \$636,000, an increase of \$150,000; Vancouver building permits \$4,250,000, increase \$1,597,000; population 65,000, increase 15,000. Calgary building permits \$2,245,000, increase \$1,000,000; population 20,000, increase 5,000. Regina building permits \$2,100,000, increase 120 per cent.; population 9,500, increase fifty per cent. Winnipeg building permits \$12,800,000, increase \$2,000,000; population 97,000, increase 15,000. Ottawa building permits \$1,641,000; population 67,572, increase 2,500. Montreal building permits \$7,745,023, increase \$3,000,000. And the cities are only keeping pace with the general development of the country.

The sensation of the New Brunswick Liberal convention held at St. John was the return of Hon. A. G. Blair to the fold and his announcement that he would accept a Liberal nomination for St. John. The only trouble was that others wanted to accept the same nomination and they actually didn't enthuse over the announcement. In fact, one man got hot and called Mr. Blair a traitor to the party. However, the banquet to Hon. H. R. Emmerson was only limited by the capacity of the hall and he was endorsed as leader of the N. B. Liberals.

Premier Whitney has called the Ontario Legislature for January 24th. The bill of fare largely consists of patch-work on present laws, prison

labour reform and a redistribution bill that will probably give Toronto more members and in other ways fail to strengthen the weak hands of the Opposition.

There is a growing belief in Winnipeg that J. J. Hill, of the Great Northern, was bluffing re the line from Winnipeg to the coast and that his object was to scare the C. P. R. out of his own especial territory south of the international boundary. However, the G.T.P., the C.N.R., and the C.P.R. will do enough building during the coming season to satisfy most folks.

The Commercial Travellers' Association of Canada will ask the Dominion Parliament to give drummers the privilege of voting by mail. The idea is to allow them to go before a notary and swear in a ballot that will be forwarded by the said notary to where it belongs. So in the near future you may expect to hear on election night: "Majority for Green 17, with 44 commercial travellers still to be heard from." Still, drummers are human, of the male persuasion and



Hon. Lomer Gouin,
Premier of Quebec.

liable to taxation. Why shouldn't they be allowed to vote?

The number of immigrants who found their way into Canada this year is estimated at 225,000, an increase of about forty-five per cent. During the coming year the Interior Department intend pouring an army of 60,000 farm labourers into Ontario alone. Of course they'll go further west in the fall and leave room for thousands more.

British Columbia is talking of a special line of steamers from the coast ports to Mexico. Railway ties, coal and coke will be the first cargoes. The coal regions of that province are increasing in size. Telkwa, a region in the north coast section, is said to have large areas.

There is still much talk about the possibility of a bridge over the Seymour Narrows to connect Vancouver Island with the mainland.

The C.P.R. has a new vessel, the Princess Royal, now nearing completion in Esquimaux, and is talking of building several others.

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Trains leave Napanee for the north at 7.50 a.m., 12.10 p.m., 1.25 p.m., and 4.25 p.m.

Trains leave Tweed for the south at 7.00 a.m., 7.20 a.m., and 2.55 p.m., and for the north leaving Tweed at 11.30 a.m. and 4.50 p.m.

Trains run between Deseronto and Napanee as follows:—

Leave Deseronto at 1.00 a.m., 1.40 a.m., 5.55 a.m., 7.00 a.m., 7.20 a.m., 9.50 a.m., 11.30 a.m., 12.40 p.m., 12.55 p.m., 3.45 p.m., 6.10 p.m., 7.40 p.m.

Leave Napanee at 2.20 a.m., 3.30 a.m., 6.30 a.m., 6.35 p.m., 7.55 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 12.05 p.m., 1.20 p.m., 11.00 a.m., 4.30 p.m., 6.50 p.m., 8.15 p.m.

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Editorial Opinions

The editors from coast to coast have been saying kind things about THE CANADIAN COURIER. Here are a few extracts from among the scores that have reached this office:

"Thrice welcome, THE CANADIAN COURIER. Welcome first for itself, so clean and wholesome in appearance and matter. Welcome second for its editor, John A. Cooper. Welcome third, to a National Weekly from Toronto. With no undue flourish of trumpets, but with evidence of care and skill in its production, it comes among us as a worthy representative of sound journalism. We ask our people down by the sea to give it their support. The hope of our national life, lies in bringing to the assistance of an honest and pure press, the interest, influence and backing of our Canadian people."—*The Suburban*, Halifax, Dec. 1st.

"Evidently supported by a staff of capable writers." . . . "Better to begin moderately and improve constantly than to attempt too much at the beginning and then be compelled to fall off." *Sentinel Review*, Woodstock, Dec. 5.

"A new periodical was started in Canada last week, . . . described as a 'National Weekly.' Typographically it is excellent; in design and illustration it is artistic; in literary interest it is promising—but its tone must be decidedly changed before ever it can attain the place and influence of 'a national weekly.'"—*The Sun*, St. John, N.B., Dec. 4.

"It is to be hoped that the COURIER will make a permanent place for itself as one of our regular Canadian periodicals."—*Record*, Sherbrooke, Que., Dec. 3.

"THE CANADIAN COURIER is making a bold bid to be Canada's national weekly. The second number is to hand, and is a distinct improvement on the first. . . . We have heard a good deal of late of attempts to check the flood of U.S. literature. . . . One way to aid this is to subscribe for really worthy Canadian publications. THE CANADIAN COURIER is one of this type."—*World*, Vancouver, Dec. 13.

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The Canadian Courier



THE holiday theatrical attractions afforded during the last fortnight were exceedingly well chosen. No farce on the modern stage could have succeeded more thoroughly than "Mr. Hopkinson" in harmonising with Christmas jollity and in brightening the "cold grey dawn of the morning after." Mr. Dallas Welford, as that cream of bounders, "Hoppy," created a cordial detestation that was the highest, because involuntary, tribute to his artistic ability. Could such testimony go further than was afforded by the excitable observer who declared that he wanted to call at the actor's hotel and kick "Hoppy"? Mr. Welford's company was of that highly satisfactory order which one usually associates with English farce. The dialogue was of modern ultra-smartness, while Mr. Chesterton would no doubt complain that the aristocrats were represented as too gifted with epigrammatic skill. But, after all, most critics are not qualified to pass judgment on ducal dialogues, as, however familiar modern journalists may be with laurel, strawberry leaves are a trifle exotic. The public is quite satisfied to be amused by a witty duchess, a languid Duke and the bourgeois acrostics of "Hoppy," the "limit" indeed of New-richdom.

The appearance of Mrs. Le Grand Reed in concert at Massey Hall on the nineteenth of this month will doubtless attract an audience of "Mendelssohn" proportions. Madame Mary Reed (as she is known professionally) will be assisted by Mr. Kelly Cole, baritone, and Mrs. Kelly Cole, a pianist and 'cello soloist of high reputation. Mrs. Reed's concert work in New York last autumn received such press recognition as leads one to expect great things from one who has never lacked appreciation among her own Toronto people.

Lena Ashwell, an actress of Canadian origin, has been appearing at the Lyric Theatre, New York, in a play about which there is the widest diversity of opinion. Mr. Channing Pollock, who dramatised "The Pit" and who wrote "The Little Gray Lady," has several things to say on the subject:

"Until they read the newspapers of the following morning, most of the audience which saw Lena Ashwell make her metropolitan debut at the Lyric Theatre thought that they had enjoyed 'The Shulamite.' Chicago raved over the play, which New York critics found to be dull, unconvincing and gloomy. Dull and unconvincing the drama certainly did not seem to me, but I am perfectly willing to admit that it is gloomy. So is 'Hamlet.' . . . Miss Ashwell is an actress whose method is somewhere between that of Mrs. Fiske, Miss Nillson, and Margaret Anglin. Her voice, unpleasant at first hearing, soon grows to exert a charm over the listener, and her work has only one consistent fault—its monotony."

The story of "The Shulamite" is assuredly gloomy enough, with a wrenched happy ending to please the dear public that likes supper after the

play. The scene of the drama is the Transvaal, which has furnished a dismal background for both novelists and playwrights. The strongest stuff that has come out of South Africa is "The Story of an African Farm" and in plot and atmosphere "The Shulamite" appears to be a dramatic companion for Olive Schreiner's sombre book. The Boer farmer who beats his wife must be unpleasant dramatic material. The murderer has more or less of dignity, through the very magnitude of his crime; but the wife-beater suggests the sordidness of the police court and the hysterics of a domestic "scene."

Miss Ashwell, it is said, will take three American plays to England. Two of them are manuscript plays that have not been produced, and the third is the drama "Clothes," by Channing Pollock and Avery Hapwood.

The coming competition at Ottawa for the trophy offered by His Excellency for dramatic and musical productions is exciting general interest throughout the Dominion, although the East is naturally more affected than the provinces beyond Manitoba. It is to be hoped that the Lieutenant-Governor, who is to act as arbiter when two or more societies wish to represent any particular capital, will not be called upon to exercise the judicial function in such a critical connection. It might create much more "feeling" than a political deadlock.

"The Cingalee" and "A Country Girl" are two of the holiday productions which have shed a seasonable brightness. The latter, especially, shows what a musical play can be and atones for such impossible affairs as "The Isle of Spice" and "Coming Thro' the Rye." "A Country Girl" and "The Yankee Consul" are the best musical comedies that Canada has seen and heard. With gratitude for a grace so seldom granted, we recognise a production that has witty lyrics, real tunes, bright dialogue, and a genuine plot, which is an assertion not to be made about one musical comedy in a thousand. "A Country Girl" has made several visits to Canada but can hardly come too often.

Among the new works to be produced at the coming concerts of the Mendelssohn Choir is one of national interest. The words are by the Hon. Judge Routhier, and the music by the late Calixta Lavallee, a French-Canadian composer. Dr. T. B. Richardson has set to the English version an artistic choral arrangement in eight parts which is said to be most impressive. The music has been a feature of the massed bands' performances at our militia encampments. This hymn, "Canada," is one of our noblest native productions.

A Harrowing Experience

Mrs. Langtry said of the unpleasant and impertinent questions that, under the new customs rules, had been put to her on her landing in America: "They reminded me of that lawyer's bill which is sometimes quoted to show what a lawyer, at his worst, can be. I don't remember all the bill's items, but two of them were:

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"To dining with you after the case was lost, \$5."

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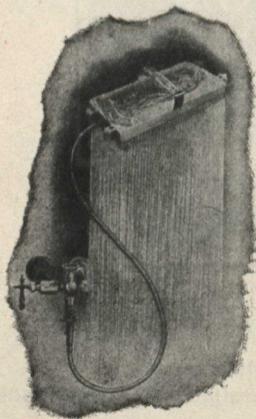
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By the Card

Sir Frederick Thesiger, afterwards Lord Chelmsford, being engaged in the conduct of a case, objected to the irregularity of a learned serjeant, who repeatedly put leading questions in examining his witnesses.

"I have a right," maintained the serjeant, doggedly, "to deal with my witnesses as I please."

"To that I offer no objection," retorted Sir Frederick; "you may deal as you like, but you shan't lead."

A Churchill Episode

Anecdotes concerning Mr. Winston Churchill are as thick just now as the season's greetings. The name of Captain Arthur Lee is familiar to many Canadians and Mr. Churchill is not altogether unknown to Canadian audiences, which he impressed — after a fashion.

The story goes that a few years ago the firebrand orator from the United States, Mr. Bourke Cockran, was visiting the British House of Commons as the guest of Mr. Churchill. They met Captain Lee in the course of their wanderings and Mr. Churchill called the former military attache at Washington, saying: "Don't you know my friend, Mr. Cockran?"

Lee curtly replied: "Yes. The last time I saw him he was welcoming the Boer delegates to Washington." Then the officer turned on his heel and walked away.

Anyone who knows the language used by Mr. Cockran in his public addresses to United States audiences during the war in South Africa can hardly wonder at a British officer for resenting an introduction to a man who had uttered slander concerning almost every British institution. Mr. Churchill, it is said, apologised for Captain Lee's discourtesy, and this affords matter for reflection, as Lord Randolph's sprightly offspring is not in the habit of apologising for even his own rudeness.

A Happy Toast

Hon. Joseph H. Choate is as celebrated as a post-prandial orator as he is in his legal capacity. At one of the dinners of the New England Society of New York he once proposed the following toast:

"Woman, the better half of the Yankee world—at whose tender summons even the stern Pilgrims were ever ready to spring to arms, and without whose aid they never could have achieved the historic title of the Pilgrim Fathers. The Pilgrim Mothers were more devoted martyrs than were the Pilgrim Fathers, because they not only had to bear the same hardships that the Pilgrim Fathers stood, but they had to bear with the Pilgrim Fathers themselves."

An Irish Judge

The late Lord Morris was a man whose wit gave him a reputation which extended beyond legal circles.

At Coleraine, while trying an action involving the poisoning of a horse, he was greatly amused at the pompous manner in which a doctor was giving his evidence to the effect that twelve grains of the poison in question could

be given without fatal consequences, and said at last:

"Tell me this. Wouldn't twelve grains kill the Devil himself if he swallowed them?"

"I can't say, my Lord. I never had the honour of prescribing for that patient," said the doctor.

"Ah, no, doctor dear, ye never had!" retorted the judge. "More's the pity! The old boy's alive yet."

Rather Doubtful

There is a small town containing two churches of the same denomination and a visitor recently remarked in surprise:

"You must be very religious to have two churches of that sect in such a small place."

An old Scotchman, to whom he made the observation replied: "Ah, weel! We may be vera guid. But in my opinion it's mair spite than releesion."

A Serious Defect

That new-comers often find the slang of this continent attractive, though not completely understanding it, is sometimes humorously shown. The expression "half baked," meaning dull or stupid, was found much to his liking by a recently-arrived Englishman.

Speaking of an acquaintance, he remarked: "Hi'll tell you what's the matter with 'im; 'e's not boiled 'ard enough."

Francs Didn't Count

An American banker brought his son to Paris with the intention of leaving him there to enjoy himself for awhile before assuming business duties. The father introduced the young man to his Paris bankers, telling them to meet his son's drafts and to look to himself in case the account was overdrawn.

The son made such progress that in the course of a month he had aroused anxiety in the Paris bankers who, finally, to protect themselves, sent this cable to the young man's father: "Your son's account overdrawn 100,000. Shall we honour further drafts?"

The father, who had more or less contempt for things French, although he liked Paris about as well as his son did, sent this reply:

"If you mean pounds, send him home; if you mean dollars, tell him to be careful; if you mean those little things, let him have all he wants."

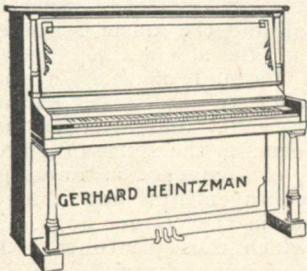
An Expensive Edition

During the siege of Kimberley the editor of the only daily paper there was often hard put to find enough news. One day in a club-room he found Cecil Rhodes reading a fairly new paper from Cape Town. He borrowed it and rushed to his own office, where it soon appeared as a special edition, selling like hot cakes. That same evening he met Mr. Rhodes, who inquired: "Where's my Cape Town paper?"

"Oh, I cut it up for the printers," was the reply.

"Please don't do that again," said Rhodes, mildly. "That paper came through by native runners and cost me \$1,000."—Argonaut.

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"SONGS and Sonnets" is the appropriate title of a volume of poems by Helena Coleman. There is a veritable singing quality in many of the lyrics in the former half of the book and the music is borne in the heart of the sonnets also, closing with "As Parsifal of Old," a melodious yielding to the "sweet enchantments" of beauty and love. Throughout the poems is the spirit of a broad humanity, of a courageous meeting of life's discouragements and dangers, and a trust in the "larger hope." The form in which these sentiments find expression is of literary ease and grace, with a fine sense of verbal harmonies.

But to some readers, such poems as "On the Trail," "When Orchards Bloom," "My Roses," and "Crimson Buds are on the Maple," form the most attractive reading among poems that are of unusual distinction. The first stanza of "My Roses" is full of that spontaneous joy in "God's colours" that is the poet's supreme happiness.

"Glowing, passionate, perfect,
Crimson fold on fold,
Packed with that exquisite beauty
Only a rose can hold—
Under the velvet petals
Hints of hidden gold."

The author's use of contrast is finely shown in the lines of "Invocation," a poem that almost sets itself to music:

"The grapes hang purpling on the wall,
The flagons brim, the apples fall,
The hours run fast;
Grey shadows lengthen, toward the west
The sun is turning—be my guest
While life shall last."

Again there is noticed that revelling in autumn's pageantry which glows in our Eastern Canadian poets. There is occasionally too much moralising on nature's loveliness, as in the latter half of "When Orchards Bloom." Some of us prefer to follow the method of Tennyson's "Day-Dream" and find the "lesson" for ourselves.

Patriotic verse is not always poetry and much of the modern outpouring about our country's destiny is more loyal than literary. But in Miss Coleman's "I Am Content With Canada," there is a happy blending of felicitous phrase with patriotic feeling. Who that has heard the "lonely loon or curlew call" does not thrill to such lines as these?

"Across our own unnumbered Northern lakes,
And over leagues of winding waterways
Upon whose nameless shores the aspen shakes
And yellows in the soft autumnal haze."

There are many readers who will recognise with gratitude the sonnet "In October" ("On the University Lawn") as the expression of their own inarticulate admiration.

The Canadian firm issuing this volume may be justly proud of paper, type and leaf-strewn cover which make the publication, "Songs and Sonnets," a delightful gift-book. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

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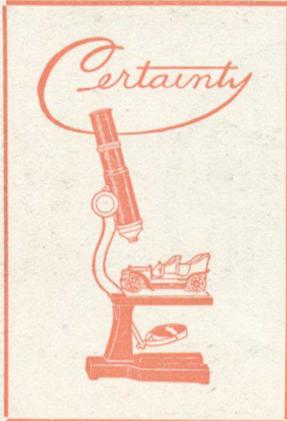
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