

The Canadian **Courier**

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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

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A4-C1. This Wall Trunk can be placed against the wall and opened up. The ordinary style of trunk has to be drawn from the wall when raising the lid. Made of enamelled duck, covered, vulcanized fibre bound, nickel plated clamps and corners, excelstor lock, iron protecting rods full length of trunk, full linen lined, with deep covered tray and hat box, also extra dress tray.

Size	Each	Size	Each
34-in.	11.00	56-in.	12.00

Canvas Covered Steel Bound Waterproof **EATONIA TRUNK**



32-in.	34-in.	36-in.
4.50	5.00	5.50

A4-C2. Our Famous Eatonia Trunk is still a leader in our Trunk and Bag Department, and is fast making a name for itself throughout the country. It is strong, good-looking and durable, waterproof, canvas covered, 1/2-in. hardwood slats, brass bound, with valance, clamps and dowels, deep covered tray and hat box. 2-lever lock, two strong leather outside straps riveted to sheet iron bottom

Strong Stateroom Trunk



A4-C3. Canvas Covered Stateroom Trunk, extra heavy brass mounted, leather bound, iron covered bottom, two outside straps, tray and covered boxes, linen lined.

Size	Each	Size	Each
32 in.	6.75	36-in.	7.25
34-in.	7.00	40 in.	7.50

A4-C4. Same as A4-C3, but has scalloped leather facings all round, as cut.

Size	Each	Size	Each
32-in.	8.50	36-in.	9.50
34-in.	9.00	40-in.	10.25

LEATHER LINED
GENUINE LEATHER



A4-C5. This bag is made up from genuine cowhide leather, in a smooth finish, it is a three-piece bag with a welted seam up both ends, full leather lined, with two inside pockets; fitted with double handle and brass mountings.

Size	Each	Size	Each
16-in.	9.50	20 in.	10.50
18-in.	10.00		

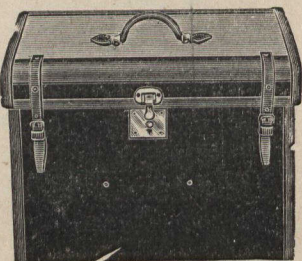
GENUINE LEATHER



A4-C6. Ladies' Victoria Club Bag, deep style fitted with brass lock and clasps, well lined, with inside pocket.

Size	Each	Size	Each	Size	Each
14-in.	3.00	16-in.	3.25	18-in.	3.50

LADIES' HAT BOX



A4-C7. Square Enamelled Ladies' Hat Box, containing forms for five hats, also glove tray, full linen lined, fitted with brass lock and side straps, leather bound.

Size	Each	Size	Each
20-in.	5.50	22-in.	6.00

GENUINE LEATHER



A4-C8. Gladstone style, with linen lining.

Size	Each	Size	Each	Size	Each
16 in.	5.35	20-in.	5.95	24-in.	6.55
18-in.	5.65	22-in.	6.25		

LEATHER LINED
GENUINE LEATHER



A4-C9. Gents' Bag, the strongest and most serviceable bag on the market, made up in a rich walrus grain, with two handles sewn and riveted to steel frame, full leather lined, with inside pockets.

Size	Each	Size	Each
16-in.	8.25	20-in.	9.25
18 in.	8.75		

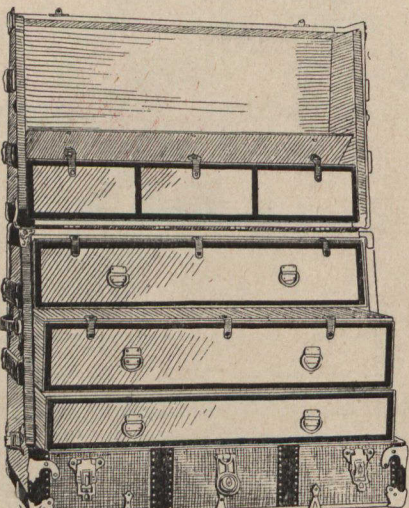
LEATHERETTE SUIT CASE



A4-C10. Smooth Dark Leatherette Suit Case, made on a strong steel frame, linen lined, with inside straps, fitted with brass lock and clasps, capped corners with strong leather handle.

Size	Each	Size	Each	Size	Each
22-in.	1.20	24-in.	1.30	26-in.	1.40

Very Handy, Steel Bound, 13.00



A4-C11. The Bureau or Dresser Trunk is the most convenient trunk made and takes up comparatively little space. It doesn't make any difference whether your goods are in the bottom or top; the moment you raise the lid you have them at your hand; no heavy trays to lift; each drawer has a cover and fastener. It is made out of well-seasoned hardwood, covered with a heavy canvas; 1/2-inch hardwood slats, each one being wrapped with steel, which prevents splitting, steel bound, with brass valance, clamps and dowels, two-lever brass lock and bolts, full linen lined.

Size	Each	Fibre-bound, brass-trimmed	
36-ince.	13.00		17.75

GENUINE LEATHER



A4-C12. Cow Hide Leather Suit Case, smooth grain, steel frame, with brass lock and side clasps, full leather lined with inside flaps for shirts, strong leather handle sewn and rivetted to case.

Size	Each	Size	Each
22-in.	9.25	26-in.	10.25
24-in.	9.75		

Steamer Trunk, Steel Bound **4.00**



A4-C13. Canvas Covered State Room Trunk, steel bound, hardwood slats, iron covered bottom, shallow tray with covered boxes for gloves, etc., two grained leather outside straps.

Size	Each	Size	Each	Size	Each
32-in.	4.00	34-in.	4.25	36-in.	4.50

Eatonia Suit Case **4.49**



A4-C14. Genuine Cowhide Leather Suit Case, smooth finish, fitted with brass lock and clasps, linen lined, with four inside straps, this is a special case at a special price, made in 24-inch only.

Size	Each
24-in.	4.49

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THE Canadian Courier

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

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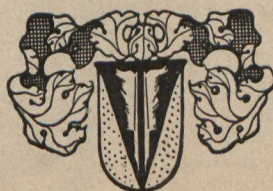


PUBLISHERS' TALK

THIS number of the "Canadian Courier" is issued in the week when Canada celebrates the forty-first anniversary of Confederation. The Dominion was naturally somewhat distrustful of national efforts for nearly a generation. But the era of experiment is past and the label, "Made-in-Canada," is now assurance of favourable consideration.

RECENT reports from "Canadian Courier" representatives in the East show that native enterprise in illustration and article is thoroughly appreciated, especially by subscribers of French name or blood. This weekly, edited, published and illustrated by Canadians, is the only one of its class in the country and is winning its way in the Atlantic provinces, as well as in the new territory of the West.

THE Pageant number, to be issued during the third week of July, is to have a cover design which every subscriber will wish to preserve as a souvenir. The picturesque features of the scenes to be produced in Old Quebec, where the Fleets of the Mighty are to gather, will be anticipated in illustration and story. The Tercentenary is a celebration in which all Canada is interested and the "Canadian Courier" number of July 25th will be of historic importance.



The Wise Man's Four Wishes

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

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What Canadian Editors Think

CANADA'S DEBT TO QUEBEC.

(St. John Sun.)

NOT a little of Canada's national strength is drawn from the sterling qualities of its French-Canadian folk—their patriotism, their industry, their excellent domesticity, their deep and natural piety. There are exceptions to the standard, of course, and possibly some of these have won a bad name for their fellows abroad, as certain Englishmen of the baser sort have prejudiced many Canadian employers of labour against the English working men. But what race can boast of a uniform excellence? And for those who fall short of the honest, laborious, law-abiding level of the Quebec habitant, is there not proud compensation in the contrast, above that level, of such men as Laurier, and Bourassa, and Lemieux—not to recall those eminent in older days, the Lafontaines, Cartiers, Chapleaus, and their distinguished contemporaries? Taking them all through, Canada has good reason to be proud of her French-Canadians, and that not so much for the greatness of their leaders as for the uniform excellence of their common people in those common every-day qualities which form the foundation for strong nationhood.

* * *

TRADE UP MERIDIAN LINES.

(St. Thomas Times.)

THE far north territory suitable for settlement is not confined to what may be described as the Alberta country. In addition we have the vast areas at the upper end of or beyond Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario, and Quebec. It is estimated that in Northern Alberta and Mackenzie alone there are one hundred million acres of land suitable for agricultural purposes. This is about five times the assessed area of the whole Province of Ontario. The northern parts of Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba and Saskatchewan, including Ungava and Keewatin, it is safe to say, will increase this total by not less than another hundred millions. It will be easier to appreciate the possibilities of these comparatively unknown territories when we reflect on what has occurred in Ontario within a comparatively short time. A generation ago the possible limits for settlement in this province were believed not to extend beyond the southern boundary of the Georgian Bay. Lake Nipissing was then, in imagination, further away than Hudson Bay is now. Today there are thriving towns and prosperous agricultural settlements two hundred miles north of Lake Nipissing. The time when Canada could be truthfully described as a fringe of settlements along the boundary of the United States has long since passed. Our length from east to west is still stupendous, but with the practicability of producing crops eight hundred miles north of the United States boundary demonstrated by experience, the length of the Dominion is not so greatly out of proportion to the width.

* * *

RESPECT THE BALLOT.

(Toronto Globe.)

IT is a good thing for a community when its members are found attaching a high value to the privilege of voting at political elections. Just because there is not any element of superstition in this feeling the stronger it becomes the better for the body politic. A man who is free to cast his vote in the selection of a Parliament-

ary representative has a right to be proud of the privilege, and the fact that he is so will help to keep him proof against the temptation to sell it for any kind of consideration. He has, on the other hand, a right to resent any attempt to nullify his vote and to protest against this being done by other people's acts of omission or commission, so long as he has himself complied with all the statutory requirements.

* * *

WHAT ART HAS CANADA?

(Victoria Colonist.)

WHEN things have settled down a bit, when we have grown to understand ourselves better, when we have had time to let the meaning of things filter into our minds, so that we can write about them as they are, not as they seem, we will develop a Canadian literature that may be "worthy of our activities." What is true of literature is true also of art, meaning thereby painting, especially as we must bear in mind also that it is difficult for persons unfamiliar with the work of great artists to develop the faculty of making great pictures. The artistic taste may be there, but technique is essential, and the persons in Canada who can learn anything of artistic technique are in the very small minority. If a Canadian goes to one of the great art centres to study, the result is not a production of a Canadian artist, but simply the addition of one or more to the already overcrowded ranks of French, English or other artists, as the case may be. But what shall we recognise as distinctly Canadian art! We see a painting and we say it is of the Dutch school. It smacks of Holland at all points. But what would we call a Canadian school? With what aspect of Canadian life and Canadian nature ought it to deal? These questions are more readily asked than answered.

* * *

ANOTHER OF THE FAT KINE.

(Ottawa Free Press.)

IN Ontario this year an increase of 55,000,000 bushels of grain over last year and an increase of 15,800,000 tons of hay is anticipated. This means an increase in crop values of \$100,000,000. The increase was needed by the Ontario farmer, for by last year's bad crop he lost \$80,000,000. With a good crop this year he will wipe out last year's loss and be able to put considerable away in the bank. In the Province of Quebec the yield of grain crops this year is expected to be fully one-third better than in 1907. In addition to this 1908 promises to be a bumper year for the dairying industry, in which Quebec, the Eastern Townships particularly, is so vitally interested. In the Maritime Provinces the acreage is not only larger, but the production of the tilled fields promises to be exceptional.

Of the western provinces there has never been such glowing reports. There has been no frost to injure the growing grain, and because of this, even the most optimistic predictions can almost be accepted at par. The West will undoubtedly produce 100,000,000 bushels, and it would not be surprising if that figure would be exceeded if favourable weather conditions continue until the crop is harvested and threshed.

Altogether Canada's crop will probably exceed in value the \$250,000,000 crop of 1906. The benefit the country will derive is apparent, for with the return of good crops will return good times.

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Calendar sent on application. Autumn term commences Sept. 10, 1908

The Canadian Courier

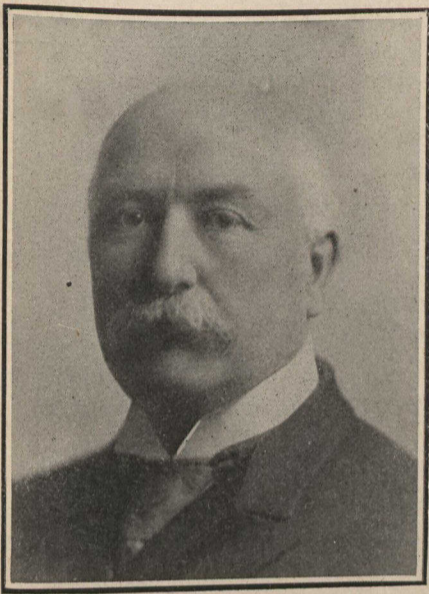
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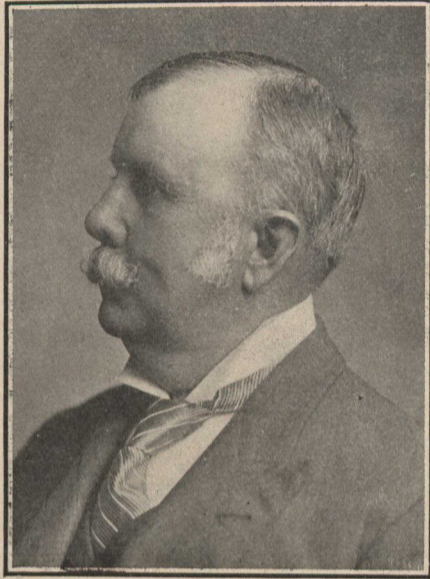
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Toronto, July 4th, 1908.

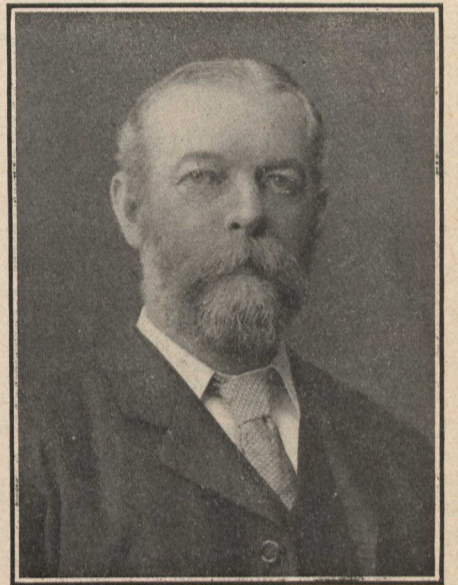
No. 5



Mr. T. W. Crothers, K.C.
Appointed Governor, University of Toronto.



Chief Justice Sir William Falconbridge,
Recently made Knight-Bachelor.

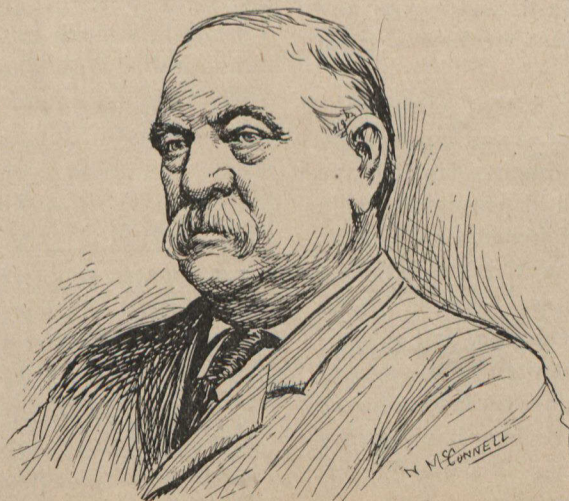


Hon. Sidney Fisher,
Who introduced Civil Service Reform Bill.

IN THE PUBLIC VIEW

SIR WILLIAM GLENHOLME FALCONBRIDGE is now the name of the Chief Justice of the King's Bench in Ontario. Sir William shares the distinction of knighthood with Justice Taschereau of Quebec, as a result of the recent birthday honours dispensed by the King. Few knights in Canada have ever been more quietly worthy of the title; and yet Sir William's career is sadly identified with rebellions and raids—quite becoming to an Irishman. Sir William is a thorough Canadian; descended from Irish parentage, his father having come from the north of Ireland in the year of the Rebellion against the Family Compact. Sir William was born at Drummondville nine years later; educated at Barrie Collegiate Institute, which brought forth great lawyers by the score, and at the University of Toronto, where he graduated with first-class honours in everything he laid his hands on including a gold medal for moderns—which was in the year of the Fenian Raid. For a year Mr. Falconbridge was professor of Moderns down east in Yarmouth Seminary, and afterwards took a turn in Spanish and Italian at Toronto University. Nine years registrar of the University and afterwards member of the Senate, Mr. Falconbridge resigned from the Senate in 1896 because he did not agree with Dr. Goldwin Smith's Canadian views and protested against the granting of a degree to that eminent scholar. It was during his term as registrar that Mr. Falconbridge began to study law; in 1885, year of the Northwest Rebellion, he was made a Q.C. and appointed to the Bench two years later. Twenty-one years after he was appointed to the Bench, came the honour that enrolls Sir William Falconbridge among the knights of Canada.

THE new Governor of Toronto University is Mr. T. W. Crothers, who will be remembered as the text book commissioner who declined to take money for services rendered to the State. Mr. Crothers succeeds Mr. J. L. Englehart, whose chairmanship of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway Commission takes up more of his time than he can afford to give to the University. Mr. Crothers will not find his knowledge of text-books coming amiss as a Governor of the institution that uses up more text-books than any other in Canada and almost as many as any other university in the world. Mr. Crothers



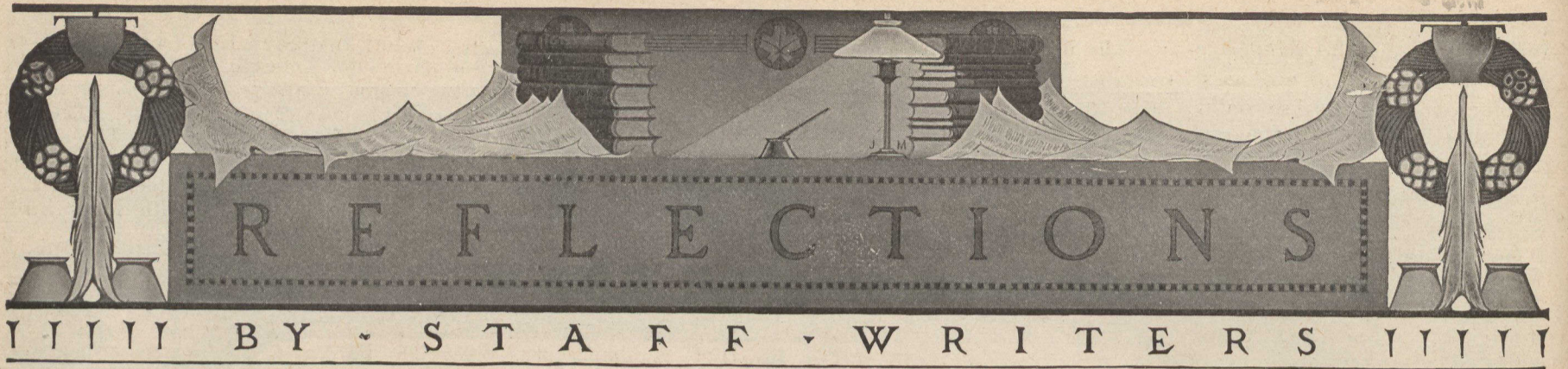
The late Grover Cleveland.

knows Western Ontario thoroughly, being a resident of Elgin County, and will represent that section with ability.

THE death of Grover Cleveland leaves a sort of gap for the Canadian imagination to fill. Grover Cleveland was the only President of the United States who spent most of his ante-Presidential career on the Canadian border, where as a leading lawyer in Buffalo and afterwards Governor of the State of New York he became familiar to a great many Canadians, long before he became famous as the issuer of the most verbose messages ever sent to Congress and the author of the notorious Venezuela message. Canada has always taken an intimate interest in the lives and deaths of Presidents. From the tragedy of Lincoln to that of Garfield and McKinley, down to the peaceful death of Benjamin Harrison and of Grover Cleveland, the affairs of chief magistrates across the border have been quite as notable to Canada in a personal sense as those of the heads of the nations across the water.

DR. WILD is dead. To such as may never have known Dr. Wild this may not seem of more importance than the passing of an average man; for it is a good many years since the one-time famous prophet-ordinator of Bond Street Church, Toronto, became a lost figure to Canadians. In the days of Dr. Wild's ascendancy the pulpit orator was a larger figure in Canada than he is to-day; but Dr. Wild chose for his utterances themes that would have either distinguished or extinguished any man that took them in hand. He was the first public exponent, in Canada at least, of the theory that the British nation consists of the ten lost tribes of Israel; he also predicted that there would some day arise a female Christ. He made a specialty of predicting wars and he usually managed to come very close to the place and date. Universal calamities were his doctrinal delight, and he had a penchant for answering questions in his pulpit that caused many a listener to wonder that one small head could carry all he knew.

HON. SYDNEY FISHER made a telling speech last week in behalf of his Civil Service Reform Bill, winning general approval for the way in which he presented the most advanced measures yet brought forward in the cause of non-partisan service. Mr. Fisher is a minister who has no love for the limelight. However, when duty or occasion calls, he emerges from his departmental office and makes good in a quietly thorough fashion.



REFLECTIONS

BY STAFF WRITERS

LORD CROMER AND PREFERENCE

SUCH widespread interest as has been taken in Lord Cromer's remarks on a general system of preference for colonial products is natural under the circumstances. Lord Cromer is certainly an imperialist; no one may deny his right to the title. The greatest portion of his life has been spent in extending the sphere of influence of the British crown and parliament. When, therefore, he shows reasons why he cannot see his way clear to support the preferential trade movement, his arguments are worthy of the serious consideration of his admirers everywhere.

What he most fears is a campaign in Great Britain based upon a cry that the workingman's loaf is dearer because of a preference given to colonial grain. On this point, his opinion is entitled to some weight, especially when he frankly admits that "the standard of veracity in the country sinks to its lowest point during periods of electoral excitement." It is not a great compliment to the voters of Great Britain, but Lord Cromer should know whereof he speaks. From the political point of view he therefore believes that a movement in this direction might lead to a revival of Little-Englandism.

From the economical point of view, he is equally unconvinced. He seems unduly impressed by the fact that a few manufacturers would like to see competing British manufacturers excluded from this market. Further, he does not give us as full credit as he might for not listening too seriously to what these gentlemen have requested. He is more justly influenced by the action of Australia whose preference is by no means as genuine or as effective as that of Canada. He is not quite sure that the New Zealand preference is likely to be of any considerable value. Consequently he feels that so important a change in Britain's fiscal policy would bring but an infinitesimal gain to the British workman and might involve him in economic complications which would be disastrous.

What Lord Cromer failed to consider was the possible advisability of Great Britain using a protective tariff to force trade concessions from other protection countries. His omission of this consideration weakens his arguments in the eyes of the average protectionist and his summing up is therefore somewhat incomplete.

THE FACTORY INSPECTORS' CONVENTION

THE twenty-second annual convention of the International Association of Factory Inspectors, held in Toronto last week, was of unusual interest and the proceedings betokened the care which the modern civilised community is taking about proper industrial conditions. Anyone who even glanced over the press of this country during the last fortnight must have been impressed by the agitation for pure milk, pure water, courts for juvenile offenders and the exclusion of children from the factories. If the agitators have their way, Young Canada is going to be healthy and have its legitimate time for play and sport. The most unpaiddonable national extravagance is that which allows a waste of youthful health and vigour and the most prominent place in the programme of last week was given to the discussion of the child labour problem.

The inspectors assembled in Canada declared that within the last ten years laws have been put upon the statutes and continually supplemented and reinforced by additional amendments which have done much to improve conditions, so far as child employment in factories is concerned. Mr. J. H. Morgan, chief inspector of Ohio, announced that on July 1st there comes into force in his territory a State enactment known as the Child Labour Law. Under it the employment of minors under fourteen years is forbidden, and schooling certificates are required for all minors between the ages of fourteen and sixteen years. In addition, the new law limits the hours during which minors may be allowed to work. The new law appears to be the most advanced legislation in the matter and the "Presidential State" is to be congratulated on its provisions.

Mr. E. W. Lord, secretary of the National Child Labour Committee of New England, read a most instructive paper on the subject under consideration, showing that independence without a corresponding sense of responsibility is perilous in the case of men as of nations and that forced maturity through juvenile labour is a social disaster. Mr. Lord dealt severely with manual training and advocated the establishment by the State of trade schools, declaring that immature labour makes impossible the cultivation of a true artistic sense. The feeling of the convention on this subject was evidently in accord with the Boston speaker and the result of the discussion will be increased and more enlightened opposition to the employment of the young in factories. In Canada the legislation in that direction has been unusually strict and the women inspectors have done excellent work in enforcing the law. Unscrupulous parents, anxious for early profit from a child's earnings, are not easily dealt with, but the law is doing much to protect those whose natural guardians are false to their trust.

Legislation regarding dangerous machinery was the subject of some debate, while the matter of ventilation was vigorously discussed, one speaker stating that poor ventilation in factories caused more distress and sickness than accidents from machinery. Manufacturers are not alone in this defective arrangement, for many householders in this civilised country have not yet realised that fresh air is as necessary as the bath. The meetings of the convention were characterised by thorough and suggestive treatment of all topics associated with factory problems and progress.

REBUILDING THREE RIVERS

THE spirit shown by the citizens of Three Rivers is one of admirable pluck and constructive courage. Before the red of the embers had turned to gray, the homeless authorities of the city were devising plans for rebuilding and considering wider streets and more commodious buildings than those which an all-day fire had laid in ruins. Premier Gouin was promptly on the scene and government loans were discussed with a ready grasp of the immediate need. This swift rising to cope with calamity is a characteristic of a people who regard difficulties as something to be overcome, not to be dodged.

The rebuilding of this Quebec city, which is one of Canada's few historic spots possessing structures of an ancient foundation, will be undertaken at once; but many years must elapse before the hundreds of buildings which fell before the flames can be restored or replaced. Some of those destroyed are such as cannot be duplicated, for historic association is an attribute which dollars cannot supply. In the meantime, all that can be done to aid and encourage the people who have met bravely the loss of home and property is being performed by the neighbours of Three Rivers.

The independent stand taken by the Mayor of the devastated city, to the effect that the government loan is the only financial aid desired, is much to the credit of a town with traditions and compares favourably with Ottawa's action following a similar disaster. Three Rivers is not one of our largest cities but in this attitude of municipal self-respect, it looks larger than many a commercial centre.

THE ECONOMY OF CLEANLINESS

A SOMEWHAT novel turn was given to the agitation for a pure water supply in Toronto, when the statement was widely published that, during the last four years, typhoid fever has cost the fraternal societies of that city \$175,000 in life insurance and sick and funeral benefits. If Canadians can be convinced that it pays to be clean and healthy, they will probably take steps to get rid of typhoid and tuberculosis, for we are not by nature an extravagant people. The modern world seems to be somewhat impatient of the theory that Providence has to do with epidemics and that it is highly impertinent

to seek to avoid the dangers which drains and pure water may eliminate. It may be a generation or two before this impatience becomes poignant realisation but after a city has paid dearly for several pounds of cure it may come to the conclusion that an ounce of prevention would come cheaper. The insurance business is practically of this last century in its development but its managers are among our shrewdest financiers. When these men express the typhoid danger in such a concrete form, the wayfaring man is led to reflect on the civic stupidity which has led inefficient councils to assume complacently that sparkling sewage is the best beverage for the children of the workingman.

THE VISIT OF LORD ROBERTS

ABOUT two years ago, when it was announced that Lord Roberts might visit Toronto during the National Exhibition fortnight, the public interested in the coming of the great soldier showed how closely the career of the hero of Kandahar had been followed by Canadians. The career of Lord Roberts belongs to India, especially that part which lies close to Afghanistan and which may one day see a struggle between Russian Bear and British Lion. No one can read the record of those forty-one years which Roberts spent in India without doing homage to "the little red-faced man" who, according to that vivacious chronicler, *Mulvaney*, "marched and marched and never told how near he came to breaking down." India is no easy country to serve, either in military or civil affairs; but, like all achievement that costs us dear, the day's work in India has a fascination which belongs to the difficult and dangerous. Few Anglo-Indians are happy in England after the time of retirement comes. Hence, it is the East to which Lord Roberts must turn as the scene of his trial and final victory; but wherever the pluck and fortitude which have held the Empire together are esteemed, the name of Roberts, or the more familiar nickname "Bobs," is honoured. Canada has a roll of names left as a South African record and many graves on the veldt are marked by the maple leaf. In the dark days of the winter of 1900 it was Roberts who brought cheer to the Imperial forces and the spirit of the general never showed more admirably than when he put the grief for his soldier son aside, that he might obey the call of his country. It is now rumoured once more that he is to visit Canada—this time the City of Quebec and the Tercentenary celebration will be the scene and occasion. Should he come, the welcome which will be given to the man who has borne the burden and heat of a troubled day will be worthy of the story of Quebec and Kandahar.

DANGEROUS DRUGS

IN the city of New York, a druggist who had violated the law by selling cocaine was recently sentenced to one year in prison and was also fined one thousand dollars for the offence. We are somewhat surprised by the leniency of our neighbours in dealing with certain crimes but in this drastic sentence the New York judge is an example to Canadian authorities. Rural Canada knows little of such dangers and may be inclined to underestimate the importance of dealing sternly with unscrupulous vendors of such drugs; but a pharmaceutical authority has recently stated that there is far too much traffic in such stuff by a few druggists in Canadian cities.

A WESTERN JOURNEY

Winnipeg, June 29th, 1908.

THE second stage of my western journey linked Port Arthur and Winnipeg. When I announced that I intended travelling over the Canadian Northern Railway to Winnipeg, the people of the Twin Harbours seemed to extend me their sympathy. "Why not the C.P.R.?" they asked. "I want to see the rest of Ontario," was my rather evasive answer. "You will find it an uncomfortable ride," they warned me, and then changed the subject. Yet I found the trip most interesting. The wooded valleys, the well-timbered hills, the winding and persistent Kaministiquia River, the magnificent Kakabeka Falls, the new farms and the newer villages, all made a panorama which kept mind and eyes active and content. Most marvellous was this 290-mile ride through a portion of Ontario of which so little is heard in Toronto. The province is so vast that there are portions of it which are scarcely ever mentioned unless there is a big fire, a dynamite explosion, a railway wreck or an election protest. This portion is one to which the people of the east might profitably direct more attention. The supply of pulp-wood and other timber is excellent—the markets are not far away. There are red-sand regions and rocky strips, where farming is not possible with any degree of success, but there are many good agricultural stretches which are rapidly being moulded into condition by the industrious people who live in felt-paper houses and possess only mud-roofed barns.

As for the C.N.R., I must admit that after the warnings I received the road was an agreeable surprise. An experienced traveller who has known the West for twenty-five years declared that the road is in better condition than the C.P.R. was at the same age. Like the C.P.R., it will no doubt be improved from year to year. The officials on the whole of the C.N.R. system, from porters to conductors, are most courteous and obliging—more so than on the older systems.

My re-introduction to Winnipeg was made with Main Street being repaved, and the weather man just finishing up about five days' rain. Dismal, muddy and untidy, the central portion of the town was not looking its best. Before I left, however, it was much improved. The hot sun had again hardened the exposed soil, the new street-car tracks were nearly finished, and Main Street looked fairly familiar to a citizen of Toronto where half-torn-up streets are a most common sight.

The most noticeable feature of Winnipeg's present life is the absence of braggadocio. So far as Manitoba is concerned, the starch is out of the western collar. The people are modest and sensible. The shouter and the boomster have moved farther west. A city which is progressing so fast that within one week it gets two new direct services with two important sister cities (Duluth and Toronto) can afford to be modest. The day when it needed to blow its whistle has gone by. Once she was the sole exponent of western life; to-day she has 8,000 miles of railway to the West over which she exchanges people and produce. Further, she is now threatened with direct railway connection with Hudson's Bay, and a new short route to Liverpool's wheat market. Winnipeg is the dowager city of the West, and hence should bear a sedate countenance and speak in restrained and dignified accents.

Winnipeg, indeed, is no longer purely western; she is largely eastern. Aside from the cosmopolitan crowds which surround the employment offices and the mosquitos which make life lively in the suburbs, Winnipeg is not unlike Toronto or St. John. In fact, she resembles the New Brunswick city even more than the capital of Ontario. The banks, the retail stores and the wholesale houses are just like similar buildings in Eastern Canada. The names on the signs are the same. The Manitoba Club might just as easily be called the Toronto Club were it not for the stained-glass window with the buffalo head as the centre-piece. The Royal Alexandra might easily be the King Edward or the Windsor—though in some respects it is better than either of its eastern contemporaries. The big men of the town are not a whit less well set-up and groomed, not a degree less self-satisfied and confident than those who frequent the clubs of Toronto, Montreal and St. John. They have their millionaires in posse and in esse. In fact, Regina, Calgary, Edmonton and Saskatoon will soon be placing Winnipeg in the "effete east." It is becoming so conservative, so dignified and so watchful over the little things of life that it is no longer truly western. If the East should divide from the West, which is most unlikely, Winnipeg, being a trading and manufacturing centre of considerable importance, is likely to stay with the East rather than the West.

Is the West still confident? Yes, the faith of the Westerner is absolutely unshaken. The crop failure of last year was merely an incident. The debts of the Westerner are also a mere incident. When the reaper breaks down in the field, it is less troublesome to buy a new machine at \$135, than to introduce repairs to the value of \$10. Several million dollars' worth of self-binders and other valuable machinery were left out of doors all winter—exposed to wind and weather—because lumber is a rather high price and because credit is easy at the implement agency. Why pay \$75 cash for a buggy next fall, when you can get it for \$125 credit this spring?

The only people who have folded up their tents and passed in the night are the real-estate boomsters who sold town-lots to each other—and the unwary. Building lots five miles from the centre of Saskatoon, Prince Albert, Warman, and ten miles from the centre of Edmonton have been disposed of; there is nothing left for the sub-divider to do. Stay—go up along the new G.T.P. from Portage to Edmonton and on the new C.P.R. from northern Manitoba to Wetaskiwin and you will find a few of that ilk preparing plans and prospectuses for the savings-bank depositor of the East. On these two lines thirty or forty new towns are springing into existence, and that means a whole heap of town-lots.

In spite of these little eccentricities, the Great West moves steadily on. Its vastness grows more vast, as experiment widens its cultivable area. Enormous areas once considered arid, and so marked by experts and professors, have been proved to be productive. The people have learned that where grass will grow, grain will grow. Professor Mavor thought 250,000,000 bushel crops of wheat might be possible; Dr. Saunders ventured to treble the figures. Make it grain instead of wheat and I am with Dr. Saunders.

This year the crops are looking perfect. The rains have been profuse, but sunlight and heat have now displaced the rain. Such prospects were never known. The crop should be nearly two hundred million bushels this year—not wheat but grain. The cattle and the sheep and the hogs are increasing in number. The homesteaders have returned undismayed for their six months' term of work. All is hustle and activity. Only where debts are liquidated is there any dullness. After October first, some attention will be paid to the latter industry and the boom will commence once more.



HERE are said to be two sets of people with whom the Civil Service Bill is unpopular—the civil servants and the “machine” politicians. The rest of the country are willing to make it unanimous. It is only fair to the Service to say that they do not object to the control established or to the merit system which is to be applied. Their ground of complaint is that it does not increase their salaries as they had hoped—and as many of them deserve. It is only the simple truth that the good civil servants are underpaid. Possibly we should hear some complaints from the Service about the merit system and the reduction of political “pull” if these things were to be retroactive. But the beneficiaries of “patronage” who are in the Service naturally do not worry very much about the closing of this easy door to others; though they might do a deal of worrying if an enquiry were to be held on this score into the antecedents of men already appointed.

* * *

I AM told that the bill will be hard on the lady civil servants. They, it seems, mostly dwell on the wrong side of the examination “bunker” which separates the lower division from the heights of promotion. This bill will tend to keep them where they are. Now one would not have expected anything so ungallant from the dapper Mr. Fisher, who, though Minister of Agriculture, looks less like a farmer than any other man in the Cabinet. Moreover, he is a bachelor and might have been expected to have a particularly keen eye out for the approval of the fair sex. Perhaps, however, it is the lack of susceptibility which has kept him single that has hardened his heart against the wiles of the fair civil servant. Just why Mr. Fisher was chosen to “father” this bill is a bit of a mystery. Some do say that it is so unpopular with the “boys” that the other and wiser ministers fought shy of being identified with it. They did not want the workers to get the idea that they had anything to do with shutting them out of the orchard where grow the choicest political “plums.”

* * *

IT is all very well for idealists and men without responsibility, to sit back and say that the bill does not go far enough. It doesn't; but it goes a mighty long way for any Government to accomplish which has been in power for twelve years and gathered about it the inevitable incrustation of “barnacles.” The “boys” behind the ministerial benches have not been able to conceal, even in open Parliament, how little they like the measure; and we may be very sure that the ministers have felt all this pressure before they brought down the bill. What is heard in Parliament is only an occasional explosion of the feeling which must have been poured upon the ministers in full stream. The change made in committee, by which the new Civil Service Commissioners were given the standing of the Auditor-General, was itself an act of courage which ought to be recognised. We will never make such headway with political reform of any sort if we constantly belittle the first steps taken with so much difficulty by reformers. In this way we create the impression that they are really more blameworthy than if they had not tried at all.

* * *

I WONDER how many battles are won for evil and lost for good by this inability of the friends of good to recognise the value of small victories—an ability which the protagonists of evil have in a highly developed condition. Let a public man declare himself to be a convinced believer in some proposed reform; and the friends of that reform immediately become his most severe critics. They call on him, on the morrow of the announcement of his adherence to the cause, to know why he has not already brought it into force. They act as if they thought he had only to turn his hand over to put their “cause” in the category of complete and fully accomplished successes. If he fights hard and makes progress in the only possible way under normal conditions—that is, inch by inch—they, the very people who ought to stand by him, begin to question his sincerity. Why, they go farther in the little resolutions they adopt so enthusiastically at their evening

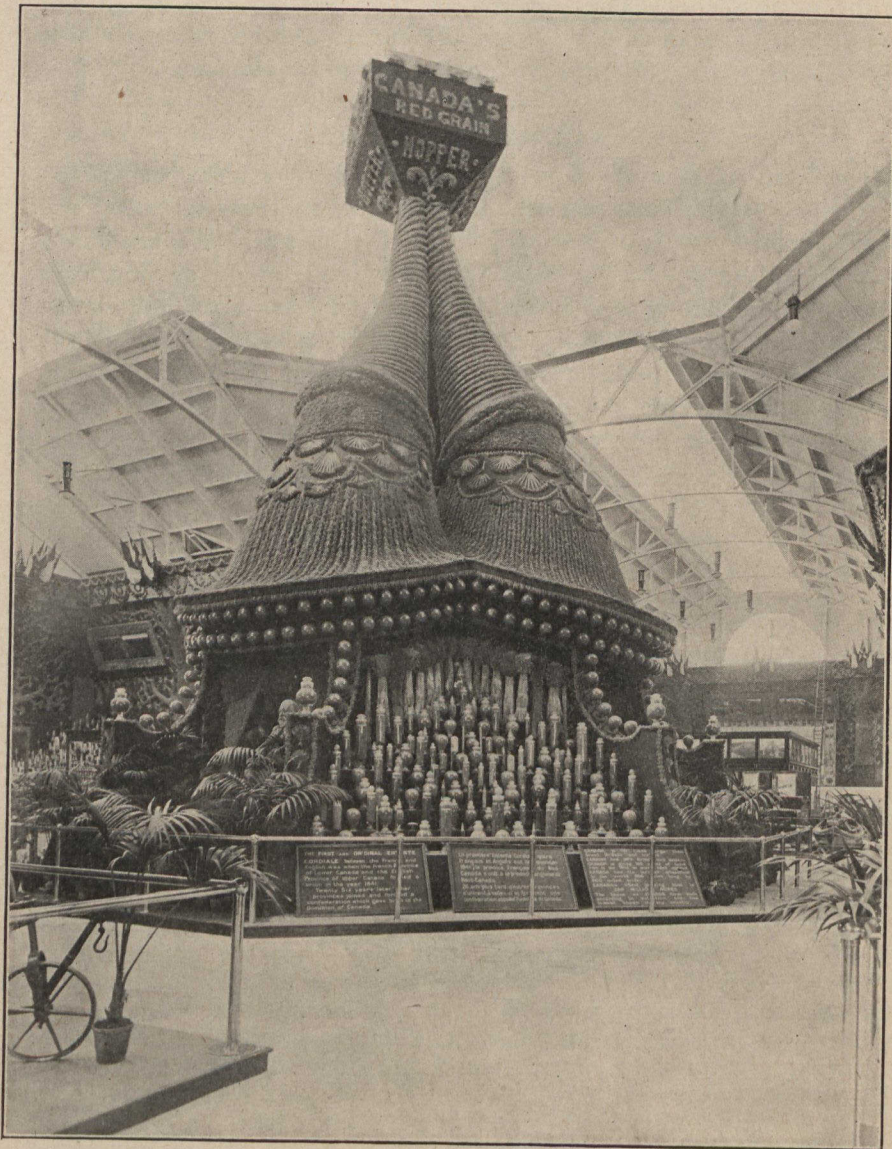
meetings than this professed champion has been able to go in Parliament. Surely he must be a traitor; or he would do more.

* * *

THEN when an election comes on, they are satisfied with nothing short of their “whole hog” in his platform. They will take no half-loaf. To tell them that to declare for the whole policy is to ensure certain defeat, leaves them cold. They do not believe it, to begin with. Their glib and irresponsible talkers have persuaded them that they can win if given a chance at the polls. They brush aside the opinion of this expert who has taken up their cause, and bank on the loud boastfulness of some unctuous individual who could not be elected for pound-keeper—to resurrect an old saying. They will not hear of a small gain. They urge their captured public man to take his stand for the right, and, at least, go down in honourable defeat, if he cannot win. Now the forces of evil are never so foolish. They look the ground over and take what they can get. If they cannot get the “whole hog” just now, they will put up with a mess of pigs' feet. And they never desert their friends. More than that, they are always ready to open a way of retreat into their camp for the public man who has espoused the other side and been hopelessly discouraged by the impracticability of the “reformers.” As for the “reformers,” they always sharpen their knives for the backs of their own leaders who propose to win the war, battle by battle.

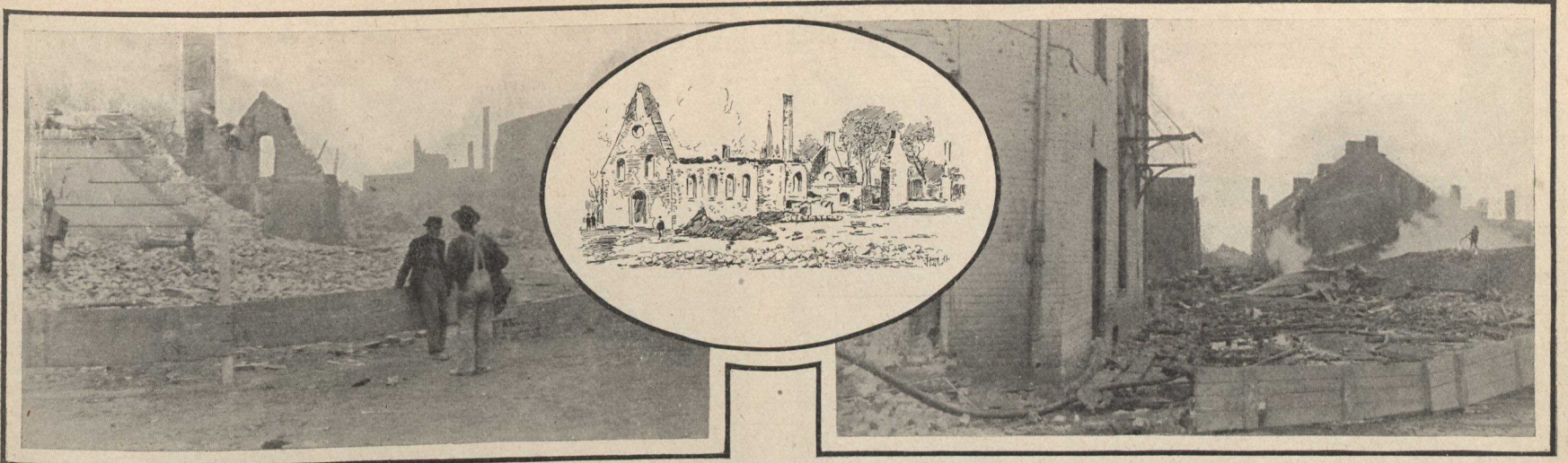
Wid Importe

The town of Kipling has just blossomed out in Canada, where there is only one town of Shakespeare. The nearest the United States comes to having a Shakespeare on the map is the town of Shake in Oregon. For some inscrutable reason the great English dramatist was never popular among the new town namers in North America, although we have in the United States thirty Miltons, three Goldsmiths, four Dickenses, thirty odd Scotts, twenty Byrons, two Tennysons, and one Thackeray. Notwithstanding all the Browning clubs, there isn't a Browning on the American map.—Argonaut.



CANADA AT THE FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

The Apotheosis of Canada. Four Cornucopias composed entirely of wheat and straw.



Ruins of St. Antoine Street,
Three Rivers.

Walls of Old Parish Church,
Founded 1660.

Ruins of St. Maurice Telephone Office,
Three Rivers.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF LA PRESSE, MONTREAL

THE RARE OLD THREE RIVERS TOWN

HISTORIC and history-making Three Rivers is now almost a heap of ashes. A town with a history dating back to 1535 when the third French flag was flung on one of the small islands at the mouths of the three rivers that form the name of the place; site of the fur-trading post for the Company of One Hundred Associates; the old military stamping-ground of Champlain and congregational point of scalping and treaty-making Indians; seat of government under British rule after the conquest and a spot celebrated as is Quebec itself for historic buildings and poetic charm—all but gone in a day from the tale of a match in a livery barn and a mowful of hay. Chicago, it will be remembered, had its great fire from a cow kicking over a lantern.

Buildings destroyed are so numerous that a great deal of interest attaches to the rare ones that remain. Of stone and wood were most of the buildings in Three Rivers; most of the wooden ones were destroyed; some of the stone buildings remain. The old Catholic parish church is gone; but the still more historic Anglican church and attached monastery of the Recollets remains, views of these being shown on this page. This old church was originally built by the Catholics and at the time of the Conquest was taken over by the English when it became a court-house while the monastery attached to it became a jail—in the days when a man might be hanged for stealing a sheep. This church is also famous for being the repository of the bones of Frere Didace, whose bones were wanted a few months ago by the Franciscans and for canonization purposes.

The story in brief of this old church and monastery throws a good deal of light on the story of this quaint little wooden and stone city, and has been well outlined in a letter from the Anglican clergyman now in charge of the church. He writes as follows:

When the Intendant Taillon got permission from the French Government to bring back the Recollet monks or rather friars into Canada in 1670, they began building their Three Rivers house—the present rectory. The Superior in charge of them here at Three Rivers was Pere Le Tac for many years. He wrote a "History of New France" which was published at Paris a few years ago by one of the professors of the University of France. In 1674

their house was finished, as a letter from the Roman Catholic Bishop of Quebec wrote an account—still extant—of his trip from Quebec to Montreal, stating that he slept one night in the new Recollet convent, and that "their beds were nice and clean." The church was completed about the end of the century, as a lay brother—Frere Didace Pelletier, who was the carpenter of the order here—died from exposure to the cold whilst finishing the roof of the church in 1699. This friar was the Frere Didace at whose shrine a number of miracles were said to have been worked before the Conquest in 1760. Twice before the Conquest the Ursuline nuns sought refuge here when their convent was burned down, or as they express it, "They went to the convent of the Recollets when

their Ursuline monastery was burned." At the Conquest the church was utilised as a military chapel and parish church for Anglicans, also as a court-house on week-days, whilst the monastery became the jail of the district, and the old sacristy was made into a prothonotary's office and sheriff's den. This continued till 1823, when it was all made over to us by Letters Patent from the Crown. There have been Anglican services, without a break, in the church from 1761 to the present time. There was an amusing incident when preparing for service

in 1823 a part of the church not hitherto required for services. An old caretaker had his effects in it, and he claimed the permission of the governor against vacating the premises, and they had to get permission from Lord Dalhousie before they could dislodge him. I think those are all the important data. I have various photographs—that in the *Star* recently is a negative. I have here attempted to give you the merest outline of the subject, and if it interests you, I shall be glad to send anything I have, cite authorities, etc.

Bore of a Tunnel Under the Bay

AS a rule men's pictures are not taken after they get under the ground; but when men and horses get under both ground and water and get doing things, it becomes a matter of public interest to know what sort of time they may be having—especially during this warm weather.

Weather, however, is one of the last things that bother people who are digging and building that waterworks tunnel under Toronto Bay. This tunnel was begun a good many months ago for the purpose of giving Toronto a daily water supply of eighty-five million gallons, or about three times the quantity which the city now gets. The tunnel is eight feet inside diameter and the best part of a mile long; and when these men have made their last trip down the caissons she will be one of the most remarkable tunnels in America. The walls are twelve inches thick with a three-ring brick arch.

Now, it is one thing to tunnel under a mountain, and quite another matter to burrow a fourteen-foot mile-long hole under a bay or a river. The first thing to tackle was the caissons, one at each end of the tunnel. The island caisson was sunk first. A caisson is a French way of getting down to the bottom. This island caisson was scheduled to go down forty-five feet below the bottom of the bay. She went every inch of it; but it was rather a different matter from boring a post hole with an auger. First a coffer-dam one hundred feet square and five feet deep made of twelve-inch piling. Into

this coffer-dam went the steel caisson for the sixty-foot back door to the tunnel. The caisson was sunk with water-jets, the sand being clammed out from the inside. Six sections of this tube went down without much trouble. Number seven stuck on the first tough stratum. Dynamite was used for a persuader, but the dynamite failed. A diver was sent down. He discovered that one thing the dynamite had done was to shatter the steel tubes of the caisson. So the whole caisson, more than a hundred tons, had to be hauled up. The work of pumping out that caisson and raising it may better be imagined than described. But the engineers and the other workers at low levels got that up. Then after the best part of a summer spent in undoing what had been so painfully done, along came a gale that water-pounded the coffer-dam; and that had to be mended.

But after months more of ingenious and resolute labour the caisson tube got her bottom steel shoe sixty feet below zero level of the lake on the solid rock—total weight of the caisson both steel and concrete being three hundred tons.

When the caissons were got down one at each end, the business of boring north from the island and south from the city under the waters of the bay began in the regular way—which to people who do their work above ground in the light of day would be very irregular indeed. Boring-machine to burrow at the clay; trucks and switchback railroads and trolleys and horses to tote the truck to the caissons; a complete system of electric lighting and wiring, and pumps to send in the good air; dynamo and machine shop; tugs and scows and boats; mining cage and steam drum hoist; these are a few of the matters and materials necessary in the excavation of this aqueduct that connects with a pair of six-foot shafts across the island.

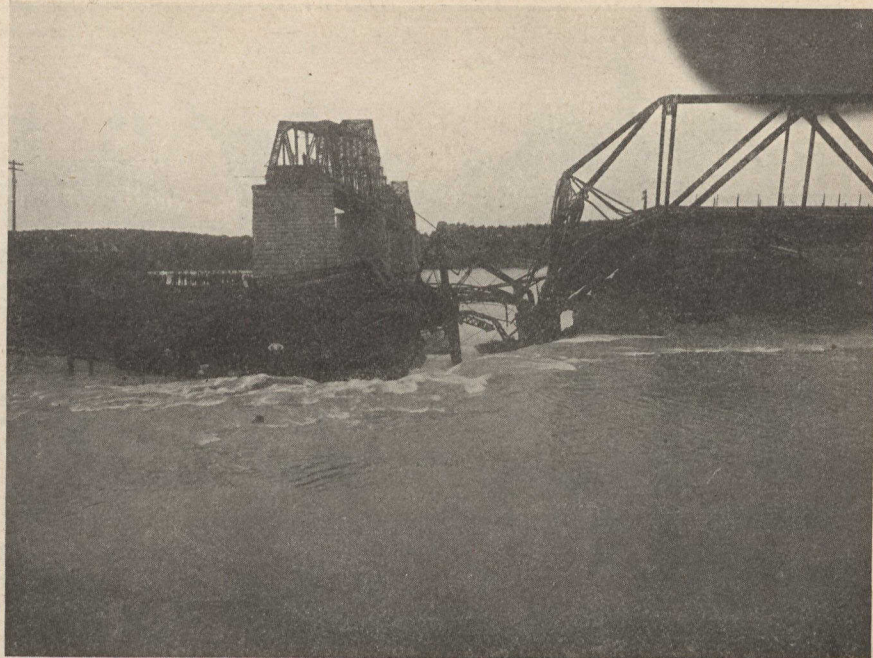
The entire contract is undertaken by the well-known firm of Haney & Miller, and the resident engineer to whom the firm look for practical results out of the complicated underground job they have in hand is Mr. C. W. Allen. Mr. Allen is another of those New Brunswickers that know how not merely to go down to the sea in ships, but how to go down to the rocks in cages and caissons, and to burrow under the waters of the earth with boring machines—building water-tight walls according to



Old Church and Monastery of the Recollet Friars, now used as an Anglican Church and dwelling-houses, Three Rivers.



A General View of the Wreck, looking from the north bank of the Canal.



The appearance of the break from the bed of the Canal.

SCENES FOLLOWING THE WASHOUT OF THE CORNWALL CANAL BANK, ON JUNE 23rd.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT DOUGLAS, CORNWALL.

specifications on blue-prints done in the open; working away in the dark of the deep as intelligently as other men work in an office chair with their feet on a three-hundred-dollar rug. Mr. Allen is a graduate of the engineering faculty of Toronto University. Within the last few years he has been engaged on

some very large engineering projects. When he assumed the direction of affairs on the waterworks tunnel, he came from Niagara where he had been engaged as assistant engineer on the wheel pit, coffer-dam and tunnel of the power plant of the Electrical Development Co.

A Break in Cornwall Canal Bank

THE most disastrous accident to transportation, so far as canal traffic is concerned, took place at Cornwall on the morning of June 23rd, when a washout in the canal bank at the Ottawa-New York bridge, just above Lock 18, caused the pier which supported the span of the bridge of the railway across the canal to turtle. About five o'clock in the morning, one of the lock-tenders found that the bank was giving way and the water was shut off with all possible speed. The hole began to grow until the whole bank gave way, making a gap 150 feet wide and 25 to 30 feet deep, through which the water of the whole level, a mile and a quarter long, poured into the river like a foaming cataract. At six o'clock in the morning the centre pier of the swing bridge gave way, the pier turning completely over. The ironwork bent like wax and there was left only a tangle of metal remains. The steamship, *Samuel Marshall*, had just passed up and cleared Lock 19 before the collapse.

Hon. G. P. Graham, Minister of Railways and Canals, was in Cornwall before evening on the 23rd and said that every effort would be made to close the gap in the bank and get the canal ready for navigation. Rush orders of grain are to be handled by rail in the meantime. Mr. J. G. Weller, superintendent of the Welland Canal, is directing the repairs at Cornwall. It is understood that a couple of sec-

tions of the shore opposite the O. and N. Y. Railway will be removed to make room for a temporary elbow of the canal. Hundreds of men are at work with pick and shovel preparing for the restoration. A huge coffer-dam will be built around the break and the hole that falls into the canal. This dam will be made as strong as possible, and a new channel for the canal will be dug to the north. Carloads of material are arriving hourly, and the authorities are making a record rush of the work.

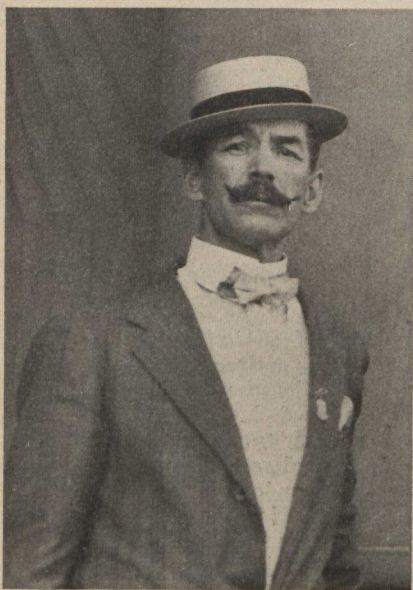
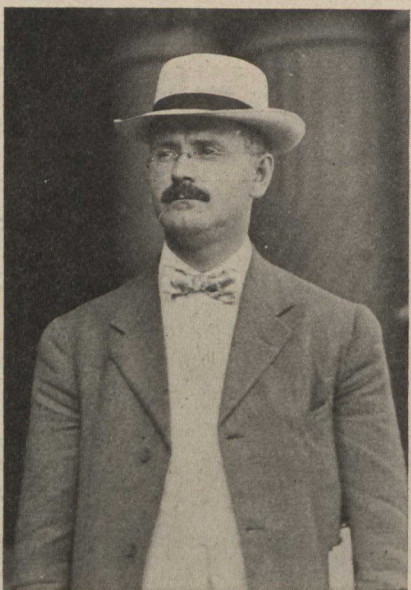
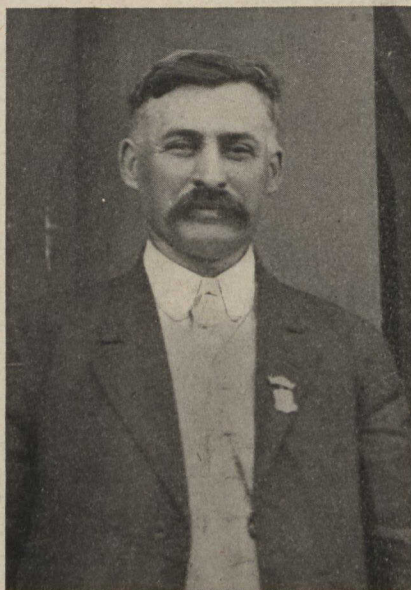
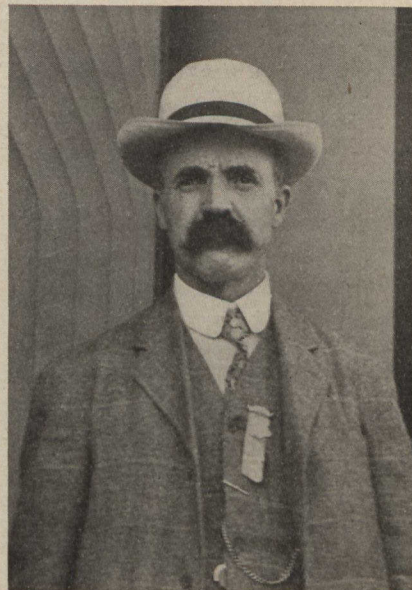
Canadians Chief Officers

MR. JAMES T. BURKE, Toronto, Chief Inspector of Factories and Shops for Ontario, was elected president of the International Association of Factory Inspectors at the closing session of the twenty-second annual convention. All the offices, except two, went to Canadians. Following is the list of officers: Messrs. James T. Burke, Toronto, president; Louis Guyon, Montreal, first vice-president; Mrs. King, Montreal, second vice-president; Messrs. John I. Holt, New Jersey, third vice-president; J. P. Keena, Connecticut, fourth vice-president; Thomas Kielty, Brockville, secretary-treasurer.

Magnified Troubles

A VISITOR from British Columbia to Eastern Canada has been half-amused, half-irritated, by the questions asked concerning race disturbances on the Pacific Coast. "To hear you people talk," he said good-naturedly to a Kingstonian who asked about the "riot" of last autumn, "you'd think that Vancouver and Victoria were carrying on a war in the streets and shops and that lynching might break out at any moment."

The man from the West has doubtless good reason for his impatience and amusement but he should remember that this is a comparatively peaceful country, startling news is scarce and we journalists must make the most of whatever little riots come our way. The newspapers in Canada seldom make a story out of whole cloth but they can hardly be blamed for stretching and illuminating their material until the public eye is successfully drawn to their wares. Consequently if there is a strike in Hamilton or Owen Sound, if there is a small skirmish in Vancouver, the event looms large in headlines and the readers of the daily papers become impressed with the idea that there is acute labour strife throughout the Province of Ontario and that race riots are painting the Pacific red. Nothing so serious is threatening either East or West and the times are going to be ever so good, in spite of the break in the Cornwall Canal and the fires which have temporarily inconvenienced the growth of Burk's Falls and Three Rivers. We cannot expect to escape the catastrophes of time and chance; but when we contemplate the disturbances in Mexico and Persia, Canada seems like a happy little half-continent, after all. The Dominion is fair, fat and forty-one this week and is ready for congratulations.

Mr. Louis Guyon, Montreal,
Vice-President of Association.Mr. John Williams,
Commissiouer of Labour, New York State.Mr. J. H. Morgan,
Chief Inspector for Ohio.Mr. James T. Burke, Toronto,
President of the Association.

PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL FACTORY INSPECTORS' ASSOCIATION, WHICH MET IN TORONTO LAST WEEK

WORKERS UNDER THE WATER

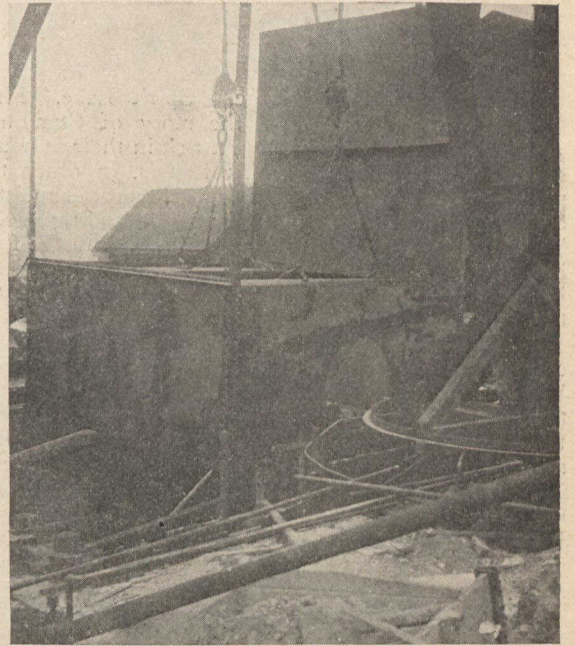
Scenes in the Daily Lives of Men Who are Boring a Tunnel Under Toronto Bay



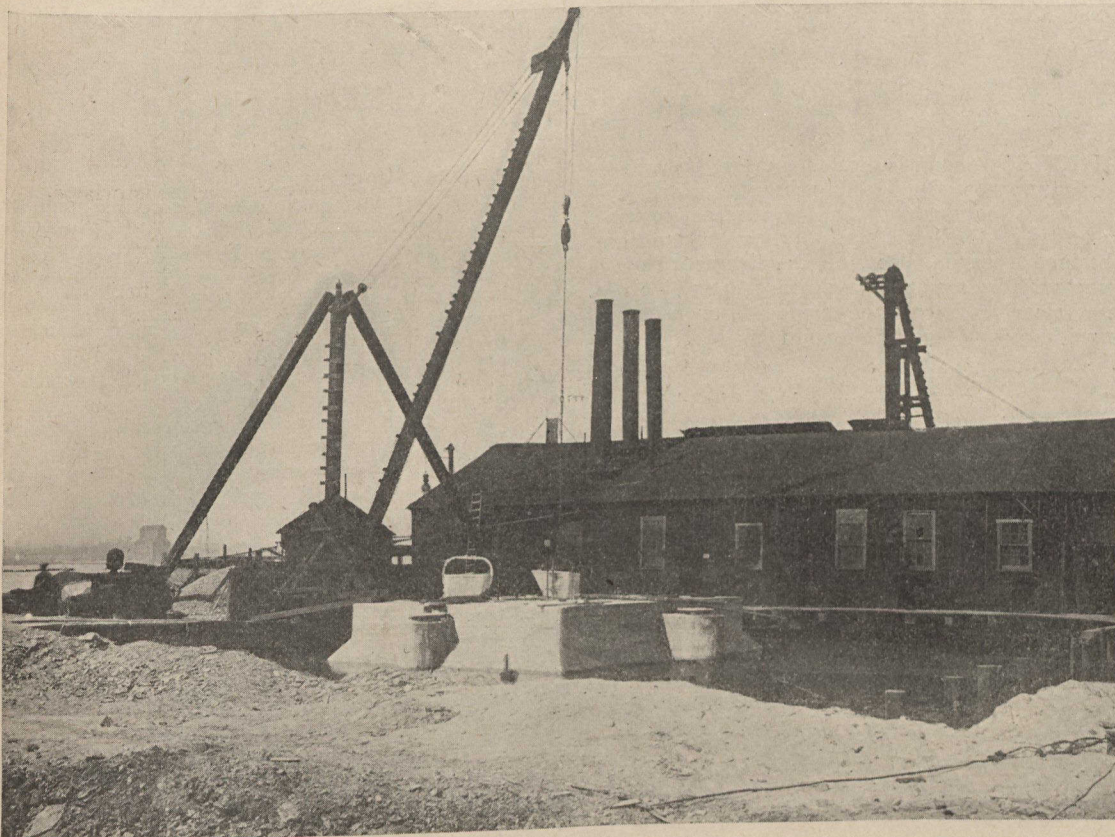
Bottom of Shaft No. 2



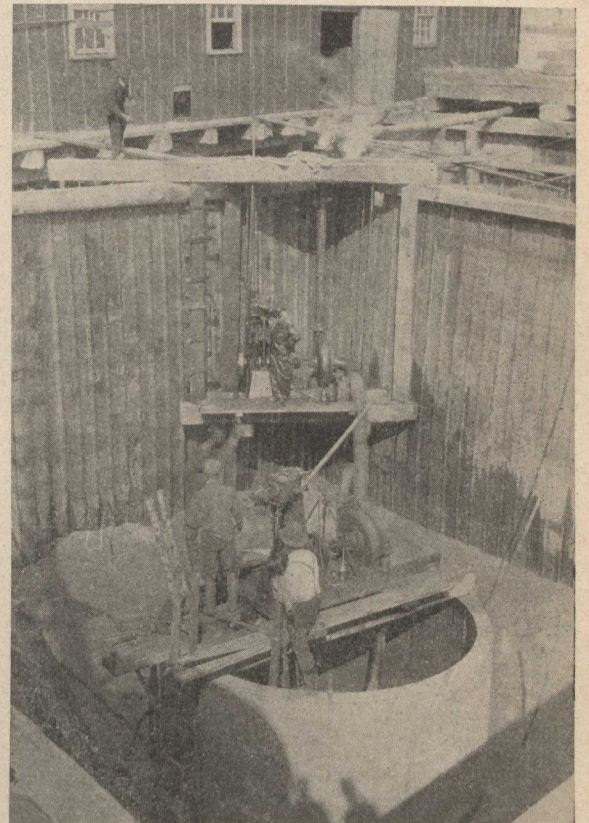
Two of the Workers



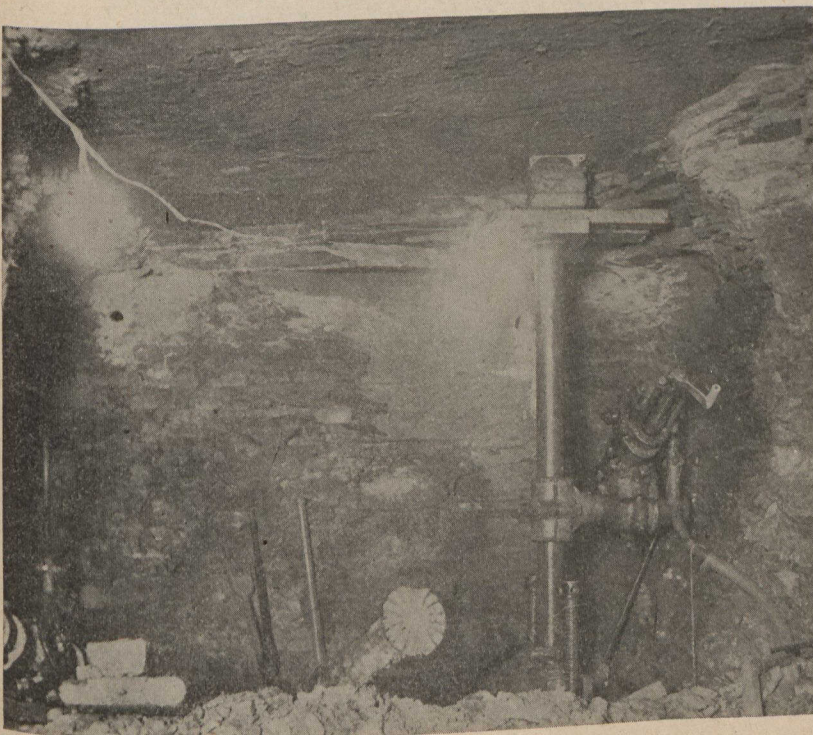
Letting Down the Big Tank



Open-Air View of an Under-Water Plant



Working on the Island Caisson



Drills on the End of the Tunnel



Where Water will Soon be Pouring Through

(Text on page 9)

The Shooting of Death's Rapids

A Dramatic Episode in the Wilds.

IN his interesting volume, "Spirit Lake," Mr. Arthur Heming tells the story of Standing Wolf and his son-in-law At-tick in their famous feat of shooting Death's Rapids, in order to prove that the Saulteaux were more expert canoeists than the Crees or the Chipewyans. Standing Wolf had been for fourteen years guide-in-chief to the fur brigade and had a reputation to conserve. Besides, he desired to procure for At-tick a similar reputation. The author describes the event as follows:

"While At-tick and The Marten turned their best canoe upside down and greased its bottom, Standing Wolf looked to the paddles, carefully examining and testing them until he had chosen the four best suited to his purpose. When all was in readiness, he stepped aboard and took the position most important in a canoe about to run white water—that of bowman. At-tick knelt down in the stern. They had just enough ballast on board to trim and steady the craft. Each selected a paddle and laid one of the other two within easy reach in case of accident.

"They squatted down upon their heels. Standing Wolf gave the word, and At-tick gently shoved the canoe from the bank. Out into the current they glided, and, on reaching the centre of the stream, At-tick turned the bow for the head of the rapids. Long before they sighted white water, the roar of the cataract was humming in their ears. Presently, Standing Wolf stood up and scanned the river. Dark, ominous water raced ahead for a hundred yards, and then disappeared, leaving nothing but a great, surging mass of white that leaped high and dropped out of sight in the apparently forsaken river-bed. Then At-tick stood up, too, and Saulteaux words passed between them. Every moment they were gaining impetus and always heading for the highest crest of foam. At last, just as they were twenty-five yards from the end of dark water, Standing Wolf gave the word to paddle. With a wild shout they drove their paddles home. The canoe trembled a little at first, as their work was somewhat ragged; but a moment later they settled into an even stroke and swept buoyantly among the tossing billows. Like a race-horse, the canoe started down the slanting course, and tore along faster and faster. Foam flew from its outstretched head and flecked its heaving sides, while a long, waving tail of white floated from its stern as it plunged down, down, and ever down. Now before them ran a strange, wild river of seething white, lashing among great, gray-capped, dark-greenish boulders that blocked the way. High, rocky banks, standing close together, squeezed the river into a tumult of fury. Swiftly they rushed down the racing current and plunged through the swirling waters. Jagged rocks thrust at them through the flying spray; massive boulders lay in wait for them beneath the shallow foam. It was dismaying work. Death hovered above them. They

By ARTHUR HEMING

paddled hard to force the canoe ahead of the current. With increasing speed they plied and bent their paddles. Standing Wolf with eyes alert keenly watched the whirling waters for indications of rocks hidden below. The roar of the waters drowned his orders. At-tick closely noted and followed every move his father made. Down they swept, riding upon the very back of the river where the waters formed a vast ridge rising four or five feet above the water-line on either shore. To swerve a hair's breadth meant sure destruction. With terrific speed they reached the brink of a violent descent. For a moment, it seemed, the canoe paused, steadied itself, then dipped its head as the stern upheaved, and down they plunged among more rocks than ever. Right in their path the angry torrent was waging battle with a giant boulder that disputed the way. The frantic river hissed and roared and lashed at it; yet it never budged; it did but frown destruction upon all that dared approach it. How Standing Wolf laboured! How his paddle bent! Deep into the water he jabbed it, and close under the left side of the bow. Then with a mighty heave he lifted the head around. The canoe swung as if upon a pivot; for was not At-tick doing the very opposite at that precise moment?

They sheered off. The next instant the paddles were working on the opposite side; for Standing Wolf had detected signs of a water-covered rock not three yards from the bow. With a lunge he strove to lift the bow around, but his paddle snapped like a rotten twig. Instantly he grasped the other; but a grating sound ran along the whole length of the heaving bottom. The next moment he was working the new paddle. A little water was coming in, but their craft was running true. The rocks now grew fewer, but there was another pitch ahead. Again the bow dipped as they rushed down the incline. Spray mounted in clouds that drenched them to the skin as they plunged through the "grand swell" and then shot out among the leaping and tumbling billows that threatened to engulf them. Escaping these, the canoe rode upon the backs of the "white horses" that reared and plunged between the whirlpools, and rose and fell, rose and fell, as they fought their way through. At last, breathless and exhausted, they emerged into calmer water, where there greeted the welcome sight of old Nookoom bobbing about alone in her canoe, hovering at the foot of the rapids to pick them up in case of accident. The next moment a wild yell from either bank, drowning the roar of the waves, hailed them as the first men who ever lived after shooting Death's Rapids."

Electrical Information Wanted

A HIGHLY pertinent letter on the electrical situation in Ontario has been received by the CANADIAN COURIER. According to the terms of the letter, information thereto has been obtained from the Electrical Development Company who may be assumed to present their side of the case clearly. Views of opposed or outside parties we have not been able to obtain.

Editor CANADIAN COURIER:

Will some one who knows please furnish me with the following information:

1st. What price did the Electrical Development Company offer to furnish power to Toronto for?

2nd. Have the City sold the 10,000 horse-power ordered from the Hydro-Electric Commission, or only part of it?

3rd. If not, who pays for the power that is not sold?

4th. If the City pays \$18.10 for a horse-power delivered at the city limits and it costs \$2,750.000 to distribute, what will a horse-power cost the consumer?

INQUIRER.

Following is the text of the reply sent by the secretary of the Electrical Development Company:

The CANADIAN COURIER:

1. The Electrical Development Company made no offer, but the Toronto Electric Light Company offered to accept 10 per cent. dividend for its shareholders, and allow the whole surplus earnings to go in reduction of the price of power, the Council to be represented on the Board—a similar arrangement to the Gas Company's.

2. The City has not sold the 10,000 horse-power which it has contracted to buy, or any part of it. It cannot be used for the waterworks, because Council has ordered two large new steam pumps for a very large sum of money; the street lighting is under contract with the Electric Light Company for four years, and no contracts have been made with anybody for any other supply.

3. The taxpayers generally will have to pay for the power that is not sold, or else the price to the consumers will be raised to meet the deficiency.

4. The City can never get power at \$18.10, but even if it did, the consumer would have to pay as much, if not more, than the present rates of the Toronto Electric Light Company.

Yours truly,
H. H. MACRAE.

A MONSTER PICNIC IN A WESTERN TOWN



Seventeen Hundred Employees of the Winnipeg Store of T. Eaton & Company, held their First Annual Picnic on June 17th, at Portage La Prairie.

PHOTOGRAPH BY L. F. EARL



THE SHOOTING OF DEATH'S RAPIDS

From the painting by Arthur Heming (Text on opposite page).

PEOPLE AND PLACES

ELGIN County, Ontario, has a problem; something of an old one, but in many respects always new. The boys and girls are leaving the farm. One of the finest and most prosperous counties in America is being destituted of its young folk by the business college and the correspondence school and the glamour and glare of city life. This is worth a lament. Goldsmith will have to arise in Elgin and sing the dirge of the deserted village. Farmers in that beautiful Garden of Eden county are more prosperous than ever before; they have more cattle and clearing and crops and huge bank barns worth thousands of dollars each and brick mansions, and money in the bank. But what they lack nowadays is what their ancestors had most of years ago—young folk to take up the land and do the work on the place. Great crops and no man to harvest them; hired men hard to get and harder to keep; son and daughter heir to a good farm worrying along somewhere at a few dollars a week clerking or banging a typewriter. This is the plaint of Elgin in a day when farming by machinery has lost most of the drudgery it had in the old hand days.

* * *

JOE MARTIN, the lion of British Columbia and Manitoba politics, has been corralled by Bob Barr, the novelist, in a novel called "The Measure of the Rule." This is a story of Normal School days in Toronto. A few years ago while loafing about Toronto, Barr threatened to write a book about the Normal School and his happy days there. This book is the result; Martin as the hero—who seems to have been a college chum of Barr. The book circulates widely in England, where Mr. Barr has become the greatest Idler in the world. Some say that Martin will enter British politics and use the Barr book as an advance notice.

* * *

HALIFAX and St. John seem to have another difference. Senator Domville recently moved in the Senate for a statement of the tonnage figures for St. John and Halifax; rumor—that the latter by some collusion with the C.P.R. and the Intercolonial was trying to take away the former's trade. The Senator seems to think that Halifax should be content with its measure of style and aristocracy, and not be worrying its classic head over so vulgar a commonplace as trade.

* * *

HINDUS have arrived in Lethbridge. This is the furthest eastern reach of these restless Orientals. There are only six as yet in Lethbridge. They came down from Fernie in the mountains; down from the hills of the coal to the plains of the wheat; away from the slopes of the timber, which they say is dead in the mountains now. They are said to be intelligent and to speak English well, having been in Canada six years.

* * *

THE swiftest motor-boat in the world is said to be on the way to Sydney, Cape Breton. Sydney has a lot of fast things to her credit in the sailing line; this gasoline go-devil that churns water at twenty-six miles an hour will be the fastest thing ever seen in that harbour; built in Belfast, Maine, that used to make crafts for Bangor; and the Bangorites have got a glimpse of this gasoline racer, as may be noted from a report in the *Bangor Daily News*:

"Passengers on the *City of Bangor*, as she was

coming up Belfast Bay, Sunday morning, were wildly interested in a motor boat of the speed model, coming down the harbour, throwing the spray high over her bows as she cut into the swash of the big boat. On she came, picking up speed with every turn. The big boat is no scow and was plowing along at full speed and so the passengers were amazed to see the little speed boat cut around stern, scoot by her almost as if she was fast aground and leave her far behind in the run to the dock, literally 'sailing rings round her.' A big crowd of excited spectators lined the docks and cheered the little flyer lustily. The speed boat was the latest product of Belfast ingenuity and brains. She is named *The Jap* and was built to the order of a syndicate in Sydney, Cape Breton, for racing."

* * *

INDIAN soldiers at Niagara have been winning distinction. A company of red-men volunteers headed by Captain Johnson, a Six Nations Indian, formed one of the best companies in that camp of six thousand redcoats. Indians as soldiers have had a good deal of experience in Canada; but since the days of Braddock there are not so many trees to hide behind, and the red man when he fights has to get out and drill, and eyes front, and shoulder arms as obediently as though he hadn't a drop of wild Mohawk in his veins. However, they are said to be fine soldiers, and highly glad of a chance to go to Quebec to take part in the Tercentenary.

* * *

A WINNIPEGGER has just made the first run from Winnipeg to Edmonton in a motor-car. This is the old thousand-mile, month-long trail of the Red River cart in the Fort Garry days. Mr. W. G. Bale did it in a few days in a single-cylinder car. His route lay by way of Portage, Carberry, Neepawa, and from that to the Kirkella branch of the C.P.R. from Esterhazy to Nokomis; from that along the G. T. P. to Saskatoon and across the new semi-built line of the C. P. R. to Hardisty; there he switched his allegiance again and struck north from the Battle River to Tofield, which is on the G. T. P.; thence to the Beaver Hills and bowled merrily out of the hills into Edmonton—thereby helping to make the great fur town of the Saskatchewan still more of a commonplace of travel. For it is not so long since a motor-car in Edmonton would have been as rare as a half-breed in Halifax. There is no more west. Winnipeg, that used to be a pure wild and western town as full of Indians and half-breeds as a slough is full of ducks, is now a smart Yankee inland city where you may stand for days and not see either an Indian or a half-breed.

* * *

AN Edmonton steamfitter in the C.N.R. shops has come in for a fortune out of Union Oil shares which he bought years ago at twenty cents a share. While Mr. F. Parlee, steamfitter, was diligently working on C.N.R. locomotives, he was quite unaware of the fact that faster than he could handle a monkey-wrench or a hammer those Union Oil shares had jumped from twenty cents to one hundred and twenty-four dollars a share. His stock certificates he had dropped into an old trunk, just to remind him every little while of what a fool he had been to drop ten dollars in Union Oil; especially when he saw how much faster dollars were going with some people in Edmonton real estate. One day he dropped into a broker's office and mentioned

these melancholy shares. He found out then that his nest-egg had grown from ten dollars to twelve thousand dollars.

* * *

TWENTY-FIVE years city clerk of Winnipeg is the distinction of Mr. C. J. Brown, who has just celebrated the fact that in 1883 he entered that office in a raw town of furs and Indians. In that year, however, Winnipeg was modern enough to have a deadlock over elections, in which the city clerk took a prominent part. The singular thing about the matter is that Mr. Brown's father was city clerk from 1873 to 1883; so that all the city clerks Winnipeg ever had have been Browns—and in those days the most famous man in Winnipeg was named D. A. Smith, now Lord Strathcona. Jones—not yet reported.

* * *

THE world's record for output of coal from one shaft in a day seems to belong to Glace Bay, Nova Scotia. The *Canadian Mining Journal* notes that in one day collieries Nos. 2 and 9 recorded 5,100 tons hoisted up one shaft in a day. The *Journal* adds:

"Such records, unlike the high water mark of one day's production of pig iron from one stack, are authentic and indisputable. A blast furnace can be so handled as to be left with full crucible on change of shift. The enormous daily outputs of American tracks are often obtained in this way. But the amount of coal actually hoisted to the surface from one shaft can be taken as a true measure of work done."

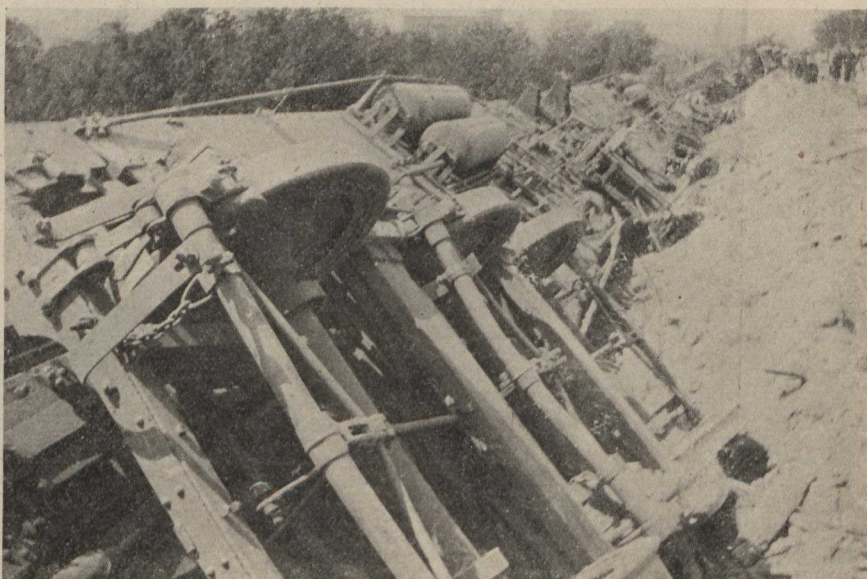
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THE decadence of Canada's maritime sailors seems to vex Captain L. A. Demers, F.R.C.S., of the Department of Marine and Fisheries. The captain has been down in St. John as chief examiner for masters and mates candidates. He says that New Brunswick has no marine schools. He alleges that the backwardness in shipping about St. John is due to the fact that ship-owners take no interest in sailors. Pointedly he adds:

"They don't want sailors now. They take anything they can get that will go to sea for the lowest possible wages. There was a time when Canada stood high among the seafaring nations of the world. She doesn't now. Yes, of course, Nova Scotians and New Brunswickers are manning Yankee ships. Why should they not? The Americans have fine vessels fitted with the latest labour-saving devices. They give the men the best of food and good wages. However, I think the time will come sooner or later when the Maritime Provinces will be a great shipping country just as they were in the past."

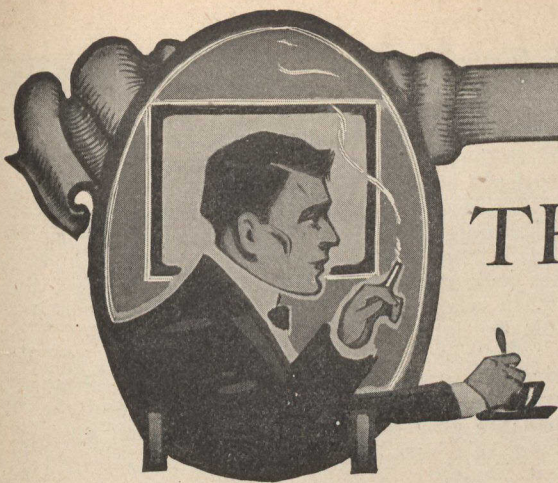
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A WELL-KNOWN Vancouverite alleges that more building is going on at present in Vancouver than there is in all New York. This is one way of booming a home town. As no figures for New York are available it may be presumed that the western man is right till he is proved wrong. At any rate, Vancouver, which has done marvels in the way of growth the past ten years, has more room to grow than New York; and very probably the growth of Vancouver will mean more to Canada than all the skyscrapers New York is able to pile up in a hundred years can possibly mean to the United States.



A RAILWAY ACCIDENT WHERE MODERN EQUIPMENT SAVED MANY LIVES

In this accident at Tottenham, the passenger cars which were thrown off the track and turned over on their sides, did not break or splinter, nor did they catch fire.



T H E

THIRTEEN WEEKS

A Romance in Three Chapters

By VIOLET IRWIN



TWO men sat in the rotunda of the hotel. "I have invited some ladies to dinner and hope you will join us," said the younger. The other acquiesced readily; he was feeling somewhat bored, and besides he liked Pendleton. He had met the young mining broker for a business appointment two days before, and admired the way in which he carried the situation, because, for Pendleton, the events of the next few days meant a fortune made or lost.

He held an option on a Cobalt property that Long Brothers of Boston thought of buying, and not only would the commission and profits on the deal be considerable, but connection with such a firm meant wealth for the young New Yorker.

Hebbon was himself interested with his friends the Long Brothers in the investment, and now he and Pendleton put in time exhausting the limits of the Canadian city, while they waited for Mr. Morton Long's arrival expected on the following day, when they would all go on to the camp, look over the property, while Hebbon would give his professional opinion as an engineer. In the meantime an informal dinner and perhaps a theatre promised amusement.

Hebbon wondered idly what Pendleton's friends would be like, then dismissed them from his mind. By birth, a son of oldest Boston, and by luck and skillful management proprietor of several millions, he had always been a prime favourite with mothers and had become slowly inured to the charms of many engaging and would-be-engaged daughters.

The men regretted the absence of evening clothes when, a little before seven, they met in the corridor, but laughingly agreed that as they were only en route for Cobalt in winter the lack must be excused; Hebbon, however, observed that his companion had made the most of a limited wardrobe, and saw himself falling to the company of the chaperon.

They were met on the way down by a bell boy with a telegram for Hebbon, and when a few minutes after the latter reached the drawing-room, the ladies had already arrived. He was immediately introduced to a handsome woman, who at the first glance appeared older than her face justified, owing to perfectly white hair. But the other was talking to an elderly man with a close-cropped grey head, whom he recognised as the Hon. Chief Justice Sir John Barton, and she continued the conversation oblivious of the waiting introduction.

While he exchanged polite remarks with Mrs. Martin-Brown, he took a good look at the girl. She seemed merry and vivacious, and his trained eye noticed how beautifully she was gowned in some shimmering, light-blue material, with flashes of black and gold. He knew when a woman was ill-dressed or when some ultra fashion obtruded, but there was no lack of harmony here. Again he spent a regretful thought on his own unconventional attire, for he was handsome with a man's beauty and knew it. The old man while he talked watched the girl with the undisguised admiration which is the privilege of age; they were evidently fast friends; Pendleton also seemed to be intimate and asked him to make a fifth at dinner but he refused, and with another gust of merriment, more nodding of the black plumes on her little white toque, and a prolonged shaking of hands he was gone; and even as Hebbon bowed over the little gloved hand she extended he heard the clear voice saying:

"Is he not a dear? I'm so glad we met him!"

She seemed to float before them down the long room on the tide of her own joy, and with the same insouciant spirit buoyed them all over the arrangement of places and the choice of food.

Miss Athol Munroe possessed the rare gift of making other people talk well, and Hebbon's reticent was soon telling stories of "Half-Cock Bob," the terror of the Gold Gulch. He was at his best so, telling of the life he had lived in the wilds of Nevada, of the life he had loved, the men he had known, queer human cyphers, of the lust of gold and the power of hate; finding her eyes intent upon him

he gave full swing to his narrative. He had intended to be modest concerning his own experiences, but with a sympathetic question or two she had elicited all the facts about his famous pistol practice with "Half-Cock," and she toasted the victor at the finish as a tribute to the undaunted spirit.

Then the conversation turned aside into quieter channels of reminiscence; they were discussing a former dinner and it was Hebbon's turn to listen. His mind detached itself and wandered back to the deal, wondering if Pendleton counted Miss Munroe among the possibilities that fortune was just then holding out to him. Certainly they seemed very intimate. He admired more than ever the younger man's cool balance; what an amusing fellow he was, this off-hand, quick-witted product of American hustle, playing for big stakes and his mind sharp on the game, yet ready for an evening's enjoyment, and still no loser in the race since in this hare-like diversion he took the tortoise with him! Such must have been the type Kipling had in mind when he wrote of the "embarrassed gods," for, did the occasion arise, Hebbon felt certain that Pendleton would blandly offer St. Peter a drink and take a contract for repaving the golden streets, to be subsequently relet with a wide margin of profit. His wandering attention was arrested by a sentence from Pendleton's lips:

"It was then we became engaged."

The girl laughed back at him across her glass.

"I had forgotten it," she said, "but I do not deny the allegation."

"Only for the night!" Pendleton hastily protested with an air of playful deprecation; he had a reputation as a non-marrying man to uphold, and besides his fortune was not yet secure!

It was a too-sudden eddy of thought and threatened shipwreck. Hebbon felt a cold draught in the genial atmosphere, and Mrs. Martin-Brown must have felt something of the kind for she looked up hastily and plunged, with good intentions but considerable splash, right into the middle of the conversation. Pendleton's words in spite of the intended banter had missed fire. It had been almost a snub, but, turning to catch the interjected remark from the older lady, he did not see the momentary straight, cold look with which Miss Munroe searched him. With just the suspicion of a shrug and the air of dismissing a trifle she replied:

"Just as you like, of course—but that leaves a vacancy on the staff," and with an infinite amusement in her eyes she turned to the man on her left. "Perhaps Mr. Hebbon will consent to fill the breach."

The challenge was accompanied by the sweetest smile in the world and left him no choice but to bow in exaggerated gallantry, and express his entire willingness, the while admiring her graceful tact in insisting on the fun of the thing and ignoring all unpleasantness. But his ready acquiescence inspired her with a fresh joy and a new idea; he was evidently a man who could play to a strong lead and once discovered it was a temptation to try him—besides, it would be fun to punish Pendleton just a little. There was a witch's dance in her eyes as she launched the experiment:

"That is all very well, but man and superman being such uncertain quantities I think we should have it in writing."

She pushed the order pad and a pencil toward him, but the man also scented game; he recognised her as "a hard one to follow and the devil to beat." He saw, too, her desire to tease Pendleton and was willing to meet her more than half way, but he sought to find her limit.

"Anything you write I'll sign," was all he vouched.

She reached for the block of paper, and after a moment's thought, wrote rapidly and without hesitation, and pushed it across to him. It read:

"We, the undersigned, being in our right minds, do hereby agree to become affianced husband and wife, each to the other, respectively.

"Athol Harding Munroe."

Amused by the evident striving for legal form he put a plain "John Hebbon" under her name, and passed it over to the witnesses. Amid much protest they signed it, Pendleton demurring particularly at the second clause, and Hebbon found her limit when in answer to his request for the custody of the paper she playfully shook her head.

"I am going to keep it as evidence in a suit for breach of promise!"

"But I am more likely to be the plaintiff."

"In that event I shall have to bribe Sir John, for all those cases are tried in his court."

As the hour was already late they decided to ignore the claim of the one fashionable theatre, where a popular star was nightly crowding the house, and to try their fortune with the questionable delights of a melodrama.

"I know the man who wrote it and I want to see if it is as bad as they all say!" had been Miss Munroe's conclusive reason, and as they were all in the mood for the unconventional thing, a very little coaxing and a judicious reminder from the girl that "no one will be there," soon won over the demurring chaperon. In the short walk to the theatre the little party fell into a natural division. "You must not separate fiancés," had been the verdict, and the host looked as though his punishment were excessive.

The alleged "badness" proved to be all a matter of style unrelieved by any but the most patently moral situations, with anti-liquor strongly in the lead, and the party of four assumed, with the unconscious egotism of the well dressed, that the character of the play permitted conversation; so, when they left the theatre Hebbon and Miss Munroe knew something more of each other. Athol felt a strong liking for this big man in the great yellow fur coat, as he escorted her back to the hotel for supper. At the door, drawing himself up to his full height, he said:

"I would have you know that I am ambitious!" and although the words were only a piece of the absurd acting of the evening, a new interest was born in her; she recognised force.

"What are your ambitions?" she asked.

But he shook his head; already they were crossing the rotunda.

"One does not tell all his secrets!" he said, and she recognised wisdom.

With the greeting of the others they were whirled back from the border land of the serious, into the old strain. Miss Munroe declared she had lost the document, and when, after a frantic search it was found in her glove, Hebbon reached out his hand, and producing a pen and a blank page from a letter, took a copy of it. This time the girl did not object, she even suffered the original to be rewritten in ink and both signed and witnessed. Then because they had been doing the evening in a "Arri and 'Arriett" style, the ladies insisted on going home in the car. Pendleton continued to give his whole attention to Mrs. Martin-Brown and the other two played a pretty game of repartee, each taking advantage of the other to introduce their new relation.

"I am going to England in the spring if I can find the right travelling companion," she had remarked. And his reply had been:

"Come with me in April and the difficulty is solved."

"I cannot possibly leave before the first of May," she replied, carelessly casting on any dissenting date.

"Very well, it is for you to say when, and I will be on hand."

"You will never come!" she bantered.

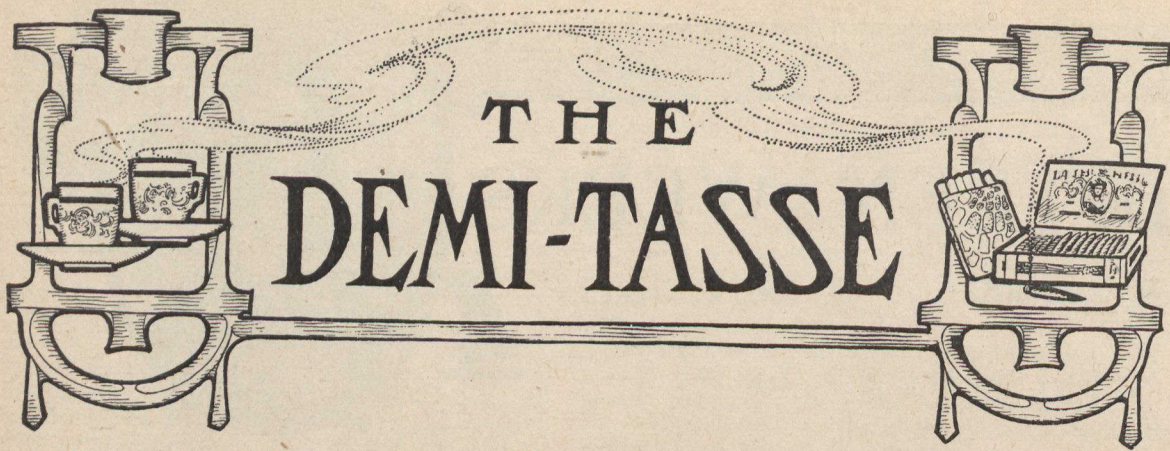
"Wait and see."

"I have always yearned for Nevada."

"We won't have to live in Nevada." There was an odd light in his eyes which shocked her into something like sincerity as she replied:

"Oh! but you will take me with you when you go?"

(Continued on page 18)



TIMELY RHYMES.

There were some small boys in Quebec
Who fire-crackers bought by the peck.
When asked: "What's the use?"
They replied: "Oh, you Goose!
We've birthdays to burn, in Quebec."

Little drops of water,
Dark with many a germ,
Make Toronto households
Take a typhoid term.

There is a brave Kaiser named Bill,
Who hates to be peaceful or still;
He's out with an axe
And a bachelor tax
For the chappies who won't say "I will."

* * *

AND HAMILTON REJOICED.

A Canadian journalist was speaking not long ago of the twisted sentences which the most brilliant of his tribe will sometimes perpetrate. "Here is a specimen of Toronto reporting which should make the enemy glad: 'A paper on the circulation liar was read by Mr. J. E. Atkinson, happily non-existent in Toronto.'"

* * *

THAT AWFUL ADVERTISER.

THAT enterprising journal, known as the *London Advertiser*, has just put its large and healthy foot in it. The *Canadian Courier* recently commented on the fact that Mr. Henri Bourassa, on the night he was elected in Montreal, shook hands with his wife as soon as the glad announcement was made. Then the *London Advertiser* arose and said that this journal had "gushed" and had also told an untruth, inasmuch as Mr. Henri Bourassa "has not a wife and never had one."

That's a nice statement for a reliable family journal to make! Mrs. Henri Bourassa, a really charming lady who took her gifted and volatile husband for better or worse, elected or defeated, many months ago, has good reason to protest against the *Advertiser's* flat denial of her existence. It is to be hoped that the Liberal organ of London, Ontario, will see fit to apologise for this lamentable ignorance of the social news of the Province of Quebec. Mr. Bourassa has been so unfortunate as to differ from Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Hon. Adolphe Turgeon. But is that any reason why the *London Advertiser* should enter his home and snatch from his side the sharer of Mr. Bourassa's honours?

* * *

A LIVELY OCCASION.

SEVERAL Canadians were recently discussing the famous Venezuela message sent during the late Mr. Cleveland's second administration and its reception in Canada.

"I'll never forget," said a Toronto man, "when the excitement was at its height, the concert I attended in Massey Music Hall. It was given by Sousa's Band and the programme included a fantasia on American airs, meaning, of course, *The Star-Spangled Banner* and *Yankee Doodle*. Mr. Suckling, who was then manager of Massey Hall, was sufficiently in touch with the Toronto public to realise that such airs would not be the most soothing melodies on earth at that particular season. So, without notification to the audience, the number was changed to a British fantasia and before three bars of *Rule Britannia* had been played, that wise young guy of a manager had a big Union Jack fluttering down from somewhere near the roof. Well, I've seen a few crowds go crazy, but anything like the spasm which set those four thousand respectable citizens yelling, waving hats and handkerchiefs and giving cheers that were all tigers, I don't expect to see again—unless Emperor Bill sends another saucy telegram just about the time that another Cleveland sees fit to give an extra twirl to the

Monroe Doctrine. We have our small, family scraps but when the German Empire and the United States seize the same moment to be nasty to the British Isles, we're likely to remember where our fathers came from. It was a great ten minutes," continued the Toronto citizen, "for we had been given a chance to pay our respects to several countries at once. The next day I was talking to one of the chief men in the band who said with a puzzled air:

"I always thought it took an earthquake or a blizzard to get Canadians excited but I never saw such a lot of wild men in my life as last night's audience. It takes music to get you going."

"Not exactly," said a Scottish-Canadian quietly, "it takes *God Save the Queen* following a telegram from the Kaiser to Kruger and a tail-twister from Washington."

* * *

HEARD FIFTY MILES AWAY.

A STORY is being told on James Low, clerk of the Randolph Hotel. The other morning at two o'clock he was disturbed from a pleasant little doze by the telephone bell. He replied and found it was the night clerk of the Quinte Hotel, Belleville, who was calling.

"Is that you, Jim?" the Belleville clerk queried. "Yes, sir," was Mr. Low's reply. "What do you want bothering me at this hour for?"

"Well," said the Quinte clerk, "would you oblige us by stopping snoring. We can hear it all the way up here and our guests are complaining."

The Randolph Hotel man then made the wires spit blue.—*Kingston Whig*.

* * *



Policeman (to tenant of flat). "And you say the rug was stolen from your hall. Can you give me any particulars of it?"
Tenant (nervously). "Oh, yes. It was a fancy reversible rug—red on one side and green on the other."
Policeman (impressively). "Ah—and which was the green side?"—Punch.

* * *

CREATING AN OPPORTUNITY.

FIRE having broken out in the basement of an ancient business block, the uninsured stocks in two of the three tiny shops that the structure contained were badly damaged by water and smoke. For a time Baptiste Coderre, the third merchant, rejoiced heartily at his escape from fire and flood; but when, a few days after the disaster, his two neighbours began to advertise fire sales, Coderre's countenance fell by perceptible degrees.

It fell still further when the sympathetic townspeople, desirous of helping the afflicted—and getting bargains—flocked to these widely advertised sales.

All day long the damp, smoky and untidy shops

of Duprau and Drolette were thronged with eager customers, while the clean, orderly and perfectly dry establishment of Baptiste Coderre remained practically deserted. Finally, dragging a possible customer inside, almost by main force, Baptiste unburdened his soul.

"Monsieur, you are a man of perception. Kindly behol' dose shop of Cyrille Duprau, of Eusebe Drolette. Behol' some more dese shop of me. W'ich ees look more dry, more clean, more best, hey? W'ich ees smell the more bettaire, hey? Come, now, tole me dat, hey?"

"But look you, monsieur, who weel buy dose clean dry-good hoff me w'en he can purchase som wet two-dollaire hat reduce up to t'ree-forty-nine hon top dose store of Drolette, or som towel wit' beeg hole burn hon herself at same price as new wit' Duprau?"

"Br-r-r-r! She ees make me mad hon myself, dose fire! She ees make me som more mad, dose most foolish customaire."

"Monsieur, you are good friend by me. Lend me dose helper hand. Monsieur, eef you weel but pretend you are some lunatic, break yourself into dese shop to-night—here ees de key—spill ink hon top hall dose las'-year shirt-vaist, me, I weel geeve you fi-seex dollaire of dose profit. But yes, monsieur, I weel hold som beeg, beeg ink sale. Br-r-r-r!"
—*Youth's Companion*.

* * *

NOT GOING HUNTING.

THE motor-car stopped, and one of the men got out and came forward. He had once paid a farmer five pounds for killing a calf that belonged to another farmer. This time he was wary.

"Was that your dog?"

"Yes."

"You own him?"

"Yes."

"Looks as if we'd killed him."

"Certainly looks so."

"Very valuable dog?"

"Well, not so very."

"Will ten shillings satisfy you?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, here you are."

He handed a half-sovereign to the man with the gun, and added, pleasantly, "I'm sorry to have spoiled your sport."

"I wasn't going hunting," replied the other, as he pocketed the money.

"Not going hunting? Then what were you doing with the dog and the gun?"

"Going down to the woods to shoot the dog."—*Cassell's Magazine*.

* * *

NO NEED TO ASK.

VICE-PRESIDENT FAIRBANKS, at his recent annual reception in Washington, said of a certain deplorable condition:

"We don't need new laws to correct this condition. We simply need the old laws' proper enforcement."

"The old laws have been construed too mildly. It is like the state of things in the Benedictine monks' new convent in Tarragone."

"An Indianapolis friend of mine, wintering in Spain, lunched at the monastery of the Benedictines. After lunch he took out his cigar case.

"I don't suppose you object to smoking here?" he said to the white-clad monk attendant.

"Yes, sir, we do," the monk answered. "There is a law against smoking in the refectory."

"Then where," said my friend, "do all the cigar and cigarette stubs come from that I see about me?"

"From gentlemen who didn't ask about the law," the monk replied, mildly.—*News Book*.

* * *

THE TWO ALTERNATIVES.

"WE get some sad cases," said the attendant at the lunatic asylum to the visitor, and opened the door to the first cell.

Inside was a man sitting on a stool and gazing vacantly at the wall.

"Sad story," said the attendant; "he was in love with a girl, but she married another man, and he lost his reason in grief."

They stole out softly, closing the door behind them, and proceeded to the next inmate. This cell was thickly padded, and the man within was stark, staring mad.

"Who is this?" inquired the visitor.

"This," repeated the attendant, "this is the other man."—*Tit-Bits*.

* * *

RIGHTEOUS ANGER.

The Indignant One—"The idea of 'im a-telling me 'ow children ought to be fed! Why, I've buried ten o' my own!"—*The Tatler*.

IN HIS MAJESTY'S SERVICE

By BENEDICTINE

IT is a day in June, down in Norfolk County. Large farms stretch their verdant lengths on every side, almost within view of beautiful, sunny, fitful Lake Erie, and certainly within sound of it when tempests rage. The birds twitter happily in the green boughs of the thick maple woods. The leaves murmur drowsily, as if whispering in their dreams. Here, along the roadside, a meditative cow gazes pensively at some distant object of her sleepy attention; there a chipmunk darts gaily along the fence top; and in the distance lusty farmers are busily at work in the warm June sunshine.

But we are nearing our destination, the little post-office down the road near the large elm tree. You would not know that the little brown cottage with its humble ivy-covered porch, ventured to boast the dignity of post-office, were it not for the grey, weather-worn sign in the peak over the porch, bearing these words, "John Marston, P.M." Even then you might be excused for not understanding. However that may be, that is the only external mark or token which suggests that this little brown dwelling of three rooms and a dilapidated lean-to, is in any important respect different from other little brown dwellings that may be seen at intervals along the road.

This is the post-office, and John Marston, P.M., is the sole inmate thereof. The row of old-fashioned flowers skirting the front of the house, under the window on each side of the little low porch, testifies to his taste as a horticulturalist. There are bachelor's buttons, bleeding-hearts, and peonies; the whole fronted with a row of pinks, and protected at each end by a sturdy bunch of ribbon grass. The air is perfumed with the odour of the sweet-Mary over by the fence, and there, between the old sentinel-like elm and a corner of the house, swings—oh, modern innovation!—a very comfortable hammock. The sprightly newness of this seems almost a jar in the peaceful, old-fashioned, "once-upon-a-time" air that pervades the place as we walk up to the little gate directly in front of the porch, and connected with it by a narrow, well-trodden path. As we enter, the gate clicks. We hear sounds of life from within, and presently a bald-headed, shiny-faced, shirt-sleeved little man appears and hobbles to the entrance of the porch with the assistance of the cane he carries in his right hand, for he is quite lame. His little eyes twinkle welcomingly, but he is quite innocent of any attempt to remove his short pipe from his mouth, or to hide his collarless condition.

"How d'ye do. How d'ye do. Come in. Come in," he says with ready familiarity; for we, you and I, are strangers in these parts, and the old gentleman, who, we hear, has never been outside of Norfolk County since his arrival there from the Old Country at the age of seven, is very fond of a gossip, is exceedingly proud of himself as the postmaster of the district, and thinks it his duty as a public man to bid all strangers a hearty welcome to the post-office and thus to good old Norfolk.

He stands for a moment and looks curiously up and down the road and across to the maple woods through which winds a sleepy, shady driveway—a convenient cut for those living on the next concession. Seeing no sign of life in the latter direction, he remarks:

"Mail's late to-day. Thought she'd be, she was so late goin' down." Whereupon he hobbles back, leading

the way into the "office,"—a low-ceilinged, dingily-papered room, evidently doing duty as kitchen, dining-room, and parlor for "the P. M.," as well as general assembly hall, smoking-room, and post-office for the entire countryside. Its very uneven floor is covered with heterogeneous pieces of old rag carpet, evidently contributions of "the P. M.'s" generous patrons. The walls are decorated with all kinds and conditions of calendars, advertisements, and bills of auction sales and circuses. The "office" proper is a series of pigeon-holes—open to the public—and occupying on the dingy wall a very dingy space of about three feet square, between the front door and the window. Beneath these "letter-boxes"—with the owner's names written beneath each, but for which the owners never paid nor dreamed of paying—is a small, rickety table, on which is a well-worn blotting-paper, an antiquated affair that does duty as a pen, bottles of ink and mucilage, as well as an unwashed cup, saucer and plate. The P. M. must then be wont to use this as his dining-table, as well as office desk. Be that as it may, the P. M., after pulling up a couple of dusty chairs for us, seats himself in his chair at the window, his lame leg stretched beneath the table, his mail-bag ready on the floor at his side. He thus awaits the arrival of the daily mail.

"Lookin' fer letters?" he queries, quite innocent of any suspicion that we are there out of curiosity concerning him or his abode. Of course we reply in the affirmative.

"Hail from T'ronto, eh? Guess it's a fine place all right. S'pose you've been to the Fair. Great thing, that Fair. They send me lots of posters about it. I guess I know 'most as much about that there show 's if I'd bin there. How long hev I bin post-master? Well, now, lemme see. It's thirty years since my old father died—in that there room behind you—and I've hed the runnin' of it ever since, and fer two years before. Father hed it first, and I've hed it ever since, and I guess old John kin hev it, too, 's long 's he's a mind to keep it. A good paying job it is, too. Last year I hawled out about sixty dollars from the government. But that was a good year fer stamps. You see if we sell more stamps we get more pay. But this year ain't s' good, and I don't think as I'll manage to git more'n 'bout forty-five or so. I tell you that ain't bad pay, either. There ain't a man round these parts hes the time the P. M. hes," and here he winks appreciatively at us and takes a few whiffs from his pipe, which is almost out.

"See that there hammock of mine?" he resumes; "finest hammock in these parts. Sent to T'ronto fer that. Lyin' in that there old hammock's where I spend most of my time when others is working like sixty. How do I manage to live on forty-five dollars a year? Why, bless you, I couldn't spend any more if I tried. Did you notice my garden? Finest potatoes 'round here, and my onions and tomatoes 'll be good enough to send to T'ronto Fair. The neighbours often send me in a bit of a dinner and I kin tell you, John Marston, P.M., lives like a gentleman and hes the best time of anyone in Norfolk. Lonely? Not much! Why, there isn't a place 'round here hes 's many in to call. Everybody 's always droppin' in to hev a chat and git their mail. Oh, yes, it's just the job fer me with this leg o' mine. I'll hev to tell you all about this here leg some day, but the mail 'll soon be here now, and

everybody 'll soon be coming fer their mail. But you come 'long again and you'll hear the hull yarn. You see, I wuz a-hewin' square timber in the bush fer our new barn about forty year this spring. I wuz a-standin' on a big log a-hewin' away on one side, and brother Jim was a-standin' on the log with me with his back to me, a-hewin' away on tother side. Well, every time 's I'd give a chop, out'd go my leg backwards toward Jim, and once, when he wasn't a-lookin', he brung his axe down onto it. That was when I was a young shaver of about twenty-five or so. That's what made me post-master, and I guess I've got the job fer 's long 's I live. But I'll tell you the hull yarn some other time, when you come 'round, cuz there's the mail now, a-comin' through the woods," and with this he hobbles cheerfully out to the door of the porch again.

Yes, there through the window we can see, along the roadway in the woods opposite, an ancient, grey horse ambling its tired way along before an antiquated affair that does duty as a "buggy," wherein sits an old man of many winters, who seems to be part and parcel of the outfit. As the mail jogs leisurely up to the gate, the P. M. hobbles down the path to get the mail bag, then returns to the office, sorts the five or six letters and as many papers, transfers to the other bag those that are to be sent to the next office, locks the bag, and after informing us that there is nothing for us to-day but that he will have a letter for us to-morrow if he has to write it himself, he takes it out to the patient old mail-man. As we issue forth from the porch, the ancient driver gives the reins a gentle flip and off trots "the mail" to the next office some six miles distant.

The hospitable, garrulous little P. M. again stands looking up and down the road for sign of would-be mail seekers. But it is time for us to go. We bid him good-day, and

once more seek the shady protection of the maple woods, and again give ourselves up to enjoyment of the peaceful scene. But before we pass beyond view of the little, brown, time-worn Ontario post-office, we turn for a last look at the contented old post-master, and as we turn, we see his bent, shirt-sleeved form hobbling back into his office, while behind him lumber a couple of big, heavy-footed farmers.

Thus probably, for thirty years, has the P. M. hobbled hospitably back and forth, utterly oblivious, doubtless, to the beauty of the deep green woods across the way, to the sweet twittering of the birds in the trees, to the picturesqueness of his little nut-brown home nestling under the protecting elm-tree; but we may be very certain that he is ever conscious of his dignity at John Marston, P.M., proprietor of the only post-office for six miles around, and that he never forgets his duty as post-master in the service of the neighbourhood, the Canadian Government, and His Majesty the King.

A Song of Earth

By STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

A little sun, a little rain,
A soft wind blowing from the west—
And woods and fields are sweet again,
And warmth within the mountain's breast.

So simple is the earth we tread,
So quick with love and life her frame,
Ten thousand years have dawned and fled,
And still her magic is the same.

A little love, a little trust,
A soft impulse, a sudden dream—
And life as dry as desert dust
Is fresher than a mountain stream.

So simple is the heart of man,
So ready for new hope and joy;
Ten thousand years since it began
Have left it younger than a boy.



AS OTHERS SEE US.

Madame La Republique. "Well! How did you find them?"
President Fallieres. "Of the most genial! and the Exposition—superb! On weekdays it is Franco, and on Sundays it is British!"—Punch.

THE THIRTEEN WEEKS

(Continued from page 15)

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

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Write for booklet entitled "SOME CARDINAL POINTS."

Then it had been his turn to puzzle. "We have two blocks to walk," she announced when, having said good-bye to the others, they left the car. They were still on the crest of the wave of gaiety.

"Are you beginning to be a little bit in love with me?" she inquired. "For it would be as well under the circumstances!"

But he only laughed, and she could make nothing of the intonation.

At the corner she paused. "I live three doors up that street," but neither seemed in a hurry to cross the road. Then one of the sudden spasms of mischief to which such temperaments are subject, flashed over her.

"Let us go round the block—for a lark!"

And seeing he was only too willing added discouragingly, with the useless discretion of second thoughts, "It's a long one!"

She began to regret it almost at once; progress was slow in her long, heavy cloak, and he was so dreadfully quiet! Something startling must be said, for to be serious under such circumstances made her very uncomfortable.

"How old are you?" she suddenly launched at him, and saw him start.

"Just under thirty," he quietly answered.

Then she gave it up in silence, proving surely that it was a long block. They were on the second side when he began to talk.

"I know I have played the game badly to-night."

The face she raised to him was without a suspicion of humour.

"Was it a game?" she asked, and he tried again.

"One thing I know anyway; you are going to get some letters from me!"

But she refused to return from the land of imagined romance.

"I should think you would write to your fiancee!"

Could she be in earnest? The man's pulses beat faster; the idea opened possibilities. Certainly she was very charming! He took a stealthy side glance at her, and she caught him and laughed, relieving the situation. They were on the last street now.

"What kids we are! Doesn't this going round the block take you back years?"

"I never went round the block before."

What was his real attitude to her? She had never before been so completely at sea in knowledge of a man's regard for her, but she rather liked it. For the first time she felt a bit scared and began to weigh and question the validity of that paper in his pocket. If he was acting he was doing it well, and if not—she was prepared to play the limit, she told herself!

At the door he said good-night and a temporary good-bye, for they would be busy next day and have no time for calls before the departure for Cobalt. He said it and shook hands and lingered, looking down at her, so slight and exquisite, half hidden in the darkness. There seemed a subtle current of sympathy between them, and suddenly a strange emotion filled her, leaving neither power nor desire for consideration. A force came with it that carried it through; so short had his pause been that it was hardly perceptible; then she raised her face to his, as a child might have done.

"Just one," she said, "to show we are in earnest."

He was surprised beyond sensation, and as he stooped and took the kiss from the tenderly-curved lips her eyes were innocent of coquetry, clear as

two stars reflected from above. With an acute realisation of what she had done, words of apology rushed out.

"You don't think I am cheap! Not one little bit?" It was almost beseeching.

"No," he replied, "not one bit!" And so they separated.

* * * * *

He walked down town, and found Pendleton in the bar; by mutual consent they avoided the subject of the evening's amusement. He felt that Pendleton was not unjustly a little put out at the game having been so entirely taken from his hands. There were drinks and an appointment made for the morning, but Hebdon refused the suggested game of poker and was at last alone in his room and free to think over the surprising events of the past few hours. He had been all in the dark about her until that last moment, and now he could hardly believe that he saw clearly, but beyond the darkness there seemed to be a glow that promised a full and glorious illumination! He tried to see her as she was but could not make the vision come clearly. That, had he realised it, was the chief charm of Athol Munroe; there was nothing positive about her, she was all subtle, illusive emotions, wayward moods, troublesome, tantalising and alluring; Pendleton had applied to her the one word, "exotic," and it seemed the nearest possible correct description. That her hair was dark and her skin remarkably white he knew positively, and she must have been small, although she had not impressed him as so until that last hurried moment of half-dependent supplication, for she had distinctly reached up to him for her childish good-night kiss. Her sudden shy fear of misunderstanding, how pretty it had been! He took out his copy of the little document and read it over but it shed no light. She was either sincere or the most capable actress off the stage, but either way she was not cheap. The intimacy with Sir John Barton had finally settled the social standing of the two ladies. So he smoked and pondered and was finally obliged to turn in with the riddle still unsolved. He was in that pleasurable state of half intoxication where he felt that a glass or two more would do it; he was not yet in love but he very easily might be, and he could find no cause to shun the intoxicant.

(To be continued.)

Priest and Pugilist

FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN and "Tommy" Burns, the world's heavy-weight boxing champion, met in a prize ring recently, but the meeting was not a pugilistic one.

"Tommy" Burns, as a staunch Roman Catholic, attended the men's club of St. Mary and St. Michael's Church, Johnston Street, Commercial Road E., to aid the funds of a Roman Catholic institution by giving an exhibition bout with Pat O'Keefe.

Father Vaughan watched with keen interest every incident of the boxing contest, and, when the champion had departed, he said: "We have just had a great pleasure and seen a famous set-to. We have not seen many rounds from him to-night, but it has just whetted our appetite for more. I am proud to feel that our young men have had such an exhibition put before them.

"Boxing and fencing should form an essential part of the curriculum of every boy's education," Father Vaughan added. "Boxing is not brutalising, no matter what people might say."



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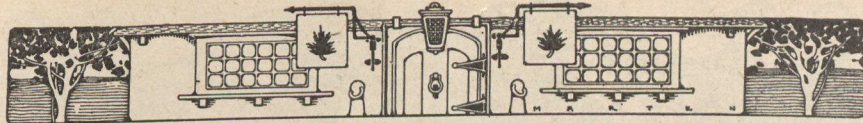
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AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

THE ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT

S AID a dear old lady with a gentle sigh: "How much we hear of the artistic temperament nowadays! No one had it when I was young, but nearly every family of to-day seems to contain one member with the artistic temperament."

As a matter of fact there is no artistic temperament. It is merely an excuse for conceit and ill-temper. The aspiring young poet, painter or musician, who is too proud to appeal to the public taste is not too proud to let his wife support him. He pathetically admits that he is sensitive and high-strung to a degree that forbids his coming in contact with the grocer's little account and the butcher's bill.

The true artist does not talk about his temperament and demand indulgence when he is in a creative mood. It is the sham creature who prates about his nerves and his psychological moments as if he were of great importance to the whirling universe. Sometimes it is a woman who boasts of her artistic temperament and the last state of that woman's husband is worse than the first. In the meantime, the strong souls that are really achieving, go on their way, without talk of temperament, and have no disposition to scorn the small things of life.

* * *

be losing five pounds at least. But when I went to roll back, Tom happened to open the door suddenly and it went bang against my forehead. For a week my right eye wasn't fit to be seen and Tom wouldn't sympathise a bit—said it was the most foolish trick he'd ever heard of."

"There's no royal road to slenderness, as you say," lamented another. "It fairly makes me cry to look at the new fashions. They're getting slinkier and slinkier and just reflect on what I'd look like in a sheath gown!"

The prospect was too much and the plump quartette laughed gayly. "There's nothing for it," said the most ponderous, "but to go away to a sanitarium, take half a dozen baths a day and live on one of those sawdust foods."

"I'd rather be dead," declared the jolly matron. "I don't care about the sheath gown or the hipless frock. I think I shall give up the struggle and resign myself to keeping below one-hundred-and-sixty pounds."

"But that horrid new novel says you'll lose your husband's love if you don't keep slender," said an unmarried member of the group.

"I'll take care of Tom," said the jolly matron as her plump cheeks dimpled cheerfully.

* * *



A Breezy Day at Grand Bend, Lake Huron.

PHOTOGRAPH BY J. D. MCARTHUR

THE FASHIONABLE FIGURE.

FOUR women, all of whom were fat, were talking about the prevailing fashion of slimness and each expressed despair as to swift reduction of what is politely called *embonpoint*.

"I've tried everything," said a jolly matron who endeavoured to look mournful, "and the more I starve and exercise, the fatter I get. I'm afraid to try those anti-fat affairs. Mollie Pringle sent five dollars for a box of perfectly wonderful reduction tablets and she took them all in a month. She lost ten pounds it's true, but—look at her complexion! She's turned a horrible yellow and Tom says he'll get a divorce if I ever become a chrome study like that. There is no royal road to thinness"—and the jolly matron sighed profoundly.

"Did you read what Lillian Russell did to lose twenty pounds—rolled across the room on the floor?"

"Don't talk about it," said the jolly matron angrily, "if I ever meet Lillian Russell I'll tell her what I think of her for having that foolish stuff published. It sounded simple and easy, so I tried it one night and rolled across the room with a feeling that I must

THE DEMON OF INDOORS.

SOMEONE has recently pointed out that the campaign against tuberculosis has aroused a general interest in the outdoor treatment, until comparatively healthy citizens have realised that they are not getting as much fresh air as is good for their souls and bodies. A doctor said to one of his patients that some women are subjects for nervous treatment because they are possessed by the demon of indoors. Did you ever notice how irritable a whole household will become if the members stay indoors for a whole day? They simply hate the sight of each other before nightfall and are ready for treasons and stratagems when they have been poking about in each other's way ever since breakfast.

Then there is the term "gadabout" to which any woman properly objects. However, a gadabout is decidedly different from the fresh air woman. The former goes to and fro, for the pure joy of shopping, gossiping and being seen. The latter cares little for the people she meets by the wayside and much, indeed, for the joy of the walking.

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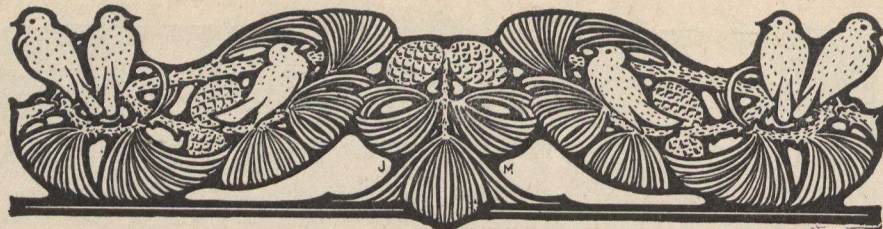
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FOR THE CHILDREN

OFF TO THE SEA.

By E. L.

We're off to the sea, the rolling sea,
We're off to the briny deep;
We're off to the sea, so wild and free,
Where the waters laugh and leap.

Our shoes and stockings we'll lay aside

In the rippling blue to wade.
Over rocks we'll scramble and slip and slide,

And, armed with pail and spade,
We'll dig in the shining yellow sand
And wondrous castles build;
We'll find strange shells on the gleaming strand

With the waves' sweet music filled.

The little scurrying crabs we'll find
And pretty starfish, too,
And seaweed bright of many a kind,
Of many a dainty hue.
We'll watch great ships go sailing by,
And vessels moored at rest,
And fishing boats that rocking lie
Upon the ocean's breast.

We're off to a world of waters gay,
We're off to the flowing tide,
We're off to a world of foam and spray
Where the snow-capped breakers ride.

—The Teachers' Times (English.)

* * *

THE BRAVE HUSSAR.

THERE is a story told of a grand review of the Austrian army in the presence of the emperor. Thirty thousand soldiers, on foot and mounted, were said to have taken part. The chief feature of the review was to be the brilliant charge of the cavalry, or famous hussars — crack horsemen, all of them, and bold fighters.

The tiptoeing crowd of spectators that formed a broad avenue on that level plain were wild with pent-up excitement as the onrushing mass of men and steeds came down the field at moderate speed and gathered for the final dash past their beloved emperor.

The bugle sounded and on the mad charge came. But when within a hundred feet of the spot where the emperor and his staff sat on their restless horses, a sudden, shrill shriek rent the air, as a frenzied woman attempted to break through the lines and plunge forward to seize her little child who, in all innocence of what was coming, had strolled out to gather a bright flower right in the path of the onrushing horses.

Those nearest the mother held her back, knowing that she, as well as the child, would be trampled upon, and none dared themselves to risk certain death in facing that wild charge. The excited spectators held their breath in horror of the disaster they were powerless to help.

Faster than words can tell it, the foremost of the horses was within a few feet of the unsuspecting child. But, quick as a flash, the brave hussar who led the galloping troop guided his horse to one side, reached down, and, without slackening his speed, grasped the little tot by her loose dress and lifted her safely to his saddle.

The restrained excitement of the throng broke out in a tumultuous

shout that fairly drowned the noise of the shouting troopers and clattering hoofs, and in an instant the baby and rider were far down the field, lost in a cloud of dust.

An orderly was sent after the troop with command to bring back the hero of the charge.

And there, with the baby on his saddle-bow, fearlessly holding in her tiny hands the reins of the panting steed, the brave hussar received from the emperor's own hands the Cross of Honour.

But his greatest reward was the blessing of the thankful mother in whose impatient arms he tenderly placed her precious little girl. — St. Nicholas.

* * *

THE LEGEND OF THE DANDELION.

ADAPTED FROM AN OLD LEGEND, BY CAROLYN S. BAILEY.

THE Angel of the Flowers came down to earth once—long, long ago—and she wandered here and there, in field, and forest, and garden, to find the flower she loved the most. As she hurried on her search, she came upon a gay tulip, all orange and red, standing stiff and proud in a garden, and the Angel said to the tulip: "Where would you like most of all to live?"

"I should like to live on a castle lawn in the velvety grass," said the tulip, "where my colours would show against the grey castle walls. I should like to have the princess touch me, and tell me how beautiful I am."

But the Angel turned away with sad eyes from the proud tulip, and spoke to the rose.

"Where would you like most to stay?" she asked the rose.

"I should like to climb the castle walls," said the rose, "for I am fragile, and delicate, and not able to climb for myself. I need help and shelter."

The Angel of the Flowers turned sadly away from the rose, and hurried on until she came to the violet growing in the forest, and she said to the violet, "Where should you like most of all to live?"

"Here in the woods where I am hidden from everyone," said the violet. "The brook cools my feet, and the trees keep the warm sun from spoiling my beautiful colour." But the Angel turned away from the violet and went on until she came to the sturdy yellow dandelion growing in the meadow grass.

"And where should you like most of all to live?" asked the Angel of the dandelion.

"Oh," cried the dandelion, "I want to live wherever the happy children may find me when they run by to school, or romp and play in the fields. I want to live by the roadside, and in the meadows, and push up between the stones in the city yards, and make everyone glad because of my bright colour."

"You are the flower I love the most," said the Angel of the Flowers, as she laid her hand upon the dandelion's curly, yellow head. "You shall bloom everywhere from spring till fall and be the children's flower."

That is why the dandelion comes so early and pushes her head up everywhere—by hedge, and field, and hut, and wall, and has such a long, sweet life.

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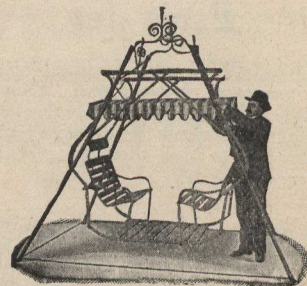
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THE HUMAN SIDE

By ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE

PALS.

THE morning sun leaped above the prairie horizon and one ray of gold pierced the sage-brush, awaking Targo to his surroundings. He turned painfully on his side and blinked up at the horse standing beside him. A severed rein dangled from the bridle and a grim smile darkened the face of the man as his situation flashed upon him.

There had been drink and play at Strad's Place and early in the night he had staked Black Jack here against Dockley's thoroughbred Ginnep—and lost. Later on there had been a quarrel and an exchange of shots. Targo's arm was perforated in two places. He believed he had killed Dockley. The fumes of the poison he had imbibed, still muddled his thinking powers, but the fact stood that he was here with another man's horse.

"Follered me jest like a dog, he did," chuckled the man, a gleam of tenderness wiping for a moment the lines of hardness and dissipation from his face, as his heavy eyes rested fondly on the horse he had staked and lost. "I reckon it wouldn't take him long to break leash when he found out I had gone on stampede. There ain't no leather quite strong enough t' hold him away from me, I take it."

A twinge of pain distorted his face, as he turned peering through the sage brush, across the wide plain to where a strip of grey grass meeting the pale green marked the border-line.

The horse reached down and nosed his cheek affectionately. Targo passed his uninjured arm about the slender neck and spoke gratefully, his eyes frowningly concentrated on the blending colours of the prairie grasses.

"We could go across thar an' be safe, I guess, but you see, Jack, that would make me out jest exactly what I suppose th' boys think I am anyhow, a hoss-thief. Dockley won you by cheatin', but o' course I can't prove that. In th' shootin', th' boys all know that he pulled fust. I'm clear on that, although my makin' fer cover this way does look bad. Anyhow, you belong t' Dockley an' here you are with me. That means th' halter fer Targo—pervidin' they can git it 'round his neck—which same ain't in my natur' to allow as long as this gun-hand o' mine kin crook a finger."

The horse lifted his head with a snort and Targo sprang to his feet. Thirty yards away a man sat in a saddle, watching him. A rifle lay across his arm but he did not lift it, even when Targo's hand fell to the Colts butt at his waist. He rode forward slowly and reined up a few paces away. His face was frowning and sullen. Targo's skin flushed as he looked into the man's eyes.

"What you want, Bill?" he asked, letting his hand slip to his side.

"I was just passin' and thought maybe you'd like t' send Dockley's hoss back with me, Targo." The accusation and reproach in the one's tones was left unchallenged by the other. Targo caught the dangling rein of Black Jack and led him across to the man waiting. Then he walked back to his old place beside the sage-brush. He heard the other man utter an exclamation of surprise and knew that he had dismounted and was coming toward him. But he did not turn until Bill's hand rested on his shoulder and Bill's voice said:

"A feller will make bad mistakes. First, I thought it was you; now, I know it was me. I looked t' find Jack's bridle-rein cut but I find it's been broke. I understand th' whole thing. Black Jack was bound t' find

you an' he has. Will you shake, Targo?"

The two grasped hands and Targo smiled as he said: "I reckon any explanations you make 'll go with th' boys, Bill?"

"They will that, and Dockley can't make any trouble fer you either. Seein' 's we have law now, he's slipped across th' line till things smooth over and I reckon you'd best take a couple o' weeks off yourself, eh?"

"I'm glad I didn't get Dockley," said Targo slowly, then he asked: "How are you goin' to get Black Jack t' him, Bill, seein' he's across th' line?"

Bill looked confused. "Well, you see, Targo," he blurted out, "when I found that both you an' the horse were missin' I went in an' offered Dockley a long price fer Black Jack an'—wall, he took it. I made that if thar was any fuss raised I'd say I lent Black Jack to you, see?"

"I see," said Targo, his face working.

"An' knowin' you long as I have, I jest naturally couldn't rest easy till I made sure; so I took a leetle scoutin' trip all by myself and I'm right glad I did. Now, Targo, you just slip across that line there an' go to Swip-sies an' tell him to hang you up till I come fer you. That arm o' yourn 'll need tendin' to and the police are after both you and Dockley. Now I'm goin'."

He held out his hand and Targo, gripped it. "Take good care o' Black Jack, Bill," he said, and turned toward the distant strip of blending grey and green.

Not until he had covered the two miles between the safety line and block of sage-brush did he look back. Then in answer to a salutation from a black speck far down the trail, he raised his sombrero and waved it.

And as he stood there a tiny atom detached itself from the speck and growing larger, came skimming toward him. It was Black Jack. He came trotting up to Targo with a gentle whinney and the man throwing his uninjured arm about his comrade's neck hid his face in the long mane, with a dry sob. Then he lifted his head with a laugh and waved his hat in answer to another salutation away down the trail.

"Pals," he murmured; "Pals, Jack, always."

* * *

"MY HOLLERDAYS."

"FIGGER 'long about Christmas time, I'll go t' see that boy o' mine, down in Lower Kanady, 'n Ma she'll say t' me, 'Winter's mos' too cold an' raw fer t' take vacation, Pa, wait 'til spring 'n you'll be fitter fer th' trip,' says she. 'N I say, 'Well, maybe so, 'long 'bout Aprile guess I'll go.' 'N when Aprile comes along, full o' sproutin' buds an' song, 'n I mention sumthin' 'bout not t' let th' pigs get out when I'm gone, Ma looks away fer a time 'n she'll say, 'Now that summer'll soon be here, better wait til then, Pa dear.' 'N I think about our Jim 'n' so long since I seen him, 'n I wanter go so bad 'n hear baby say 'Gran' dad,' that I get a longin' so, say 'I guess I'll have t' go.' 'N I happen t' see Ma—whites' hair you ever saw, sweetest face, though seamed with care—ain't its equal anywhere. 'N I whistle like Ise glad I was hum with her an' had every joy th' world could bring, 'n I set around an' sing them ole songs she uster know, 'long 'bout forty year ago. When th' summer hollerdays come

(Continued on page 22)

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LITERARY NOTES

MR. CREWE'S CAREER.

THE title of a novel is sometimes matter for curiosity. Mr. Winston Churchill has shown a decided preference for the third letter of the alphabet, from his first novel, *The Celebrity*, to his recent publication, *Mr. Crewe's Career*. Those who are not above believing in the association of straws and the prevailing breeze profess to see in this an indication of Congress. However that may be, most readers of the latest Churchill novel will wonder why *Mr. Crewe* should appear in the title, since that stupidly important gentleman is by no means the hero and indeed is used by the author as a butt for both sides in the political strife with which the story is filled.

Those who know and care little about politics will not be likely to enjoy *Mr. Crewe's Career* for it is decidedly a political novel, and one of this northern half of America at that. One may imagine an Englishman being somewhat bewildered by the cogs in the New England party machine and finding it difficult to follow the ways of the various "bosses." Cupid plays a comparatively insignificant part in the plot, although the author resorts to the time-worn expedient of having the hero, *Austen Vane*, fall in love with the daughter of his chief enemy, and of course he wins *Victoria Flint* after the war is over and the votes are counted.

The book concerns itself with the fight between this young and honest lawyer and the Northeastern Railroads, whose officials practically control the State, which might as well be called New Hampshire from the first chapter. *Austen Vane*, in spite of a certain exuberance of action which led him to shoot a thief when he was in the unconventional West, is an idealist in politics and a patriot of the old-fashioned order. He fairly takes away the breath of the reader by refusing an annual pass from the president of the corrupt railway board and proceeds on his scornful and toilsome way, winning in dramatic fashion, a suit for damages against the road. The Northeastern is thoroughly selfish and unscrupulous, taking no thought for the public safety when dividends are desired. The characters in the book are said to be easily recognised in the State of New Hampshire and in that case there must be a few palpitating moments for certain prominent officials in the neighbourhood of Mr. Churchill. The characterisation is admirably keen and picturesque, although there is no character which stands out with such rugged strength as *Jethro Bass* of *Comston*. In fact this novel is decidedly not the equal of that masterly study.

The description of *Mr. Crewe* in his impervious egotism winning his way to a seat in the Legislature, although entirely ignorant of the way in which he arrived, is almost as good as *Veneering's* attainment unto the honours of an M. P. The humour of Mr. Churchill's depiction of political strife is often tinged with something deeper than mockery. In the social side of the story, we come upon airy bits of analysis quite as good as anything in *The Celebrity*, a novel which has a style to delight a sulphite. For instance, when *Mrs. Flint* is talking of her daughter's original fashion of seeking unconventional acquaintances, she murmurs faintly:

"What do you expect me to do—especially when I have nervous prostration? I've tried to do my duty by Victoria—goodness knows—to bring her up among the sons and daughters of the people who are my friends.

They tell me that she has temperament—whatever that may be. I'm sure I never found out, except that the best thing to do with people who have it is to let them alone and pray for them."

Mr. Churchill does not belong to the "fiction-while-you-wait" class of novelists. Thus we are grieved when we find such a slovenly lapse as this profound observation: "Just what the state of his feelings were at this time towards *Victoria Flint* is too vague accurately to be painted." There is occasional carelessness of style which is not graceful irregularity but the outcome of prolixity.

In spite of the author's dramatic presentment of political schemes; his finest yearnings plainly turn to Nature. The "warm blue heart of the hills" reveals itself in the midst of conflict between monopolist and idealist. The novel has an emphatic purpose which appears to be twofold: to show that corruption is not the winning policy in public affairs and that the man who is worth mere dollars has lost his own soul. The writer belongs to the new band of young political aspirants who refuse to assent to all that is cynically implied in: "An election is not a prayer-meeting." The civic cleansing which has been attempted with a degree of success in St. Louis, Cleveland and Philadelphia has been followed by similar movements in state affairs and the author of *Mr. Crewe's Career* has evidently made a thorough study of the subject. The appearance of this novel in a year of presidential election is opportune but the book has more enduring qualities than that of mere timeliness. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

* * *

MY DOG.

By ST. JOHN LUCAS.

The curate thinks you have no soul:
I know that he has none. But you
Dear friend! whose solemn self-control

In our four-square, familiar pew,

Was pattern to my youth—whose bark
Called me in summer dawns to rove—

Have you gone down into the dark
Where none is welcome, none may love?

I will not think those good brown eyes
Have spent their light of truth so soon;

But in some canine Paradise
Your wraith, I know, rebukes the moon,

And quarters every plain and hill,
Seeking its master. . . . As for me,
This prayer at least the gods fulfil:
That when I pass the flood, and see

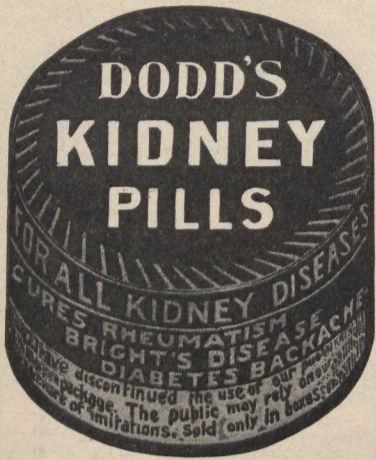
Old Charon by the Stygian coast
Take toll of all the shades who land,
Your little, faithful, barking ghost
May leap to lick my phantom hand.

The Outlook.

The Human Side

Continued from page 21)

along I ups an' says, 'I'll be goin' sure this time,' 'n' Ma packs that trunk o' mine, puts th' buttons in my shirt, scrubs my ears until they hurt, 'n' looks up in my face 'n' says 'Hope you'll have fine hollerdays.' 'N, by gum, I look around—blossoms springin' from th' ground—lambs aplayin' on th' hill—birds aingin' sweet and shrill—'n' a woman standin' there—sunbeams on her snowy hair—
"N I say, 'Guess arter all, Ma, I'd better wait til fall."

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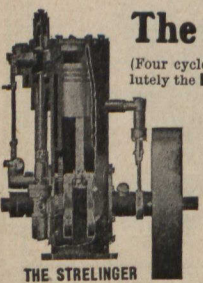
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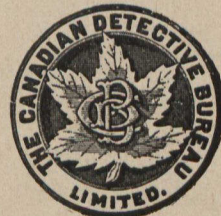
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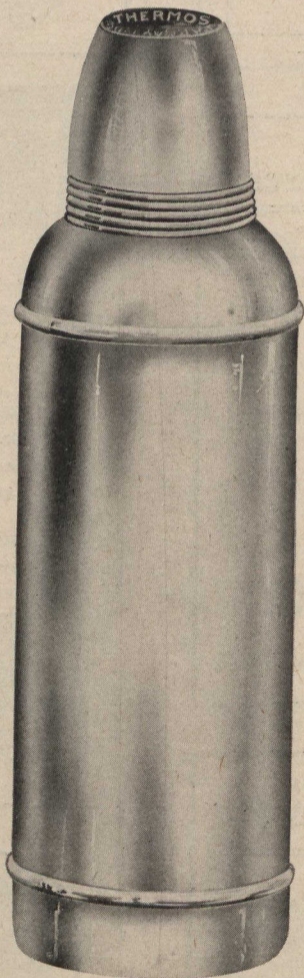
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