

The Canadian Courier

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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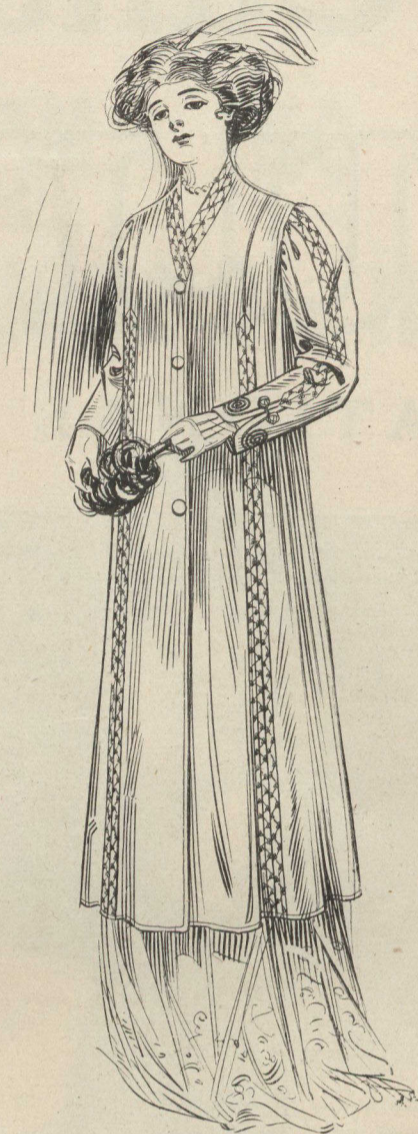
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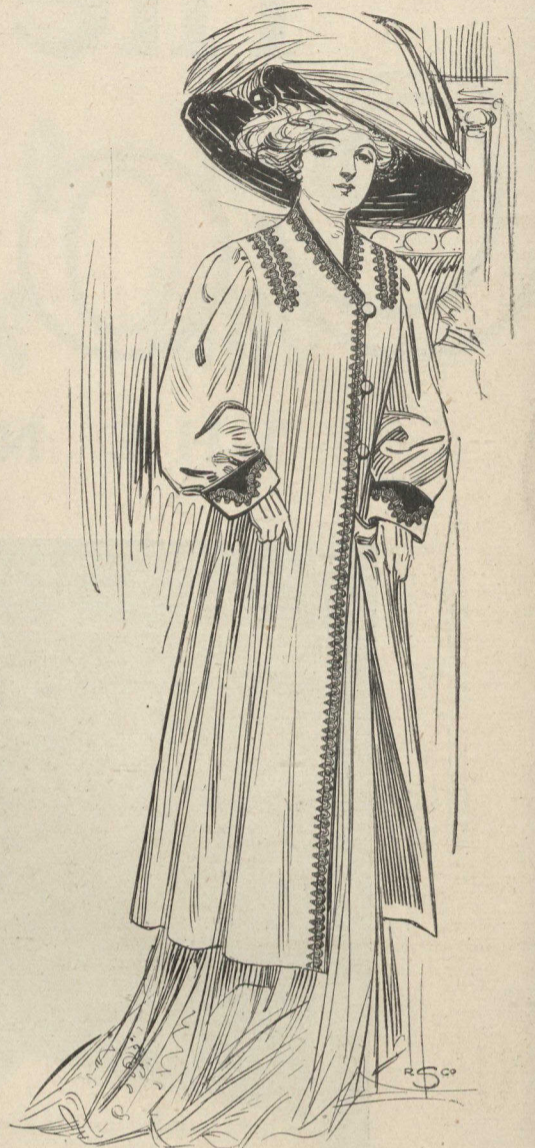
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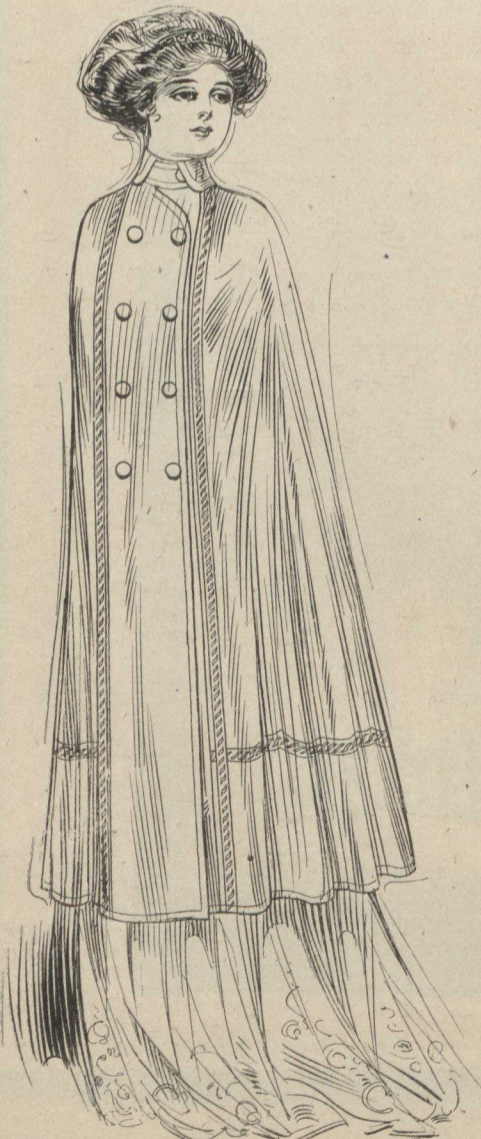
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Editor's Talk

ANY reader who thinks that we are giving him too much talk about the Canadian navy is quite entitled to speak out. It has seemed to us that this is the most important question now before the public of this country. It is national. It is imperial. It is constitutional. We are settling the defence question for the next generation. We are deciding the whole question of a ship-building policy for the country. For these and other reasons, we have deemed it best to consider the progress of the arguments and of the movement from week to week.

NEXT week, the third of Mr. Harry Whitney's articles on his musk ox trip will be published. Every reader heard from says that these are the finest feature ever secured for a Canadian periodical. The other four articles will be found quite up to the high standard of the first two. The photographs are wonderful, simply wonderful.

WE are pleased to announce that we have secured the Canadian rights for six excellent mining stories by that prince of Canadian short-story writers, Mr. W. A. Fraser. Whether or not our readers have been bitten by the "gamesters" in the Cobalt game, they will find these tales delightful. They are at once dramatic and humorous. Mr. Fraser has lived much among the men of whom he writes and has both lost and won in this most wonderful of modern mining regions.

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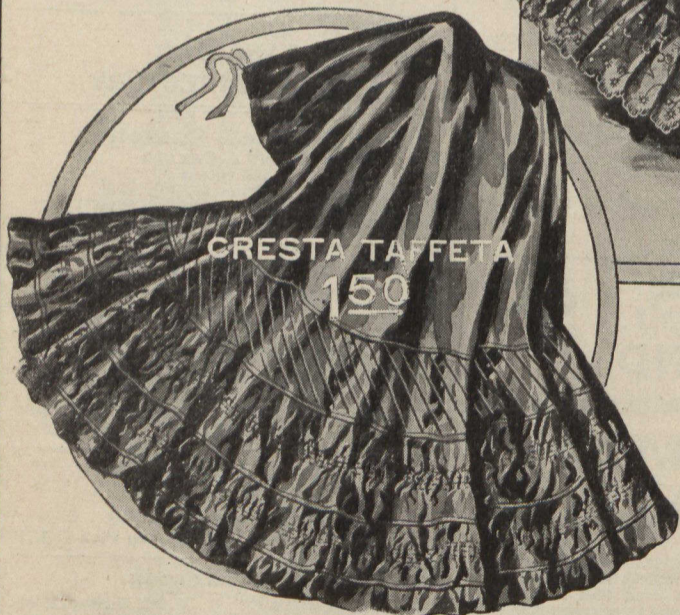
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T H E

Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL. 7

Toronto, January 22nd, 1910

No. 8

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

CANADA prohibits prize-fights, but it does not prohibit the exhibition of moving pictures of a prize fight. To be consistent, the same authority which prohibits the one should prohibit the other. Not only should these brutalising pictures be kept out of the country, but the authorities should proceed at once to regulate the cheap picture shows, which now form such a prominent feature of the national entertainment. Murders, burglaries, hold-ups and other degrading events are freely reproduced for the amusement of innocent children and curious youths. The five-cent show is taking the place of the yellow press, of the "Police Gazette" and other prohibited publications and is giving our youth practical instruction in crime.

This is a question which should interest the mothers of Canada. They do not seem to realise that a most degrading influence occupies a quite prominent position in our midst. It is an old evil in a new form, and it must be fought with the old weapons.

ON account of the illness of the Hon. Mr. Brodeur, it fell to the lot of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, last week, to introduce the Naval Bill. Its full title is "An Act Respecting the Naval Service of Canada," and its general features correspond to those of the Militia Act. The navy is to be under the control of the Department of Marine and Fisheries, is to have a naval director with the rank of rear-admiral and a naval board to advise the department. While all service is to be voluntary, the Governor-in-Council may call the force into active service in case of war, invasion or insurrection. In case of emergency the Governor-in-Council may place the force at the disposal of His Majesty for general service in the Royal Navy.

"Emergency" is the first contentious word. At the request of Mr. Foster, Sir Wilfrid explained that "Emergency means war, invasion, riot or insurrection, real or apprehended." This is the wording in both the Militia Act and the Naval Bill. Sir Wilfrid explained that war included both Canadian and British wars. "When Britain is at war, Canada is at war; there is no distinction."

There is a distinct effort here to meet the objections which have been raised in some quarters that the Canadian navy might not go to Britain's aid even if needed. The decision of all such questions is left in the hands of the then cabinet. This will satisfy most people and will more than satisfy those who believe that Canada should not mix herself up in Britain's wars without parliament's consent. In other words, it does not go far enough for some, and it goes too far for others.

AS to the extent and character of the fleet, the Bill is also a compromise. It provides for a larger fleet than some expected, although it does not go as far as others would like. There is to be a fleet of eleven vessels, four Bristols, one Boadicea, and six destroyers. This is a smaller fleet unit than that of Australia, which consists of thirteen vessels, including one Indomitable. But in Australia's case, Great Britain contributes part of the cost, while in Canada's case, the whole cost is borne by this country.

The total cost of these eleven ships, according to British figures, is \$11,000,000. If built in Canada, they will probably cost more, but they will be constructed here if possible.

MR. BORDEN expressed his pleasure that Sir Wilfrid had receded from his position that parliament's consent must first be given before the navy could be placed at the disposal of Great Britain. He regards any other proposition as impossible. When Great Britain is at war, Canada is liable to attack. "In time of war, the Canadian unit of the British navy must be part of the British navy when engaged in the preservation and defence of this great empire."

Indeed Mr. Borden went farther than Sir Wilfrid in expressing

his approval of a Canadian naval force. "Canadian interests will exist and must be protected not only upon the high seas, but in every quarter of the globe." He also pointed out that if

Canada were independent, or if she were part of the United States, the naval expenditure would be much greater than if she remains a portion of the British Empire.

Mr. Borden also answered the argument that the creation of a Canadian navy will have a tendency towards the separation of Canada from the empire. He believes the opposite. The Canadian navy is to be organised along lines suggested by the admiralty and the service is to be in "co-operation with and in close relation to the imperial navy."

He also emphasised his continued opposition to a system of annual contributions. Strategically this might be advisable, but "from a constitutional and political standpoint, I am opposed to it." It would not endure, it would be a source of friction, and it would become a bone of partisan contention. It would not be permanent or continuous. It might ultimately cause separation.

THE only point on which Mr. Borden differed from Sir Wilfrid was that of immediate action. He is in favour of a Canadian fleet, but while that is being built he would contribute a Dreadnought or its equivalent in cash. He prefers the latter part of the alternative. "In taking this course we will fulfil not only in the letter but in the spirit as well, the resolution of March last, and what is infinitely more important we will discharge a great patriotic duty to our country and to the whole empire." He took this position because he believed that there is a present peril and that the peace of to-day can only be maintained by an unusual and emphatic preparation for war.

THUS, is practically settled the greatest question which has come before the Parliament of Canada for many years. With the Premier and the Leader of the Opposition agreed, a Canadian navy is assured, and a direct annual cash contribution is vetoed. The question of an additional emergency contribution of a Dreadnought or its cash equivalent will be settled later, but that is a detail. It may occasion much talk, much heart-burning and much rivalry, but after all it remains a detail.

The opponents of a "tin-pot navy" have lamentably failed to intimidate either the Government or the majority of the Opposition. Sir Wilfrid has undoubtedly an almost undivided majority of his followers with him; most of Mr. Borden's followers are with him. Therefore, the Canadian navy is supported by about seven-eighths of the present House of Commons.

MR. CLARENCE JAMESON, member for Digby, in his speech in the House, recognised the situation clearly. He admitted that a permanent policy was being considered and decided upon. Because this policy was to be permanent and because it was of great national and imperial significance, he demanded that the people of Canada should be consulted by means of a referendum or plebiscite. Mr. Bourassa, in his new daily paper, published in Montreal, takes the same view as to the advisability of a referendum. The two differ, however, in purpose. Mr. Jameson thinks the Canadian navy will not satisfy the people's desire to do something adequate and effective in the present emergency; Mr. Bourassa thinks that the people might decide against any naval expenditure whatever. Mr. Jameson rather favours a direct contribution of ships or money; Mr. Bourassa and Mr. Monk favour an absolutely neutral attitude. Mr. Monk has declared in the House that "What is proposed to-day here is to invite us to assume responsibilities which I claim we are not bound to assume." These gentlemen represent those opposed to the pro-

posals of the Government. That their refusal to accept that policy in whole or in part will lead to any definite results is quite improbable. We repeat, a Canadian navy, built mainly in Canada, controlled in time of peace by Canada, and manned so far as is possible by Canadians, is now assured.

A FRIEND in Winnipeg protests against our editorial of December 25th on Mr. Roblin's famous "Tin-pot Navy" speech. He describes our comment as "a studied, cynical, insulting and contemptuous personal attack on a prominent Manitoban." This is decisive, to say the least. Our critic contends that instead of honest criticism we substituted "Studied insult" both in that issue and in a subsequent one.

Allow us to say in reply that we do not remember, nor can we find any record of a word of personal criticism of Mr. Roblin, either as a man or as a Premier, in the two articles in question. Mr. Roblin himself said that he spoke as a private citizen, not as premier, and we were bound to respect that statement. We did respect it. We made no reference to any question in Manitoba politics nor to any attitude of the honourable gentleman with the exception of what was exhibited in his public address. Our correspondent is wrong in stating that we reflected upon Mr. Roblin's sincerity. That part of the charge we deny.

We did laugh at Mr. Roblin, when he quoted Ex-Senator Chauncey Depew as his sole authority for stating that a war between Germany and England was imminent. We are still laughing. Mr. Borden later made the same assertion as Mr. Roblin, but backed it up with statements made by Mr. Asquith and other prominent statesmen of Great Britain. We do not laugh at Mr. Borden. His evidence was reasonable even if not conclusive.

Indeed, in Mr. Borden's magnificent speech in the House last week, one of the best he has ever made, he took the same attitude as the "Courier" on two points. First, he said a Canadian navy would not, in his opinion, lead to a severance of our connection with the Empire. Secondly, he argued that a Canadian navy was no more likely to embroil us in trouble with our neighbours or with the Empire, than the Canadian militia. These, indeed, were chief among the points which we made against Mr. Roblin's attitude. In both cases, Mr. Borden's attitude is exactly the same as ours. How, then can we be accused of partisanship

We respect Mr. Roblin as a successful Canadian premier. We have no criticism to offer upon his personal qualities or his personal record as a public man. On this Canadian navy question, we believe he has gone wrong. Further, he has carried most of the West with him and thus has led them astray also. In admitting that the West is largely with Mr. Roblin in his attitude towards a Canadian navy, we believe we are paying him a high compliment. This does not, nevertheless, prevent our saying that we feel impelled to oppose his arguments with all the vigour and skill which we possess. This is a national question of the gravest importance and the Canadian Courier would be untrue to its purpose and its opportunities, if it were to remain neutral at the present moment.

SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY'S plan to provide ready-made homes for hand-picked British immigrants is attracting much attention. It looks as if Sir Thomas had taken a leaf out of the notebook of General Booth. When one of these fortunates is selected, a house is built for him, the land is broken and sown for a first crop. The company is to be repaid in annual instalments with the land as security. Supposing the initial cost to be \$4,000, the new farmer would pay \$400 a year for ten years. But the new man, Sir Thomas insists, shall have at least \$500 capital.

THE Canadian ultra-imperialists who have been shouting for tariff reform and gifts of Dreadnoughts ought to be thoroughly silenced by the election returns from Great Britain. Tariff preference by Great Britain in favour of the colonies is still a dream of the future. The people of the Motherland believe themselves quite capable of getting along without either colonial advice or colonial assistance. To send the money for Dreadnoughts to a people in such a mood would be distinctly bad form.

Canada can best preserve her reputation and her self-respect and can best improve her standing within the Empire by continuing to frame her politics nationally. Australia and New Zealand are doing this. South Africa is doing it. So is Great Britain. Each part of

the Empire is developing in its own way, and following the policies which will give it the greatest national strength.

The simplicity and clarity of such a statement is its greatest recommendation. As soon as one part of the Empire begins to interfere with another, complications will arise and frictions will follow. So long as Canada keeps her advice on Britain's domestic affairs in cold storage, so long will our relations continue pleasant. Britain steadily refuses to interfere in purely domestic colonial affairs, and the colonies will do well to reciprocate.

Opinions on the Naval Question

Kingston *Whig*:—"Sir Wilfrid represents a sentiment that finds higher expression than the occasional waving of flags. There are two kinds of loyalty—the one that ends in talking and the one that ends in action. Of the one kind the Canadian people have had quite enough."

Winnipeg *Free Press*:—"As the debate goes on and other Conservative members state their views to Parliament and the country, perhaps Mr. Borden will gradually supply the explanation necessary to make his speech intelligent. Meanwhile, he and his party stand before the country without a coherent naval policy."

Halifax *Herald*:—"Sir Wilfrid's proposed vessels are not fighting ships, are fit for no place in the first line of defence of the Empire; but it is fighting ships that Britain wants to be prepared for the threatened emergency—battleships, armoured cruisers, such as *Indomitables* and *Shannons*. For the supply of any such ships Sir Wilfrid has nothing but refusals."

Stratford *Herald*:—"The fatal error of the Naval Bill, while it goes in the right direction by making a beginning at a navy, is its shabby disregard of dignity and gratitude. The *Dreadnought* is the feature which above all Canada ought to commit herself to."

Kingston *Standard*:—"A Canadian navy will commit us to a policy of expenditure and extravagance indefinitely. On the other hand a policy of direct contribution to the Empire commits us merely to a policy of contribution which need not be continued indefinitely."

St. John *Sun*:—"These facts amply justify Sir Wilfrid Laurier's contention that Canada's plain duty is to plan for the permanent future, not for an imaginary emergency now. Britain is not tottering. Canada offers co-operation, not charity."

Fredericton *Gleaner*:—"Sir Wilfrid desires to go down to posterity as the originator of the Canadian navy; all else is as naught. There can be no question that the proper thing for Canada to do is to place a cash contribution at the disposal of the British Admiralty."

Ottawa *Journal*:—"The *Journal* believed and believes that Canada can and should do more than either Australia or New Zealand, for the cause of the Empire. Is it necessary for us to be so much 'on the cheap' in this matter?"

Windsor *Record*:—"It looks as if the Government were being weakly driven into this expenditure by fear of the loyalty cant of the jingo element in and outside of the Conservative party. The *Record* believes that if the people were given an opportunity for expression at the polls they would be found in substantial agreement with Mr. Monk on this question."

London *Advertiser*:—"Mr. Monk's reasoning will not be accepted by the great majority of Canadians. They will agree with Sir Wilfrid Laurier that war against Great Britain must be war against Canada, on the principle of a United Empire. The sentiment of Quebec will rather incline to the National-Imperial attitude of Sir Wilfrid Laurier."

Hamilton *Times*:—"It is quite clear that the Opposition is far from united on the question of naval defence. The one point on which the party seems to agree is that whatever policy the Government seeks to undertake must be opposed."

St. John *Telegraph*:—"Political enemies have called Sir Wilfrid Laurier a Separatist. His words are those of a good patriot. The small group of men who have been saying that the creation of a Canadian navy is a movement towards separation, have their answer. The voluntary proposal of Canada to place eleven new ships of war under the flag at a cost of \$15,000,000."

Toronto *Star*:—"It is altogether likely that the navy will cost Canada a great deal more, as time goes on, than three million dollars a year. But in embarking upon an entirely new policy, an initial expenditure of at least eleven million dollars and an annual expenditure of three million dollars will hardly strike the impartial observer as insignificant or contemptible. We did not, when we began to build railways, lay out the plans for a transcontinental railway."

Montreal *La Patrie*:—"The opinion of the Province of Quebec for the past few months has not shown itself so visibly hostile. In whatever case, Quebec will not cast off her part of the burden. French-Canadians are unfortunately placed to express clearly their views. We still have to defend ourselves nearly every day against certain shadowy persons who are inclined to suspect us of disloyalty. It is, perhaps, because of this continued distrust that French-Canadian opinions, at certain times, seem to bend before the silent intimation which they feel. We suppose the federal government has given careful thought to the matter before placing the marine project before the chamber, because an immediate appropriation of 3 per cent. of her revenue should not be accepted without reflection, an appropriation which will in the future grow faster than the revenue beyond a doubt. We had believed not so long ago that public opinion was more in favour of a Canadian navy."

MEN OF TO-DAY

THE MODERN DAVID

DAVID LLOYD-GEORGE is a remarkable member of the house of David. Since his flaming utterance to the electors at Grimsby on Saturday last, some of his hyper-critics may have it to say that he went out to slay the Philistines with "the jawbone of an ass." This, however, is mere conjecture, based somewhat on the assumption that the Germans are Philistines. Lloyd-George will probably never be hanged for sheer discretion. As the author of the famous Budget of 1909, however, he must be set down as a constructive genius. As the "man behind the gun" in the very probable return to power of the Liberals, he will exact a profound respect even from those who may differ technically from his point of view. As a fighter he wins admiration from most. All the world loves a fighter. Those newspapers that blazed forth into yellow hysterics over his firebrand speech about the German navy and the German ocean, may be worse prophets than Lloyd-George. It is by no means certain that David of old when he succinctly told Saul that he could measure the earth with Goliath by means of a slingstone, was any more indiscreet than the muttering many in the camp of Saul who argued under their breath about what they could and could not do to the Philistines. For months now British newspapers and clubs and social circles and military headquarters have been seething with a rumble of unrest over the German scare. Lloyd-George simply said on the housetops what the others were saying under a quilt, and occasionally alluding to as the "ominous hush." Whether he did it because Mr. Blatchford accused the Government of ignoring the war issue in favour of the Budget, or whether he did it for a straight political purpose is by no means certain. At all events he had his say and it's dollars to doughnuts he was applauded to the echo. The modern David may be a trifle indiscreet. But he is as bold as a lion.

* * *

CONSERVATION AND MONOPOLY

WHILE they are having the conflict of history over in Great Britain, they of the United States are said to be having another; in the words of one who is supposed to know, "the great conflict now being fought is to decide for whose benefit our natural resources are to be conserved — whether for the benefit of the many or the use and profit of the few." So says recent Chief Forester Pinchot, who has been removed from his position at the head of the Forestry Service by the administration of Mr. Taft. Gifford Pinchot is in many respects a remarkable man. He is a millionaire who early in life chose to devote himself to forestry, just as our own Dr. Fernow in Canada has done without being a millionaire. He has made a hobby of trees. But he is now out of a job so far as the Forestry Service of the United States is concerned.

As usual, there are two sides. Pinchot says the forest service has been "more constantly, more violently, and more bitterly attacked by the representatives of the special interests in recent years than any other government bureau, and these attacks have increased in violence and bitterness just in proportion as the service has offered effective opposition to predatory wealth." He claims that the conservation issue is a moral issue; contending that where a few men get possession of a life-necessary and use that leverage to extort undue profits they injure the average man—who is the consumer—and are guilty of moral wrong. He argues that monopoly in production makes a fair living impossible to the many.

Is Mr. Pinchot a Socialist? At any rate he believes in distribution, whether equal or not. He seems to disbelieve in huge vested interests. The barons of the United States, not those of hereditary but of predatory privilege, are the people who give him most concern. He was in Ottawa last year conferring with the authorities there regarding the Conservation Conference held at Washington last summer, to which Canada sent three delegates, and as a result

appointed a conservation commission consisting of more than a score of men eminent in business, finance, education and government. Did Mr. Pinchot observe in Ottawa any signs of those few who get monopolistically rich at the expense of the toilsome many?

On the other side of the question take the New York Sun. The Sun is satirical at Mr. Pinchot's expense. It seems that the Forest Service has made a demonstration in favour of Mr. Pinchot and this, says the Sun, "testifies even more strongly to the absolutely perverted relation which that service bears to the Government and to the Administration. Its devotion is purely personal. The Forest Service is not supported by the people of the United States as a vehicle of glorification for its chief. Anybody would suppose it was Mr. Pinchot's own establishment, endowed by him, responsible to him, responsible to nobody else. Discipline and subordination have disappeared from the Forest Service. It is a personal, it seems to be on its way to become a political personal, machine."

* * *

MR. FITZHUGH

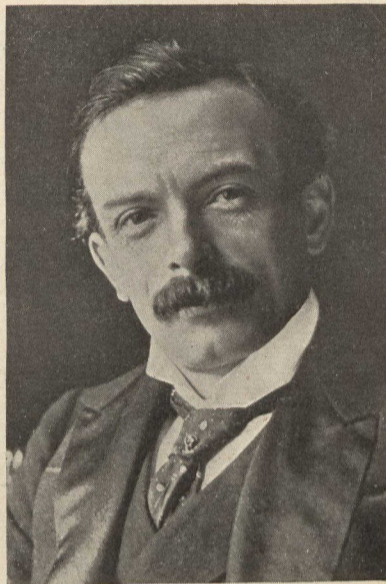
JUST the other day the Grand Trunk directors in London gave effect to the decision which the shareholders arrived at in October and Mr. Charles M. Hays is now the president of the Grand Trunk Railway System. January, 1910, will always be an important date in Mr. Hays' history. President Hays' first duty was to appoint his own successor, and the honour has fallen to Mr. E. H. Fitzhugh, who is now first vice-president of the Grand Trunk Railway System. Mr. William Wainwright moves up to second vice-president, Mr. M. M. Reynolds becomes third vice-president and Mr. R. S. Logan becomes assistant to the president. Apparently Mr. Hays remains general manager.

Mr. Earl Hopkins Fitzhugh is from Missouri. He was born in that state of "doubters" fifty-seven years ago next month. He early entered the railway business and was with the Wabash for a long period. In January, 1896, he joined the Grand Trunk as Superintendent of the Middle Division with headquarters at Toronto. During this time he was vice-president and general manager of the Central Vermont. When, in 1901, Mr. Hays suddenly left the Grand Trunk for the Southern Pacific, Mr. Fitzhugh went with him. When Mr. Hays as suddenly returned to the Grand Trunk, Mr. Fitzhugh came back. Five years ago Mr. Fitzhugh was made third vice-president and he now becomes first vice-president. Like Mr. Hays, Mr. Fitzhugh knows railroading in all its phases and there is no doubt that the president of the Grand Trunk believes Mr. Fitzhugh to be one of the best railway men in North America.

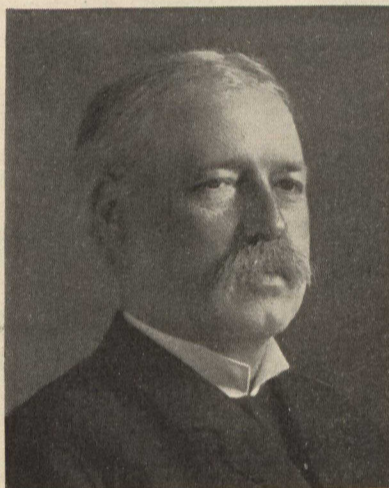
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MR. W. J. GAGE

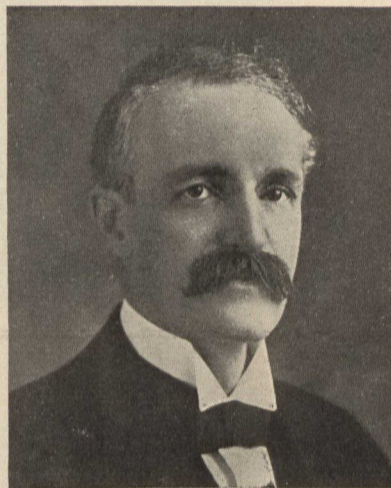
THE office of president of the Toronto Board of Trade is the second most important position of its kind in Canada, since Toronto is second only to Montreal. The occupant of this office for the year 1910 is one of the best-known business men in Ontario. For over thirty-five years the W. J. Gage Company has been one of the leading book and stationery firms in Ontario. As a business man Mr. Gage was a keen trader and his business was very successful. As a publisher of school books he was so well equipped with a thorough knowledge of the subject that he was able to keep every superintendent of education guessing. With the rapid acquisition of wealth, he began to take less interest in his business and to turn his mind to broader movements. He had always been a keen church worker and hence was somewhat of a social reformer. These characteristics led him to take an interest in the White Plague. It is stated that he was the first to conceive the plan of founding a sanatorium in this country. He visited similar institutions in Europe and the United States and brought this knowledge to bear on the Ontario situation. The Muskoka Cottage Sanatorium and the Muskoka Free Hospital, the King Edward Sanatorium and the Toronto Free Hospital for Consumptives were all created mainly by his efforts. He has offered a series of six scholarships of \$100 each, together with gold medals, to be given in connection with the early diagnosis of tuberculosis. This is the latest development in what Mr. Gage considers as his life work.



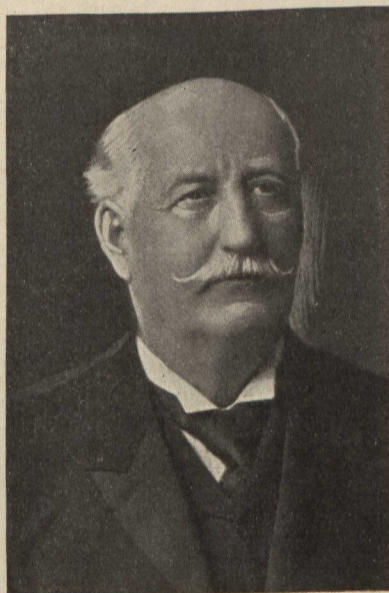
Rt. Hon. David Lloyd-George
Chancellor of Exchequer



Mr. E. H. Fitzhugh,
Who succeeds Mr. Hays as First Vice-President of Grand Trunk Railway.



Mr. Gifford Pinchot,
Recently removed from the United States Forestry Service.



Mr. W. J. Gage,
President-Elect Toronto Board of Trade.

THROUGH A MONOCLE

THE DANCERS OF SPAIN.

ONE of the ambitions of every tourist in Spain is to see the characteristic Andalusian dances. It is the more insistent because the guide-books discourage it. They tell you that the places where such dancing is to be seen are not fit for ladies and of doubtful safety for men; and they add—what is far more deterring with most—that the performances are not characteristically native at all but are got up for tourists. This the tourist fresh from Paris is quite ready to believe; for most of the things which give the French capital a bad name are run purely for the delectation of foreigners, Parisians seldom or never going near them. It is, by the way, a great pity that the average American tourist will get and magnify this view of Paris; for it is a false view and tends to obscure the real truth that Paris is a magnetic centre for the inspiration of much that is best in the world. Paris should be known to us as the city of Sorbonne, of learning and scientific discovery, of vivid literature, of masterly drama, of the finest modern school of art; and not as the capital of lechery. If the tourist would see Paris on its gay night side, let him attend a student ball in the Latin Quarter where he will possibly be the only tourist, or let him find companions among the youth of the city and see what they make of life in their bright Bohemia. It may not be exactly Torontoesque; but it will not be vulgar nor baldly vicious nor anything like the horrible things to which the guides on the Boulevards take credulous and shame-faced strangers.

* * *

HOWEVER, we were talking of Spain. There the search is for Andalusian dancing. In Madrid, I was told that it was not to be seen except amidst very low surroundings. In Granada, there are gipsies who will get up dances for you at a moment's notice; but it is the gotten up thing that you distrust. At Seville, I had a very approachable and reliable landlord; and I consulted him on the subject. He said that if we did not mind finding ourselves mingling with anything but an aristocratic audience he could tell us where we could go and be perfectly safe while seeing the actual dances of the people, danced for the people in one of their own cafes. A party composed of eight people from this continent, including three Canadians, accepted the suggestion. We were three ladies and five gentlemen; and after a walk of fifteen minutes we arrived at the entrance to the indicated cafe.

* * *

IT was a fairly large hall, the floor filled with tables for four each and packed to the limit of its accommodation. About it ran a gallery divided off into boxes; and this, too, seemed full. A stage stood at one end. We wormed our way slowly upstairs in search of an empty box; but they all appeared to be occupied. The place was, in fact, packed with an entirely native audience. We were the only foreigners there, and as we had not thought of coming until two minutes before we started, they could not possibly have expected us. This, then, was the real thing. Finally a man in charge of one of

the boxes made room for four or five of us, and we in the end inherited the other seats as their occupants left. One of them was a gaily-dressed girl who subsequently turned out to be one of the dancers. The dancing is very different from our conception of the art either on the stage or in the drawing-room. It is largely a matter of the arms. The dress usually falls quite to the floor and is practically never raised. But there is much graceful swaying of the body, intricate weaving of the arms and snapping of the fingers. The eyebrows dance; the lips are kept in motion; the whole face changes like a landscape under rapidly passing sunshine and shadow. Sometimes the castanets clash with marvellous music; and a seated ring of dancers awaiting their turn encourage those on the stage with cries and the jingle of tambourines. Perhaps a man sits in the centre of the ring and plays lightly on a guitar.

* * *

BEFORE and after their "turns" the dancers came up into the gallery and were occasionally welcomed by their friends in the boxes. But all was very orderly, nothing more exciting happening than the ordering of a drink and the opportunity to examine their wonderful shawls at closer range. At one time while a funny male quartette were operating on the stage, a couple of feminine faces appeared at what seemed a window of the "green room," looking out upon the hall. One of them was very lovely in profile, and our party admired it exceedingly. Presently she looked up our way, and a reckless young husband from Iowa—partly to tease his wife—beckoned to her to come up. The invitation was no sooner offered than accepted; and both girls disappeared from their window—apparently to come. Immediately our middle-aged and decidedly non-sporty crowd was in a flutter. What should we do with them when they came? We had quite a time to discuss it before they arrived, for they apparently stayed to "prink" considerably before venturing into tourist society. We decided that the young husband must offer the girls a drink at all events, and determined to leave the rest to fate.

* * *

PRESENTLY one of them appeared at the opening into the box—gorgeous in a dancing costume I dare not venture to describe, not for moral reasons but because of millinery ignorance. She was arrayed for an American rather than an Andalusian dance; and her arms, neck and face were artistically done to a rosy whiteness. She looked to be about eighteen or twenty, though she subsequently insisted that she was no more than sixteen. She took the seat we offered calmly, and smilingly awaited developments. Now the only member of the party who could pretend to any Spanish was a lady; and so she had to do all the talking. One of the awkward males would suggest a complimentary question, when the lady would explain it laboriously to the fair dancer who strove earnestly to understand it, and then made a belated acknowledgment to the "Senor" who had originated it. It was not a very furious way of "carrying on." Of course, the husband who was to blame for it all proposed the drink when she first came. When she understood that she was to order what she liked, she told the "garcon" what she wanted; and we waited to see what it would be. Something bold, bad and dashing, without doubt. A glass of whiskey perhaps, or an Andalusian substitute for it. Presently it came; and what do you suppose it was? I could give you ten guesses, and you would never hit it. It was a bottle of milk. Her companion came along soon, and she, too, took milk. One of the party asked if they would have a cigarette. No, they never smoked. I began to feel as if I were attending a meeting of the W. C. T. U. They both stayed with us, however, a good hour until their turn came to dance.

THE MONOCLE MAN.



The Toronto Park Commissioner has flooded a series of flats for free skating rinks which before the January thaw were much enjoyed by many people.

WHO WINS THE GENERAL ELECTIONS?

By H. LINTON ECCLES

LONDON CORRESPONDENT OF CANADIAN COURIER

The battle of the ballots is now at the grand height. The prognostication of the CANADIAN COURIER correspondent was made days before the battle began. At the time of writing the two first heats have been run. The Liberals are still in the lead; score 106 to 92. The Unionists have been predicting that a gain of 29 a day would give them a majority of one. So far they have gained at only about half that rate.

It seems tolerably certain that Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd-George will win. So far as Canadian candidates are concerned Liberals lead: Winners—Sir Gilbert Parker, Unionist; Bonar Law, Unionist; Dr. Macnamara, Secretary to the Admiralty, Liberal; "Joe" Martin, Liberal; J. Allen Baker, Liberal; Losers—Hamar Greenwood, Liberal; Shirley Benn, Unionist. However, it seems certain that the Government majority will be materially reduced.

MOST people in the Old Country, and a good many others outside, have been smitten by election fever—smitten pretty badly, too, for this isn't an ordinary general election, by a long way. Scares are thickly in the air, and while some of these are of the familiar stock variety, there is quite a refreshing number of brand new bogies.

We have long been used to the croaking that England is going to the dogs and that ruin stares us in the face—croaking that blissfully ignores the Board of Trade returns and the official statistics that show distinctly decreasing unemployment and pauperism, and equally steadily increasing sobriety and thrift.

The fact is, that the ordinarily sane and intelligent man has the sense to realise that these things—unemployment and pauperism, sobriety and thrift—are not, in England anyway, governed, and are only incidentally influenced, by the circumstance whether this party or that is in power.

And of course the German bogey has been trotted out again, with all the blare of the brass trumpets of the jingo press. Of course, everybody sees that it would be the best thing for Germany to ignore *ententes* between England and France, Italy, Russia, Spain, and Portugal, and to "have a go" at England. German politicians, our jingo friends think, are such amateurs at the game that they would be blind to the practical certainty that, in a war with England, which would necessarily be a long and costly business, Germany, whether she won or lost, would have lost irretrievably her place in the great commercial arena while she was fighting—a lucky opportunity that would be fully grasped by the non-combatants.

There are plenty of other bogeys—stage properties that can always be resurrected at these times, but, thank goodness, there is, after all, something fresh to talk about or to listen to. Socialism is now, we are being told, on the rampage—fiery, red-flag, down-with-the-monarchy Socialism! These Socialists are, at present, only British working men, the products of state education, and are really decent and respectable fellows outside of the drinking saloons. But, are not there violent Socialists and anarchists in other countries—men who throw bombs and preach and act murder—and might not our Socialists take it into their heads to imitate their Continental namesakes? Well, well, the prospect is not imminent. "We don't think!" as the London East-enders say.

No, the real business hangs on the constitutional relations between Lords and Commons. The issue is not new; nearly every Prime Minister has raised or made reference to it. Gladstone fought and lost on it, because he stood on the shaky ground of Home Rule for Ireland. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in his prophetic watchword declared that "The Commons shall prevail." Mr. Asquith, on whom has fallen "C.-B.'s" mantle, has carried it further, and says the question must be settled now. The Budget was only the peg upon which it was hanged. So the issue stands: Shall the Lords or the Commons have the last word in financial as well as other matters? Upon that the British electorate is now making its decision.

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The state of parties after the last general election, four years ago, was:

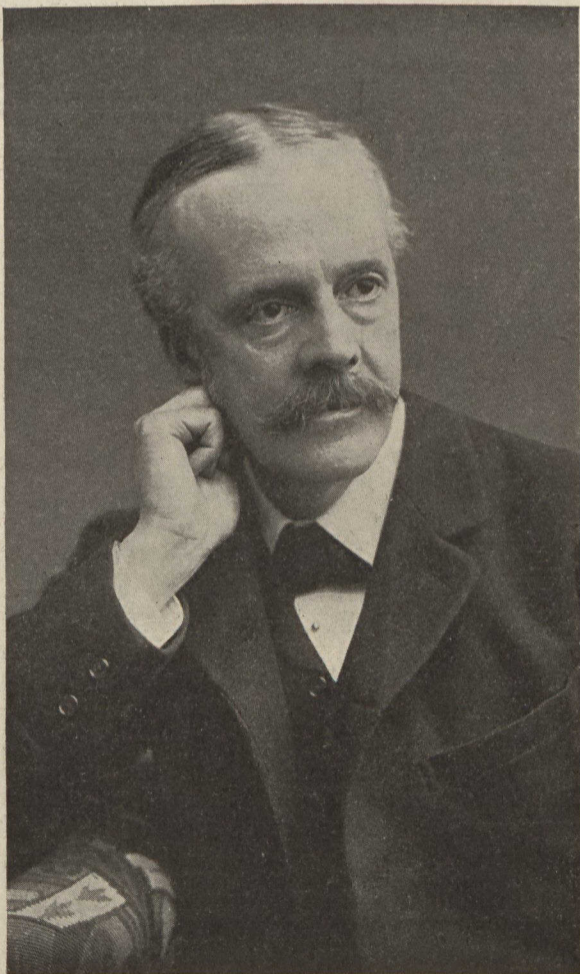
Liberals	376
Conservatives	157
Nationalists	83
Labour men	54

670

Since then the Conservatives have gained a few seats at bye-elections, but up to the proroguing of Parliament the Government had a clear two hundred majority over their rivals, led by Mr. Balfour. But that does not represent the actual disparity between the two historic parties, for Mr. Asquith's ministry has placated both of the other parties, the Irish Nationalists and the representatives of Labour. Mr. John Redmond, the Irish leader, has declared himself satisfied with the Prime Minister's declara-



The Rt. Hon. H. H. Asquith, Premier and Liberal Leader, whose fight on behalf of the Budget has apparently been successful.



The Rt. Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, Ex-Premier and Leader of the Unionists, whose fight against the Budget has only been partially successful.

tion that local self-government for Ireland will be brought forward in the next Parliament, and the Irish party has issued a manifesto calling upon the electors to vote for Liberal and Labour candidates. The Labour party is satisfied, first, because the Government has passed a number of measures that were part of their programme and intends to pass more; and, secondly, because they heartily approved of the Budget and voted solidly for it.

A more significant fact, however, than that the Liberal Premier has been strongly supported by the Labour men in Parliament is seen in the arrangements for fighting the General Election. Up to now there has always been a good deal of friction between the Liberal and Labour parties at the polls, and the Labour leaders never lost an opportunity of bringing forward a candidate in opposition to the usual Liberal and Conservative. Now, that has all been changed. Won over completely by the Budget and the promise of further legislation dealing with workmen's insurance against unemployment and sickness (on the German plan), the English Labour Party, although denying anything in the shape of an official arrangement with the other party, have smoothed matters very considerably for the Government. Many Labour candidates have been withdrawn, and in every case what was looked upon as a purely vexatious contest has been obviated. Meeting these advances, the Liberals have stood down a number of their candidates in favour of Labour men, and here, again, three-cornered fights have been avoided. Previously many Conservatives have got in because of this splitting of votes, but this unwritten compact between their two foes will rob them of not a few seats.

The significance, therefore, of the understandings between the Liberals, on the one side, and the Irish party and the Labour party, on the other, lies in the fact that the Conservatives have not been able to count upon side issues to let in many of their nominees. As against that, the Peers have come out strongly as election speakers. Following Lord Rosebery's lead at the beginning of the Budget controversy, prominent men of the Upper House like Lords Curzon and Milner, and not a few of the Dukes, have toured the country making rousing election speeches.

But on every side it is acknowledged that Mr. Asquith can count upon the strongest political combination of modern times. Even Gladstone had never such a solid support of talent, organisation, and co-operation of interests to rely upon. There is a serious tone about the utterances of responsible Conservative leaders, blended with something of despondency and fatalism, that cannot be mistaken to the man who watches the signs of the times. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, an inspiring and able leader, is sadly missed on the Opposition side. The followers of Mr. Asquith, on the other hand, taking their cue from the abounding confidence of their head, as well as from Mr. Lloyd-George, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Ure, and the rest, display no anxiety as to the chances.

Both Irish and Labour leaders have predicted a convincing majority for the Liberal Government, and the general trend of serious opinion certainly seems to indicate that Mr. Asquith will go back to Westminster with a clear lead over his opponents not much reduced from the unprecedented majority which his party secured at the General Election of 1906.

The Actual Results

By the Editor

THE real contest began on Saturday last when some seventy-four members were elected. At the end of the day's voting the result, including those elected by acclamation, was as follows: Unionists 43, Liberals 37, Labourites 6 and Nationalists 5. The Unionists gained one and lost one in Manchester. They gained two in Devonport, where Sir John Jackson and Sir Kinloch Cooke had a great victory. The total Unionist gains were eighteen. The Liberals made three gains, defeating Mr. Joynson Hicks

in Manchester, and winning Darlington and Grimsby. The Liberal vote in these 76 constituencies remained about the same as in 1906, the Labour vote declined, and the Unionists gained 60,000 votes.

On Monday there were 104 contests, and the Unionists continued to gain. The result at the end of the two days' voting, with all acclamations included, was Liberal 78, Labourites 15, Nationalists 13 and Unionists 92. Among the prominent men elected on Monday were Rt. Hon. John Burns, Rt. Hon. Augustine Birrell, Dr. Macnamara, Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour, Lord Charles Beresford, Mr. A. Bonar Law, Mr. Joseph Martin and Mr. J. Allen Baker. Mr. Jebb was unmercifully abandoned in Marylebone East. The labour men had three prominent candidates up, Mr. J. Ramsay Macdonald, Mr. Will Crooks and Mr. Will Thorne. Only the first was successful. Snowden, the Socialist, was re-elected in Blackburn.

On Tuesday the voting was lighter but the Unionists did extremely well. At the end of that day, the total elected including acclamations was as follows: Unionists 120; Liberals 98; Labourites 20; Nationalists 28. The Unionists had two more seats than the Liberals and Labourites combined. This looked less favourable from a Liberal point of view, but the government sympathisers took refuge in the Scottish majorities and a confidence in the county results. England is Unionist; Scotland and Wales will probably be Liberal.

When the contest began, the Government expected to have a majority of 170 as compared to their previous majority of 334. At the time of writ-

ing it looks as if these hopes had been too sanguine. Counting the Nationalists and Labourites, the Government will easily have a majority of over one hundred. Without these independent bodies, their majority will be very small. No government is safe which is compelled to depend on the Nationalists for its existence; hence a lively political time may be expected during the next year or two. Two hundred and seventy Unionists will make a much better Opposition than one hundred and seventy. Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd-George will not have the same easy time with the Commons as they had in the previous Parliament.

On the whole, however, it will be generally admitted that the Liberals have done fairly well. With the Peers, the country gentry, the Church, the liquor interests and the Protectionists against them they did well to come out of the contest with even a bare majority. That they will be able to put the radical Budget through Parliament again, in face of a stubborn House of Lords, is a question which cannot be answered just yet. Much depends on whether the Unionists and the House of Lords think it advisable to force a second dissolution at an early date.

If the issue had been limited to Free Trade vs. Tariff Reform, the Unionists would probably have won. The questions of land taxes and reform of the House of Lords would not down, however, and Tariff Reform was side-tracked. Democracy as we have it in Canada asserted its right to be heard and it was heard. The House of Lords will be reformed. Of course, the House of Lords might have reformed itself if given time. Indeed, from a Canadian point

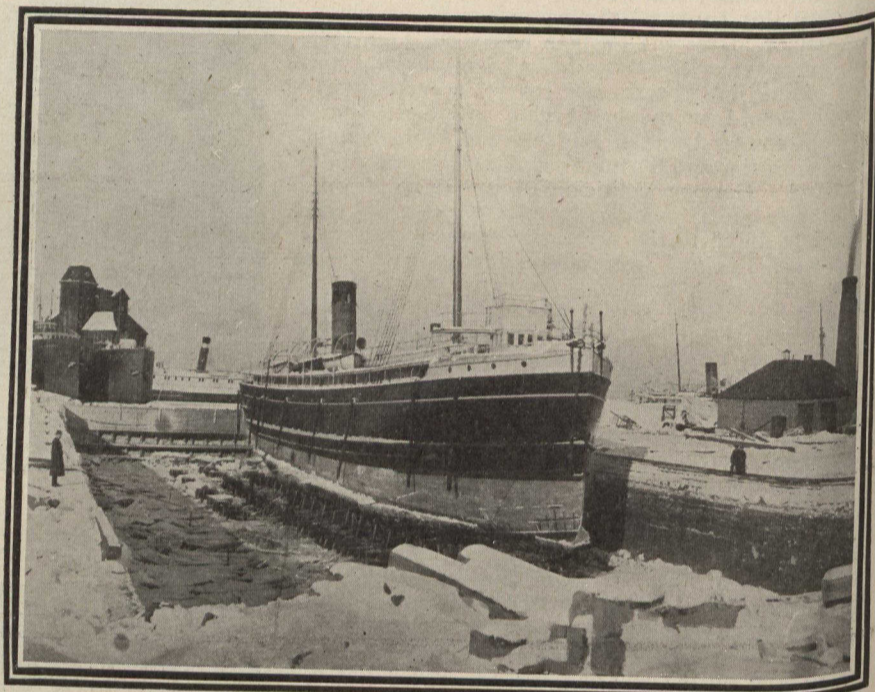
of view, it should have reformed itself some time ago. Now, the reform will be a compulsory rather than a voluntary arrangement. Mr. Lloyd-George and Mr. Winston Churchill have this to their credit—they took up the gauntlet of battle thrown down by Lord Lansdowne and fought frankly and openly against any arrogant use of hereditary privilege. To-day they are the heroes of the common people. The contest which is now closing must necessarily result in a loss of prestige on the part of the hereditary portion of the Government.

As for the Budget, it will be re-enacted. Some of its most radical clauses may be modified, but all its essential features will remain. To a Canadian its principles are not nearly so radical as they appear to a British owner of land. In this country land is taxed according to its value irrespective of its earning value at the moment. Idle land in a city must pay almost as much as land on which a factory or residence is situated, other things being equal. Hence the land-tax clauses of the bill seem more commonplace to one familiar with the American practices. That the land-taxes proposed will work the revolution the radicals hope is quite unlikely. They think they have discovered a great remedy for a huge ill. But the ill will probably remain in a slightly modified form.

As for protection—the protectionists can but pray for another Chamberlain. Change generals and tariff reform would have won. Even now a Lloyd-George could carry it to victory within five years. What the tariff reformers need is a set of leaders with less dignity and more combativeness.



The new Dry Dock at Collingwood, from a photograph taken before completion, showing the pontoon gate. October 16th, 1909.

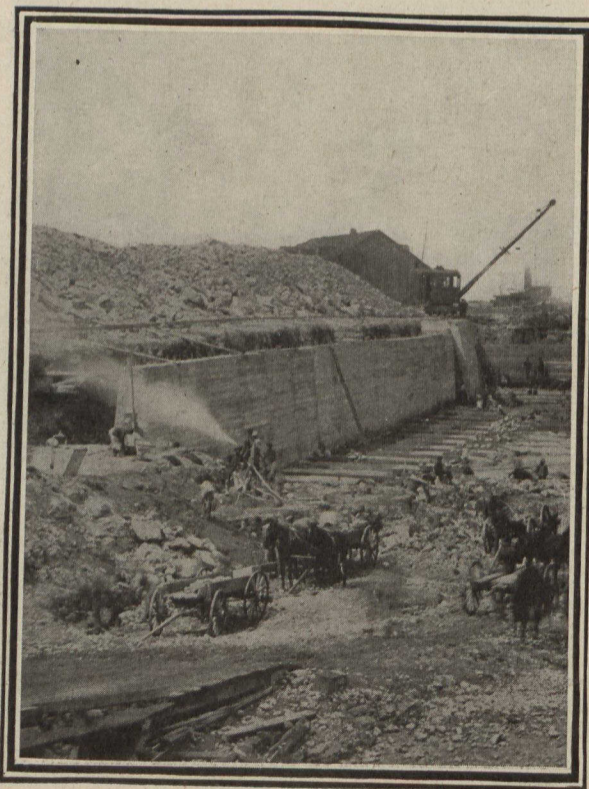


The S.S. Athabasca, first boat to go into the new dock, which she did on Jan. 8th. This boat is to be repaired and lengthened.

The Need of Dry Docks

THERE is no doubt that Canada needs dry docks. What few dry docks she has were built many years ago and are now mostly out of date. Neither the dry dock nor the canal lock of 1890 will accommodate the ship of 1910. The size of the average ship has grown tremendously. It is extremely vital to the shipping industry of Canada that there should be ample dry dock accommodation on every coast frequented by Canadian vessels. There should be a large new dry dock at either St. John or Halifax. There should be another at Quebec or Levis on the St. Lawrence. Lake Ontario will soon need a second large dock. The Georgian Bay has just received its second. Port Arthur or Fort William will require one at an early date. The Esquimault dock will supply the Pacific Coast for a time, although it might be advisable to have another at Vancouver.

The accompanying pictures show the new dock at Collingwood, opened this month by the Collingwood Shipbuilding Company. This dock is 420 feet long, 105 feet wide, and at normal water has 16 feet over the sill. The pontoon gate, which is almost a hundred feet wide, is the widest dry dock gate in the world. This new dock lies side by side with the Company's older and smaller one. The C. P. R. steamer, *Athabaska*, which had an encounter with a sunken reef during the past season, is the first boat to go into the new dock. Though built in Great Britain, it would not pay to send this boat across the ocean, and all repairs and alterations must necessarily be done in Canada. The *Athabaska* is to be

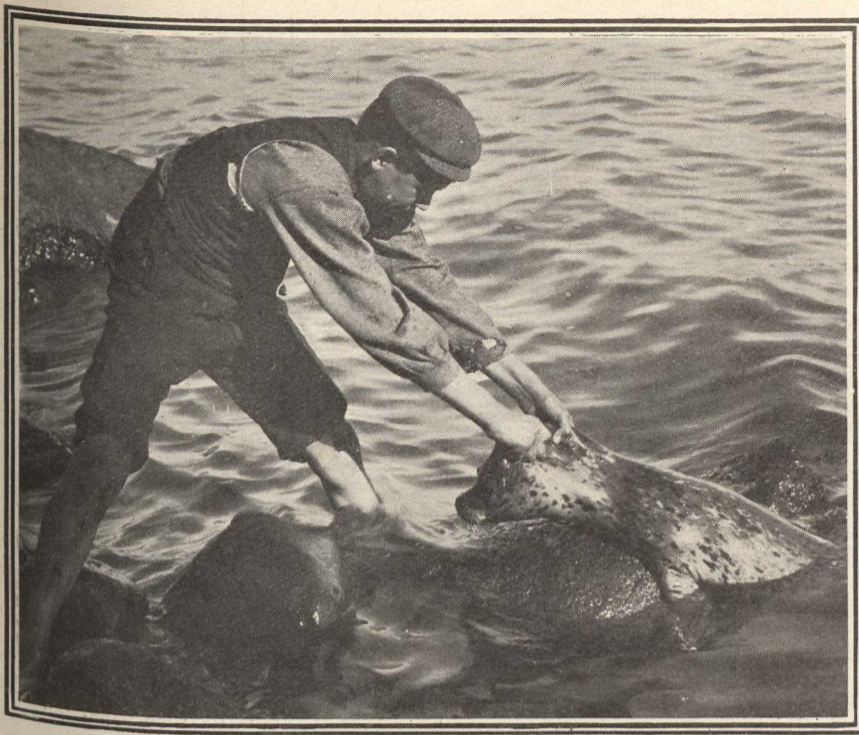


This construction picture shows the progress of the work at the end of August, 1909.

overhauled and lengthened by 36 feet. This is a practical example of the value of dry docks, even though the vessels using them were originally built in Great Britain.

In connection with Canada's new Navy there must be dry docks. These will serve the merchant marine as well as the navy. They will also serve the British Navy as well as the Canadian Navy. In other words, first class dry docks in Canada, well equipped with repairing machinery, would be a valuable Imperial contribution and an equally valuable Imperial asset. If a British fleet comes to America to look after British interests in this portion of the world there are no adequate facilities in Canadian ports for effecting repairs. In this respect Canada's Imperial duty has not been wholly performed.

Let us imagine for a moment that a British fleet should some day take part in a battle somewhere off the west coast of Europe, but outside the line of the British Isles. In case that fleet were dispersed by a superior enemy some of its boats would go limping across the ocean, because they would not be able to get back into their home harbour. An injured war vessel reaching Canada would at once seek the nearest and best equipped harbour. At the present time that would be Halifax. It is therefore most vital that Halifax should have a first class dry dock and a first class shipbuilding plant, capable of aiding a warship in distress. If Canada realises her responsibility in this connection the new dry docks and ship yards which will be built for the purpose of a Canadian fleet will also be large enough and sufficiently equipped to perform almost any service for a wounded warship.



Fritz Landing a Hair Seal.



A fine Row of Submarine Teeth.

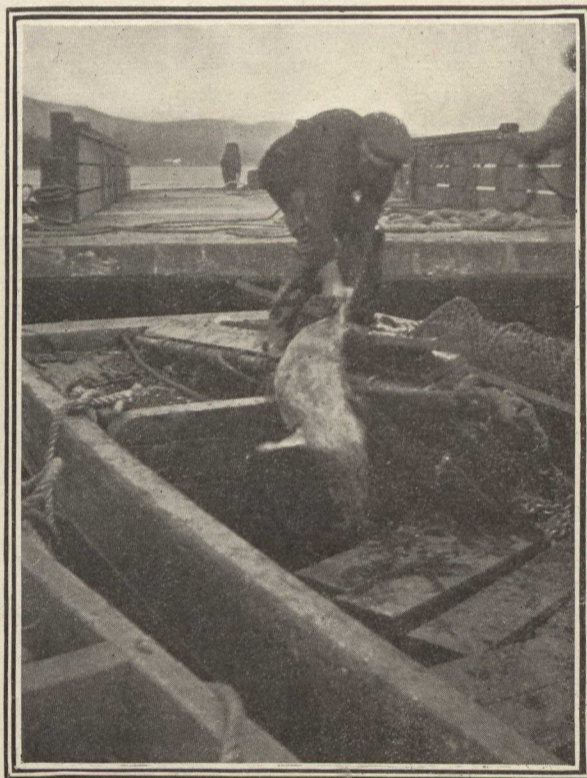
Some Strange Habits of the Hair Seal

By BONNYCASTLE DALE. Photographs by the Author.

WE were standing on a little pebbly spit watching some salmon fishers arrange their tackle. Outside the spit the surf rolled tumultuously along the great Straits of Juan de Fuca, telling of some recent storm on the misnamed Pacific. Inside the spit the sheltered waters of the inlet were calm and unruffled. Suddenly there came towards us up through this calm depth a darting, splashing, dark-backed thing that cut the surface like a knife. On it slid through the shallow water right out onto the pebbles of the spit—a big, shining dog salmon, and directly in its wake, ploughing up the water into great spouting waves came a big hair seal. It was only the fact of our being on that lonely strand that saved that salmon from the seal. Alas! poor thing, it should have had its liberty after so desperate a measure as running on shore; but the fishermen took it and killed it. I do not mean to write this as a common occurrence among salmon, yet they will do anything to escape the savage pursuer. The lad Fritz, my assistant, and I have sat for hours watching one of these usually harmless animals in its swift pursuit of the salmon. It seems transformed to a savage beast when it starts to hunt, plunging on over the river flats where the water is in places less than four inches deep, with the dark-backed fish struggling ahead. Some of the rapid twists of the beast, when it actually turns a back somersault to catch a fish that had slipped by, are marvellous exhibitions of these carnivorous animals that are so perfectly adapted to a marine life.

This lower order of Pinnipedia differ from the greater sea lion in the absence of external ears. We have often seen the various rockeries where these hair seals breed. They do not frequent one place in great numbers, being scattered all along the Northern Pacific coast, a few pair in each inlet and bay. Consequently these isolated females breed on the adjacent reefs and little lonely islands. It is in the warm, early spring days that the barking of the seals ceases about these chosen spots and the big brown female flops her way up onto the shelving beach. Hardy little pups these need to be as there seems to be no choice of even a smooth spot for the youngsters' reception. Right in a crevice of the rock, near which lay rotting an ancient Indian canoe with its ghastly burden of bleached skull and whitened bones—for this present breeding ground of the hair seal had in times long past been chosen as the burial place of a neighbouring native tribe—the subject of this sketch was born. One thing that imprinted itself upon our notice was—the big female seal that glared at us from the rocky ledge where her pup lay squealing beside her had exactly the same staring expression as the time-discoloured skull beside her. Often since then when we have been watching one of these active beasts fishing have we noted the resemblance all of them bear to a human skull. Just notice the next one that pops his head above the sea and you will agree with our conclusion.

grey-and-black spotted chap with freshly caught fish, as the way she had flapped up was yet wet and bits of the fish lay beside the pair. Although the surf forbade us landing, we had excellent oppor-



"He seized it by its hind flippers and threw it on the deck."



Head of the Hair Seal Pup.

tunities for observation. The lad, of course, wanted the wee one, but, remembering our last experience with young seals I bade our Indians paddle away. Let me tell you of the young seal Fritz stole away from a ledge. It was one of the prettiest silky things one could imagine. It was fully reared and no doubt able to slip off the ledge and fish for itself, as they all learn to do in the first few weeks. It was of a clear grey silver coat thickly spotted with irregular black spots. On the belly it was pure white. Its delicate flippers were white and silky, its five long, strong claws on each were also pure white; there were hard-cased claws on the fore-flippers and soft-cased on the back (I have noticed that all this family, sea lions and all, soon wear out these soft hind claws).

This silvery white thing when dry was a beautiful dove grey when wet. One would think it was a thing of beauty and a joy forever. When the lad first got it we were camped. We were studying the varieties of starfish in Puget Sound. It was warm weather, so the lad partly disrobed before getting into his low bunk. Outside the tent "Merman," as we called the seal, snored and sighed and sobbed in its most peculiar seal fashion. Soon we all slept. Then the seal discovered it was hungry, and as its natural fishing ground was only ten steps from the tent, in it dived and caught, no doubt, a good bellyful. Out it flapped its way, sighing in its usual mournful habit. Ahead loomed the tent where the two big animals slept. Why should it also not sleep in the tent? In under the curtain it rolled and flapped its wet and sandy way towards Fritz's bunk. That big animal had blankets over it. Why should not a little wet seal have blankets over it also? So in it flapped into Fritz's bunk. The cry that arose on that still night air made all the roosting birds in the shorebrush twitter, and only the fact that they cannot unclasp their claws when their legs are bent prevented them from falling from off their perches. The cry brought me awake sitting up. It was repeated in a shriller key. The seal had found the warmth of the bunk and was clawing to stay in. The wet body against the warm skin of the yet only half-awakened lad was driving him hysterical, and it was only when I lighted a match and threw back his blankets that we both had time and season for laughter. We kicked the little beast out and he got even by creeping into the open mouth of the bread sack and sleeping there, causing Fritz a ten-mile paddle for more bread.

Day by day this thing tormented us. Time after time we threw it overboard only to find it at home before us. Really it was most comical to see a beast that we had flung into the water a good five miles away come flapping down the path actually barking out a welcome to the returning hosts. One day the lad came back in great glee; he said a lady had offered him five dollars for Merman and he had told her he never took money but would be happy to give the seal to her; and the last he had seen of Merman was his struggles at the end of an ignominious dog chain as he barked and sobbed

after the retreating lad. I can yet see that puffing, crying beast, following our canoe—just when we most needed silence—fairly begging to be taken in.

It is at night when these big active seals hunt in these dark inlets and bays, when the mighty slap of their flippers on the water sounds like the discharge of a great muffled gun, then it is when the salmon are caught in the big sharp teeth, guided to their impact by the long, strong, white feelers that so abundantly mustache the mouth. Once the fish is impaled on the two pair of large incisors all the incurved points of the smaller teeth, and they each have four points, close into the flesh and all its struggles will not free it.

It is odd to see this marine animal protrude its fat, red tongue, glare out of its cup-like set big brown eyes, elevate and depress the bristles that form the eyebrows and sigh and groan and sob in a most human fashion.

The tenacity of life is wonderful in this beast. I have seen the salmon men spearing and prodding and clubbing the poor things that accidentally got into their nets and the shower of blows would much sooner have stunned an ox. You will note another difference between these seals and the big member of this marine family—the sea lion. The latter has flippers that bear no fur, while the hair seal has flippers furred to the edge where the claws protrude. While the sea-lion—strange to say—has

fully matured adults—excepting the man-wounded claws on the middle of the backs of his flippers, just as though our nails were on the backs of our hands.

When about a year old the white spotted coat of the hair seal changes to the yellow, sunburnt colour of the adults. The top of the coat is always sun-faded. These are totally different from the common hair, or harp seal of the Atlantic, and of course do not bear the thick, valuable coat of fur of the true fur seal.

The hair seal is coated with a thick layer of rich fat beneath the skin, about one inch deep. The flesh is of a beefy red and both fat and flesh are much relished by the coast tribes. It is a fish-formed flesh and smells of fish oil when handled, but the palate of a coast Indian is none too delicate. The hide of the animal is well worth preserving. Be sure that you skin it as free from fat as possible. This is not hard. Salt it well, stretch it and powder it thoroughly with mixed alum and saltpetre, powdered, equal quantities. Let it dry until the skin is bleached white and dry and you will have an odd and beautiful rug for the floor.

Here is an animal that, as far as we can see, has no enemies except man. Its food and drink are inexhaustible. It has no prevalent disease, as all

of the ones that we find dead upon the beach are fully matured adults—excepting the man-wounded ones. It is most inhuman to shoot at these poor, harmless creatures. We often find them dead upon the beach with the telltale bullet mark. True they take a few fish, but until we men disturbed the balance of nature in the salmoide their takings were unnoticed after hundreds of years preying on this fish.

This seal when cornered can put up a very hard fight. Once I saw a salmon fisher taking a net-captured seal from the hold of the scow where he had thrown it. It snarled and growled and barked savagely as he approached. It turned to run into a dark corner and he seized it by its hind flippers and threw it upon the deck. It roared at him in a perfect paroxysm of fury, snapping and struggling towards him. Again he seized it and threw it into a boat so that we might have it for a specimen—that seal knew the way out of a boat, there came a flapping climb and a splash and we were glad that we had lost so determined a specimen.

There is one place at the north end of Denman's Island where great numbers of seals come ashore at night and sleep in the sand. It is odd to see them all slip into the sea at our approach, leaving the sands patted down and depressed into a regular series of smooth sleeping-holes—all just around the high tide line.

DOUBLE WINDOWS AND DISEASE

By GEORGE DANA PORTER, M. B.

SITTING one day in a very close and stuffy cabin on a St. Lawrence River steamboat, one of the passengers asked the captain why they could not arrange the ventilation a little better.

"Well, you see it's this way," he replied, "you remember the old rhyme—

'Pea porridge hot, pea porridge cold,
Pea porridge in the pot nine days old.
Some like it hot, some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot nine days old.'

The passenger had not forgotten it. "Well," continued the captain, "that's what I'm up against. Some like the air hot, some like it cold, and some like it in the cabin nine days old."

There is no accounting for tastes, but there is for other things, and tuberculosis, which has from ancient times until now a greater death rate than any other disease, is largely accounted for by the indirect infection from the houses and rooms in which people live. That is one reason why this question is of more importance to the women than to the men. They live at home (a good many do), men do not. If the house has become infected by a careless patient, the one who has to remain in the room the longest, runs the greater chance of becoming infected. (A careful patient does not infect those with whom he lives, for tuberculosis is not a contagious disease as is measles or scarlatina.) All cases of tuberculosis are not due to breathing the air of infected rooms. Some are due to an infected milk supply (especially is this the case with children), an occasional case may be due to heredity; a few to direct infection from another patient, but probably the great majority of cases are due to infected homes, offices, stores and workshops.

Why are our Cape Breton miners so free from tuberculosis? When one goes down into the mines and finds that the ventilation there is better than it is in the houses in which their wives and families live, one can understand why they escape, while those who remain at home so often suffer from this disease. Why do so many of our sea captains, roughing the storms, escape from consumption, while they so often have to bury their families from it? Infected homes are largely to blame.

Some people blame our climate. The trouble is we don't get enough of it.

Why do the people living in the milder parts of Labrador (in the southern parts) die of the White Plague and those who trail in the northern parts escape? Because the former live in substantial and permanent dwellings, which are often carelessly infected, while those in the north have no permanent abodes.

Why is this same disease putting such a speedy end to our Indian tribes? Infected tents and houses.

Why, again, do the poor natives in the Island of Nassau, which is blessed with one of the most equable climates on the globe, die in such numbers from tuberculosis? Infected houses and a low resisting power of the natives due to underfeeding.

Our health officers will disinfect houses where needed, and this is very necessary, but the inside of every house needs sunshine and fresh air, for they are nature's great disinfectants. The germs of tuberculosis and many other kinds of germs, become as harmless in the air and sunshine as a bonfire does in the rain. Fire extinguishers have their uses, but water, although somewhat old-fashioned, is not a bad thing to rely upon. Disinfectants will kill the germs of tuberculosis, but some of them are mostly useful because they compel the opening of all doors and windows afterwards to let out the smell, and incidentally, the air and sunshine get in and do the work for which the brimstone gets the credit.

Many men, and many women, too, pride themselves upon reaching the age of "three score years and ten," in spite of the fact that they have lived for the most part in close, stuffy rooms, but not so many have attained to that age when they have had to live in badly infected rooms. Stuffy air does not necessarily kill, though it weakens one. Infected air, when one gets enough of it in the system, kills.

All this may seem a long way off from double windows? But it's not double windows we need, it's fresh air, and how are we to have it when we seal up our houses in the fall, as we seal up our pickle jars a little earlier in the season.

In winter time it is more expensive to heat a house which is properly ventilated, but it also costs more money to buy fresh eggs than it does to buy the older variety; the former, however, are more in demand, and fresh air ought to be also. The slight increase in cost of fuel is worth the price, although Canadian homes are generally overheated as it is.

Fortunately in cold weather, a little opening of the window, preferably from the top, ventilates a room as much as a much larger opening would do in the warm weather, owing to the differences between the inside and the outside temperatures.

A person of sixty years of age sleeps twenty years in his bedroom. That is one room at any rate (and the most important one), where he can get good fresh air (without discomfort if he uses a little extra bedding). These eight hours out of the twenty-four will help compensate for the foul air which he may be forced to breathe during the other sixteen.

In many parts of Canada, the double windows go on early and come off late. There are more than one variety of them, but their pedigree is bad. Some have the lower frames perforated by three or four auger holes, of from about an inch in diameter, down to the gimlet sized variety. Others have a small slit through which the inmates expect to receive enough good fresh air on which to thrive. These openings, however, are generally closed; sometimes by a shutter like arrangement, sometimes with rag stuffing, and sometimes the piled up snow on the outside sill acts the part of Othello and smothers out all the live air that seeks an entrance.

There are only two or three sections in the whole of Canada where double windows are needed for even a part of the year, and they should always have a large pane on hinges which, could and should, be

opened some time at least every day, or at least during the night time, and in our coldest sections, these can be left open for the greater part of the time. Where double windows abound, consumption flourishes.

"God lent His creatures light and air,
And waters open to the skies;
Man locks him in a stinging lair,
And wonders why his brother dies."

Let more air and sunshine into the home. They will likely fade the carpets some, but better have these faded than to see the bloom fade from your children's cheeks.

They used to sing a convivial song which if parodied, might prove of more use to the public than the old one did.

Air, Air, glorious air,
Fill yourself right up to here!
Don't be afraid of it,
Breathe 'till you're made of it,
Air, Glorious Air!

But that means fresh air, for it is as difficult to "extract sunbeams from cucumbers" as it is to acquire the tingle and glow of health which comes from inhaling our good ozone, when one has to breathe and re-breathe the vitiated air so frequently found in rooms battened in with double windows.

Maps from Photographs

PHOTOGRAPHY is the newest addition to the science of the surveyor, and has been brought to a greater degree of perfection in Canada than anywhere else. The utility of this method consists in photographing a region from prominent points, and from the practically continuous photograph thus secured, constructing a topographic map. The employment of this method in government surveys is thus described in a paper by Mr. P. W. Greene, read before the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers:

The instruments employed on the Alaskan boundary survey are two, the camera and the transit. On account of the nature of the country and the climatic conditions encountered, both are necessarily of the simplest possible design. . . . The camera rests on a triangular base, identical with the base of the transit, so that both may fit the same tripod. The camera outfit complete, including case, 7 plate-holders, and 14 plates, weighs about 19 pounds. A full climbing-party usually consists of five men. On reaching the summit of a peak the observer and recorder immediately start on the camera work while the men busy themselves gathering rocks for the cairn which supports the triangulation signal. The camera is leveled up as an ordinary transit, and after focusing is ready for exposure. A series of seven photographs is taken, including the complete round of the horizon, each photograph slightly overlapping the last.

WAR AND THE BRITISH ELECTIONS

Mr. Lloyd-George's Utterance on Saturday makes Mr. Blatchford's Appeal of Remarkable Interest

NOW that the Canadian Parliament has begun to consider the question of a Canadian navy of eleven vessels, it is possible for Canadians to revive their interest in the navy question which at the present time seems to be almost submerged by the Budget and the election in England. The big gun in the navy problem just now is Mr. Robert Blatchford, who has been called the Imperial Socialist. He has written a series of articles for the *London Daily Mail* which so far have done more to prepare the fuel for a huge flare-up than any utterances of any public men or other journalists in England.

Mr. Blatchford is a believer in war, even while he hopes for peace. He would have the world believe that the spectre of civilisation is now Germany, just as once it was Napoleon and at an earlier time Charlemagne and again imperial Caesar. He goes to the navy question at one who believes that there is no internal problem in any country so vast and imminent as the external problem of defence. To him the British Empire is a huge peril. He thinks armies and navies and guns as naturally as a millionaire thinks bonds and a labourer dollars. He out-Herods Herod so far as ordinary Socialists are concerned. He is the arch-Socialist who does not believe with Keir Hardie that if Socialism and Labour in England and Germany decide to unite to prevent war, there will therefore be no war. He says that war is imminent no matter what. There is no such thing as Peace. Arbitration societies are vain and hollow. The theory of industrialism being inimical to war is false. The idea that capital has become so cosmopolitan and international that no country can afford to have a huge war with any other because of destruction to vested interests—he scouts that to the point of poohpooh by inference. Ordinary alliances are to him of little moment; as things that can be made and unmade even as they have been in days of old. Kinship of the great powers by marriage—merely a matter of ineffective sentiment. The sky is red. The red is not of the sun. The clouds are not of vapour but of smoke. The present election in Great Britain has no significance so far as Lords and Commons and the Budget are concerned, compared to the importance of Germany *vs.* England. It is "War! War! War! is a bountiful jade," with Mr. Blatchford.

Follow some of his trenchant arguments; from articles which are the fruit of a powerful mind brought to bear upon a huge problem which some would term an infatuation. In these sayings there is much to ponder. Much he says may be right, though it is to be hoped that the common-sense of most will unite to prove that they were but the harsh bugles of a bold, bad prophet. Whether Mr. Blatchford's theories are right or wrong they have the merit of apparent sincerity, of profound study by one who has been in the army, and of extreme novelty in arrangement. He has out-Kiplinged Kipling and out-Steaded Stead. Moreover, he has managed to sum up the drift of recent international gossip so well that one may see in imagination the phantom of Lord Rosebery up the mast of the ship of state listening to the "ominous hush."

The Bugles of Mars.

"I write in *The Daily Mail* in the hope of arousing the public from the fatal apathy and complacent optimism which blind them to the greatest peril the nation has ever been called upon to face. At the present moment the whole country is in a ferment about the Budget, and the Peers, and the Election. It seems sheer criminal lunacy to waste time and strength in chasing such political bubbles when the existence of the Empire is threatened by so brave and powerful and indefatigable a nation as Germany. Serious warnings have been uttered publicly by Mr. Asquith, by Mr. Balfour, by Sir Edward Grey, by Lord Lansdowne, by Lord Cromer, and by Lord Roberts. But these warnings have not been sufficiently gross or sufficiently explicit to be understood of the people."

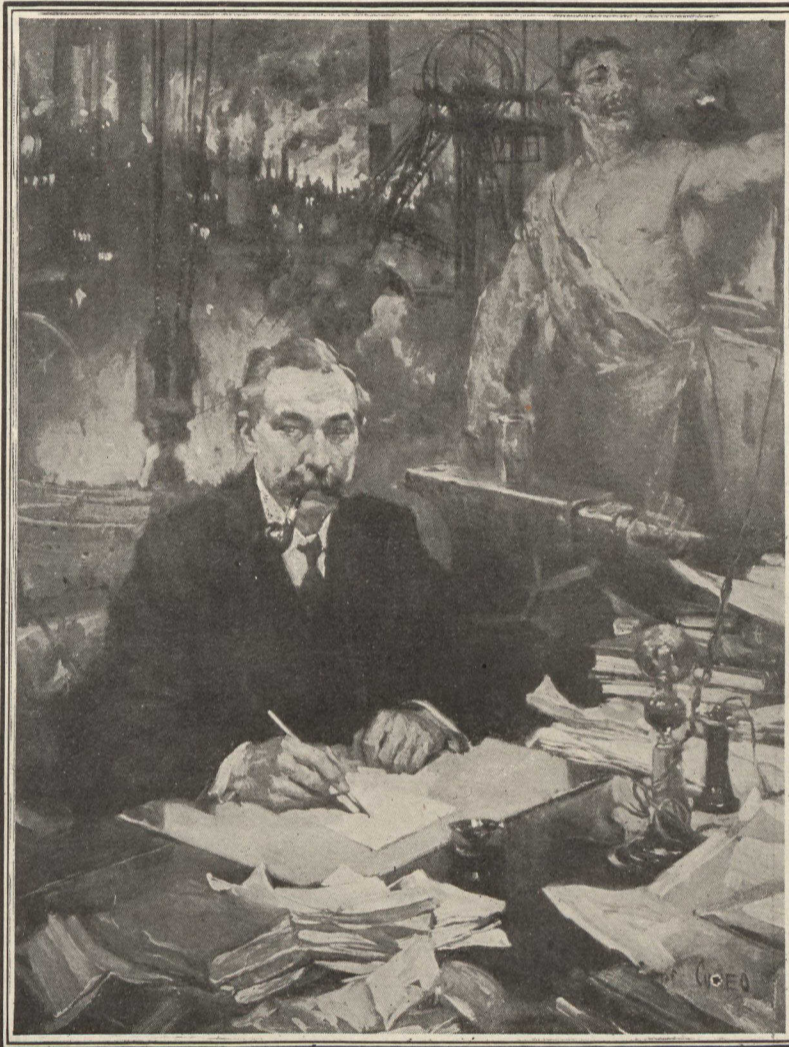
In other words the only way to have sound government is to go to war.

"Why should Germany attack Britain? The population of Germany is rapidly increasing. Germany needs colonies; Britain has taken all the

colonies worth having. Britain holds India, Australia, Canada, New Zealand, Egypt, and the most desirable parts of Africa. Germany is hungry for trade and for influence in distant seas; Britain holds fortresses and coaling stations all over the earth: Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, Capetown, the West Indies, and many others. If we glance at a map we find the North Sea exit threatened by Dover and the Mediterranean entrance threatened by Gibraltar. Germany sorely needs more ports, a greater sea-board."

There is really nothing new in this till Mr. Blatchford rings in the theory that Germany's first act of eruption will be to make a meal of France as a mere prelude to absorbing England. He says:

"Supposing France attacked and conquered by Germany, how would our fleet prevent the annexation of Calais and Cherbourg? And what could our fleet do to prevent the German conquest of France?"



Mr. Robert Blatchford, Socialist Editor of *The Clarion*, who believes that the greatest issue before England is not the Budget.—*Illustrated London News*.

As for Belgium and Holland there would be no need for Germany to annex them. With Calais in German hands the Netherlands would be quietly absorbed. Then Germany would have Calais at one end of the Channel and Cherbourg at the other. Also she would have Amsterdam and Rotterdam and Antwerp, which Napoleon said was like a pistol pointed at the heart of England. Also she would have the Dutch navy and the Dutch craftsmanship. Then France would be a crippled power, and Britain would be unable to keep pace with the German output of battleships and sailors. That is why I say that the problem of British defence is the problem of the defence of France."

Then in a paragraph Mr. Blatchford proceeds to depict the obliteration of the British Empire, apparently heedless of the fact that it took Gibbons twenty years to trace the rise and fall of the Roman Empire, which was a mere postage stamp on the envelope compared to the British. For instance:

"But imagine the effect of a disaster to our navy; imagine the effect of a German annexation of the ports of France and Holland. Credit would be shaken to its foundations. Banks would break, food would rise to famine prices, commerce and industry would be paralysed. And then as our power waned we should be starved and crushed into an abject surrender. We should lose India and our colonies. We should lose our fleet. We should lose our trade. We should have to pay ten times as

much as security would have cost us, and after unimaginable suffering we should be compelled to serve as German soldiers under German commanders."

For instance Hoch (God Save) Der Kaiser (the King)—how the Germanised Tommy Atkins would sing the new national anthem!

Further, the Imperial Socialist harps loudly on the jarring string that the Unionists have been twanging of late in the campaign across the water. He shows wherein Germany is inherently superior to Great Britain both from an industrial and military point of view.

"The Germans believe that Britain has grown fat, and stupid, and cowardly. They see that Germany has a population 50 per cent. larger than Britain, and very much better educated, better trained, and better organised. They see that our army is small and unready; and they know that theirs is excellent in quality, overwhelming in numbers, and in readiness and organisation without a peer. They are sure that they can crush us on land. They believe they can beat us in trade; they hope that they can outbuild and outspend us and so become our masters on the sea."

Imperial Militarism.

Again he superbly worships the military idea. He has caught the German spirit. To him the Empire is evidently measurable by its men-of-war and its battalions and its bugle-calls—which is part of the old idea of an Empire built upon conquest. Herein he includes the colonies and says:

"Call it what you please, I am not afraid of names. I call it compulsory military service and fiscal warfare. I am not in favour of Tariff Reform as Tariff Reform is likely to be applied if adopted in this country. But Free Trade never was a part of my political faith. Free Trade means free competition, and free competition is anti-Socialist, is anti-trade union, and anti-democratic. Free Trade is based upon the fallacy that 'as we are all consumers it is to the general advantage that commodities should be cheap.' But though we are all consumers we are not all producers."

"Then, as to compulsory military service, I have, in the past, opposed it. I preferred a kind of universal military training which I have more than once explained. But I recognised always that my plan would only serve as a safeguard against invasion."

"Australia, I rejoice to see, has adopted universal service, and is preparing the nucleus of a fleet. If Australia can afford it surely Britain can. We are an Empire; if only we would make good use of our advantages we are a powerful and a wealthy Empire. For in educating our military and naval force we must reckon on the loyalty of our colonies. Australia, South Africa, and Canada, once trained and organised, would be a valuable military asset. And the colonies are high-spirited and loyal; free from much of the poverty and degeneration of our overcrowded industrial centres."

"The army trains men in comradeship; it infuses what I call the collective spirit. The difference between an army and a crowd is enormous; but its chief and most valuable factor is that collective spirit. A regiment is very much more than a crowd of men all dressed in the same uniform. It is a regiment. It has that which a mob never has: a collective mind, a collective soul. The 10th Infantry Brigade is a very different thing from a crowd of 3,000 young men in khaki: it is an organism: all its units are parts of a whole: all its units move and feel and act together. It is not what so many civilians often call it—a machine. A machine has no soul: but a brigade of soldiers has a soul. When it marches all its 6,000 legs move as one."

This is perhaps the most seductive paragraph in all Mr. Blatchford's articles. It betrays the man. Though a flaming Socialist, he evidently worships the red god of war. That Mr. Lloyd-George presumes to differ with Mr. Blatchford when he says that if Germany undertook to invade England the German fleet would be at the bottom of the German Ocean in a few hours, merely proves two things; that great minds do not always think alike, and that the Liberals have not lost sight of the war in contemplation of the Budget.



How the United States Farmer is coming into the Canadian West to help grow grain for the British Empire.

THE WHEELS OF PROGRESS

Retrospect of the Period 1900 to 1910 in Prosperous Canada

ONCE during the development of the most progressive country the world had ever seen a man named Henry George wrote a book which he called "Progress and Poverty." The book was based upon the single tax idea and for a time was widely read. People have almost forgotten it now—the doctrine that the more a country progresses the more and more sharply come the lines of cleavage between the very rich and the extremely poor. In Canada we have not yet come to the stage in progress where poverty sticks out. Most of the poverty in Canada is imported. There was a time in the pioneer days when poverty was the main way. Most of our forefathers were cradled in penury. But they fought out of it and their descendants have come into a fat land which is not flowing with milk and honey has as fertile a tale for the average man as any other in the world. During the recent financial slump Canada suffered less than any other country and this in spite of the necessary importation of large blocks of capital from abroad.

Since the great pick-up in the beginning of this century or thereabouts this country has never known a real set-back. We have managed to proceed mainly on the principle that a year of plenty in natural products means a good year in the factories, the warehouses and the stores. We have not yet come to the merely financial stage which enables some men to "hog" the products of the land while the diligent many get the pinch. We are an agricultural, commercial and industrial people. It is to be hoped that for long we shall remain so. Financiers are easy to get. We have a few and some good ones. We do not expect them to grow too opulent at other people's expense. The fruits of industry and the wages of labour are the chief good of any nation.

Looking back over the past year and again over the first nine years of this developmental century, it is of interest to notice some of the signs of progress that are solid and sure and unmistakable; tokens that speak of thrift and of good management and a largely sane outlook on life. Mr. Byron Walker says in his recent presidential message that we are recovering from the slump if anything too rapidly; but of course no condition of things ever quite pleased Mr. Walker, who, however, is usually a sane constructive prophet and is well worth listening to when he speaks on behalf of the Bank of Commerce.

The West as a Barometer.

Naturally in the few more or less random symptoms of progress observable in this country the West figures as a sort of barometer. We have become accustomed to looking to the West for the signs of the times because the West is rapidly becoming the chief production centre in raw materials and is shifting the centre of consumption towards Winnipeg. These two factors—production and consumption at home—determine very largely a country's prosperity. Markets abroad are a secondary consideration. Canada has her share of these. But in the development of local, national centres of consumption as well as

of areas of production must come the bulk of our progress.

Taking the two new provinces there are figures to show that the gain in population alone in twelve cities has been seventy per cent. in a period of three years and 284 per cent. in the past nine years.

POPULATION OF TWELVE WESTERN CANADIAN CITIES.

	1901	1906	1909	Inc. 9 yrs. 1901-9 p.c.
Edmonton	2,626	11,167	25,000	852
Calgary	4,091	11,976	29,265	614
Lethbridge	2,072	2,313	10,000	382
Medicine Hat	1,570	3,020	5,000	218
Fernie	1,873	3,913	5,300	183
Moose Jaw	1,558	6,249	12,000	670
Prince Albert	1,785	3,005	7,000	292
Saskatoon	113	3,011	12,100	2565
Regina	2,249	6,169	13,500	500
Portage la Prairie.	3,901	5,106	7,000	76
Brandon	5,620	10,408	13,000	131
Winnipeg	42,340	90,153	130,000	207
Total 12 cities..	69,944	157,696	269,165	284

Nine years ago the number of information points listed by Bradstreets in the area represented by the two new provinces was seven hundred and nineteen. Last year the number had grown to 2,320. The number of traders and business houses listed by this firm in the beginning of the century was 5,389. First of January this year the number had grown to 17,810, which is an increase of two hundred per cent. The customs returns for the same period show an increase of seven hundred per cent., which is almost one hundred per cent. a year over the original showing.

Taking the province of Alberta alone the record for municipal development shows thirty-five villages created, fifteen towns established, and four cities incorporated since the inauguration ceremonies in 1905. The four new cities are Medicine Hat, Lethbridge, Wetaskiwin and Strathcona, all of which are the newest of the new compared to Edmonton and Calgary, which were made cities just a little while ago and about the same time as Regina and Prince Albert.

In the period since provincial autonomy was established the old centres have come to be metropolises distributing goods and people over large areas. Calgary has its own territory and its hundred thousand club. Edmonton has a vastly larger area and expects to be to the new northwest as a point of distribution just what she was to the old fur post territory. Both these places have more than doubled population since the autonomy bill. Regina has a similar story second only in importance to the other two; but the capital of a province which has forged ahead to the premier place in wheat production, the yield for 1909 being over eighty million bushels, or quite two-thirds the entire production for the West. Saskatoon has become a flourishing railway centre and Moosejaw developed into a big trading point. It would take a book to trace the unprecedented

progress of the cities and towns throughout the West. Winnipeg alone has increased her population almost three hundred per cent. in nine years; the number now being 130,000. Brandon has retained her place as the second wheat city. Portage la Prairie has become the crossing place of three transcontinental lines. And scores of little settlements have sprung up along the lines of immigration much of it, in fact hundreds of thousands of it with many millions of dollars, from across the border line to the south.

What the West was in 1900 it is no longer. Vancouver has now a population of more than seventy thousand and is rapidly growing to be one of the great cities of Canada, in a class with Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg. Victoria has made large strides and Vancouver Island has developed at a phenomenal rate.

Agriculture.

Agricultural prosperity so far as Canada is concerned is basic. The year 1909 was the greatest in this respect. The total value of the field crops is placed at \$533,000,000, or \$100,000,000 more than last year. This tremendous increase is indicative of the increase in the agricultural population and the increase in the acreage under cultivation. The value of the wheat production in 1909 was fifty millions greater than in 1908. The value of the oats produced was twenty-six millions greater than in 1908. The value of the barley increased four millions.

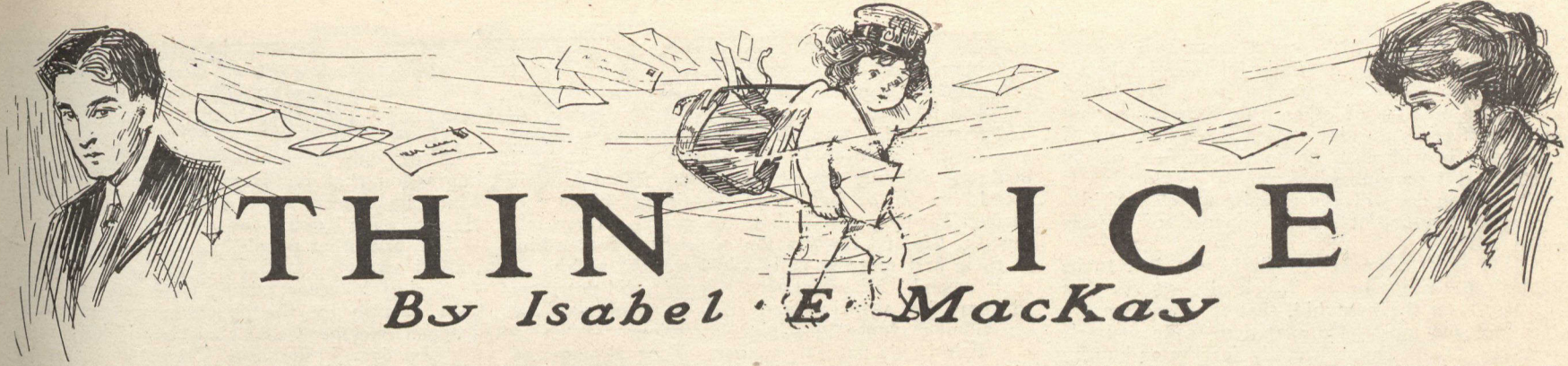
Nor has this growth been wholly in Western Canada. The increase is distributed over all the provinces, with the exception of Prince Edward Island, which shows a slight decrease. Nova Scotia's crops were worth two million dollars more than last year, New Brunswick's remained about the same, Quebec's increased ten millions, Ontario's fifteen millions, Manitoba's eight millions, Saskatchewan's sixty millions and Alberta's six millions. Saskatchewan takes first place.

Railways.

Canadian railways have made tremendous progress during 1908. Most of the lines built during the year are located in Western Canada, where it is estimated that twenty-eight million dollars was expended on new work during the twelve months. The Grand Trunk Pacific is now running trains from Winnipeg to Edmonton and will shortly have nearly one hundred lines of tracks in operation west of the latter city. Early in the spring it will commence to operate trains between Winnipeg and Fort William.

The Canadian Pacific has added so many new lines that it is now said to be the largest railway system in the world. It is expected that its revenue this year will amount to one hundred millions of dollars, exceeding that of the Government of Canada.

The Canadian Northern is also growing very fast and has somewhere about five thousand miles in operation, one thousand miles under construction,



THIN ICE

By Isabel E. MacKay

RESUME.

Peter Rutherford, a wealthy young Montrealer, visits an aunt in a small Ontario town. A business communication takes him to the post office on a night when a blizzard sweeps the town and, confused by the violence of the storm, he turns by mistake into the home of Margaret Manners, whose acquaintance he has an opportunity of improving before her brother arrives to show him on his way. By chance circumstance, Peter decides not to mail a letter of proposal written to a girl in Montreal, and later drops it in the Manners home, where it comes into Margaret's hands. Next day, when he calls, Margaret returns the letter to him, and he is intensely relieved to find it has not been sent upon its way. A sleighing party is being arranged and Peter is persuaded to prolong his visit to take part in the event. By mutual consent he becomes Margaret's escort in the drive and by so doing incurs the enmity of a man from whom the girl has been accepting some small attentions and who has taken for granted the acceptability of his suit.

PETER took up his cue with a readiness really commendable. He looked surprised. "I think there must be some mistake," he said affably. "Miss Manners has promised to drive with me."

Klein glanced at him and from him to Margaret. At first there was nothing on his face save surprise pure and simple.

"Why," he said turning to Margaret, "I thought it was understood. I—"

Margaret interrupted him coldly. She had drawn herself up and looked more like a woman than Peter had ever seen her.

"I do not know what you mean, Mr. Klein. Do you wish to imply that I had engaged myself to drive with you? I was not aware that I had had the opportunity." The slight smile on her lips must have been maddening.

Klein understood now. The expression of surprise on his face dropped away, to be succeeded, momentarily, by a look of such uncontrolled and impotent rage that Peter, following a natural impulse, placed himself between him and the girl. Their eyes met for an instant, then—

"Mr. Klein's sleigh!" called the master of ceremonies impatiently and without another word Klein turned his back upon them and went out.

"Mr. Parker's sleigh!"

Peter looked at Margaret and saw that she was trembling, but this was no place for explanations. Already some were sending curious glances in their direction.

"Brace up," he said quietly. "They are noticing. Let me help you with your cloak. Let us get nearer to the door. It is exceedingly hot in here."

Margaret responded instantly, her colour came back and with a smile she turned with a gay remark to some passing friend. They moved to the door.

"Mr. Rutherford's sleigh!" came the summons and together, laughing and talking naturally, they took their places in the cutter, the bells jingled cheerily, and they were off.

For the first while they drove in silence, Peter occupied with his team and hesitating to speak. The situation, to which he could only guess the key, seemed of such a delicate nature that a hasty or an unwise word might ruin everything. Had he looked upon Margaret as a flirt his course would have been plain, it would have been sufficient to behave as if the previous engagement, which she had implied to Klein, had really existed between them. But to do this would, he felt, be to commit an irreparable mistake. In fact he was puzzled to think of any way to approach the subject without in some way offending her.

"Mr. Rutherford?" Margaret's voice, low and miserable, broke in upon his thoughts. "I am afraid that you are thinking me a very forward girl."

"You know I am not thinking anything of the kind," said Peter promptly.

"Well," a trifle more cheerfully, "I suppose I do know it or I would never have placed myself in this position. As usual I followed an impulse—when I saw Mr. Klein coming with that insufferable air of ownership and knew I would have no time to explain to you, I just chanced it. I felt you would

not misunderstand. I simply was not going to drive with him and," naively, "you were going to ask me, weren't you?"

"I was," said Peter; then, his rage against Klein suddenly blazing out, "why, the cad had never asked you?"

"No," soberly, "he took it for granted that I would go, as you saw."

"Well," said Peter grimly, "it's to be hoped he's had a lesson. He won't take things for granted another time."

Margaret sighed.

"I don't know," she said, "I hardly understand now how I had the courage to do it. I really intended to go with him, you know, but suddenly I felt just that I couldn't, couldn't—I felt afraid."

They were out in the country now and the sleighs were scattered far and near. Peter stooped to arrange the robe more comfortably.

"Miss manners," he said, with a mixture of boyishness and manly confidence very attractive, "I know you do not know me very well, but we're friends, aren't we? Do you think you would mind telling me why you are—afraid of this man?"

"I would like to tell you," she said, "but there is really so little to tell. I don't quite know why I am afraid of him, but I am, and lately it has been growing on me, until I dread to be near him." He saw her shudder a little in her furs.

"When I first met him," she continued, "I did not dislike him. He was good company and we are not overwhelmed with companionable young men in Banbridge. We were fairly good friends for a time until I began to think that he at times exceeded a friend's privileges. I suppose every girl is somewhat of a flirt but I did not wish to flirt with Mr. Klein. It was feeling like this which first made me realise that I did not like him and I immediately attempted to withdraw from a friendship which was beginning to be distasteful. Then—"

She paused a moment and seemed to be thinking deeply.

"I hardly know how to make you understand," she went on, "but when I began to withdraw I felt like a person who has walked into an invisible net, I did not know it was there until I tried to escape. Perhaps if I had made a very determined struggle then, I would be free now, but you can perhaps imagine the disinclination a girl would feel to provoke any active unpleasantness so I let things slip along without displaying anything but passive resistance, but I am sure he knew, and knows, that his attentions are distasteful to me."

"That," said Leverage, "should be more than sufficient for any man."

"For any gentleman," she rejoined a little bitterly, "but do you know I sometimes think he is not that. He is rich and cultured and has all the little outside things that gentlemen possess but often and often he has acted in a way in which I feel no gentleman would act."

"Cad!" said Peter under his breath.

"Perhaps that's why I fear him," she continued reflectively. "I imagine one would not fear a man, however rough, if he had the instincts of a gentleman. But this man, in spite of what I have shown him of my feeling, continually pursues me. I can go nowhere, do nothing without his presence, even in my own home I am not free for he comes continually on the invitation of my brother, who cannot understand why I do not wish it. Sometimes when I let myself think of the situation I feel quite breathless and panting like some hunted thing—oh, it is so humiliating!"

Her low voice broke and Peter, glancing quickly down, saw her clear eyes full of angry tears. The next minute she smiled up at him and said:

"I suppose it is the very oddest thing, my telling you this. But you see I cannot speak of it to any of my friends here for obvious reasons. You are different, for you will be gone in a few days and as you are a man of the world, I thought you might advise me what to do."

Peter's face darkened gloomily. The tone in which she spoke of his going had been quite too disinterested to please him.

"I don't see that you ought to do anything," he said. "When a lady has shown a man that she does not desire his attentions and the attentions are not discontinued there is only one thing left to do—and your brother alone has the right to do that. If I were your brother for five minutes—"

"Well, what would you do?" curiously. "Why don't you tell me?"

"Because I didn't like the idea. I wouldn't be your brother for anything."

"Not even for five minutes?"

"Certainly not. Those five minutes might prove fatal."

"To Mr. Klein?"

"Oh, to him, sure, but I was thinking of something else."

"Well, don't think of anything else until you've given me some advice. As for Tom, he is so hopeless. He is infatuated with Mr. Klein and will not hear a word against him."

"Well, then, I would take a firm stand and risk the unpleasantness you spoke of."

"I'll have to, though I hate it, and I'm afraid. You saw him to-day when I refused to go with him?"

"He looked annoyed."

"Annoyed! He looked as if he could have killed us both, and the maddening, humiliating thing about it is that he has not the shadow of a right to expect the slightest favour from me. You don't know how a girl resents such things."

"I know how a man resents them," said Peter grimly, and the look in his eyes might have warned a bolder man than Klein. If Margaret saw the look, however, she did not seem to find it at all disconcerting, indeed her own face brightened as his grew gloomy. Out in the sunshine, in the company of a man she liked and trusted, the formless fears and questionings which had disturbed her seemed more unreal than ever. She looked up at Rutherford and laughed the girlish, careless laugh which was her natural right.

"Perhaps, after all," she said, "my imagination has something to do with my troubles. But one of the things I wanted to ask you was this—have you remembered yet where you saw Mr. Klein first?"

Peter was genuinely surprised.

"Why," he said, "didn't you hear him say I was mistaken, that we had never met before?"

"Yes, I heard him say it but I knew by the look of recognition when he met you that he was lying. I thought you knew it too."

"Well, I did. At least I felt quite sure that his face was really familiar but it could only have been the most casual of meetings, for I simply cannot remember anything about it and I've tried till I'm tired."

"You think that if you had met him, sat at a friend's house or been introduced at a club or anything like that you would be able to remember it?"

"I am quite sure I should. I have a good memory."

"Well, then, if you met him very casually, perhaps without even knowing who he was, there must have been something very striking in the way you saw him, for I don't suppose every casual face you see lingers in your memory like his has done."

"By Jove! I believe you're right. There must have been something queer about it to fix it in my mind, because I know it's there and I'm sure to remember the circumstances soon. Several times already I have been just on the verge of discovery but it has always eluded me. It will come back some day."

"I think we can also take for granted that it is not to Mr. Klein's advantage that you should remember, otherwise why did he not assist you to recall the incident?"

"And yet they say that the female mind is incapable of logical inference!" laughed Peter.

"Well, you see, I've been thinking about it a good deal. I want you to remember, for I believe that if Tom once knew anything seriously against Mr. Klein he would no longer expect me to be civil to him, and really, the relief would be welcome."

"I think that it would be a good way out of one

of your difficulties and it's sure to come back sooner or later. Isn't memory a wonderful thing! There's that little impression in regard to that man buried away under millions of other little impressions but just as perfect as the day it was made and one of these times it will flash up to the surface of my mind and—I'll remember."

"When you do, will you promise to tell me?"

"Yes, of course—at least, I suppose so." Peter flushed a little.

"Oh, I don't suppose it will be too bad to be tellable," she said calmly. "Look, do you see that stone house on the next hill, that is where we are going, and you must be prepared to make yourself agreeable. I hope supper's ready for I'm as hungry as I can be—and, Mr. Rutherford, don't be beguiled into changing partners for the ride home, will you?"

"Why is that customary?" asked Rutherford, a little startled.

"Oh, it's quite permissible and happens often."

"Well, it won't happen to me if there has to be a fight."

"Look out, Mr. Klein can be very determined." But as he helped her, laughing, from the sleigh it was far from the minds of either of them just how determined Mr. Klein could be.

CHAPTER VIII.

A CUP OF COFFEE.

In order to assist the effort of remembering, Peter had determined to secure a chat with Klein in the hope that some trick of tone or manner would

give the clue he sought. He was prepared to resort to diplomacy in the accomplishment of what would probably be a difficult task—Klein, presumably, being in no mood for chatting. But here again he had mistaken his man, for Klein, far from showing any further annoyance, was affable at supper and distinctly friendly afterward. Peter found himself wondering if he had been imagining things. It seemed hardly possible that this genial, hearty fellow, the life of a lively party, could have frozen him at their first meeting and looked murder at him at their second. Miss Manners, however, did not seem to share his surprise and said in answer to his questioning glance in Klein's direction:

"This is his natural manner. Your glimpses of him have been exceptional. He is considered great fun and is a great favourite with everybody."

"Not quite everybody. He gives Mrs. Leverage the creeps."

"Does he? Mrs. Leverage is a discerning woman. The majority of those he meets never give him a serious thought. He is amusing and no one cares to look beneath; why should they?"

"You think he is acting, then?"

"He must be. He has told me often that he hates this kind of thing and from what I know of him I imagine he does hate it."

"Well, I'm going to brave that smile of his right now. I want him to help me to remember—what do you think will happen to me?"

"You will probably like him tremendously. The smile is not dangerous—if it were I wouldn't allow you to talk to him at all."

"If you commanded I should obey, of course." Margaret coloured. "I would not presume," she said, "but there are other ways. Mr. Klein is very obliging."

"Is he?"

"Yes, only he spoils it by always giving the impression that he is making an investment on which he expects some day to realise handsomely. He is always looking for investments."

"So are other people," said Peter calmly, as he walked away.

Seeing Margaret alone, their hostess, who had been waiting for the opportunity, came over and dropped into the vacant chair beside her.

"My dear," she said, "that young man you brought with you seems really very nice. He will be quite an acquisition. Do I understand that he is going to settle in Banbridge?"

Margaret suppressed a smile. She was too used to the old lady's frank curiosity to feel resentful.

"He lives in Montreal," she said carelessly. "Rutherford—Peter Rutherford is his name."

"My dear! Not the rich Peter Rutherford?"

"He is wealthy, I believe," said Margaret guardedly.

"You don't say? How nice! He is really such a fine young man. Have you known him long?"

"Not long, but we have mutual friends. He is engaged, or about to be engaged, to a friend of mine, a Miss Sayles of Montreal."

The old lady's face fell.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE COURT OPERA COUP

By J. S. WILLOX

SHE was the greatest singer of this or any other age. They generally are, of course, but it was her manager who said so, and as he was really her husband and took the name of Blanc when Cavalo became famous—well, who better than he should know?

Fortunately, the critics agreed with him, and what one calls the "music-loving public" flocked to the opera and yelled "Encore" or "Bravo" or "Bis," according to the state of their musical education. By the middle of the season, Cavalo had become "the fashion," and she refused to appear at charity *matinees* unless Royalty asked her after the charming manner of Royalty in such matters.

One may safely say, therefore, that Madame Cavalo had London and the Court Opera management at her feet, and on the whole, she treated them very well, for she only kicked when she caught the management playing tricks over her final appearance for the season.

THE story begins really with two other people at the Cri. They had gone there for tea at a shilling a head because, as Betty explained, you always knew the worst before you began.

"And Henry is so frightfully hard up, poor dear! You know, I always have a guilty suspicion that his eyes are watching me with frozen horror when I take a fourth éclair. I've never dared to look, for I do love them so."

For though Henry was poor—and it was his financial disability that Betty's father objected to—his natural honesty insisted on the paying of the bill. Betty had nothing to boast about in the way of honesty; her fancy rioted in all sorts of ingenious ways for slipping out when no one was looking. But, at the Cri, they could make a leisurely tea and Betty could eat eclairs to her heart's content and without violence to her conscience.

As was to be expected when there were gathered together the daughter of the Court Opera's manager and the junior partner in a concert agency, they talked music.

Betty skewered an éclair thoughtfully.

"Cavalo is singing again on Thursday week."

Henry looked up with a surprised air.

"But I thought last night was 'billed' as her final performance this season."

"It was—until this morning. Dad wired asking her to sing once more, and at lunch he got her reply agreeing to sing on Thursday; the nineteenth, I think it is."

Henry put down his cup with an excited clatter.

"It's not public, is it?" he asked eagerly.

"No; at least, I don't expect it will be before to-morrow morning. Why?"

"I have an idea," he said briefly. Then, after a pause, "You're quite sure about Cavalo?"

Betty nodded vigorously.

"What is it? Do tell me."

"You know that when Cavalo sings at the Court

they double the prices to all parts of the house?" Betty nodded again. "Very well, then, if I can take up all the seats that are left for Thursday week and pay for them at the usual rates, I look like clearing a fair profit."

"Of course, I know it's not right," Betty conceded, "but if you think you could make enough to take me to tea at Rumpelmeyer's, then I'll help."

"I must think it over," said Henry.

Betty rose in a flutter, leaving an éclair half-eaten—sure sign of agitation.

"Come along! Let's go and think together."

After much hesitation, Henry raked together all the money he could lay his hands on. They worked through every agent in London, and in an hour or so they owned all the available seats in the opera for Thursday, the nineteenth.

"I shall come a fearful cropper if I don't pull it off," Henry remarked nervously. But Betty's confidence was not to be shaken, and she returned home radiant.

It was not until late in the afternoon that the agencies woke up to the fact that there was a run on Court Opera seats for the nineteenth, although no performances had been announced beyond the fourteenth. For half an hour the box office at the Opera stood the strain of continuous telephoning; then the clerk sent hurriedly for the manager.

"Have you decided on what we are putting up on Thursday week, Mr. Watson?" he wanted to know.

"*Tosca*, with Cavalo. It was settled to-day."

"Good Lord! For the last half-hour I've been selling steadily for Thursday week at the usual rates!"

Mr. Watson took oaths on his fair lips.

"But I knew nothing about it!" the clerk protested. "We haven't put up the prices for anybody else, and I understood Cavalo finished last night."

"It hasn't been announced!" Mr. Watson stormed. "Nobody knows but Cavalo and myself."

"Then, why this rush for seats?" The telephone bell rang furiously. "Look at that." He took up the receiver and spoke in that tired way peculiar to people who use the telephone frequently. "Well? . . . Yes. . . . Yes. . . . The nineteenth. . . . Hold the line a minute." He put his hand over the mouthpiece. "There's another! What am I to do?"

The manager thought furiously for several seconds. It was clear that someone had got wind of the extra Cavalo performance and was quietly cornering the house.

"Hold on a bit!" he said briskly, and crossed the hall to his office. He picked up his private telephone.

"Hello! . . . Hello, give me O4573 West." There was an interval of blank silence; then, "Hello! I'm Watson, Court Opera. Is that Madame Cavalo's? Oh, it's you, Blanc. I say, the Emperor of Caucasia

—he's here incog., you know—wants to hear Madame sing in *Tosca*, but he is leaving on the nineteenth. Do you think she would like to sing on the eighteenth instead? . . . Thanks, yes, if you don't mind."

There was another silence, and Mr. Watson played abstractedly with his paper-knife. Then he sprang suddenly to attention. "Is that you, Madame? I was charmed to get your telegram. Indeed, you surpassed yourself last night. I heard the Princess say so myself. . . . That is so; yes. . . . Has Monsieur Blanc explained? . . . Yes. . . . Yes. . . . Oh, no, not at all; only too glad, I'm sure. . . . Well, it will alter things a little, but the inconvenience is nothing, I assure you. . . . Thank you, thank you. . . . Yes; *au revoir*, Madame!"

"Good old girl," he murmured on his way back to the box office. "It's all right, Andrews; sell everything they'll buy at the usual rates. I've queered their pitch."

Mr. Watson went home to dinner with his mind full of the wickedness of ticket speculators, and, of course, he talked about it for the moral improvement of the family. And also as an object lesson on his own cleverness.

"Funny thing happened to-day. Somebody tried to corner the house for the extra Cavalo night."

"And did they?" Betty asked all innocence.

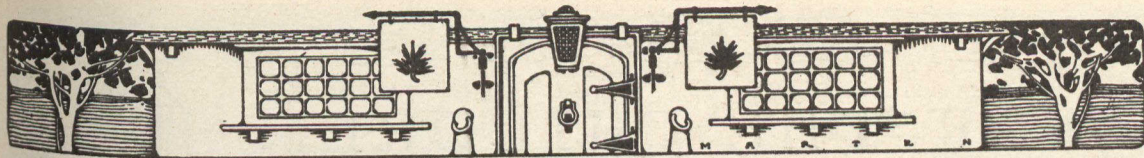
Her father chuckled. "Well, I let 'em have all they wanted for the nineteenth—when Cavalo *was* to have sung. But I made fresh arrangements with her. She'll sing on the eighteenth instead."

Betty gripped the edge of the table and hung on to it desperately. Fortunately, her father did not notice; he was too busy patting himself on the back. She managed to get through the evening somehow, and, pleading a headache—even her father remarked on her pallor—she went early to bed. At least, she went to her bedroom. All through that hateful night she sat amidst the debris of her house of cards.

What was to be done? She simply couldn't tell Henry. She must find some way out herself. It was she who had got him into the scrape. What was to be done? What was—? About opera tickets and their manipulation and the wiles of the agents she had picked up a fair knowledge from her father. She considered every possible and impossible way out of the difficulty, but every path she took in her hurried search led to another *impasse*, and she had to start afresh.

GREY morning crept stealthily out of the east. The sun found her still staring in blank despair at a high wooden hoarding that screened the beginnings of a new block of flats across the road. Her father had done his work quickly, for already some men were fixing up a large poster that

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE THE MAJESTY OF MOUNTAINS

An appreciation of the Grandeur and the Glory of our great Canadian Rockies

*"The joy of life is sleepness overcome,
And victories of ascent, and looking down
On all that had looked down on us."*

LIKE everyone else, I went West this past summer. Unlike everyone else, I omitted Seattle. I had been to Seattle before, and I had been to exhibitions before. The conjunction did not seem morally binding. Besides, I have reached that age when the mere discovery that any given thing can be left out is in itself a joy.

What I wanted in joining the westbound throng was a good time, and to see the mountains once more. The two things are pretty much synonymous to one who loves colour and splendour, and who has lived long enough under the shadow of mountains to know the unappeasable longing their silent presence creates.

I omitted Banff too, which was reprehensible, or would be if one had never been there. Banff is beautiful, of course, but one is too close to the mountains there. They lose their mystery and illusion, become bold, hard facts, mere aggregations of rock and earth, doffing their veils of glamorous mist. Go to Banff if you will become one of the tourist rank and file, admire the views, investigate the discouraged looking buffalo in the park, explore the hot springs, drive out to Minnewanka Lake, not omitting the launch trip, and when your hour comes pay up without flinching, but don't come home and say you've seen the mountains. You haven't.

I wish I could reproduce a picture of the Rockies as I first saw them years ago. It was about 4.30 a.m. after a storm of several days' duration. With the coming of dawn great billows of vapour were rapidly rolling by, being dissipated into space. In the crimson light of the rising sun they looked like gigantic flowers. Through them gleamed here and there the steadfast forms, white crowned, which seemed to circle half the horizon. They stood midway in purple shadows, looming like vast temples against the melting heavens. I remember the fierce chinook that was blowing so hard we had difficulty in standing our ground. An old mountaineer of the party remarked that scarce in a lifetime might one behold such a scene. For the most part we were silent. There are no words for some things. I had not realised before that of motion and matter could be brought such glory. Perhaps a rather high standard for even mountain scenery was set for me that hour. Forever after I knew that the eternal hills were not merely gigantic upheavals of stone, but altars of the living God. Many indescribably lovely combinations of peak and atmosphere have I beheld since then, but none combining swift motion with such intensity of colour. Our own mountains seem to me especially striking in their richness of colouring. The Alps live in memory sun-crowned, gleaming radiant, a succession of incomparable oil paintings. Our Rockies one recalls as infinitely various, overwhelming in rugged and massive boldness, yet presenting all the shifting tones and tender gradations of the sea. They are plastic as music, answering to every mood, responsive to the subtlest emotion.

I stayed some weeks within range of them this past summer. That is the way to know them—one of the ways—to let them look in through your household windows, become a part of the daily ordinance of life, follow you up in your common tasks, and make a background for your thoughts. You sleepily lift your head from the pillow at 5 a.m. and open an eye to the West. There they glow soft and silent, flushed like the petals of a rose. You consider getting up to see them properly, wondering where you left the field glasses last night, but before you are through considering find yourself snuggled down again with an uneasy sense of having missed the best thought of the day, to say nothing of an outraged conscience and a stony look from Saint R. L. S. When you get up three hours later, your peaks have lost that wonderful flush and exquisite purity of tone, but are still lovingly robed perchance in pale heliotrope. At noon, when you are out roaming the foothills on your host's best mount, breathing an air that exhilarates like wine, you look over the ridge of the wildcat

hills, and there spreads such a panorama of misty blue peaks before you that you take breath sharply. Or again in the soft light of the prolonged twilight, quite up to ten o'clock in June, or early July, they stand sentinel-like, blue-black against the fading topaz sky, a long uneven line of strange forms without detail or definition. Some morning you may get up and there are no mountains. You rub your eyes and look again, but they have vanished—been wiped out altogether, and where they were wont to stand runs the same old flat everlasting prairie as upon the other side stretches away endlessly to the rim of the world. It is uncanny. You must have dreamed they were there yesterday, and you feel as though something has gone from life—some charm, some glory, that had lent your days half their joy. But the next morning, or the one after the next, there they are again, steadfast, luminous, more lovely than ever, like the restored presence of our beloved.

We spent days at closer range, of course. That is a different thing. You try in vain to realise them, but about all you succeed in realising is how frightfully oblivious of you they are. They overwhelm the imagination, and you give up trying to adjust yourself to them, and instead simply take them bit by bit. The mind becomes a storehouse of lovely pictures—sapphire lakes, reflecting great, dazzlingly white glaciers, solitary sun-crowned peaks, cleaving the violet skies at incredible heights, little emerald or jade-coloured tarns rimmed with white, which prove on closer examination to be caused by tiny shells long bleached by the sun, or great slopes on which dark firs climb to the very top, challenging the clouds, a constant succession of superb vistas, stupendous in scale, infinite in variety, of surpassing beauty. Foaming torrents, fleecy, glacier-fed cataracts of "frozen splendour," crags upon whose gigantic shoulders the new fallen snow lies like lacey mantles, and ever beyond peaks that soar into

the blue, invincible and glorious, combine endlessly into scenes that haunt the memory forever.

We camped one night in a little hollow of the hills, so rich with the succulent pea-vine or vetch that our hungry horses were satisfied in an hour or two instead of munching most of the night as they generally did. The sun had dropped behind the dusky forms that circled us, and the early night of the mountains was fast closing in. Hurrying to put up tents, make fires, and get supper while light lasted, we scarcely realised what a panorama of extraordinary splendour was unfolding around us. Happening to glance up from the process of ban-nock making, my eyes full of smoke, I saw glowing soft in the east a cluster of rosy peaks, ethereal as clouds, amethyst and purple shadows clinging about their base gradually climbing upward, while above, tender as a dream, the luminous cresces seemed to float in mid-air. Slowly they melted, mingling with the dusky mists of space, where Mars finally swung from his violet deeps and hung over the shadowy folds, piercing the night with his ruddy gleam—the imagination with his untold story.

* * *

The Earl Grey Musical Contest for 1910.

THIS year, the fourth since its inauguration, the Earl Grey Musical Trophies will be competed for in the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, beginning with the week of April 4th. The scope of the contests has been greatly enlarged this season and it will include prizes for individual competitors as is done at musical festivals in the north of England. The Governor-General and Countess Grey will be in Toronto during the entire week.

The events are divided in the following manner: (1) Choral societies, (2) orchestras, (3) mixed voice choruses of not less than 24 and not more than 60, (4) opera companies.

If there is more than the entry in each class, a special prize will be awarded the winner, and the winners in the various classes will be adjudged for the trophy. It is expected that in the mixed voice chorus section there will be a large entry from church choirs. This is a form of musical effort which has not received much public recognition.

In addition to the trophy contest, the following competitions, with three prizes in each class, are given for young singers and instrumentalists:

(1) Individual male voices—for amateurs under 23 years of age.

(2) Individual female voices—For amateurs under 23 years of age.

(3) Pianoforte solos—For amateurs under 23 years of age.

(4) Violin solos—For amateurs under 23 years.

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FOR THE CHILDREN



Puzzles for the Winter Fireside

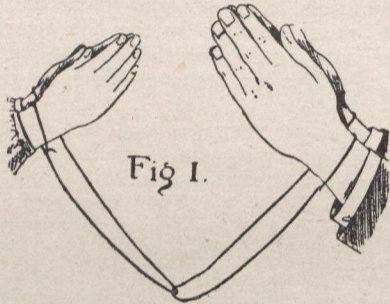
By PROFESSOR HOFFMAN

THE solving of puzzles is essentially a winter pastime. In summer there are too many counter attractions; but when the shortest day has come to its gloomy close, when the frost is nipping and the wind howling out of doors, when Pop-in-Taw (or its latest rival) has lost the power to amuse, "What shall we do to-night?" becomes a question of serious import. Under such circumstances a few clever puzzles fill up time very pleasantly. The following selection of "nuts to crack" will be found just the thing for such an occasion.

THE HANDCUFF PUZZLE.

This is a puzzle for two people, preferably a lad and a lass.

Two pieces of cord or stout string, each about four feet long, are needed. One of these forms the "handcuffs" for the lady. In other words, one end is to be tied round her right wrist and the other round her left wrist, leaving a yard or so hanging down between. The other piece of cord is to be passed within this hanging portion, and tied in the



same way round the wrists of the gentleman, as in Fig. 1. The tying should not be so tight as to cause discomfort, but must be so close that the hand cannot possibly be drawn out of the handcuff. Slip-knots must of course be avoided.

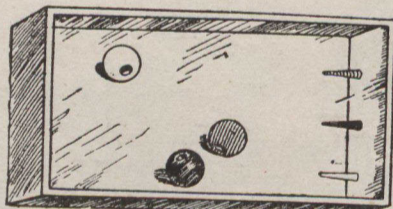
The problem is to get free of each other without loosening the knots or cutting the string, the "handcuffs" still remaining on the wrists.

For our next two items the reader must have recourse to a toy dealer, but the articles will not involve any extravagant outlay, their cost being sixpence each. There is in these two cases no royal road to success, which can only be gained by patience and perseverance.

THE PEG AND BALL PUZZLE.

This is a little glass-covered box, as depicted in Fig. 2. From one end of it, inside, project three pegs, each of a different colour. At liberty within

Fig. 2.

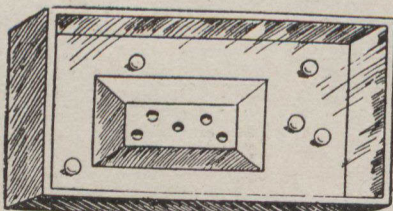


the box are three little balls, coloured like the pegs, and each having a hole in it. The puzzle is to impale all three balls, each on the peg of its own colour.

THE WILD OATS PUZZLE.

This (Fig. 3) is a similar box, enclosing five

Fig. 3.



little balls. The central portion is a raised slab of

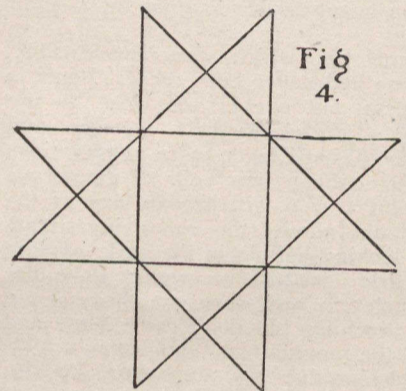
wood, with sloping edges. In this central portion are five shallow depressions, the "homes" for the balls, which, however, as a rule, decline to stay at home, but roam about; hence the name of the puzzle. It is easy enough to get one or two of them into position, but when you endeavour to get the rest "home" those first captured again start on their travels.

Many persons, however, scorn puzzles of mere dexterity, demanding something of a more intellectual kind. To such may be recommended the following:—

PUZZLE WITH COUNTERS.

With a handful of card counters a number of excellent puzzles can be worked. The following are examples:—

No. 1.—With nine counters. Required, so to arrange them that they shall form ten different straight lines of three each.



No. 2.—This is rather more difficult. You are required to arrange ten counters in such manner that they shall form five rows, with four in each row.

No. 3.—Draw upon a piece of paper an enlarged representation of the annexed diagram (Fig. 4). You are then to place on seven of its angles, seven counters, in manner following. Each counter must be drawn from a vacant point along one of the lines to another vacant point, and there left. You must then take another counter and start from another vacant point, proceeding in the same way till seven of the points are covered.

No. 4.—If the reader has ever played draughts, he will know what is meant by "crowning"—viz., placing one man on the top of another. In the present instance, after placing ten counters in a row, he is required to crown five of them by picking up one counter at a time, passing it over two others, and crowning the one next in order, till five of them have been thus covered. A counter already crowned reckons as two counters.

No. 5.—In this case, the first step is to draw a diagram consisting of ten squares side by side, as shown in Fig. 5, and to place, in the eight squares

Fig. 5.

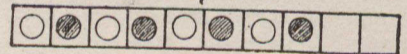


Fig. 6.

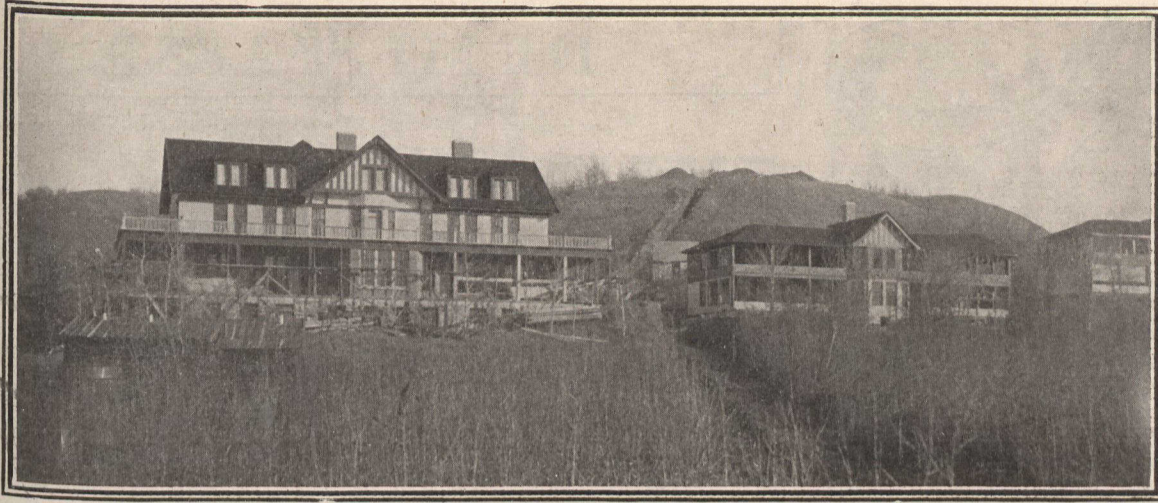


to the left, white and red counters alternately, leaving the last two squares vacant.

The puzzle is two-fold; first, in four moves only, moving two counters at a time (without altering their relative positions), to get the four of each colour grouped together without any interval (as shown in Fig. 6), and then, by reversing the process, to work them back again into their original positions.

No. 6.—The problem in this case is to place eight counters on eight of the squares of a chess-board in such manner that neither vertically, horizontally, nor diagonally, shall there be two counters in the same row.

ANSWERS IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE.



New Tuberculosis Sanatorium at Minette, near Pelican Lake, Manitoba

PEOPLE AND PLACES

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

Manitoba Sanatorium for Tuberculosis.

EARLY this year, the sanatorium for Manitoba consumptives will be opened for the reception of patients. For months these buildings have been rising into view on the side valley at the north-east angle of Pelican Lake, and now give some indication of the pleasant appearance they will have, set in the wooded slopes, and facing a wide blue lake.

Back at the beginning, just a very few years ago, the late Dr. McInnis, Provincial Secretary, devoted his whole energy to the work of securing a tuberculosis sanatorium for Manitoba, and now, most of the leading men in the province are helping in the realisation of his hopes.

It is expected, when the doors are opened for patients, that the whole cost of the magnificent site, comprising over 140 acres, as well as the erection of the main administration building, two two-storey pavilions, the gas-generating house, root and ice houses, and an adequate water-supply derived from one of the numerous elevations at the rear of the buildings, will have been entirely met by municipal and private benevolence.

Dr. D. A. Stewart, the medical superintendent of the Manitoba Sanatorium, spent last year studying similar institutions in the United States, and this year in a campaign of education throughout the province when not engaged with plans for the work to be.

* * *

The Dry Dock Question.

MR. ANDREW ALLAN, who is a very vital part of the Allan Line Steamship Company, was in St. John recently and took advantage of the opportunity to urge the dry dock question. In the opinion of this marine man, it is about time that the St. John people took dry docks seriously. The alternative, he considered, would be a "black eye" for Canada's marine aspirations. Canada has not one dry dock along the St. Lawrence capable of accommodating the fifteen leviathans which cut down the miles between Montreal and Liverpool. The situation in the Bay of Fundy is no better. Halifax has a little slip of a dry dock, but that's all. This is a phase of the navy question worth considering. Till Canada is able to look after the interests of her merchant marine it is a little idle to be wasting good wind on men-of-war.

* * *

The Canadian Whale.

INSPECTOR FITZGERALD of Halifax is home from the Arctic and says the Canadians of the north are not enterprising. They are not getting their share of the whalebone trade. The Americans have virtually secured a monopoly of that chilly business. Twelve or more of Uncle Sam's big whalers annually parade the Arctic coast of the Dominion and spear everything in sight. Canadians have not yet learned the whaling game; consequently they are losing thousands of dollars every year. All the wealth that Canada secures from her own waters is the revenue which the United States fishermen hand over for the goods sold by them to the Esquimaux along the coast.

Mr. Fitzgerald represents the Revenue Department of the Dominion Government. He has been stationed at Herschel Island—a three-and-a-half months' jaunt to the nearest railway station.

* * *

Progressive Nova Scotia.

THE Halifax Chronicle issued a special New Year's edition—forty pages of review of Nova Scotia's prosperity. 1909 was a bumper year for the brainy eastern province all along the line. \$114,400,000 was the

total amount of wealth produced. Of this manufactures, ships and freights make up \$60,000,000. That the people of Nova Scotia are ardent exponents of the agricultural life is evidenced by the \$29,000,000 worth of produce their farms yielded during the year.

* * *

Who Owns Anticosti?

THE Island of Anticosti, 135 miles long and 70 wide, has developed a new proprietor. From the time of Governor Murray the history of Anticosti has been a record of squabbles among people anxious to exert suzerainty over it. Nobody appears to really own Anticosti. At present Henri Meunier, chocolate king of France, has possession. The bon-bon man grabbed the island just when it was emerging from the sensational fracas of the Quebec Government and the Labrador Land Company. The land corporation had urged that they bought Anticosti from the seigneurs of Mingan. The Government had answered that the Seigneurie of Mingan was a myth, and that Anticosti belonged to the people of Quebec. A battle was fought out in the Privy Council. The upshot was the turning over of Anticosti by sheriff's sale to Monsieur Meunier in 1895. It was thought that the ownership was determined for all time. But so it was not to be; a new claimant has bobbed up with a quite romantic story. In the year 1892 Michel Parent, compositor, Montreal, was reading over the proofs of a book for his employer, Lovell. Some data stared him in the face which was proof enough for him that he was the rightful proprietor of Anticosti. According to him, the book had it down in black and white that his wife was the direct descendant of the original seigneurs. Parent has lain low for seventeen years. The other day he probably felt that he should be laying up stores for old age, because he advertised the sale of Anticosti Island. But Seigneur Menier still squats down and Monsieur Parent has so far had no applicants.

* * *

A Yankeeized Canadian Boat.

THE Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company intends to run a steamer entirely in United States waters. The boat is to be built in Detroit, will be under American registry and will be called the *Rochester*. She is to run from Youngstown, Ohio, to Ogdensburg on Lake Ontario. Explaining this apparent anomaly before the New England Passenger Association rate meeting recently, Mr. John F. Pierce, manager of the R. & O. Co., said: "American tourists make up a majority of the passenger traffic on our lines, which run from Toronto all the way up through the St. Lawrence and Saguenay rivers. Of the number New York State leads, with Pennsylvania second. We get most of our advertising matter printed in the States, and for our summer hotels we depend mostly on New York for our chefs and waiters. There was not quite as big a traffic to the Thousand Islands last summer as usual, but to other points it was much greater. For instance, we had a party of 100 Appalachian mountain climbers from Boston, who took a week's trip up the St. Lawrence and Saguenay and scaled almost every cliff we had to offer them.

"Real estate and water front property are bringing big prices in Quebec and Montreal. About twenty years ago we bought a wharf property in Quebec, for which we paid \$50,000. We could turn it over to-morrow for \$500,000. In bank clearings Montreal has passed San Francisco and we are now only slightly behind Pittsburg. It may be interesting to add that Montreal has obtained for \$15,000,000 harbour improvements such as have cost New York double that sum."

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And with a good excuse.
'Twixt you and me,
It ain't much use
Except to be a cock-a-doodle show
But it'll grow,
And go
And tell the Chinks
To let us have our forty winks
Of peace, prosperity and money lust.
—But sure, we'll join the military trust.

Sure it is a noble deed,
You bet,
To sail the wet
In a bally little iron navy steed,
And perhaps to put a picture on the rag,
And to make a little brag
Of the daring things we'll do,
When we sail the heaving blue,
And brave the horrid ocean for our flag.

You bet
It ain't the wet
We need to float
Our little boat.
Why, Lake Winnipeg is big,
And sure, we're not a pig
To use the whole Pacific
To try out our specific
For a periodic fright
Of a fight.
And the rivers, and—by Jove!
I forgot it in my antic,
There's the jolly old Atlantic.
But, great Scott!
What rot!
That's three thousand miles away.
—And you're going to make us pay—
But the Bluenose near is frantic,
So we'll have to let him play
Like a boy
With a toy,
As he sails his little vessel on the bay.
—Edmonton.

* * *

A Tranquil Disposition.

TRANQUILITY of disposition is not always manifested in the same way. There was recently an elderly English colonel in India whose boast it was that he had a disposition so tranquil that nothing could ruffle it. He took up golf and for a time his friends failed to notice any disturbance of the colonel's outward calm, but one day when playing a four-some he got into a notorious "devil's punch-bowl" bunker, and spent a terrible fifteen minutes trying first to find the ball and then to play it out. He tried every club in vain, and at last, glaring like a demon, he smashed them one after another across a jagged rock. "What are you doing?" cried the party above.

"It's all right," he shouted. "It's—it's better to—break one's clubs than to—lose one's temper."

And the caddie gathered up the pieces.

* * *

The Chancellor's Repartee.

MR. LLOYD-GEORGE is famous, of course, for his brilliant repartee and biting sarcasm. "I am here—" he remarked once at a political meeting, but before he had time to finish the sentence, a noisy interrupter had chimed in, "And so am I."

But the retort was as quick as it was overwhelming. "Yes—but you are not all there!"

"What do our opponents really want?" he inquired in a recent

speech. In the momentary pause that followed the question there came a voice husky from the effects of alcohol, "What I want is a change of Government."

"No, no," was the ready reply, "what you really want is a change of drink."

* * *

Selections.

SOON after King Edward had passed the huge concourse of children at Mousehold, Norwich, a little girl was seen by her teacher to be crying. "Why are you crying; didn't you see the king?" asked the teacher. "Yes, but, please, teacher, he didn't see me," sobbed the little girl.

Lord Lansdowne once congratulated Lord Crewe on an eloquent speech in the House of Lords. "I have followed it," he said, "with earnest attention, not only on account of the importance of the subject, but also on account of the noble lord's judicial attitude. I admired his earnestness and his eloquence, but what impressed me most was his impartiality." A pause. "Yes, until the last minute, I did not know on which side of the fence his lordship was coming down."

Mistress—"Did you have company last night, Mary?" Mary—"Only my Aunt Maria, mum." Mistress—"When you see her again will you tell her that she left her tobacco pouch on the piano?"

"You didn't use to object to your husband playing poker?" "No, but that was before I learned to play bridge. It is a lovely game, but I can not afford to play it unless he stops playing poker."

Proud "Autumn" Father—"Bless me, it's really marvellous about that baby of mine. You'll hardly credit it, but every time it looks up into my face it smiles—positively smiles." The "Fed-up" Friend—"Well, I suppose even a baby has some glimmering sense of humour."

A travelling man who stutters spent all afternoon in trying to sell a grouchy business man a bill of goods, and was not very successful. As the salesman was locking up his grip the grouch was impolite enough to observe in the presence of his clerks: "You must find that impediment in your speech very inconvenient at times." "Oh, n-no," replied the salesman. "Every one has his p-peculiarity. S-stammering is mine. What's y-yours?" "I'm not aware that I have any," replied the merchant. "D-do you stir y-your coffee with your r-right hand?" asked the salesman. "Why, yes, of course," replied the merchant, a bit puzzled. "W-well," went on the salesman, "t-that's your p-peculiarity. Most people use a t-teaspoon."

* * *



A Sound Investment—N. Y. Life.

MONEY AND MAGNATES

Pleasant Hobbies of Big Canadian Railroad Man.

JUST to what extent some of our big railroad men are interested in other work besides that of merely railroading, is afforded by the case of Sir William Van Horne, the chairman of the Executive Committee of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Sir William's Montreal home, which is the centre of beautiful paintings, statuary and tapestries, has on its walls, a large number of Sir William's own paintings, and somehow a visitor after spending an hour or two with him in walking along the corridors and allowing him to point out the various works from his own hand, forms the idea that Sir William pretty nearly takes as much pride out of them as he does in having performed the wonderful achievement that he did in getting his two lines of steel right across the whole Canadian country to the Pacific coast.

The funniest part of it seems to be that in a number of cases, it was while travelling in his own private car across the western prairies at a time when the condition of the road did not permit of the train moving any too rapidly, that Sir William spent a good deal of his time painting various scenes of the western prairies. It was quite a change from dealing with contractors regarding construction work, and to Sir William the change was a very natural one.

Included among his own paintings in his Montreal home is one of Lady Van Horne, of which he is very proud indeed, and though there are a great many paintings, some of which have cost away up into the thousands, there are very few, if any, which seem to afford him the same amount of pleasure as this particular one.

Another diversion which Sir William has always been keen for is his game of poker, and one of his greatest rivals at this particular game is Mr. James Ross, who has just retired from the presidency of the Dominion Coal Company. In years gone by, however, Van Horne and Ross were thrown a great deal together mainly because while Van Horne was looking after the construction of the C. P. R., Ross was one of the contractors who took over various sections in the western division. Of course there were always quite a few others around the table for the little game of draw, but somehow there was no one that Van Horne would sooner beat out with "three of a kind" or a "flush," than Mr. Ross, while on the other hand Ross felt very much the same way as regards Van Horne. Among Van Horne's friends the opinion prevails, however, that somehow or other Ross usually had got the better of Van Horne over a game of cards, very largely because of the great difference in the temperaments of both men, Van Horne being of an enthusiastic nature, while Ross' inscrutable countenance never allowed anybody around the table to form anything like a right opinion as to whether he was playing a real game or was simply bluffing.

Of late years they have not met anything like as frequently as they used to, but during the famous Steel and Coal trial at Halifax, when Sir William was one of the most bitter witnesses on the Steel side against Mr. Ross' company, they were thrown together sometimes in the evening in a social way, and one night in particular there was a very keen game on in which Ex-Judge Nesbitt, who was the leading counsel of the Steel Company, took a very active part in addition to both Van Horne and Ross, and when they got through and were figuring out just how they stood, it was estimated that Nesbitt would have to earn quite a very large fee if he wanted to see a profit on his trip to Halifax, considering the amount of money that he had been obliged to hand over to Mr. Ross, while Van Horne's losings to Ross were sufficient to compensate to a considerable degree for the many hard things that Mr. Ross had been obliged to hear Sir William Van Horne say against the Coal Company.

* * *

Tendency for Big Corporations to Own Their Own Office Building.

THERE is a decided move on the part of all the bigger railway and industrial corporations to acquire their own sites for office building purposes in the leading commercial centres. Up to the present time, for instance, the Canadian Pacific has had leased premises for its steamship departments in Montreal, occupying practically the entire ground floor of the Board of Trade Building, while it had other leased premises for one of its subsidiary companies, the Dominion Express. Some time ago the company, for a consideration somewhat in excess of half a million dollars, purchased one of the best sites on St. James Street, the main business thoroughfare of the city, and now comes the announcement that it proposes to tear down the buildings at present on it, and will erect a handsome office building to be occupied perhaps entirely by its steamship line and express department.

For many years past the Lake of the Woods Milling Company have occupied the greater portion of one floor of the C. P. R. Telegraph Building, but recently made the purchase of the building opposite the New Board of Trade, which was formerly occupied by the Corn Exchange, and is already turning it into a lofty and handsome office building, the main portion of which it will occupy itself, renting the remaining portions to other smaller concerns. Previous to this the Montreal Light, Heat & Power Co. had always occupied a couple of floors in the New York Life Building, till one of their officials figured out that the interest on the investemnt that would be necessary for the erection of a new building would be less than the rent that they were paying for a couple of floors in somebody else's building, and in addition they would have a nice comfortable home of their own.

The insurance companies were perhaps the pioneers in the field of office buildings, evidently regarding it as a good kind of an advertisement for themselves to have an imposing structure in the chief centres, but their example has been very closely followed by almost any industrial concern that has enough of reserve cash to go into this kind of an investment. Of one thing one may be certain, and that is, that it has given a tremendous boom to building construction in the older commercial districts of the leading cities. It is a movement that is likely to continue for some time to come.

* * *

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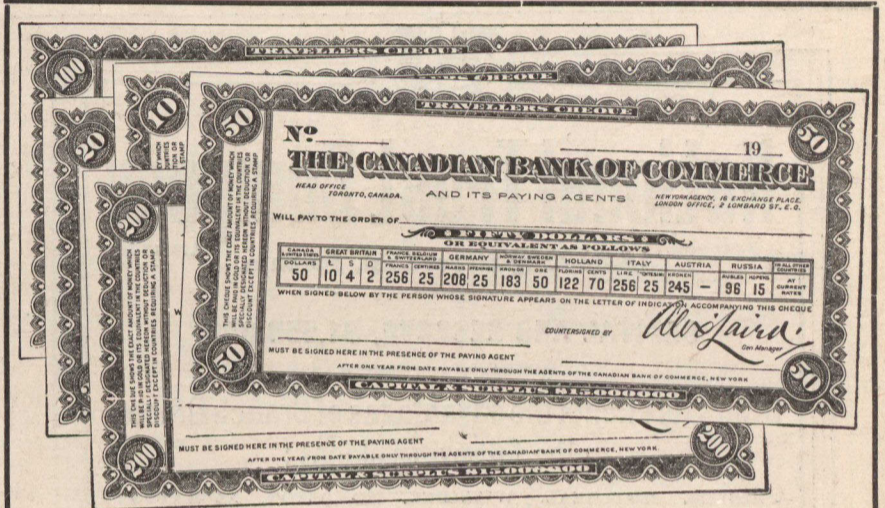
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one that is bound to attract the instant attention of banking interests throughout Canada. The year 1909 has been a rather peculiar one for our Canadian banks inasmuch as the conditions that prevailed as far as the possibility of making money was concerned, were very different from what they had been in the past previous few years, and as a result, very few of the banks were able to show as large profits for that year as they had for the previous ones. The fact that the Royal Bank has been able to show net profits of almost \$100,000 in excess of the previous year must therefore be taken as an indication of the very attractive business it was able to handle during the course of the year, while going along its way of further progress and success. Even at a time when most of the leading institutions of the country are putting out their statements, that of the Royal Bank will come in for a good deal of discussion, very largely perhaps because of the very slight manner in which it was affected by the lower money rates during the early part of the year, as also a certain slackness in general trade well up towards the last months of the year.

The profits for the year were equal to 18.08 per cent. on the average paid up capital for the year, which stood at \$4,636,000.

With the larger amount of money at its disposal owing to an increase of over \$14,000,000 in its deposits, as also to an increase of capital made by an issue of stock during the year, the bank greatly increased its call and short loans on stocks and bonds, these amounting at the end of the year to \$9,638,309.62, as against \$3,286,141.29 at the end of the previous year, or an increase of over \$6,000,000. Considering the slackness in trade the current loans also showed a substantial gain, now standing at \$33,644,705.10, as against \$26,736,164.99 at the end of 1908. Looking ahead to the larger business that the Royal will handle during the next few years, the paid up capital now stands at \$5,000,000, as against \$3,900,000 at the end of the previous year, while the reserve fund shows a similar gain, going to \$5,700,000 against \$4,600,000 at the end of 1908.

Up to a few years ago, the Royal had not invaded the Province of Ontario to the same extent that it had the Eastern and Western Provinces, but during the last couple of years it has made very rapid headway, and now has at its disposal a very complete chain of branches throughout the entire country, and besides has a connection established in Cuba and the West Indies of which any bank might well be very jealous.

National Trust Company
LIMITED.

18-22 King Street East, Toronto.

CAPITAL AND RESERVE, \$1,550,000.

Offers its clients the advantages of Branch Offices in the following places:

TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, EDMONTON, SASKATOON

The Hamilton Steel and Iron Company
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PIG IRON
Foundry, Basic, Malleable

FORGINGS
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High-Grade Bar Iron
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OFFICES IN CANADA:
Montreal - Toronto - Winnipeg

OTHER OFFICES:
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DENVER, COL., Majestic Bldg.
KANSAS CITY, MO., New England Bldg.
NEW YORK, N.Y., Hudson Terminal Bldg.
PORTLAND, ORE., Chamber of Commerce.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Mutual Savings Bank Bldg.
SEATTLE, WASH., New York Bldg.
SPOKANE, WASH., Empire State Building.
ST. LOUIS, MO., Century Bldg.
ST. PAUL, MINN., Germania Life Building.
CITY OF MEXICO, MEX., Equitable Life Ins. Bldg.
LOS ANGELES, 621 Trust Building.

SPECIAL EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE

A Young Financier.

A FORTNIGHT ago, we commented upon that Mr. James Ross in retiring from the Dominion Coal Company, would probably be succeeded in the new Steel Corporation by his son, Mr. J. K. L. Ross. He will also, in due time, take up his father's interest in the Dominion Bridge Company and in other corporations. "Jack" Ross is a graduate of McGill and has therefore a broad educational foundation on which to build business experience. As a football player he showed himself strong physically as well as mentally. His opportunities for a study of the coal and steel trades have been exceptional and he has taken full advantage of them. Those who know the young man best prophesy a prominent career among the big men who are making these trades among the most important in Canada. He has a pleasing personality, some of his father's doggedness and an ability of his own for hard work. Canadian sons of wealthy men are sometimes accused of seeking idle leisure rather than intelligent and continuous occupation; this is not to be the case with "Jack" Ross. Canada should beware the idle rich, and the rich should beware of creating an idle class. The country needs the best efforts of every young man, rich or poor.



Mr. J. K. L. Ross

Photograph by Notman

An Important Discussion.

MESSRS. William Mackenzie and D. D. Mann have recently been in conference with the Government of British Columbia with regard to freight over the new line which they are to build through that province. The business men asked for a clause in the proposed agreement with the government and the railway that would guarantee rates to British Columbia similar to those charged on other sections of the Canadian Northern for similar service. Two members of Vancouver's Board of Trade went so far as to ask the government to drop the railway project for the time if satisfactory arrangements on freight rates could not be made.

On the other hand, the people of Edmonton view such a proposal with strong disfavour. They object to having their freight rates increased in the prairie section for the benefit of the wholesalers of Vancouver and other British Columbia points. If the rates on the British Columbia lines are lowered, those on the prairie sections must be increased, for some person must provide a necessary revenue for the railway.

Mr. Mann declared that the question of rates must be left with the Railway Commission which could be trusted to take a broad view of the case and to extend justice to both shippers and railway. The answer seems to be complete. Having created a Railway Commission to protect the people's interests, the people should be willing to trust it.

Bank of Commerce.

THE Bank of Commerce showed net profits during 1909 of \$1,510,695. Somewhat over \$400,000 was written off bank premises, the usual eight per cent. dividend was paid, and \$722,139 was carried forward to the credit of profit and loss. The profits were somewhat in excess of fifteen per cent. on the capital, though not quite so large as in previous years. The increase in deposits during the year amounted to \$25,000,000, the largest annual increase in the history of the bank. The total deposits now stand at \$120,000,000.

COUPON.

SCHOOL fires are much more frequent than necessary, and so costly in life and money that no precaution which will prevent them is too expensive. "Classik" Embossed Steel Ceilings and Walls afford the cheapest means of fire-proofing any building. Sanitary too. Invisible dust-proof seams in which no dirt or germs can rest. Last forever without cracking, falling or becoming discolored. Hundreds of beautiful, classic designs to choose from. Pleasant school rooms make work easier and solve half the truant problem. Catalog "A" showing designs suitable for schools, churches, residences, etc., free on request.

The Galt Art Metal Co., Ltd, Galt, Ont.
WINNIPEG—DUNN BROS.

Galt "Classik" Ceilings

The Court Opera Coup

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

announced Madame Cavalo's final appearance—"on the eighteenth."

It was when she saw Cavalo's name in print that the idea came to her. It was the frailest of reeds, but with careful propping it might be induced to support them.

In the course of the morning Monsieur Blanc was called upon to receive a rather agitated young lady who had some difficulty in explaining her requirements. It appeared, in the forefront of everything, that she must see Madame.

"But I am Madame's secretary," he explained. "Perhaps I can do what you wish?"

"No!" said Betty, on the verge of desperate tears. "No, I must see Madame herself."

A vision of that morning's post, with begging letters running into a financial total of five figures, hardened the little man's heart.

"It is impossible!" he said briefly. Though condemned to remain for life "the husband of Cavalo," he took a certain pride in his post of gatekeeper to her presence.

Betty fell back on a line of attack she had not wanted to use.

"But my father is Mr. Watson of the Court Opera."

Monsieur Blanc glanced again at the card in his hand.

"Ah, Watson, of course. Then you have come on business? So?"

Betty smiled encouragement. "Yes, that's it," she gasped eagerly.

Blanc shrugged his shoulders and brought his hands together with a quick little clasp. "Then is it not I that you should see? I"—he impressed upon her again—"I am Madame's secretary." And he smiled in a satisfied way; he was too clever for those young women!

Betty had become reckless. "But what I have to tell Madame is of a very delicate and private nature."

Into little Blanc's hot southern brain there flashed a horrible suspicion. He rose wildly. But, before he had time to speak, a door was wrenched violently open and the great Cavalo herself positively leaped into the room. The extent and ramifications of a prima donna's temper always rise in exact proportion to her fame. It is sufficient to state baldly that Madame was furious.

"The Emperor!" she screamed.

Betty made hasty preparations for a curtsy. The husband of Cavalo bowed low. Madame simmered down for an amazed second; then her indignation boiled up again.

"He's gone!" she shrieked. "They said he wanted to hear me sing, and—and he's gone."

She beat a frantic tattoo with her plump fists on the little writing-table. While little Blanc was hurriedly straightening his back, a sudden light came to Betty. She knew her father's little ways, and she guessed the bait Cavalo had had dangled before her.

"Oh, Madame, it was about that I came to see you."

From that moment she had the undivided attention of her audience. She had decided to make a clean breast of it. She told them everything. She even told them that she had done it all for love of filthy gold—at which Madame looked very shocked indeed. She begged Madame. She implored Madame. She threw herself on Madame's mercy.

"But what is it that you would have me to do?" Madame gasped, striving in a bewildered way to stem the tide of Betty's eloquence.

To Betty, her requirements were so obvious that she almost smiled.

"If Madame would sing on the nineteenth as was at first arranged, we should be saved."

Now Madame—and it was a piece of luck for Betty—Madame had a sense of humour, and the idea of the opera manager and his daughter plotting against each other struck her as decidedly piquant. She smiled; then she frowned. For a "Queen of Song" to find herself reduced to the position of a mere pawn was an exceedingly nasty shock. Human nature—and Italian operatic prima donna nature at that—has its limits of patience.

Cavalo turned to her husband. "Has the contract for the final performance been signed?"

Monsieur Blanc shook his head quickly. "No; it has not yet arrived. The contract for a performance on the nineteenth has been signed; that will not be destroyed until the new one arrives."

"Then don't destroy it; and return the new one when it comes. I believe," Cavalo went on viciously, "I believe they knew all the time that the Emperor would not be there. Tell them, tell them from me, that I sing on Thursday or"—and she waved her arms superbly—"or London shall never hear me again."

When Madame's ultimatum was delivered, the language of Mr. Watson was too awful. But the pill had to be swallowed. Cavalo—which, of course, includes Monsieur Blanc—swore to tell no one, and as she preferred to ignore her imperial disappointment, she did her best to keep her word. But in the end Mr. Watson got to hear of the whole affair.

It was some little time before his sense of humour got into operation, but the great Cavalo herself acted as peacemaker, and he agreed to forgive—though, as he said, he drew the line at forgetting. All he said to the culprits was reserved for Betty's wedding day, when he took Henry aside and advised him for his own good.

"Never," he cautioned him gravely, "never talk 'shop' before Betty."

The Lords a "Trust"

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON usually unusual in his mental attitude towards things in general, has his unconventional view of the House of Lords, whom he accuses of being a trust and a syndicate to boom the yellow press. In support of this amusingly apt accusation he says:

"The House of Lords has really much the same function as the more vulgar part of the press. It exists to turn on the limelight. It decides what violent changes shall be printed in small letters, what much milder changes shall be printed in gigantic letters. A bill is introduced to cut off every non-conformist minister's left leg; the Lords pass it, and so it is an unimportant measure. A bill is introduced to charge every millionaire a halfpenny more on his marriage license; the Lords reject it, and it becomes at once a monstrously important measure, filling the land with cries of spoliation and despair. This is the real function of the modern Lords. They have charge of the vulgar department. They manage the headlines and the loud advertisements in the great modern conspiracy of wealth. And they must be destroyed for this reason: that no nation can have a manly control of its destiny so long as a small ring of its rich (often its basest rich) can decide what things are important, what are the topics of the day. An Englishman must be free, not only as to how he votes, but as to what he votes about. This can never be, as long as the richest class can force a general election by sudden and vulgar exaggerations. I used to think it dreadful that Harmsworth was made an English Lord. But, on second thought, it is quite appropriate."



Most people already use—and always will use—Windsor Salt. They know—from years of experience—that Windsor Salt won't get damp or lumpy. There is never even a suspicion of grittiness about it.

Its clean taste—its crystal purity and recognized economy—make Windsor Salt the prime favorite in every home where it is used.

Don't pay fancy prices for imported salt, when Windsor Salt costs so little, and is so high in quality.

WINDSOR TABLE SALT

By Royal Warrant



to His Majesty the King

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EXTRA DRY

The most exquisite dry Champagne imported

Selected Brut

A superb Brut Wine of unsurpassed style and flavor.

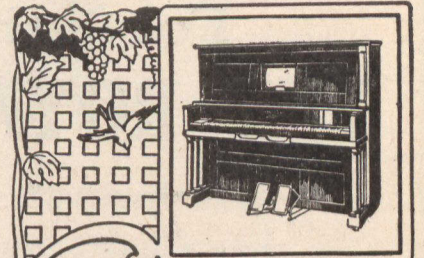
There is probably not a club in the world where men of taste gather where the name of G. H. MUMM & CO. is not a synonym for the best champagne that can be had.

Royal Warrants have been granted to Messrs. G. H. MUMM & CO. by

- His Majesty King Edward VII.
- His Majesty The German Emperor.
- His Majesty The Emperor of Austria.
- His Majesty The King of Italy.
- His Majesty The King of Sweden.
- His Majesty The King of Denmark.
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 You can't afford to roof a thing without Oshawa Galvanized Steel Shingles. Good for a hundred years. Send for the free booklet.
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In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier



The Piano Which Everyone Can Play

An ordinary piano is limited in its usefulness. If no one in the family plays, it stands idle. This Piano is never idle—every one in the family plays it.

New Scale Williams Player Piano

unlocks the hidden treasures of the world's music. Everyone can play it—and enjoy his or her favorite music, be it what it may.

New Scale Williams Player Piano is a double delight—it gives you the superb New Scale Williams Piano, and the ability to play it.

Made with 88 and 65 notes—in a variety of magnificent designs. Our catalogues show the New Scale Williams Player Pianos in detail. Write for free copies and particulars of our plan of easy payments.

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Chief Office for Canada: TORONTO

ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager



IRISH & MAULSON, Limited
 Toronto General Agents

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

Fortieth Annual Statement of THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA



LIABILITIES

	Dec. 31, 1908.	Dec. 31, 1909.
To the Public:		
Deposits bearing interest	\$24,300,726.66	\$33,456,828.85
Deposits not bearing interest	13,090,564.60	16,955,930.07
Interest accrued on Deposits	52,150.33	64,863.16
Deposits by other Banks in Canada.....	133,102.33	344,507.23
Total Deposits	\$37,576,544.20	\$50,822,129.31
Notes of the Bank in Circulation	3,556,432.65	4,579,678.65
Balances due to Agents in Great Britain	241,178.65
Balances due to Agents in Foreign Countries	560,818.84	215,724.26
	\$41,693,795.69	\$55,858,710.87
To the Shareholders:		
Capital Paid-up	3,900,000.00	5,000,000.00
Reserve Fund	4,600,000.00	5,700,000.00
Dividend No. 85 (quarterly at 10 per cent.)	97,500.00
Dividend No. 89 (quarterly at 10 per cent.).....	123,657.73
Former Dividends unclaimed	230.00	340.08
Rebate on Bills Discounted, not yet due	100,000.00	140,000.00
Balance of Profits carried forward	78,685.26	228,393.94
	\$50,470,210.95	\$67,051,102.62

ASSETS

Gold and Silver Coin	\$ 3,221,717.14	\$ 3,560,347.62
Dominion Government Notes	3,760,344.35	4,993,532.25
Deposit with Government for Security of Note Circulation	190,000.00	200,000.00
Notes of and cheques on other Banks	2,985,741.48	3,746,967.84
Balances due from other Banks in Canada.....	36,289.51	49,568.98
Balances due from Agents in Great Britain	372,958.60
Balances due from Agencies in Foreign Countries.....	896,657.36	753,327.69
Government and Municipal Securities	2,693,101.20	1,633,129.20
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures, and Stock.....	4,501,489.26	6,831,437.93
Call and Short Loans on Stocks and Bonds	3,286,141.29	9,638,309.62
	\$21,944,440.17	\$31,406,621.13
Loans to other Banks in Canada	496,248.15	371,921.44
Loans to Proximinal Governments	107,656.95	157,951.17
Current Loans and Discounts	26,736,164.99	33,644,705.10
Overdue Debts (Loss Provided for)	34,776.28	25,657.09
Bank Premises	1,150,924.39	1,444,246.69
	\$50,470,210.95	\$67,051,102.62

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

By Net Profits for the Year, after deducting Charges of Management, accrued Interest on Deposits, full provision for all bad and doubtful debts, and rebate of interest on unmatured bills	\$838,306.51	
Balance of Profit and Loss Account, December 31, 1908	78,685.26	\$916,991.77
Appropriated as follows:		
To Dividend (10 per cent.)	463,597.83	
Transferred to Officers' Pension Fund	25,000.00	
Written off Bank Premises Account	200,000.00	
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward.....	228,393.94	\$916,991.77

Average Paid-up Capital during 1909, \$4,636,000.

EDSON L. PEASE,
General Manager.

Wheels of Progress

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

and two thousand miles projected. During 1910 it will build a new line through British Columbia and another between Toronto and Ottawa in the Province of Ontario.

One is quite safe in saying that in no country of the world is railway building proceeding at such a pace as in the Dominion of Canada. So long as this period of construction continues, general business must be immensely stimulated. The consequent trade is a very considerable thing in itself.

Mining Progress.

The Halifax *Chronicle* estimates that the Province of Nova Scotia alone produced minerals to the value of \$17,400,000, and in addition about fifteen million dollars' worth of iron and steel. This is but an index to the general development of our mineral wealth and our steel industries. The value of the gold, silver, nickel and iron produced annually in this country has increased by leaps and bounds. To the list we have recently added asbestos, which has been found in large quantities in the neighbourhood of Thetford, Que. The price of silver in the world's markets has been lowered by the Cobalt camp with its remarkable output. The British Columbia gold, silver and lead mines are again showing fairly satisfactory results. The lead mines near Moyie, Alta., are exceptionally good. The latest sensation comes from the Porcupine country in Northern Ontario, where it is claimed there has been discovered one of the richest gold deposits the world has ever known. So fast is the general mineral production proceeding that Canada will shortly rival the United States in the value of its annual production.

General Trade.

That the general trade conditions are exceptionally good is proven in several ways. The bank clearings, the railways' earnings and the customs' receipts all show a tremendous increase. In addition to these evidences of a greatly increased trade the building returns from nearly every city in Canada show a remarkable growth. The cities of United States, though much larger, do not show the same percentage of development. For example, the building permits issued in Toronto were over six million dollars larger than those issued in 1908. Bank clearings in Toronto showed an increase of two hundred and seventy million dollars and in Montreal an increase of four hundred millions.

Immigration.

In 1908 immigrants into Canada showed a considerable falling off from the previous year. This was due partly to the fact that fewer home-seekers were leaving Europe. The authorities felt that general conditions in Canada did not warrant them in taking steps to increase immigration at that time. When the prospects for 1909 were seen to be first-class, the invitation to new settlers was made more pressing and consequently the influx during 1909 greatly exceeded that of 1908.

The most remarkable feature of this immigration is the number coming in from the United States. Nearly 70,000 people, from the Middle West of the Great Republic migrated northwards during 1909 bringing goods and cash to the value of sixty or seventy millions. It is also estimated that this migration will continue during 1910 in even greater volume. If the prophecies are fulfilled one hundred thousand will move across the line into the Canadian West during 1910.

Lorsch & Gamey
LIMITED
Members Standard Stock and Mining Exchange.
COBALT STOCKS
A SPECIALTY
36 Toronto Street
TORONTO

SANDERSON'S
SCOTCH
MOUNTAIN DEW
POSITIVELY THE FINEST WHISKY IMPORTED

HOLBROOK'S
WORCESTERSHIRE
SAUCE
The Sauce that makes the whole world hungry.
Made and Bottled in England
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BOVRIL

Is Concentrated Nourishment

For years beef tea was in every sickroom. It was thought to be nourishing, but doctors have shown that it has no food value. BOVRIL has replaced it because:—
 BOVRIL nourishes where beef tea only stimulates—
 BOVRIL enriches the blood where beef tea only pleases the palate—
 BOVRIL is always ready, but beef tea requires great care and hours of preparation.
 BOVRIL costs a mere trifle compared with its value—beef tea is expensive.
 Economise by buying the ½ lb. or 1 lb. bottle.

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The "Cambra" for Comfort...

FAMOUS CASTLE BRAND



3 for 50 Cents



At 2 for 25c. you can buy this shape in Elk Brand named "DAKOTA." 108

Cosgrave's Pale Ale



A delight to the connoisseur and to those with whom all other ales do not agree

For sale at all hotels and dealers. Have a case sent to your residence.



BY APPOINTMENT.

WHITE HORSE WHISKY

Established 1742.

Great age and fine bouquet with guarantee of purity are its recommendation.

Always ask for **WHITE HORSE** specially if you want it.

Sold by all Wine Merchants, Grocers and Hotels.

Facts and Fancies

HIGH PRICE OF MEAT.

SECRETARY WILSON of the United States Department of Agriculture has been finding out things about the high price of meat. He says:

"For the 50 cities the total retail cost charged to customers above the wholesale cost paid by the retailers is 38 per cent. In 5 cities the rate of increase is 20 per cent. and under; in 10 cities, 21 to 30 per cent.; in 12 cities, 31 to 40 per cent.; in 12 cities, 41 to 50 per cent., and in 11 cities, over 50 per cent. The average retail price exceeded the average wholesale price by 31.4 per cent. in the North Atlantic States, by 38 per cent. in the South Atlantic, by 38 per cent. in the North Central, 39.4 per cent. in the Western, and the highest increase was found in the South Central States, 54 per cent.

"A gross profit of 20 per cent. was found in New York City and in Philadelphia, 28 per cent. in Buffalo, 36 per cent. in Boston, 17 per cent. in Baltimore, 42 per cent. in Washington, 46 per cent. in Chicago, 25 per cent. in Cincinnati, 23 per cent. in Omaha, 28 per cent. in Kansas City, 27 and 35 per cent. in Minneapolis and St. Paul, 40 per cent. in Milwaukee and Detroit, 39 per cent. in St. Louis, 64 per cent. in Mobile, 39 per cent. in San Francisco, 24 per cent. in Seattle, and 37 per cent. in Denver.

"The lower the grade of beef the greater the percentage of gross profit. In Boston, for illustration, the rate of gross profit is nearly twice as great for beef costing 8 cents at wholesale as for beef costing 11 and 11½ cents. Low-priced beef is marked up nearly twice as much relatively as high-priced beef. In other words, perhaps it is a safe inference that the poor people pay nearly twice as much profit as the well-to-do people pay."

* * *

THE KAISER AND THE CARDS.

THE German Emperor has a horror of gambling, but he enjoys an occasional game of cards when the stakes are low.

On a certain evening he took a hand with some officers and high officials, and one of his guests proved extremely unlucky. At last, being deeply intent on his play, and having lost the not very big sum of twenty marks, he forgot for the moment that he was in the presence of his Emperor, and exclaimed, half in fun:

"Well, I have fallen among thieves, and no mistake!"

The Emperor and the rest of the guests laughed heartily, and the poor lad stammered out a humble apology.

A few days after, he was summoned to Court, and, instead of the reprimand, which he dreaded, the Emperor presented him with a handsome scarf-pin, in the form of a twenty-mark piece set round with diamonds.

* * *

THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

DR. RYLE, Bishop of Winchester, has just established a precedent by taking up his residence for a short period in his cathedral city, and the hope has been expressed that his lordship and future occupants of the chair of St. Swithun will not be so unmindful of the claims of the centre of the diocese as the Bishops of Winchester have been in the past. As most people know, the Bishops of Winchester have a fine old episcopal palace on the borders of Surrey and Hants in Farnham Castle, with its ancient keep, its long corridors, its stately hall, and its beautiful deer park.

Dr. Ryle initiated his stay in Winchester by giving an "At Home" to the clergy and churchworkers, after which he toured the villages in the

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20



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25 Years of Actual Use

is the guarantee behind "Eastlake" Steel Shingles. We do not ask you to accept a paper guarantee, but simply point to the roofs that were covered with

"EASTLAKE" METALLIC SHINGLES

25 years ago. They are in perfect condition today, have never needed repairs. "Eastlake" Shingles are made of the best sheet steel and can be laid in one quarter the time that it takes to lay any other metal shingle. They are so different from the four-lock shingle which only overlaps 1¼ inches, the "Eastlake" has a full **three inch overlap**, absolutely preventing the drifting snow and rain reaching the wooden sheeting.

Our free booklet, "Eastlake Metallic Shingles," will save you money and worry. Send for it and get the information you want about roofing. Phone Park. 800.

MANUFACTURERS

724



IF you have the faintest lingering doubt about the fact that the RUSSELL car stands for the greatest value that the automobile world has seen—let us prove our words.

¶ If you are open to conviction and intend to buy your car by knowledge, come to us for a demonstration.

¶ The enormous increase in our business is a fact which can mean nothing else in the world than that the RUSSELL leads every 1910 car in the market.

Find out by personal inspection why that fact is so

THREE LEADING MODELS:

RUSSELL "38" with Knight Motor, \$5,000

RUSSELL "22" with Knight Motor, \$3,500

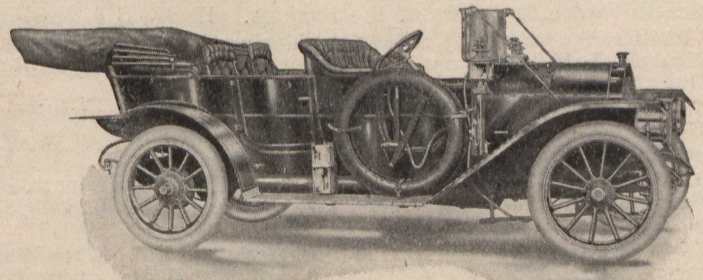
RUSSELL "30" with Valve Motor, \$2,350 FULLY EQUIPPED

CANADA CYCLE & MOTOR CO. Limited

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MAKERS OF HIGH GRADE AUTOMOBILES

Branches:—Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver and Melbourne, Australia.



COB

NO MAN CARES TO PRESENT A POOR CIGAR TO HIS FRIENDS

You can't smoke fancy bands, gaudy ribbons or looks, and a cheap, highly lithographed box has nothing to do with the quality of the cigar but costs money.

COB LONDRES CIGARS are QUALITY—nothing else—packed in plain boxes—no gaudy, ornamental touches—not a penny wasted on looks. But the quality is the best.

I GUARANTEE every COB CIGAR to be equal to and in most cases better than any ten cent straight cigar on the market, and I let you be the judge. I want YOUR business. READ MY OFFER

MY OFFER IS

I WILL, ON REQUEST, SEND FIFTY COB CIGARS ON APPROVAL TO A READER OF THE "COURIER," EXPRESS PREPAID. HE MAY SMOKE TEN CIGARS AND RETURN THE REMAINING FORTY AT MY EXPENSE IF HE IS NOT PLEASED WITH THEM. IF HE IS PLEASED WITH THEM HE AGREES TO REMIT THE PRICE, \$3.00, WITHIN TEN DAYS.

You are consequently getting a ten cent straight cigar for SIX CENTS—delivered to you.

DO YOU SUPPOSE I COULD AFFORD TO MAKE THIS OFFER UNLESS I KNEW MY CIGARS WOULD PLEASE YOU?

I cut out the jobber and the retailer and I have no agents. By selling direct to the smoker he gets them at the price the merchant ordinarily pays.

In ordering please order on your business letter head, enclose your business card or send personal reference.

Sit down and drop me a line NOW

GEORGE H. TEED
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To Mexico, Colorado, California and Pacific Coast Points
GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

is the POPULAR ROUTE from all points east through Canada via Chicago.

FEATURES Double track, fast service, finest roadbed, modern equipment, unexcelled dining car service. ALL ELEMENTS OF SAFETY AND COMFORT.

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to Chicago, all points west, California and the Pacific Coast are operated three times a week from Boston, Mass., over Boston and Maine, Central Vermont, and Grand Trunk Railways, via Montreal and Toronto, through the famous electrically operated St. Clair Tunnel, leaving Boston Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 11.30 a. m., Montreal 10.30 p. m., Toronto 8.00 a. m., following days arriving Chicago at 9.25 p. m., making close connection with various lines for all points west.

Write for illustrated booklet giving full particulars, rates, etc.

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should include at least one trip through Canadian Northern territory. The railways of the Canadian Northern System traverse the finest summering country in six provinces—from the ocean shore of Nova Scotia to the foot-hills of the Rockies. HERE IS A CHOICE—

IN ONTARIO—Sparrow Lake, Lake Couchiching, the entire range of the Muskoka Lakes, Georgian Bay, and the newest fishing territory in Ontario—the Georgian Bay Hinterland.

IN QUEBEC—The Ottawa and St. Lawrence Valleys, the Laurentians, the Upper St. Maurice, Lake Edward, Lake St. John, Lake St. Joseph and the Saguenay.

IN NOVA SCOTIA—The Ocean Shore from Halifax to Yarmouth, Lake Rossignol, the Annapolis Valley, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence side of Cape Breton Island.

IN THE WEST—The Superior Divide (Port Arthur to Lake of the Woods), the rivers, lakes, woods of Manitoba, and beyond the Saskatchewan up to Edmonton.

Inquiries to Information Bureau, Canadian Northern Railway System, Toronto, Ont.

neighbourhood in his motor-car. Some of the people in these villages had never seen a "real, live bishop" before, and great interest was created accordingly.

Only recently his lordship paid a visit to a remote parish on the borders of Wiltshire, and the fact was recalled that no Bishop of Winchester had so honoured the village since Dr. Samuel Wilberforce.

There is a feeling in the diocese of Winchester that the time is near at hand when a division of Surrey and Hants will have to be effected, but Dr. Ryle is totally opposed to such a step. His opinion is that, with a motor-car, no parish, however remote, is outside his personal supervision, and since he has had his motor-car he has been abundantly proving it.

* * *

Opinions of the English

A RUSSIAN ACTRESS HAS HER SAY ABOUT THE LITTLE ISLAND.

THE Princess Bariatinsky, who has been playing so successfully in London theatres this year, has this to say about the English:

"Of English home life I have seen much that fills me with admiration. I had heard a good deal of English home life before I came here. I heard that home life in England was very dull, that it was on the decay; that English homes were terribly ugly, and their owners very rude, especially to strangers. Such varied accounts I had from books written by English people, and from some Russians who had stayed in England. Well, I have been very pleasantly surprised; I have stayed in a great many houses since I have been in England, and met a great many people, and none are like the people I heard about. The houses I have been in are beautiful; the pictures on the walls show an appreciation of the best English art; everybody has read Ruskin; many dine at seven, and go to bed at eleven; they are all very kind and hospitable.

EASILY SHOCKED.

"Perhaps they are rather easily shocked. I was dining at a house a little while ago, and the conversation turned upon the subject of the censorship of plays—a topic in which I take a great deal of interest.

"I related a little story of one of the Russian censors—we have half-a-dozen of them in Russia. The censor in question had a play sent in to him in which the hero or villain, I really forget which, kissed a girl, the heroine, I suppose, on the lips; and the kiss was described as "long and passionate." The censor objected to this kiss; he decided that it must not be given on the lips, but on the forehead, and that it must be of the shortest duration.

"I told the story, which is true, as a joke, but it shocked rather than amused my listeners. I think they thought it slightly improper; anyway, my hostess changed the conversation.

NOT GOOD LINGUISTS.

"Frankly, I do not think that English people are very good linguists, not as good as French, Russians, or Germans, but it is absolutely untrue to say that the average English man or woman can only speak English.

"Every English person I have met, with a few exceptions, can speak French. My husband recently dined at the House of Commons and found that his host and another guest spoke not only French, but Russian.

"The sense of freedom one enjoys in England is wonderful. Someone said to me recently that English people are free to starve, but then they are equally free to speak. In Russia the poor may starve, but may not speak."

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The Canadian Courier and Public Opinion

Some Sample Clippings

Stratford Beacon Hamilton Times *Winnipeg Free Press* *Toronto News*

The Christmas Number of The Canadian Courier, the national weekly, is an exceedingly creditable production; both in the quality of the reading matter and its artistic illustration. The color work is especially good, and the subjects of the sketches, seasonable and interesting. The high excellence this weekly has attained and the support it has received from the "nine provinces" in which it is read, is a pleasing surprise to its friends. The Beacon confesses to have been dubious about its future when the project was in its initiatory stages. Whilst applauding the spirit of enterprise shown in its conception we had doubt of its ever becoming a financial success. In this we were mistaken, not having taken fully into account the ability and energy behind the enterprise. That it has won the confidence and support of the Canadian people is due entirely to the excellent work put into it by its editor, Mr. John A. Cooper, and his excellent staff. Many more years of prosperity for the National Weekly! It finely represents progressive Canada, it being the product of Canadian brains and skill.

MISSIONARIES TO JAPAN

(Canadian Courier.)

You may have noticed possibly that a member of the Japanese Commission, which is visiting Canada, who happens to be a Christian, endorses Mr. Preston's contention that missionary work in Japan should be conducted by native preachers. They are at once cheaper and they understand both

An Argument of Despair.

(From the Canadian Courier.)

Answering the argument that if Canada builds a baby navy, there will be graft and abuse and bribery of constituencies by naval expenditures, the Toronto Star says: "If the duty of maintaining a fleet serves to increase public interest in government and citizenship, so much the better for Canada." This is a statement which will bear some examination. In connection with military expenditures in recent years, there have certainly been some abuses of patronage.

NOTES OF THE DAY

A number of interesting features are found in the Christmas number of The Canadian Courier. Amongst them is a full page reproduction of a drawing by Mr. D. F. Thomson, a Canadian artist now living in London, England. It is entitled "Canadian Christmas Alliance of

Ottawa Journal *Peterboro Examiner* *Medicine Hat Times*

AN IMPERIAL DUTY

(Canadian Courier.)

Mr. Joseph Bernier, M.P.P., member for St. Boniface, contributes an article on the Empire to Le Manitoba, St. Boniface, and the following is a translation of his closing paragraphs: "Our population is composed of different elements"

CANADA'S NAVAL PROGRAMME.

(Canadian Courier.)

That the new Canadian Navy is not to "hang fire" as long as the late Mr. Prefontaine's naval militia, is proved by the arrival at Ottawa of two British naval officials. Commander Stewart will be chief of staff and Long will be staff paymaster.

(Canadian Courier)

In Great Britain there is today a great struggle between the idle rich and the idle poor, with the other classes trying to effect a re-adjustment. The same struggle is going on in Canada in a less acute and less pronounced form. The cities of Canada are, comparatively speaking, almost as well supplied with unemployed as any city in Great Britain.

Calgary News

Facts About Ontario.

New York States, the State of Maine, the State of New Hampshire, State of Vermont, the State of Pennsylvania, the State of Ohio—these six great states of the Union do not in their combined aggregate of

Edmonton News

The Canadian Courier has this to say of a man, who is well-known in this part of the West, and who is a brother of Mr. C. W. Rowley, manager of the Bank of Commerce in Calgary:

Orillia Times

THROWING MONEY AWAY.

Canadian Courier: At a time when money seems plentiful, and when bank deposits are increasing by leaps and bounds, the investing public are sure to receive a large number of invitations. At the present moment

Halifax Herald *Church Life*

AN EXCELLENT WEEKLY.

The Canadian Courier has entered upon its fourth year of publication and continues to make wonderful progress. For many years Canada was without a national illustrated weekly, and when The Canadian Courier was started there were not many who believed that the country was big enough to support such an expensive publication. It was recognized, however, that John A. Cooper, who had been editor of the Canadian Magazine for more than ten years, was not likely to embark on such an enterprise without due consideration. That he has been able to duplicate his success and to produce a periodical which finds a ready sale from coast to coast is a matter for congratulation. National periodicals are an important feature in the growth of national literature and the development of national unity, and it is pleasant to know that Canada now possesses several of these. We heartily wish The Canadian Courier long life and continued influence and success.

A New Mingling Precedent.

(Canadian Courier.)

In New York City a rabbi has officiated at a regular service in a Christian church. Rev. Dr. Stephen S. Wise, of the Free Synagogue, preached for Rev. Dr. A. E. Keigwin at the West End Presbyterian church. The latter was author of the idea. He believes in trying to find the good in people who are in disagreement with him; that all religious denominations should draw more closely together.

Vancouver Daily World

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Sydney Record *Guelph Herald* *Saint John Globe*

MUSIC IN CANADA.

(Canadian Courier.)

Montreal was doing things worth while in music before Toronto began to do anything of note. Montreal is an older place. She has a greater mass of church music—though herein lies material for a whole page of discrimination, for Toronto is known

AN ILLUSTRATED POEM.

The Canadian Courier of this week prints a poem by S. Rupert Broadfoot of Guelph. The poem is beautifully illustrated so that it takes a whole page of the number.

A GOOD PAPER.

The Canadian Courier, issued on December 11th, is the Christmas number of that enterprising weekly. Its editor, Mr. John A. Cooper, in some reflections on the season, reprints Dickens's definition of the Christmas spirit, a spirit of active usefulness, perseverance, cheerful discharge of duty, kindness and forbearance. This definition to a great extent describes as well the spirit which has been brought to bear by the editor of the Courier and his associates in the

Montreal La Presse

UNE EXCELLENTE PUBLICATION HEBDOMADAIRE

Le "Canadian Courier" est entré dans sa quatrième année d'existence, et continue à faire de merveilleux progrès. Pendant plusieurs années, il n'y a pas eu de publication nationale hebdomadaire et illustrée, au Canada, et lorsque le "Canadian Courier"

Charlottetown Guardian

That excellent national weekly The Canadian Courier in a recent issue published portraits and brief notes of the seven members of the Conserva-

London Advertiser

FACTS ABOUT ONTARIO.

(Canadian Courier.)

New York States, the State of Maine, the State of New Hampshire, State of Vermont, the State of Pennsylvania, the State of Ohio—these six great states of the Union do not equal in their combined aggregate of territory of Ontario, Canada's premier province. Such is the information imparted in the statement issued by Mr. C. C. James, a sketch of whom recently appeared in the People and Places department of this magazine. Ontario, 1,000 miles by 750 miles, has a land area of 220,000 square miles, or 140,800,000 acres. Mr. James' interesting statistics illustrate that of this heritage 4,500,000 acres are cleared; 6,500,000 acres are woodland and 5,600,000 acres are swamp, marsh, or slashland. What has become to be called Old Ontario constitutes all but 15,000,000 acres of the total settled area. And the end of Ontario's territory extension is not yet! These figures take not into consideration the 16,000,000 acres of

Fort William Times-Journal

The Canadian Courier: Canada's legal gold coinage is that of the United States. If a man goes to a Canadian bank to demand gold for notes or for a credit of any kind, the law says he shall be paid in United States' gold. This is an anomaly which the Cana-

London Free Press

What a Year Has Wrought.

A year ago, any one who had prophesied that the Canadian cabinet would be busy within a twelve-month framing plans for a Canadian naval shipyard, for an extension of naval docks and coaling stations, and for the building of a fleet of Canadian-made war-vessels, could have been considered a fit and proper candidate for admission to a lunatic asylum.

Toronto Star

Facts About Ontario.

From the Canadian Courier
New York State, the State of Maine, the State of New Hampshire, State of Vermont, the State of Pennsylvania, the State of Ohio—these six States of the Union do not equal in their combined aggregate the territory of Ontario, Canada's premier Province. Such is the information imparted in the statement issued by Mr. C. C. James. Ontario, 1,000 miles by 750 miles, has a land area of 220,000 square miles, or 140,800,000 acres. Mr. James' interesting statistics illustrate that of this heritage 4,500,000 acres are settled; 14,000,000 acres are cleared; 6,500,000 acres are woodland and 5,600,000 acres are swamp, marsh, or slashland. What has become to be called Old Ontario constitutes all but 15,000,000 acres of the total settled area. And the end of Ontario's territory extension is not yet! These figures take not into consideration the 16,000,000 acres of

Edmonton Journal

ARGUMENT OF DESPAIR

Canadian Courier:—Answering the argument that if Canada builds a baby navy, there will be graft and abuse and bribery of constituencies by naval expenditures, the Toronto Star says; "If the duty of maintaining a fleet serves to increase public interest in government and citizenship, so much the better for Canada." This is a statement which will bear some examination. In connection with military expenditures in recent years, there have certainly been some abuses of patronage. In connection with the building of post offices there have been some abuses of a similar kind. - But would anyone suggest that, for

Halifax Chronicle

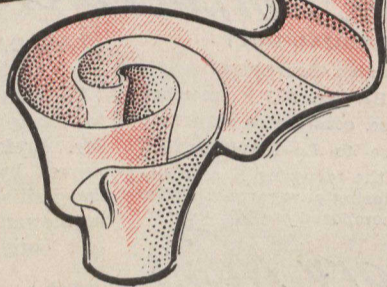
GOT BETTER VALUE.

(From the Canadian Courier.)

Furthermore, it is quite possible to argue that if Canadian money were sent to England, it would not be as well spent as if it were expended at home. During the South African War, British army funds were not as well administered as Canadian army funds. The Britisher wasted millions by incompetency in buying and util



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